

THE FIELD

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HOISTING A TUNNY ON BOARD

The tunny-fishing season was in full swing last week, and the fish here shown is a 707lb. catch made by Colonel W. F. Heap, which is being taken on to Colonel Peel's yacht, the St. George. Among other catches recorded are those of a 649-pounder obtained by Mr. Marsden Suteliffe, after a fight of over eight-and-a-half hours; a 600-pounder caught by Mrs. Marsden Suteliffe; and a tunny of 806lb. caught by Mr. G. Johnston, a visitor to Scarborough from Ceylon

THE NEW MILE RECORD

At the finish of a really successful track season for British athletes, S. C. Wooderson has at last lowered the world's record for the mile. It has yet to be officially confirmed, and it is uncertain whether his time will be recorded as 4min. 6⅘sec. or ⅕sec. more, but whichever time is accepted by the A.A.A., Wooderson will hold the record. It is remarkable that in such a well-advertised race there should be a muddle over the timekeeping. It was an occasion which called for super-organisation.

Further world's records were beaten and equalled by Americans at Strasbourg on Monday of this week when Ben Johnson equalled the 100yds. record of 9⅘sec. and Leroy Kirkpatrick returned 13⅕sec. in the 110 metres hurdles as against the previous record of 14⅖sec. It is unlikely, however, that either of these times will be recognised as there was a strong following wind.

A GREAT NATURALIST

With the death of Lord Rothschild the science of Natural History has lost one of its most eminent exponents. He was one of the greatest experts in the world on birds, and had at Tring the biggest collection of bird skins in the world. He sold this collection of more than 300,000 skins—many of birds now extinct—in 1932 to the American Museum of Natural History, New York. It was then said that the price paid was in excess of £100,000, and that Lord Rothschild was "heart-broken" that he was not in a financial position to present a unique collection to the British Museum. On his estate at Tring he kept a zoo and a museum, and in his museum he made invaluable contributions to science. It was not merely that he paid for these establishments; he worked in them, and was just as keen and knowledgeable as any of the many experts that visited them. His enthusiasm was immense—and if we may sometimes think that on occasion it ran away with him, no one can deny that he did more for the science during his lifetime than any single Englishman.

BUTTERFLIES AT TRING

Lord Rothschild was also one of the most enthusiastic "butterfly collectors." Nobody has estimated the extent of his enormous collection of lepidoptera from all over the world; it must run into many millions, and the specimens are all arranged in special cabinets with glass at the bottom of the drawers as well as the top, so that both upper and underside of every insect can be examined without removing it. In the early days of Tring Museum, where this famous collection is housed, Lord Rothschild used to commission collectors to visit remote parts of the world in search of rare butterflies. In this way the gorgeous green and black *Ornithoptera Rothschildi* was caught for the first time; then an unknown butterfly, it was discovered on the Aru Islands, New Guinea, in the East Indies. At auction sales this rare butterfly always fetches a high price, the last one offered being sold for £12.

RETURN TO LONDON

Fools, you have never
Known the things that I have—
The marsh scents, the mud scents,
The misty twilight river!

No, nor the cornfield
Gently, gently rippling,
Drowsy golden regiment
Bowing down in slumber.

Nor the soft breezes
Swaying through the pinetops,
Sighing through the beechwoods,
Sleepily caressing.

Nor the vain goldfinch
Singing to his lady,
Singing to his fledgelings
A clear unhurried lullaby.

Nor the swift wood-owl,
Shadow-ghost uncanny,
From his hollow oak-tree
In white silence swooping.

Nor the young moonlight
Shining on the meadows,
Lighting up each gossamer
On the grasses glistening.

Nor the full glory
In the flush of sunset,
Nor the vast silence
Of a summer evening.

JULIAN TENNYSON.



The tops of counters in Upper Redesdale

GROUSE SHOOTING IN REDESDALE

An Experiment in Communal Keepering

THE majority of people from the south, on reaching Newcastle, form an imperfect impression of the River Tyne. Little do they realise that the same river rises in one of the wildest and most romantic spots in the country, nor are they aware that this river divides at Warden near Hexham, the South Tyne rising on Cross Fell in Cumberland, and the North Tyne at Deadwater on the borders of England and Scotland. Ten miles further north, the North Tyne is joined by the River Reede, which rises on Carter Fell.

In pre-War days grouse were plentiful in this district, and it was not uncommon for 150–200 brace to be obtained in a day's driving.

On the outbreak of the Great War most of the keepers employed on these moors enlisted in the Army, and the natural enemies of grouse increased to such an extent that in a very short time they got the upper hand. It was not until 1926 that landowners and shooting tenants realised that unless some active steps were taken, grouse would in time become extinct in the district. In that year the North Tyne and Redesdale Game Protection Society was formed, among many prominent supporters of the scheme being the late Duke of Northumberland and the late Lord Northbourne.

The objects of the society were:

1. To place trappers on unkeepered areas to destroy vermin during the spring.
2. To encourage moor owners to employ more keepers.
3. To instruct owners, tenants and keepers on the problems of burning heather, and moor management.

The district was divided into two areas—(*a*) North Tyne and (*b*) Redesdale—under two hon. secretaries, whose duty it was to see that the temporary trappers covered all the ground on their respective areas. The original subscription by members was fixed at £1 per 1,000 acres up to a maximum of £25 per annum, but in succeeding years it was found necessary to reduce this scale.

The shepherds living in the district have been encouraged to trap vermin for which they receive a small bonus on each head.

The society has now been in existence for ten years, and during that time the regular keepers and temporary trappers have disposed of more than 22,000 head of vermin, 44 per cent. of which have been caught by trappers, and the remainder by the regular keepers. Out of this total of 22,000, stoats and weasels represent 25 per cent., jackdaws 17 per cent., and carrion crows (corbies)14 per cent.

It cannot be said that the area is now free from winged vermin, but whereas it was a common occurrence to find sucked grouse eggs on the moors, now very few are reported.

The habits of the so-called corbie, the arch enemy of grouse, were studied and considered. It was found that they congregated in large woods at night in the winter before they spread over the moors in the spring. Corbies prefer to nest in small clumps of trees, or even a solitary tree. At the instigation of the local keepers, with whom there has been at all times a close and cordial liaison, evening shoots were arranged, at which keepers and their friends took part, to thin the corbie population early in the year.

For many years past these moors have been affected by forms of grouse disease, in fact, records show that there was only one bumper year in ten.

In recent years we have suffered, along with other districts, from the ravages of the heather beetle, or frosted heather, where large areas have been affected. Fortunately the disease shows signs of abating last when it does occur grouse have to look elsewhere for food and desert the affected moor.

Before considering results obtained it may be well to explain that the moors in question are not primarily grouse moors such as one finds in Scotland. The land is farmed intensively with mountain sheep, Cheviot or blackface, which roam the hills winter and summer. Never does one find sheep taken down to the low ground except, perhaps, on occasions during a severe storm in winter. The carrying capacity of these hill farms is one sheep to two or three acres at the most, so during the nesting season there is considerable disturbance by sheepdogs and even the sheep themselves. Owing to the high prices being obtained during the War years an increase of the sheep population occurred with very slight, if any, reduction since. The sporting let, therefore, has become a secondary consideration to the landowner who cannot afford to lose the agricultural rent on a gamble that his ground may become a first-class grouse moor.

Since the society was formed, estates have been broken up, and large tracts of land have been purchased by the Forestry Commission for planting. Owners of land adjoining have now every reason to fear that these forest areas in the future will become strongholds for vermin of every description, so it is not unreasonable to ask that those responsible for this large and growing Government Department will not shirk their responsibility to deal effectively with the vermin on their estates.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the society has had to cope, is the indiscriminate burning of moor or grassland during the spring. A restrictive covenant in a tenancy agreement to stop this burning before the end of the first week in April seems to have little effect. Year after year moor fires have been observed even as late as the last week in May causing death and destruction to life, not only to grouse but to thousands of other birds whose natural nesting ground is a moor. Until the Heather Burning Act is extended to include England and Wales, bird-lovers can do nothing to prevent this.

Since the society started the number of grouse killed on individual moors has varied considerably, and the result on the whole is perhaps somewhat disappointing. The bag obtained for the last five years on the largest moor was:

	Grouse	Blackgame
1932	224	1
1933	509	36
1934	1,306	116
1935	2,458	145
1936	1,287	38

Smaller moors show a similar fluctuation in the number of birds killed, but one satisfactory feature is the general increase of blackgame.

Problems with which the society has had to contend are those which, fortunately, are peculiar to the district, and which arise more from the fact that the value of sporting rights are less than the agricultural value. The results obtained by the society are not startling, but without its work grouse in the district would have become wellnigh extinct.

The society have published each year an attractive report and copies of this can be obtained for a small charge from the hon. secretaries.

A. H. RIDLEY.



BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN INDIA, 1882

On the extreme left, standing, is Mr. Aikwyn Fellowes; next to him, holding the rifle, is Mr. Shillingford; on the extreme right, standing, is Mr. Wilfred Greenwood, and next to him is Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson, afterwards Lord Knaresborough. The centre figure, seated, is the Maharajah of Durbungah; the Duke of Portland is next to him, with folded arms, and Lord de Grey, afterwards Marquess of Ripon, is on the other side; Colonel Money, the British resident, is seated on the extreme right, and Lord Wenlock on the extreme left. Behind the Duke of Portland (standing) is the Earl of Yarborough.

FIFTY YEARS' SHOOTING AT WELBECK

Memories of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

THE two best game shots I ever met were undoubtedly, in my opinion, the late Lord Ripon, formerly Lord de Grey, who was wonderfully good with either gun or rifle, and Sir Harry Stonor. In discussing shooting it was never necessary to ask whether de Grey or Stonor was "in form," for neither of them ever seemed to be "out of form." I think Stonor, until his eyes unfortunately and sadly failed him, was the most graceful handler of a gun I ever saw, though perhaps during the day's shooting he did not kill quite so much as did de Grey. I think de Grey killed about 25 birds to Stonor's 20; but for all that, I do not believe that Stonor missed more shots than de Grey, if as many.

I remember four extremely high birds passing over de Grey on the Groveley beat at Wilton, where the birds fly exceptionally high. He killed the first three quite dead, and I said to myself "the fourth has escaped." But no!—it came down quite as dead as the others. One remarkable thing about de Grey's shooting was that one hardly ever saw a bird even flutter after he had fired at it. I knew him exceedingly well, for in 1882 I went to India with him when his father was Viceroy, and we shot together in Nepal and Durbungah (a picture of which illustrates this page). He was very often my guest at Welbeck for partridge and pheasant shooting.

De Grey was a very fair shot indeed and never wilfully took the birds going to another gun; but woe betide the man who attempted any liberties with him, or who, he thought, tried to take his birds! I remember that a friend shot some birds which should have passed over de Grey. I heard de Grey call out, "All right, Harry,* all right. Two can play at that game!" Bang! bang! bang!—and very little went to Harry after that. I was once unfortunate enough to be drawn between de Grey and Stonor during a day's partridge driving, and a very bad place it was, too; for, except the birds that came straight over my head, I had little or no shooting. I think they were the only two guns I have constantly shot with who never, or at all events very rarely, varied in their accuracy; and neither of them bucked or swaggered about their skill. It was not at all necessary for them to do so.

It was the custom of Baron Hirsch to give large parties in Hungary, chiefly for partridge driving. Many of his friends remained as his guests for six weeks, and they shot every day, Sundays included, during their visit. Some of my friends whom I considered quite moderate shots became very good indeed, simply from the amount of practice they had while the guests of Baron Hirsch. De Grey and Harry Stonor were very often there. They were both extremely lucky when shooting, and wherever they were placed the game seemed generally to go to them—though I remember a partridge drive at Clipstone when de Grey happened to be the right-hand gun and was stationed in a wood. It was an extraordinary drive, for two or three of my friends killed about 40 birds each and others perhaps 20; but poor de Grey fired only two shots, both of them at wood-pigeons. For some time after he was inclined to criticise the placing of the guns at Welbeck; but it was inevitable on that occasion, as the hedge over which the partridges were driven was not long enough to accommodate the whole party of seven guns, so the right-hand gun had to stand in the wood.

I well remember one particular evening at Clipstone when, for fun, I said to Harry Stonor, "Well, thank goodness you're the outside gun now, Harry, for you've had the best of the luck all day. I don't think you will get much shooting this time." He replied, "Never mind, old fellow, you will see what will happen." And it did happen, too; for in the middle of the drive was a road, and an old woman in a black dress suddenly appeared there, diverting nearly every bird from its proper course over the middle of the line to where Harry was standing on the flank. The result was that he killed 30 birds with 33 shots. My agent, Mr. Turner, was standing with him, and told me about this really wonderful performance; for the birds flew very high indeed, over tall trees and a deep valley. I may say that Stonor never seemed hurried or flurried, but was always most deliberate in his manner of shooting.

My dear friend the late Simon Lovat was a magnificent shot, and I certainly place him next to de Grey and Stonor. He was, in my opinion, very often as good as they were; but he had his off days like everybody else, though not nearly so many as most people. One day a friend of mine, who was placed next to Lovat, told me that he had seen him kill six birds out of one pack of partridges with six different shots, early in November when the birds were very strong; and I myself have often seen him kill four. These three—de Grey, Stonor and Lovat—I consider to be quite the best shots who have been my guests.

In his younger days there was no keener or better bag-filler, except the three I have mentioned, than Lord Herbert (Bertie) Vane-Tempest; but latterly, though his skill remained, his keenness seemed to evaporate. Lord Enniskillen, Lord Berkeley Paget and his brother, Lord Alexander (Dandy) Paget, were all excellent shots, too. Mr. Rimington Wilson, of Broomhead, was considered by many to be the quickest and best shot of his time at driven grouse; and when he was my guest he seemed to be equally good with low-flying partridges. But when it came to high birds over the Clipstone valleys, or really high-flying pheasants, he appeared to be no better than, or perhaps not even so good as, the others I have mentioned.

The late Duke of Roxburghe was a very good shot as are Lord Elphinstone and the Hon. Evan Charteris, too. Among the younger generation, there are many quite good shots who come to my parties; and of these I think Lovat's nephew (and now son-in-law), the present Lord Ilchester, is perhaps about the best. Probably there are other young men as good—I mention only those with whom I am personally acquainted. I think the lists of the so-called best shots in England, which one sometimes sees in the newspapers, are ridiculous. There are dozens of good shots all over the country, whose names never appear at all, and who would probably dislike it very much if they did so. Comparisons are odious; and so long as my guests enjoy themselves, it does not much concern me whether they hit or miss! But I would rather they missed altogether than wounded the birds.

I have several times asked de Grey whom he

* It was not Harry Stonor—he would have known much better.

considered the best shot he had ever seen, and each time, without any hesitation whatever, he replied "Walsingham,* with regard to both rapidity and accuracy." It is rather curious that Lord Walsingham had been the Hon. T. de Grey before he succeeded; so that the two best shots in England at that time were Lord de Grey and Tommy de Grey. Of course they were often confused.

De Grey said that many years ago, during a partridge drive, his butt was next to that of Walsingham, who was shooting with muzzle-loading guns.† De Grey suddenly saw a flash, Walsingham was covered by a dense cloud of smoke, and the butt caught fire. It seems that the loader was pouring black powder from one canister to another, when a spark from the gun ignited it. Walsingham was a bit singed and the loaders, too, but no one was seriously hurt. I believe a like occurrence happened when de Grey was in the next butt to the late Lord Wemyss at Studley, for grouse driving.

De Grey told me that another very fine shot in those days was the then Lord Huntingfield—known to his friends as Josh Huntingfield—of Heveningham in Norfolk, who very often shot with a large cigar in his mouth. Partridge driving first originated, and was then mainly carried on, in the Eastern Counties. The Norfolk and Suffolk sportsmen pretended to despise anyone as a game shot unless he lived in those counties. They soon, however, discovered their mistake when de Grey came amongst them! Other first-class shots in that part of England were the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who then owned Elveden, Lord Rendlesham, of Rendlesham in Suffolk, Colonel "Jockey" Custance and Sir Edward Birkbeck; and, of course, there were many more. I had the pleasure of seeing the two latter shoot, when I was privileged to be a guest at Sandringham. De Grey often told me that a son of the Right Hon. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty, was quite a first-class shot; and, though I never knew him myself, I have heard this opinion confirmed by many who saw him shoot.

Captain Tomasson, Chief Constable of Nottinghamshire, was also an excellent shot. He leased grouse moors in different parts of Scotland, which he himself managed, while some of his friends shared in the expense. For many years he leased Hunt Hill, one of Lord Dalhousie's excellent grouse moors in Angus, for which, I believe, he paid only £1,500 a year, though one season's bag was no less than 7,000 brace of grouse. In 1887, shooting over dogs at Hunt Hill, Tomasson had three wonderful bags to his own gun:

August 12th, 1887.
190½ brace of grouse.
August 13th, 1887.
186½ brace of grouse.
August 14th, 1887.
229 brace of grouse.

He was a particularly good sportsman, and had great knowledge of all sorts of shooting, and of the habits and natural history of game.

Willie Hollins, too, was excellent at driven partridges.

When he lived at Berry Hill, near Mansfield, he was the tenant of my partridge shooting at Lyndhurst, and the second biggest bag of partridges for one day's shooting in England was obtained there.‡ It is as follows:

1906. BERRY HILL, MANSFIELD.

Date.	Beat.	No. of Guns.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Woodcock.	Various.	Total.
Oct. 9	Langwith	8		442		2			444
,, 10	Berry Hill	8	19	1,504	3	10		2	1,538
,, 11	Pleasley Hill	8		671	3	2			676
			19	2,617	6	14		2	2,658

Guns: W. H. Tomasson, Lord Savile, F. H. Oates, Sir G. E. Paget, F. K. Seely, W. C. Oates, H. Whitaker, W. Hollins.

* Thomas, 6th Earl of Walsingham, born 1843, died 1919.

† I asked de Grey what he thought of the rapidity of fire of muzzle-loading guns, and he said that, with three guns and two skilled loaders, it was extraordinary how quickly one could shoot.

‡ I believe the record bag is 808 brace, and that it was made at Holkham in Norfolk in the same year.

Oct. 10th. Number of birds brought to game-cart after each drive

10 a.m.	1st drive	51	4th drive	102	
	2nd ,,	36	5th ,,	131	
	3rd ,,	154	6th ,,	218	—692
	Lunch 1.50–2.45 p.m.				
	7th drive	178	10th drive	134	
	8th ,,	106	11th ,,	159	—669
	9th ,,	118			
				1,387	
			Pick up	117	
			Total	1,504	

This is another thrive very good day's sport, and later in the season:



SIR HARRY STONOR WITH THE LATE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE AND THE LATE LORD LOVAT



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AT WELBECK

1911. BERRY HILL, MANSFIELD.

Date.	Beat.	No. of Guns.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Woodcock.	Various.	Total.
Oct. 31	Kirkby	7	44	309	4			4	316
Nov. 1	Berry Hill	7	33	1,205	6	6	1		1,251
,, 2	Sutton & Kirkby	8	40	292				1	295
		37	1,737	9	6	1	2	1,862	

Guns.—1st day: Duke of Portland, Lord Savile, T. S. Pearson Gregory, R. H. Rimington Wilson, Rev. G. B. Raikes, Colonel the Hon. C. Willoughby.
2nd day: Same, with Captain Tomasson in place of Rev. G. B. Raikes.
3rd day: Same as 2nd, with C. H. Seely and T. W. Turner, less Lord Savile.

Nov. 1st.—Number of birds brought to game-cart after each drive:

	1st drive	106	3rd drive	101	
	2nd ,,	125	4th ,,	151	—483
	Lunch.				
	5th drive	99	8th drive	181	
	6th ,,	102	9th ,,	122	—618
	7th ,,	106			
				1,093	
			Pick up	112	
			Total	1,205	

Frank Oates was another first-class shot, particularly at driven partridges. In fact, in those days I could get together a team of my neighbours, for partridge driving, which would be very hard to beat in any part of the country. These were Tomasson, Hollins, Lord Savile, Mr. Pearson Gregory, the Rev. C. B. Collinson and Mr. Frank Hall, of Parkhall near Mansfield, who was unfortunately killed by a wave which broke over the liner in which he was returning from America. In my opinion, these were all absolutely first-class shots. There were many others, not quite so good, perhaps, but much above the average.

When I look back at the game book I am quite ashamed at the enormous number of pheasants we sometimes killed. This is a form of shooting which I have no desire to repeat. I give one or two examples:

Dec. 7, 1909

Beat	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Snipe	Wild Duck	Various	Total
Gleadthorpe	10	2,541	15	8	5			6 (3 Jays)	2,585

Guns: H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, Lord Elphinstone, Lord R. Cavendish, Master of Kinnaird, Hon. E. Charteris, Captain Hon. Myles Ponsonby, Hon. G. Lambton, Major Baker-Carr, the Duke of Portland, Captain H. H. Amory.

Dec. 8, 1909

Clipstone	12	2,469	32	6	7			7 Jays	2,524

Guns: The same, less the Master of Kinnaird.

Dec. 9, 1909

Clowne Hills	6	2,650	3	8	9		4	2,680

Guns: The same, with General Sir R. Pole-Carew, Mr. F. Muntay and Captain Tomasson; less the Hon. E. Charteris and Major Baker-Carr.

Dec. 6, 1910

Beat	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Snipe	Wild Duck	Various	Total
Gleadthorpe	14	2,507	14	14	4	1		24 Jays	2,582

Guns: H.R.H. Prince Nicholas of Greece, Prince Khuky, Prince Loewenstein, Marquess of Ripon, Lord Desborough, Hon. Evan Charteris, Major Baker-Carr, Duke of Portland, Captain H. H. Amory.

Dec. 7, 1910

Clipstone	1	2,803	26	22	3			518 Jays	2,932

Guns: The same without Major Baker-Carr.

The best form of covert shooting, in my opinion, is at cock pheasants in the month of January, especially when there is a high wind blowing. I remember two such days particularly well, January 21st and 22nd, 1901. There was a gale of wind blowing, with occasional snow showers, and the birds flew splendidly. While shooting on the 22nd, I received a telegram announcing the death of Queen Victoria, and I had to leave at once for London.

Date	Beat	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Snipe	Wild Duck	Various	Total
Jan. 21, 1901	Birkland	37	501 all rocks	67	83	2				789

Guns: Earl of Dudley, Lord Berkeley Paget, General Pole-Carew, Captain Amory, Captain Tomasson, Mr. W. Hollins, Mr. W. W. Hall, the Duke of Portland.

Jan. 22, 1901	Clowne Hills	25	711 all rocks	5	4	2		1	748

Guns: The same.

Partridge driving is quite a different thing, because the birds are naturally bred and not hand-reared. The bags of partridges* killed at Welbeck and Clipstone began to increase from the year 1887, which was the first really good year, and we several times killed over 200 brace to four guns; but at that time the sport was by walking up birds in line. In 1894 and 1895 partridge driving was first practised at Welbeck and Clipstone. Mr. W. Hollins suggested to me that the Blue Barn beat should be driven over Blue Barn Lane, and this has since been done with great success. In 1896 partridge driving really commenced. The peak year was 1929, when 3,349 brace were killed. In 1927 practically no partridges were shot at all, and in 1928 only 847 brace were killed; 1934-35 was also an excellent season, when 3,268 brace of partridge were killed, and in addition, 5,148 pheasants, all wild birds, as none had been hand-reared for several years. I believe more partridges have been killed in recent years over Blue Barn Lane than at any other place in England. On one occasion no less than 270 brace, and several times well over 200 brace, have been killed at that place in four drives.

On October 24th-27th, 1906, shooting the Clipstone valleys, Blue Barn, the Sherwood side and Elmton, eight guns—Lord Dudley, Lord Henry Bentinck, Colonel H. C. Legge, Hon. J. Ward, Major G. Holford, Mr. H. H. Lindsay, Mr. F. Mildmay (one day only), the Duke of Portland and Captain Amory—killed 900, 1,467, 773 and 518 partridges, a total of 3,150 birds. The second day was a record for this estate.

Hungarian partridges were first introduced in 1895. For several years large numbers of them were purchased and the result was very satisfactory in every way. About 1895 "remises" were planted at Hill Top and on other parts of the estate, on the lines of similar partridge coverts and sanctuaries in Hungary. For the last four years partridges have been fed in the winter, which has proved very beneficial, as it causes the hen birds to be in good health, and therefore prolific, during the ensuing season.

I consider that driven partridges especially over the flood-dykes at Clipstone, provide the acme of good sport. As many as 400 brace have been killed there in a day. Some of them fly so high that a Langwell keeper who was a spectator told his friends that the Clipstone partridges seemed to be "nowt but wee bit sparrows flying across the valleys." I believe that birds seldom fly so high as to be really out of shot, but I have seen both de Gray and Harry Stonor fail to kill some of the Clipstone partridges—I mean those flying over the highest stand; and if neither of them could do it, then I think the birds must have been out of shot.

I once killed a very high-flying partridge at Clipstone, and to my surprise it disappeared down the water pipe of a house, where there was only just enough room for it to go. Fortunately the day was fine, or an inundation of the house might have followed. I do not suppose the bird was improved for the table, though, perhaps, it may have become a little more tender.

The late Lord Zetland was once shooting at Clipstone, and the beaters were all standing in line ready for the guns to fall in and take their places before walking up some turnips. Looking up and down the line, Lord Zetland remarked that he knew Sherwood Forest was a famous place for large oak trees, but that it seemed to be equally famous for bulky keepers, as he had never seen such big stout men as Jonathan Richardson, Edwin Woods, and some of the others.

I enjoyed many happy days and much good sport when the late Simon Lovat was my guest at Welbeck and at Langwell. I see from the Game Book that he and I one day killed 113½ brace of grouse, shooting over dogs at Braemore; and I always miss his cheery presence and his great skill at my shooting parties.

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* PARTRIDGE BAGS AT WELBECK.

1879	..	5	1899	..	3,466	1918	.. 2,573
1880	..	40	1900	..	4,155	1919	.. 3,235
1881	..	319	1901	..	5,504	1920	.. 126
1882	..	418	1902	..	4,008	1921	.. 3,952
1883	..	428	1903	..	4,128	1922	.. 2,208
1884	..	961	1904	..	4,190	1923	.. 3,102
1885	..	961	1905	..	4,380	1924	.. 4,838
1886	..	601	1906	..	6,185	1925	.. 3,917
1887	..	2,119	1907	..	220	1926	.. 2,576
1888	..	1,194	1908	..	1,329	1927	.. 6
1889	..	1,920	1909	..	1,487	1928	.. 1,695
1890	..	1,668	1910	..	1,805	1929	.. 6,698
1891	..	961	1911	..	4,140	1930	.. 3,486
1892	..	770	1912	..	238	1931	.. 793
1893	..	1,184	1913	..	726	1932	.. 582
1894	..	768	1914	..	4,068	1933	.. 3,200
1895	..	1,317	1915	..	2,718	1934	.. 6,537
1896	..	2,948	1916	..	1,057	1935	.. 3,243
1897	..	2,351	1917	..	1,964	1936	.. 1,270
1898	..	3,494					

(*To be continued*)

These extracts are taken from "Men, Women and Things," to be published by Faber & Faber early in October



THE CARE OF THE GUNDOG

Quarters and Feeding

By A. CROXTON SMITH

As the majority of my readers will already have the accommodation for their dogs, it will not be necessary to say much upon this subject beyond a few words that may be of some guidance to those who are about to make a start. In most country establishments there are out-buildings that can easily be adapted to the purpose. Just anything with four walls, however, may not be suitable. The living quarters for dogs should be absolutely dry, free from draughts, well lighted, have ample ventilation, and preferably should have a southerly aspect. Dampness induces rheumatism and other ailments that impair the working efficiency and cause endless trouble. A great deal is to be said in favour of having a place that is cheerful, dogs being sensitive to their surroundings.

Disused stabling can be turned into kennels without much trouble provided the conditions mentioned above are present. Although gundogs as a rule are not quarrelsome, and therefore permit of a number sharing an outdoor run in common, they should have sleeping places that will take only one or a brace together. Anything in the nature of overcrowding is to be deprecated. Divisions can be made with stout wire netting, corrugated sheets, or boards. Each compartment, of course, must have a bench for the straw, raised about a foot from the ground, and protected with a deep board in front that will slide in and out.

It is better to err on the side of generosity in settling the size of the compartments. There are some people who prefer to have spaces between the boards of the bench on which the dogs lie, but I am not sure that that is an advantage, for the straw breaks and filters through, and should the attendant be careless and lazy the stuff may accumulate and form an excellent breeding place for vermin. It is convenient to have one or two spare benches that can be used when the others are drying after washing.

Many old buildings have floors that, while being solid and usable, have worn unevenly. They can be reconditioned by mixing cement and sand in the proportions of one part cement and three of sand. Mix it to a consistency that will allow it to be spread easily and levelled off.

Where there is no accommodation already handy one has the choice between a brick or wooden erection. A range of wooden kennels will last a good many years if they are painted or creosoted regularly and not allowed to fall into disrepair. The roof is often made of corrugated iron, which is unsightly, cold in winter, and hot in summer unless the wood underneath it is of a good thickness. I should prefer roofing felt over wood, which can be fixed with broad-headed nails sold for the purpose and laths of wood at intervals. When it is finished give it a coating of tar and sprinkle sand over it while it is wet.

Anyone desirous of having a more substantial erection has the choice of bricks or concrete reinforced with wire mesh. Doors of galvanised iron reduce the cost of upkeep to a minimum. Of course, provision must be made for ventilation. In the kennels erected some years ago by the Battersea Dogs' Home at Hackbridge, the asphalted floors have an upward curve to the inner walls with a gentle slope to the exterior, any water being discharged into a glazed channel outside. There the inside walls are brushed over with a limewash made by slaking half a bushel of lime with hot water. When this has been strained a peck of salt dissolved in warm water, 3lb. of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, ½lb. of whiting, and 1lb. of glue dissolved in cold water, are added. Five gallons of hot water are then added, the whole is allowed to stand for a few days, and then applied hot. This will keep on much better than the ordinary limewash.

Outside runs of iron railings or stout wire netting can be allowed in accordance with one's requirements, as it is not safe, in the majority of cases, to give dogs their full liberty. They may get into mischief. Place will be needed for storing food, and an isolation kennel is a desirable adjunct. If one prefers to have the food cooked, facilities must be provided. A steam-jacketed cooker is as useful as anything, as it will practically look after itself, and nothing has to be done beyond keeping up the fire. My own predilection is in favour of dry food, but when vegetables are given, it is not the best medium for inducing the dogs to take them.

Wherever it is possible, a compartment littered deeply with sawdust is a great boon, as the dogs can be turned into it for a time when they are wet. This will absorb a lot of the moisture and dirt, and if the sawdust is rubbed well into the coats and then brushed out there will not be much drying to be done. A rub over with dry towels or wash-leathers will be sufficient. Always insist upon the dogs being dried after getting wet. Damp coats are productive of rheumatism and other ailments.

Now as to the feeding. Most men have their peculiar fads and fancies upon this matter, but it will be generally agreed that sound lean meat should be the basis. To go with that are innumerable meals and biscuits that are on the market. The only thing to be said about them is that cheapness is a false economy. See that they are of the best, made by a reliable firm that has a reputation to preserve. It is now thought that hysteria is the product of a vitamin deficiency in the diet. Where meat is given, and fresh vegetables several times a week, there should not be danger of any shortage of these essential constituents. Leeks and onions are strongly to be recommended. These are allowed liberally in greyhound training kennels, and a pinch of caraway seeds is added to each meal in the belief that digestion is aided.

Various synthetic preparations containing the essential vitamins are now made, and if one has a mind to try them there is no objection. There is no doubt that dogs thrive best on plain wholesome food, and they had been fed in this manner for untold years before we had heard of such a thing as canine hysteria. The advantage of giving dry food and bones to gnaw is that a regimen of that sort is a preventive of pyorrhœa, which is very prevalent among dogs that receive soft food. The pressure on the gums caused by breaking up hard food or playing about with bones is beneficial. The only drawback of bones is that the dogs have to be separated while they have them; otherwise there are sure to be fights. My own adult dogs have never had more than one meal a day, but there is no objection to a bit of biscuit in the morning if one prefers it. The principal meal should come at night, when the day's work is over.

All working dogs need exercise in order to keep them fit, and it is a mistake to let gundogs run to seed in the off season. They should never be allowed to get fat or soft. In the customary routine of the kennel an observant man will note if any of the dogs need worming. This duty should never be neglected, as dogs cannot thrive if they are harbouring tape worms, and the chances are that they will develop eczema. Ready-made preparations can be had for the treatment of eczema. If it is of the moist kind the sores should be dusted with four parts of powdered starch to one of boracic powder. Powdered sulphur made into an ointment with vaseline is an old-fashioned remedy that often works well.

If the dogs are exercised on hard ground foot trouble is not likely to appear at the beginning of the season. Iodine is useful in the case of cut feet, which may then be anointed with boracic ointment and bandaged. Contused pads may be painted with compound tincture of benzoin, or a rag applied to them that has been soaked in sugar of lead water. Inflamed claws should be either fomented or poulticed and painted with iodine.

THE STAG AND THE "WATTCHER"

A Stalk With a Handicap

By FRANK WALLACE



SOMETHING MOVING

TO shoot a stag is one thing: to kill *the* stag is another and quite different matter. Anyone who is lucky enough to be asked to stalk in Scotland on ground which may reasonably be termed a forest is pretty certain, provided he is a tolerable shot, to kill a stag.

It is *the* stag which the experienced stalker always hopes to encounter and which lingers in his mind when it and the hills he loves are but a dream. *The* stag may have a good head or a bad one. He is usually old and cunning and at times develops into *the big stag*, attaining rank in the mind of his pursuer equal to that of the Muckle Hart of Benmore. A guest's chance of being placed on terms with him when this apotheosis has taken place are remote.

The stag has come my way on more than one occasion. The first—barring that shabby eight-pointer which fell, now, alas! so long ago above the birchwood which used to delight my eyes beyond Loch Meiklie, and which, too, has vanished with so much else that was lovely—was a royal whose death on the edge of a turnip field I have already recorded.

The last came to his end only last year beside a burn which laughs and sings its way from the high tops which look across to Skye. He carried nine points and was an old gentleman who loved his food. Had he restrained his appetite and carried a better head he might be alive now, but a stag with a bad head will, relatively, eat as much expensive food as will a dull guest at a fashionable restaurant, and will be just as little welcomed by his host.

For years my friend had turned up regularly at the winter feed, and my, and his, host was not at all pleased with him. He shouldered better animals out of the way, ate his fill with an occasional savage jab at any intruder, and then, full up to the back teeth, staggered across the march to a nice sunny slope facing due south, where at the time when he was first pointed out to me at the end of September, he had collected quite a respectable harem. These and his condition he flaunted openly before the eyes of his unwilling entertainer, only crossing the burn which marked the limits of his winter debauches at the fall of darkness.

"Get the old brute if you can!" was my host's parting injunction as I set out with the stalker on the morning after my arrival. As we climbed the slopes opposite to those on which he lay, we decided to try and get a stag on the top of the ridge, descend again to the level of the burn and await developments there.

Having successfully accomplished the first part of the programme, at about 3.30 p.m. we were in a position to make further plans. The stag and his hinds were in full view, strung out in the nook of a grassy hollow which led down to the flats on which they were accustomed to take their evening meal, and which extended on both sides of the burn defining the march.

Convenient knolls and the remains of a ruined cottage were strewn along its banks and to the latter we cautiously made our way, cheered by an occasional lazy roar. "We'd have a better chance if we got under the bank on the other side," I suggested.

Guttural noises at the back of M.'s nose indicated that though this point of view was undoubtedly sound, it was rather hampered by the fact that we should be trespassing. However, as our presence there could not possibly do any harm when I had promised not to shoot until I was in a position to do so legitimately, he agreed. Very slowly and cautiously in full view of the deer we wormed our way among rushes and whatever other cover we could find, until we got under shelter of the bank, waded across the burn and crouched in a heathery hollow which gave an unrestricted view of the deer.

As the afternoon drew on the hinds began to move down the hillside. The stag slowly followed them, occasionally making a short rush at a hind, halting to have a mouthful of grass, and roaring at intervals.

These are always among the most pleasurable moments of stalking. There is no need for immediate action. You have done all that there is to do and the rest is on the knees of the gods. You discuss possibilities, weigh chances and try to make out exactly what the head you are after is like. We were engaged in this pleasant occupation when, as I took down my glass, a movement somewhere behind us caught the corner of my eye.

Turning my head I saw a figure clad in dark clothes sauntering along the path which led from the lodge in full view of ourselves and the deer. Making no attempt at concealment, the figure ensconced itself in a conspicuous position and drew out a glass.

"Who on earth's that?" I enquired.

"He'll just be the watcher," replied my companion.

"What's he think he's doing?"

A sheepish grin illumined the stalker's face.

"He'll just be seeing what happens!" he remarked.

As nothing much seemed likely to happen, except that in all probability the deer would "take to the hill," the problem seemed to require but little elucidation. Awkwardly and self-consciously we slid back into the burn, crossed it, and slunk again through the rushes to the shelter of the ruined cottage. Throughout this manœuvre I was aware of the "watcher's" eyes, to say nothing of those of the deer glued on the small of my back!

Having reached safety a look through the glass disclosed the fact that my fears had been unnecessary. The hinds were still in the same position; the "watcher" was still serenely surveying the scene, apparently quite unconscious of the commotion he had caused. We discussed his conduct. M. agreed that it was unpardonable. My own comments were distinctly unfavourable. M. conceded that, though strictly legal, his behaviour was unsportsmanlike, unnecessary and entirely superfluous. I was left with the impression that his mind was filled with doubt as to why an all-seeing Providence permitted such a creature to live! Whilst thus relieving our minds the gentleman in question ostentatiously rose, replaced his glass, and withdrew his unwelcome presence. The deer, apparently accustomed to these invasions of their solitude, watched him disappear down the track and quietly went on feeding, though distant not more than 400yds.

It was getting late, and my previous optimism had waned. In an hour's time it would be dark, and though it was obvious that the hinds had every intention of crossing the burn, there was a time limit of which they were ignorant, and whether these factors would coincide in our favour was a matter of considerable doubt.

Several hinds and young beasts were feeding on the brink of the burn, and if they once started to cross I felt that our chances were pretty good. Then the stag disappeared!

We had marked his position though he was often out of our sight, and where he had got to I could not imagine. M. was equally at a loss, and for ten minutes or more we craned our necks round broken masonry and through derelict windows in an endeavour to locate him. Every stalker who has pursued *the* stag will appreciate our feelings and the qualms that beset us.

Was he, through some uncanny instinct, going to defeat our plans when they were on the verge of success? I have known stags which have, for no apparent reason, gone clean away, abandoning their hinds when it seemed certain that in a few minutes at most an opportunity would be given for a successful shot. Was this to be our fate?

Then once more hope revived.

"I heave him," came in a hoarse whisper from M. "He's awa' up the hill after yon hind and calf."

In the gathering dusk I at length made him out, a quarter of a mile or more above the burn, steadily climbing towards a hind and calf who apathetically watched his approach. The apathy was more apparent than real, for as he drew near the hind gave a sudden cat-like turn and started at a canter up the hill.

The stag gave chase, galloped off sideways, turned her beneath a steep bank and, to my delight, charged savagely down the hill behind her, uttering short grunts of annoyance. In a ridiculously short space of time, or so it seemed to me after all my doubts and fears, they reached the flats. Here, it was quite apparent that their lord and master was not going to have any more nonsense. Rounding up his female belongings with a skill which I secretly envied, he plunged—like Mr. Pennybone—into the burn and emerged dripping on the other side.

But we were no longer hidden in the ruined cottage. Crawling panting, with sidelong dips and runs, we had gained the cover of the knolls fringing the burn, another couple of hundred yards distant from the deer, but with an easy approach from above to the flats, where they were rapidly moving along on our side of the march. Out of sight below us, triumphant roars led us in that last minute struggle with time.

The first quick look over the bank proved that we were too far behind, for the stag, still last, was just disappearing round a corner. A quick duck back and a final rush brought us to a knoll, the flat covered with deer below us and, most glorious sight of all, *the* stag, his head thrown back, standing transfixed, looking at the skyline which hid us. That is the moment which remains clear in my mind.

It was 7.15 and a dark night before we were ready to leave, and as I lit my pipe I said to M.: "We were lucky to get him. I thought that watcher had done us!"

"I thocht so, too," said he.

"Dirty dog! By the way, who is he?" I asked casually.

"He's my wife's brother," said M. It was too dark to see his face.



The Gun Month by Month

HARDY HILL PARTRIDGES

The Elusive Coveys of the Moor Edge

By THE HON. HENRY DOUGLAS-HOME

A GENTLEMAN of Suffolk once came to Scotland in September to shoot grouse. His visit had been booked in June when the prospects were good. It turned out to be a poor season, and it was not advisable to shoot grouse a second time. The summer had been dry, and there were few snipe. There were, however, an unusual number of partridges, not only at the moorland's edge, but also on grouse ground far from crops of any kind.

The total number of these partridges would not impress one familiar with the crowded stubbles of East Anglia. I do not know if my friend thought hopefully of Forfar or Angus where first-class grouse moors merge into arable ground on which partridges are equally numerous, for he showed no sign of surprise when informed that partridges would take the place of grouse in the manœuvres for the week. I have often wondered why he has returned many times to shoot "hill partridges." I have imagined that I know the reason, but my answer need not be his. I believe that he discovered a different bird in the hill partridge, and perhaps an unexpected glamour in its pursuit which had been absent in the fields of Suffolk.

There is no sense of excitement or uncertainty among English stubbles and root fields. There is only a feeling of enjoyment of peaceful surroundings in the company of pleasant friends. There is little possibility of failure if the day has been well planned and weather is favourable. Each little world of grass, roots and stubble is charted, each covey is known. Partridges in arable counties have become prosaic creatures. Like pheasants, they have stepped from the path of sporting romance and left the wild company of grouse and blackcock, woodcock and snipe. I borrow a sentence to show my meaning: "A certain glamour of mystery ennobles the wild goose, whose long migrations and whose domestic affairs have not yet been brought under the microscope of scientific research. Little mystery remains in the life of the partridge, from the egg to the game bag. Since the War, and especially during the last few years, progress in scientific research has been rapid, and now we are possibly within measurable distance of rearing partridges in such numbers as may be required, independent of July thunderstorms and dependent only on the number of skilled keepers and the amount of money available."

It may be argued that as pheasants and partridges are most at home in tame and cultivated acres, it is unreasonable for them to remain "uncivilised" in such surroundings. It is an enjoyable contrast to find pheasants in wild places far from a rearing field or to chase unconventional partridges over upland ground remote from arable fields, if only for the pleasure of noticing how their behaviour differs from their "civilised" relatives.

Partridges have always existed on many northern hills. Periodical increases in their numbers may occur, but small permanent improvement is possible owing to the many disadvantages from which these hill birds suffer. Coveys begin to dwindle as food becomes difficult to obtain, and only the most hardy survive a long winter of snow and frost. Although hill partridges resemble grouse in their habits, they have not the latter bird's powers of endurance or their instinct to fly long distances to obtain food. An inadequate supply of food in winter will always prevent any noticeable increase in the numbers of partridges which live on open moorland far away from shelter and the better feeding of the low country.

I remember reading a letter which suggested that the cure for the heather beetle menace lay in an increased production of blackgame and partridges on affected moors. Blackgame need a greater incentive than the heather beetle to stir them into being more prolific, and partridges, being sedentary birds, would hardly imitate the example of the wandering short-eared owls which appeared in vast numbers, as if by magic, to combat the vole plague which attacked Scotland some years ago.

There is no doubt that partridges are very partial to heather beetle, and consume them on every possible occasion, but these delicacies are only obtainable for a short time of the year. It would be almost impossible to maintain the normal summer number of partridges on grouse moors by artificial feeding in the lean months, owing to the frequent great distances between coveys.

Native partridges would doubtless have a better chance of survival if food could be provided, but lowland birds, imported to deal with the beetle, would not survive the unaccustomed hardships of winter in the hills.

It is improbable that partridges will solve the heather beetle question, and doubtful if they will ever find a much easier existence among the hills. But sufficient numbers of hardy birds survive to reproduce large families of "annuals," many of which number between fifteen and twenty birds. Man is a minor enemy of their lives. There is seldom any time to spend in pursuit of hill partridges in a good grouse year, for coveys are scattered over a great area of ground. The number of coveys in any one area does not increase in spite of or despite shooting. Partridges have defined haunts in the hills, although they may frequent curious places. Last autumn a keeper on two occasions flushed a covey of eighteen partridges from behind a cairn on a bare hilltop of over 1,500ft., several miles from arable land, but these hill exiles usually retain a dim memory of civilisation in their choice of ground, close to a shepherd's cottage, or where some large stones and a green patch among the heather disclose a forgotten croft. Partridges find plenty of grit in such places and are often attracted to old hill tracks and small roadside quarries for the same reason.

The hill bird is more cunning than its lowland relative, and is capable of perverse habits. Coveys often rise a hundred yards away out of thick grass or heather and fly as far as grouse. At other times they squat in the barest places and allow themselves to be trodden on before rising. I have seen partridges, after one flight, burrow into tussocks and permit themselves to be caught by dogs rather than rise a second time. They cannot be "driven" on the hill, for they have no particular object in view. Their powers of running through rough ground are remarkable, and it would be difficult to believe that birds could move such distances were it not for the evidence of dogs.

One day I flushed a covey which settled in a thick rushy hollow about 200yds. away. I followed immediately, and there was no sign of them, although my dog seemed to think they were in the rushes where they had pitched; but almost at once he found a line into the thick grass beyond the gully. I followed as fast as I could, for over 300yds., when the covey rose 50yds. beyond the dog.

The alternative habit of close squatting can be equally misleading, and it seems that birds which squat directly after settling emit little or no scent, perhaps owing to the fact that their feathers, compressed against their bodies, prevent much distribution of scent. One day I was motoring to a snipe haunt with a friend when a large covey of partridges fluttered from the hill road and settled within a few yards.

We stopped and advanced stealthily into the heather, but on finding nothing I let my dog out of the car, and it promptly took a line towards the open moor. Three partridges rose when we had gone about 50yds., and we hoped to account for several more. We hunted in vain, and at last turned back to the road, debating the mystery of the lost covey. The remainder rose from under our feet when we were within 3yds. of the car.

I witnessed another example of their strategy last year. We were approaching a heathery knoll close to a road, where we had arranged to have luncheon, when a covey rose wild and settled in a grass field 50yds. from the knoll, game lorry and several ladies. Several beaters were sent round to drive them back, but as no bird came, we walked across the field. As we stepped into the heather a few feet away from the meat and biscuit tins, partridges rose in twos and threes against a background reminiscent of a crowded street.



"IT IS AN ENJOYABLE CONTRAST TO CHASE UNCONVENTIONAL PARTRIDGES OVER UPLAND GROUND REMOTE FROM ARABLE FIELDS"

Good bags of hill partridges are seldom obtained with a conventional line of beaters and a fixed schedule. Two or three "guns" and three men with steady dogs achieve better results. One must be prepared to spend considerable time in searching for these elusive birds, even after they have been "marked down."

I have often been unable to put up a covey, although convinced that it settled in a particular place, and have sat quietly in the heather some distance away until the partridges betrayed their hiding place by calling to each other.

It was a common practice until a few years ago for most hill farmers to grow a few patches of oats, rape, or turnips into which partridges, as well as grouse and blackgame, would draw in September, but latterly there has been an absence of cropping on many farms, with the result that partridges remain scattered over the hills.

Where arable fields lie close to hill ground, partridges are easier to deal with, but they will always try to escape to the hill rather than allow themselves to be driven into roots or potatoes.

Bags of hill partridges are modest compared with those obtainable in low country, but there is more of interest and pleasure in pursuit of those upland exiles, which so often bear charmed lives and vanish, with the same ease as the mists in the high places of their home.



A FAMOUS RIVER OF THE NORTH ANTRIM COAST
Casting a dry fly below the dam near Glenfarnan Bridge

IRELAND FOR CAREFREE FISHING

On the Kerry Highlands and the Antrim Coast

THAT pleasant valley in the Kerry Highlands, through which the Caragh river winds out to Dingle Bay, is the gathering ground of many waters. A few are known to fame, but many a delightful lough and stream receives scant recognition in any angling guide. Why, it is rather difficult to say, if variety is the spice of fishing as of life. For hereabouts, at least, the angler runs no risk of boredom, with a choice within a few miles radius of the sea and brown trout of Coomasaharn, and Caragh Lakes and the Behy river; the smaller fry of Loughs Acoose and Cloon and the salmon of the pools beside Glencar.

The Caragh is one of the earliest, as it is one of the loveliest, of the Kerry rivers, and, like many another of its size, fishes best when a flood is beginning to subside. Even so, the runs into the upper reaches depend very much on water temperature, for early springers are fastidious creatures and, like the widow's fleas in one of Lever's novels, elude capture more often because their would-be captor fails to find their favourite parking grounds, than because he lacks artistic skill. Though, to be sure, one never knows. Three years ago, striking the drought which reduced nearly every Southern Irish river to some way below summer level, I fished for a solid April fortnight without ever seeing the colour of a spring fish; and then a single night's good rain brought me three fish the next morning on the self-same beat.

To my mind little-frequented waters have an even greater charm, though it entails a good deal of heavy collar-work to reach some of them in this part of the world. The Behy river, at its outflow from Lough Coomasaharn, for instance, is well over 1,000ft. above sea level, but the scenery at all times and the sport more often than not, are worth the climb. Sea trout and a few grilse get up the river later in the year, although they are scarcely ever taken in the lake, but the latter holds really big but rather shy brown trout, and any quantity of ¼-pounders the reverse of reticent. For I recall a day when two of us set out bright and early fishing the lough up till lunch time to the tune of fourteen trout, three of which turned the 1lb. scale, and then we took to the river in the afternoon.

It is not easy fishing, for deep peaty pools alternate with pebbly shallows and cataracts which collect plenty of snags along with the flood water from the mountains. And it is a matter of scaling steep heathery banks and sliding down again to reach most pools, while in many places wading is a risky business unless you have a native at your elbow who knows the river. Yet on this afternoon of happy memory we had eighteen trout, about three to the pound, before, nearing sunset, the angler's golden hour, my cup was filled to overflowing.

At the very first cast across a long deep pool there was a boil at the tail fly, and a salmon leapt on the far side of the river. Luckily it was one of the few clear reaches in the river; a good 70yds. of sluggish, curling water and no hidden snags. Light as were both rod and tackle, both held bravely, and we tailed a nice fish of just over 10lb. Incidentally, I was thankful to have made contact with it at a spot which was little more than half a mile downhill to the car, though such surprises are by no means rare on these hill rivers. As a spate is running down, the man who strikes the right spot at the psychological moment has always more than an outside chance of connecting with salmon and sea trout in their mad rush upstream.

You may occasionally get a salmon by trolling in Lough Cloon; you will certainly get a lot of small brown trout, and in any case the scenic beauty of the little lake and that of Lough Acoose have much to do with the enjoyment of a day. In fact, the setting of all these hill loughs in the Glencar region is superb. Bog and moorland reaching out to the blue distance of Carrantuohill, Ireland's highest mountain; in many miles only an isolated cottage here and there, clinging to the mountainside. In a day's march, very likely you will not meet a soul, you will see only a few mountain sheep, and hear nothing but the cry of a wandering curlew and the drumming of a snipe. And though the materialist may scoff it is largely these elemental influences which make a fishing holiday in these parts such a delightful undertaking.

Should you wish to ring the changes further—well, it is no far cry to the salmon of the Laune and Flesk, and the trout of the Killarney Lakes. Incidentally, thanks to the careful re-stocking of recent years, the fishing on the latter is very much better than it used to be. Some miles of the Flesk are free, though the best reaches are reserved; and around Killorglin there are two or three miles of free water on the Laune, which are not particularly attractive as the salmon mostly run clean through. In Spring the best fishing is yielded by the Caragh river, the upper reaches of which, as far as Cloon Lake, are reserved for visitors at Glencar Hotel, while those at the Glenbeigh Hotel have the right to fish the river between its outflow from Caragh Lake and the estuary.

Unless conditions have altered recently, the cost per rod is 15/- a day, but the trout fisherman can do things much more economically. With the exception of Cloon Lake, which also is reserved by the management of the Glencar Hotel, the waters I have mentioned are entirely free. And in his exploration of the Glenbeigh Hills the angler will come on many lesser tarns and streams, all of which hold trout innumerable, and small but very game withal, which he may pull out for so long as it amuses him without paying a penny for the privilege.

GREY MOSKEY.

THE ULSTERMAN'S RIVER

Fishing in the Bush

ON the North Antrim coast a river flows into the Atlantic which is dear to the hearts of all Ulstermen—the Bush. It is a river for the exile to sing songs about and remember in tropic heats and Antarctic cold. A vivacious river full of character and with fine well-made pools—a hustler and a hustler. Rarely of a lazy disposition, except in the depth of August drought, she runs her course of thirty-odd miles with the determination of someone who means to get things done—and get them done quickly.

Her watershed is the home of the grouse and the mountain fox, her main vale richly clothed with beech trees, her flax fields a drift of powder blue, the roof eaves of her mills alive with house martins and swallows, her short tidal stretch the happy hunting ground of the sentinel heron; no one would gainsay her pride of place amongst the country's most beautiful rivers.

Yet for all that the Bush is best known for its fishing. In the upper reaches, the moorland

streams are well stocked with brown trout, running up to ¾lb., and great fun they are, too; bags up to four and five dozen being not uncommon for a goodish day. But the fish run bigger further down and, although 7lb. is the heaviest brown trout known to have been taken, 3lb. and 4lb. fish are by no means rare.

Of flies, all the usual favourites fish well—March Brown, Greenwell's Glory, Hare's Lug, Grouse and Orange, the Spiders, Black Gnat, Zulu and Cow dung; while on the flat reaches of the Straham, a tributary rising in the western hills of the famous Antrim glens, the dry fly works well, and fish up to 2lb. are sometimes caught.

In June and July sea trout are on the move when fish of 7lb. and 8lb. are about, but the average is under a pound—even so, how they fight!

But the salmon has pride of place as the river's greatest sport giver. With sea nets (bagnets) at the mouth, there are two pools a few hundred yards up the river which are also netted with the draft net, but beyond that the rod comes into its own.

It is a narrow river, tidal not much more than a hundred yards from the mouth, and for the most part little more than yards across, so that it can be fished easily without wading or boats; and any pool can, of course, be well covered from either bank. The two best flies are the Assassin and the Judge, but most of the better-known ones work well, except—and for no readily accountable reason—the Jock Scott.

Rod fishing begins on February 1st when, if the water is high, 3½in. hooks can be used down to the end of the season, when at low water a No. 10 will suffice. The Colley is one of the most effective baits.

In the Bush, salmon do not run to the great size of Scottish rivers, in fact, 32lb. is the record, but big catches have been made, and history records that in 1873 a Mr. Adam McNeill, between June 15th and July 31st took 444 fish—22 in one morning before breakfast! In recent years, daily rod catches of 32 and 23 have been known, but on an average the year works out on the following lines: February, 20; March, 50; April, 50; May, 100; June, 100; July, 100.

A short and thick fish the Bush salmon. It is a worthy opponent and, from the gourmets viewpoint, is reckoned second to none.



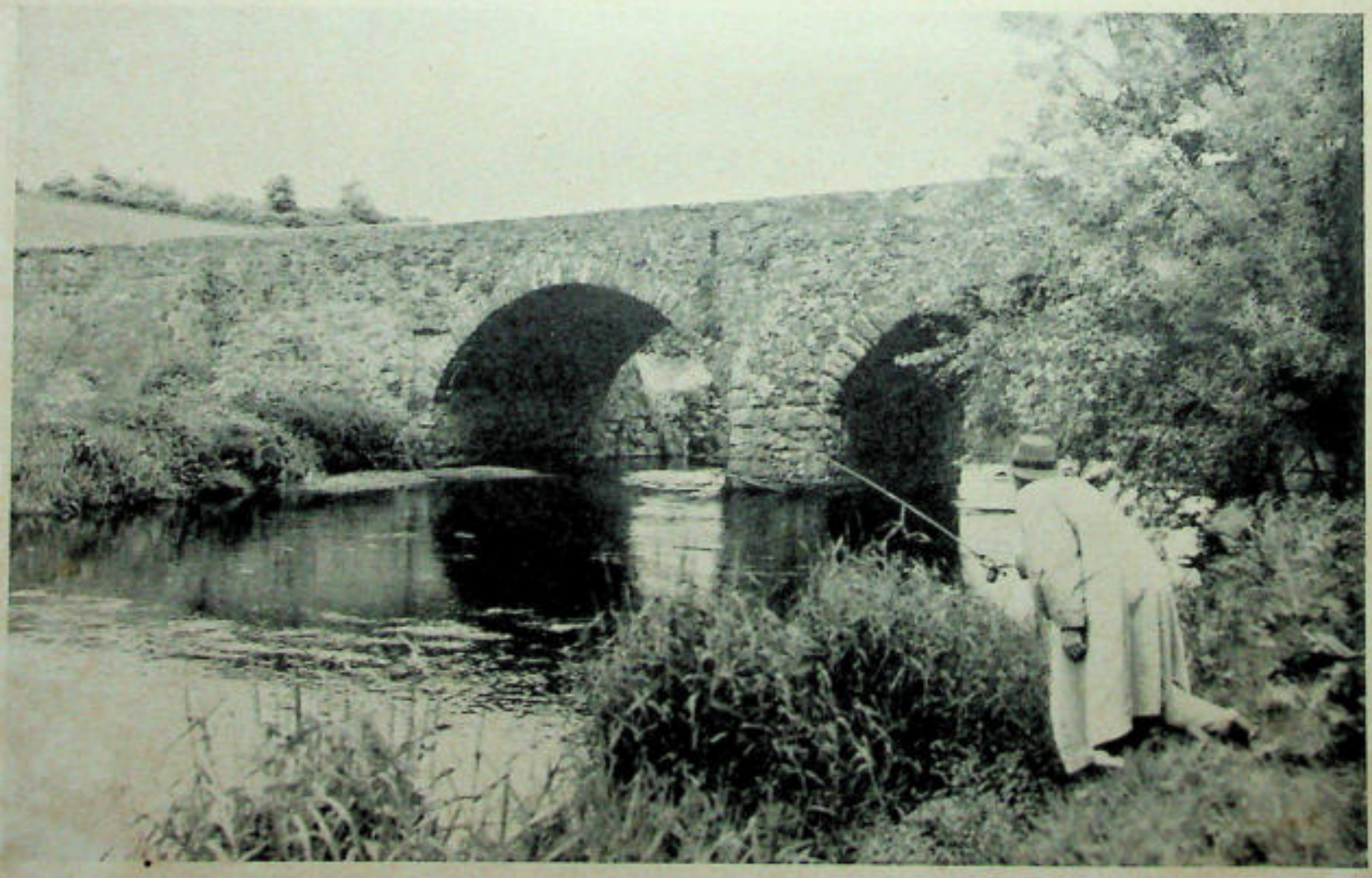
NEAR BUSHMILLS

The famous salmon leap which fish find difficult to negotiate

In the matter of disease the river is remarkably immune, fungus is rarely found and, although fish sometimes sicken after a spate of heavy peat water, it is not a serious matter. Unlike her neighbour the Bann, there are no pike, and the stock is kept up by a fine modern hatchery where 300 fish are retained for breeding purposes and 1,000,000 youngsters are annually put into the river in the upper reaches in mid-May.

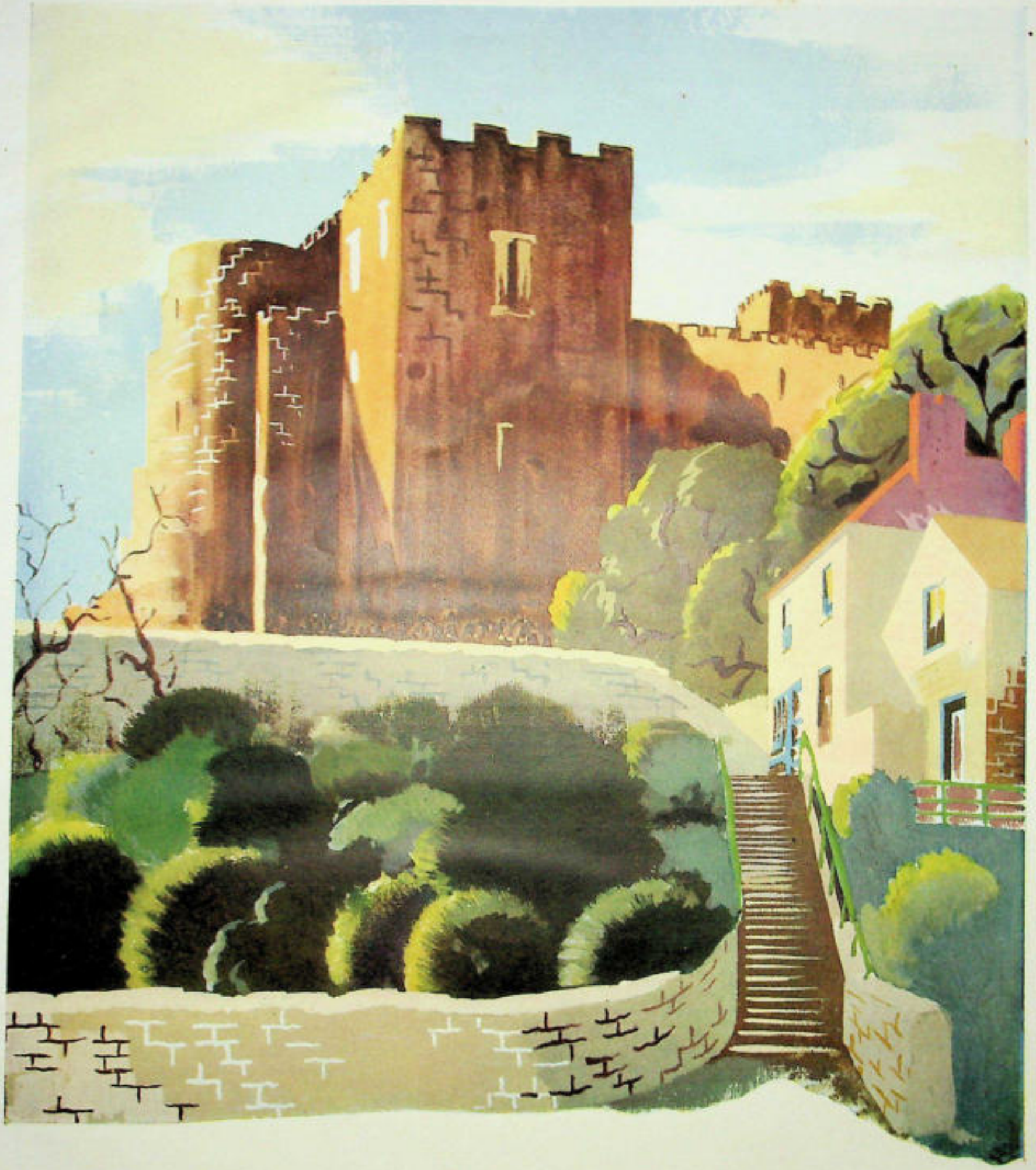
So the Bush runs on—a smashing, raging torrent in winter floods, when vast areas of farmland are inundated, to the gentle purling of the summer months when, beneath old stone bridges and by deep green reedbeds, she winds her way a ribbon of amber-brown to the waiting sea. A river to remember and dream dreams about, a river of happy hunting grounds, of blank days and good days, but whatever the sport, a river that will always provide a day's fun equal to the best anywhere.

G. C. Nash.



WHERE MEN GO FOR THE MAYFLY

The tail end of a pool at Semeril Bridge on the Bush



FAMOUS FORTS

RYE CASTLE

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C.F.H.



PARTRIDGES AMONG THE ROOTS. BY JOSEPH WOLF (1820-1899)

A photograph of this recently discovered painting by the well-known German artist appeared in our issue of March 6th, and we reproduce it here in colour to show the rich tones of the original, which is now in the possession of Mr. Harvey Brown at the Stevens & Brown Gallery, 27, Park Lane, London, W.1

POINTS IN PARTRIDGE DRIVING

Big Shoots and Small—Two Sets of Beaters

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

IT is always delightfully simple to drive partridges—on paper. There is nothing abstruse in the old-fashioned recipe, which provides, as the basic ingredients to a rich repast, a wide acreage, plentifully larded with roots and luscious clover fields, a seasoning of mustard, and fir belts, so arranged as to give guns ample field of fire to all points of the compass. Then all you have to do, the wind, of course, deferring to your plans, is to line out a bevy of intelligent beaters and the coveys, whose abundance incidentally is equally presumed, will follow one another with the equanimity of Noah's menagerie in passage to the Ark, and fall headlong into every preconcerted ambush.

Whether these ideals reach substantial attainment on shoots-de-luxe I am unlikely ever to be in so happy a position as to judge. What I am very sure of is that for most of us they remain a pheasant day-dream.

Still, we do drive partridges, wherever it is possible, with, upon the whole, a fair measure of success. Though it is less easily achieved in practice than in theory, as anyone who has even taken charge of a beating line, inconspicuous for the intelligence aforesaid, will probably agree. Since shootings differ so widely in shapes, sizes and natural amenities, nothing is more dangerous than to postulate cast-iron rules for partridge driving.

There is only one rule to my mind which altereth not. You cannot make partridges go where they do not want to go, nor when they are young can you push them too often or too far. In other words, observation of their natural flights is the key to successful driving. And as two major factors influence procedure—the strength and direction of the wind and the situation and extent of holding cover—it follows that at long last almost everything depends upon the day-to-day vagaries of the weather.

For these very reasons I would venture the suggestion that often the most satisfactory type of sport is not obtained because driving on big properties takes place too early, and is postponed on lesser shoots until too late. This may sound paradoxical; yet, where partridges only are concerned there is an even greater difference between 3,000 and 800 acres than is measured by the eye. The former affords ample scope for to and fro driving and, because beats can be rested in rotation, the same coveys are not constantly harassed. Moreover, they have room, denied to their brethren on the smaller shoots, to shift about without breaking bounds. Consequently there is no necessity for undue haste in opening hostilities because an extensive area will hold its full quota of birds throughout the season.

Quite naturally, perhaps, the more suitable the driving ground and the more abundant the stock, the greater the temptation to make hay while the sun shines. Though bags may flatter, it means in fact poor shooting. Young partridges driven to and fro against beat winds and in September beat do not get a fair chance to show the qualities of which they are later capable. Whereas by the first week in October it is cool, and the coveys at the zenith of their flying strength, are more evenly distributed, so that even if longer drives are a necessary consequence of the reduction in natural cover, the bulk of the birds are not in fact compelled to any longer flights, while such as may be are fully equal to the strain.

But on the lesser acreage the position is quite different. Boundaries cannot be made elastically adaptable to increasing partridge wildness and decreasing cover belts. For which reason October driving is more speculative than satisfactory as a rule. You must at least arrange your first drives while your birds are comparatively young and innocent, and while some vestige of those rather mangy roots are still in evidence, if you are to break up the coveys and make any bag at all.

A point that seems to merit more attention than it usually gets, is whether two sets of beaters may not be often advantageous. Not, of course, on little shoots; but otherwise it is questionable whether the extra expense involved is not offset by the saving of time and a more systematic covering of ground.

Two beating lines are certainly less flexible and more likely to provoke untimely hitches, unless the respective leaders are carefully rehearsed beforehand. Nor is dual control likely to be anything but disastrous; the head keeper must be in sole charge of operations. But there is little doubt that more birds will be put over by men who get a breather every alternate drive than by those who footslog to the point of weariness all day.

And another point worth considering is this: Very often, in order to carry out the general idea, on which successive beats depend, too broad an area has to be taken in one sweep. So beaters and guns alike are distributed too widely, and the birds take every advantage of extended spacings, running out and back by way of convenient parallel hedgerows. As everybody knows, it is impossible for a straggling line of beaters to force wild partridges on to a narrow front, however well the flankers do their work. They may start off in the right direction, but scattering and twisting on the wind they will be back overhead in next to no time, and the most energetic flagwagging will not stop them. The halving of the area obviates these drawbacks. The guns can be properly spaced and the second set of beaters, ready to move when the first have driven out their bit, will collect the coveys which have dodged the latter, while the extra time involved in the dual operation will be negligible.

MID-DAY SUN AND THE ST. LEGER

The Derby Winner's Prospects of Success at Doncaster

THE last of the season's classic races will be run on Wednesday, the 8th. Its open character looks like being maintained until the last. Provided there are no eleventh-hour breakdowns or cases of heel-bug (which severely affected the race twelve months ago), the field will be strong in numbers and in quality. It is true that our three-year-olds have been widely decried as an indifferent group, but we have to accept them as they stand, and the turn-out of colts on Wednesday will be representative of the best of their age.

It is still to be regretted that Merry Mathew will not be among them, no classic entries having been made for him. His display at York last week suggests that the Middleham colt is below par at present as a result of the stoppage in his work in the summer. Having missed the mark on the Knavesmire, he will probably find a good consolation prize in the shape of the Scottish Derby at Ayr.

An August meeting at York seldom passes without one or more of the classic colts being in action, but this time engagements a few days earlier had been found for Mid-day Sun, Perifox and Sultan Mahomed. Fair Copy was not in a race on the Knavesmire, it being thought prudent to hold him in reserve for the St. Leger. All last week racing people were discussing the performance of Mid-day Sun at Salisbury. Nobody seemed to like his performance there with the possible exception of his trainer, who declared stoutly that the colt had won easily, and that he would have achieved a wider margin of success had he not run with his accustomed laziness.

Mid-day Sun continues to baffle many of the racing critics. They have seen him do things in his races which no really stout-hearted colt should do. Yet who can suppose the colt is lacking in courage in view of his long string of triumphs this year? At times the son of Solario gives you the impression that he was going to cut it. Yet the next moment he confounds his traducers by running on stoutly under pressure and winning his race. We have at least to concede that he stays well, and it is impossible to suppose that the mile and six furlongs at Doncaster will be beyond him.

Happily in Michael Beary he has a jockey who, conversant with his peculiarities, seems to be able to get the best out of him. If you depend on the book of form in your effort to find the winner of the St. Leger, Mid-day Sun must certainly be your choice. There are plenty who still wonder how this colt, who was so low in the Free Handicap, has come to secure his exceptional honours. Despite his triumphs at Epsom, Ascot and elsewhere, they still hesitate to accept him as a really first-class colt. Whether they are doing an injustice to Mid-day Sun will be shown in the St. Leger.

Which will be the best of his rivals? If we accept the recent Hurst Park running, discussed in these pages last week, we have to take Sultan Mahomed as the colt who threatens chief danger to the Derby winner. During the York meeting we sounded Mr. Frank Butters as to his view of the prospects of the son of Massine. He agreed that the colt possesses an undoubted chance, though he added, "I think my brother Fred will win with Mid-day Sun." The Fitzroy House trainer told us how seriously his colt had been affected by the heel-bug trouble. Sultan Mahomed was a victim to it, it seems, before he ran at Ascot, and after his return from Paris he was worse than before.

This fact has to be carefully considered when we endeavour to estimate the precise value of the colt's performances at the Royal meeting, and at Longchamp, where he was fourth in a large field. Briefly, we take him as the most improved colt of his age, and if he keeps sound and well (we write this because heel-bug has lately affected several horses in the stable), we believe that Sultan Mahomed will be closely concerned in the finish next week.

If we are puzzled by Mid-day Sun's disposition we must also question whether Perifox is thoroughly genuine. That his trainer has some doubt of the point is indicated by his decision to ascertain how the colt will run in blinkers. Are we right in supposing that Gallant Fox, one of the greatest horses of his time in the U.S.A., transmits some peculiar qualities to his off-spring? Omaha had funny little ways, Perifox is certainly not beyond reproach, and as for Fresh Fox—well, one of these days he is likely to be warned off the Turf by reason of his tantrums, which nearly brought catastrophe to Gordon Richards as well as to some of the people around the parade ring at York last week.

Assuming that Perifox does nothing wrong in the St. Leger, will he beat the favourite? Captain Boyd-Rochfort is convinced of his great merit and still hopes that he will leave his Hurst Park form far behind. But there is too much of an "if" about the American colt for us to trust him.

How about the rest of the probable runners, including Fair Copy and Solfo? Nothing has been more striking in racing lately than the return of confidence in Fair Copy by those associated with his stable. In public he has done little to justify the revival of hope in his prospect of gaining classic distinction, but Mr. C. Leader assures us that the son of Fairway has never gone better in his work than during the past few weeks. "He is sure to run well," emphatically declares the Stanley House trainer, who is not given to undue optimism. And so we should be imprudent if we excluded Fair Copy from our list of dangers to the favourite.

The ground must not be too hard on the Town Moor if Solfo is to do himself justice. Major Courtauld's good-looking colt appears to have got through a sound preparation, and Mr. Basil Jarvis is not inclined to be pessimistic about him. One of the cheery optimists of the training profession is Mr. Joe Lawson, and it has to be added that when he is optimistic he is usually right. Last week found him decidedly hopeful as to Cold Scent's chance in the St. Leger. Pin-firing has cured the colt's lameness, which affected him in the Grand Prix, and his trainer declared that, even in the absence of rain, the ground will not be too firm for the son of Foxlaw.

It is not in Cold Scent's disfavour that his owner's racing luck is in just now, further indications of this being the successes of Weathervane in the Ebor Handicap and Golden Sovereign in the Gimcrack last week. Another good St. Leger colt trained at Manton is Lord Astor's Cash Book, but the conformation of his feet makes it essential that the ground should be on the soft side if he is to appear at his best.

Possibly the St. Leger will fall to an unconsidered outsider, but we think we have mentioned the colts who enjoy the best prospects of success. Our definite selection is Sultan Mahomed. If this stoutly-bred colt is beaten we believe it will be by Mid-day Sun, whom no student of form can possibly leave out of the reckoning.

Apart from the classic race the Doncaster programme bristles with attractions on each of its four days. One of the big questions of the week will be whether Mirza II is to retain his undefeated record. In the Champagne Stakes he will be tackling a six furlong course for the first time, and many question whether he will stay. Formidable opposition will present itself to the Aga Khan's crack. Presumably, the best of his probable rivals is Portsarnock. At the time of writing the plan is that Sir Humphrey de Trafford's colt shall take on Mirza II on the Town Moor, leaving Unbreakable to meet the son of Blenheim—Mumtaz Mahal in the Middle Park Stakes next month.

If Mirza II surmounts these two obstacles we shall have to raise our hats to him as unquestionably the young champion of the year. The failure of Tehir in the Gimcrack Stakes sharply interrupted the all-conquering career of the Aga Khan's best two-year-olds. It is true he was unlucky not to win, but even had he escaped interference he would have beaten Golden Sovereign by the narrowest of margins.

For the unlooked-for downfall of this Tetratema colt the Aga Khan had pleasant consolation at the meeting when Khan Bahadur won his race in smooth style. The brother to Mahmoud is one of the best-looking of all the good two-year-olds seen out so far, and is now entitled to be ranked among the best of the season. Should he train on in the right way we believe he will be his owner's best in the Derby.

At Lewes, this week, when Walter Nightingall saddled five horses of which three won their races, his remarkable training record was brought to mind. Since October, 1926, when he succeeded his father at South Hatch, Epsom, he has sent out 597 winners from that stable; thus, in eleven years he has trained an average of over 50 winners a year. This is rather a remarkable record, and, if the gods are at all kind, Nightingall should reach his 600 before the season is out.

At the same meeting, Mannlicher was a very strong favourite indeed in the Southdown Welter Handicap. Some distance from home it looked as if Mr. Gordon and Mannlicher had their field spreadeagled. However, Mr. Herbert, on Silver Bow II, had other opinions, and going after them, caught and beat them six lengths. Since costing Nightingall, his owner-trainer, 85gs. last winter, Silver Bow II, has won five races and failed in two. "Unto him that hath . . ."



AFTER WINNING THE EBOR

Leading in Weathervane (T. Weston up). Walking beside the horse, and being congratulated apparently, is Lawson, the trainer



Ensign Robbins *Lieut. Henderson* *Ensign Cook* *Major Elgee* *Lieut. Jones*

FAMOUS SPORTING REGIMENTS

No. 16—The Royal Welch Fusiliers

R.W.F.

IF I were asked what forms of sport have played and still play the principal parts in the life of the Royal Welch I should say at once hunting, Point-to-Point races, polo (abroad) and boxing; but racing and shooting, both big-game and scatter gun, have always flourished to the fullest extent allowed by local conditions.

Moreover, there seems always to have been a tendency on the part of the officers of the 23rd from the times of Captain Robert Barclay, who served at the beginning of the last century, and of whom more anon, to go in for individual sporting feats—there was, for example, a wild, amusing and reckless spirit, Lieutenant O'Hara, who disappeared from the 2nd Battalion in Gibraltar in about 1876, and reappeared as a brilliantly successful professional bull-fighter in Spain. It is always said that the fascination he exercised over the Spanish ladies through his exploits forced him to cut short this career owing to professional jealousies.

The Royal Welch have always supported fox-hunting to the fullest extent and have, in more recent times, invariably held their own annual Point-to-Point meeting. This has included the Red Dragon Cup race for horses, the property of officers of the regiment, ridden at 12st. 7lb., besides three or four other races. It is, I fancy, the only regiment, besides the Royal Regiment of Artillery, which now holds an independent Point-to-Point meeting.

Hunting, as, indeed, most other forms of sport, has for many years past been possible for officers of the regiment only through the exercise of the most rigid economy and by sacrifice of every luxury which would hinder the purchase and keep of horses. Even before the War trams, the canteen cart and third-class seats in ordinary trains were used instead of motors, jarvey cars and hunt specials. I have, indeed, an ever bright picture in my mind of the canteen float drawn by Grey Molly and packed with subalterns on their way to the station to hunt with the Meath, trundling across the square of the Royal Barracks, Dublin, and of the playful "view-hollous" of derision directed at a luckless comrade drilling with the recruits and at the adjutant, who had been ass enough to keep him in barracks, and lose his own day thereby.

As a result of the foregoing measures we usually, during the leave season, turned out ten or more strong, hunting three or more days a fortnight, with others, of course, hunting on leave. Nor has the picture changed much since the War; fewer private horses are owned and more use has been made of chargers and fifteen-bobbers than of old, but hunting and the Point-to-Point still flourish.

In 1888-89 the 2nd Battalion, then stationed at Fermoy, in addition to being regular followers of the Duhallow and the United Hunts, hunted the Funcheon Vale Harriers two days a week. This pack belonged to Mr. Arthur Lucas, of Ballinacarriga, near Fermoy, who was unable to continue, and included many Kerry Beagles. The Master was Lieutenant B. H. Phillips, Captain Firman



CAPTAIN ROBERT BARCLAY WALKING A MILE AN HOUR FOR A THOUSAND HOURS

was first whip, and the second whip was "Denny," a local man, a keen and excellent houndsman, who was well known to the 1st Battalion as kennel huntsman and whip to the United in 1907-10. He still, after a lapse of 20 years, spoke of the Royal Welch as "my regament." The country hunted was bounded by the River Blackwater on the south and stretched to the Galtee Mountains beyond Mitchelstown, but "occasionally the Funcheon Vale Harriers had a joint day with the Tipperary Pack and journeyed as far as Cahir, when Cork and Tipperary boys were a treat to see riding against each other."

A little previous to this, during the seven years 1882-88, the 1st Battalion had a pack of hounds in India to hunt jackal, the first Master being Major, now Colonel R. F. Williamson, who was later so well known for many years with the Duhallow Hunt.

The first record of a Royal Welch race relates to 1838, when "On St. David's Day a steeplechase by officers of the Welch Fusiliers in Dublin came off, when seven horses started and Captain Powell's Mussulman was the winner by a length before Lieutenant Torrens's horse Hector." The race in those days seems to have been called St. David's Race, and, a caricature, reproduced with this article, shows that in Agra in 1864 it was ridden in fancy dress—the saint himself taking a prominent part.

The race has, in recent years, been called the "Red Dragon Cup," and, except for periods when war or other military conditions have rendered it impossible, has been run continuously at home since 1881, whilst frequently the battalion abroad, if stationed in suitable spots like Gibraltar, has run a duplicate race. Since the War, in spite of difficulties such as the Irish troubles, occupation of the Rhine and simultaneous absence abroad of both battalions for a period, these Point-to-Point meetings have been held in the late Mr. Seymour Allen's country (twice), and in those of the Mendip, Avon Vale (twice), Garth and Wynnstay Hunts. In addition the Red Dragon Cup has been raced for at Penton Mewsey and over the Windmill Hill Steeplechase Course at Tidworth. The Red Dragon Cup Race is now ridden over about five miles of country, and is combined with the Barnett Barker Cup, for which chargers and "fifteen-bobbers," regularly hunted by their temporary owners, are eligible.

Like other regiments, the Royal Welch manage their affairs so that purely military pursuits and the men's sports suffer no neglect and the present writer well remembers the conflict in the mind of the present Colonel of the regiment, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Dobell, then in 1907 a Company Commander, who, wishing to carry out to the full the statutory amount of company training and yet be present with his officers at the Red Dragon meeting, which, that year, was held in the Vine country, operated all night from six o'clock till dawn over the Fox Hills from Normandy to Tunnel Hill, near Aldershot, and won the race later in the day on Longmoor Lass. This mare had already won him the "Tally-Ho" Steeplechase at the Grand Military Meeting a few weeks earlier.

The finest polo players ever in the 23rd were M. E. Lloyd and O. de L. Williams, but ill luck dogged their teams and it was in 1911-13 that the big team successes occurred. The 2nd Battalion arrived at Quetta early in 1911 from Burma, where they had won all the tournaments, and were obliged to collect a completely new string of ponies. Nevertheless, in 1912 they reached the final of the Infantry Tournament and won the Quetta Open



...lise Lieut. Hay (the Artist) Ensign Bradshaw Capt. Norton Lieut. Stanley Capt. Tilly Asst. Surgeon McCarthy Capt. Beckett, V.C.

MARCH, 1864

Tournament, and in 1913 carried off the Connell Open Tournament at Allahabad, the Lucknow Tournament and the Infantry Cup (R. B. Johnson, G. O. Thomas, L. L. Stable and L. M. Ormrod). In the Lucknow Tournament they defeated the Tigers after extra time, and in the final beat the Inniskilling Dragoons by five goals to four.

Curiously enough, in 1930, while at Quetta, the 1st Battalion after service in Waziristan, followed by two stations where polo was very difficult to run, also won the Infantry Cup Tournament. The 2nd Battalion had meanwhile restarted polo at Wiesbaden and, going to Gibraltar in 1931, got into the final of the Inter-Regimental there and won it in 1934 for the first time for 24 years that it had been won by an Infantry Battalion. The Subalterns' Tournament was won in the same year, and in Hong Kong in 1935 the Royal Naval Cup was carried off.

Turning to boxing for a moment, the fact that a majority of the men of the regiment come from South Wales presupposes a natural bent towards the ring, and, indeed, there are few years when one or both battalions or the depot are not making history. Among the principal successes are included the Regimental Team Championship of India in 1909, 1911 and 1912, the Patiala All-India Boxing Cup in 1911 and 1912 and the Irish Army Boxing Cup in 1912. In 1913 the 1st Battalion were runners-up in the Army Boxing Championship at home, and the 2nd Battalion were runners-up in India. The recent record of both battalions is equally striking, the following teams championships having been carried off: 1924 Lahore District, Northern Command (India), and Mussorrie All-India Boxing Meeting Championship; 1925 the same championships plus the official All-India Boxing Championship. (It may be worth noting that on the same evening that the first team was winning the Northern Command Championship the second team won the Ferozepore Brigade Area Championship.) In 1926 the Sind Rajputana District Team Championship, Western Command (India) Team Championship, and the All-India Team Championship fell to our boxers. The All-India Boxing Meeting was then abandoned and the famous "Silver Man," which had become so familiar a trophy with the Royal Welch, eventually had to be handed back to Army Headquarters, to be kept until the competition should be resumed. In 1927 the Sind-Rajputana and Western Command (India) Team Championships were won, and in 1930 the Burt Institute (Lahore) All-India Team Championship. In 1932 and 1933 the 2nd Battalion won the Inter-Unit Championship at Gibraltar, and in 1933 the 1st Battalion were equally successful in the Southern Command Championship at Tidworth, and were runners-up for the King's Shield for the Army at home. In 1937 the same battalion won the Aldershot Command Novices' and Inter-Unit Team Championships and reached the semi-final of the King's Shield.

Amongst individuals who have distinguished themselves it should be mentioned that the famous Johnny Basham, several times winner of the Lonsdale belt, was a sergeant in our Special Reserve Battalion and trained a great deal at the depot. Several individual Army championships have been won in the last few years, including three officer championships; but the palm goes to Lance-Sergeant Jones, a native of Senghenydd, who was feather-weight champion of the Army in 1930-31-32-33, and reached the semi-finals of the Amateur Boxing Association Championship in 1930 and the finals in 1931. He was also Imperial Services Champion in 1930, 1931 and 1932 and Featherweight Amateur Champion of Wales in 1934.

A great deal of big-game shooting has been done by officers of the Royal Welch in West and East Africa, besides India and the Sudan. As to the snipe, chikor and quail shooting in the "good old days" and in the present, the game books of the two battalions show how very much conditions have altered owing to guns being owned now by the local population. The 2nd Battalion now at Hong Kong find themselves a trifle envious when they read of three guns of the battalion in 1899 bagging 189 snipe in a day at Macao, whilst now it takes 27 days before the 150 mark is reached. However, it is not the bag alone which makes the early rise and the journey worth while, and there is no doubt that since the war we have had an immense amount of fun with the shotgun in India, the Sudan, Tidworth, Gibraltar and Hong Kong.

Racing has been mostly abroad, and it was no doubt a great day for the 2nd Battalion in 1876 when Captain Luxford, after several wins at Gibraltar, Jerez and Cadiz, took his horse to Lisbon and won the King of Portugal's Cup from the crack horses of Spain and Portugal. Back again at Gibraltar nearly 60 years later we find the same battalion winning the Regimental Team Race, the Godley Cup, and the Subalterns' Cup.



INFANTRY TOURNAMENT, BAREILLY, 1930
H. A. S. Clarke, R. F. A. David, J. G. Bruzner Randall, and Captain H. A. Freeman



RED DRAGON MEETING, 1937
Mr. Brougham (White Slave), Mr. R. C. Rose Price (Nutcome), Mr. Lillingston (Killadar), and Lieut.-Col. J. G. Bruzner Randall (Silver Lad)

The Army Cup in India has twice been won by Royal Welchmen—in 1906 by Captain Hugh Hill and in 1912 by Captain R. B. Johnson, who, with Lieutenant G. O. Thomas, had been winning races all over India.

Cricket and football, both Rugby and Association, have always been indulged in with some measure of success by the regiment, and a Cricket Week is held annually at the depot. In football the most recent successes have been the winning of the Territorial Army Association Cup by the 4th Battalion in 1931 and by the 7th Battalion in 1937.

There seems always, as I remarked above, to be a liking amongst officers of the regiment, from the days of Captain Robert Barclay right up to the present, for accepting any challenge to their physical fitness, and so we find that the same Captain R. B. Johnson, who won the Army Cup Race in India on his Prince Charlie, had previously, in Hong Kong in 1902, successfully proved his ability to walk a mile, run a mile, and ride a mile all within 20 minutes; whilst in 1937, in Hong Kong, Lieutenant C. J. L. Lewis, for a wager, walked round New Territories (56 miles) and then ran half a mile in 2min. 29⅕sec. within the 24 hours. On the Rhine, too, in 1929, a wager was accepted by Lieutenant H. C. Stockwell to walk the 60 miles from Wiesbaden to Coblenz in 24 hours. A day or two later he started off and, finding himself near his goal several hours ahead of time, he sat down and took off his boots for a rest. This nearly proved disastrous, since his feet swelled up to such an extent that he could not get his boots on again, and only the fact that he had had the foresight to sling a pair of tennis shoes round his neck before starting enabled him to limp in with half-an-hour to spare.

These efforts were successfully brought off without any special training, but Captain Robert Barclay, whose feats of pedestrianism and strength have not since been surpassed, and who has often been written about lately, was one of the first people to realise the benefits to be got from careful preparation. Space does not permit me to mention more than a few of his exploits, but he proved his strength of arm in 1806 by lifting the 18-stone paymaster of the regiment on his hand from a table to the ground; and even when 70 years old he lifted a 12-stone man on the palm of his hand on to a table. There is a story, too, of his throwing a tinker's invading ass over the wall at Ury. He did so several times, but the owner threw it back. Finding a second Hercules pleased Barclay so much that he gave the man permission to graze the animal anywhere in the Ury policies.

His best-known feat of walking took place in 1809. Starting from the Horse and Jockey on Newmarket Heath on June 1st, he walked a mile in each hour for a thousand hours for a wager of 1,000 guineas, finishing before a huge crowd on July 12th, losing 2st. 4lb. in weight in the process. Five days later he left England to take part in the Walcheren Expedition.

Captain Barclay was the first Royal Welchman who is known to have been a Master of Foxhounds; this pack was in Kincardineshire, but since his day there have been several others, including Captain Hall of the Carlow, Mr. F. Hurt of Mr. Hurt's Hounds, Colonel Fulke Walwyn of the Monmouthshire, Colonel Evan Jones of the Ynysfor and Mr. Luke Lillingston of the Meath and North Atherstone.

With this I must close with the hope that for many more scores of years the Royal Welch Fusiliers may continue in times of peace to enjoy their sport and emulate the prowess of their forebears.

E. O. S.

RISING LAWN TENNIS PROFESSIONALS

Amateurs No Longer in a Class by Themselves

By J. E. COLLETT

ONE of the practical reasons for postponing the institution of an open lawn tennis championship in this country has been that our professionals were a class below our amateurs with respect to competitive play whatever their value might be as coaches.

For twelve years an annual match between amateurs and professionals has been held, under the direction of the L.T.A., at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, with the idea of testing comparative ability. The sides have always been representative of the professionals, but seldom of the best amateurs. The title "representative," which the match had at the beginning, has been dropped, and it has become just "annual."

For eleven years the professionals had failed to win. This year they won by 6 events to 3, against what might be described as a fairly good amateur 2nd VI. The professional team was T. C. Jeffery (Melbury), professional champion; D. Maskell (All England), the captain of the team; J. Marskell (Melbury); J. Pearce and F. H. Poulson (Queens), professional doubles champions; and A. C. Roberts (Torquay). The amateurs were E. R. Avory, captain; E. J. David; E. J. Filby; G. E. Godsell; D. MacPhail; and P. V. V. Sherwood.

The professionals were very pleased to have won at long last, and to have taken their first public step from the obscurity of coaching into the limelight of successful competitive effort. More will be thought of them now that they can win as a team, and possibly more people concerned will begin to visualise the actual commercial and social effect on the game of tournaments and matches open to both amateurs and professionals. Why under modern conditions should a professional be able to play for his club, county or country at cricket but not at lawn tennis? And if that must be so, why is a "maker's amateur," to whom playing is part of his work, an amateur, and a coach, whose work is teaching to play, a professional without hope of being able to revert?

The situation is too comically illogical to hold out much longer against the pressure of public opinion and the depredations of American impresarios in the gate money area.

The principal points brought out by the play in last week's match were the superiority of the professionals in stroke production, observance of the foot fault rule, and so on, and the greater knowledge of the amateurs in connection with what might be called the rough and tumble of a match. The professionals were the academicians, and the better to watch; the amateurs mostly played like amateurs, just anyhow as nature had given them the notion.

While Pearce and Poulson were beating Avory and MacPhail, 8/6, 11/9, Mr. H. Roper Barrett sat close to the court and watched intently. He was observing, no doubt, as I was from the stand an example on the part of Poulson of crisp and decisive volleying combined with the covering of an excitable partner. It was an object lesson for any Davis Cup aspirant, and a thing done better than many Davis Cup players can do it.

In the beginning professional double play at Eastbourne was rather a byword; now, without interminable tournament practice, and indeed with little play at it at all, the professionals have produced a "ranking" standard. This was proved by the match on the previous day for the professional championship, in which Pearce and Poulson won the title from the holders, Maskell and Jeffery. There also the outstanding feature was Poulson's volleying.

The courts were playing much better than they had during the professional championships. After all the best it can do for us cannot be expected from grass this year, for the weather has been against it. Nevertheless, Filby was inclined to blame the "general conditions" for his defeat at 6/4, 7/5 by Jeffery. The real reason was that he was outmanœuvred and content with a stereotyped game, when at 3/5 down in the second set, Jeffery began to assail him with varied attack. Undoubtedly the better player on the day won.

Avory made a much more intelligent effort against Maskell. His strokes came over at deceptive angles, and, on the whole, although the loser, he showed more confident control of the ball than his opponent. The new ball at the higher compression is a bit of a teaser at avoiding touch, especially when addressed with a flat racket, a method more often employed by Maskell than Avory, who hits across the ball. The question arises, and is of a great moment to the future, whether it is better for the game that a ball in standard use should be difficult to control.

The matches mentioned are the main features of the play, but a reflection which arises from them may be added. These coaching professionals, none of them ex-amateurs, are nearly as young as their occupation, which may be regarded as mainly a product of post-War conditions. Though their status in official eyes may be merely that of nursery governesses to the game, by hard work and good court manners they have earned a right to take a more prominent part in the game.

ATHLETES FROM THE 'VARSITIES

British Victories in Paris

THE success of our British athletes in Paris was a triumph thoroughly deserved. For the first time since their institution in 1924 we sent over a really representative team, well organised and properly trained. As a reward we gained first place in every flat event, both men's and women's, and won the three men's relays, losing the women's event by a narrow margin to Germany only after a grand struggle. In the field we were less successful, our only victory being won by F. R. Webster in the pole vault, a frankly surprising win at the height of 12ft. Though we placed men in the first six of the high jump and javelin, our weakness here was too great to counterbalance our strength on the track, and the much better balanced and numerically stronger German team won the meeting by 112 to our 89½.

However, for the first time in this meeting, Scotland separated herself from England and Wales; had we as in previous years combined as British Universities, the 24 points gained by men like R. B. Wylde and G. M. Carstairs would have been enough to give us our first victory. France gained third place with 27 points, obtained chiefly by many minor places taken on the track, for her team was naturally larger than that of her visitors. Her sole victory came in the 110 metres hurdles, where J. Mathiotte, the international runner-up to D. Finlay in the English-French match, won from Eggenburg of Switzerland in the good time of 14.8sec. C. B. Holmes, the Manchester University holder of the A.A.A. 100yds. title, was irresistible in both sprints; in both he equalled the previous records, 10.6sec. and 21.5sec. respectively. He was stronger and more compact than ever, and his double victory, together with his inclusion in two of the three winning relays, meant eight fast races in the four days.

A. Pennington, runner-up to him in the 100 metres, could not find the strength at the end of a long season to manage the 200 metres, retiring from the latter with a mild injury and reserving himself for the relays. Otherwise British runners would certainly have filled the first two places in every event from 100 metres to 5,000 metres. K. S. Duncan ran sixth in the short sprint, and in the winning sprint relay, but could do no better than fourteenth in the long jump. The 400 metres was a British-German duel, with A. G. K. Brown defeating by 2yds. J. C. Horsfall and R. B. Wylde in 47.8sec. to equal the 1933 record.

J. W. Alford, the Welsh champion, deprived J. C. Stothard of his title in the 800 metres in the new record time of 1.54.1. Stothard set the pace, but Alford proved too fast in the straight. He thoroughly deserved his double victory, gained by defeating C. A. J. Emery, the 'Varsity sports mile winner, in the 1,500 metres in time equivalent to a 4.15 mile. Again he was content to wait behind Emery as he had behind Stothard until in the long finishing straight of the fast Colombes track he released his disconcertingly fast burst. In the 5,000 metres, P. D. Ward, conqueror of the Finn, Askola, the previous week in time equivalent to a 14.11 three miles, used his race merely as a training run for his match against the Finns on their own track at Helsingfors. He lay back for eight of the ten laps, took the lead with 1,000 metres to go, and had no difficulty in leaving G. M. Carstairs behind over the last 300 metres. The time was slow, equivalent to 14.50, but still good enough to beat his own record of 1935.

The hurdles showed our representatives at their worst; J. P. Knight failed to reach the final, while J. G. Bowes in the 400 event, hurdling badly, lost a clear 4yds. lead by hitting the last three obstacles. The three relays, however, showed our men at their best and, in spite of some very slow baton-changing, we were able to gather three easy victories. Had our field men been even up to normal form we should have obtained more points here. Though he could gain only sixth place, R. Blakeway threw the javelin further than ever before, but R. Kennedy and K. S. Duncan were unable to support him in their events.

The women proved no less successful. Miss D. Saunders and Miss A. Brown took the first two places in both sprints, Miss Saunders's 200 metres time of 24.8 being ⅖sec. better than the present British record. Both ran superbly, but Miss Brown's most praise-worthy effort was her vain but courageous attempt to close an impossible gap in the last lap of the relay, won by Germany.

There is no doubt that our international athletic prestige has benefited greatly by our meritorious performances at these Games.

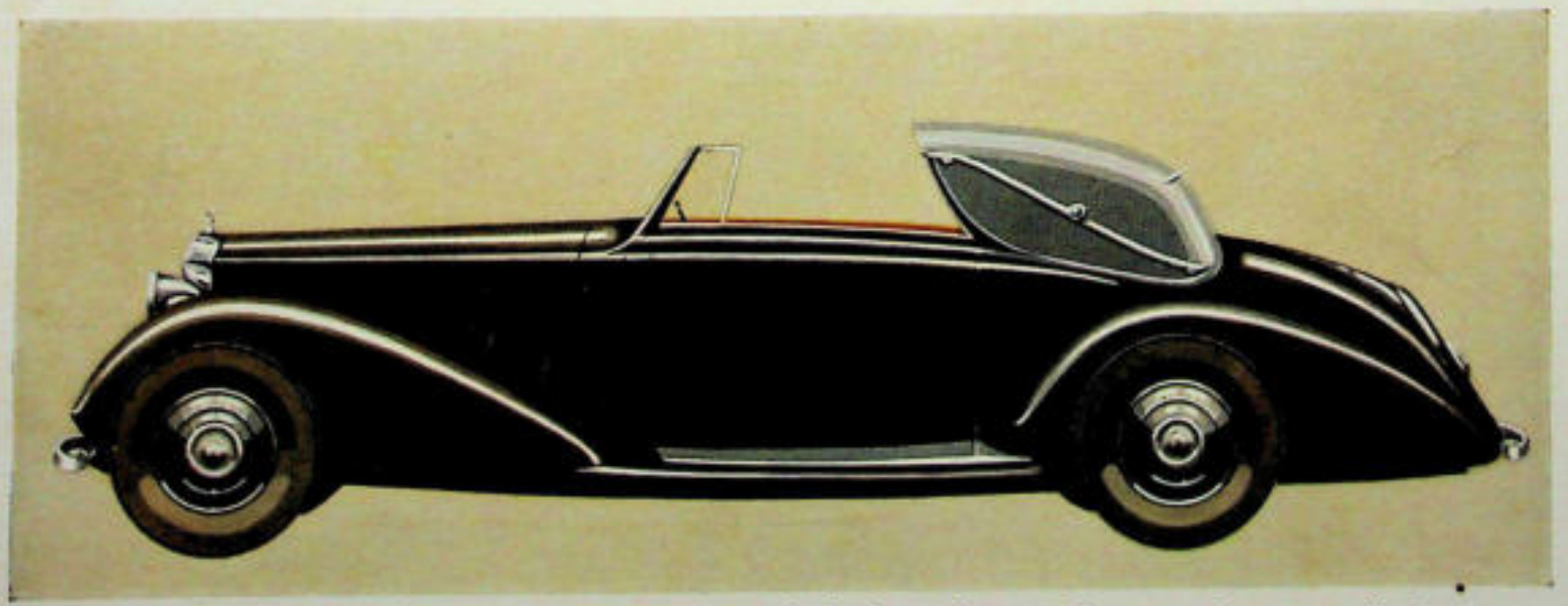
J. E. L.



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MALLARD AT REST ON THE MARSH

From the painting by Mr. G. E. Lodge, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and Mr. Harvey Brown, at the Stevens & Brown Gallery, 27, Park Lane, London, W. 1

ECLIPSE PLUMAGE IN DRAKES

Is it a Reversion to the Normal Colour Pattern?

By RICHARD PERRY

IF you will observe closely any species of duck, British or foreign, in which the sexes are differently plumaged, you will note that the bright patches of colouring on the drake are exactly reproduced in dull shades in the plumage-pattern of the duck. In other words, sexual selection, working upon the species' plumage-pattern, has evolved showy colouring in the drake within the generic plumage-pattern, for purposes of sexual display and attraction. This is shown especially clearly in the remarkable *stencilled* plumage of the Mandarins.

This bright patterning of drakes has as its corollary the eclipse: a phenomenon peculiar to this branch of the *Anatidæ*. It may be defined as the assumption of an abnormal plumage-pattern by the drake during the period of a simultaneous moulting of the flight feathers in early summer.

Thus ducks moult three times in the year: an abrasion in spring, when some of the females moult even their down feathers; the eclipse in the summer; and a full moult in the early autumn.

In every species the eclipse plumage of the drake resembles closely the ordinary plumage of its duck. In such as the Gadwall the resemblance is complete down to the colour of the beak, and in the American Merganser down to the adoption of the female's crest.

In addition to the metamorphosis of plumage, a phenomenon of the eclipse is that the drakes of most species desert their ducks and ducklings, and go into retreat by themselves, or with other drakes, from which they do not emerge, in full plumage once more, until the late summer; relegating to their ducks, the entire responsibility for the incubation of the eggs and the care of the ducklings.

In general—the rare exceptions we shall note later—there are certain invariable rules associated with the adoption of an eclipse. First, it is peculiar to the drakes of those species, such as Mallard and Eider, in which there is a marked distinction between the plumage colourings of duck and drake. But the drake's plumage need not necessarily be conspicuous: the brown drake Gadwall has an eclipse. Conversely, there is no eclipse when the plumage of duck and drake is similar, even if the species is brightly coloured.

Secondly, the phenomenon of eclipse is peculiar, or nearly so, to drakes breeding in the northern hemisphere. American and British ornithologists differ on this point: the former state that no drakes eclipse in the southern hemisphere, the latter assert that some do. But what is important is this fact that nearly all, at any rate, of eclipsing drakes, breed north of the equator.

Relative to this fact, there is remarkable and repeated evidence that non-eclipsing drakes breeding south of the equator evolve an eclipse, after a lapse of some years, when domiciled north of the equator. The American Cinnamon Teal, breeding in both hemispheres, is a case in point. The drake of this species is brightly plumaged in scarlet, the duck in brown, with the spatulate bill of a Shoveler, to which it is related. In North America, true to rule, the drake eclipses, but not in South America; but Teal transported from south to north eventually begin to eclipse.

Australian southern-breeding drakes react in the same way, when domiciled north of the equator.

And, thirdly, during the period of the eclipse—which for the species as a whole lasts about three months, roughly from the middle of May to the middle of August in the Mallards, and the end of June to the end of September in the Eiders—the drakes *are said to be* unable to fly, and are thus defenceless. Therefore Nature, according to the majority of observers, has evolved another of her popular *protective* devices: the helpless drake replacing its conspicuous plumage by the obscure eclipse, which will serve as a camouflage while the new flight feathers are growing.

Superficially, this *protective* theory is as plausible as a host of other such lightly promulgated theories. On close examination its bottom falls out. If the eclipse is protective, why is it not found (or only as an exception) among drakes of the southern hemisphere? Do conditions of life south of the equator render such camouflage unnecessary? What about those brightly plumaged ducks whose drakes moult their flight feathers yet have no eclipse? The eclipsing Gadwall cannot well put on a more inconspicuous plumage than its breeding brown!

Most damning, a *protective* eclipse is seen to be superfluous. On the one hand there is the Mallard—how far can predatory beast or hawk, or gunner for that matter, penetrate into the dense reed-beds of the marshes into which the drakes retreat to moult? How many drakes are put up in eclipse? How many museums in the British Isles possess complete series of skins or specimens of Mallard in eclipse? Brightness or dullness of plumage is immaterial: at this season the drakes are virtually unapproachable.

On the other hand there is the Eider. The drake's eclipse is a dark drab, more obvious on a marine background than its normal green, white and black plumage. To counteract this conspicuousness, the drakes are said to retreat far out to sea; but, on the contrary, feeding only over a rocky floor, the drakes pack about the reefs and rocky bays for the whole period of the eclipse, and are loath to move away from their especial resting ground. At this season, probably owing to their bodily weakness, they are more approachable than at any other time of the year; but whatever may be the case with other species, the Eider, while not liking to do so, can fly at every stage of its eclipse. And, while taking no actual part in the nesting, eclipsing drakes, ducks and ducklings mix up impartially in great packs.

For a less vulnerable theory of the significance of the eclipse we shall have to look to the past. If we believe in the tenets of sexual selection, we know that differences in the plumages of duck and drake have been evolved by generations of female

attraction to certain singularities in the plumage of the males. Broadly speaking, the brighter the colouring of the drake, the more closely the eclipse plumage reverts to that of the duck or immature drake.

If we advance a step higher in the scale of evolution to the Scoters, in which plumage distinction between duck and drake is not very great, we find that there may be no eclipse, or but a slight modification of the normal plumage. In the Long-tailed Duck plumage distinction between duck and drake is more marked, and the gap between the drake's ordinary and eclipse plumages is greater. Finally, where plumage distinction between duck and drake is most marked, as in Mallard and Eider, the resemblance of the eclipse plumage to that of duck or immature male is very close.

Considering these facts, I infer that the eclipse is solely an organic phenomenon: a reversion by the drake to its original colour-pattern—which was also that of the duck's—after the courtship and mating, when the specially evolved breeding plumage, having served its purpose of display and attraction, is no longer of value to the species. The cessation of sexual impulses, once courtship is at an end and the mating consummated, and the drain on its virility during the months of display—for the drakes often begin their display in October—added to the organic effects of the coming moult, impose a severe strain upon the drake's constitution, depressing its vitality to its lowest ebb.

It is natural that so fundamental and long-established an organic function as the simultaneous shedding of the flight feathers, in itself a severe operation, should have as its adjunct this reversion by the drake to its original plumage-pattern, which is still the suit of the immature drake and the duck. With the weeks of rest and the growth of new flight feathers, fresh reserves of vitality are accumulated in readiness for the full moult, and the assumption once again of the characteristic male plumage. A similar loss or dulling of breeding plumage is observable in all male birds whose plumage is brighter than their mates'.

Thus there are no direct protective implications attached to this phenomenon of eclipse; it serves no special vital purpose; rather is it a natural organic reversion to generic pattern, apparently associated with residence in the northern hemisphere. This cannot be purely a matter of climatic influence, for many southern zones have complementary climatic areas north of the equator. We know, however, that all species of birds, with the possible exception of the Penguins, originated north of the equator. It seems more than probable that those southern drakes, which evolve eclipse plumages when domiciled north of the equator, are reacting to generic machinery lost, for some obscure reason, during the eras of their residence in the southern hemisphere—machinery likely to be connected with the hours of daylight or the apparent north and south passages of the sun; factors that play so important a part in the migrations and breeding of birds, so that Brent Geese, for example, will not breed, even in captivity, south of their sub-Arctic and Arctic nesting territories.

TAKING SPORTING FIREARMS TO THE CONTINENT

Regulations Applying to Foreign Countries

The following list is given as a general guide to the varying rules which prevail on a matter which forms the subject of many queries addressed to the Editor

By EDGAR N. BARCLAY

IN Germany the import of sporting arms and ammunition is permitted only to holders of a German shooting licence (*Jagdschein*). Such licence must be taken out from the competent authority in Prussia from the "*Landratsamt*," but it is valid for the whole of Germany for one year. The shooting licence has to be produced to the customs authorities, but there are no restrictions on the transit of sporting weapons through Germany provided they form part of the traveller's registered luggage. Weapons taken through in transit are not subject to customs duty. The Consular Division of the German Embassy in London, 9, Carlton House, Terrace, S.W. 1, will advise visiting sportsmen in connection with their application for a shooting licence. It is to be noted that the import of any form of silencer, searchlight or camouflaged weapon, such as a walking-stick gun, is absolutely prohibited.

Certificates for taking sporting firearms into Poland are issued by the Consulate General in London, 2, Thornhaugh Street, W.C. 1, for a fee of 15 -. The applicant is requested to submit his passport, which must bear a visa for Poland, his gun licence or other firearm certificate, and to give a full description of the weapons he intends to take. The certificate is valid fo 30 days from the date of crossing the Polish border, but it does not exempt the holder from payment of customs duty. Within that time, the holder is liable to obtain a normal Polish licence from the local Polish authorities.

For Austria conditions are very similar. The Austrian Legation, 18, Belgrave Square, S.W. 1, issue permits for weapons to be taken into that country for a fee of 12/6, and on arrival there visitors should immediately communicate with the local "*Bezirkshauptmannschaft*."

To shoot in Hungary it is necessary to take out a shooting licence from the Hungarian Inland Revenue Office in Budapest, Szalay-utca 10-14, but import certificates are issued by the Royal Hungarian Legation, 46, Eaton Place, S.W. 1, the charge being at the rate of 11/3 per weapon. Such certificates are issued within 24 hours on receipt of application, and entitle the holder to take 200 cartridges (only) with him.

Czechoslovak Consulates issue permits to *bona fide* applicants for sporting firearms to be taken into Czechoslovakia. The address of the London Consulate is 8, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1, and a consular fee of about 15/6 is charged for a permit. It is valid for one year and must be produced to the Czechoslovak frontier authorities at the time of passport control and, further, except when travelling in transit through Czechoslovakia, to the nearest district office or police in whose area the holder of the permit will reside. It must always be carried on the person to whom it is issued whenever he is carrying the weapons and cartridges to which it relates.

A permit, which can be secured from Belgrade, is required to import firearms into Yugoslavia. Full details of the weapons and the quantity of ammunition it is desired to take must be given. The Yugoslavia Express Agency Ltd., of 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1, will advise as to the procedure.

Roumania has adopted the proposals made by the Paris International Council of Hunting with regard to the issue of a "triptych" for sporting firearms. A "triptych" issued by the representatives of any of the countries represented on this council gives the right to the holder to take in and out of Roumania, duty free, two guns and two rifles, together with 200 cartridges for the former and 30 for the latter. Any duty on excess ammunition can be collected without special formalities or delay. Visiting sportsmen, when applying for a Roumanian visa, should request the Legation issuing it to endorse the passport with the number of the "triptych" and the particulars of the weapons and ammunition. This type of permit is valid for a stay in Roumania not exceeding three months and intending visitors should consult the Roumanian Legation, 4, Cromwell Place, London, S.W. 7.

The import of sporting firearms into Greece is free of duty provided the owner deposits with the customs authorities an amount equal to the duty payable on firearms imported for trade. Sportsmen entering Greece with firearms should apply to the local police in order to obtain a permit to use them. Shooting is allowed to bearers of shooting licences from September 1st to March 15th. The Greek Legation in London, is at 51, Upper Brook Street, W. 1.

French customs regulations allow the temporary importation or the transit through France of sporting arms under the deposit system. The duty, which is paid on entering France, is refunded when the owner of the weapons leaves French territory. No special permit is required, but the French Consulate General, 51, Bedford Square, W.C. 1, will supply any further information that may be required.

No duty is payable on sporting weapons taken into Belgium provided they have been in use before. If they are new they are liable to a tax of 7 per cent. *ad valorem*. They must, however, be declared to the examining customs official. The address of the Belgian Embassy in London is 103, Eaton Square, S.W. 1.

To shoot in Holland a visitor has to have a licence which can be obtained from the local police authority by the resident as whose guest or in whose company he will shoot. This entitles him to bring into the country one sporting firearm. If he desires to take in more than one, additional permits must be obtained. Travellers in transit through Holland are allowed to have firearms in their luggage without permits provided they are not put together in a manner making them suitable for immediate use. Any special enquiries should be addressed to the Commercial Attaché, the Netherland Legation, 21A, Portman Square, W. 1.

Persons visiting Norway for shooting should obtain permission to bring firearms with them for their personal use. Each person may bring three weapons and 500 rounds of ammunition, no distinction being made between guns and rifles. The arms and unused cartridges must be taken out of the country again at the same time as the owner's departure. Application for a permit should be addressed to Generalfelttöimesteren, Oslo, and a fee of 5 kroner (about 5/6) is charged for each permit. In cases where it has not been possible to obtain the permit in advance, Norwegian customs stations will allow the entry of arms and ammunition, but the visitor is called on to make a written statement of the circumstances. The fee in this case is the same as mentioned above. Any applications or statements should make it quite clear as to whether the arms and cartridges are intended for use in Norway or merely for transit. Enquiries should be addressed to the Norwegian State Railways, the London offices of which are at 21-24, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

For the U.S.A. no licence is required to import firearms intended exclusively for sporting or scientific purposes, or for personal protection, if carried on the person of an individual or in his baggage.

Sporting firearms may be taken into Turkey on payment of a security deposit, which will be refunded when the weapons are taken out again. The Turkish Consulate is at 10, Lower Sloane Street, S.W. 1.

Sportsmen visiting Siam must deliver their weapons and ammunition to the customs authorities, together with a written statement describing them. They should then make application for a temporary permit, which is valid for one month only, but may be renewed for a month at a time. The Siamese Legation, 23, Ashburn Place, S.W. 7, will give intending visitors every assistance.

For countries not referred to in the foregoing it might be advisable to apply, at any rate in the first instance, to the Board of Trade, who are in a position to give information on all subjects connected with the export of firearms.

OLD TAUNTONIANS GOLFING SOCIETY.—When the summer meeting of this society was held recently at Old Ford Manor, Howard Jones won the medal singles with a net return of 73 playing off a 12 handicap. E. R. Tipple was second with 73+275 and won the gross prize, his score of 73 being one above the official course record. The afternoon bogey foresomes resulted in a win for Howard Jones and Bryn Williams with 2 down. Any old Tauntonian not a member of the society, and wishing to join, should get in touch with E. R. Tipple, 25, Westbourne Gardens, W. 2.

LABRADOR RETRIEVER CLUB TRIALS.—We are asked to announce that owing to the sudden death of Mr. C. V. Harper, applications for entry forms should be made to Mr. H. A. Saunders, Liddly, Gomshall, Surrey.

BRITISH FIELD SPORTS SOCIETY.—We are asked to announce that Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt., G.C.B., O.M., K.C.B., D.S.O., and Mr. Ernest Gape have been elected to, and have consented to serve on, the committee of the British Field Sports Society.

ROUND THE WICKETS

The Arduous Task of Winning the Championship

CRICKET was once described as a leisurely warfare. Chasing the County Championship as Yorkshire and Middlesex have been doing in the last two or three weeks has proved that cricket can be arduous enough, temperamentally and physically, when the real spirit of challenge is in the air. It is one of the drawbacks of the Championship system that only now and then do we get such a vital struggle as that between Yorkshire and Middlesex, and then usually only two of the seventeen counties are affected. For the rest of the clubs their final positions in the Championship table is a matter of comparatively mild interest. Old cricketers maintain, with some reason, that there was more real competition among the counties generally before the Championship was invented and honour and glory became reckoned by points and percentages, in which great victories won with sweat and labour rank equal with hollow triumphs on bowlers' wickets. Every match was then a little Championship contest of its own, fought purely for the joy of individual triumph. Nowadays the importance and spectacular appeal of a match are judged by the positions of the competing counties in the Championship table.

Yorkshire and Middlesex have reaped rich reward financially from the race between them for the Championship and both have shown signs of the wear and tear of the struggle that may point a moral—which is that such keenness of competition could not be maintained throughout as many matches as are now played by the counties during the season, from which it may be argued that a reduction in the number of matches is necessary if the true spirit of contest among the counties is to be stimulated as it should be. The Australians play much less cricket than we do, and they always bring to the game the vital spark of aggressive combat that is so often lacking in English players. There is no lack of experience to show that too much cricket dilutes both the spirit and the skill of the players.

Yorkshire appear to have stood the stress of the last few matches better than Middlesex. True, they had the lighter task, judged from the strength of the teams met, but their campaign was based more upon determined steadiness of purpose than was that of Middlesex, who displayed something of shock tactics, which produced some spectacular results, but probably took more out of the players. When Yorkshire were held up by Surrey at the Oval and the prospect of victory faded before the second innings batting of Fishlock and Gregory, there seemed to be a doubt as to whether the Yorkshire bowlers could deal adequately with Sussex in the next match at Eastbourne.

But the Yorkshiremen never allowed themselves to become unsettled. Once again they won the toss—for the twenty-second time in twenty-eight matches—and dealing with the Sussex bowling on its merits, which have not, after all, been very high this season, they batted unhurriedly to a score of 354 for seven wickets for the day's play. They added another hundred quickly enough on the second day, but can hardly have expected to get a strong batting side like Sussex out for 198. That saved the bowlers' energies a good deal and restored confidence in the match-winning ability of Verity, who took eight wickets for 80. When Sussex had scored 45 without loss in the follow-on by the close of play, a repetition of Surrey's recovery seemed more than possible, and the way in which they failed before Verity and Smailes on the third day must have been as pleasant a surprise to Yorkshire as it was a disappointment to the spectators, who in numbers had created almost a record for a county match at Eastbourne.

Yorkshire thus went on to their last match, against a Hampshire team that held no great threat, in better fettle than did Middlesex, whose bowlers had had much more to do than was good for them against Kent and Notts. Hampshire's collapse on Saturday while Middlesex were toiling vainly in the field against Surrey was rather an anti-climax, and after that no one could deny Yorkshire's full right to the Championship. Yorkshire determination and resource had triumphed once more.

So much for the champions and their challengers. Among the other counties deeds no less interesting occupied less attention. There were Essex, for instance, following up their recent improved form with a well-earned first innings lead over Notts and a surprising win by 302 runs over Lancashire. In both matches Avery gave convincing proof of the promise that is in him as a batsman; in the two matches his scores were 35 and 109 and 82 and 42. Essex have developed into a bowling side not far removed in variety and skill from Middlesex, and the advance of P. Smith was further evidenced by his nine wickets for 39 in the Lancashire match. Notwithstanding that Derbyshire have fallen short



R. W. V. ROBINS (LEFT), THE MIDDLESEX CAPTAIN, COMES OUT FROM THE PLAYERS' ENTRANCE WITH HENDREN

The Middlesex v. Surrey match was Hendren's last game at Lord's for the County. He has played for Middlesex since 1909 *and made a glorious* 103 *last Monday*

of last season's Championship form, Worcestershire and Leicestershire achieved performances of real merit last week in running them to within 45 runs and 32 runs respectively. Leicestershire's great fight in scoring 393 in the fourth innings demonstrated once more the strength of their batting, which has been so inadequately supported by bowling this season.

Worcestershire might well have considered themselves the sport of Fortune when, in their next match, they lost to Somerset by only 36 runs and R. C. M. Kimpton, who came near to bringing them victory over Derbyshire with an innings of 106, this time was out for a duck. Unlike Leicestershire, Worcestershire have this year had better bowling than batting; a combination of the two counties might, indeed, have produced a very good side.

Regimental cricket weeks are generally enjoyable and often eventful, and I have been interested to receive the scores of that of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment at Maidstone. The regiment won two of the five matches played. They were beaten by 84 runs in the first match by the Old Suttonians, whose score of 166 included 52 by T. R. K. Jones, though Lieutenant Scott took seven wickets for 48. In a low scoring match against the Middlesex Regiment, Scott again bowled well to get four wickets for 29, but the West Kent's score of 65 was passed with four wickets in hand. The next match was well won by the Queen's Own by 30 runs with a score of 141 (Lieutenant C. Keenlyside 36) against 111, and another victory was gained over the Royal Fusiliers by 73 runs, thanks chiefly to the bowling of Lieutenant Whitty, who took nine wickets for 18. In a Queen's Own score of 129 Captain S. F. Saville made 49 and Lieutenant Keenlyside 26. The last two-day match against



IN ACTION AT LORD'S LAST SATURDAY

E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey captain, straight driving a ball from Owen-Smith

the Band of Brothers was lost by 194 runs, the scores being: Band of Brothers 202 (B. J. W. Hill 54, Lieutenant Whitty six wickets for 61) and 192 for eight wickets, declared (D. A. T. Standing 68, Lieutenant Whitty five for 82); Queen's Own 102 and 98 (J. F. Connolly four for 37 and four for 16).

F. I. W.

FROM THE PAVILION AT LORD'S

A CURIOUS thing is competitive cricket. Sometimes it seems that interest centres not in the game but in the contest and the result. Admittedly the game would be worthless without both. What I mean is that the public will flock to see a match promising no better play than any other if some vital issue hangs on the result. So the crowds have been pouring through the turnstiles to follow the fortunes of Middlesex and Yorkshire in the last few matches to decide the Championship. I am told that Eastbourne has rarely known such "gates" as those attracted by the Yorkshire v. Sussex match. Lord's has been fairly humming with spectators and suppressed excitement for the Middlesex v. Kent and Surrey matches, and last Saturday, with Surrey members turning up in full force, the pavilion temporarily became a beehive of commotion, with the door keepers almost overwhelmed by the comings and goings during the intervals. After lunch spectators were sitting on the grass in front of the rails all round the ground, except in front of the pavilion. Only a Test match nowadays produces a larger crowd.

With the match definitely to win to stand a chance of the Championship, Middlesex were not well served by losing the toss, for they had had two hard matches against Kent and Notts and had spent the previous day toiling in the field at Trent Bridge, vainly trying to stem the tide of Notts' recovery. That the team had had a good deal of steam taken out of them by these experiences was manifest quite early in the Surrey innings. The battery of fast bowlers—Allen, Smith and Gray—did their best to administer the required shocks, but were not accurate enough and the pitch was too true to lend menace to their short balls, which were hooked in the grand manner by Barling particularly. The slow bowlers—Robins, Owen-Smith and Sims—were looking stale and could get little life out of the wicket; they were now and then driven hard and straight as a just penalty for bowling without a man in the long field.

When Surrey had nearly a hundred runs on the board for two wickets, news filtered through that Yorkshire had five Hampshire wickets down for 35, and we felt that the Middlesex number was up as regards the Championship. With the dismissal of Squires at 126, Middlesex, who had been looking a little dejected, sprang into new activity, and Robins at once had Allen on to welcome Barling. Any hopes of a quick wicket were, however, quickly dispelled when Barling began to get the ball firmly in the middle of his bat, and the consequent long partnership between him and Fishlock was a fair joy to see. Following his two hundreds against Yorkshire, this innings of 127 by Fishlock must have convinced everyone of his advance in technique. His strokes this season certainly have more fluency than they had last season, and he seemed to have more time for them. Barling hammered the ball not of true length the harder, and his hooking was after the Hendren pattern, though even at his present age, the Middlesex veteran makes it look easier. Both batsmen put the ball in the air, not always with precise placing, but this was simply Middlesex's unlucky day, for wherever the ball was hit up, the fieldsmen were not quite there.

The event of Monday was, of course, Hendren's hundred. Interest in the match as a Championship issue had evaporated with the conclusion of the Surrey innings for 509, and we could settle down comfortably to watch cricket. Hendren has had a trying last few weeks, with crowds everywhere reminding him, by their affectionate applause, that this is his last county season. The demonstration accorded him when he came in on Monday might have disturbed the concentration of a less cheerful soul, knowing that two wickets were down for four runs. He will surely never forget the scene when he completed his hundred his 170th. Championship struggles were forgotten in the glory of such a farewell triumph. Since a "challenge match" between Middlesex and Yorkshire is to be played at the Oval next week, we shall presumably see him in one more county match, but this was his last match at Lord's, which has been his cricketing home for thirty years. Never has a fitter or more popular "veteran" retired, and none with more regret by colleagues and spectators. He is as active in the field now as any of the other Middlesex players. Harrow must surely benefit from his example and advice when he takes up his coaching appointment there.

LONG STOP.

ZOOLOGICAL Kolkata Acc. no. 59 Acc. no. 15/12/56



THE FIRST BIG RAPID NEAR AVIEMORE

DOWN THE SPEY BY CANOE

All the Excitement of Shooting the Rapids

By JOHN MARSHALL.

EVER since my first effort at shooting rapids in a canoe I have wanted to "do" the Spey. It is a long river, and with no knowledge of its characteristics—except its reputation for speed—I had no means of estimating how far I could go per day or what troubles I might meet. Last summer I fulfilled my ambition.

One Friday afternoon towards the end of August a friend (who, I may say, is a grandfather, which shows canoeing is not necessarily a sport for youngsters only), his two sons and I set off complete with car, driver and caravan, taking four of my canoes. Two were older model Lochabers. The others were 13ft. Queensferry Seniors, new models built after much experimental work in rough waters, and they more than justified expectations. They weigh 45lb., and can easily be carried by one person. Their hard chine construction, with maximum flare fore and aft, makes for the greatest possible stability with a definite degree of buoyancy and "lifting" power. They were, of course, fitted with a hardwood keel as well as protection strips on the bottom to withstand the many knocks and groundings which are always encountered on Scottish rivers.

The two 13-footers were rigged on the car, an open Hispano of 1923 vintage, and the two shorter canoes were carried inside the caravan. We had tea at the Atholl Arms Hotel, Blair-Atholl, where the outfit was admired, and envied, by the proprietor, Mr. McDonald. He himself is a keen canoeist and exercises his hobby on some of the glorious lochs in his neighbourhood.

Owing to a spell of dry weather it was thought desirable to start about Kingussie, but when we reached the Spey just south of Newtonmore, two of the party could not resist the temptation to make an immediate start, although there was a cold wind and slight rain. Two canoes were, therefore, launched at about 6 p.m. at the point on the map where the 800ft. contour crosses the river.

After a short journey of about five miles, the two pioneers caught up with the main party at Ruthven Bridge, Kingussie, where the outfit was parked and supper ready. The river had proved to be rather shallow at points, but fast and interesting. The run included the surmounting of a particularly nasty obstacle. Just before Ruthven Bridge the way was barred by a two-strand barbed-wire fence. The canoes had to be forced below both strands, the lower of which hung just above the water level alongside the bank.

Starting shortly after 9 a.m. next morning, a lot of paddling was necessary on the stretch to Kinerag at the northern end of Loch Insh, where an unexplained fatal accident befell two canoeists last year. On this part of the river there was only one rapid in miles, but a bar across it below Kinerag preceded a series of small rapids.

From here to Aviemore the chief trouble was caused by fallen and partly submerged trees; many snags had to be avoided, and in one fast bit "grandfather" got jammed, flooded and had to wade ashore. As a cold wind was blowing he changed into his dry kit, one of which each canoeist carried in an airtight gallon paint tin. This was one of "grandfather's" own bright ideas; the tins came in very handy for carrying cameras and clothes, which they kept perfectly dry.

At Aviemore, where we were to have tea, the only slip-up in our staff work was experienced—no car, no caravan, and, therefore, no tea. Having interested a motor cyclist policeman in our difficulty, he undertook to look for the outfit while we repaired to a tea-room. Then, having succeeded in making contact with our driver, we went on to Boat-of-Garten where he had found a splendid site. By this time the bed of the river was covered with huge boulders in place of the shingle of which it had previously consisted. This was a new difficulty which was to give us trouble later on.

Sunday dawned with a strong north-westerly wind—probably reaching gale force at times—but it proved most useful, as it was in our backs along the slow stretch to within a mile or two of Grantown, where the river started to make up for lost time. Here under a bridge my 13-footer was stranded on a rock in full view of a large crowd who were highly amused. The current was very fast, and I only just poled her off without capsizing, thereby robbing them of further entertainment at my expense.

It is here one realises the speed of the Spey, and, at the same time, learns that it is not all plain sailing for these rocks abound, but are fortunately worn round and smooth.



MAP OF THE ROUTE

The rapids were now almost continuous, and exciting passages followed in close succession. The cross-currents were particularly thrilling at those points where the river broke up into several smaller streams and then came together again in one turbulent channel. Unable to find a camping place about Ballindalloch, we pushed on and were rewarded by an even faster run to Aberlour.

One point, which the party refers to as the Distillery Bend, was the most exciting fall I have ever been down. Here was experienced in full the thrill of handling a light and well-balanced craft in a torrent of fast-flowing stormy water. The rapid, which from above looked quite ordinary, quickly developed into a regular cascade; it took a sharp turn to the right, and then, growing ever faster, another turn to the right—and a sharp turn, too—and plunged over a small fall of perhaps 3ft.; a terrifying drop in a small canoe, but there was no time to hesitate.

All came safely through, although one got a bit wet when he was swept outwards on to a shelving rock, got stuck, stepped out on to what he thought was a good foothold and found himself waist-deep. I shipped some water when my canoe lost the rhythm of the waves and plunged into one of the sizable breakers.

Had we first surveyed this rapid it is probable that we would have made a portage, but the canoes proved equal to the occasion despite some hard jolts. Hardly had we composed ourselves after this manœuvre when we were faced with another; and so on, till we passed under the suspension footbridge at Aberlour and were welcomed by our chauffeur-chef, who had again chosen well, but still further down stream. At 8 p.m. we landed two miles north of Craigellachie, having done 41 miles—as closely as I could calculate from the Ordnance Survey map—that day.

There was comparatively little left to do on Monday. Surprisingly enough, the river retained its speed almost right down to the sea. Before 1 p.m. we reached brackish water, and after the thrills of fast water the comparative calm held insufficient inducement to reach the open sea. So we finally landed some miles below Fochabers, and, after lunch, reloaded, and made for home.

The scenery through which we passed cannot be adequately described. Starting in real Highland grandeur one suddenly enters magnificently wooded country with stretches of well-cultivated land, and then returns to heather-clad hills just before reaching the journey's end. Throughout the trip we saw very few people by the riverside. Those whom we did see welcomed us with great interest. Many of them warned us of the danger of whirlpools in the river, but these caused us no trouble. At one point we were even warned of the presence of a German field-gun dumped in a pool. We neither saw nor felt this obstruction. Our only fear, that of incurring the wrath of the anglers who pay handsomely for the privilege of fishing this first-class salmon and trouting water, proved unfounded.

With the exception of one small tear, which was quickly repaired, the canoes came through the ordeal unscathed.



OUR OUTFIT *EN ROUTE* FOR THE RIVER SPEY

A word of advice to those who may be encouraged to attempt this journey. Choose a light and really rigid canoe, fitted with a good wave-breaker or a canvas cockpit cover. Take a watertight container for dry kit and accessories. Remember the repair outfit since you may not be so fortunate as we were. Observe the courtesies of the camper's code and do not carry fishing gear. A caravan is a convenience, but entails a driver. Overnight accommodation is available within a short distance of the river at intervals of six or seven miles. If the canoe, whether privately owned or hired, is sent by rail, address it to Newtonmore (L.M.S.) station; it can be returned from Fochabers.

YEARLINGS AT DONCASTER

Will the Golden Hair Record be Approached?

IT is unlikely that the record price paid by Miss Dorothy Paget last year will be beaten this year at Doncaster; it is likely to remain a unique price at public auction, though it has been beaten once at a private sale. Nevertheless, all businesses seem to be looking up and entering into an era of constructive and steady prosperity, and there seems to be no reason why the business of bloodstock breeding should not reap the benefit of more settled commercial conditions along with the rest. Below is some account of yearlings from the various studs.

Gaston Grange

From here come four yearlings—two colts and two fillies—which will be sold on the Tuesday morning. The outstanding feature of the contingent is a brown colt by Bosworth out of the celebrated winner and producer Grasmere. This is undoubtedly the best-looking yearling that the mare has yet bred. He stands 15.2, on very good legs and feet, and is almost impossible to fault. He has a long, easy, effortless action, and a quiet temperament. He has a lovely head, long rein, the best of shoulders and a deep, well-ribbed-up frame; massive, lengthy quarters on the top of powerful second thighs and hocks. This colt should cause a great deal of competition.

The best of the fillies is the brown by Orwell out of Grand Vixen. She is a well-grown symmetrical filly of great quality, very deep through the heart and covers a lot of ground. She gives one the impression that she will stay for ever. The Baytown colt is not a very big one but a thoroughly sound, well-turned youngster and a beautiful mover in the paddock. His two-year-old sister, Pervoni, sold last September for only 40gs., has already won two races and been placed second twice.

The Noble Star filly is very typical of her sire and, like him, on the small side. She has the best of limbs, with plenty of quality and a nicely-moulded top-piece. All these yearlings handle wise old horses and should come quickly to hand.

Sezincote Stud

From here come the following: Styrania, a bay filly from Styria, a granddaughter of the classic winner Fifinella. She stands 15 hands and is a strong, short-coupled filly with good bone, beautiful pasterns and hocks. She is somewhat exceptional for a daughter of the Son-in-Law line in that she looks likely to come to hand early. Ballathie is a brown filly from Lady Warden, a mare bred at Sezincote. The mare has visited a number of studs, at all of which she has been referred to as "a grand type of mare." Ballathie is 14.3½ hands high and stands upon short legs with hocks low to the ground. A beautiful strong filly with great bone, a well-ribbed middle-piece and particularly strong quarters. She is a great mover, both walking and in the paddock and "on looks" is frequently preferred to any of the other yearlings.

Tiberia is a brown filly out of Glenabatrick, the dam of Tiberius. She stands 15.2 hands and is a real Son-in-Law type, teeming with quality. She has beautiful shoulders and stands over a lot of ground. Not quite as long in the pasterns as many Son-in-Laws and rather wider in front than most of them. The filly has grand action, and is quick and determined in her movements. She is more like her three-parts brother Tiberius than any of Glenabatrick's other produce. Germanicus is a bay colt, 15½ hands, and is Miss Dewar's first produce. Like a number of other first foals bred at Sezincote, he is an example of the unsoundness of the general prejudice against first foals. He is a fine, strongly-developed colt, with great bone and substance, big strong hocks, and a most intelligent head. He looks sure to race and stay, and is a fine testimonial to his young sire, Colorado Kid.

Trimastra is a bay filly, 15.2 hands, by Trimdon out of Bellatrace. She is the same height as the other Trimdon filly, but is likely to make a bigger mare and will probably take more time to come to hand. She has great bone, covers a lot of ground and has particularly good hindquarters and a beautiful strong, intelligent head. This filly is a great mover and looks like justifying her breeding, the staying Son-in-Law and Tracery blood, combined with that of Pretty Dark, from whom came the great race mare Tiffin. Valandra, a chestnut filly, 15.1 hands, by Colorado Kid from Haintonette, a good race mare who won the Irish Oaks and Haverhill Stakes. Valandra is perhaps the most perfect specimen of a thoroughbred ever produced at Sezincote. She has size, substance and quality, is sweet tempered, intelligent and altogether equal on looks to Valerius, who was constantly referred to as "the handsome Valerius." The filly is half-sister to two really good stayers, both having speed, Valerius and Valerian.

Kirklington Hall

From the Kirklington Hall stud come two colts—the bay or brown by Bold Archer ex Lady Arbelle and the bay by Truculent ex Lucy Gray. Both these sires have a very good record as winning stock-getters: Merry Matthew, Bold Bess and Swift Arrow, for example.

Jarwood Stud

Lady James Douglas is sending five yearlings from her Jarwood stud to be sold at the Doncaster sales this year. There are two colts and three fillies. Perhaps the best of the two colts is a bay January foal by Bosworth out of Maid of Bath, a Gainsborough mare and the dam of four winners. He is a very striking colt about 15.2½, a good hard bay with exceptionally good hind legs and very good over his loins, and has plenty of bone and substance and a fine masculine head, showing much character; he should prove himself a real cup horse. The other colt is a bay April foal, by Gainsborough out of the Teddy mare Dubarri, who has bred good winners in France. This colt is slightly bigger than his mate, standing on four good legs with good feet, plenty of bone and a short back; he looks like going and is a real good mover, and should win good races.

Of the three fillies the one by Gainsborough out of Saddle Tor perhaps makes most appeal, as her paddock value only is enormous. She was foaled on April 1st and takes very much after her sire, and we are told is exactly like her paternal grandam Rosedrop (an Oaks winner). Her maternal grandam is Leighon Tor, the dam of winners of nearly 25,000 sovs. She is half-sister to Sharp Tor, winner of the Yorkshire and Lingfield Park Oaks last year. She has very good legs and feet and is very hard and sound. Another Gainsborough filly is the bay out of Streamline; she is her second foal and was dropped on January 19th. This is a high-class all-quality filly, with very good shoulders and beautiful head and neck, plenty of bone and very good over the loin. Her half-brother, by Felstead, has not yet run. The third filly is a grey March foal by Mr. Jinks out of Nebular. She is also a second foal. Very quick with a good action, this filly looks like coming to hand earlier than the other two. She has good shoulders, is very deep, and great quality.

Waltham Lodge Stud

A selection of some of the best yearlings from this stud is as follows: Grey colt by Felstead out of Lisbeth, a very well-grown, strong colt with perfect action. He is half-brother to Buhardo, a good winner; bred on same lines as Master Vere. A brown filly by Mannamead out of Capture Her, by Son-in-Law, a well-grown, strong, good filly, good action, and half-sister to Cartimandua, a winner this year. A bay filly by Artist's Proof out of Bread Card, by Manna, a first foal, bred on exactly the same lines as Pascal; she comes from Lord Astor's great family, Bread Card being out of Book Debt, who was responsible for Pay Up, the Two Thousand Guineas winner and full sister to Book Law, a St. Leger winner, who is dam of Rhodes Scholar. This filly is worth a lot for stud. A bay filly by Sansovino out of Spinningdale, a first foal, well-grown, strong; takes after her sire in looks, and traces back to Anchora, and comes from the same family as Fairway, Pharos, Miracle, &c.

FROM THE IRISH STUDS

"M. M." writes: "There will be the usual large contingent of yearlings from the great Irish stud farms at Doncaster next week. A number of fashionably bred lots among this year's offering are sure to attract the attention of purchasers—provided of course, that good business will be the rule. Since the abolition of the customs duty between England and the Free State, Irish breeders are now back on their old footing, and if the war in the Far East and other disturbing influences do not affect the Sales, the Irish yearlings should be among the highest priced ones of the week.

"From the Confey Stud, now run by Mr. J. J. Maher, four lots are listed for the Friday morning. These include an exceptionally fine colt by Fairway out of Silver Mist. On looks, this youngster will have few superiors in the sales. He stands over 15.2 hands, conforms to all the requirements of a high class racehorse, and is a splendid mover. He is an own brother to Silver Crest.

"From the same establishment there is a chestnut son of Tolgus, and Gaunt Lady, who bred Toga, a winner of five races. A nice deep youngster this. The other two representatives of Confey Stud are fillies—one a bay daughter of Sandwich and Silk Meadow. She is the first foal of her dam, a good winner. The other filly is by Winalot out of Blanco, also a first foal. Blanco was a good two-year-old winner; she did not run afterwards.

"There are six listed from the Cloghran Stud, and among them is an outstanding lot. This is a filly by Blandford out of the mare Reverentia. A half sister to His Reverence, and a full sister to Baber Shah, this filly is faultless, and should be in the top money.

"Mr. Ernest Bellaney is sending up five beautifully bred yearlings, three colts and two fillies. On breeding alone, they are among the most attractive of the whole sales.

"Friday's transactions also include lots listed, from Mr. D. R. Browning's Tipperary establishment, and from Major Holliday's place at Mullingar. The former represents the Beresford stock, and the last named includes some of the progeny of Foxlaw and Tetratema, whose stock is expected to sell well.

"Ballykisteen has a large entry for the Thursday sale. Viscount Adare has some nice stuff listed for Wednesday, among them a colt by Mr. Jinks out of Lay Sister. His offering also includes yearlings by Bosworth, Tetratema, Pharos and Carleon.

"On the same day will be sold a number of good yearlings from the Kilberry Stud at Navan. The owner of this establishment is Mr. J. C. Sullivan, the veteran who won the Cambridgeshire (twice), the Lincoln, and the Prix du Conseil Municipal during his racing career.

"Among his best yearlings this time is a colt out of Miss Marcus by Scarlet Tiger. Over 15 hands high, this is a massive long colt, with well-sprung ribs, good knees and hocks. He appears to be the making of a high-class racehorse.

"The Middleton Stud has a number of important lots entered, and one in particular seems to have extra good credentials. This is a Bosworth colt out of Aryan.

"Captain Brassey is another vendor with well-bred stock in the list.

"Mr. Frank Tuthill is also selling a large number, and the Kildangan Stud is represented. Among the best sellers from there will be a Bulger colt out of Mrs. Freeman. They are in the Tuesday morning sales."

A NEW DEVICE FOR STRAINED OR WEAK RIDING MUSCLES

AN excellent device, known as the "Merriman" grip, has recently been put on the market by Messrs. J. I. Sowter & Co. It is the invention of a cavalry officer, whose riding muscles were so badly ruptured that it was feared he would be unable to ride again for some considerable time. Within a month, using this device, he was hunting and within two months he was playing polo. The grip is also a good safety device for children and grown-ups who are learning to ride. It gives the beginner the correct grip and confidence. As it is worn by the rider and not attached in anyway to the saddle, it can be used with safety for all kinds of riding, including hunting, show jumping and polo. It does not prevent one "parting company" when one falls. The grip is attached to the knees with straps and goes over the top of the saddle, with adjustable straps in the middle to ensure a comfortable length. The price is 2 guineas, and any prospective purchaser should give the following measurements: Round the leg, just below the knee (over breeches) and from inside of knee to fork. As is to be expected of any goods produced by Messrs. Sowter, the device is well and strongly made of the best quality materials. It possesses the additional advantage of being so simple that nothing can go wrong.



Dennis Moss

COMING THROUGH CIRENCESTER PARK

PLANNING A RIDING HOLIDAY

Easy-Stage Travels Through the Cotswolds and Over the Downlands

By JOAN ROBESON

IN selecting the Cotswolds and the open downlands of Berkshire and Wiltshire as two suggestions for riding holidays I believe that I have chosen wisely. Both hold a rare enchantment and yet are so free from sameness as to delight the heart of the most sophisticated traveller. It has been my endeavour not to take the rider further than 25 miles in one day, and at all the hotels I have mentioned stabling accommodation is available, or can be obtained nearby.

There is an old saying, "as sure as God's in Gloucestershire," and it is certain there is no fairer county. Its hills, its wolds and its unexpected valleys, through which small rivers and rippling streams flow into their wider courses, all bear witness to the truth. For a riding holiday in the Cotswolds there is no better starting-place than Cirencester. I had in mind for the first day the seventeen miles journey to Burford, but there is so much to be explored in the villages of the Colne Valley that perhaps Fairford will be best. The main roads are for the motorist, and in following the by-roads and lanes very little traffic will be met.

Bibury has been eulogised a thousand times, but no one should pass it by. It was here that the headquarters of the oldest racing club in England once held sway, and the old racecourse is still pointed out with a certain pride. Beyond, and on the way to Fairford are the sister villages of Coln Saint Aldwyns, Hatherop and Quenington, all three rich in Cotswold architecture. Fairford is just over the hill and, at the Bull Hotel, in the wide market square, a night's lodging may be sought.

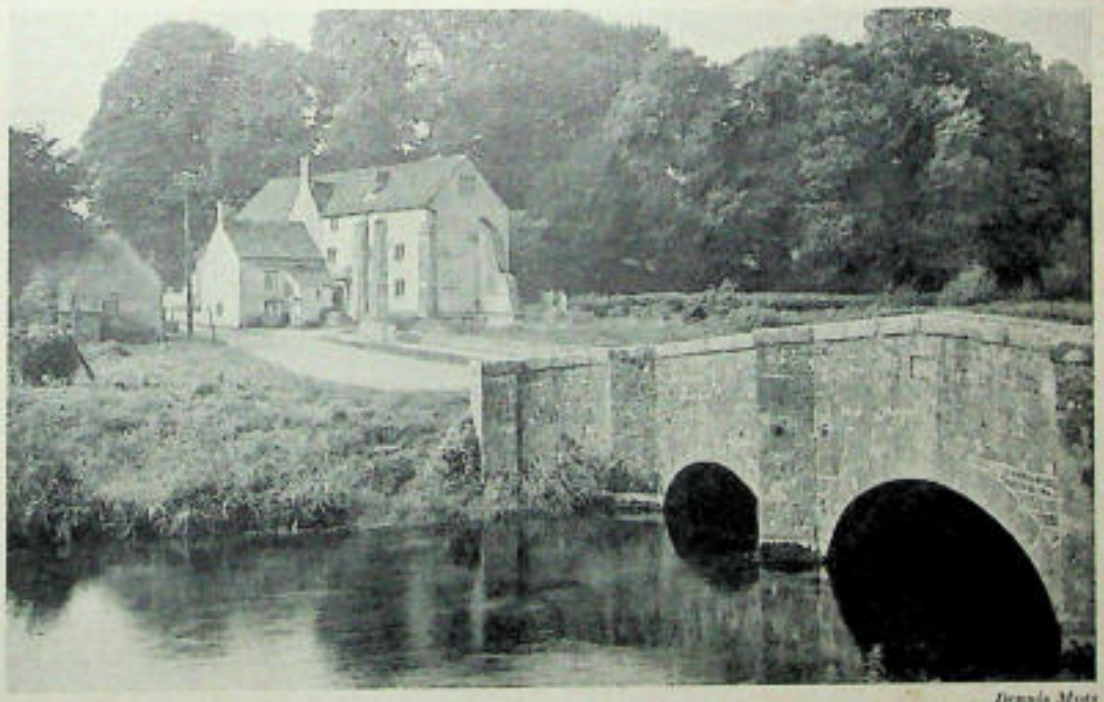
Burford can be reached the next day, taking Eastleach, through which the River Leach winds, on the journey. There will be time also to visit Minster Lovell, locally believed to be the scene of the tragic story of the Mistletoe Bough. The descent into Burford is sudden, but no more delightful town graces the Cotswold hills.

"O fair is Moreton-in-the-Marsh
And Stow on the wide Wold;
But fairer far is Burford town
With its stone roofs grey and old."

There is another Bull Hotel here, and there the second night can be spent. On the morrow the journey to Moreton-in-the-Marsh may be made by way of Taynton and Stow-on-the-Wold. At the former, a small village close to Burford, Hazelford Brook, an offshoot of the River Windrush, is crossed. Stow-on-the-Wold, famous for its still-surviving horse fair, stands on a hill nearly 800ft. up, and is the highest town on the Cotswold range. Beyond again is the quiet village of Evenlode, from which the River Evenlode takes its name.

To one side of Moreton-in-the-Marsh will be found the ancient Four-Shire Stone, marking the place where the counties of Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire and Warwickshire meet. In the town itself the Redesdale Arms Hotel, a well-known meet of the Heythrop Hounds, will bid you welcome for the night.

In fine weather there is a no more delightful ride than through the villages scattered about Chipping Campden. It will be best to take an early farewell of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, for there is much to be done in the day. Keep away from Chipping Campden—you will be doubly glad to reach the town and the King's Arms Guest House at night—and seek first of all old-world Ebrington. Further on is Meon Hill, with its glorious view from the summit of the fruit-laden Evesham Vale. Drayton named it the "Queen of Vales," and possibly he was right.



Dennis Moss

THE COLNE AT BIBURY

From Meon Hill go on into Quinton. On the village green stands the College Arms—the inn sign bears the diamonds and lilies of Magdalen, for the Lords of the Manor of Quinton have been the President and Fellows of the Oxford college since 1480. Returning to Chipping Campden, the view from Dover's Hill has to be seen to be believed. It was here that Robert Dover established, or re-established, the first Olympic Games.

From Chipping Campden the trail back to Cirencester is begun. The night can be spent at Bourton-on-the-Water. This is a delightful place with one side of the main street flanked by the waters of the Windrush which flows serenely under the archways leading up to the old houses. Hospitality awaits you at the New Inn, and your horses can be stabled by Mr. Walter Gilbert at the farm close by. The next morning will see you on the road to Withington. The lanes and by-ways lead through Farmington, where, on the village green beneath the shade of trees, a spring rises.

A little further on is Northleach, from which village it is but a short ride to the Hangman's Stone. Many years ago this district bore an unsavoury reputation for sheep-stealing, and one



Dennis Moss

THE HANGMAN'S STONE, NEAR NORTHLEACH

miscreant in climbing a stone stile with a sheep roped to his back missed his footing, and becoming entangled in the ropes so hung himself. And now you are closing in on Withington. The Mill Inn will provide a night's rest, and at the Manor Farm your horses can be stabled.

The morrow brings with it the ride into Cirencester, but there is much to see and do on the way. First, there is the lovely ride through the woods to the Roman Villa at Chedworth. The villa is said to be the most perfect example of its kind in Gloucestershire. It was during a search for a lost ferret more than 50 years ago that the first sight of the discovery was made.

An interesting way to reach Cirencester is to cross the main Cheltenham Road, follow the lanes up to the Gloucester Road, and so into the Duntisbournes. There is Duntisbourne Abbotts, Duntisbourne Leer, Middle Duntisbourne and Duntisbourne Rous. A little further on is Sapperton, and the Golden Valley. With the approach of evening your horses' heads must be turned for Cirencester. By the kindness of Earl Bathurst anyone on horseback can ride through Cirencester Park, so there is no need to touch another road to reach the town and journey's end. Stabling in Cirencester is very easily obtained, and you should experience no difficulty in getting your horses put up.

The Berkshire and Wiltshire downlands, which lead eventually on to Salisbury Plain, offer facilities for riding that would be hard to equal. Intersected at regular intervals by chalk lanes and grass tracks, the problems of roads and traffic vanish altogether.

It is difficult to suggest from where a start should be made, but Wantage, in Berkshire, famous by reason of its associations with Alfred the Great, seems as suitable as anywhere. The Ridge Way—that wonderful grass track running like a ribbon, with hardly a break, from Streatley, seventeen miles away, to the very edge of the Pewsey Vale, in Wiltshire—is handy to the town and can be reached through the Letcombes. According to local superstition Letcombe Regis and Letcombe Bassett are full of "ghoulies and ghosties, and things that go bump in the dark," but the authentic story is hard to find.

A few miles further on, and just off the Ridge Way, is Kingston Lisle—the Blowingstone village. Half-way down the hill you will see the old cottages, and underneath the dismembered elm tree is the huge stone perforated with holes. They say that King Alfred used it as a bugle to summon his armies to war. For a small fee and at the expense of a deal of lung power you may endeavour to produce the correct sound. The White Horse Hill is close by, and is known by sight at any rate to everyone who has ever travelled by G.W.R. from Paddington to Bristol. It was in 1857 that the last Revels attended the serious business of scouring the equine figure cut out in the chalk. Backswording, racing and wrestling all appear to have been part and parcel of "setting the old horse to rights."

Below the hill, and in the valley, is Uffington, the scene of Tom Brown's schooldays. Before turning over the downs to Lambourne, where a night's rest can be found at the Red Lion Hotel, Wayland's Smithy should be seen. The legend goes that Wayland was a giant and lived in a cave. No one ever saw him, but people used to bring their horses to the cave, returning later to find them newly shod. The Ridge Way must be forsaken now for the downland track to Lambourne. Before saddling-up in the morning for the ride to Avebury there is an interesting, if somewhat gruesome, inscription on a tombstone in the churchyard to be read. It tells of one John Carter, who was executed at Reading in 1833 for setting fire to two places in Lambourne.

The way over the downs to Avebury is a pleasant one, and after passing through Ahlbourne the deserted village of Snap must on no account be missed. The Ridge Way is rejoined at Hackpen Hill and, if time allows, a diversion to the Devil's Den can be made. The place is marked by a large stone slab which originally rested on four uprights, but only one remains. No village in the kingdom is richer than Avebury in historical interest; a Druidical temple stood there, and close by is the inexplicable Silbury Hill. Large, and conical in shape, it seems to-day to be as a warden of the busy Bath Road.

Avebury is only a small place, but the Red Lion Hotel will give you a ready welcome, and there is stabling for your horses at the farm in the village. The next day brings with it the long trek to Amesbury, and you may now be said to have come to the edge of that vast tract of country known as Salisbury Plain. For most of us Amesbury is connected with Stonehenge, and I confess that I did not know until the other day that it was here Lancelot found Guinevere dead and bore her body across the downs to Glastonbury to lay it beside Arthur's. Stonehenge must wait for the morrow, for at the George Hotel a night's rest is waiting. There is no stabling accommodation attached to the hotel, but your horses will be well cared for by Mr. Tambling in the town.

Stonehenge can be taken on the ride to Devizes in the morning. To anyone whose first sight it is of those massive boulders standing out on a bare plain the spectacle is awe-inspiring. How the stones got there, and who brought them, is wrapped in a mystery which has baffled man throughout the centuries. Salisbury Plain is left behind long before Devizes is reached. The Bear Hotel in the wide market square will provide a night's lodging, and there is stabling for your horses in the hotel yard. They may, in fact, be so honoured as to occupy the same boxes used for the Judge's Escort when he drives in state to the local Assizes.

The Ailesbury Arms, at Marlborough, is the venue for the next night, and on the morrow you start on the last day's ride to Hungerford. Soon after leaving Marlborough Savernake Forest is entered, and no horseman should miss the four-mile ride through the nave of beeches. On the far side of the forest, and before going on to Hungerford, historic Wolfhall must be visited.

Wolfhall was once owned by Sir John Seymour, father of Henry VIII's third wife. The old house is no more, but a part of the ancient barn in which a feast was spread to celebrate the wedding still stands.

Hungerford can now be reached through the Bedwyns, and at the Bear Hotel the last night can be passed, with your horses stabled nearby.

RECORD GOLF AT BRIGHTON

E. R. Whitcombe's Remarkable Scoring

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE Whitcombe family refuse to be left out of any golfing picture. If it is not one of them it is all three who set the pace in almost every tournament that is held. Now, just to make matters more difficult for their brother professionals, a member of the second generation, young Edward, has come to the front, and will be a definite menace to his father and two uncles before another season is past.

At Carnoustie both Reginald and Charles Whitcombe were well up the list, only being robbed of success by the abominable weather. Last week at Brighton, Ernest, the eldest, came into his own and won the *News Chronicle* event in sensational style. Months of enforced inactivity, due to an injury caused when giving a lesson last winter, obviously has made little difference to the game of this famous veteran. He showed that at the age of 47 he can still teach the young professionals how to play golf, so perhaps in future they will be less inclined to use the word veteran where he is concerned.

A total of 268 for four rounds is almost unbelievable. Twenty under an average of fours. Fifteen strokes better than the winning return last year. No wonder the local members and the hundreds of holiday-makers who thronged the course were bewildered and wondered if the scorer had not made a mistake. Whitcombe's marker had never seen so many threes on one card.

Whitcombe's aggregate of 268 establishes a new British record for a major tournament. The previous best was Abe Mitchell's 271 at Long Ashton, Bristol, in 1932. The world's lowest return over four rounds is held by Percy Alliss who won the Italian Championship at San Remo in 1935 with 262, but this cannot be compared with Whitcombe's performance because the San Remo course is very short. Whitcombe's four rounds were 67, 65, 72 and 64. And he only won by two strokes from S. C. King.

At the end of the second round E. R. Whitcombe led the field with 132, his son was one stroke worse and R. A. Whitcombe third with 134. Quite a happy family affair only spoilt by Charles being at the bottom of the list with just an average of fours. Two 72s only barely qualified. A few years ago such a score would have been at the head of the list. Now the opponents of the modern ball will have plenty to say. In the third round Ernest missed putt after putt; nothing would drop for him, whilst his son went round in brilliant style in 67 to lead with one round to play.

Inexperience and the strain of such keen competition told its tale, and without playing badly the young player slipped valuable strokes. He went out in 37, good enough for ordinary days, but not on such fantastic occasions. Nevertheless, he has shown that he is one of the best young professionals.

Soundly coached by his father—who apparently has kept something back for himself until he retires—young E. Whitcombe has a compact style typical of his family. He hits the ball decisively and without too much preliminary fuss. Perhaps he is inclined to crouch over the ball, but that is an easy fault to put right.

E. R. Whitcombe's final round was as fine an exhibition of skill as could be imagined. The East Brighton course is not so very short, it measures 6,453yds., yet he returned a 64 knowing that every stroke was of vital importance. His wealth of experience, of course, was a tremendous asset, but nevertheless his finish was one of the best seen this year. He found the short sixteenth green with his mashie, just missed a 2 but got the necessary 3.

A high mashie niblick pitch to the 375yd. seventeenth left him just over two yards from the hole, and down went the putt with a bang for a second three. The last hole is played downhill, and as the ground was baked hard anything could happen to the approach. Whitcombe pitched quite 40yds. short and the ball ran down to the green. This 5yd. putt never looked like missing. He struck the ball firmly as if nothing mattered, and in it went for the third consecutive three and victory.

Always reliable off the tee without being at all exceptional E. R. Whitcombe possesses a complete mastery of the iron clubs. He repeatedly gave himself easy putts for the "birdie" figures by his extraordinary accuracy. He rarely was called upon to produce spectacular recovery shots like many of the others.

Naturally conditions favoured low scoring. Practically no wind to speak of throughout the meeting; ground so hard that drives of over 300yds. were commonplace; and greens, if a little rough, with a good growth of grass on them making approach shots fairly easy. Four par 3 short holes and two which could be reached with a long drive meant six possible 3s during the round, whilst only two holes required two full wooden shots. At the same time such a galaxy of low returns indicated how well the competitors were playing. During this remarkable tournament 70 was beaten no fewer than 74 times—this is quite without parallel.

S. L. King, the young Knole Park assistant, who has done so well this season, was unfortunate not to win. He began with a 63 which might well have been even lower. Driving well—there were no trees in sight so King could feel perfectly at ease—and placing his second shots as near the objective that he obtained his figures in ridiculously easy fashion.

Great golf is always simple, or rather appears so. In the last nine holes King had only twelve putts, sinking all the doubtful length ones in characteristic fashion, reminiscent of his last round at Little Aston when he won the *Daily Mail* event. He was a little more adventurous in his second round, but a fine 67 on the last morning placed him among the leaders. E. R. Whitcombe's 64 set him a tremendous task, but his fighting effort nearly succeeded.

King never gives up hope. Needing a 67 to tie, he returned a 69, a missed putt at the twelfth and a 5 at the last hole ruining his chances. Even if he failed he played the type of golf it is a joy to see—the type that is needed in Ryder Cup matches. Brighton has certainly lived up to its reputation and given our golfers a real tonic. Only the Whitcombes did not need one!

THE NEW BOY CHAMPION

Ian Roberts, making his first and last attempt, won the Boys' Golf Championship at Bruntsfield, Edinburgh, defeated the fourteen-year-old fellow Scot, T. Stewart, by 8 and 7 in the final. Many of the fancied players fell in the early rounds, but the general standard of golf was in keeping with the event which has produced so many international players. Stewart obviously finding the occasion too great a strain for him, played poorly, so that Roberts won much as he liked. But this young golfer, already rated at scratch, should develop into a really fine exponent of the game. Those defeated have no doubt received added inducement to improve their games. If only a few progress to senior golf the championship will have served its purpose.

This England . . .



The Quantocks—from the road to Bagborough

DO the little lanes of England sometimes wind about for fun? Slopes they must take easily for the sake of horse and load . . . and skirt the marshland . . . and keep below the skyline on the downs, to see and not be seen. But has the countryman ne'er made a turn, the better to enjoy a well-loved view—and so added his twist to the way between Hither and Yon? For he loves his countryside as greatly as you or I, and with perhaps a deeper gratitude for its rich and lovely gifts. Certainly does he like his Worthington as well as we—and with perhaps a greater understanding of whence its richness comes.

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FROM COWES TO HARWICH

Regattas of the Second Half of the Yachting Season

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THE first part of this year's racing season, and by first part I mean that part which comes before the ceremony of Cowes, has already been subjected to a mild form of post-mortem in these columns.

Very little that was thrilling occurred from Falmouth to Cowes—excepting, of course, the Torbay International Meeting which was sufficiently important to be dealt with separately. Then, with the fleet in the Solent, came the most disappointing Cowes Week that yachting has known for many a long year.

With the conclusion of "The Week" we here take up the tale again—Cowes to Harwich. This phase of the season began at Southsea with two days' sailing under the Royal Albert barges. These were "on-days" for the Twelves, and the presence of the Eights and the Sixes, as well as the Solent classes and a fair handicap fleet, made of these meetings a measurable success. The first of the two days, however, still held a carry-over from the Week in that the airs were sufficiently paltry and the breezes lacking enough to ensure shortened courses.

On the first day Mr. Paul's Little Astra scored a handsome win from Mr. MacAndrew's Trivia. There were only two starters in the big handicap class and Blue Peter romped away with this race. On the second day there was a much more honest wind and Trivia was the Twelve winner with Marina, Evaine and Alanna in a bunch some five minutes behind her. Colonel Cleaver's remarkable If, and Mrs. Coleman's Thetis took it in turns to win and to be second in the handicap class for 5 to 15 tonners.

The Portsmouth Y.C. next gave a day's racing, but as this particular Wednesday was an "off-day" for the twelve-metres, the eight-metre class was the largest present—and then the scene moved eastwards, past Fairlee and Dungeness, to the Downs, and a day's racing off Deal given by the Royal Cinque Ports Y.C. Here one noticed particularly sharply the reaction of Cowes, for the entries were piteously few and gave the unjustified impression that these eastern meetings were likely to be rather an anti-climax to the season down west. There were only two twelve-metre starters, and although these two fought out a grim duel Marina (Sir William Burton) was the winner. On this day in the large handicap class Mr. Crankshaw's Noreen was well beaten by Mr. Molins's Blue Peter; the ubiquitous If scored a sail-over, but undoubtedly had she had a rival it would have been a win for the weather just suited her.

From Deal the venue moved to Dover, where four of the Twelves raced in a good fresh breeze. This seemed to be Evaine's chance (Mr. C. Fairey), and she was too good for Trivia—maybe this was because at the winning helm was Mr. Ernest Brown, who was finding, and finding successfully, a maritime outlet for political energy on holiday. And, in passing, it must be recorded that If scored another runaway win.

The next port of call was Ramsgate, where there were two good racing days with good breezes and fine weather; on the third day there was too much wind even for Sir William Burton, and the racing was confined to an inshore course for the handicap cruisers. Ramsgate gave Trivia and Evaine a first each—and perhaps first drew attention to the fact that these two admirably handled ships were making a great struggle to claim the biggest number of firsts for the whole season. Noreen here put up a splendid win for the Ramsgate Gold Cup in lightish winds, but on the next day, in stronger weather, was overpowered by Mr. Carrington's ex-twelve-metre Zelita and by the sturdy Blue Peter.

From Ramsgate the fleet raced to Southend in the most miserable of fluky, paltry airs and calms, which only improved towards the end. Trivia got home first in her class, but she narrowly escaped Marina at the finish. Off Southend Trivia and Marina each scored a win and then at Harwich Trivia wound up with two more firsts.

Harwich was not nearly as disappointing as might have been imagined. The lassitude which seems to have set in immediately after Cowes had worn off and the first day's racing off the Landguard covered some 70 or 80 starters.

And there the season now rests with nothing but Burnham and the Colne left to it. As a result of the racing at Harwich, Trivia and Evaine now each have thirteen firsts to their credit since the twelve-metre racing began at Falmouth in June. It must be remembered, however, that the last day's work at Harwich involved a protest.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP

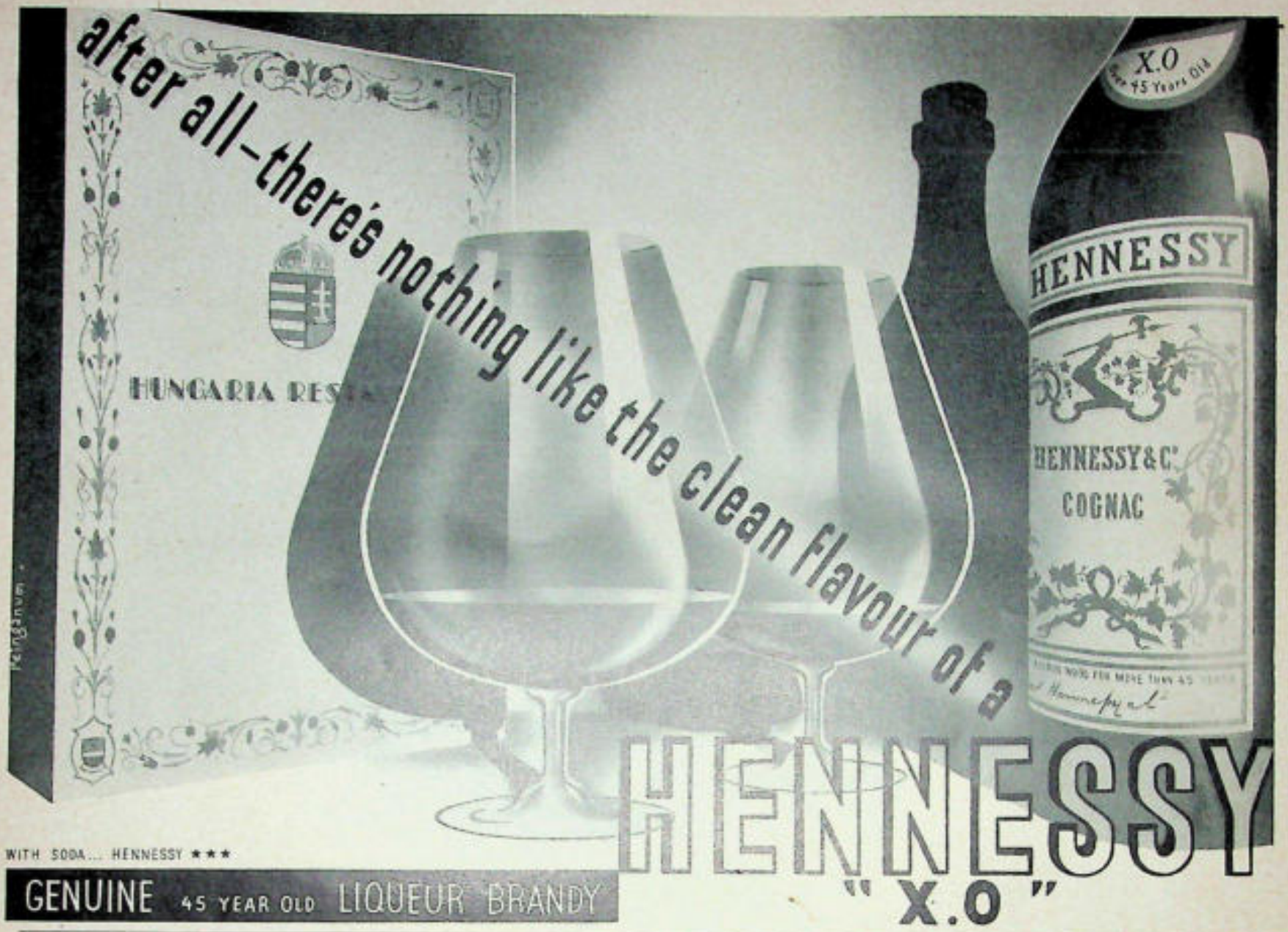
"Thunder" and "Lightning" at Lowestoft

THE eleventh annual race for international fourteen-foot dinghies for the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup was decided this year at Lowestoft. Thus for the fourth time the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, which has done so much to popularise this class of boat, was in command of arrangements.

As usual there was a very large and representative fleet of entrants, and the start, in a moderate north-westerly breeze, was most spectacular. Daybreak (Mr. D. Pollock) got well away, and on the first leg out to the north buoy, a turn to windward, had worked out a nice lead. Behind him at the mark came Lightning (Mr. J. K. Winter), followed by Thunder (Mr. Peter Scott)—somewhat of a meteorological sequence. On the next leg Mr. Pollock still led, but behind him there had been a change of place, so that Thunder was preceding Lightning—as, of course, is scarcely right and proper—and close behind them was Alarm with, at the helm, Mr. Stewart Morris. Mr. Morris not only won this particular race last year, but also won it in 1932, 1933 and 1935, the last occasion being in the selfsame Alarm.



H.P.



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SIX-METRE RACING AT THE OPENING OF BURNHAM WEEK

A wonderfully close struggle took place in this class as shown in this photograph taken an hour after the start. Messrs. Belleville, Boardman, and Leaf's Lahoe is seen running in between Cuthering and Nona when trying to wind and pass Mr. Spriggs's Kyla (K 45), a manœuvre which failed

During the next round Thunder seized the lead and Alarm closed up tight on Lightning—all three of them slipping past Daybreak, who fell back into fourth place. By the end of the third round there had been another general post, and this time Mr. Winter had worked his Lightning into the forefront with a slight lead over Mr. Scott's Thunder.

Throughout the fourth round Thunder and Lightning fought out every inch of the course, and then, towards the finish, it seems that Lightning, tacking a little late, gave Mr. Scott his chance, and he made the line first with a run of short tacks—to win the cup by the narrow margin of sixteen seconds. It is Mr. Scott's first win in this event, and should go far to make up for his ill-fortune "somewhere in Europe" the other day.

A NEW PASSAGE RACE

Racing from Cowes to Ouistreham

THIS year witnessed the first passage race from Cowes to Ouistreham. This new race, over a course of about 100 miles, and raced under R.O.R.C. rating rules, was the joint adventure of the Island Sailing Club of Cowes and the very hospitable Société des Regates de Ouistreham.

For many reasons such a race is very well worth its place in the Channel off-shore fixtures, if only for the fact that Ouistreham makes such an admirable jumping-off ground for a short tour of the shores of the Baie de la Seine. It was disappointing that this new venture had only four starters.

These four in themselves deserve comment. First, there was the seventy-year-old Dolly Varden, owned by Mr. T. C. Ratsey, always a lovely ship, but seeming more lovely on this bright day with her tanned canvas and green topsides. Then there was Mr. Holland's 12-ton ketch, Delight; the 32-tonner Iyruna (Mr. N. Adeney), an ex-twelve-metre which under Sir William Burton's hand had an enviable record; and, lastly, there was a French entry, M. F. H. Chardon's May Floriane. A yawl, a ketch, and two cutters: three Bermudians and a gaff amongst them.

Iyruna won this race, and Dolly Varden came in second to her, which is perhaps what might have been forecast before the start. Nor must it be overlooked that the latter ship was sailing with a reefed mainsail.

GOLDEN MOMENTS

Partridge Shooting

Here they come—down wind at terrific speed—his experienced eye quickly picks his birds—he fires—Good! a right and left! Automatically he changes guns and turning swiftly he fires again at the fast retreating birds—another right and left!!

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THE MODERN NOTE IN OCEAN TRAVEL



Orient Line

THE NEW 23,500-TON ORIENT LINER ORCADES

ABOUT a fortnight ago Orcades set out from Southampton on her maiden voyage, taking her first consignment of passengers on a cruise to Athens.

In any country other than ours it would not be possible for such a ship to enter on her service so unassumingly; there would be brass bands, cheer leaders, national anthems and patriotic speeches, for the new 23,000-ton Orient liner is no mean example of national effort.

She is not the fastest ship ever built or the largest object afloat, but she is the latest production upon which leading technicians and artists have concentrated to produce the maximum of comfort for those who go a-cruising or have to travel from England to Australia borne by turbines capable of a steady 21 knots an hour without vibrating so much as to cause a toothbrush to jar in a glass.

Orcades is a liner of billiard table steadiness in ordinary circumstances and of a size which, for various reasons, many experts consider ideal, whether the ship is to pass through the Suez canal or sail on any ocean. You do not run the risk of getting lost on a 20,000 to 25,000-tonner. You can get *on fait* with each deck and feel at home, and almost each deck in Orcades seems to cater for the voyager in case he or she should be too faint to mount to the next one; on E deck there is a café; on C deck there is the tavern by the swimming pool; on B deck the sun verandah and café behind it.

In every Orient ship the great feature is the amount of open deck space and promenade deck space provided, giving that delightful sense of spaciousness and of really being at sea. In Orontes you had it; in Orion it was further increased with the games deck, owing to the single funnel, a vast unobstructed area. This is reproduced in Orcades with a multiplicity of ball tennis and deck tennis courts and various maritime recreations, and the boats are so raised on their davits that the view of the sea is unrestricted, and you can walk or seek shade beneath them. Everything seems to have been thought of even to the provision of a fountain with iced water for thirsty souls in tropical seas.

There is a great space aft on C deck for promenade and sunning purposes, where there are two swimming pools, for first and tourist classes, and again below that is another big promenade space. *La vie en grand air* is a dominating feature, and there is an open dancing space with portable screens on B deck, and another for the tourist class below, as well as a ballroom. Children are catered for in both classes with ingenious provision for their amusement.

As in Orion the public rooms have that perfect sense of freedom, the furnishings are on modern, clean-cut lines and tastefully carried out by expert artists, but a warmer note of decoration prevails in Orcades with colourful effects and fine-toned woods. The lounge (with windows which stretch in uninterrupted ranges along nearly 100ft. on each side), the library, the dining saloon and its foyer, supply a note of restrained luxury in which no attempt is made to turn a ship into a Mayfair drawing room.

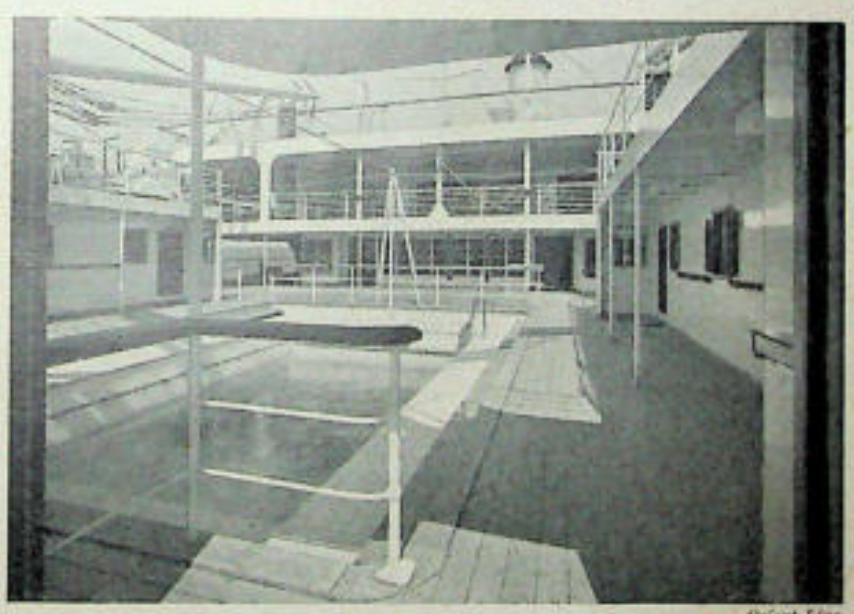
Mention of the library and dining saloon draws attention to a feature of importance to all who travel to the East. These rooms are air-conditioned. Dry, cool air, as opposed to an uncomfortably damp, tropical atmosphere, is introduced into them. In winter the process can be reversed, and moistened air of a higher temperature to that outside can be substituted. Six very large two-bedded state-rooms are also supplied with conditioned air and two of these form part of two air-conditioned flats, each with its own bathroom and lavatory, entrance hall, box-room, living room, and a pantry, complete with ice-chest and breakfast heater. Six of the inside cabins on E deck are also air-conditioned to give an equable temperature.

Thus the heights of luxury travel are attained, but a note of extreme comfort pervades the ship from the tourist quarters to the first-class cabins.

Nearly every first-class cabin has a new type of Thermotank air distributor as well as the usual Punkah Louvre equipment. All are roomy and designed to provide ample space for clothing in cupboards and chests of drawers, have running hot and cold water, and Vi-spring beds, while a number of double and single cabins have their private bathroom and lavatory.

As in Orion the sliding window has, in the majority of cabins, replaced the old-fashioned porthole. In every particular the knowledge of a vast experience in ocean travel has been utilised in the building of Orcades, and her full complement of 493 first-class and 605 tourist passengers could not travel in a better-found ship.

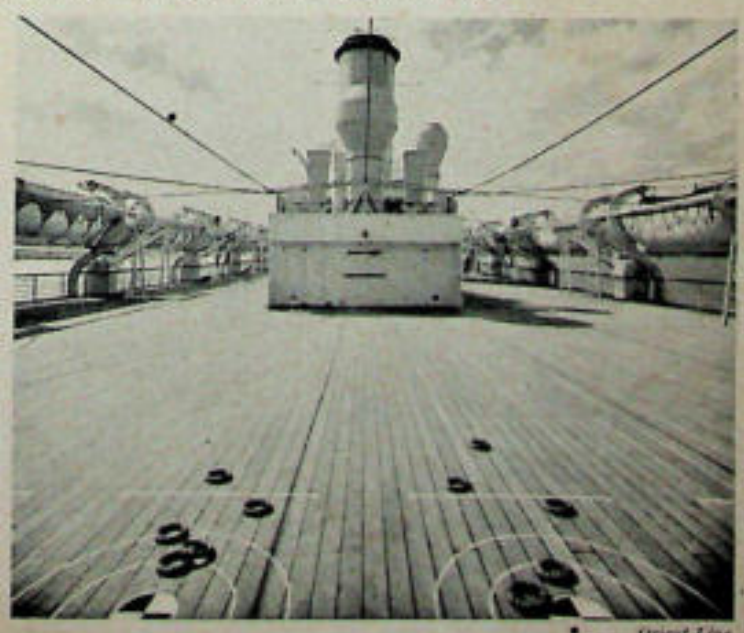




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REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

CLOVA.—On August 17th, Mr. F. Winthrop's party of six guns killed 17½ brace of grouse, 3 woodcock, various 24; on the 18th, 46 brace of grouse, 7 various; on the 20th, 63½ brace of grouse, 1 blackgame, 10 various; on the 21st, 29 brace of grouse, 7 various; on the 23rd, 86 brace of grouse, 6 various, 5 blackgame; on the 24th, 18½ brace of grouse, 1 blackgame, 3 capercailzie, 12 pigeons, 8 hares, 14 rabbits; on the 25th, 30 brace of grouse, 1 hare (half-day); on the 26th, 64½ brace of grouse; and on the 27th, 46½ brace of grouse and 5 hares. The guns were: Mr. F. Winthrop, Mr. R. Winthrop, Mr. V. Woodward, Mr. W. Woodward, jun., Mr. J. M. Jamieson and Mr. Pratt.

CRADGEYLE.—On the 23rd, 18½ brace of grouse and 4 brace of woodcock were killed by three guns; Mr. C. W. Mackie, Mr. G. Geddes and Captain J. Webster. Birds strong and wild.

DELNADARRIH AND ALLARGUE.—C. L. Baillieu and party, consisting of Mr. Harcourt Gold, Mr. Henry Illingworth, Mr. W. E. Simpson, Mr. W. L. Baillieu, Mr. R. L. Baillieu, Mr. E. L. Baillieu and Mr. M. L. Baillieu, with Mr. Arthur Du Cane present on the 28th, made the following bags on August 23rd, 24th, 27th and 28th: August 23rd, Delnadarrih (Brown Cow beat), 86 brace; on the 24th, Delnadarrih and Allargue, 82 brace; 27th, Allargue, 76 brace; 28th, Delnadarrih (Castle Flat beat), 177 brace of grouse.

DUSKEY.—On the 21st, 79 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Sir Thomas Royden's party. The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, Viscount Runciman, Lord and Lady Forbes, The Master of Forbes, Major A. H. Bibby, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bibby, and Sir Thomas and Lady Royden. Hot day. Birds very healthy and well forward. On August 23rd, the same guns, with Captain Keith Caldwell, killed 186 brace of grouse.

EDINGASSIE.—Seven guns (Colonel R. Abel Smith, Mr. J. Abel Smith, Lord Cranworth, Colonel Medlicott, Sir John Ratcliffe, General Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke, and Colonel Jenkins) killed, on August 23rd, 117 brace; on the 27th, 64½ brace; and on the 28th, 102½ brace.

FINZEAN.—On the 23rd, 81 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. F. V. McConnell, Viscount Cowdray, Mr. Burrell, Mr. G. Harrap, Mr. E. Savill and Mr. R. D. Chaplin. On the 26th, 50 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. F. V. McConnell, the Hon. E. Forbes-Sempill, Mr. G. Harrap, Mr. E. Savill, Mr. R. D. Chaplin and Mr. F. Manisty.

GLENSHEE LODGE, BLAIRGOWRIE.—On the 22nd, 22½ brace of ptarmigan were killed by eight guns: Lord Trenchard and some. Lovely fine day.

KNOCKESPOCK.—On August 25th, 50½ brace of grouse and ten hares were killed to six guns: Mr. F. P. Whitbread, Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Sir Basil Brooke, Bart., Mr. Archibald Smith, Mr. S. K. Alsopp and Mr. Jocelyn Abel Smith. On August 28th, 40½ brace of grouse and three hares were killed by six guns: Mr. F. P. Whitbread, Mr. Reginal Abel Smith, Sir Basil Brooke, Bart., Mr. Archibald Smith, Mr. S. E. Allsopp and Dr. McKenzie.

Ayr

LANFINE.—On August 17th, 98½ brace of grouse were killed by Mr. J. P. Loudon's party of eight guns. A lot of birds were seen, and in very good condition, but mist lay heavy on the moor in the early part of the day, causing material delay in starting.

Caithness

BRAEMORE.—Mrs. Nagle's party, shooting over dogs, killed 167 brace of grouse. Birds were scarce due to departure during last week of snowstorm; four stags have been killed to date, including a royal of 1984, 12pts.

Inverness-shire

BELMACNAS.—On August 16th, 20th and 23rd, 52½, 32½ and 72 brace of grouse were killed by seven to eight guns (driving): Colonel R. S. Clarke, Right Hon. R. Mulholland, Mr. S. Medlicott, Right Hon. Sir Basil Brooke, Colonel Miles Backhouse, Mr. George Albrighton, Mr. C. Barclay, Mr. James Carnegie, Mr. P. Maclean and Mrs. Wigan. Birds fair, on the whole well grown and in good coveys. Weather very good. Tenant, Mrs. Gerald Buxton.

CASTLE MESSIES.—From August 12th to the 24th, 601½ brace of grouse were killed by eight guns in eight days' shooting: Major W. H. S. Alston, Captain F. Bonham Carter, Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Chartington, General Sir Archibald Cameron, Mr. P. G. Gossler, Mr. J. R. Marriott, Dr. Eugene Pool and Lieutenant-Colonel J. Gordon Ramsay. The bags were as follows: On August 12th, 109½ brace; on the 16th, 80 brace; on the 17th, 97 brace; on the 18th, 117½ brace; On the 20th, 54½ brace; on the 21st, 87½ brace; on the 23rd, 60½ brace; and on the 24th, 76 brace of grouse.

CHAPELPARK.—On August 21st, 65 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Sir Ian Walker, Mr. R. S. Hill-Wood, Mr. J. V. Wrigley, Mr. G. R. Armitage, Mr. T. Stone, Mr. R. B. Moseley and Sir Thomas Brocklebank. A very hot day. Birds did not drive well. On August 23th, 80 brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. E. W. Wrigley, Mr. J. V. Wrigley, Mr. R. L. Tinsley, Mr. T. Naylor, Sir Thomas Brocklebank. A very good show of birds.

CLUNE.—As the bag at Clune on August 19th was 281½ brace, this made the total for three-and-a-half days 1,075 brace and not 1,066 brace of grouse as given last week.

DUNACHTON.—Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Friar's party of seven guns killed: On August 17th, 157½; 19th, 137½; 21st, 99½; 24th, 125; 25th, 80; and 28th, 22½ brace of grouse.

DUNMAGLASS.—On August 23rd, 25th and 27th, 385 brace of grouse were killed by nine guns. Birds were decidedly better than expected after walking them up in early August.

KINVEACHY.—On August 24th, 44 brace of grouse, 2 snipe, 20 hares; 25th, 147½ brace of grouse, 1 woodcock, 1 duck, 6 snipe, 12 hares; 26th (afternoon only), 24 duck, 7 teal, 1 hare, 5 rabbits, 4 pigeons, 1 grouse, 1 greylegs, 2 snipe; 27th, 113½ brace of grouse, 12 hares, 1 rabbit; and on 28th, 60 brace of grouse, 13 hares, were killed by parties of eight guns, which included Sir S. Maryon-Wilson, Bart., Colonel the Hon. B. Forbes, Colonel Lord Glamis, D.S.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Viscount Gough, M.C. Captain Lord Inchiquin, the Marquis of Kildare, Viscount Scarsdale and Mr. M. Townley (one day); Sir A. Gordon-Cumming, Bart. (one day); Sir Duncan Mackenzie, C.I.E. (half day); Major R. Bruce (one day); and Mr. J. Fraser-Mackenzie (one day).

RALIA.—On August 20th, 23rd and 25th, 44, 61½ and 55½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Colonel E. Walke, Captain Herman, Colonel O. R. MacMullen, Mr. W. G. Hanson, Mr. K. Y. McGrath and Mr. H. D. Snook. Birds strong; up to average.

TORATIN.—On the 12th and 13th, 56½ and 35 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. M. Melvill, Mr. J. Melvill, Captain W. N. Roper Caldbeck and Colonel R. A. Bullock. A fair number of birds, but a large proportion not fully grown. No sheepers. On the 17th, driving, eight guns killed 106½ brace.

Morayshire

DUNRAKES.—On the 12th, 13th, 16th and 20th, 72 brace of grouse were killed by Mr. Guy Hargreaves and Sir George Thursby. Grouse very patchy and of all ages. Some very early broods and some consisting of sheepers. Driving commenced on August 20th but prospects very poor. On August 26th, 27th and 28th, 80, 79 and 100 brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. J. Roberts, Mr. Guy Hargreaves, Mr. A. H. Hoare, Captain Percy Wallace, Sir Merrik Burrell and Sir George Thursby, Bart.

TULCHAN.—In five days' driving, 350 brace of grouse have been killed by Sir Ian Walker and party, and driving has now finished for this season. Grouse were very scarce, but quite healthy, and the heather the best for many years.

Perthshire

EDENCRIP.—On August 12th, 33½ brace of grouse were killed by three guns: Mr. E. R. Cobb, Mr. C. P. Attenborough and Surgeon-Captain C. M. R. Thatcher, R.N. On August 16th, 23½ brace were killed: on the 18th, 19½; and on the 20th, 34 brace of grouse. All shot walking up. Owing to late snows in March a large number of birds left the ground. Nesting season a week or ten days late, but though coveys mostly number six to seven young birds there are many barren pairs, and the season as a whole is considerably below the average of the last three years.

GARTH.—Walking up, on the 17th, 33 brace, and on the 18th, 32½ brace were killed by four guns: Major D. Mirrielees, Mr. D. C. Mirrielees, Mr. A. Wemyss and Mr. D. Craven. On the 20th and 21st, 55½ brace and 57 brace were killed by five guns, the same as above and Colonel G. A. Ledingham. Birds were plentiful.

GRANTULLY CASTLE.—On August 24th, 26th and 27th, 126, 74½ and 89½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. G. Powys Dewhurst, Mr. C. C. Pilkington, Mr. H. de Zoete, Mr. J. E. Palmer-Tomkinson, Mr. J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson, and Mr. A. Palmer-Tomkinson each day, with Mr. Ian Henderson on the 24th, and Major Eyffe Jameson on the 26th. Weather perfect. Poor show of birds. The bags represent too large a proportion of the birds seen.

KEMPROAN.—On the 12th, three guns killed 54 brace of grouse; the 13th, two guns killed 33 brace; and on the 16th, three guns killed 43 brace. The guns were: 12th, Major Sir George A. Dolby, Mr. Frazers K. Balfour and Mr. George R. Dolby; 13th, Mr. George R. Dolby and Mr. Derek Shaw; 14th, Mr. George R. Dolby, Mr. Derek Shaw and Mr. Braithwaite. Bags made walking up in the Birds were wild at first and not very plentiful.

LOCHEARNSIDE.—On August 24th, 132½ brace of grouse were killed by nine guns: Mr. J. Hume, Mr. E. Carbutt, Mr. N. J. Mordaunt, Mr. R. C. C. Mordaunt, Major C. Laverton, Mr. D. W. Ritchie, Colonel T. W. Sheppard-Graham, Mr. E. Cripps and Mr. E. C. Mordaunt.

Renfrewshire

BARROCKS.—On August 20th and 27th, 85 and 56 brace of grouse were shot by Sir Stephen Renshaw, Mr. D. S. Cairns and party of five other guns. Birds above the average on high ground and generally more forward than on low ground, where birds are scarce. No heather beetle on high ground, patches on low ground, but not as bad as last year. Heather bloom very bad.

Ross and Cromarty

CRANNICK.—On August 25th, 31 brace of grouse and two hares were killed by six guns: Duke of Somerset, Lord Blackford, Mr. B. Cuthbert, Captain R. Awdry, Mr. H. Awdry and Earl Temple.

EDERTON.—On August 24th and 27th 18 and 15 brace of grouse, 25 and 7 hares were killed by seven guns: Duke of Somerset, Lord Blackford, Colonel Kingsmill, Captain Awdry and Mr. R. Awdry, Mr. Cuthbert and Earl Temple. Coveys very scarce, many old birds; heather quite good; no beetle or disease.

ENGLAND

Cumberland

CROSSHILL MOOR.—On August 27th, 45 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns: Mr. C. Ingram, Mr. M. Ingram, Mr. A. Ingram, Captain Robert-Greville, Commander the Hon. J. M. Scarisbrick, Mr. Merton-Neale, Mr. Stonehem and Major Gossage. On other walking and driving days on the Alston Moors, this party killed 87 grouse, 14 blackgame, 52 snipe and 10 golden plover.

Durham

LESLEY FELL.—On August 26th, 95 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns. Light wind but from an unfavourable direction. Saw a good share of grouse and got more than last year.

Yorkshire

BARNINGHAM PARK.—On August 24th, 25th and 27th, 214½, 270½ and 140½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns. Weather fine and warm. Grouse very healthy.

BOLTON-ABBEY.—On the 12th, 16th, 20th and 21st, 230 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Earl of Burlington, Colonel Charlesworth, Colonel Stansfeld, Colonel E. Yorke, Mr. W. H. Fortune, Mr. G. Gaskell and Mr. J. L. Ingham. A very poor show though no disease. It is hoped more birds will turn up later.

GUISECLIFF MOOR.—On August 27th and 28th, 104 brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Mr. G. B. Lancaster and Mr. O. D. Wintebotham and their party, Lord Glenconner, Major J. Sykes, Mr. W. A. L. Mahler, Mr. S. H. Timmis, Commander Edwards and Mr. Stewart Henderson. On the 27th thick mist made shooting difficult and did not clear till late afternoon, causing one drive to be omitted—bag, 46½ brace. On the 28th, a very hot day with bright sun and no wind—bag, 57½ brace.

GRAYTON.—The bags have been: August 12th, 96½ brace; 14th, 114 brace; 16th, 195 brace; 18th, 112 brace; 19th, 104 brace; 21st, 167 brace; 23rd, 73½ brace. The guns were: Mr. Nigel Colman, Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Clay, Mr. A. Benson, Mr. O. Benson, Mr. T. G. Benson, Mr. M. M. Johnson and Mr. Seymour Dalziel. On August 25th, 179 brace; 26th (short day), 36½ brace; 27th, 130½ brace, and on 28th, 101 brace. Total 1,323 brace.

GUNNERSIDE AND KELD.—On August 18th, 142 brace (four drives); on the 19th, 32 brace (four drives); and on the 20th, 115 brace of grouse (four drives) were killed by seven guns: Lord Rochdale, Lord Burghley, Major Trafford, Colonel Beddington, Mr Grant, Sir Maurice Bell and Colonel Philipps. Grouse in good condition: three young to one old.

WENSLEYDALE.—In the first fortnight, August 12th to 26th, 2,000 brace were killed by eight guns. Birds strong and healthy.

NORTH WALES

LAKE VYRNWY MOORS.—On August 27th, 76 brace of grouse were killed driving, and on the 28th, 32 brace. Birds rather more plentiful than last year and well grown.

FIELD TRIALS

Northern Counties Pointer and Setter Trials

IT is at these annual trials, where the owners of grounds permit birds to be shot, that the partnership with dogs in the procuring of game is best demonstrated, and the ability of the dogs to play their part best tested. This part can be described as to find birds without disturbing them, to save time and to save legs.

To these ends man has also to play his part, which is something in addition to shooting birds when they rise. The ground must be hunted methodically—as the phrase has it, must be made good. McNichol, Commander and Mrs. Kemmis's keeper at Tressady, is an adept at setting the course, and does all he can to ensure that it is kept, but he must often feel that much of his ground is being wasted, since no dog has hunted it out. Mr. Wignall generously took advantage of the lie of his land at Carnbusmore, and allowed the open stake to be run in an almost continuously straight direction, and leaving ground unbeaten was not so noticeable, but even here Mackenzie had to exert his influence to keep the line going with the wind always from the same point, and the ground worked was often determined by the dog and not by its handler.

More than at other trials dogs are handled by practising gamekeepers, and it was much to the point when McNichol said to one of them: "You would not have worked your ground at home like that." It may be that the more artificial trials in the South encourage handlers of dogs to race ahead, and the Northern keepers think they are a part of correct field trial practice. The partnership of man and dog is partly to permit man, grown stout in body or short in wind, to move slowly. If on occasion he has to walk uphill to a point he willingly pays this price for ease at other times. To hasten after a dog may be an effort to best your neighbour, but it should be sternly discouraged. Every trial ought to be an education as well as a test.

The winners of the Novice Stake on the first day may best be recorded in the Scots fashion as, 1st Tressady, 2nd Suisgill, 3rd Achintoul, 4th Altnaharra as they came from the kennels and were handled by the keepers on these estates. In the Open Stake the pleasant feature was to see a Gordon setter run into second place after a very attractive and efficient first time down. This is a lightly-built bitch, and not one of the cumbrous top-heavy Gordons so often seen. It is to be hoped that this success will encourage her owner, Mr. Bainbridge, to establish a first-class working strain of Gordons at Ardgay.

Lugubrious as had been the reports from Mrs. Kemmis and Mr. Wignall as to the scarcity of birds for the trials, their forebodings were belied. Birds there were in plenty for trials and suggestive of the worst of the depression being over.

There are so many generous friends of trials in the North, like Commander and Mrs. Kemmis and Mr. Wignall, that it might be possible to hold the summer series in August instead of in July. The more natural the conditions for trials, the greater their value in the improvement of breeds for the needs of man and the greater the proof of the value of improvement. W. M.

The awards were as follows:

No. 1. NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Kemmis's p. d. Isle of Arran Baker; 2nd, Brigadier-General G. Payzler's p. d. Snipe of Suisgill; 3rd, Sir H. S. Nutting's E. s. d. Lick of Achintoul; 4th, Mr. L. Kimball's E. s. b. Barleythorpe Midge. Certificates of merit: Miss E. J. Brooke's p. b. Josephine of Fearn, Mrs. F. Nagle's L. s. b. Sulhamstead Vic D'Or, Mrs. Rademacht-Nicolson's L. s. b. Sally of Allreath, Brigadier-General G. Payzler's p. d. Sam of Suisgill, Sir H. S. Nutting's E. s. b. West Down Lilac.

No. 2. OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. A. Vestey's p. d. Halesworth Beau; 2nd, Mr. E. M. Bainbridge's G. s. b. Glenfield Waverley; 3rd, Miss E. J. Brooke's E. s. d. Mark of Fearn; 4th, Mr. F. W. Wignall's E. s. b. Cambusmore Wendy; reserve and Certificate of merit, Mrs. F. Nagle's L. s. b. F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Bounty D'Or. Certificates of merit, Miss E. J. Brooke's G. s. b. Witch of Fearn; Mrs. F. Nagle's L. s. d. F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Braestone D'Or, Mr. R. A. Vestey's p. b. Batchory Brush, Mrs. F. Nagle's L. s. d. F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Ban D'Or, Miss E. J. Brooke's p. b. Josephine of Fearn.

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Letters to the Editor

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

FLY V. MINNOW

SIR,—If there is any sense in the old adage, "Out of the mouths of . . ." it entitles me, as a minor, to express an opinion which otherwise I should have hesitated to do. Most of my holidays alternate between the Scottish Dee and the Hereford Wye. These two rivers appear to me to be good examples of the extremes in salmon fishing. It seems a shame to put a bait over the fly water of the Dee, and equally futile to go on hoping on our too canal-like pools of the Wye, that some misguided fish will ascend from the depths to take my fly. Perhaps, with the mechanical ingenuity which has gone into reels, spinning, or better, the casting of a spinning bait, has become so simplified that even the lovely ladies who grace the pages of our illustrated weeklies may really catch the fish with which they are photographed.

Good salmon fishing gets scarcer every year and rents are high, and many owners are quite indifferent as to how their beats are fished so long as the bag is kept up, as the rent of a beat is judged by its bag. Withal, it would appear that rivers are going to be more and more overfished, and if this is so, then let us hope that fishermen will still retain a sense of consideration for others in the same river. It is here, surely, that the fly purist is justified in his plaint, because only the taking fish are disturbed by fly; by contrast, sunk bait, fished deeply in clear, shallow pools, must disturb the non-taking fish and chivvy them off the beat. It is easy to conjecture that constant chivvying by too much bait fishing would keep fish dour and non-takers. The fish are never allowed to settle.

On a shallow river like the Dee, bait fishing in late April, May and June, in low water, is an offence against the river and a discourtesy to all other users who derive pleasure from fishing it. On the coloured, deep, smooth-running Wye, most of our fish are caught on blue and silver, later on with prawn, though sometimes we get an occasional fish on fly, but in contrast to the Dee the fish lie so deep that they are quite indifferent to bait fishing until some change in water or atmosphere brings them on the take.

Personally, from what I know of salmon fishing, I would rather have one on fly than two on bait, but I would certainly rather have the two on bait than nothing at all, so long as I felt that with my two bait-caught fish I was not regarded by my elders as being on a par with a "fox shooter!" I do think the fly purist has very strong grounds for objection to the bait man on true "fly" rivers, more especially where fishermen only have one bank and the bait man can, and generally does, fish the water from bank to bank. It is perhaps unfortunate, too, that the world and his wife judge the skill of a fisherman by the fish he catches.

Yours faithfully

Eton College, Windsor. BAABEL.

SIR,—I am very interested to see the spirited controversy now raging in your correspondence columns over the old, old question of salmon fly versus bait. Personally, I have in the last two seasons become a convert to the light spinning with stationary drum reel and find it infinitely more sport than fly fishing for salmon with anything heavier than a 10ft. trout rod and 2x cast, which is the alternative I use.

When considered calmly, the ¼in. to 1in. devon used cause less water disturbance than a fly which resembles nothing more than a hook. The gut trace used is only one-half to one-third the strength of a fly cast as generally used, and the line about one-tenth, and in addition is of a less visible nature.

Fishing in very clear water such as New Zealand rivers, where I used an Altex last season, I found the fish either took the bait or remained perfectly undisturbed, presumably being full fed, but the passage of a fly among them caused a general panic mixed with some curiosity the first time over, but pure and undiluted panic subsequently. The dry fly to a lesser extent did the same thing. Conditions here prevent one seeing the effect of one's fishing as one could do in the exceptionally clear water of New Zealand, but as the rainbow trout and our salmon are very similar in taking habits, I think it is fairly safe to presume the effect will be something similar.

Of course the heavy spring spinning and prawning outfits of some anglers are an entirely different proposition, but I find generally that the strongest "fly only" merchant goes in for the heaviest spinning outfit when he thinks spinning is the order of the day—or prawning.

The size of my own gear is ¼in. to 1in. devon medium trout trace and 4lb. line. On this outfit I have had an 8lb. summer fish on the bank in under 11b. a minute quite easily in heavy water and the fish has had a far more sporting chance.

Yours faithfully,

Co. Waterford. LIGHTFISH.

SIR,—Having followed this correspondence closely it appears to me anglers are divided into two camps, sportsmen and killers, and it is impossible to reconcile their views. The "killers" appear to me very much like guns in certain shooting syndicates, who, having paid a certain figure per gun, look upon any shooting which does not refund their expenses (or yield a profit) as providing poor sport. There is this difference in favour of the "guns." They place a certain amount of faith in their own capacity, while the "killers" presumably want to make a certainty of their alleged sport.

It is up to owners of fishings who have any interest therein to protect themselves by restricting the methods of angling to be adopted when letting their fishings.

Yours faithfully,

Meekland, Moffat, Dumfriesshire. JAMES S. J. RUSSELL.

INTRODUCTIONS TO OUR FAUNA

SIR,—Everyone is entitled to his own opinions, but I cannot help feeling that Mr. Elwell is now revealed as the avowed enemy of agriculture and done his own arguments no good.

If his first-hand knowledge of foreign bird-keeping were equal to his antipathy, Mr. Elwell might be aware that it is not customary to release birds unable to fend for themselves in this climate without provision for their wants in the way of artificial feeding. Any which do wander from the place of release and, failing to migrate to warmer climes, ultimately begin to feel the pinch of food shortage, being by their previous taming and training semi-domesticated, normally approach human dwellings where they are either fed or recaptured. Those who conducted the very unusual stork experiment last year are best able to defend it and report on its results, but the impression I gained from Press reports was not that the birds ultimately died of starvation, as Mr. Elwell suggests, but that they migrated somewhat late after being hospitably entertained at certain stopping places on their journey.

Although he cannot bring forward a single instance in which foreign birds escaped from British aviaries have established themselves as harmful wild species, Mr. Elwell is prepared to describe birds so kept as a "potential menace to the countryside" and to deprive hundreds of people who have no opportunity of seeing such birds in a wild state of the joy of admiring their beauty, studying their habits and, in some cases, preserving them from extinction, threatening them in their own habitat. I anticipate that Mr. Seth-Smith may have something to say about the cattle egrets at Whipsnade, so I will merely conclude with the observation that the idea that it could be difficult to control the undue increase of a snow-white bird of large size and rather slow flight that nests inland in colonies can only be regarded as ludicrous.

Yours faithfully,

Barrington House, Lindfield, Sussex. TAVISTOCK.

TOWERING PARTRIDGES

SIR,—How is it that one never sees a French partridge tower when shot at in the same way that an English bird does? I have shot game for 60 years and I never remember seeing a Frenchman tower, though I have seen scores of English birds do so. Again, it is rather peculiar that French partridges do not increase more as they sometimes (not always) bring two broods off at the same time, the hen and cock sitting on two different nests. Of course, I know the French partridge does not lay nearly so many eggs as an English bird; why I do not know, because in Spain, Morocco and other countries they lay over 20 eggs in one nest.

Yours faithfully,

Barton, Cambridge. H. W. HOLBEN.

SHEEP IN THE ROYAL PARKS

SIR,—As a member of the Central Chambers of Agriculture, I am interested in a matter about which visitors to London must often have wondered—why sheep are to be seen grazing in the Royal parks. Whose sheep are they? Why are they there? Who has the grazing rights? Who benefits and who loses?

All these questions are answered by His Majesty's Office of Works, a high official of which tells me this: Grazing rights in the Royal parks are open to tender. For some years ahead these rights will be held by a Mr. Gray, a Scot. As a fact, however—and this at first sounds strange—the Office of Works have not found it easy to let the grazing rights. One reason is that, like everything else, the cost of transport has gone up. The sheep in Hyde Park to-day come from Scotland. Another reason is that farmers and their shepherds are none too keen because of the amount of chasing and worrying by dogs. A section of the public objects because of the fouling of the grass, which is inevitable. But the Office of Works points to the saving in the cost of mowing the grass, a saving which the sheep's presence ensures.

Sheep are not allowed in Regent's Park, and there grass courts and playgrounds are mown by ordinary labour. There are deer in Richmond Park and Bushey Park, but these are owned by the Office of Works itself.

Yours faithfully,

Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors, 34, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1. G. B. J. ATHOE. (Secretary)

RABBITS AND GAS

SIR,—Some months ago you published a letter from me in which I stated that I had tried gassing rabbits here last year with very poor results. It may interest you to know that this year my son and keeper went over the same area of ground with the gassing machine. The ground was "gone over" twice, and we used about 40/- worth of powder. The operations lasted about ten days in April. A month later my keeper wrote to me saying the gas had failed again, and the ground was "hotching" with rabbits. I came over here at the end of June, only to find his statement too true.

It is quite clear to me that the optimistic statements made about the success of gassing rabbits do not apply here, and I shall certainly not waste time and money again trying to rid my ground of rabbits by this method.

Yours faithfully,

Quinish, Dervaig, Tobermory, Isle of Mull. L. ERRINGTON.

THE ANTLER MOTH

SIR,—I have lately received for identification, from the North, some caterpillars of the antler moth (*Charaeas graminis*), a most destructive insect in certain years, known for centuries; as Linnaeus remarked, in the years 1741 and 1748 its ravages were so great as to amount to a national calamity in Sweden. The moth is more abundant in the north of the British Isles and throughout northern Europe than the south.

In certain seasons the damage done by the myriads of these caterpillars is so extensive that whole hillsides and other pasturing grounds have been laid waste. The caterpillars feed on various grasses, the eggs being laid in the early autumn; from these the young caterpillars for a time and then hibernate, and reappear the following spring to feed until fully grown, about the end of June. After a plague of caterpillars the moths appear in countless numbers during the latter part of August and September, usually flying over the pasturing between 9 a.m. and noon, and are again on the wing at night.

The best means of ridding the ground free from their ravages is by burning the pasture, destroying all the growth with the grass in the autumn when the young caterpillars are feeding. Mountain streams have been thick with masses of caterpillars drowned by falling in on their march for fresh food. As they always avoid the burnt surface of the ground, it would be well to direct their course (by fired ground) when marching for a new feeding place, to some stream or other water into which vast hordes might fall and become destroyed. Large flocks of rooks, starlings, black-headed gulls and other birds greedily feed on the caterpillars and have been seen swarming over the infested areas.

Yours faithfully,

Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

THE WORM WILL TURN

SIR,—I think perhaps the following incident may be of interest to you. One evening some years ago we noticed a cuckoo alight on the lawn outside the dining room window. It then flew to, and struggled into, a very thick privet hedge about 4yds. from the window. We got up from our meal to look out, and almost at once, before we could decide whether to go out to see if we could find the cuckoo, out it flew with a hedge-sparrow's egg in its beak. Both my wife and I are absolutely certain it was carrying this egg as it left the nest, and certain that it did not carry an egg in. In due course the eggs hatched, but the young sparrows threw the cuckoo out, and not *vice versa*.

Yours faithfully,

Sharnal, Coburg Road, Dorchester. A. C. R. POPE.

BASKING SHARK OFF IRELAND

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a basking shark that was harpooned off the south coast of Wexford, a short time ago. These sharks, which are very plentiful round here in April and May, and again in August and September, run to various sizes, from small ones about 8ft. long to about 30ft. and more. The measurements of the shark in the photograph are: Length, 22ft. 1in.; girth, in front of dorsal fin, 12ft. 6in.; tail, tip to tip, 6ft.; dorsal fin, height, 3ft., length along body, 3ft. 4in.; pectoral fin, height, 5ft. 4in.; mouth, across jaws, 2ft. 10in.; mouth, from hinge to point of jaw, 2ft. Is there any way of telling the weight, as we had no scales?



A COMMON VISITOR IN SPRING AND LATE SUMMER
(See letter "Basking Shark Off Ireland")

One curious feature was that the shark had no teeth, merely a row of knobbles protruding through the gums for about a quarter of an inch top and bottom. Is this usual in basking sharks or is it a sign of age?

Yours faithfully,

Bannow, Co. Wexford. M. BOYSE.

[The basking shark's teeth are very small since it feeds on small fry which are strained through the long gill rakers.—ED.]

A SCHOOLROOM OF ANCIENT BABYLON

SIR,—The clay benches seen in the photograph once formed part of a schoolroom in the ancient Babylonian city of Mari on the Euphrates, in the extreme south-east corner of Syria.

The young boy seen in the picture is seated on one of the benches, playing with a lump of clay such as was used for writing on in Babylonia 3,000 years before Christ.

The dish near him on the bench held the supply of clay from which the children rolled out their tablets. Each bench had a similar dish. This one has been preserved in position under 10ft. of sand and débris, until the spade of the excavators revealed it in our day. Young hopeful in the picture feels at home immediately, and is sitting thoughtlessly on the seats of his predecessors who were dust before Abraham was born.

Yours faithfully,

18, Magdalen Road, S.W. 18. J. H. ILIFFE.

SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR,—I regret that in the remote corner of the realm wherein is my abode, namely, Wigtownshire, there is an even greater scarcity of swallows and housemartins than that which Colonel Fitzgerald describes in your issue of the 7th inst. as having occurred in a part of Hampshire.

From my distant childhood onward the eaves of my home were the nesting place of many house-martins, while swallows occupied the colonnade of the porch, and flights of both species swept swiftly over a lake in the park. During the last four or five years they have diminished in number, until in the present season I have not seen one. They are absent also from the home farm and garden buildings where they used to abound.

Yours faithfully,

Monreith. HERBERT MAXWELL.

SIR,—I am interested in your correspondent's letter in the issue of August 7th regarding shortage of swallows. I have noticed the same in this neighbourhood. This cottage has four gables, under each of which housemartins have built regularly for years past. This year there has been no sign of my tenants.

It has been a strange year in respect of insect life. There has been little fly either on or off the water, and I have not for long noticed such a scarcity of butterflies.

Yours faithfully,

Weir Cottage, Knighton, Radnorshire. J. E. KEMPE.

SIR,—I was greatly interested to read in your delightful paper of this week that there has been a shortage of swallows in a certain district, and hope it may be of interest to know that on above estate, one half in Devon and the other in Somerset, these welcome visitors are much more numerous than in former years, and instead of confining themselves to the water courses round the roof of the house, they have invaded outhouses, nested and reared families there. Unfortunately, this great pleasure has been counteracted by a dreadful plague of flies, walking or hacking being no pleasure. The hunters gladly enter the stable in the early mornings, whereas in the dead of winter they will never enter voluntarily. Cattle almost blinded crowd the outhouses and remain there all day long. When the hunters get out they bunch together for protection, and then gallop madly round the fields in the vain hope of shaking off the pests. When all animals are being tortured, swallows, on the other hand, are having a glorious time, but it is short-lived in comparison.

Yours faithfully,

Wereseote, Sampford Arundle, Taunton. GEO. W. GILCHRIST.



"AND THERE THEY SAT IN ORDERED ROWS"
(See letter "A Schoolroom of Ancient Babylon")

SIR,—The scarcity of swallows in Hants, as pointed out by Col. A. S. FitzGerald in your issue of August 7th last, must certainly be extended into Somerset, with the martin as an additional species. I have not been out of the county this summer, and wherever I have visited I have noticed a decided scarcity of both species.

Yours faithfully,

Highfield House, Hillfield, Cheddar. STANLEY LEWIS.

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only a short time in bottle



and next to no time at all in your glass

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THE "FLYING CADGER'S" GUIDE TO SHOOTING

English Moors 100 Years Ago

By ALAN FOX-HUTCHINSON

IN an age when the electrification of railways seems so serious a threat to foxhunting it is a comfort to recall that just 100 years ago grouse shooting was believed to be almost equally seriously threatened by the existence of railways at all. In 1834 the two Kings George of Railroads—George Hudson and George Stephenson—had met, by chance, in Whitby, and, Hudson promoting and Stephenson surveying, the Whitby to Pickering railway had resulted. It cut straight through Lord Downe's moors, and as, with Lord Feversham's, they ranked among the best in that half of the North Riding, there were loud lamentation and



THE BAY HORSE INN, WOODBURN

Long a favourite headquarters for shooting over Hareshaw moors. For 50 years the inn-sign (a present to the landlord from Mr. Matthew Bell, of Woolsington) was a portrait of Dr. Syntax, the sire of Beeswing, who was rarely beaten between 1836 and 1842

sad foreboding among the sportsmen who each year assembled to shoot over them at the inn at Saltergate.

At that time, though some moors were let (Hugh Snowie, the gunmaker and estate agent of Inverness, declared that in 1833 the annual rental of all the shootings then let in Inverness-shire totalled £1,100, and that within the ensuing 30 years it rose to £33,000) there was a great deal of grouse shooting to be had "on ticket"; that is to say by easily granted leave of the moors' owners, much in the same way as fishing still is to be had to-day. By its saving, both in trouble and expense, the arrangement made a strong appeal to what Peter Hawker has called "the flying cadger," and for his benefit sporting papers used to publish every year particulars of prospects; of the equipment he would need; and of the arrangements he should make. In 1837 some fuller details were produced. Perhaps their writer felt the time had come for shooting men to make the most, while yet it lasted, of what he looked on as a doomed sport. At any rate, he dwelt a little sadly on the harm railways might do and warned his readers of disappointment they must steel themselves to expect. He then went on to say where—though not necessarily for "the flying cadger"!—in various English counties the best grouse shooting was to be had; and why.

Next to vermin, against which, following Captain Ross's example on the Duchess of Sutherland's moors, determined drives were being made, the grouse's greatest enemy was poachers. For this reason the Duke of Devonshire's moors at Bolton Abbey were particularly well situated, for the weavers of the West Riding were not as fond of shooting as were the miners of the north. On the other hand, on the moors between the Swale and the Tees the poaching was appalling. Apart from local talent, bands of marauders used at times to come over from the Tees's Durham side, and marching in line, some with guns and some with sticks, sweep all before them. On such occasions bands, mostly of resident poachers who resented the intrusion, used to be collected, in Reeth or elsewhere, by the responsible gamekeeper or watcher, who himself was generally a (not perfectly) reformed poacher, and marched against them; though, partly from fear and partly from mismanagement, a start was often delayed until the invaders had enjoyed sufficient sport and were ready to withdraw without a fight.

In addition to these illicit forays there was a good deal of shooting by permission on moors to the west of Reeth and Barnard Castle, including the Bowes Moors; while further west were some "subscription moors"—forerunners of the modern syndicate—as well as Stainmore Common which, being a "kind of no-man's land" attracted "flyers," presumably too low to hope for shooting leave elsewhere as "cadgers." "Tickets" to shoot over much of the moors near Bowes cost only one guinea for a native or ten guineas for a stranger; but every visitor was expected, also, to hire, at 15/- a day, a "guide" to lose the way, eat up the luncheon and explain that the brandy *must* have leaked into the game bag; a dog, at 7/6 a day, to run in; and, perhaps, in hot weather, a pony at half-a-guinea. Besides this, inns all put up their prices, so that when, after *Nicholas Nickleby* had been published, literary-minded sportsmen came to combine their shooting with a sight of *Mr. Squeer's* establishment, they agreed that Dickens had been right to name *any* house near Bowes *Dotheboys Hall!*

Still further westward business men from Manchester and Liverpool made Kirby Stephen, Brough or Appleby their headquarters for shooting in Westmorland, a county in which, however, the best-stocked moors were Shap Fells and Lord Lonsdale's between Shap and Orton. For shooting in Cumberland, Alston was described as a good centre for a "flyer"; the fine moors around Keswick being then mostly the property of Lord Egremont, owner of five Derby and five Oaks winners, who died, aged 85, on November 11th, 1837, just three months after the notes appeared in print. Another to die in that winter was, by a coincidence, his occasional guest at Petworth, the gossiping Mr. Creevey, whose stepson, William Ord, owned at Whitfield some of the best moors in south-western Northumberland. On them, it was said, "there are a considerable number of black as well as red grouse, and the breed of the former



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MATTHEW BELL

Matthew Bell, of Woolsington (now Newcastle's aerodrome and air-port for Norway), was shooting tenant of Hareshaw, and, during the shooting season, "chairman" and chief resident at the Bay Horse Inn

appears like to increase." Mr. Creevey seems to have left no record of having shot there; though he could shoot, and did so, at Croxteth and in Wales. Even better than the Whitfield moors were those of Mr. Ord's neighbour, Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, near Allendale. Under his great-grandson, Lord Allendale, they have more than fulfilled their promise. As recorded in the *Field* the bags at Allenheads to a party of eight guns in August, 1935, were on the 13th, 353 brace; on the 14th, 408 brace; on the 15th, 392 brace; and on the 16th, 379 brace. Bags there in the following week to another party of eight were on the 20th, 474 brace; on the 21st, 235 brace; on the 22nd, 538½ brace; and on the 23rd, 440 brace. Eastwood from there, on moors over which Prince-Bishops of Durham had hunted for 700 years, there was good shooting to be had from Edmundbyres, Blanchland (still ranked—with about 20 others!—as "England's prettiest village") and St. John's Chapel; though, like the Duke of Cleveland's famous moors, the last-named district was a ceaseless prey to sport-loving pit men and workers from Mr. Beaumont's Weardale lead mines.

In Central Northumberland the flying cadger's attention was drawn to Bellingham, to Falstone, to Otterburn, and to Woodburn, where the principal shooting-tenant—and popular chairman during the shooting season at the village inn—was Matty Bell. He owned Woolsington Park, which now is Newcastle's air-port, and he had been a winner in the fierce Northumbrian election of 1826 that resulted in a guiltier kind of shooting, a bloodless duel on Bamburgh sands between John George Lambton (Lord Durham) and the unelected Thomas Wentworth Beaumont. Westward of Falstone, on the moors of the North Tyne, the principal shooting lodges were Mounces, which belonged to Sir John Swinburne, the poet's grandfather, and Keilder Castle, beside the Girdle Stone that stands half in England and half in Scotland, which was the Duke of Northumberland's. Under two generations of Dagg (a family still known and much respected in the district) as gamekeepers the Keilder moors had been, for those times, exceptionally well preserved and, not being much shot over, abounded "in grouse which there find a refuge, and breed in quiet in the lonely waste, over which there is no path."

In North Northumberland the best centre was said to be Wooler, and the best moors near it those of Rowland Errington, head of a race that in the past had owned great stretches of the county. His is the second figure from the picture's left in Grant's *Melton Hunt Breakfast*, and in 1837 he was ending his three seasons as Master of the Quorn. The instructions ended with some hints on how a shooting-jacket should be made. To prevent flapping the skirts must be rounded like a Quaker's "cucumber-cut," and, since weather is so often wet, the cloth should be of wool, and not of fustian, jean nor—fit only for costermongers—velveteen. A pocket for a compass was recommended, for mists on moors at times form very suddenly.

ETHICS
OF
EGG-COLLECTING

By

ERIC PARKER

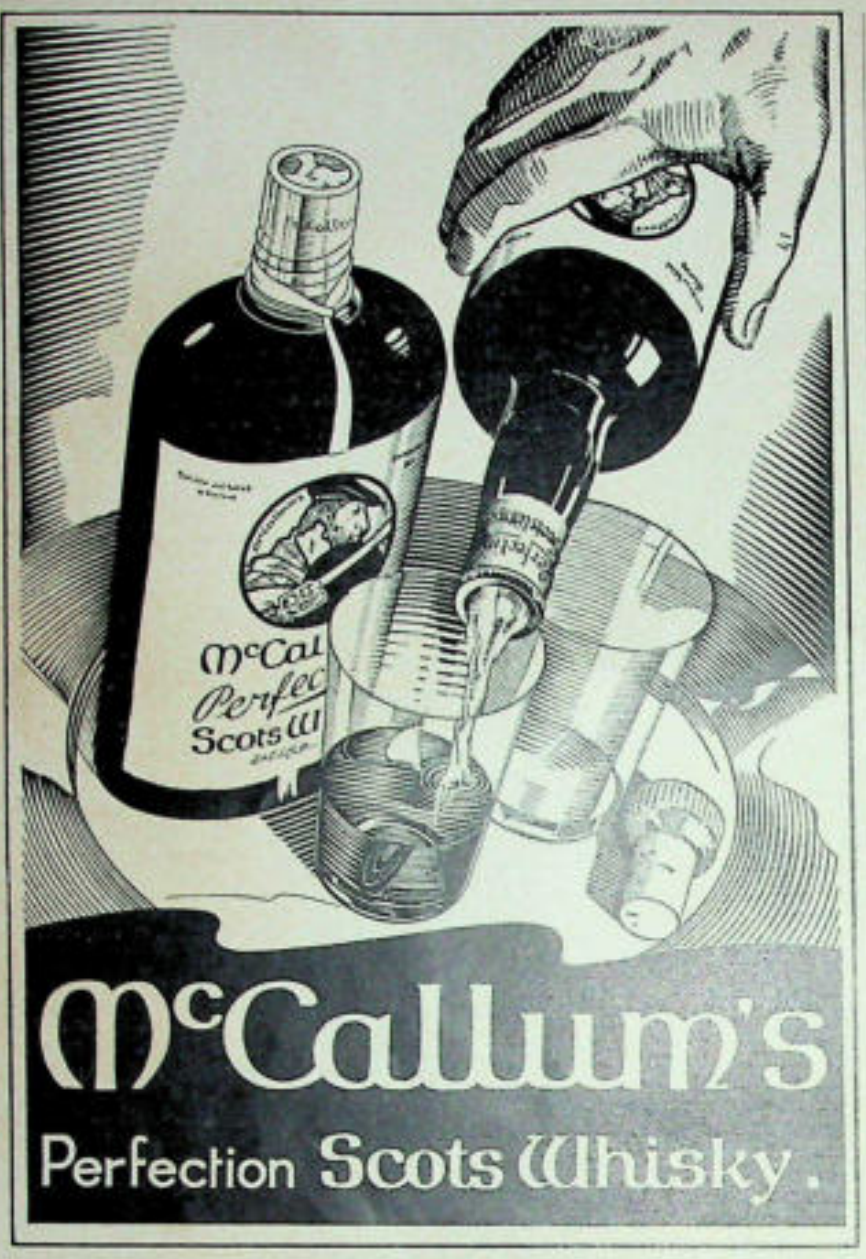
Preface by Lord Desborough

A summary of letters on the subject and from information supplied to "The Field" as to the depredations of egg-collectors, with chapters devoted to an analysis of the situation and possible effects on the bird life of the country.

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HAVING A LOOK ROUND



SLUMBERING PEACEFULLY

(See letter "Photographing an Owl")

COLLECTING FOR LORD ROTHSCHILD

SIR,—I have collected for Lord Rothschild on several occasions; while living in the Channel Islands for nearly a year I made a complete collection of Sark's butterflies for him. I believe I was the last person he commissioned to collect for him, when I visited Finland during the summer of 1935. Knowing he was very keen on the apollo family, I wrote to him after capturing my first specimen, and he replied with his typical enthusiasm telling me that although he had over 20,000 butterflies in this group, coming from places as far apart as the U.S.A., Spain, Mongolia, Norway, and down south from Sicily, he was anxious to obtain a series from Finland to compare the different "forms" one finds amongst this species.

I believe a weird hermaphrodite I once sent him was one of his greatest treasures. It was one of the brilliant Morphos that he specialised in, and while one side was pure male, the other was a strange mixture, the lower hind wing being pure female (huge in size), the top wing was a mixture of both sexes, and as this species varies slightly in colour it certainly stood out. Later I heard that



"UNCLE TOM COBBLEY AND ALL"
(See letter "Village Signs")

the specimen, a Morpho archilla, had been given a central position in his drawer of morpho "freaks."

Lord Rothschild has the distinction of paying the highest price ever paid for a single butterfly—this was a wild caught melanic Swallow-tail P. machaon, and it is believed he paid £50 for it. A few years later I bred a number of these black machaon from wild collected larvæ from the same district, and the Tring Collection has a nice varied series of this rare melanic form.

One wonders what will happen to this vast collection and if it will remain in the family. Some years ago Lord Rothschild sold his famous collection of bird skins to an American collector, proving that his real affection lay in his butterflies.

Yours faithfully,
Bexley. HUGH NEWMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHING AN OWL

SIR,—Altogether, in many and varied situations, I have found a great number of nests of the tawny owl. Hollow trees, rabbit holes and old buildings have been the most usual sites, but I have seen several placed between the buttressed roots at the foot of a big tree and more than one in a cavity in the face of a crag. Early this spring, in a straggling wood on a hillside I was shown a tawny owl sitting on three eggs right out on the open ground. It was just such a spot as I should have expected to find the nest of a woodcock. Except for a thin carpet of dead oak leaves the earth was quite bare. About 15ft. away a little group of saplings, which, incidentally, provided an ideal place for erecting a hiding tent, was the only cover for some distance around. From the first, the bird seemed to take no notice of my camouflaged tent, but I considered it wiser not to occupy it until several days had elapsed. Then as soon as my assistant left the owl dropped without sound or warning at the foot of my tent, paused a moment and with three long, ungainly hops reached the nest. Unfortunately, when settled on her eggs, the bird was facing rather away from me, in a position I thought unlikely to make an attractive picture. I had forgotten the owl's ability to turn its head round without moving its body. This it at once proceeded to do, scanning most carefully and slowly every point of the compass. Having satisfied itself that everything was as it should be, it promptly fell asleep and remained apparently slumbering peacefully until my assistant returned an hour later.

Yours faithfully,
Orrest Foot, M. S. WOOD.
Windermere.

VILLAGE SIGNS

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of the village sign at Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, in which thousands of tourists every year take an interest.

At a Royal Academy banquet in 1924, his present Majesty, when Duke of York, deplored the disappearance of ancient village signs which used to add a picturesque touch to the countryside, and he suggested a revival of them. Thereupon the *Daily Mail* organised a competition and offered prizes for the best designs. It is not every village which can find some notable event in its history sufficiently well known to mark its identity, nor have many villages names adaptable to "rebus" designs, but, on the whole, there are a considerable number of signs to be found here and there.

Widdecombe-in-the-Moor adopted the well-known song of Widdecombe Fair, and its sign portrays the famous grey mare ridden by "Uncle Tom Cobbley and All," seven Devonshire farmers bestride one unfortunate steed. The design is excellent, and a plaque records that it was awarded a prize of £50. Mayfield, in Sussex, was another prize-winner, with a design which embodies both principles, a carving depicting the encounter at Mayfield, when St. Dunstan seized the devil's nose in his red-hot tongs, and also a scene with the Queen of the May and her attendant maidens.

In Norfolk, Swaffham shows the Pedlar of Swaffham and his faithful dog, recalling an ancient legend. Wolferton, the railway station for Sandringham, also has a good design. In Surrey, the sign at Shalford shows St. Christopher carrying his burden across the ford; while at Abinger Hammer there is the sign, which embodies a hammer, attached to the village clock.

Yours faithfully,
Itchen Abbas, E. M. BOOTY.
Winchester.



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G.F.8. 261

INFORMATION WANTED

SIR,—With the consent and help of his executor I am preparing to write a biography of the late Mr. William F. Hanly, of Lanespark, Thurles, Co. Tipperary. May I, through your columns, appeal for help in this work from anyone who can give me any information, or lend me letters or photographs? I am particularly anxious to obtain news and stories of Mr. Hanly's early life, and any information, however trivial it may seem, will be most gratefully received by me. Originals of letters, photographs, &c., will be returned as soon as copies of them have been made; they, and all other information, should be addressed to me, c/o Henry Shannon, Esq., Solicitor, 2, Brighton Place, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.

Yours faithfully,
D. W. E. BROCK.

BLACK-VEINED WHITE IN BERKSHIRE

SIR,—It will probably interest some of your readers to know that I saw a specimen of the Black-veined White butterfly on July 22nd last at Long Wittenham, near Abingdon.

My wife and I were walking along the path at the edge of a field of wheat, at about 11 a.m., and she nearly trod on it in the grass. The butterfly flew over the adjacent hedge, apparently with some effort.

Yours faithfully,
66, Longridge Road, C. M. KIDD.
London, S.W. 5.



AND THEN THERE WERE ONLY SEVEN
(See letter "Eight Eggs in a Skylark's Nest")

EIGHT EGGS IN A SKYLARK'S NEST

SIR,—On July 7th, 1937, at Dungeness, Kent, I put up a skylark from its nest, and found it had six eggs, and noticed at once how remarkably different two were from the others. They were smaller, more rounded at the sides and pointed at the tips. Instead of being somewhat blotched they were very nearly uniformly dark in colour, and less shining. I was so surprised that for a short time I suspected that they were cuckoo's, and found their shells, when examined with a strong lens, much resembled the characteristic texture of the cuckoo's. I remembered this because I had fairly recently examined a cuckoo's egg in a meadow pipit's nest, which they almost exactly resembled in size and colour, except that they had not the characteristic small black spots of the cuckoo's.

Mr. H. A. Kelly kindly went with me the next morning to photograph the skylark's eggs, and there was a third small one, which was slightly blotched. The next morning there was an eighth egg. The morning after they had all gone, the thief, I think, being a chance magpie, which was seen about the evening after.

When examining the nest, if I did not see a bird fly off it, the eggs were always warm, so that it appears that one skylark was laying its eggs while another was still sitting. I was sorry not to be able to find out the domestic arrangement of the two females, if they were both there.

Yours faithfully,
Dungeness, NORMAN H. JOY.
Lydd, Kent.

THE MERLIN

SIR,—I read with interest the article by W. K. Richmond in yours of July 3rd. I recently spent three days on a grouse moor in Wales in search of merlins' nests for photographic purposes. The keeper told me that he usually has no less than four pairs on some 6,000 to 7,000 acres, that over a period of some years he had never seen the remains of a single grouse chick at the eyrie, and that he considered this our smallest hawk, one of his best friends, as they will mob and certainly help to drive off such egg robbers as carrion crows and magpies.

Yours faithfully,
Southampton. W. P. GREEN.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Abnormally Coloured Mole.—It may be of interest to record that I and others have seen an abnormally coloured mole in the garden rockery on more than one occasion. The upper parts are jet black and the lower brown. I have attempted to catch the little animal alive, but without success. —TAVISTOCK, Barrington House, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Late Nesting of Woodcock.—On July 17th, in a birch coppice, I found a woodcock sitting on four eggs. She duly hatched three chicks on August 1st. Is not this extraordinarily late for such an occurrence?—H. B. WALTERS, Cammock, Glenisla, by Alyth, Perthshire.

White House-Martin.—I noticed, on Sunday last, a pure white house-martin flying with other martins just near this house. I think it must be a bird of the year, as I have not seen it before. It does not seem to be mobbed at all by other birds.—G. M. B. CROWE, Broadfields, Ember Lane, Esher.

PIGSTICKING AT CAWNPORE

THE bag for the season was 33 boar in 22 hunting days. This figure, though, with an average of 3.9 spears per meet and an average of 29½in. for the big is no real indication of the quality of sport we enjoyed.

The transfer from here of the 74th Battery and from Lucknow of the 10th Hussars, to whom we bade farewell with many regrets, and the posting away from the station of Street and Lawes of the 2nd Battalion South Staffs contributed largely to the diminished attendance at meets. At the same time we found in the 14th/20th Hussars, who relieved the 10th, the keenest and most enthusiastic of supporters. The experience they and spears from here have gained during the season will, we are sure, lead to the destruction of many more swine next year. Owing to this lack of experience throughout the greater part of the season many a boar found his way back to the bosom of his bristly family.

Within the last two years cultivation at Basdannah has increased to a most disconcerting extent and shows no signs of diminishing. Pig are, however, as numerous as ever. These inroads of the plough, though, if they continue at the present rate, will, we are afraid, in a few years spell an epitaph for a well-known meet. Kundan on the canal afforded good sport, our best morning with four spears being six boar. These canal meets are being carefully exploited and have so far proved well worth the attention paid to them. In the old days the majority of the bag was obtained along the canal. Other meets elsewhere show little or no change, the sport at each having usually been up to the average of each sector. To sum up, the supply of pig generally has been distinctly good, and as far as we can see there should be no less next season, but we may have to look to new jungles further afield in the near future.

Casualties among horses amounted to three. Two were slightly cut and one severely. All three have recovered. There were no accidents to spears, though one, once while spread out on the floor, offered a very "barbary" boar a most alluring prospect of which luckily he was persuaded not to take advantage.

Measurements are as follows: 28in., nine; 29in., ten; 30in., five; 31in., five; 32in., two; 33in., two. For the good sport we have enjoyed we are again indebted to the kindness and whole-hearted support of the civil officials of the station: Mr. Owen, the District Magistrate; Mr. Pearce, the Superintendent of Police; Mr. Tandon and Mr. Samer Chand, Executive Engineers, Lower Ganges Canal; and Mr. Lahiri, Superintendent of Police, Unao. The assistance they render in so many ways can never be too highly appreciated.

FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for £9 to help a gentlewoman, aged 64, in distressful circumstances. Her husband held a responsible position in India, but his widow is not eligible for a pension. Her daughter married an ex-officer, and for the last nine years she has made her home with the young couple. She feels that her position is very difficult for her son-in-law has only a small job at 45/- weekly, and they have three children to keep and educate. In addition her health is very precarious. Friends of the Poor ask for gifts to give this poor gentlewoman some measure of independence.

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IN THE CITY

MARKETS have been affected by the trouble in the East. Chinese and Japanese bonds have fallen sharply, and the shares of companies operating in the disturbed regions have been marked down. Among these are the £1 units of British American Tobacco Company Limited, which have dropped below £6 for the first time this year. It is well known that the company has large interests in China, but the exact size cannot be ascertained and they are variously estimated as consisting of between one-tenth and one-quarter of the company's total assets. A long period of warfare may well prevent the company's factories in China from working to best advantage and there is always the danger that they may be damaged as a result of indiscriminate bombing and shooting. However, there is every reason to believe that trading results in other countries are satisfactory, and that there will be some expansion in profits to offset less favourable returns from the Chinese interests. Holders should not sell at the current price; in fact, if there is any further fall the shares should be well worth buying. The yield, on the basis of the 20 per cent. tax free dividend, which has been paid in each of the last five years, is £4 9s. per cent. at £6, and, therefore, at any price below this the yield is quite attractive. At the first sign of peaceful settlement the units will undoubtedly be quoted higher again.

GENERAL REFRACTORIES

In a recent article attention was drawn to the shares of General Refractories, Ltd. This company has now declared an interim dividend of 8 per cent. less tax, which compares with 6 per cent. a year ago, and the dividend announcement has been accompanied by a progress report. This report covers the operations of the group for the first six months of 1937, and shows that both turnover and profits have increased considerably during this period. There has been some activity in the shares since the announcement of the dividend and the price has advanced to around 30/-. It seems likely that the total distribution for the year will be at least 18 per cent. as compared with 16 per cent. paid last year, but even on the basis of last year's dividend, the yield at 30/- is £5 6s. 8d. per cent.

TWO SPECULATIONS

TREPCA MINES.—For anyone prepared to risk a little money in a rather speculative industry, a purchase of shares in this company should prove profitable over the next few months. The company owns and operates lead and zinc mines in Yugoslavia, and is one of the group of mining concerns of which Mr. Chester Beatty is chairman. The business is excellently run, and has shown increasing profits over the last few years.

Quarterly estimates of revenue and working costs are issued and these show that for the nine months ended June 30th the estimated surplus, which is subject to depreciation and taxation, amounted to £763,680, compared with £340,373 for the corresponding period of the previous year. Prices of lead and zinc are well maintained, and there seem to be no reason why profits for the quarter ending in September should not be as good as for the three previous quarters. If this should prove to be the case, earnings should amount to around 60 per cent. tax free, as compared with 28.2 per cent. tax free last year, when 25 per cent. tax free was distributed. An interim dividend of 15 per cent. tax free, as against 7½ per cent. tax free, has already been paid, and the 5/- shares, which at one time this year stood at around 46/-, can now be bought at 32/-.

SELECTION TRUST, LTD. This company, formed in 1933 as a finance and investment trust, and its principal interests are in base metal mining and diamond mining, and in companies refining and marketing metals. Last year a large part of its revenue was derived from profit on sales of investments. It is impossible to estimate to what extent the company will benefit from this source in the current year, but income from investments will increase considerably. The American Metal Company, in which Selection Trust has a large holding, has already declared interims totalling 75 cents per share, and it is expected that the distribution for the year will be brought up to $2.00 per share, against nil last year. Trepca Mines and Consolidated African Selection Trust, other concerns in which the company is interested, have also increased their interim payments.

Selection Trust shares which were quoted earlier in the year at 45/9 can now be bought at around 36/-, and they should reach higher levels in the course of the next few months.

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The Country House

IN THE ROCK GARDEN

Autumn the Time of Rich Colour

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

LIKE the herbaceous border, the rock garden at this time of year is full of rich colour. The most brilliant patch of colour is that afforded by *Zauschneria californica*. This gorgeous little Californian fuchsia, smothered with its vivid orange-red flowers from late summer until cut by the frost, likes a light warm soil and the hottest, sunniest corner. There are two or three varieties, of which both *Z. c. splendens* and *Z. c. mexicana* flower early, whereas the type flowers so late that it is frequently cut by the frost before the flowers are properly open. This plant is easily increased by cuttings of young growths taken in spring and struck in very sandy soil under a bell-glass in a cold greenhouse.

In striking contrast to the orange of the *Zauschnerias*, are the rich blues of the late Gentians. The most gorgeous hybrid Gentian in flower at this time is *Macaulayi*, the easiest of all the Gentians to grow. This hybrid of *G. Farreri* and *G. sino-ornata* is a wonderfully vigorous grower, in any good rich well-drained loam. Its glorious wide-open blue trumpets are produced in profusion on long trailing stems from August to nearly the end of November. In one garden I know, there is a terrace, part of which overlooks a vast expanse of this Gentian; it is like looking at the Mediterranean on one of its bluest days. *G. sino-ornata* produces its rich blue flowers well into December in southern parts. This quick-growing Gentian likes unlimited well-rotted leaf-mould and a position in full sun. Unlike *G. Macaulayi*, *G. sino-ornata* can tolerate no lime whatever. Even with a suspicion of lime in the soil the flowers turn a deplorable purple and the plants are soon killed. This Gentian is very easy to propagate, either by division in spring, or cuttings taken in spring of the young shoots. The long trailing flower stems also form roots where they touch the soil at the leaf nodes. These can be taken off when the roots have formed. *G. Wellsiana* is a *sino-ornata* hybrid, and is a first-rate late-flowering Gentian. The lovely *G. Farreri*, to many the most beautiful of all the Gentians, is tolerant of lime, but does best in a well-drained loam.

Lithospermum Heavenly Blue is in every rock garden, and the new variety Grace Ward has even more richly coloured flowers. In mild parts *Lithospermum* continues flowering into December.

Verbena chamaedrifolia is as popular as the *Lithospermums*, and being of the same habit of growth, *i.e.*, prostrate, contrasts well with the latter. The little heads of flowers are of the richest scarlet. It is only hardy in the mildest parts and in very sandy soil. *V. corymbosa*, from Chile, which produces its violet flowers on stems nearly 2ft. high, is a vigorous grower, and likes a well-drained loamy soil, and full sun. The flowers smell just like heliotrope.

The pretty little Shamrock *Parochetus communis*, is a charming subject for the pool-side in the Rock Garden, and the wetter the soil the better this little pea thrives, but it likes full sun. The blue pea-like flowers are produced on erect stems 3in. high. It is very easily propagated by rising from seed or striking cuttings.

Of the Oxalis tribe, *O. lobata* strikes a lovely note in the Rock Garden. This little Chilean species is, unfortunately, not too hardy. It does best on the scree. The first leaves produced in spring die down in the summer, and in late summer a second growth of leaves appears, and with them a profusion of the exquisite golden chalices flung open on sunny days, but lovely even when closed on dull days. The easy *O. chrysantha* is starred with its golden flowers all through the summer and autumn. *O. floribunda*, which formerly adorned every cottage garden and by many regarded as the true Shamrock, is hardly suitable for the Rock Garden, but the albino form well deserves a place.

All the Erodiums are in flower now, and the grey foliage of many of them adds greatly to their decorative value. *E. Corsicum* has an abundance of silver foliage which is a perfect foil for the pure rose-pink flowers produced in profusion till late autumn. This species needs a very well-drained soil. *E. chrysanthum* also has charming silver-grey leaves, the flowers being pale yellow. *E. guttatum* is striking, for the white flowers have conspicuous blue-black blotches at the base of the upper petals. *E. macradinum* with pinkish-lilac flowers has the same striking blotches on the lower petals. *E. trichomanifolium*, a Spanish species, has pretty pink-white flowers deeply veined with crimson, and continues flowering later than any other *Erodium*.

The Geranium I like best is *G. macrorrhizum*. It is, perhaps, too rampant a grower to put near any choice subject, but it should be grown by all who appreciate uncommon scents. The scent of both flowers and leaves is so strongly aromatic, that I have noticed even carrying a bunch of it through a room the scent is perceptible for several minutes afterwards. It is, however, a scent that I think one enjoys most out of doors, when one gathers just a leaf, for indoors it is rather overpowering. Our native Geraniums, *G. pratense* and *G. sanguineum*, are always effective in the Rock Garden, especially in the albino forms. *G. sanguineum Lancastriense* once grew wild in the County Palatine, and perhaps it may still be found in out-of-the-way parts there. It is a native of no other part of Britain. This exquisite Cranes Bill is worthy of a place in the choicest Rock Garden. It is quite prostrate in growth, and its lovely wide-open pure pink flowers, veined with red on 3in. stems, are produced in continual succession from late spring till well into winter.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

RECENTLY in one of our leading daily newspapers, the suggestion was put forward that in addition to recording the arrival of our summer birds, the departure of those birds should be noted. Each year in the columns of this journal the first arrivals are carefully noted by enthusiasts from all over the country. It is easy to do so. We are looking for their return. We are welcoming back old friends—and something more. They bring with them the promise of long days in field and wood. Who has not felt a lifting of the spirit with the first sound of the chiffchaff, a pleasant laziness as the first swallow sweeps across the lawn? And these first arrivals are very ready to advertise their presence in song.

* * *

We note the first arrival. Presumably, then we must note the last departure. But is it possible to record departure of birds from any given district? I think not. Many birds have not been in song since June, and now they leave as silently and are gone before we miss them. We may keep a record of the birds we see each day. We miss a species for a week or more, and we say it has gone; the next day it is as plentiful as ever. Our local birds have gone, and there are travellers from further north, halting for rest and refreshment. Then, one day we notice they have gone. We could not tell when they went. We did not notice the departure; we notice only the void they have left.

* * *

Moreover, I do not know that one should record departures. Scientifically, no doubt, the information would be useful. But I can imagine nothing more depressing than noting down in a little book: "Last shrike, last swallow; last martin, last grasshopper warbler." Life is so very uncertain. One might oneself depart before the chance has come to note in that little book: "First martin, first swallow, first flycatcher." Happily, it is not possible so to record departure. The departure is definite enough—as definite and irrevocable as watching an express drawing out of a station—but it is to a large extent impersonal.

* * *

I have not yet seen any record of the arrival dates of our winter visitors, but I feel sure that they would be of the greatest interest, and would probably occasion some surprise to those of us living south of the Thames. When does the first fieldfare, or the first redwing, or the first brambling arrive? The earliest date for the fieldfare, of which I have knowledge, is August 20th in Yorkshire; for the redwing, September 2nd in Lincolnshire; for the brambling, August 30th, in Lancashire.

* * *

Often enough in July and August one hears the remark that wasps are scarce. So long as the workers are really busy they travel straight between the nest and the hunting-ground. There is no dallying by the way. But in September the population of the wasp nest has reached its highest. The later broods are producing males or drones and functional females. Now the egg-laying capacity of the old queen begins to wane. She can no longer supply helpers to feed the hungry grubs or to manufacture pupæ. The communal spirit no longer governs the inhabitants. Their desires become selfish. Wasps now are everywhere. Sweets attract them. They have no need to provide for others. The marmalade on the breakfast table attracts them. The napkin is used as a swotter, and men arrive ill-tempered at the office. Yet the wasp is harmless enough, and does much good. Then the egg-capacity of the queen fails, and she dies. With her dies the hope and the workers go out for the last time.

* * *

There are many who still regard the robin as the herald of frost and snow. But the robin dislikes extremes. He is the herald of autumn. The blackbird voices the energy and adventure of youth; the nightingale is all sentiment and emotion. The robin cries a welcome halt to both. He is a singer of half-moods. Youth is not all, nor even the greater part of life; so the robin would have us know. His song is tranquil and full of content. It is not a song so much as a soliloquy. He is telling himself again the sum of the year's good things—some are, perhaps, a little doubtful, and there is the undertone of melancholy, some admit no doubt—and there is the little rill of joy. It is all so fresh and so sweet, and so unstudied, that the heart may join in the song of the bird. For it is only when the robin is back among the habitations of men that he sings in this manner. I rather think that there must be a moral somewhere in that sentence.

B. V-F.

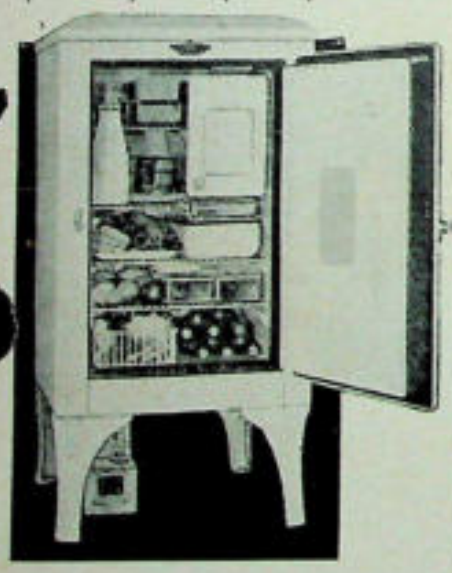


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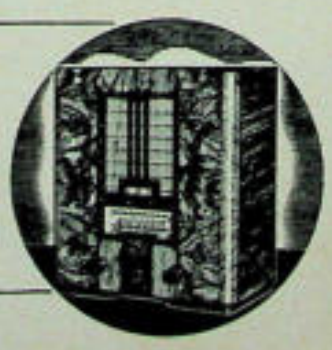
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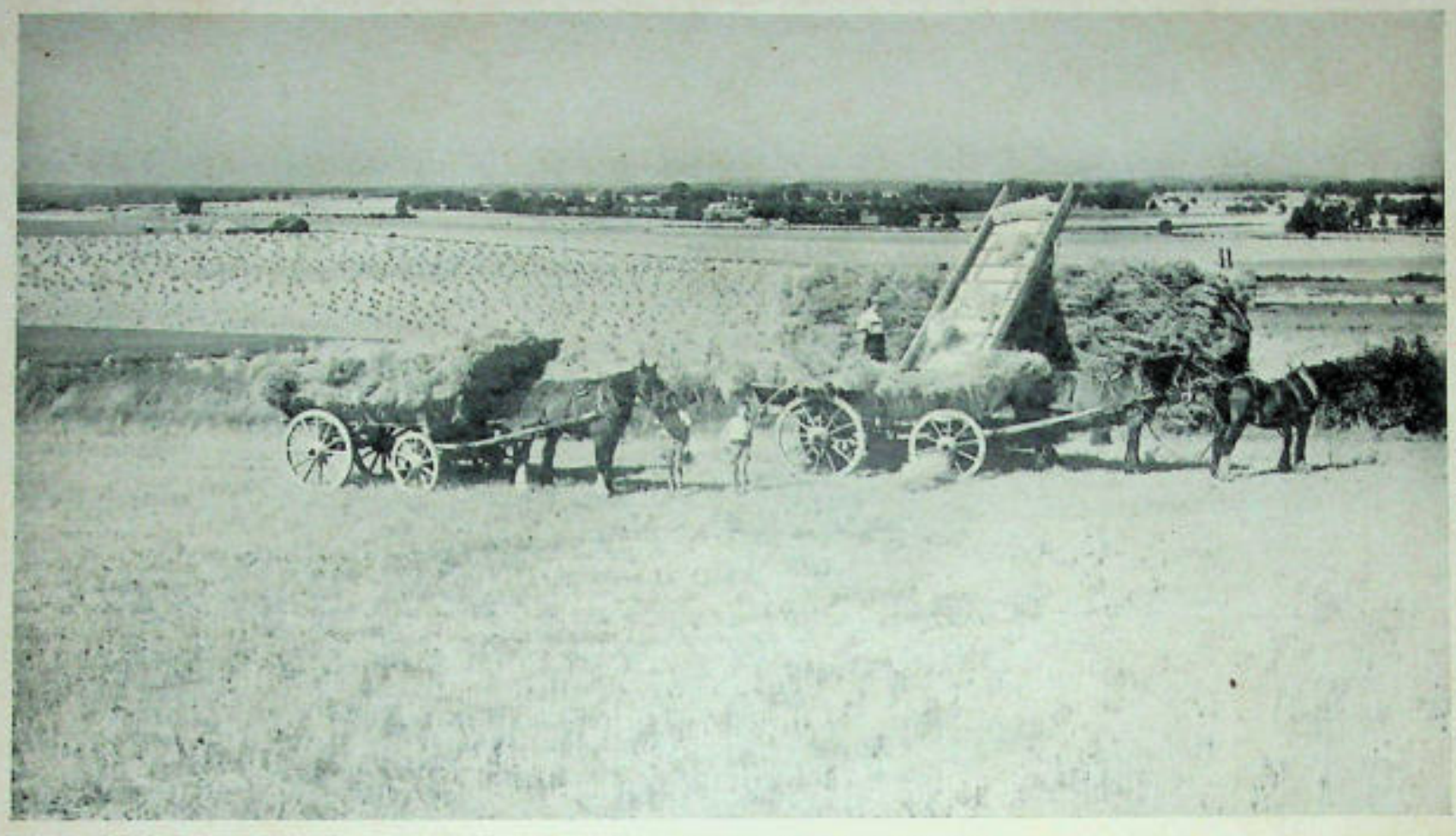
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A harvest scene from West Harbourne

RURAL LAND AND DEATH DUTIES

The Stranglehold on Development

TO those interested in country life it is distressing to see the deterioration in rural land which is going on in some parts of the country. Soggy fields calling for drainage renewal, blocked ditches, broken-down gates and untrimmed hedges bodged with barbed wire, exhausted meadows abandoned to coarse grasses, thistles and rabbits and arable land seeded with weeds, fast going back to primitive conditions. There is not the capital or profit to keep things going properly, and while few landowners would agree that inefficient management and extravagance are partly responsible, most of them would be willing to ascribe part of the blame to death duties. And, indeed, with estate duty at a maximum of 50 per cent. and a possible succession duty as well, up to 10 per cent., it is evident that the burden of these duties must be a serious consideration in the development of rural land.

In the past, land was a highly favoured form of property and had many privileges. Then the tide turned, and in some respects the ownership of land tended to become more of a responsibility than a privilege. Of recent years there has been a decided reaction in favour of rural land, and so far as estate duty is concerned, it has the following advantages compared with other property.

(1) Unless the land is sold within a year, interest on the estate duty is not payable until a year has elapsed from the death. In the case of other property, interest runs from the death. There is no advantage in paying the estate duty on land before the expiration of the year as the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are not authorised to allow discount.

(2) The duty may be paid by eight yearly or sixteen half-yearly instalments, the first of which is due twelve months from the death. If the property is sold, all unpaid instalments become due. In many cases it is convenient to make payment by instalments, especially at first; but in the majority of cases it is preferred to raise the whole amount at once rather than face the necessity of providing for small instalments over a period of eight years. All instalments may be paid in full at any time.

(3) If an estate includes cottages occupied by persons solely employed for agricultural purposes on the estate, no account is to be taken of any value attributable to the fact that the cottages are suitable for residential purposes of any persons other than agricultural labourers or workmen on the estate. This means that if a cottage is such that a town-dweller might recondition it and turn it into an "olde worlde" residence for himself, duty is not payable on any such potential additional value.

(4) If land again passes on a second death within five years, the estate duty on the second occasion is reduced by from 10 per cent., if the second death takes place within five years up to 50 per cent., if the second death occurs within one year. This advantage is only given to land or a business, but would not be applicable if the property were held by a company.

(5) The agricultural value of land is only charged at the lower rates of estate duty imposed by the Finance Act, 1919. This is a substantial benefit as the rates have been considerably increased since then. If the land has only an agricultural value, this benefit is applied to the whole value. But if there is an expectation of increased value for other purposes, *e.g.*, for building, mining, quarrying, &c., the value is divided up into (*a*) the purely agricultural value and (*b*) the "excess principal value," *i.e.*, the difference between the full market value and the agricultural value. Estate duty is payable on (*a*) at the 1919 rates and on (*b*) at the current rates. Agricultural property has a somewhat wide meaning, *i.e.*, agricultural land, pasture and woodland, also such cottages, farmbuildings, farmhouses and mansion houses (together with the lands occupied therewith) as are of a character appropriate to the property.

(6) If timber is growing on the land, payment of the duty is not required unless and until the timber is sold. If it is cut and sold, duty then becomes payable on the proceeds of sale after deducting necessary outgoings. If, however, it is sold unfelled, whether with or without the land, duty is payable on the value of the timber as at the date of death subject to an allowance in respect of any estate duty already paid in respect of periodical sales. If more than one death has occurred before the timber, or the land on which it stands, is sold, duty is not cumulative but is only payable in connection with the last death on which the property passed. Underwood is not chargeable with duty.

In one respect, land is in a less favourable position than other property. The estate duty on the whole of the testator's personal estate is payable out of his residuary estate, and legacies and benefits payable thereout are not called upon to bear any portion of this duty. The estate duty on land, however, is a charge on the land and the successor must provide for it. If a testator gives his personal estate to one person and his land to another, the latter cannot look to the personal estate for payment of the estate duty on the land. Further, a legacies, jointures or portions charged by a settl on his land must bear their proportions of the dut A testator has power to alter the incidence of duty, but if he wishes the estate duty on the land to be borne by the rest of the estate he must give clear directions to this effect in his will.

Succession duty may be payable in addition to estate duty. It is payable at £1 per cent. by children or parents, but only if the total aggregable property for estate duty exceeds £15,000. Nephews and nieces are chargeable at £5 per cent. and more distant relatives and strangers in blood are charged at £10 per cent. If the successor is absolutely entitled, succession duty is payable on the basis of the same value and by the same instalments as for estate duty. If he takes for life only, payment by instalments is also available and discount is given if payment is made in advance.

As a rule, it is possible for the accountable person to raise the duties by way of charge, but if the property is already mortgaged, a second charge for money to pay the estate duty would not be looked upon with favour by a bank or other lender. A landowner would be well advised to consider the position of his successor in regard to the charge of duty on land. If there are no liquid assets to which the latter can have recourse, it is open to the landowner to direct that the duties on his land shall be paid out of his personal estate, or he may consider the question of taking out an insurance policy for payment of the duties. But whatever is done, it seems inevitable that the death of the landowner means not only that the guiding hand is taken away, but at the same time a substantial sum for death duties has to be provided for and to that extent the development and improvement of land is hindered.

R. DYMOND.

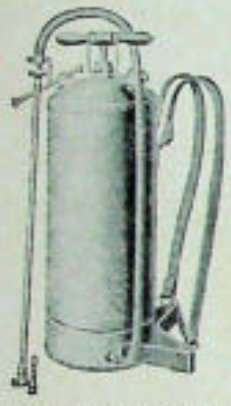
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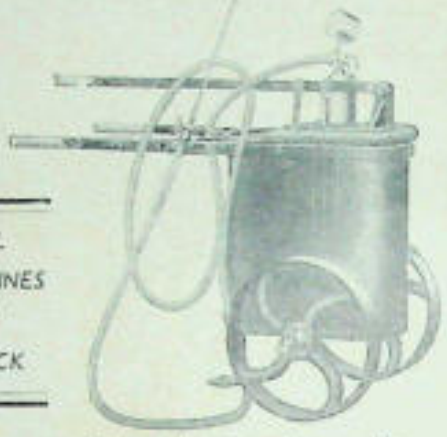
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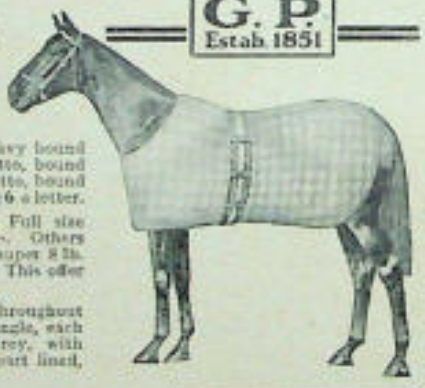
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FAMILY OR FACTORY FARM?

The Compromise of Two Opposing Systems

IN common with any other industry, agriculture is subject to cycles of change, most of them occurring at the instigation of strong economic influences. From the highly mechanised farm of considerable size—which may be defined as the type of farm most closely representing factory efficiency—the cycle has gone full swing to introduce the relatively small family farm. Which is it to be, if it must be one or the other? Is there a compromise to be reached whereby the virtues of both may so be blended and incorporated that the unit is acceptable both to the farmer and the nation?

Not many years ago, when production costs exceeded the returns from the average farm, mechanisation was introduced to lower the margin of expenditure. That it was successful cannot be doubted. Cash crops of cereals and beet contributed to balance a budget which could not be met when stock formed an item on the more usual mixed farm. More efficient tractor labour was available and we stood aside to witness a revolution in practice which few had dared to forecast.

Most of those farms have survived without alteration from their original state; some, on the lighter land, have expanded outside the restrictive limits of cereal production to include highly organised stock units as a balance for improving the strength of the local soil. In general, therefore, the revolution justified its ambition—it achieved economical cereal production in a market which was partly sheltered. From this experiment hasty deductions were made, and it might have been believed that the whole country was to be transformed into large units for cereal crops without a glimpse of the golden hoof.

Contingent with these changes an improvement began to be felt in general or mixed farming, and no small amount of argument occurred between the exponents of both systems. It was held that mixed farming, being more flexible, could adapt itself to changes more easily and readily than any size of unit which depended on a specialised output for its success. More labour was needed on the mixed farm and therefore from a national standpoint this system had much to recommend it. Not always, however, is a nation prepared to pay for the things which are good for it, and as labour began to get scarce—apart from expensive—the mixed farm was forced to adapt itself once more to an alteration in conditions. Already, in many parts of the country, is to be seen the evidence of this change. On comparatively small dairy farms the team of milkers which can no longer be enlisted has been replaced and succeeded by a machine. The same size farm shelters a tractor in the wagon shed, a replacement for the team of horses which formerly occupied the stable. A scarcity of labour combined with a rise in feeding costs has brought its own repercussions, and the smaller farms have had to be subjected to more careful organisation to meet these newly created difficulties. Between the large specialised farm and the mixed farm there is a group which stands somewhat outside the category of acreage, namely, the family farm. In some cases it may be a large farm, in others a unit of restricted size, the factor in common being the administration of it by a family of persons who depend on their own labour for its management. Abroad it forms by far the greater proportion of producers, and it is not to be neglected numerically at home. Investigations have shown that in severe depressions it is the unit which survives with the least amount of harm, whether that be measured in terms of reduced capital, actual loss of income or reduced output.

At a first glance it might seem that here, in the family farm, we have the compromise of two opposing systems, a buffer it might be called, against a depression, and a source from which experienced blood might be recruited to propagate our race of farmers. All of which is true. Looking farther afield, however, and especially to Continental countries, the danger of having a preponderance of family farms may be seen. Too many of them, having a surplus of labour, degenerate into primitive forms of production to lower costs at the expense of production. Mechanisation is deferred beyond its limit of useful acceptance because abundant manual labour is at hand, and administration suffers when it comes not from one individual but from a group who may not hold coincident views. Exceptions may be found to adulterate these opinions, but in the main they are natural weaknesses to which other systems have a parallel in another form.

Probing further the compromise from which the most likely results are to be expected is that of a mixed farm which is dependent on mechanisation as a substitute for a lack of labour and a complete separation of the various enterprises of production. Whether this is done with or without the assistance of a family is immaterial, provided it achieves a higher gross output of quality produce. As a system it borrows and incorporates the best of contemporary practice without demanding any expensive or revolutionary changes of procedure. Certainly it may require additional capital to mechanise the farm, but this can be accomplished gradually and without incurring considerable credit.

For various and different types of farms there will always be room, but it is time that interest and encouragement was given to finding a medium by means of which the country might be made secure against the serious diminution of capital which has resulted by the regular swing from one system to another over a period of comparatively few years. Careful adjustments of imports would assist considerably in achieving this objective, for the farmer will always be forced to seek some new method of avoiding the depleting influences of a depression when ordinary systems are not proof against them.

C. J.



THE ADVANCE OF AGRICULTURE

The farm wagon and horse, the old-type steam tackle engine, and the modern thresher machine, belt driven by an International W-30 Tractor which is hidden behind the wood in the foreground

CARCASS QUALITY TESTS FOR PEDIGREE PIGS.—The National Pig Breeders' Association has taken an important step towards linking the work of the pedigree pig breeder with the requirements of the bacon trade. A Carcass Quality Report Scheme, complementary to the live pig shows and to the Association's carcass competitions, is to be instituted. This will enable members of the Association to obtain detailed reports on carcasses of selected pigs fed to bacon weight, at any time during the year. Provision is made for two pigs from any litter to be sent to the factory. At the factory measurements of the carcass will be made at certain definite points and in conjunction with other relevant data marks will be allotted and a report submitted to the breeder. Pigs to come within the dead weight range of 7 score to 8 score 7 lb. will first be tested.

SALE OF POTATOES: NEW RIDDLE REGULATIONS.—The Potato Marketing Board has made the following new riddle regulations, the observance of which is compulsory on all registered producers under the Potato Marketing Scheme. The regulations come into force immediately, and will remain in operation until a further determination is made by the Board.

Varieties	Minimum Riddle
King Edward and Red King ..	1¾ inches
All other varieties	1½ inches

The Board also decided to cancel as from September 6th the regulation made on August 5th prescribing a minimum riddle of 2 inches for the varieties Kerr's Pink and Red Skin produced in Scotland. After that date the minimum riddle of 1¾ inches applicable to "all other varieties" referred to above will operate.



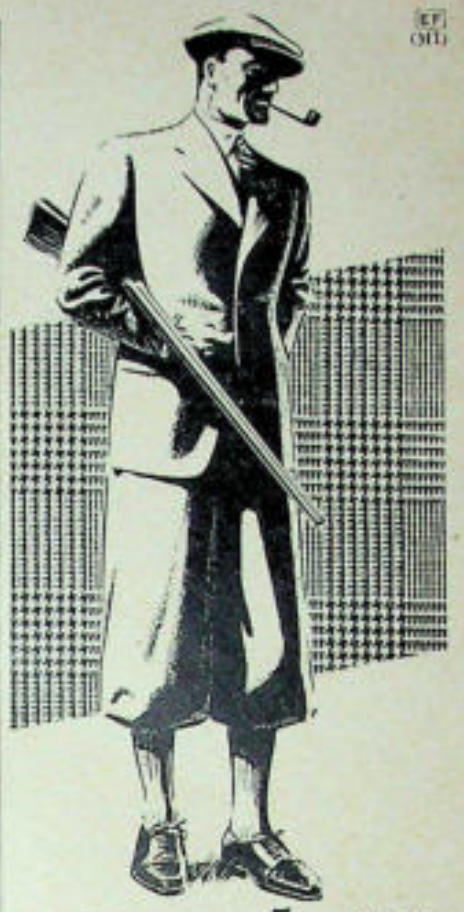
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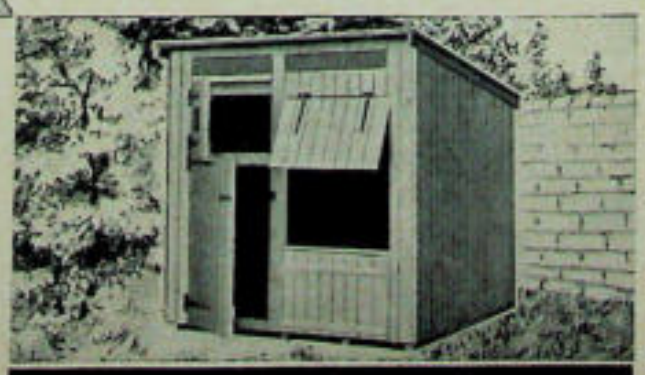
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The Brilliant Production of Ettore Bugatti

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

IF I was asked to give my opinion as to the best all-round super-sports car which is available on the market to-day, I should, without any hesitation whatever, say it was the 3.3 Bugatti. I grant that it is not the type of car that would necessarily appeal to the majority of drivers who merely indulge in a burst of speed from time to time, but it cannot fail to attract the connoisseur, or those who know how to handle the thoroughbred. It is a car in a class by itself.

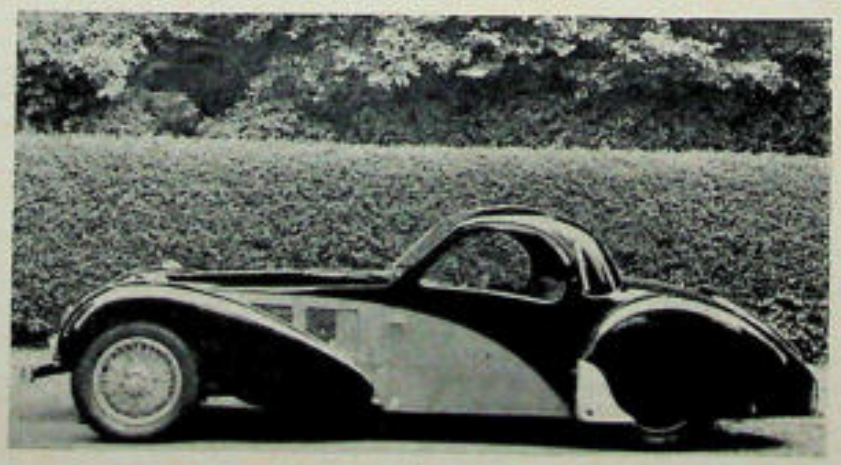
For many years it has been my privilege to be acquainted with Mr. Ettore Bugatti, who, in addition to designing all the cars that bear his name, owns the factory where they are built. I can only say that no more brilliant brain than his exists in the motor industry to-day. By birth Mr. Bugatti is an Italian, and started life as a sculptor, but at the age of seventeen, wishing to indulge in an art of a different kind, he turned his attention to engineering.

Being by nature a mechanical genius, it was not long before he designed his first car, which even in those days was capable of a much higher speed than those of his rivals. Eventually Mr. Bugatti decided to leave his native land, and settling down at Molsheim in Alsace, he built a factory and has been manufacturing cars there ever since. Mr. Ettore Bugatti, however, is a man of many parts, and is never happier than when he is engaged in working out some problem which may not necessarily be confined to the automobile. If there is anything which he requires, and he is unable to buy exactly what he wants, he sets to work and designs and makes the article himself. He once made what is probably the smallest watch in the world; he designed the vices which are used in all his workshops, and he also brought out an entirely new type of bicycle stand, which is used by all his staff who cycle to and from their work. Nearly ten years ago he decided to build a super-type of car, irrespective of cost, and as its price in London was £6,000, I should imagine it was the most expensive car that has ever been placed on the market.

That car was nicknamed "The Golden Bug," and although Mr. Bugatti only intended building 20 of these vehicles, he virtually sold them all before even the first of this special series was completed. In addition to the construction of motor cars, at the present time part of the factory is actively engaged on building high-speed motor-driven locomotives, which are being used extensively on a number of the railways in France. These engines are capable of a speed of approximately 120 m.p.h.

Mr. Bugatti has many hobbies of a nature varying from dog breeding to fishing, and incidentally he buys all his rods and tackle in London. He is also a very keen equestrian, and keeps a large stable. Although the articles which I write for the *Field* are usually devoted solely to a description of the car under review, I felt that in this particular instance my article would not be complete without a few words of introduction to the genius behind the scenes who, unfortunately, does not visit this country as often as we would like him to do.

The 3.3 Model 57s. Bugatti, the car now under review, has been evolved from the Grand Prix machines which have competed in all the important Continental road races recently, with the exception that it is not fitted with a supercharger. It has, of course, been modified to make it suitable for ordinary touring conditions, and is consequently very flexible, and a delight to handle in traffic.



THE TWO-SEATER FIXED HEAD COUPÉ BUGATTI BELONGING TO EARL HOWE

On the other hand, exactly similar cars to these are raced on the Continent in events which are open for the sports type of vehicle, and they have already achieved great success and distinction.

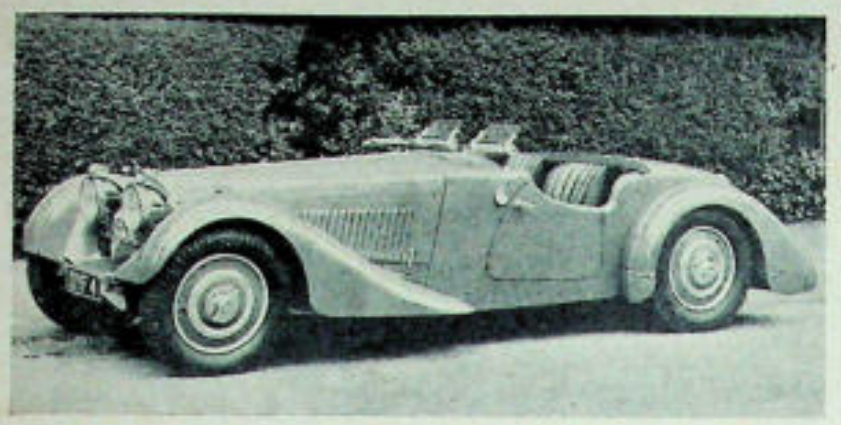
The engine which is now rubber mounted, is an 8-cylinder-in-line monobloc casting, having a bore of 72 m.m. and a stroke of 100 m.m. The cubic capacity is 3,255 c.c., the R.A.C. rating 25.7 h.p., and the tax £19 10s. per annum. The valves are overhead, there being one inlet and one exhaust valve per cylinder, and these are operated by twin overhead camshafts which are gear driven, the wheels being alternately of steel and fibre.

The main and big-end bearings are plain white metal, the crankshaft being carried on six bearings. There is one plug per cylinder, and these are situated in the centre of the head. A Scintilla Vertex magneto is employed. A special Bugatti carburretor is fitted, which in effect is a double one, since there are twin jets and two float chambers. Cooling is effected by means of a pump and fan, and the radiator shutter is thermostatically controlled. The engine is a lovely-looking job, very compact and beautifully finished.

It gives off approximately 175 b.h.p. at 5,250 r.p.m., but will turn up to 5,500 r.p.m. or even more, although this speed should not be exceeded on the intermediate gears. Petrol consumption under ordinary touring conditions works out at an average of fifteen miles per gallon, which is very good for a car of its type.

The suspension is carried out by semi-elliptic springs to the front axle, and quarter elliptic at the rear. The back springs are anchored at their front ends to the axle and at their back ends to the chassis; a usual Bugatti practice. De Ram shock absorbers are fitted to both axles. The brakes are mechanically operated by means of cables, and are fully compensated. Wire wheels are fitted as standard on this model, and discs are supplied. The gearbox, which is in unit with the engine, has four forwards speeds and reverse, with central control. Top and third and second are silent gears, and the ratios are as follows: Top, 4.17 to 1; third, 5.37 to 1; second, 7.5 to 1; and low, 11.6 to 1.

When the engine is turning at 5,000 r.p.m. on top gear, a road speed of 110 m.p.h. is achieved. In other words, the speed works out at approximately 22 m.p.h. per 1,000 r.p.m. As the motor will top 5,500 r.p.m., this is equivalent to a road speed of 121 m.p.h., and under favourable



SIR MALCOLM'S BUGATTI WITH ITS LIGHT, OPEN TWO-SEATER BODY

conditions the car is capable of reaching this speed, or even slightly more.

The chassis is complete with dynamo lighting and starting and the engine on top gear will pull evenly at as low a speed as 12 m.p.h. and is, therefore, amazingly flexible. The price of the chassis, delivered London, is £1,100, and the cost of the complete vehicle varies according to the type of body selected.

Mr. Bugatti has designed a special two-seater fixed head coupé, and the greatest possible care has been given to the question of streamline. Earl Howe has recently obtained delivery of one of these, but my own car, however, is fitted with a very light open two-seater body, with concealed hood, and was built by the Corsica Coachbuilding Co., of London.

The weight of the chassis complete with spare wheel, lamps, &c., is 21¾cwt., and the weight of my two-seater body is 6cwt. 14lb., so the total weight of the complete car is just under 28cwt.

I have so far covered about 600 miles on my own car, as I have only recently taken delivery, but that brief mileage is sufficient to have made me enamoured with my new steed. It is an absolute joy to handle, and although designed for really fast touring, it is amazingly tractable in London traffic, which is unique for a car of this type. Its chief characteristics are superb road holding, really brilliant acceleration and very powerful brakes.

Bugatti cars have always been noted for their stability and this model certainly is no exception. It is probably the fastest standard sports car on the market to-day, and without doubt one of the very safest. The London address of the factory is Ettore Bugatti, 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W. 9, which is the service station, where a full range of spare parts is always available.

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF PROGRESS

ON August 25th British air transport celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of the establishment by British enterprise, between London and Paris, of the world's first daily air service for the carriage of passengers and freight.

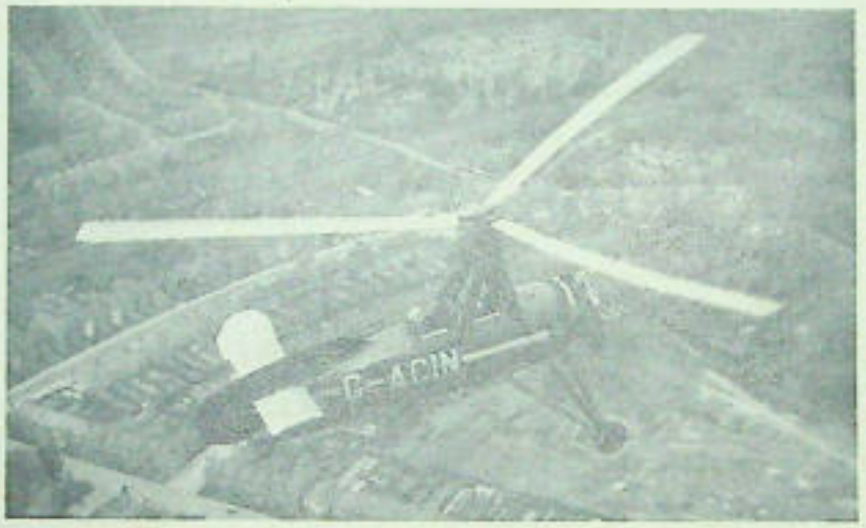
In August, 1919, the 250 miles London-Paris route represented the total mileage of regularly-operated British air services. To-day—epitomising eighteen years of air travel progress—the aircraft of Imperial Airways, and of its subsidiary and associated companies, are flying over just on 30,000 miles of European and Empire routes. The first London-Paris air service operated so reliably that, within three months of its inception, the Post Office entrusted it with the carriage of mails. At that time it cost half-a-crown to send a letter by air from London to Paris. To-day one can send a ½oz. letter for 8,600 miles, from England to South Africa, for a fee of only 1½d.

AVIATION AND THE ROADS

The Part It Can Play in Survey and Control

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

MR. LESLIE BURGIN, the Minister of Transport, has recently started a series of survey flights over the trunk roads of Great Britain, and the fact that the first of these, which was announced as experimental, was quickly followed by another, indicates that the use of the aeroplane for road survey and traffic study purposes is thought to have possibilities.



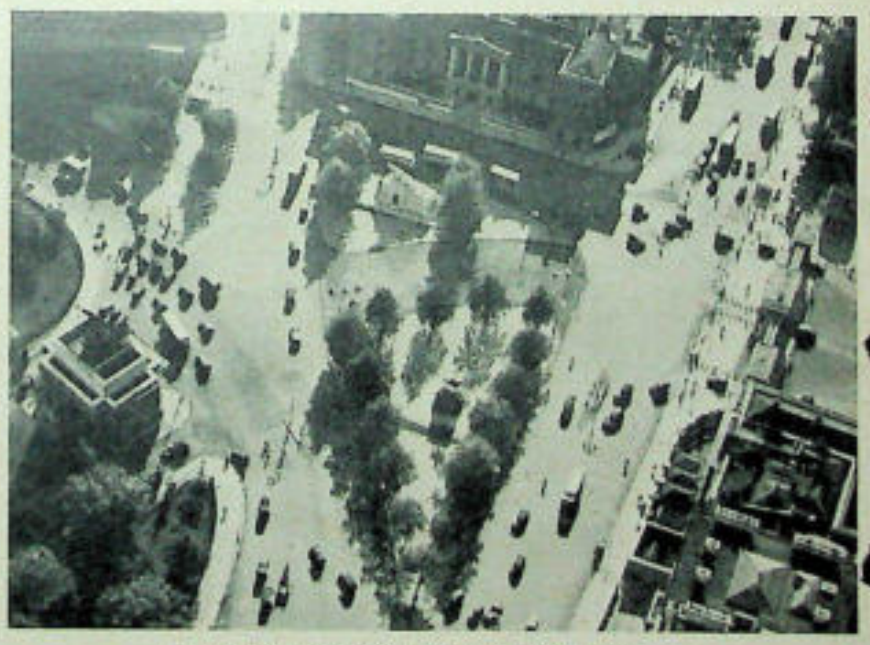
That this is so can hardly be doubted. Now that the trunk roads are to be brought under national care, it is obvious that greater co-ordination than has been possible in the past will be attempted, and for this it is essential that a complete picture of traffic conditions over various sections of one route must be obtained. For this, aircraft would seem ideal, for not only can the general layout of roads be instantaneously appreciated, but a great deal of country can be covered in a short time. In this way first-hand knowledge can be gained of the state of traffic on a given road throughout its entire length.

It is generally recognised that the main problem in road planning is to secure uniform movement throughout the entire length. It is no use speeding up traffic by the construction of by-passes and the like if they merely feed vehicles more quickly to narrow, congested roads. An air survey enables actual practical conditions to be observed, and should be specially valuable for studying the effect of newly opened widenings.

Actually, the Minister of Transport on his second trip did examine some new works in progress in the South of England and surveyed the line of a proposed new by-pass. During this trip, which lay over the southern and south-western counties, as much as 650 miles were flown in the day—an indication of the amount of ground that can be covered and the superiority of the air survey for obtaining a picture of conditions over a large area.

The use of aircraft for traffic control is not, of course, entirely new. Very soon after the end of the War the airship R34 was used for the purpose on Derby Day, and the results were, at the time, regarded as highly satisfactory. More recently, the Metropolitan Police have used an autogiro for observation work, while other police authorities have employed aircraft in a similar way. At the first flying display of aeroplanes in police work, organised by the National Safety First Association in 1934, a demonstration was given before representatives of police bodies from all over the country of the application of aerial observation for detecting breaches of the Highway Code.

Thus, the flights of the Minister of Transport are not so much innovations as the continuance of a method, the merits of which have long been recognised. The great point is that the obvious advantages of air survey are now receiving the support of the highest road authority in the kingdom.



OBSERVING LONDON'S TRAFFIC FROM THE AIR

Above, an autogiro with which the Metropolitan Police have already experimented, and, below, Hyde Park Corner as seen from the 'plane. In this photograph may be picked out St. George's Hospital, the Artillery Memorial, and the Duke of Wellington's Statue.

Now that a national road policy is being actively pushed forward the use of air survey should expand. Every motorist knows that the road system of this country is still not as good as it might be; and as so many millions are to be spent in the next five years on new highways and improvements it is vital that the best results should be secured. Air survey can play a big part in ensuring that the deficiencies of our highway system are made good, and that new roads really do serve a traffic need. Planned aerial observation over a period of our chief trunk roads should yield invaluable data in regard not merely to actual layout but to the habits of road users.

The main advantage over more normal methods is that, whereas a study of maps and statistics presents merely a static picture, aerial observation gives a dynamic indication of conditions. The influence of congestion or delays at any one point on the distribution of traffic elsewhere can be seen almost simultaneously. The result is much more practical apprehension of existing trends and problems. Differences in traffic density, fluctuations of movement, and the like, can be studied in actuality instead of having to be reconstructed from the dry bones of traffic censuses.

Much the same applies to traffic control from the air. On occasions of large converging traffic movements, such as Derby Day, aerial control can ensure that the available roads are used to their utmost capacity, and in the most efficient way. Experience shows that on these occasions the most thorough planning in advance and scheduling of roads does not always lead to the freest possible movement, and this may be due to some quite unforeseen and unforeseeable cause. The aerial observer on the spot can immediately note points of congestion, and by wireless arrange for diversions further back along the route.

Perhaps the time may come when aerial control of traffic in this way will be a commonplace. Its advantages are obvious, for it is clear that, in many cases, the actual roads leading to some popular centre are more or less adequate, but the difficulty is to ensure their efficient utilisation. Surface control methods seem now to have reached a point beyond which progress will be difficult, if not impossible, and seeming miracles are being accomplished. If partial failures still occur, it must be that some new and more comprehensive method of control is needed, and for that aircraft can offer a solution.

Slow speed and high visibility are obviously desirable—indeed essential—characteristics of aircraft used in traffic control, and experience may prove that an autogiro or some similar type of machine is the most suited.

INNSBRUCK AND THE STUBAITAL

Rambling in the Mountains of Friendly Austria

By CECILIA NAUMANN

A FEW miles out of the city of Innsbruck the branch valley of the Stubai runs into the Wipptal from the south-west, and the wise traveller who takes the Stubaital autobus from Innsbruck one morning finds, as he drops over the shoulder of Schönberg, a view of mountain, valley and woods not easily surpassed. At the far end of the valley are glaciers and eternal snows; to the right the jagged teeth of the Kolkkägel range stand sharp against the sky, while on the east side rises in superb proportions, tapering to a peak, the great height of Serles, forest clothing



THE PEACEFUL GLORY OF THE STUBAITAL

it to the timber line, from which the gaunt rock towers to over 9,000ft.

Under the shadow of Serles lies the village of Mieders, which, like most of its neighbours, is just a miniature of the country and the people of Austria. One never feels a tourist in any of these friendly, lovable communities, for they enjoy and encourage one's co-operation in their festivities which are many and various.

From Mieders there are walks and climbs to suit all tastes; if it is a woodland walk to the next village, there is Fulpmes, where are wood carvers, and steel workers who make entrancing sheath knives, scissors, &c., or a longer one lies through woods where you may see a roebuck, to the Stefansbrücke over the Rutzbach, and back along the woods again above the river on the opposite bank, and through hayfields thick with flowers to Telfes. Climbs of the milder kind can easily be made from Mieders. A notable one is Serles. It is advisable to start early, soon after 7 a.m. at latest in summer, and taking things for the night in a rucksack, set off from Mieders by the path that leads to Maria Waldrast. Fifteen shrines mark the way and, as you mount higher, the view opens out back to the mountains behind Innsbruck, topped with snow and perhaps half veiled in cloud. Maria Waldrast is a monastery with a large church and a guest house where quiet ascetic bedrooms are at your disposal for about 1/8 a night.

After Waldrast, as you leave the woods of larch and spruce behind, gentians and the delicately scented *daphne striata* and bushes of the lovely alpenrose make the hillside a joy to the eye. As you climb higher more gentians and a sweet-smelling yellow primula border the path. Even after the timber-line the gentians and primulas still remain with you, till they give place to snow and rocks and shifting scree with just a vivid

Another climb is to start from Fulpmes early one morning, and, mounting to Frohneben, take the path through the woods, which slopes upwards easily at first, to the Starkenburg Hütte. This should not take the most panting amateur more than four hours from Fulpmes, and



THE 9,000 FEET HEIGHTS OF SERLES AS THEY ARE SEEN FROM MIEDERS

should be undertaken if only to appreciate the alpenrose at the height of its loveliness. When it is in full bloom all the hillside is a blaze of deep rose colour.

The hut stands on a rocky shoulder, and outside a kindly authority has placed a round copper table giving all the points of interest in sight. There is a wonderful view up the Obernbergtal with its tortuously winding stream, and far above it to the east the great white chain of glaciers extending right round the head of the tal to end with the Hohe Villerspitze.

From the Starkenburg Hütte the Hohe Burgstal, about 8,700ft., can easily be climbed in about one-and-a-half hours, and gives a splendid view all up and down the Stubaital, with tiny Mieders and Telfes like toy



Swiss Federal Railways

INNSBRUCK, THE CENTRE FOR AUSTRIA'S MOUNTAINS
A view of the well-known Maria Theresien Strasse

villages far below. It is gentians, gentians all the way nearly to the summit, an orgy of vivid blue.

Next morning, if there is not too much snow, you can take the path over the Kolkkägel and down to the Schlicker alm, which is easy and beautiful, or a longer and more exciting one over the See Jochl. Here a round, mysterious, ice-blue pool lends its name to the saddle, and from there you will reach the Adolf Pichler Hütte, which stands at the head of the Kemateralm. Flowers grow everywhere on this climb, from the tiny soldanellas pushing cold mauve heads through the last fringes of the snow, while purple primulas grow almost in it, to gentians and auriculas which cover the lower slopes.

Neither Serles, Blaser nor the Hohe Burgstal can be reckoned from the mountaineer's point of view as real climbs. Nevertheless, they are intensely interesting and have served



(BELOW) THE KOLKKÄGEL RANGE WITH THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF TELFES LYING AT THE FOOT

to inspire more than one walker with a passionate desire to become a climber.

At Innsbruck no one should miss seeing the famous bronzes in the Hofkirche, which guard the empty tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, who died in 1519. To the same Emperor, Innsbruck owes the Goldenes Dachl, the little gold-roofed balcony from which the Court used to watch the performances of strolling players. The roofing tiles are of copper thickly overlaid with gold. Another place of great interest is the Tiroler Volkskunst Museum, a monument to the wonderful standard of craftsmanship in every branch of peasant work to which these gifted people attain.

Leaving the city the road runs alongside the Inn to Hall, famous for its almost prehistoric salt mines, and to Jenbach, from where the car climbs a hilly road to the Achensee, a lake which, like all mountain lakes, is blue with that deep blue of ice water, glassy one moment and ten minutes later lashed to white-crested waves in a sudden squall.

Before leaving Austria everyone should go to a performance of the Shuhlplatte dancing and the peasant singing in Innsbruck. Nothing gives one such an idea of the gallantry and gaiety of these people as their songs and dancing. The girls, particularly, are possessed of the most beautiful flexible voices. *Joie de vivre* is a national characteristic, not to be crushed even by all the reverses that the country has suffered in the last twenty years.

Go to a Shuhlplatte performance on your last night in Austria, and if you do not deliberately miss your train the next day, you will at least carry away an undying memory of a joyous, gracious, friendly people to whom you will wish to return at the first possible moment.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE HYDE PARK HOTEL FROM THE PARK

EVEN a century ago the fresh air of the neighbourhood of Hyde Park was proverbial; for Boswell wrote to one of his friends to thank him for the offer of the use of his apartments in London, but to decline them on the ground that "it is best to have lodgings in the more airy vicinity of Hyde Park." To-day, of course, the value of the air in the parks—perhaps one might well call them the "lungs of London"—is even greater and I believe that if Boswell were alive to-day he would choose to stay at the Hyde Park Hotel.

After all, it is the only hotel situated inside Hyde Park, and it has, therefore, a wonderful and unique situation. With the park being closed at night guests are assured of peace and quiet, while having sampled the cuisine I can recommend this from personal experience. The Hyde Park Hotel is fortunate in having an uninterrupted view over Rotten Row and the Serpentine from its restaurant; a view, by the way, which has been appreciated by Royalty, Indian Princes and famous diplomats among a distinguished clientele.

The hotel was originally constructed more than half a century ago for service flats (possibly the first of their kind in a London now crowded with such establishments), but when the building was completed it was decided to convert it into the fashionable hotel we find to-day. It was slightly reconstructed to include the huge wine cellars and kitchen amenities, but much of the building remained unaltered. Hence, there are "natural" suites of rooms at the Hyde Park Hotel to suit all tastes.

Many visitors to the hotel will wonder how Rotten Row came by its name. One suggestion is that the name itself is a corruption of *Route du Roi* (the king's road), for the park was once used by the Kings of England for hunting, but a certain Mr. John Timbs says "the name *Rotten* is traced to *rotteran*, to muster; a military origin which may refer to the park during the Civil War. Mr. Peter Cunningham in his *Handbook of London*, contented himself with just mentioning the Row as being the part of the park, on the south of the Serpentine, most crowded with equestrians in the height of the London season.

Lord Byron, in *Don Juan* (canto 13), says of the Row, when out of season, that it "sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age," while R. B. Sheridan, in his prologue to *Pizarro*, talks of the horse seen cantering along its sand and gravel in May or June as "the hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row." This part of the park has ever been a platform for fashions, and as long ago as January, 1796, it was recorded that Lady Caroline Campbell displayed in Hyde Park "a feather 4ft. higher than her bonnet!"

Just as Lady Caroline set the fashions of her day, so is Mr. Burdet, the present manager of the Hyde Park, modernising the hotel to suit present requirements. He has already installed a splendid Buttery, and there will, I believe, be other improvements in the near future for the benefit of those who, like Mr. Boswell, think that "it is best to have lodgings in the more airy vicinity of Hyde Park."

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

Some Further Hints

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

A POINT insufficiently realised by many players is that several of the devices which are available to the declarer, may, and often should be used in defence. I refer particularly to the hold-up, unblocking and "ducking" against a No Trumps declaration.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the obligation of holding up an Ace or a King until the third round to prevent Dummy making a long suit. Dummy has a long suit of five or six lacking the top honours and no visible card of entry. You as defender, of course, hold up your Ace or your King as long as possible and thereby save tricks. But, even in this holding-up business, care is necessary and sometimes an Ace is held up when it should not be.

Here is a simple case:

♣ K, 10, 9, 7, 3

♣ A, 8, 3 — Y / A — B / Z — ♣ J, 4, 2

♣ Q, 6

Z is playing a No Trumper and leads the Queen of Clubs.

A holds up his Ace. Z continues with the 6 and A plays the 8. Z now puts up the King and clears the suit with the loss of one trick. In this position A should play his Ace on the Queen led. While it is quite true that he does not know for certain that B has the Knave he cannot do any good by the hold up. If Z has Q, J, only, or Q, J, x, he can establish the suit however A plays. By holding up the Ace until the third round A can "kill" the long Clubs in Dummy if there is no card of entry in Y's hand. But if there is a possible card of entry in Dummy, A's best chance is to play the Ace on the Queen led.

When the position is reversed and A holds J, 4, 2, and B A, 8, 3, it is a difficult point to decide whether B should play the Ace on the Queen led. He may be right to do so. On the whole, I favour the play of the Ace, because Z is still left guessing as to the location of the Knave and may guess wrong on the second round, and A may make his Knave. This comes within the category of difficult decisions in defensive play.

As a rule, however, with little or nothing to guide you, it is best on the Queen led from Declarer, with no indication as to the location of the Knave, to play the Ace at once. And, of course, if you hold A, x only, the play of the Ace immediately is essential, because in that case you have no real hold up. Thus:

♣ K, Q, 8, 7, 4

♣ J, 10, 3 — Y / A — B / Z — ♣ A, 9

♣ 6, 5, 2

Z leads the 2 of Clubs, A plays the 3, and the Queen is played from Dummy. B must put up his Ace because he can do no good by holding up. Unless his partner has a second guard the suit is certain to be established. Now having given you examples which are really elementary, let me conclude with a hand which is by no means easy, but which illustrates advanced tactics in defensive play.

♠ 8, 6, 2
♡ 9, 7, 5, 3
◇ K, 8, 4
♣ A, J, 3

♠ A, 10, 9, 7, 4
♡ J, 8, 2
◇ 6, 5, 2
♣ 10, 5

Y / A — B / Z

♠ Q, 5
♡ A, 4
◇ J, 10, 7, 3
♣ Q, 9, 6, 4, 2

♠ K, J, 3
♡ K, Q, 10, 6
◇ A, Q, 9
♣ K, 8, 7

Contract "Three No Trumps" by Z. A led the 7 of Spades, B put up the Queen. A simple Z might cover, with the result that when B obtains the lead with the Ace of Hearts, he shoots through a Spade and A scores four tricks in that suit, setting the contract.

A more astute Z will pass the first Spade. B returns the 5 of Spades, Z plays, and whether A covers or not it seems now that no play will defeat the contract. But there is a very tricky defence that will down the contract. When Z plays the Knave of Spades to the second trick, A should cover with the Ace and lead another Spade. If on this Spade B *discards his Ace of Hearts*, the contract cannot be made.

The discard of the Ace of Hearts enables A's Knave of Hearts to become an entry card for his long Spades. Z must make three tricks in Hearts to get his nine, and, before he can do so, A must get the lead with the Knave and defeat the contract with his established Spades. I do not expect that many players in B's position would make such a play. But I present it as an interesting example of what can be done in defence.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN GERMANY

The following game, played at Stuttgart in the third round, shows a fine sacrificial attack by Simsch.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Simsch.	BLACK. Bogoljubow.	WHITE. Simsch.	BLACK. Bogoljubow.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	20. K R to Q sq	R to Q 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	21. P to K 4 (c)	Kt to Kt 3 (d)
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	22. P to K 5 (e)	Kt takes B
4. Kt to B 3	P to K 3	23. Kt to K 4	P to Q Kt 4 (f)
5. B to Kt 5	Q Kt to Q 2 (a)	24. P to Kt 3 (g)	B takes K P (h)
6. P to K 3	Q to R 4	25. P takes Kt	B takes R
7. Kt to Q 2	B to Kt 5	26. Kt to B 6, ch	K to Kt 2
8. Q to B 2	Castles	27. Q takes B (i)	P to K R 3
9. B to K 2 (b)	P takes P (c)	28. P to R 5	B to B sq
10. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	29. Q to K B 4	P to Q R 4
11. Kt takes P	Q to B 2	30. P to R 4	P to Kt 5 (j)
12. Castles (K R)	Kt to Q 4 (d)	31. Q to K 4	R to Q 3 (k)
13. B to Q 3	P to K Kt 3	32. Kt to B 4 (l)	K R to Q sq (m)
14. P to Q R 3 (e)	B to K 2	33. P to B 5 (n)	R takes K P (o)
15. Q R to B sq	B to Q 2 (f)	34. P takes R (p)	R takes K, ch
16. Kt to K 5	B to K sq (g)	35. K to Kt 2	R to Q sq
17. B to B 4 (h)	B to Kt sq	36. P takes P (q)	Q takes P
18. Kt to Q 3	B to Q 3	37. P takes P	K to B sq
19. P to K Kt 3	Q to K 2	38. Q to R 7 (r)	Resigns.

(a) The variation 5. . . . P takes P; 6. P to K 4, P to Kt 4; 7. P to K 5, P to K R 3; 8. B to R 4, P to Kt 4; 9. Kt takes K Kt P, P takes Kt; 10. B takes Kt P, Q Kt to Q 2; 11. P takes Kt, B to Q Kt 2, leads to a very difficult game for both sides.

(b) Not 9. B to Q 3, because then 9. . . . P takes P; 10. B takes Kt; 10. B P takes B wins a piece.

(c) This leads to a position in which Black has two Bishops against Bishop and Knight, but White has an advantage in the centre.

(d) The usual move is B to Q sq. The text-move is played with the intention of continuing with Kt takes Kt, closing the Queen's Bishop's file.

(e) A good move. If now 14. . . . Kt takes Kt, then 15. P takes B, keeping the file open. (Black cannot well play to win a pawn by 15. . . . Kt to Q 4; 16. Q to Kt 3, P to Q Kt 4; 17. Kt to R 5, Q to Q 3, because of 18. K R to B sq, Kt takes Kt P; 19. B to B 5, Kt takes B; 20. R takes B P.)

(f) If Kt takes Kt, then Q takes Kt.

(g) Playing to keep his two Bishops. The Queen's Bishop, however, has not much mobility, and Black would do better to play K R to Q sq.

(h) Threatening 18. B takes Kt, either P takes B; 19. Kt takes P.

(i) The beginning of an attack which he carries out in splendid style.

(j) After 21. . . . Kt takes Kt; 22. Q takes Kt. Black cannot play 22. . . . P to Q B 4, because of 23. P to K 5, B to Kt sq (but P takes P because of the winning reply P takes B); 24. Kt takes P.

(k) A bold move.

(l) Not 23. . . . Kt to Kt 3, because of 24. P takes B, Q to K sq; 25. Kt to B 6, ch.

(m) A very fine move.

(n) Not 24. . . . Kt takes R P because of 25. P takes B, followed, if 25. . . . Kt takes Q, by 26. P takes Q, or, if 25. . . . Q takes P, by 26. Kt takes Q, Kt takes Q; 27. R takes Kt. If, instead, 24. . . . Kt takes K P, then 25. P takes Kt, B takes R P; 26. Kt to B 6, ch.

(o) White now threatens Q to Kt 5 to be followed by either (1) Kt to R 5, ch, or (2) Kt to B 4 and Kt (B 4) to R 5, ch.

(p) If P to R 4, then Q to Kt 5.

(q) Black should, instead, play R to R sq in order to be able to answer P to R 5 by P to Kt 4.

(r) White's Knight at B 6 is worth much more than Black's Rook.

(s) Again R to R sq is better.

(t) Threatening P takes P, to which Black cannot reply with P takes P because of Q takes P, ch, and mate in two more moves.

(u) If, instead, P takes P, then Q to R 7, ch, and mate next move.

(v) Not Q takes R because of Q takes Kt.

(w) Threatening Kt (B 4) to R 5, ch followed by P to Kt 7, mate.

(x) Threatening Kt to Kt 6, mate.

CONGRESS AT STOCKHOLM

In the following game Dr. Tartakower made a mistake in the opening and lost after a few more moves.

(*Philidor's Defence.*)

WHITE. Castaldi. (Italy.)	BLACK. Dr. Tartakower. (Poland.)	WHITE. Castaldi. (Italy.)	BLACK. Dr. Tartakower. (Poland.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	9. Q to Q 2	P to K Kt 4 (k)
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	10. K R to Q sq	Kt to B sq (e)
3. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	11. P takes P	P takes P
4. Kt to B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	12. Kt (4)s K P (d)	B to K 3
5. B to K 2 (a)	B to K 2	13. Kt to Kt 5 (e)	Q to Kt sq
6. Castles	P to K R 3	14. Q to R 5	B to Q sq (f)
7. P to Q Kt 3	P to B 3	15. R takes B, ch	Q takes R
8. B to Kt 2	Q to B 2	16. Kt to B 7, ch	Resigns (g)

(a) The usual move is B to Q B 4. White, however, intends to develop his Queen's Bishop at Q Kt 2, and the necessary preparatory move P to Q Kt 3 would restrict the mobility of a Bishop at Q B 4, *e.g.*, it would prevent a retreat to Q Kt 3 or Q R 2, which is frequently necessary in this opening.

(b) A well-known continuation in this opening. Black intends to bring his Queen's Knight via K R sq and K Kt 3 to K B 5. The plan is, however, not without risk, especially as White's Queen's Bishop is at Q Kt 2. A better move is 9. . . . Castles.

(c) Overlooking White's 12th move. The only way to free his pieces appears to be to play Kt to R 2 followed by K Kt to B sq, Kt to K Kt 3 and then Kt to B 5.

(d) A terrible surprise for Black. If now 12. . . . Q takes Kt, then 13. Kt to Q 5, Q to Kt sq (if Q takes B, then Kt to B 7, mate. If, instead, Q to Q 2, then Kt takes Kt, ch, and wins); 14. Kt takes Kt, ch, B takes Kt; 15. B takes B (threatening 16. Q to Q 8, mate) and wins. (A similar combination occurred in a game Alapin-Teichmann, Match, in the Gothenburg tournament of 1920, after the moves 1. P to K 4, P to K 4; 2. Kt to K B 3, P to Q 3; 3. P to Q 4, Kt to Q 2; 4. B to Q B 4, P to Q B 3; 5. P to Q R 4, B to K 2; 6. Kt to B 3, K Kt to B 3; 7. Castles, P to K R 3; 8. P to Q Kt 3, Q to B 2; 9. B to Kt 2, Kt to B sq; 10. P takes P, P takes P.)

(e) White forces home his advantage in splendid style. If now 13. . . . P takes Kt, then 14. B takes P, ch, Q Kt to Q 2; 15. B takes Kt, ch, K to B sq (if 15. . . . B takes B, then 16. Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 17. Q takes Q, ch, Kt takes Q; 18. B takes B); 16. B takes B, P takes B; 17. Kt to Kt 6, ch, and wins.

(f) If 14. . . . P to Kt 5, then 15. Kt takes Q B P followed, if 15. . . . P takes Q, by 16. Kt takes Q, Black being unable to play 16. . . . B takes Kt because of 17. Kt to B 7, mate. If (instead of 15. . . . P takes Q) 15. . . . Q to B 5, then 16. B to K 5 (threatening Kt to B 7, mate); if 15. . . . Q to B sq, then 16. Kt takes B, P takes Q (if K takes Kt, then B to B 3, ch); 17. Kt takes Q, B takes Kt; 18. B takes Kt; or, if 15. . . . Q to Kt 2, then 16. Kt takes B, P takes Q; 17. Kt to Q 6, ch, K takes Kt; 18. Kt takes Q. In each case White has a winning game.

(g) If K to K 2, then B to R 3, ch, and wins.

END-GAME STUDY

By HENRI RINCK.*

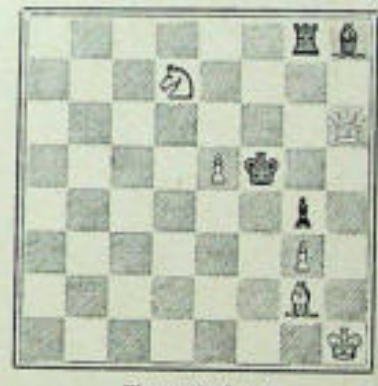
WHITE (3 pieces): King at K R 5, Rooks at K sq and Q sq.
BLACK (3 pieces): King at K R 2, Rooks at Q sq and K Kt sq.
White to play and win.

*Nationalzeitung (Basle), 1921.

PROBLEM No. 3925

By C. F. T. CORNELL.

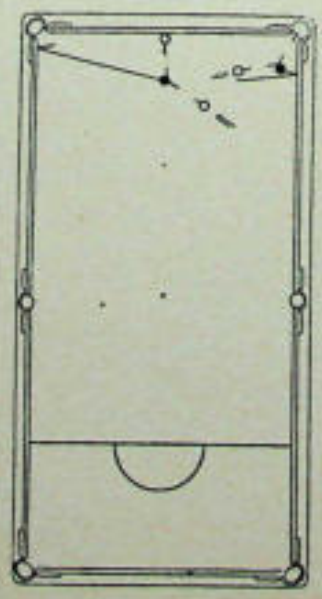
BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (6 pieces).
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3924

1. Kt to R 5, Any move; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.



BILLIARD MISTAKES

Trouble from Careless Strokes

THERE is a grim kind of joy in noting the mistakes of other players when they are striving to get a break going. Positional blunders account for any amount of trouble, pretty well all of it, with amateurs who make their 50 breaks or more at times. This type of cueman seldom misses a shot he ought to make—the individual stroke play of some of them is extraordinarily good—but their positional billiards is often an exhibition of how not to do it.

Carelessness, I think, is at the root of most of the trouble. At the spot-end of my diagram I show a little cannon you often see badly handled in club billiards. Red is on the spot, white against top cushion and cue-ball set for the simplest of cannons from red to white. This is the familiar "postman's knock" leave to a capable professional. He cannons to kiss full on white with a gentle tap-tap which brings his own ball nicely clear to pot red which he has steered towards the facing top pocket. Well played, this shot does not disturb the object-white.

Another simple one is shown on the right of the spot-end of my diagram. Red, a foot or so from the pocket, offers a sitting in-off. You can scarcely avoid scoring if you try to do so, but the leave is another story. Play too hard, the most common fault, and you will leave a "wide" forcing in-off for your next shot, not a nice shot to make and uncertain as regards positional control. A very bad shot, only too easily made, will leave red hopelessly "wide" for the in-off, and you are beaten unless white is playable for in-off or a cannon happens to be left. Playing the shot too gently is not so common, but always liable to occur with the gingerly type of cueman. The leave is then a pot instead of a simple in-off from hand. The leave may be an easy one as far as potting red from hand takes you, but after position is most difficult to control.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Trout not Rising.—Our biologist reports that he could find nothing wrong with the trout you sent. The fish appeared to be in good condition and must have found, at all events, a fair supply of food to have survived a year in the pond. It seems possible that the bottom food in the lake is very good, whereas possibly the fly life is scarce; in which case there would be a natural tendency for the fish to stay near the bottom, where they could get all the food they wanted and not trouble very much about surface food. At the same time the problem of fish rising is a very difficult one, and we do not know of anyone at present who has been able to search out the cause.—*H. D. C., Norfolk.*

Country House

Partly-Spawned Goldfish.—Our biologist reports that the goldfish had died through the effects of spawning. The fish was partly spawn-bound. It had shed some of its spawn, but in the process had burst several blood vessels which had set up a kind of peritonitis. He suggests that the deaths of the other goldfish were as likely as not caused by a similar trouble.—*C., Sussex.*

Goldfish Dying in Pond.—We should say that the goldfish you mention has patches of saprolegnia on it. This usually appears in the colder months of the year unless the waters are somewhat out of condition. Salt baths are usually advocated. The fish with the curled knob is probably where the fin has become frayed due to the unhealthy condition of the fish and often this is remedied if the fish can be put into fresh running water for a time.—*D. K., Devonshire.*

Goldfish and Argulus.—Our biologist reports that the goldfish you sent were in a similar condition to those upon which he has already reported and that they are badly infected with the same protozoon and with the parasite argulus. The fish appeared to be somewhat dropsical. The bruise appeared to be very much like one formed by rubbing in order to get rid of parasites.—*H. W. B., Devon.*

Garden

To Rid a Lawn of Weed.—The best way to rid your lawn of weed is to dust heavily with Carterite.—*R. L., Stamford.*

Leaf Sent for Identification.—The one-leaf ash, *Fraxinus excelsior* var. *heterophylla*; also known as var. *monophylla*.—*H. S., S.W. 7.*

Plant Sent for Identification.—This was *Medicago lupulina*. Yes, this is one of the many plants together with several species of trifolium sold as shamrock.—*A. N. G., Beckenham.*

Plants Sent for Inspection.—The plants you sent for inspection do not appear to be suffering from any disease. Their condition is apparently due to the soil being either too poor and heavy for them or lacking in lime.—*R. R. B. G., Wellingborough.*

To Make Gorse Bushes Break Anew.—We should advise your member to cut down the gorse bushes drastically to within 6 in. of the ground in April. They will break out afresh vigorously.—*C. G. A., S.W. 1.*

A Book on Wild Flowers.—As you suggested, the first flower you sent for identification was a vetch (*Astragalus danicus*), and the second, the speedwell, is *Veronica officinalis*. An excellent standard work on wild flowers is *Flowers of the Field*, by C. A. Johns, edited by C. Elliott.—*D. M., Sutherland.*

Grass for Identification.—The grass sent for identification was *Arrhenatherum tuberosum*; it is a false oat grass and is perennial. The following extract is from Stapledon & Hanley's *Grassland*: "Tall oat grass (*Arrhenatherum avenaceum*)—If sown in sufficient quantity this grass produces perhaps heavier crops of hay and aftermath when grown alone than any other species. It starts active growth in the spring, earlier than most other species, and at this period is highly palatable to stock. If too heavily grazed, the plants are soon killed, while if not heavily grazed the product rapidly becomes stemmy and unpalatable, and will be neglected by stock. The seed is large and expensive, and requires a very heavy seeding to ensure a dense stand, and consequently is but seldom to be recommended, and only for inclusion in mixtures for special purposes such as for hay production on soils in dry situations."—*S. D. L., Cirencester.*

Kennel

Rheumatism in Dalmatian.—A 5-grain tablet of aceto-salicylic acid, three times a day for three or four days at a time, with an interval of a week between courses, should ease the pain, and the effect of massage of the affected joints or muscles, might also be tried.—*M. H. D., Exeter.*

Treating Warts.—There is no way of preventing the appearance of warts, and the best that can be done is to have them removed by a veterinary surgeon before they grow to any size. In some cases, dressing the warts with Mitton, full strength, three times daily, will cause warts to disappear, but not always.—*F. C., London.*

Swollen Tail in Great Dane.—The symptoms as described are suggestive of a cellulitis following some injury, but in any case it would be well to allay the inflammation of the parts by applications of antiphlogistine as per instructions on the tin, and then to apply 10 per cent. ichthyol ointment once a day.—*C. M. C., Taunton.*

Killing Fleas.—We should suggest the use of boiling water once a week for the killing of the larvæ of the fleas in the night kennel, in addition to keeping the dog free of adult fleas by the use of Derris baths, or Pulvo, &c. To stop the dog licking everything, try the effect of a teaspoonful of black treacle twice a day, or three times if it does not relax the bowels too much.—*C. G. S.*

Miscellaneous

Foot-rot in Ferrets.—There are two conditions to which the name of foot-rot in ferrets is given, one of which is due to scalding of the feet by urine, soaked bedding, plus bacterial infection, and the other to mange parasites. In either case, the feet should be cleansed by soaking them in a solution of washing soda in water, one teaspoonful to the pint, and then in the case of (1) soaked in a 1-500 solution of potassium permanganate in water, once or twice a day until the discharge dries up, and then rubbed with zinc ointment. In the case of (2) (mange) the cleaning-up should be followed by rubbing in sulphur ointment two or three times a week, the old dressing being washed off before the new is applied. In both cases the bedding should be renewed and the soiled bedding burnt at least twice a week or as often as is necessary to keep the hutch in a sanitary condition with a dry floor.—*H. Q., Sligo.*

Naturalist

Distribution of Butterflies.—A reader writes: "Are marbled whites rare or 'local' or do they, like clouded yellows and painted ladies, choose every other year or so to be populous in this country? Last year and this year I have noticed a great quantity in two Cotswold places (not very far apart), in both of which bee-orchids and campanulas happen to grow, but between these two places and in other parts of the Cotswolds (as far as I know) there is not one to be seen.—*D. B. G., Hampstead.*" [The marbled white is an exceedingly local species, but is usually abundant where it occurs. For some unexplained reason it shows a marked preference for certain spots, hundreds being met with in a limited area of hillside or meadow but nowhere else in the vicinity. These "colonies" often shift, however, and the fact that none are to be seen where in previous years they had been numerous may merely mean that they have moved, perhaps a mile away. Your experience in the Cotswolds, where you found two isolated colonies not very far apart, is interesting; but it is not likely that the presence of bee-orchids and campanulas in both places had anything to do with the occurrence of the butterflies. Clouded yellows and painted ladies vary in abundance from year to year according to the amount of immigration from the Continent. Certain years go down to entomological history as "clouded yellow years" or "painted lady years," whereas in other seasons scarcely any may be seen.]

Post-Mortem Examinations

Partridges' Droppings.—The microscopic examination of the sample of droppings from two separate partridge nests revealed no evidence of disease-producing germs or parasites.—*M. P., Hants.*

Trichostrongylosis of a Partridge.—Our correspondent reported that his keeper "has picked up a number of partridges dead like the enclosed bird, and has heard of a number of others from the men on the estate." The specimen was a red-legged hen which had died, when in full lay, from the contagious thread-worm infection of the bowels known as trichostrongylosis.—*R. S., Border.*

Tuberculosis of Fowls.—The R.I.P. pullet died of the contagious germ infection of the internal organs known as tuberculosis. It was almost certainly infected with the disease when purchased six weeks previously in a pen of a dozen fowls. The disease is spread through contamination of the food, water and ground by the germ-containing droppings of a tuberculous bird. Time by now other fowls in the same pen probably have contracted the disease, which may take several weeks before showing its presence in the infected bird losing weight, walking weakly, going off lay, and losing colour from its comb. Invite your veterinary surgeon to test all the surviving fowls with avian tuberculin. Destroy those reacting to the test and burn their bodies. Burn the litter and droppings from the fowl house, the entire interior of which should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap. Move the birds which pass the test on to clean ground, and dress the infected ground with two tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, keeping it free of poultry for at least twelve months.—*D. P. H., Worcester.*

Information Wanted

RINGED WOODCOCK AND SNIPE

The Hon. Ernest Guinness, owner of the Ashford Estate, Cong, Co. Galway, has marked a number of young woodcock and snipe this year. The rings are stamped:

G. CONG, 37 IRELAND

He will be obliged if anyone into whose possession these woodcock or snipe may come will communicate with him at the above address.

Game Market Prices

Rabbits (trapped), 8d. to 1/-. Rabbits (shot), 4d. to 11d. Hares, 1/- to 2/6. Grouse (young), 2/- to 5/6. Grouse (old), 8d. to 1/2.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 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

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Dunster Lawns—11.

NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Mo... Robinwood Green; F., Rhinefield...

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 6th), Castle Coombe... Th., Park End, Cutheistone—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), The Crown, Hookbrook; Tu., The Sun, Hunnington; S., Yew Tree Farm, Prestwood—6.

BRAFFERTON.—Monday (Sept. 6th), Stembridge Farm; W., Woodburn Cross, Cromlehead, North Molton; F., Cheriscombe Post; S., Knowstone—7.

FERNIE.—Monday (Sept. 6th), Laughton Hills; Th., Thrumby Covett; F., Watson's Gorse—6.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Ranegmore—6.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Whydown Cross Roads; Tu., Moor Hall; Th., Crowhurst Park—6; S., Dudney's Farm, Heathfield—6.30.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Beauchamp Washfield; M., Fordlands Cross—7.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Bethington Holt—6; M., New Inn, Wroxton; Tu., Upper Brailes; Th., Debdale; S., Ufton Wood—6.15.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Llanrhyd Bridge, Ddgoller; M., Llangynog (Tanat); S., Llanfear Station (by invitation Y.O.H.)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Twyford Bridge (cap for Hunt Servants); M., Auburns Mill, near Easlaghans, Lincs.; W., St. Ives Bridge (E.C.O.H.) (up); Th., St. Ives Bridge (B.O.H.); S., Henlow Church, Beds.—10.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Weir Giffard, Halfpenny Bridge (cap for hunt servants)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Bailey Station, River Hamble; Tu., Wilton Station, River Wylye; Th., Where leave off on Tuesday; S., Terwick Mill, River Rother—10.30.

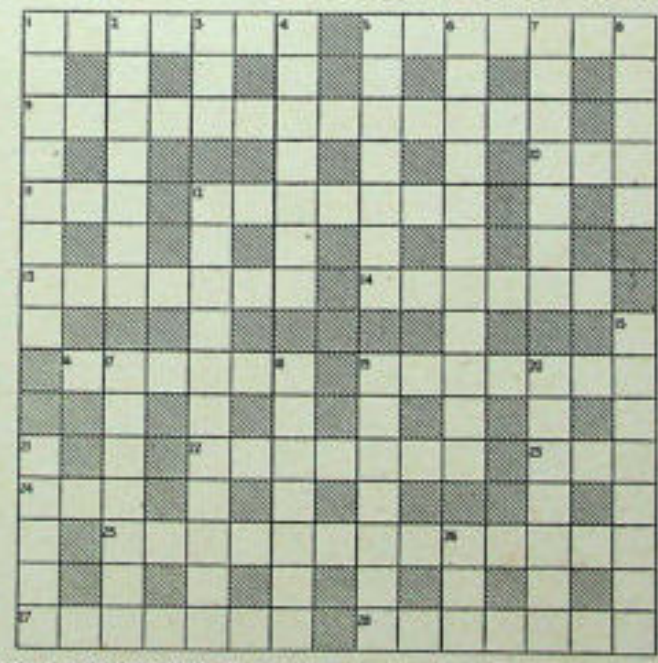
CLEVELAND.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Terwick Mill, Rogate; W., Warnford Mill; S., Sheffield Park Station—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Whitford Bridge (River Axe); Tu., Fenny Bridges (River Otter); S., Chard Junction (River Axe)—10.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Harkaby Bridge (W. Dart); Tu., Lostwithiel Station (Fowey); S., Totnes Station (Dart)—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Sept. 4th), Milton; M., Dosford Bridge; W., Thornyholme; Th., Open—9.30.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 428

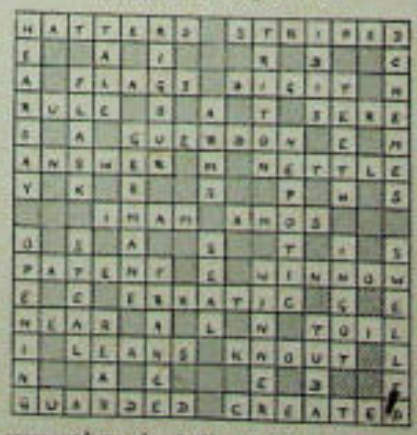
ACROSS.—1, Specialist for a start. 5, An exclusive spot. 9, Spectators are not to fight insects. 10, Little Susan in confusion. 11, I am little George in the same state. 12, Stunt round of French at college. 13, Surprisingly may be dealt from a single pack. 14, A Hollywood crowd lacking enough for evening meals. 16, The tables are turned into an outbuilding. 19, A town with sad French surroundings. 22, Bending is not the sport of archery. 23, A pitiful street. 24, Between nothing and one for a tie. 25, Take the side out of this importance and you are left with ration. 27, About a saury implement. 28, Nursery game with lots.

DOWN.—1, Little Conrad does try. 2, This bridge is another game. 3, Generally conventional at bridge. 4, Works claiming its own laboratory? 5, Jack Spratt declares the share of the rations assigned to his wife? 6, Good training but bad wicket-keeping. 7, Latterwitter. 8, Suffocate me in gas for sport? 12, Mentally deranged, not patients murdered. 15, Mean indeed. 17, Appropriate, starting at the top. 18, This French sport sounds a scream. 19, Foretell backwards. 20, First aid at tennis. 21, A pretty stiff game. 26, A sporting sinner.

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

SOLUTION TO No. 427

Published August 28th



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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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CHULMLEIGH WINS!

There has been no more consistent supporter of racing than Lord Glanely, and his St. Leger victory last Wednesday, in one of the best finishes for many years, was a very popular one. Chulmleigh is by Lord Glanely's Singapore, the St. Leger winner of 1930, out of Rose of England, who won the Oaks for him in the same year. He is here seen beating Fair Copy by half a length with Mid-day Sun third, three-quarters of a length behind

ROVER

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"... Although the stopping power is *better than the theoretical maximum* at high and low speeds, the brakes are very smooth and are well balanced ..."



The Rover Company Ltd. Coventry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

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LESSONS FOR THE FUTURE

BRITISH heavyweight boxing, for so long in the doldrums, has received a magnificent fillip from Tommy Farr. The fact that our champion failed to win the World Heavyweight Championship is immaterial. He lost by a very small margin, and he won American support to an astounding degree. He has shown that we can still breed fighters. And that is important.

For too long British heavyweights have been regarded—not, it must be admitted, without some cause—as horizontal champions. Bombardier Wells, Joe Beckett and Frank Goddard all showed promise, but were quite unable to rise to the big occasion. Phil Scott and Reggie Meen were champions only in name. Petersen was never a heavyweight; though no man might doubt his courage, no man of understanding could believe in his ultimate success. These men were known in America and judged strictly on their merits. We cannot blame the Americans. Probably no man has ever had to overcome so many handicaps before getting into the ring as Tommy Farr. We in England did not fancy his chances. In America he was regarded as less than nothing. His record, even in English eyes, was not imposing and his style in the gymnasium was almost depressing. The American papers, on the strength of these things, campaigned against him, and they had the memory of many vaunted English champions to support them. He was subjected to every sort of attack, calumny and vilification. He went into the ring labelled "set up," and the crowd turned up to watch a modern Roman holiday. Nine men out of ten would have failed to survive this preliminary attack, and been beaten before climbing through the ropes. Farr remained unperturbed.

That is the importance of his fight. It is, we submit, of far greater importance than the winning or losing of the World's Championship. He is the symbol of courage and perseverance—and certainly the latter of these two essential qualities has been sadly lacking in the British heavyweights of the twentieth century. If one casts one's eye over the champions of this period—Iron Hague, Gunner Moir, Billie Wells, Joe Beckett, Frank Goddard, Phil Scott, Reggie Meen, Jack Petersen, Len Harvey, Ben Foord—one must admit the truth of that statement. In only one case could one cast any doubts on the man's courage. In every case there was the inability to rise to the occasion, in almost every case there was a pronounced lack of perseverance. Yet not one of these men had to tread the hard road that was the lot of Tommy Farr. Each of these men in turn was hailed as a marvel on the strength of a win or so over not very formidable opposition. More than one suffered in consequence from that very common and incurable pugilistic malady—swollen head. Each in turn suffered defeat. One or two tried again with less spirit. Most just faded out. But not one, such was the effect of their early treatment, could rise to the big occasion. It would not be fair to say that it was entirely their own fault. Very largely the blame lay with the daily Press and its insatiable appetite for sensation; and very largely with their managers, men whose knowledge of boxing in the wide sense was infinitesimal but whose greed for easy money knew no limits.

Farr was never so hailed. Even when he won the English Championship, even when he beat Baer, even when he got the match with Louis, he was regarded with doubt. Farr to the English Press has always been just another fighter. The effect of this attitude can be seen now. And Farr has had the inestimable advantage of one of the finest and most knowledgeable managers in the fight game. His has been a hard struggle, and if he now "cashes in" on his result, who can blame him?

We have often in these columns pointed out the futility of our manner of bringing on young fighters. It takes many years to produce a world champion, and we are of the opinion that had Farr had another year of fighting behind him, he would now be champion of the world. He may yet win that most coveted title, for he is young and the opposition not too strong, but the chances of his being allowed another try are very small. But we have now his example to work on. We know now—and we hope that the lesson at long last will be learnt—that champions are not made in a day; that style and personality (of the film variety) do not matter. That what does matter is fighting spirit and good management, experience and perseverance. If we can assimilate that lesson then we shall produce many good heavyweights.

HEDGEHOG DEFENDANT

THE hedgehog has always been an animal of legend. To-day in many parts of the country there is the tradition, firmly believed by countrymen of no little lore, that the hedgehog steals the milk of cows by sucking their udders when they are lying down. And it must be admitted—anyone who has put out a saucer of milk will know this—that the hedgehog is inordinately fond of milk. Now one of the effects of foot and mouth disease is to diminish the milk yield of animals suffering from it. The Foot and Mouth Research Committee, using the legend mentioned above as a clue, believe that they have discovered that the hedgehog is the only British wild animal that spreads this infection by contact. And the virus of the disease has been recovered from a hedgehog's breath. It has been proved that a recent outbreak near Bristol originated in a diseased hedgehog, while at Pirbright it was found that a hedgehog had been infected by a cow. Now foot and mouth costs this country many thousands of pounds every year. The hedgehog, obviously, is on trial for its existence. And if it can be shown, beyond any measure of doubt, that it is responsible—if only in part—for this disease, then it will certainly be exterminated ruthlessly.

MORE EVIDENCE REQUIRED

There seems to be a tendency to accept this fifth report of the committee without question, and to regard the hedgehog as already condemned. One cannot possibly condemn any animal on the strength of two isolated incidents. Foot and mouth disease is very widespread, and we should like to know the results of examination of hedgehogs in other districts before any action is taken. The hedgehog, it must be remembered, renders considerable service to man in many ways, and though no service he renders could possibly weigh against the disservice of carrying this disease, it would be unjust to condemn on the strength of the evidence at present offered us. In these two districts there are many more than just one hedgehog. Were others diseased or healthy? And have all other possible sources of infection been exhaustively examined? The matter is of vital importance to the farming industry, and of no little interest to naturalists, and we shall await further reports with impatience.

DEW-BRUSHING IN A DROUGHT

"You can't really get *on 'ere*; not in this weather," said a professional hunt-man the other day, referring to the difficulties of cubhunting in a baked countryside. "Someone hollaas at the other end of the covert, and you can't gallop and give him a meeting on a bad scenting morning; you daren't hardly walk, and as for jumping a little stile——! Well, we grumble, but if rain came there likely as not wouldn't be a scent. We were grumbling last year, and when the rain did come, scent was worse than before; they must 've laughed." Who "they" were it was impossible to say; perhaps the shadowy gods of foxhunting. So when you pray for rain, remember that, although you will be able to gallop, hounds may not.

A LIVE-RAIL QUESTION

A short time ago someone who was interested in this question happened to be delayed at Sutton Station. He noticed that within the confines of the platform the live-rail was protected with wooden slats which rose some little distance above the rail itself. The Southern Railway Company have constantly asseverated that protection of this kind was out of the question because its use made the necessary clearance impossible. Of course, in a station trains are going slowly, and so do not rock. But it would be interesting to learn the answers to two questions. The first is, Do the company have to receive special permission to put up wooden protectors in stations; protectors which they say do not give the necessary clearance, from the Ministry of Transport? The second question is, Do any express trains pass through Sutton without stopping?

BASKING SHARKS

Suggestions that gunboats might be employed to clear the Firth of Clyde of basking sharks have drawn public attention to the presence of these giants in our coastal waters. There is nothing new about their visits, though it is only when they collide, accidentally as a rule, with some vessel that they get into the Press. From time to time the *Field* receives inquiries into ways and means from an angler wishing to try conclusions with a 30-footer which has appeared in his home waters. There is really no effective method of angling for them since they feed on fry and are not, apparently, constructed for taking any sizable lure; "wholesale only" seems to be their motto. Harpooning is the usual commercial method, though this can hardly be considered a sport. A valuable oil can be extracted from their livers, so if it is really necessary to get rid of them, some enterprising person might be able to make a profit as well as a virtue of the necessity.

WITHOUT COMMENT

A reader sends the following cutting: "Shooting over Ben Lomond moor, Loch Lomondside, for a few years, Mr. C. M. Collins, Rowardennan Lodge, Rowardennan, and party had about three brace of grouse. Birds were very wild."

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNING

P. D. Ward's great effort in the 5,000 metres in the Finland v. Great Britain athletics match at Helsingfors last week-end ranks as the best performance ever recorded by an Englishman at this distance. The success of the Finns in long-distance races can be attributed partly to the fact that in that country colleges do not encourage athletics, where, after all, sprinters are made. Ward probably gets as near the Finnish style of running as any English athlete of past years. While many maintain that for distance running an athlete must come down on his toes, fall back on his heels and so go off again into the next stride, the Finns come down lightly almost on their heels and go forward on to their toes. Another factor in the favour of the Finns is that at home they mainly run in cross-country races, and, as there is no scheduled season they are always in training and always fit.

SCOTTISH GOLFERS STILL CHAMPIONS

Scotland once again won the International Golf Tournament and so finished at the head of the list as they have done since the meeting between the four home countries was inaugurated in 1932. This year at Portmarnock, near Dublin, the Welsh team put up an excellent display, their best on record. They halved with Scotland, although beaten by both England and Ireland. Still the winning margins were all right, and the English side in particular had to struggle before victory was assured. Once again the Scottish golfers proved superior to the English. Foursome play is a difficult type of game—one in which the English players fail. The young Welsh champion, D. H. Lewis, distinguished himself, and Hector Thomson, of Scotland, showed fine form. But the general standard of golf was not as good as it should be; certainly not encouraging for next year's Walker Cup match with America.

AFRICAN GAME

From Kenya and Tanganyika have just come the annual game reports, which always contain so much interesting matter. Mr. Clarke's, from Kenya, is generally reassuring, and so is that of Captain Philip Teare, from Tanganyika. But neither of them make any reference to the reports of wholesale poaching by natives, which reach the *Field* from all parts of Tanganyika and the Northern Province of Kenya. Just how far it is possible to check native poaching it is hard to say, but one thing is quite evident, and that is that if it continues at the present rate it is sure to end in the disappearance of game. In these matters the game departments can do little without the help of the administration. Motoring through a country is not enough. One can only see game if one goes on foot. The motor car as a means of locomotion for district officers has, indirectly, done great harm to the cause of game control.

SUMMER DROUGHT

There must have been many gardeners in the past spring who looked with pleasure at the effect of the rains. Never were lawns greener; never was there a fuller promise of running sap. Surely, they said to themselves, there can be no fear of summer drought in 1937. And then, as the weeks went on, they came to the beginning of September and looked round at azaleas and rhododendrons, parched almost to extinction, at lawns as grey and grassless as they had not been seen for years past. There are gardens, doubtless, in which the supply of water is unlimited, but the difficulty is to keep the hose going in more than two or three directions. As for gardens where the water supply is limited, or where there is practically none, there has been nothing to do but to wait for rain. And at the beginning of the month rain seemed further off than ever.

SAILING SOUTH

This poem is taken from the new issue of *Harrow*, a magazine of considerable merit, produced by present Harrovians, and the poem, as also the magazine in which it appears, seems worth more than a passing glance:

"The seagulls are swaying in the slim ship's wake,
gliding here, swooping there with a pinion-shake;
white-feathered bodies, encasing sailors' souls,
mariners who were wrecked and rotted on dark sea shoals.

"Following, following with dreary, weary cries,
brooding on the boiling swirl till the pale sun dies
behind the purple mountains of the far-seen coasts;
and then with twilight wheel away; dim, dream ghosts."

D. W. S.



BETTER AND BRIGHTER CRICKET

The End of an Interesting County Season

WITHOUT a doubt the cricket season this year has been one of the liveliest and most interesting since the War. I am not saying that it has been one of the best in point of skill, for that would be far from true. But it has definitely given us more freedom in play and more genuine enterprise in spirit than we have had for a good many years.

A few years ago I used to think it a pleasure now and then to leave the academic stolidity of county cricket for the hearty, if primitive, relaxation of village or country house cricket. This year we have had something of the same sort of heartiness in county cricket. Perhaps we have had something of the primitive, too, at times. What matter so long as batsmen are learning to clout the ball with relish again? Lord Hawke, at the beginning of the year, pleaded for more "long handled" hitting. Well, we have seen Kent score 219 in about an hour and ten minutes to snatch a victory over Gloucestershire; we have seen Yorkshire score 254 in two hours to force a victory over Kent, with ten sixes in the day's play; and we have seen Lancashire run up 640 in a day's play.

Cricketers with long memories may pause to wonder whether they have seen more spirited play than that. Yet it seems that a reputation for spineless play such as the game has gained in the last few years is not easily laid. In the current number of the *National Review* the Hon. E. Lyttelton, contributing some "Cricket Musings," is as hard on the modern generation as though the last two seasons, showing progressively brighter play, had never existed. Attacking the system of coaching in the schools, he implies that there has been no change in the doctrine of "safety first" which was predominant a few years ago. The vast number of sixes hit in all kinds of cricket this year is one answer to this assertion and the schools matches at Lord's have reflected plainly enough the spread of the new spirit of enterprise in school cricket as well as in county cricket. Rugby and Marlborough scored more runs in a day's play than I can recollect for a schools match at Lord's for many years, and Eton beat Harrow with a flourish that produced 159 runs in little more than an hour and a half after Harrow had declared with an obvious determination to do or die in a laudable effort at least to avoid a tame draw.

Oxford's triumph over Cambridge was another welcome change from three drawn matches and two Cambridge victories in the last five years, and though Yorkshire again won the County Championship of which Derbyshire deprived them last year, the final struggles with Middlesex gave the competition a touch of deadly rivalry not always achieved. For the rest of the counties the competition as such had little significance. What matters much more is that, with few exceptions, they have made the most of a glorious summer to play attractive, if not always high-class, cricket. With few interruptions by rain, the proportion of drawn games has been very much less than last year. Then there were as many as 103 drawn matches and thirteen washed out by rain, out of a total of 234, leaving 118 in which a definite result was achieved. This year there have been 73 drawn matches and only four washed out by rain, out of a total of 236, leaving 159 producing a definite result.

Cricket form is nearly always comparative, according to the weather and wickets. In a wet season the bowlers gather their harvest of cheap wickets; in a dry season we look naturally for a spate of runs. This season has been somewhat exceptional in that we have had almost as many outstanding bowling feats as outstanding batting feats. But from that fact it certainly cannot be assumed that we have a number of outstandingly fine batsmen and bowlers. The truth is that there has been a lot of bad bowling and bad batting, which tends to give false value to impressive records. A few batsmen have made their mark without question—such as Hardstaff, Hutton, J. Parks, Compton, Edrich, Barnett and E. Davies (of Glamorgan), while Hammond has given the master touch once again to many fine innings. It is a matter merely of statistical interest that J. Parks has set up a new record by scoring 3,000 runs and taking 100 wickets during the season, which in one way eclipses W. G. Grace's best "double" feat—2,622 runs and 129 wickets in 1876. No one would dream of comparing Parks with W. G., fine player though he certainly is.

Some of the season's bowling feats, taken at their face value, might indicate immediate Test match honours for the bowlers. Yet experience against even the unpretentious New Zealand side has shown that the selectors are almost groping for bowlers who look anything like Test match class on a big occasion. Practically the only good thing English cricket has derived from the Test matches against New Zealand is the promise that in Barnett and Hutton we have a solution to the problem of England's opening pair of batsmen which so worried the last English team in Australia. Many county batsmen have remarked on the increasing tendency of fast bowlers to give up length bowling in favour of bowling just short of a length, which makes forward play impossible. A year or two ago we had several slow leg-break bowlers who gave promise of great things. On this season's form it is difficult to point to any one who could be regarded as the man we shall want against Australia next year.

The part played by amateurs in county cricket this season has revived hopes in what appeared to be a declining element. They have increased in numbers and, by their performances, have added to the attractiveness of the game. Almost without exception, the county captains have set an admirable standard of sporting leadership and tactics in accordance with the general encouragement of brighter play. But can we regard as a legitimate contribution to brighter play the action of the Surrey captain, E. R. T. Holmes, in the match against Middlesex last week, when he bowled an over purposely to give away 24 wides and byes in order to bring the Middlesex score up to 200 and thus claim the new ball? Holmes is one of our most sporting captains and the impulse to give away these runs no doubt came from the equally purposeful avoidance by the Middlesex captain, R. W. V. Robins, and G. O. Allen, who was batting, of scoring opportunities, in order to delay the introduction of the new ball. But neither seems to me an action that can by any stretch of imagination be considered in accordance with the spirit of the game. Holmes justified his by the fact that a similar course has several times before been employed by the bowling side, as, indeed, it has. Actually it is a very old manœuvre, though it has received less attention in the past. One thing is clear. It behoves the M.C.C. now to give a ruling on the matter. No change of laws is necessary; it would be difficult to devise one to meet the case. All that is wanted is a statement by the ruling body that such action is simply not cricket, and it is safe to say that no captain will think of employing it again.

F. I. W.



BEN JOHNSON SETTING UP A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR THE 100 METRES AT THE UNIVERSITY GAMES IN PARIS RECENTLY

WHAT IS THE MOST STRENUOUS EXERCISE?

Facts About Sport and Work

By CHARLES MURRAY

MAN can achieve only because of the marvellous efficiency of his body. For instance, the two chief muscles used to bend the elbow (biceps and brachialis anticus) can exert a pull of 2,000lb.—almost a ton; in a single contraction they can do sufficient work to raise a 1lb. weight 100ft. into the air; yet these muscles together only weigh about 10oz.

For strenuous sports man's limit of endeavour is reached when the supply of oxygen attains its maximum. (And even then he can, in certain conditions, run up a debt!) Since oxygen is carried by the blood, the condition of the heart is really the deciding factor. This organ responds by beating faster, sometimes rising to the rate of 180 or more beats to the minute. In spite of this rise, it manages at each beat to pump out a greater quantity of blood than usual.

Actually, during violent exercise, the two ventricles of the heart—this little thing weighing ½lb. or so, the size of a man's fist—can pump out the amazing amount of 17 gallons of blood in a minute.

What is the most strenuous sport, the greatest physical test of a man? Can one compare Salminen's feat of running 10,000 metres in just over 30 minutes with pulling an oar in the Boat Race for about 20 minutes; or Peterson's effort against Nensel with Lovelock's record mile?

Popular opinion is not always right. Cross-country running, for example, is often regarded as an exhausting sport because so many competitors collapse on reaching the finishing posts. Yet although no small amount of endurance is required to cover miles of ploughed field and rough track and hard road, and to scramble over hedges, fences and ditches, that collapse is not really caused by any of these things.

Every good runner attempts to cultivate a steady pace throughout the course, and this tends to become mechanical. The prolonged sprint at the finish comes as a strain on the muscles and co-ordinating centres, which have become used to a fixed and slower rate of movement. It is the effort to change this speed that tells on the system. Collapse is as much due to mental strain as to physical; this is borne out by the rapid recovery nearly always made by the competitors.

According to experienced medical opinion, rowing (racing) takes prior place among those sports which exact a heavy toll on human resistance. In most sports there is a comparatively free range of movement, and variety between leg, arm and trunk movement. The movements of the limbs and the alternate contractions and relaxation of the muscles help to pump and squeeze the blood along the veins back to the heart; and thus assist that overworked organ.

In rowing, however, relaxation is impossible, and variety of movement is out of the question. Moreover, owing to the fixation of the trunk muscles to obtain the greatest leverage for the arms and legs, unrestricted breathing is impossible. Rowing is a powerful effort performed continuously at the maximum speed that the human frame can endure—a man rowing in an eight-oar boat in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race develops over half a horse-power the whole way, and so there is little wonder that both teams generally finish in a state of collapse.

In a study made at Harvard some time ago, the records of 152 rowing men over a period of 40 years were examined. Results showed that these men averaged five years above the normal expectation of life, and that of the 32 who had died at the time of the investigation, only two had died of heart disease—a much lower rate than normal. Evidently rowing, in spite of its strenuous nature, does not cause heart disease.

Incidentally, it has been found that athletes generally, live longer than average men under similar circumstances. Another American study showed that of 808 athletes, over a period of 50 years, the actual deaths were only 58 as compared with the 125.9 expected deaths from actuarial tables. A later investigation of the life histories of 5,000 college athletes showed the occurrence of 1,262 deaths instead of the expected 1,314, giving a margin in favour of the athletes of 8.5 per cent.

All-in wrestling comes close to rowing for first place among the most strenuous sports, but at least there is variety of movement and many opportunities for a certain degree of relaxation while not actually engaged in grappling with an opponent. Pain, of course, is a factor which must be taken into account, for it is undoubtedly severe; but many of the expressions of anguish seen on a wrestler's face are made purely for the benefit of the spectators.

Boxing is a very strenuous sport, which is tiring almost as much because of the mental effort as because of the physical. From the time an opponent's glove flicks on its way, an instant decision has to be made to determine whether it is a feint or not, what to be prepared for if it is, and if it is not, how to guard and counter.

In a first-class boxer, the movements of attack, defence and counter-attack seem to be automatic. In a sense they are, but only a stimulus from the nerve centres will cause a muscle to contract; and so every movement entails some degree of nervous activity. Since (a part of) the nervous system tires more readily than the muscles, it is evident that the fatigue experienced is due to high mental pressure very nearly as much as to vigorous physical activity.

The element of pain also enters into boxing, and is a steady drain on the vitality. The constant blows on the chest upset the regulation of the heart and lungs; and the blows on the head jar the brain, in addition to the pain they cause. What boxing must have been like in the time of the Romans, when leather thongs studded with metal were bound on the hands, and when that precious minute at the end of every round was unknown, it is not easy to imagine.

Fencing is another sport which is rapidly tiring on account of the nervous stress. It is perhaps the quickest sport there is. Parry and riposte and counter-riposte are almost simultaneous, the blades flickering like lightning; yet every action is under perfect control, and every movement is decisively made in response to a certain definite situation. The heavy canvas clothing and the close-fitting mask must also be taken into consideration. A few minutes play against a well-matched opponent bring the perspiration streaming from every pore.

Tug-of-war is a very strenuous sport indeed. It brings into play every part of the body, from the hands gripping the rope to the feet gripping the ground. Its severity may be judged from the fact that at nearly every competition the participants drop from utter exhaustion at the end of the third pull. At the Royal Tournament at Olympia, where the Services decide their championships, this almost invariably happens, in spite of months of hard training solely for that event. The reason for the exhausting nature of pulling lies in the fact that the muscles are held in a state of static contraction, and this is the most fatigue-compelling way of using muscles. Anyone who has pulled to the chin on the bar or rings knows how rapidly the arms tire if the position is held for more than a few seconds—and the tug-of-war man is using in this way not only the arm muscles but every muscle in his body for several minutes at a stretch.

Such games as football and hockey require rapid movements interspersed with periods of rest, so that although a good fast game is fatiguing, the body has time to recover to a certain degree in the intervals when the ball is at the other end of the field. No long sustained effort is necessary. By some observers, lacrosse and ice-hockey have been placed second to rowing as the most strenuous

sports. They are both very fast—in ice-hockey a player covers about thirteen-and-a-half miles in half an hour—but they do not take the same toll as such individual sports as boxing and all-in wrestling.

Swimming is rarely exhausting. The smaller effort required is due to the buoyancy of the body. The water supports the body completely, leaving the limbs free for propulsion, whereas in every other action out of the water, the limbs are required also to support the weight of the body. The temperature is the most important factor. If the water is very cold, far more energy is required for internal use in counteracting the rapid loss of body heat than is used in the muscular movements. That is why Channel swimmers cover themselves thickly with grease—to prevent this loss of body heat. Water polo is more strenuous than swimming largely because the movements are not straightforward and breathing is restricted to the odd times when opportunity presents.

Cricket is less tiring than most team games. The fast bowler on a hot summer day does a considerable amount of work, however, and it has been said that one of the Australian bowlers ran over seven miles each day, merely while he was bowling. And bowling is not easy work. Experiments have shown that a fast bowler can project the ball at a speed of 90ft. a second or almost 60 m.p.h., while Larwood has touched 90 m.p.h.

Balls *do* travel at surprising speeds. Usually the air resistance quickly slows them down, but even a billiard ball can travel the length of a table at an average of over 22 m.p.h. The football beats it with a speed of 35 m.p.h., and the humble table-tennis ball has attained a speed of 50 m.p.h. In baseball, where a run is not allowed, the ball has been thrown at 95 m.p.h. This means that the thrower's hand is actually travelling at this speed at the instant the ball leaves his hand.

It is in lawn tennis and golf, however, that the limits of speed are reached. In the former, Tilden holds the record with 150 m.p.h.; and in the latter, a speed of over 190 m.p.h. has been recorded—three times as fast as an express train.

In athletics, the running events are the most strenuous, for the number of throws or jumps in a field event is limited, and there is a rest between each trial.

Fairly exact measurements of the degree of effort required for the various events have been made. About the middle of the 100yds., for instance, it has been found that the first-class sprinter attains his maximum speed of 35ft. per second—at the expense of a tremendous amount of energy. To run 100yds in only 10⅕sec. requires the same amount of energy as would lift the runner's own weight to a height of 690ft.—just 100ft. less than the top of the Woolworth building.

Events differ in the degree of exertion required, and also in the degree of difficulty. The task of assessing the relative difficulty of the various events in athletics has been simplified by a carefully calculated scoring table brought out by the Finns in 1932. This gives marks for each event, so that the quality of performance in one event can be compared with that in another. The top marks, 1,150, were for results well above the existing records.

Since then, many world's records have been broken; in three events these top marks have now



"WATER POLO IS MORE STRENUOUS THAN SWIMMING LARGELY BECAUSE THE MOVEMENTS ARE NOT STRAIGHTFORWARD AND BREATHING IS RESTRICTED TO THE ODD TIMES WHEN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTS"

been exceeded, and in one case equalled. The following table shows the possible records, according to this table, and the actual results so far attained. Obviously the events at the bottom are the hardest, since their marks are lowest; and equally obviously the results at the top are the most meritorious.

Event	"Possible Record," according to Finnish Table	Present World's Amateur Record	Marks according to Finnish Table
Putting the shot	55ft. 8in.	57ft. 1in.	1,100
Throwing the javelin	256ft. 4in.	254ft. 6in.	1,100
200 metres flat	20.42sec.	20.7sec.	1,153
Running high jump	6ft. 9¼in.	6ft. 9¾in.	1,150
Throwing the discus	174ft. 4¾in.	174ft. 2¾in.	1,147
400 metres flat	45.86sec.	46.1sec.	1,130
Running long jump	25ft. 10¼in.	26ft. 5¾in.	1,151
Pole vault	14ft. 9in.	14ft. 6¼in.	1,134
Throwing the hammer	190ft. 10¼in.	186ft. 6¼in.	1,105
110 metres hurdles	13.8sec.	14.3sec.	1,039
Hop, step and jump	53ft. 8¼in.	52ft. 6in.	1,069
1,500 metres	3min. 43.7sec.	3min. 47.8sec.	1,088
100 metres flat	10.59sec.	10.3sec.	1,074
10,000 metres	29min. 23.7sec.	30min. 6.2sec.	1,088

What is the most dangerous sport? Is it "rugger" or rowing, wrestling or running? Perhaps the best guide is the list given in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* of accidents which have occurred in various sports in America. These figures have been very carefully compiled—the Americans do this sort of thing with an almost religious fervour.

"Football exhibits the highest incidence of athletic injuries and accidents, with a total of twelve serious injuries . . . among each hundred players, 17.7 per cent. among inter-collegiate contestants, 5.1 per cent. among intra-mural players; boxing the next highest with 5.2 per cent.; lacrosse, 4.7 per cent; Association football, 4 per cent.; wrestling, 3.4 per cent.; baseball, 3.2 per cent.; track and field, 1.2 per cent; rowing, 0.2 per cent.; and swimming and fencing, no serious injuries. The proportion of injuries for all sports is about 3 per cent."

There is a best age for every sport. Psychologists have found that:

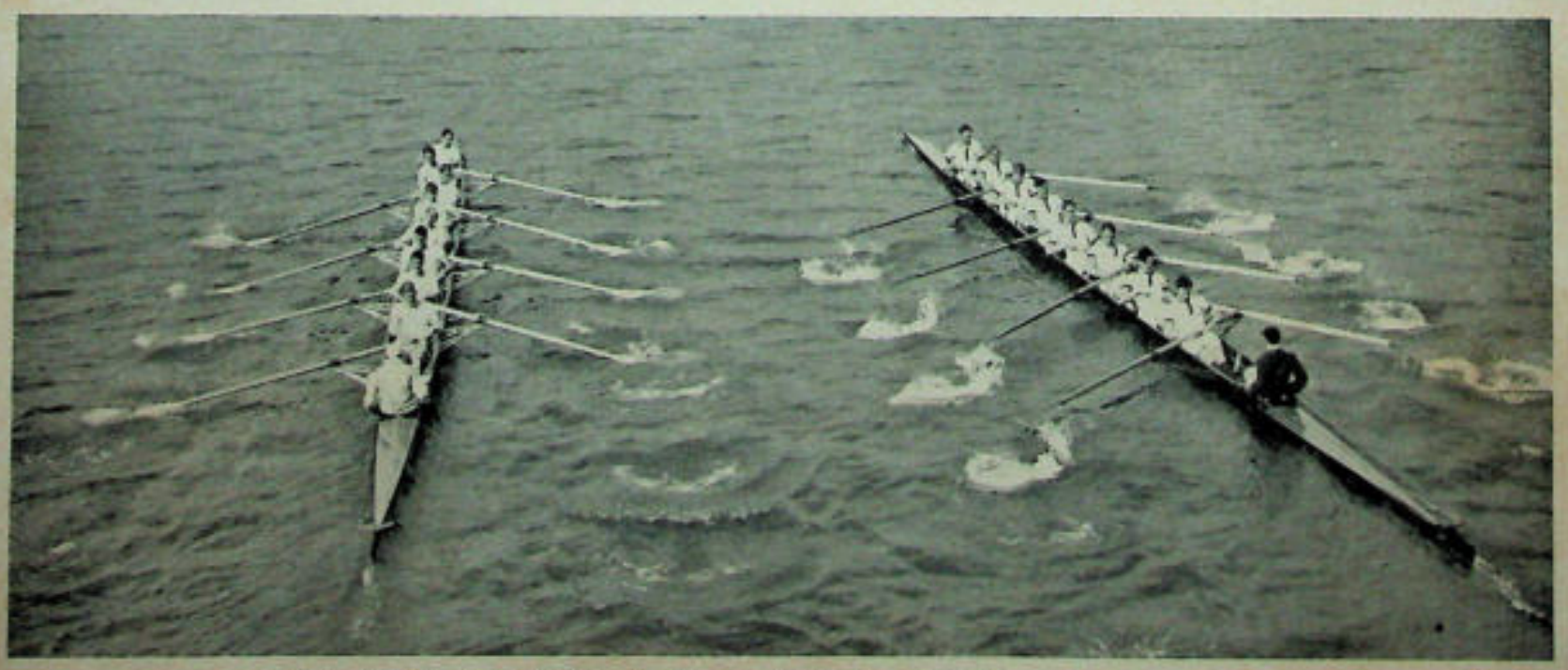
Boxers are at their prime at	22
Sprinters and long jumpers reach their peak at	23½
Footballers play their best at	24
Hurdlers, high jumpers and weight-putters	25
Long-distance runners	25½
Rowers and hockey players	26½
Tennis players are at the top of their form at	28½
Cricketers (batsmen and bowlers)	29-34½
Golfers, of the championship class	31-35
While Polo players can be at their best up to	50

You do not have to play games to take exercise. Surprising distances are walked in daily life. The average person, it has been found, walks about eight miles, but

A child (in school hours)	walks over	4 miles
A dentist in his surgery	"	4 "
A waiter, in one round	"	5 "
A 'bus conductor	"	6 "
A football referee	"	7½ "
A nursery school teacher	"	7½ "
A nurse	"	12½ "
A housewife	"	13 "
A waitress	"	13½ "
A policeman	"	20 "
A visitor in an out-patient's department	"	25 "
While a waiter actually does	"	32 "

A feat of endurance in the world of sport, breaking all previous records, is *news*. But in certain manual occupations, almost incredible feats are performed daily, almost without thought of the effort. Labourers handling pig iron, for instance. In one job they had to lift a billet weighing about 92lb., carry it up an inclined gangway and place it in a railway truck. It was found on the average that they could shift 47 tons of iron a day, walking a total of over sixteen miles; while good workers could shift as much as 58 tons in a day, representing the carrying of 1,412 pigs of iron. This represents over 22 million foot-pounds of work a day, sufficient to raise the labourer's own weight of 12st. to a height of 50 miles!

A great deal of his actual energy is used internally, in overcoming internal resistance, or is transformed into heat; so that his total expenditure of energy is even greater. (The efficiency of the body as a machine is about 25 per cent.) Even this work is not as much as that of some labourers, for a recent Home Office pamphlet mentions that of stowers and jute porters, who carry on the back a bale of jute weighing 400lb. instead of the mere 92lb. billet of the pig-iron worker.



"ROWING TAKES PRIOR PLACE AMONG THOSE SPORTS WHICH EXACT A HEAVY TOLL ON HUMAN RESISTANCE"

THE LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULL

Nesting Habits of a Comparatively Silent Bird

By GUY B. FARRAR

LAST summer I spent a very interesting week ensconced in a hide in the middle of a North Lancashire colony of lesser black-backed gulls observing and photographing the intimate details of their home life during the breeding season.

The nesting area was situated in a deep hollow



HOLDING HIS HALF-DIGESTED FOOD IN HIS BEAK FOR THE YOUNG TO PECK

in the sand dunes, the bottom of which was covered with bracken and smooth boulders, the sides being steep sand-hills sparsely clothed in marram grass. The nests lay distributed evenly over the entire area, some in the bracken, some on the bare boulders, and some on the slopes of the sand-hills. Each nest was separated by at least 5yds. or 6yds. from its neighbour, and a clear line of demarcation also existed between the lesser black-backs and a herring gull colony, which occupied a neighbouring hollow, both species seemingly respecting the territorial rights of the other.

The nests themselves varied between a slight depression in the sandy turf to quite an elaborate structure of dead sticks combined with various flotsam and jetsam collected from nearby. The former were found in the bracken-covered mounds and the slopes of the sand-hills, and the latter amongst the boulders. Like most shore-nesting birds, the lesser black-back's home-making activities depend largely on what is available in the immediate vicinity. I saw no evidence of any material having been brought from a distance to supplement the home supply.

In this particular colony nearly every nest contained three eggs, very little variation existing in their ground colour or markings, but these two factors depend to a large extent on the depredations of egg collectors—where the birds are much harried and second clutches are common, unusual varieties result—and here the gulls are strictly preserved.

The fact that impressed me most about the birds themselves was the pronounced variation in the colour of the mantle and also the legs and feet. Although the majority wore the blue-black covering from which they get their name, quite a number of slate-grey backs were to be seen, presumably the *Larus fuscus affinis* of Reinhardt. These were interbreeding with the more normal variety; I saw three pairs in which the two colours had formed an alliance.

In most text-books the colour of the legs and feet is given as yellow, but in this colony quite a number of the gulls' legs—all breeding birds and, therefore, presumably adult—were dirty white, particularly those with the lighter coloured mantle. In all cases under observation the colouring of the bill, iridis and orbital ring was definitely constant.

My notes on the various calls heard during my vigil in the hide, record three distinct alarm signals: A screaming ak-ak-ak, a sign of intense fury, as the bird swoops at the head of an intruder. A haw-ha-ha, an almost goose-like bark, denoting agitation and suspicion. This call is repeated for some time after a colony has been disturbed and while the gulls are returning to their nests. Any movement in the hide produced a succession of calls from nearby nests, although I was completely concealed from view. One can gauge by the intonation and intensity of this call as to whether or not the bird is much disturbed. The third call was an "all clear" signal, a long drawn out hu—aw, almost like the bray of a donkey, made with the beak wide open and the head raised and lowered during the performance. It was interesting to notice with what alacrity the young answered this signal, appearing like magic from their hiding places, where they had crouched at the first hint of danger. Except for these alarm notes and a wailing mew, the lesser black-backed seems rather a silent gull.

When putting up the hide or examining a nest, I was struck on the back several times by the angry birds, a passing blow apparently delivered with the feet, but I had no one with me to verify this fact, and if I stood upright the attack ended in a swoop without a blow being struck.

As many of the eggs were chipping, I timed the emergence of several chicks, and in three cases, found it to be over twelve hours. The difficulty of obtaining any accurate data on this point lies in the difficulty of finding an egg showing the first faint signs of chipping. In one instance, the chick required nearly eighteen hours to emerge!

I noticed little variation in the chicks. An iron grey down mottled with dark brown spots, a black bill with a light tip, and dull slate-coloured legs and feet, seemed to be constant. I doubt if one could distinguish them from the young of the herring gulls. I placed one of each species side by side and had some difficulty in identifying them when I returned them to their respective parents.

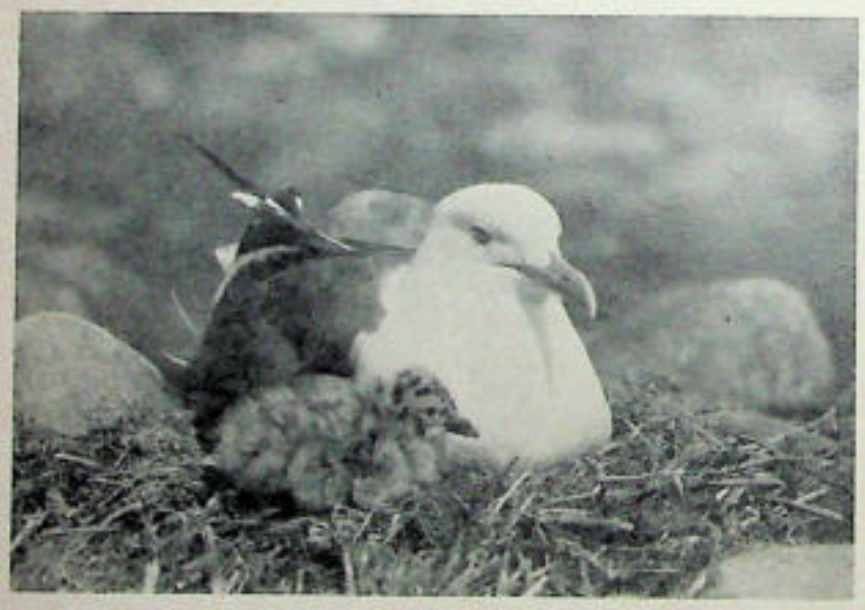
When the young required feeding, they pecked their parents' feet, and the half-digested food was immediately ejected by the adult bird and held in the beak for the chicks to eat. I have seen young black-headed gulls give a similar signal when, in their opinion, dinner time had arrived.

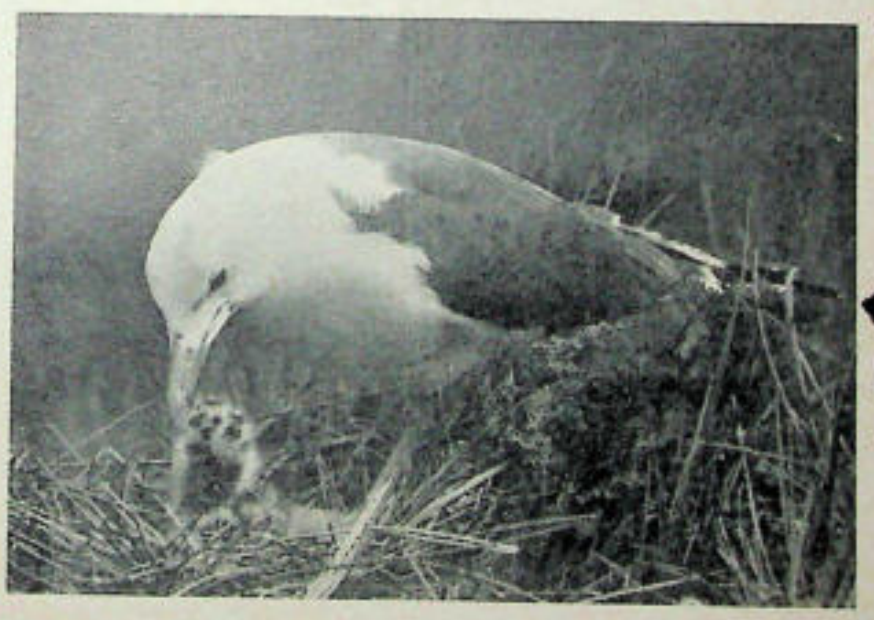
Fights, not very serious affairs, accompanied by much screaming, take place in the gullery, one combatant seizing his opponent by the outer primary and dragging him along the ground, a form of "all in" wrestling watched with much interest by nearby neighbours.

Some of these North Lancashire colonies of lesser black-backs number thousands of birds, and it seems doubtful if it is in the best interests of ornithology that all these eggs should be allowed to incubate each year, and all these thousands of young robbers, for robbers they are, be let loose to prey on their weaker brethren. The lesser black-backed gull is one of the most beautiful and picturesque of our shore birds, but his numbers need keeping in check, if only for the sake of other equally interesting species whose struggle for existence is imperilled by these sable pirates.



A FAMILY GROUP





A VERY PROUD PARENT BROODING HER YOUNG

Their method of caress is to touch beaks, the parent bird bending over the chick with obvious love and affection



A MOST UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A GULL ASLEEP ON THE NEST



THE UNSUSPECTING HERD—THE WIND IS STEADY

ECONOMICAL ELEPHANT HUNTING

The Possibilities of Uganda

By CAPTAIN R. J. D. SALMON, M.V.O., M.C.

A MAN able to hunt where he wishes, more or less regardless of cost, and owning a mansion fit to house the finest of trophies, would be unlikely to find much appeal in elephant hunting on economical lines, and Uganda has few advantages over her neighbours to offer him. Long walks in a warm climate, often through dull country, would seem hardly worth while to the man able to go where other transport is available. It is human nature to want the best obtainable within the available expenditure, and the country with the better prospects will certainly not be preferred any the less because the hunting can be done more comfortably there than in the land of the second best.

But—and this is where Uganda does come into the picture—there are many men, and women too, of quite moderate means who would enjoy seeing a bit of Africa in the mildly rough. To any such people with a pair of reasonably sound legs, a return ticket and £70 available for game and elephant licences, in addition to about £25 a month for their local expenses, Uganda really offers outstanding opportunities for a successful elephant hunt. The £70 will purchase the right to kill three elephants, without onerous restrictions on weight of ivory or sex of animal, and a quite fantastic variety of other beasts and birds, but as most of the beasts are not obtainable without considerable travelling which would hardly begin to be covered by the projected allowance of £25 a month for expenses, I will assume that elephant and buffalo hunting are the only things that really matter.

Let us skip the period from the time the embryonic elephant hunter first thinks of an elephant hunt on economical lines to when he descends at the Kampala Railway Station or the Port Bell Aerodrome, seven miles apart and respectively twenty-five and five days from Piccadilly. He can be met at either by the comfortable motor car of the very comfortable Hotel Imperial, Kampala.

As Uganda is cheap to hunt in, it is naturally lacking in many of the facilities which are offered in such profusion by its neighbours. In fact, a stranger might gather the impression that none of the local firms have much interest in the hunter of very limited means, and I do not think he would be far wrong. He might even despair of being able to hire a tent or even a camp bed, but if he took his troubles to the Game Warden he would eventually obtain one thing here and another there, so that after about three days fossicking around he would probably find himself adequately and most certainly very cheaply outfitted.



—THE WIND CHANGES

While hunting about for equipment he will also be inquiring as to where to go and how to get there, with the probable result that Bulemezi or Buruli County, both in the Buganda Province, will become his objective, with a native or Indian owned and driven motor omnibus as his transport to his first camp.

The bus will be full to overflowing with Africans, but as a European is always offered a seat in front with the driver, the congested inside of the vehicle need not worry him, particularly as this part of Africa is blessed with an indigenous population whose standard of cleanliness compares well with many parts of Europe.

Naturally, if the cost of hiring a private vehicle is not a bar to doing so, the comfort of a trip is greatly enhanced, but that applies to such a lot of other items I will take it for granted that the visitor wants his sport at approximately the minimum possible expenditure, but if he must have a car he might be wise not to accept the first quotation offered, as very often an excellent vehicle can be hired for less then 6d. a mile.

Within about three hours, and, in the absence of a breakdown, certainly not more than four hours, his bus will deposit him and his staff and outfit at what is known as a Gombolola Rest Camp, generally consisting of a group of grass-roofed, mud-walled houses, built originally by the local native government for the use of administrative officers on tour, but nowadays not much used, as such officers rush round their districts in motor cars and no longer have time to spend many days in camp. The main building will contain a dining room and verandah, with smaller detached huts as bedrooms, or alternatively large open-sided grass-covered tent shelters, which keep a canvas house delightfully cool even during the height of the midday sun.

Although not so absorbing to them as it used to be, the arrival of a European at one of these camps still pleases the local inhabitants, and within a few minutes of his arrival a very courteous and, quite likely, English-speaking chief will appear. It need not be thought that from now on all is plain sailing. The chief being a sensible man will tell you what you want to hear—*i.e.*, that there are lots of elephants, but will be quite unable to "fix" them, as they say of trigonometrical points. He will probably produce an aged hunter—let us call him Gunyarna—who, after a day or two's irritating delay, will lead you off to his own private elephant, Nirvana, by porter.

I will not describe at great length the three days' porter safari, but having made it you will find, quite likely, there has been a recent raid on a food garden within a few miles, and Gunyarna will have laid his plans accordingly. After perhaps a five-mile walk, which will be like a gentle stroll, so great is the feeling of relief which comes from the absence of overloaded porters, fresh elephant tracks will be met and the little column at once turns along it.

As within the next hour or two you will, quite

probably, be trying out what must still be your theoretical knowledge of how and where to shoot the biggest of big game, perhaps now is a suitable time for a few suggestions.

In this part of Uganda the elephants are permanent inhabitants and generally run in fairly big herds, and you are probably on the tracks of about 100 head, almost all cows and young stock, but likely enough to contain a couple of 35lb. to 50lb. bulls. The land is covered with 4ft. high grass, with clumps of bush in all directions, not very closely spaced but often surprisingly effective in hiding elephant from view until you are within 200yds., and even then you see only a small portion of the herd at any one time. If the wind is steady Gunyarna will lead you into a good position from which to inspect the animals, and I advise the novice to perch himself on the nearest convenient anthill or any other adequate eminence, and to work out his shot in calm deliberation, and aided by field-glasses which he will find well worth carrying.

If you have decided on the heart shot, as I hope you have, take up a position as nearly as possible square to an adult elephant which is for the time at peace with the world. His great ears will be going flap flap, and if you continue the back line of the front leg upwards, in an imaginary line, you will see that there is a point where the ear flaps sufficiently far back to intersect this imaginary line. If from broadside your bullet hits this point of intersection you will drop your elephant stone dead within a matter of yards. It is far and away the simplest shot, and to you, in the type of country I am writing of, it will present no difficulty providing you do your calm summing up prior to crowding in to close quarters for the actual shot. In the selection of your first elephant you will have to depend almost entirely on Gunyarna, as you will have no standard by which to judge its ivory, and you would probably be wise to take the first bull he advises, so after deciding on the spot to shoot at, go in as close as he will take you, line your sights, and if everything is quiet and undisturbed, watch the ear flap come into your line once or twice, and gently squeeze the trigger.

If you have aimed correctly the bullet will actually pass through the flap within an inch or two of its furthest back and lower half edge. If you are using a D.B. try and let the second barrel go before your view has changed from broadside to stern, as it is bound to enhance your chances of a successful beginning. And as in the open type of country you are in elephant so seldom give any unexpected trouble, there is no need to keep a barrel in reserve, although you certainly should in heavy bush or long grass. Whether you fire one barrel or two, reload as soon as you can and remember it takes practically the same time to reload one barrel as two, so do not save one under the impression that you will be ready again in less time. The report of your rifle will start the elephants off in a wild rush which is rather awe-inspiring. You will probably think to yourself what a very poor chance you would have if the whole mob happened to come your way in its first rush, but you can comfort yourself with the thought that, although elephants are, contrary to general belief, stupid creatures, they have a very highly developed sense of self-preservation which enables them to judge the direction whence comes the sound of gunfire, and to know that their huge sterns stand bullets galore without much harm, and they squander no time in presenting that end to you.

If you have held steady your own bull will have fallen dead within a few seconds of your firing, although you may have been too excited to see him drop, all your attention having been absorbed in watching the mass of animals crashing through bush and grass, but your natives will know exactly where he lies and will lead you up with much animated chatter and gesture. They will all declare it to be a huge bull (which it will not be), and everyone will shake your hand and thank you for this great work. Altogether you will feel pretty fine.

It is a good thing to examine the carcass fairly thoroughly, as it will assist you in getting the hang of the shots for next time, when you may have to hurry or shoot from a more difficult angle. Also, take particular note of the appearance of the tusks present in the head, so that after they are cut out and weighed you will have some sort of idea as to what to look for in order to better them at your next attempt. To be able to do your own judging will add greatly to the interest of the succeeding hunts; but do not be too self-reliant or you may fall foul of the Ivory Regulations, which fix a minimum weight of 11lb. per tusk. Light as this is it can fail to materialise easily enough if the ivory is disproportionately thin in comparison with its length, so when Gunyarna is very pressing in his urging to refrain, better do so.

The ivory will be chopped out by the local natives and delivered at your camp without any trouble, but if you want to keep a foot for a log box or coal scuttle you will need to find a man who knows how to remove and cure it, as this is a rather difficult operation to do properly. The tail will have been cut off by the first man who gets to the body, and you will probably keep it, but I do not know what you can do with it except pull the hairs out and have them plaited by the natives into bracelets.

After about 30 days' hunting you will probably have obtained six tusks of an average weight of about 40lb. each which would be worth about 7s. a lb. in Kampala, so that if you sold the lot you would rather more than cover the cost of your game and elephant licences. Buffalo, kongoni, waterbuck and zebra will have been met with, and Uganda kob on the Kafu river are within easy reach and there is always a chance of lion and leopard.

If you already possess a rifle of medium bore, say, .350 upwards, which you know and like, you can get along quite well with it, but if you are outfitting yourself by hired or purchased weapons, I advise something heavier for elephant and buffalo. I know at least half-a-dozen makers of double barrels whose weapons are all equally perfect, and it is simply a matter of what bore you select. If it is a D.B. you fancy, get a .450 No. 2, or .470 or .500, unless you are very lightly built, in which case a .450 straight is probably as heavy a weapon as you can handle comfortably.

YOUNG TALENT IN RACE RIDING

Apprentices Who are Making Their Mark in Jockeyship

ONE of the leading trainers, asked a few days ago whether there was any real dearth of riding talent among the many apprentices attached to his stable, replied that the right material was there but he was unable to make full use of it on the necessaries. "The reason," he proceeded, "is that hardly any of my patrons care to have their horses ridden by unknown boys, and unless you can give your apprentices plenty of riding in public you cannot expect them to improve."

"So much is this the case," he went on, "that I have felt obliged to transfer one or two of my most promising lads to other stables in which they will have greater opportunities for riding in public." This is rather a sad state of affairs, but it undoubtedly does exist in many important stables. It helps to explain why some trainers are more successful than others in producing good young jockeys.

Nobody in recent years has rendered better service to the Turf in the production of capable apprentice riders than Mr. Stanley Wootton, and his success in this direction may be directly attributed to the fact that he is himself the owner of most of the horses in his stable, and is thus at liberty to put up his boys whenever he thinks fit. One prominent patron of the trainer to whom we referred at the start of this article, was asked whether his horse in a certain race might be ridden by one of the stable's apprentices. "No," was the answer, "I want to win, so you had better engage a more experienced jockey."

This can be quoted as typical of the attitude of a great many owners and indicates the difficulty experienced by some trainers in bringing their boys to the front. Owners as a rule and particularly those who bet, fight shy of putting up boys they know little about. They prefer to wait until a lad has been fortunate enough to ride a few winners, and then they will run after him eagerly enough so long as he can claim the 5lb. allowance.

Perhaps we cannot blame the owners in question. Racing is a business as well as a sport, and no man likes to throw a race away on account of inefficient jockeyship. At the same time those owners, while persisting in this attitude, have no right to complain of the dearth of good light-weight riders.

The trainers of to-day have the further difficulty of receiving their boys into their stables at a much later age than was formerly the case. In the old days boys went into a racing stage as early as eleven years of age. At present owing to educational regulations, the apprentices do not appear until they are about fourteen or fifteen years old, which means that their terms of apprenticeships do not extend further than about six years. And by the end of their indentures the majority of them have become too heavy for regular race riding.

In spite of all this, good young jockeys continue to crop up here and there. Some of them possess natural advantages. This can be said to apply to little W. Griggs, who will be heard of in the course of a season or two. He is the son of William Griggs and the nephew of the late Walter Griggs, both fine horsemen in their day. A junior member of the Smirke family is shaping well in the hands of Mr. George Digby, who was himself a brilliant jockey in France and Egypt before he became a trainer.

Nobody can accuse the racing authorities of lack of encouragement to the apprentices. For two seasons past the races in which they can claim the 5lb. allowance have become much more numerous. Even in handicaps sweepstakes up to the value of £500 to the winner, and in handicap plates up to the same value, the boys enjoy this important concession of weight. Under these conditions any lad of really exceptional ability should be able to make his mark with reasonable chances.

No boy has come more strongly to the front in recent months than Harry Sprague, who is apprenticed to Mr. J. M. Reardon at Epsom. In a number of races he has displayed judgment in most convincing fashion, and the future would appear to be particularly bright for him. Another boy who has made good in no uncertain manner is Harry Blackshaw, whose indentures are held by Mr. Dawson Waugh. He is now among the few light-weights whom owners do not hesitate to put up even when they are contemplating a gamble.

In the north it is generally conceded that the best apprentice at the moment is George Wells, attached to Mr. James Russell's stable at Mablethorpe. Up to the beginning of the present month he had already ridden fifteen winners, and he is among the lads whose services will be in great demand during the nursery handicap season now started. Other apprentices who have already met with a fair measure of success are John Power, James Gill and Arthur Sharples, the last-named the son of a good jockey of 20 years ago. Sharples is among Mr. Wootton's lads, which means that he has not been devoid of the requisite opportunities of showing that he can ride a race.

Once again the list of winning jockeys will be headed by Gordon Richards by a big margin. This is the seventh successive season and the eleventh time in thirteen years that he has been champion jockey. In no other branch of sport are champions able to maintain their records with such consistency. The question at the moment is whether Richards will reach his second hundred. His best year has been 1933, when he rode 259 winners, thus eclipsing the record previously held by Fred Archer, who in 1885 rode 246 winners.

Since his greatest year Richards has not done quite so well. In the two following seasons his totals of successes were 212 and 210 respectively. Last year he had to rest content with 177 winners. Up to the beginning of the Doncaster meeting he had enjoyed 146 successes, so he has a very fair chance of topping the second century. During the present season he has not had to encounter the rivalry of J. Sirett, who has been laid aside as the result of a bad accident early in the year. Last year Sirett was third on the list with 104 winners, being divided from the leader by the north country rider, W. Nevett, who had 108 winners. The chances are that Nevett will again be second on the winning table this year, followed probably by Harry Wragg and E. Smith.

It seems that next season we shall not see Stephen Donoghue in the saddle. This great jockey has lost very little of his dash, and we have seen him ride some more delightful races this year. Two of the classic races he has won on Exhibitionist. He will find it a great wrench to give up race-riding, but he has been promised good support by Sir Victor Sassoon and others when he takes out a trainer's licence, and everybody will wish him the best of luck in his new profession.

Steve was born at Warrington in October, 1884, and it was in France that he rode his first winner in April, 1905. The Derby he won three seasons in succession on Humorist, Captain Cuttle and Papyrus, and again two seasons later on Coronach. Previously he had won the war-time substitute for the race at Newmarket on Pommern and Gay Crusader. This established a record for the Derby which may never be broken, and by way of contrast it, has to be borne in mind that Gordon Richards has not yet had the good fortune to win the Derby.

Undoubtedly Steve will be missed as a jockey, and his admirers will hope his success is to be transferred merely from one branch of racing to another.



"AS THE DAY OF THE ROARING APPROACHES"

THE SEASON IN THE DEER FOREST

Delights of the Early Stalks

By C. FITZHERBERT

(Sketches by V. BALFOUR BROWNE)

THOSE fortunates who enjoy the opportunity of stalking on stag-ground during the latter part of August and the first three weeks of September unquestionably know the true thrill of the sport. During all this time the stags are together in bands, frequenting the highest ranges where the sweetest grazings are to be found, their every sense alert, and their consciousness of the approach of danger so keen that the stalker is often disappointed of his shot for no accountable reason. But when the Day of the Roaring arrives, and the stags begin to wander in search of hinds, a change is immediately apparent which deprives the stalk of much of its difficulty and consequently of much of its charm.

The season starts leisurely enough. Allowing for the ordinary variations of climate and geographical situation, the first stags come to the larder about the second or third week in August. These first days on the hill have a charm of their own. There is an element of ease and a feeling that there is plenty of time in hand, and if the weather is good these August days show the hills and the deer at their best. The cloud shadows chase each other across the corries where the colours of summer have not yet given place to the yellowing tones of autumn, and the stags, many of them still carrying the velvet on their antlers, lie in the sun, from time to time shaking their heads to drive off the flies. Sometimes they lie curled up, head to tail, or extended chin to the ground like a dog before the fire.

The big stags have their attendants, and any little band will have sentinels posted with all the adroitness of long practice in the art of defence. The love of good food and the comfort of personal safety are clearly the two considerations which by instinct are uppermost in their minds at this season of the year. And for the sportsman, too, the considerations should be different from what they may become in a few weeks.

The big stags are seldom clean before the end of August, and though we may gaze with admiration at their spreading antlers, rendered even more massive in appearance by the protecting velvet, we ought to select that fat fellow who has no beauties to recommend him save his clean and hardened horns and his well-covered haunches. There is still no hurry to get the number which is imposed by the requirements of the forest or allowed by the terms of the lease, and one fat stag in the larder is ample reward for our day on the hill.

But with the beginning of September a change becomes apparent both in the stalker and in his quarry. Some instinct seems to warn the latter that war has been declared, and the feeling of summer ease and security which was there a week or two earlier seems to drop away.

There is no more beautiful sight at this time of the season than a company of nine or ten stags lying all about some point of vantage. The big ones are securely tucked into the bank, sheltered and warm, while the lesser fry are posted around so as to catch the first taint on the wind, or to keep a watch on the open hill-side. They settle themselves as though by orders prearranged, and if they are not disturbed they may lie throughout the day, rising, perhaps, from time to time to stretch and change position, but only to settle down again.

Nowadays conditions vary considerably in different forests, and in some districts the size of the herds may deprive the sport of much of its charm. But to stalk a little band on high, rough ground, where the vivid green of the latest grasses makes contrast with the grey rocks, and where the burns begin their little bubbling courses, is to know the best that deer-stalking can give.

It is a well-known feature of September stalking that the stag that one wants is never the most accessible. The charm lies in the difficulty of approaching within shot without disturbing the outliers. The outer defences probably consist of three-year-olds and trash, and the old stagers lie secure behind the guards. One false step and it may well be "good-bye" to the chances of the day.

A real alarm at this time may send the stags into the next forest, and if there is one there that rouses the covetousness of the stalker, it is wiser to spend the day observing the deer through the glass and studying the beauties of the surroundings, waiting until they rise. Sooner or later they must commence to feed, and feeding deer are off their guard. Though the wait may seem tedious, the reward is better than the failure that so often results from a premature attempt.

As the Day of the Roaring approaches yet another phase is reached. The stags are now becoming restless, disturbed by the first stirrings of the coming rut. They are no longer content to lie at peace with their fellows, and jousts and sparring matches are frequent. And then, as the weather grows colder, and as a touch of frost is felt in the morning and the evening air, the bands break up and the season enters upon its final stage.

Of all the instincts with which the animal kingdom is endowed the strongest are said to be love and self-preservation. Hitherto the latter has been apparent, but now the former triumphs and the monarchs are at the mercy of their enemies. It is no longer a case of searching the high corries and warm, snug corners for the best in the forest. Wherever is the largest parcel of hinds there most likely is a good stag. If a good stag is seen with hinds as we make our way home through the dusk, in all probability he will still be there in the morning. And the stalk itself is now more a matter of stalking the hinds. It is not so necessary to avoid disturbance; hinds cling to their own ground, and when disturbed, particularly late in the day, they may only cross the corrie, taking the stag with them.

The larder man is now kept fully occupied, and this fact alone is proof that the difficulties of the stalker are diminishing. These last days are used by many to destroy the bad class stags which abound in almost every forest, but generally speaking the sport has lost its charm, and it is usually with a feeling akin to relief that the stalker calls a truce and leaves the deer in undisputed possession of their ancient territories.

HUNTING APPOINTMENT CARDS

Hunt Secretaries are invited to send in their fixture cards so that they reach us not later than the first post on the Tuesday morning preceding publication. It is hoped that Secretaries will co-operate and so make the "Field" list as complete as possible this season.



"THE STAGS ARE BANDED TOGETHER, FREQUENTING THE HIGHEST RANGES"



THE ROYAL DRAGOONS, 1850 BY FERNELEY

FAMOUS SPORTING REGIMENTS

No. 17—The Royal Dragoons



By the nature of things few regiments can have a longer sporting history than the Royal Dragoons, for as the oldest regiment of the Cavalry of the Line by nearly a quarter of a century, their history extends over 275 years. Even if the records were complete, the long existence of The Royals would make it impossible to deal with its sporting career in full. Sport, as the term is known to-day, is the creation of the last 100 odd years, and it is this period with which this article must for the most part deal.

The first reference to sport in the regiment is, however, of considerable interest. When the Royal Regiment of Dragoons was at the beginning of its long tour at Tangier in July, 1663, a truce was made with the Moors in which the English were assigned bounds "about ten miles in compasse in which our officers often goe to hunt the wild hog." Whether the wild hog was ridden with the lance or hunted with dogs it is hard to say, but as hunting the boar is an accepted English pursuit, the latter method was possibly employed.

It is curious that the boar was not hunted again by officers of The Royals for nearly 250 years, for except when they went on active service, The Royals and The Greys did not leave England till after the Boer War, when they were put on the Foreign Service Roster. From Lucknow, and later from Muttra, they had first-class sport in the golden decade of Indian sport which ended in 1914. They had the good fortune to have the help of that well-known police officer, Captain Fauntthorpe, in making their *bandobast*.

Armed with this experience they were the backbone of the Muttra Tent Club in the record season of 1910–11, when 400 sizable pig were killed. (As the result of this the height standard was raised from 27in. to 28in., and again to 29in. for ridable boar). In that year the German Crown Prince visited his father's own regiment to "live the life of a subaltern." Those who know the bachelor quarters in the Cavalry lines at Muttra will, of course, realise that a camp of some scores of tents of Viceregal dimensions had to be pitched to fulfil this requirement.

The commanding officer's task of mounting the Crown Prince was an anxious one, but with two former winners of the Kadir in the regiment the Crown Prince could hardly be said to have been ill-mounted. The Prince obtained three first spears, and all was well. Here is the Tent Club Log Book extract: "January 2nd, 1911. Koila Jhil. Heat No. 1. H.I.H. The Crown Prince of Germany, Colonel Makins, Tomkinson, Miles. . . . This pig, viewed from a distance, gave a straight run towards the river and was speared before leaving the grass in the jhil. Almost immediately all three beats were riding pig, of which there seemed to be any number in this corner. The Prince again accounted for his after a short circuitous route in front of the line, Tomkinson and Miles both falling. . . ."

It was, however, not till their second Indian tour after the War that a Kadir Cup win came the way of The Royals, for in 1935 Hamilton-Russell won on his Lindy Loo, a fitting ending to a most successful tour at Meerut.

But if "hunting the wild hog" played the earliest part in the sporting life of the regiment, there can be no question of what sport has played the largest. Pride of place must be given to foxhunting. It has always been given precedence. If an officer has to choose from lack of means or some other reason between hunting and polo, the choice is almost automatic. Polo is the greatest of all games, but it is only a game.

In the last 60 years the regiment has produced no fewer than fourteen Masters of foxhounds; at the present time Bailey catalogues no fewer than five. Regimental packs recur from time to time. In the season of 1896–97 The Royals took over the pack of harriers—they were catholic as to quarry—at Dundalk, hunted by Major the Hon. Arthur Hamilton-Russell, with C. A. Calvert and Lord Charles Fitzmaurice as whippers-in. In Lucknow there was a Royals pack in the seasons 1905–09, with Captain Sandbach as Master and Tidswell and Houstoun as whippers-in. Soon after the Armistice the present commanding officer, Colonel Swire, imported seven couple of South Shropshire beagles, and he and Captain W. P. Browne, son of Colonel Percy Browne, a distinguished Royal, who met his end in the ill-fated Waratah off the coast of South Africa, hunted them round Liège. On leaving Cologne these beagles marched at the head of "C" Squadron, and were a well-known sight. On Sunday, August 24th, 1919, the first German hare was killed; 67 minutes and seven-and-a-half miles as hounds ran.

It is impossible to write of all those officers of The Royals who have carried the horn, but mention must be made of one of the first and, perhaps, the most famous. Sir Richard Glyn left the regiment after the Crimean War, and went with his brother and St. George Osborne, another Royal Dragoon, to South Africa. They were the third party of white men to see the Victoria Falls, and their journey was something of an epic. Sir Richard brought back a buffalo head which was the record for nearly thirty years. He then took over the Blackmore Vale and hunted them for nineteen years. The attached list of Masters is not without interest, though it may not be fully complete. But it can give no real impression of what foxhunting has meant to The Royals, and the fun they have had and are having out of it, even if they have not all had the luck of Sir Richard Glyn, who calculated that his hounds averaged 88 days a year, killed an average of 61 brace a year, and cost an average of £3,333 a year.

MASTERS OF HOUNDS

Sir Richard Glyn, Bart.	*Blackmore Vale* ..	1865–84
Captain Park Yates	*N. Cheshire*	1877–86
Captain Towers Clark	*Westmeath*	1883–86
Captain J. A. Middleton	*Fife*	1888–97
Mr. T. E. Harrison	*East Galway*	1894–99
Mr. Percy Browne (Then Colonel)	*S. & W. Wilts*	1898–00
	Blackmore Vale ..	1905–09
Mr. H. Bookerville	*Bathurstshire and W. Hereford*	1908–10
" "	*East Sussex*	1910–12
Captain Sir Henry Ripley, Bart.	*Tyne Valley*	1908–10
" "	" "	1919–20
Captain H. P. Browne	*Portman*	1920–30
" "	"	1932
Mr. C. Hilton Green	*Meynell*	1921–24
" "	*Meynell*	1929–31
" "	*Cottesmore*	1931
Mr. W. W. B. Scott	*United*	1927–28
" "	*Portman*	1928–30
" "	*N. Cotswold*	1930
Hon. Guy Cubitt	*Crawley and Horsham*	1928
Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver Birkbeck	*W. Norfolk*	1929–37
Major A. S. Cleary	*Earl of Harrington*	1934–36
" "	*Cheshire Stag*	1936
Captain R. B. Kerr	*County Down*	1881–87
" "	"	1891–92
Brigadier-General T. M. S. Pitt	*Mid-Kent Stag*	1913–20
" " "	"	1921–24

DRAGS

Captain J. F. Burn-Murdoch	*Staff College*	1888–89
Captain Hon. J. E. Lindley	"	1890–91
Captain Roger Poole	"	1937–38
The Lord Alastair Innes-Ker	*Shorncliffe*	1902–04

One of the best periods that the regiment has enjoyed within memory was when it was quartered

in Dublin, in the 'nineties—when the great John Watson was Master of the Meath and gave his field some record seasons. Any officer was disappointed who did not get five days a week with hounds, either with the Meath or Kildare, and even the orderly officer was allowed to arrange to have a gallop with the Ward Union. In those days Prince Francis of Teck was well to the fore with a fine stud of horses. It is sad to think that the South of Ireland is no longer a happy hunting ground for the British Army—a loss that is not confined only to one of the parties concerned.

While hunting has always taken precedence over polo, The Royals have turned out some good polo teams, and in Brigadier "Mouse" Tomkinson they had an outstanding player, who was a member of the team that won back the Westchester Cup in 1914, and was later to become the manager of H.M. the King's racing stud. In 1891, they had a very fine side which seemed to have a first-class chance and then the inevitable casualties intervened—what cavalry regiment does not know them?—and they were beaten by the winners, the 9th Lancers.

Polo then declined, to be built up again after the South African War, but The Royals were never strong enough to defeat the then all-conquering 10th; and since the War all manner of tournaments have been won but never an Inter-Regimental. They won the Subalterns' Cup while in India, and at home in 1936, and before leaving India they had won the Ezra Cup in Calcutta (a high-class tournament) three times running. They have always tried to make polo a pleasure rather than a profession. Officers are not expected to see their best ponies taken from them for several weeks to be played by more experienced players.

Racing has played a large part in regimental life. As early as 1806 there is a mention of it in the diary of Cornet John Heathcote at Edinburgh. He notes that his brother officers, whom he describes on joining as "perfectly well-bred, polite and gentlemanly men, some indeed far superior to most people I have seen," used to indulge frequently in private race meetings on the sands at Leith. He adds that having heard the bagpipes, "I have now a perfect idea of the war dances of the North American Savages," a *cri-du-cœur* since heard from Colinton. A little later Charles Somerset, who afterwards commanded the regiment, was A.D.C. to his father, Lord Charles Somerset, at that time Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and Colonel of The Royal Dragoons. It was Lord Charles who introduced not only the 1820 settlers but also the "Caper," a cross of imported thoroughbred stock with the local pony, and it was his son who used to ride and break all his father's horses. These "Capers" were exported to India before the "Waler" came into favour, and from them no doubt were descended the ponies on which The Royals were playing polo in South Africa when the War started.



W. A. Rouch

WINNERS OF THE SUBALTERNS' GOLD CUP, 1936
S. A. Calvert, H. B. Scott, Hon. J. Hamilton Russell, R. Heathcoat-Amory

Probably one of the most accomplished G.R.s of The Royals of his day was General Burn-Murdoch, the late colonel of the regiment, who won the Grand Military twice, on Captain Tidswell's Larva in 1884, and on Captain Powell's Midshipmite in 1891, while he is reputed to have had a record number of winning rides in Point-to-Points. The Grand Military did not fall to The Royals again till 1931, when Captain Moseley won on Slieve Grein, a most creditable win during his leave from India. One would not have picked Slieve Grein in the paddock; over fences things looked differently. In their first Indian tour The Royals had many successes—Tomkinson, Charrington and Miles won many races between them, including the Civil Service and Army cups. Compared to the tremendous hold it had before the War, race riding is comparatively out of fashion in India to-day, though increasingly popular in England, but The Royals had quite their share of wins in India in their last tour. Captain Moseley winning the Indian Grand Military in 1934. In the same year The Royals seemed to monopolise the pony classes at the Delhi Horse Show.

Little space is left to deal with shooting and fishing, and, indeed, a host of other activities. Fishing in Kulu, in Kashmir, and in the rivers of the Dun was very popular during the last Indian tour, and in both their periods in India the ducks and snipe of the Lucknow jhils, and the partridge and se-se of the Kadir grass gave the regiment good sport. Many, indeed most, officers have got to know the tiger blocks of the C.P. and the Siwaliks, as well as a number of Nullahs of Kashmir. Mention must be made of the late Lord Basing, a former commanding officer, who penetrated into the Tien Shan in 1905 with the present Sir Richard Glyn, and secured some magnificent heads of Ovis Poli, Ammon and Ibex. One cannot leave the subject of shooting without a mention of that keenest of young shots, Anthony Gilliat, who was killed in 1935 following two wounded tigers on foot. He had made no error in his plans, but the inevitable luck, that must play a part if one takes the risks that every big-game hunter should be prepared to accept, failed him, and he was fatally mauled, though both tigers were afterwards found dead.

During the period that The Royals were in South Africa prior to the Great War the late Julian Grenfell, who excelled as a soldier, sportsman and poet, and who wrote the well-known poems on *The Grey Boar* and *Into Battle*, created a great sensation at a boxing match, when he defeated the Johannesburg champion boxer—a fireman—at the Wanderers Hall. He knocked his opponent out after a severe fight amidst the excitement and enthusiasm of a vast crowd of spectators.





W. A. Rouch

(LEFT) BRIGADIER A. M. TOMKINSON—WINNING WESTCHESTER CUP TEAM, 1914, AND (RIGHT) CAPTAIN R. B. MOSELEY ON SLIEVE GREIN

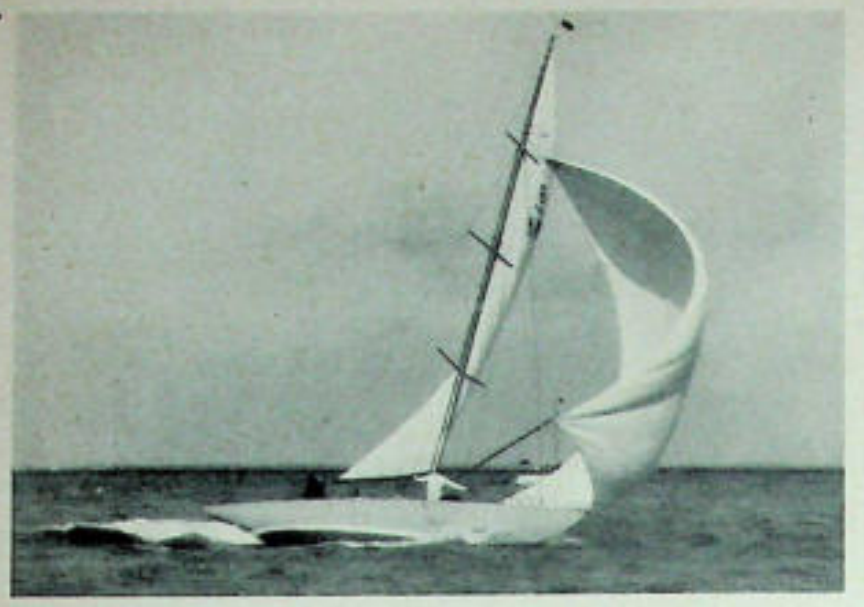
Regimental coaches are now almost things of the past, but many will remember The Royals coach with its fine train of bay-roans, and no whip was better known than Colonel Allan Maclean, who, amongst many others, drove the coach to Ascot, the Derby and other race meetings. And yachting has had its supporters in Captain Towers-Clark, and in Sir Ralph Gore, who is one of the leading helmsmen on the Solent at the present time.

Many a good regimental cricket team has taken the field with great success. One of the best-known members of the team in the old days at Aldershot was Colonel Frank Rhodes—brother of Cecil Rhodes—a great character and the best of good company.

But this article would be incomplete if it was confined purely to the achievements of the officers, for all ranks of the regiment have joined heartily in such games as cricket, boxing, and football, and it may be noted that The Royals won the Durand Cup in India before the War. N.C.O.s were allowed many a good hunt after the boar, and there were quite a number of members of the regiment who bought a *bundook* and spent their leave in the jungle in India.

Tempora mutantur . . . . mechanisation is proceeding apace; whether it is coming too fast is a question of argument.

But if mechanisation has to come it should not change the sporting traditions of men whose predecessors used to "goe to hunt the wild hog" during the dull periods of their life in Morocco. TANGIER.



"SPINNAKER TO STARBOARD"
Kyla (six-metre) shows her paces downwind

BURNHAM WEEK

A Well-Balanced Programme

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

IF there is one yachting fixture in the whole season which serves the particularly useful purpose of restoring one's sense of proportion concerning "things yachting" it is Burnham Week. After a summer of distortion—in which one is almost compelled, willy-nilly, by the power of the human pen and the camera, to believe that the only thing that counts in British yachting is the success of this Twelve or that Eight, and that the fortunes of this or that J-cutter are dominant and that the America's Cup is little short of a Holy Grail—round Foulness we go and up past Shore Ends lie the normal things. Balance is restored and we there see at long last that the smaller craft are in reality the true make-up of the sport here at home.

Frank Cowper used to say that he remembered Burnham when it had half-a-dozen oyster smacks on moorings in the fairway and another couple laid ashore on the hard—and nothing else. It would indeed have done that old veteran's heart good had he been alive this week to have seen the veritable forest of masts in the anchorage, a forest stretching from Creeksea well past the Horse. He was a small ship man in the truest sense of the word, and he would have understood all that this meant to the sport at large.

This year the great East Coast Week went steadily from strength to strength as it ran its course. On the first day of the meeting there were more than 80 entries in the several events of a very varied programme. On the last day of the meeting eighteen events attracted no less than 150 starters. Now figures such as this—bordering almost on the astronomical as far as British yachting is concerned—are worth more than passing notice. They run indeed neck-and-neck with the entry numbers for the Torbay meeting—and, no doubt, if one wished to indulge in personalities one could trace a connection in this, for Mr. Mitchell, the Royal Corinthian commodore, was a prime mover at each of these successful meetings. Compare such figures with those obtaining during Cowes Week, or, for that matter, with those at any meeting right around our coasts other than the Clyde Fortnight. The answer is plain as a pikestaff: a well-balanced and well-varied programme, with plenty of races for all sorts and conditions of craft every day is the magnet which brings the entries. More than that—one can even misquote the old proverb of the pence and the pounds and say, "Look after the small ships and the big ones take care of themselves."

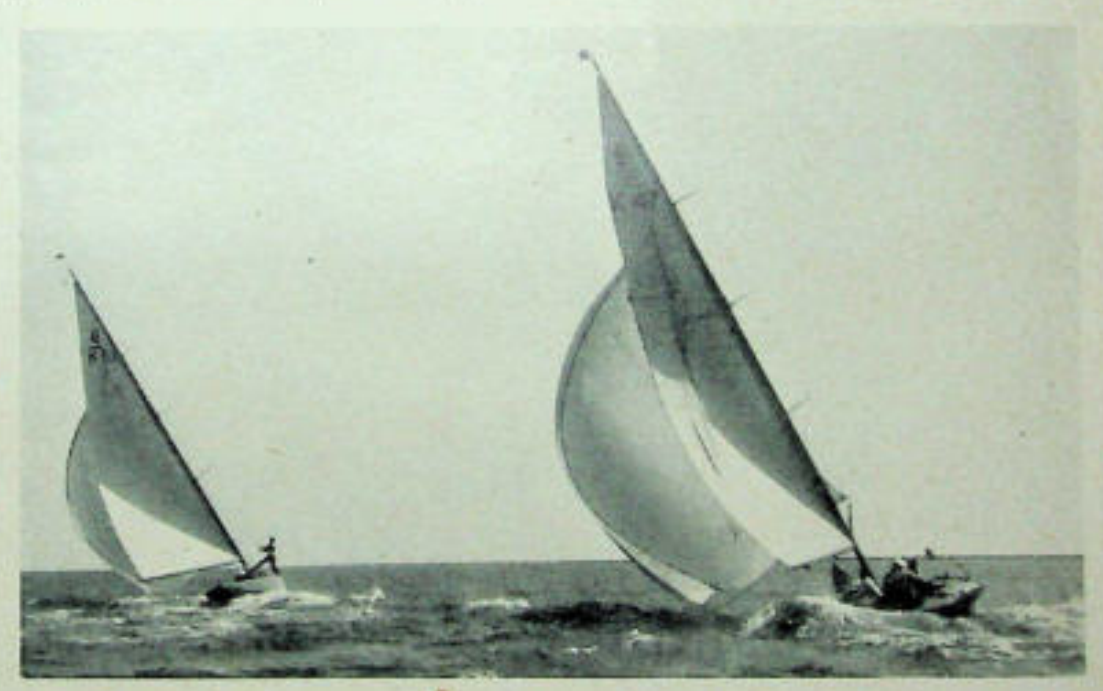
As far as weather was concerned Burnham Week this year was honoured with good honest variety. The meeting opened with light easterly breezes, odd winds which for a day or so tended to produce somewhat straggling finishes. Then the winds flew out to the westward and gave some good hard sou'-wester days of sailing. Finally, the week ended as the winds blew themselves out, and on the last day calms and light airs prevailed to such an extent that a number of starters were unable to complete their courses. Mishaps were remarkably few and far between considering the narrow waters and the large fleet of competitors. Indeed, the only one of any significance occurred in Thursday's race for the Burnham "Q" class when Colonel Cleaver's ex-eight-metre If (which happened at the moment to be sailing her 50th race of the season) collided with Dinah and sank her. Dinah was sailing in the handicap race for half-decked and open boats. There was also only one protest and that was on the last day's racing for the Royal Burnham and West Solent Restricted class—a race in which Vivacious and Pandora fought out a dogged duel.

The Prince George Cup for the yacht making the best average during the week went very clearly to Lalage (Messrs. Belville, Boardman and Leaf), the six-metre British champion at last year's Olympic Games. Her record of five consecutive firsts and a second and a third was invincible. Mr. Spriggs's six-metre Kyla was a good runner-up in this six-metre class and Mr. Ewing's Catherine put in some pretty work. In the Corinthian "fives" the palm must go to Mr. W. Pegler's Mutt, with Norma II (Mr. McGregor) next to her.

The handicap classes have always been a strong feature of this meeting and this year there were excellent entries throughout the week. They grade them here as "A," "C" and "D" classes, and in the "A" class (over 15 tons), Moonshine, Mr. Molin's Blue Peter, Mr. Scott's Chameleon and Squadron-Leader Reid's Ingeborg were very successful. The latter won the Town of Burnham's Challenge Cup from a fleet of nine on the last day of the meet, easily beating Concara and Elsa. Mr. Alphonse Abraham's Melita, who has won this cup three times already, ran aground and lost valuable time. In the first section of the "C" class, Mr. Ryan's Natasha proved herself a very useful ship, and Messrs. F. and H. Pieler's Phynella ran her close. In the second class, Geraldine scored a couple of firsts. In the "D's," Messrs. Sutton's Cormorant, Mr. McMullen's Juldie II and Miss Fitzgerald's Paddy shared up the honours.

After the class matches and the races for handicap cruisers, one comes to the various One-Design classes, and in these Burnham Week has always been remarkably strong. This year the Royal Burnham Restricteds were present in force, and Messrs. Martineau and Sargeant's Vivacious was hard put to it to reach the head of the list before Mr. Coles's Pandora. Coral Nymph did very well among the Corinthian One-Designs, and Lavender Lady and Bluebell headed the Royal Burnham's class. In the Crouch Club's class, Peter Pan, Dot and Acushla shared out the guns. Among the visiting East Coast One-Design class, Rhythm and Wraith left little to choose between themselves; Hurricane was the best of the Essex and Whitstable eighteen-footers, and Jade and Rae were in the van of the Thames Estuary class. In the racing of the United Hospitals it seems that Middlesex Hospital was the best; in the Sharpies there was an even sharing up; and in the International Star class, Mr. Gumprecht's Mona led, but at the end of the week the Royal Naval Sailing Association's Twinkle seemed to be striding into her own.

What a galaxy of classes! Something for every type of ship—and good racing, clear courses, clear instructions. What more could the ordinary yachtsman want? And, of course, that is why Burnham Week is always such a success and might well be taken as a model for other fixtures.



A STUDY IN THE USE OF CANVAS
Lalage leads Catherine in a hard breeze down the Crouch

COLNE YACHT CLUB REGATTA

A Suggestion for Next Season

IT was a very great pity that none of the Twelves put in a racing appearance at this meeting last Saturday, especially as excellent prizes had been offered them. It would have been an easy slant down from Harwich and their appearance on the Colne course would have made an admirable wind-up for their season. Perhaps another year when the fixture list once more resumes its customary appearance—with the Colne and Harwich at the beginning instead of at the end—we shall see them at Brightlingsea.

Despite their absence, however, the fixture was a great success—as Colne events invariably are. There was a handicap race for "five to twenty tonners" which, after a gentle light wind start against a foul flood, was won by Mr. Cleave's Thelma, with Kittiwake (Mr. Grain) at second.

The smaller handicap craft (under 5 tons) were led home by Mr. Thornhill's St. Patrick. On corrected times, however, Mr. E. Martin's Diana was the winner, with Nola (Mr. R. C. Brown) second, and St. Patrick third. The Vice-Commodore (Mr. J. H. Maltby) was the winner of the race for the Brightlingsea One-Design class, with his Jumbo Too; Mr. A. Nicholl's Volage won in the Wivenhoe One-Designs, and Captain Lockhart's Djin was the winning West Mersea "sprite."

As was inevitable the meeting suffered somewhat from the absence of the Twelves and also from its clash of date with the close of the Burnham fixture. Its success was sure, however, because Colne successes are always sure. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that next season's fixture list will give a fair opportunity to this club to show what can be done.



FIRST VISIT OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AND THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBURG TO WELBECK

Left to Right: Countess Schönburg, Major Baker Carr, Lady Victoria Bentinck, the Duke of Portland, the Duchess of Hohenburg, the Duchess of Portland, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Count Schönburg.

SOME PRE-WAR SHOOTING PARTIES

Memories of The Duke of Portland, K.G.

WHEN I came to Welbeck in 1879, and for a good many years afterwards, woodcocks did not nest here. Their first nests were found at Clipstone, and they have since been increasing in number every year until, in 1935, the headkeeper reported that there were at least 40 nests, with an average of four young birds in each, in the woods under his charge. Last year, for some reason, there were not quite so many. No one has any explanation to offer why woodcocks should now nest at Welbeck, and not have done so in the past. A friend of mine, a banker, was returning to England from Denmark a few years ago. There had been a high westerly wind for several days; and he told me that, for three or four hours, the vessel in which he was a passenger passed great numbers of dead woodcocks, floating on the surface of the water. These birds had evidently met the full force of the gale during their migration to the west, and had fallen into the sea and been drowned. It struck me as curious that they did not turn back when they found the wind too strong for them.

My excellent land agent, Mr. Warner Turner, has been so kind as to send me the following note:

"When what is known as warping* was being carried out at Misson, on land adjoining the Idle in Nottinghamshire, you had two or three days' duck shooting there with Captain Tomasson; and you instructed me, if further warping was intended, to try and secure the shooting. But this I was unable to do.

"In 1913, however, Thorne Moor, near Doncaster, was being warped, and I found that the Yorkshire Land and Warping Company Limited were agreeable to let the prospective shooting. So I acquired for you the sporting rights over 715 acres of land adjoining Medge Hill for five years, at a rent of £50 a year. This tenancy was continued, and a new agreement was entered into in 1918, when an additional area was leased, making a total of 1,369 acres.

"As there was a great deal of warped mud to contend with, it was somewhat difficult to get about the ground. Ducks came there in great numbers at times, some very good bags being made, especially in the latter part of August and during September—for instance, on October 5th, 1915, 124 teal and 9 wigeon were shot by three guns; and on November 9th of that year 90 teal and 21 mallard were shot.

"At the end of August, 1916, 92 teal and 48 mallard were shot; and on September 20th of that year 180 teal and 43 mallard. A fortnight afterwards 104 teal were shot, but the best bag was when you returned from Langwell and, on October 30th, 225 teal and 6 mallard were bagged. A week afterwards 82 teal were obtained.

"One day in September, 1917, 159 teal and 58 mallard were bagged, and on October 18th of that year 195 teal and 9 mallard. After that year, however, the warping came to a close; and as there was very little sport to be obtained, the shooting was given up."

Before I conclude this part of my article, I should like to pay a very hearty tribute to Mr. T. Warner Turner, and to the two excellent headkeepers who work under his orders at Welbeck and Clipstone, D. M. Summers and F. W. Bartle. I am quite sure that the splendid sport we have enjoyed during the seasons they have been here is entirely due to their skill, knowledge, and continual vigilance in the care of the game, and to the same qualities in the men working under them. Though the soil is for the most part favourable, the estate is very thickly inhabited; and the residents possess a large number of dogs of all sorts and kinds, which are apt to disturb the game, not only during the nesting season, but at all times during the year. In justice, I must say that the miners and other residents—though of course some of them like "a bit of sport"—are very good fellows, with whom, I am glad to say, we are and always have been on the best of good terms.

Most of the poachers are what may be termed professionals, and, when had up before the magistrates, they libel the miners badly by describing themselves as such. Most of the keepers on this estate are young and active men and can give as much as—or more than—they get, when it comes to what is commonly known as a "rough-and-tumble." If no longer young and active, they have other qualities which are found to be equally useful. On one such occasion a rather old and weighty keeper—I believe he weighs no less than 18st.—acted as a rallying point for the younger men, who brought their prisoners back to him, when he finished them off by sitting on them! However, after the fights are over, the poachers bear little or no malice, as the headkeeper takes them to his house, where their wounds (if any) are dressed, and after being given a warm drink and a bit of supper they are sent home—sometimes, however, to hear of the matter again!

Years ago, I was walking through a plantation of young firs, in which the trees were practically touching one another. Four birds rose in front of me. I knocked three of them over, but the fourth, which I saw plainly was a woodcock, I missed above the trees. I said to my loader, "What a bore; I've killed the three partridges but I missed the woodcock." When we reached the place where the birds had fallen we picked up three woodcocks, which I had mistaken for partridges among the thick trees. To this day I wish I had killed the fourth and thus made a double right-and-left of woodcock. I have never done the same thing since, or had the chance to do so. I ought once to have killed three at Rufford, but quite a different thing occurred then, for I missed them all! I relate these stories to exemplify my luck on one occasion and my bad shooting on another.

A friend of mine was shooting grouse in Scotland. From the number of shots he fired he apparently had a very good drive, but when the keeper counted his cartridges he said, "Weel, weel, just 40 shots and never a death."

On January 4th, 1883, when I was in India, a grouse was killed by Lord Enniskillen on the Lings at Clipstone. A few blackgame were sometimes killed there, but never a grouse, before or afterwards, during the 56 years I have been at Welbeck. It was a very hard winter, I remember, and it was believed that the grouse must have come from Chatsworth, some 25 or 30 miles away, when the moors were covered with snow.



SHOOTING PARTY AT MELTON CONSTABLE, 1885

Standing: Lord Hastings, Earl of Gosford, Lady Musgrave, Mr. Cass, Princess of Wales, Admiral Sir H. Stephenson, Lord Walsingham, Hon. C. Knollys, Duke of Portland, Lord Coke, Earl of Zetland, Lord Suffield, Hon. Agusta Astley. *Seated:* Earl Cadogan, Lady Hastings, Countess of Gosford (with Muggins), Prince of Wales, Lady Coke.

* The fertilisation of land by spreading it with alluvial deposit.

During my absence in India, a party of officers of a very smart cavalry regiment, in which my brother Bill was serving, shot several times at Welbeck. From an inspection of the game book when I returned, I saw that the bags they obtained were very small. I asked the headkeeper why this was so. "Because, your Grace, some of they cavalry officers didn't kill as much as they could eat," was his reply. I think this was a most apt description of a bad team of guns.

One of the keepers brought a very clever lurcher out shooting, which he had captured from the poachers. The dog continually ran in, picked up the birds and, if they were not quite dead, gave them a crunch to finish them off. I told the keeper to lead it on a string. He therefore put a string through the dog's collar, but directly his back was turned the dog bit the string through and then sat quietly by its master. A bird soon came over, which I killed, and away went went the dog after it as usual. Pretending not to have seen what happened, I said to the man, "Why didn't you do as I told you?" "So I did, Your Grace," said he, "but look, the cunning devil's bit the string."

The keeper's name was Joe Harvey. He was a very curious character and, though a good keeper, he was a real poacher at heart. He was also very outspoken. He generally picked up my dead game, but one day when my brother Henry was shooting with me Harvey deserted me for him. I upbraided him for this, and said, "I can shoot just as well as Lord Henry." "Ah," replied Harvey, "you think so, but you can't!" "You're after a tip, I believe," was the best retort I could think of. My old friend Fred Milner once shot Harvey through the hat. He took no notice beyond quietly remarking, "Damned lucky 'twasn't my 'ead, wasn't it?"

During a partridge drive in the Eastern Counties, a very distinguished peer shot a loader, and also a well-known and popular equerry, who was standing beyond him, and his loader, too, who has now been in my employment for 30 years. The noble lord was so disgusted with himself that he returned home and went straight to bed! Luckily for me, I was the gun on his right, for had I been on his left I should have been one of his victims. The same noble lord was fond of shooting pheasants in the tail as they rose in front of him. When asked why he did so, he said, "Because it's the nearest way to their vitals, of course."

The first time I had the honour of being the Prince and Princess of Wales's guest at Sandringham was in 1881, at the usual party given during the week of H.R.H.'s birthday. Among those present were H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Leicester, Lord Aveland, Lord Rendlesham and Count Szechenyi, all of whom are now dead. I append the bags obtained on the various days.* It was the custom for each guest to give H.R.H. a birthday present, and these, often consisting of gold cigarette cases and other valuable things, were displayed upon a table. Among the glitter of gold and silver, we were all very amused to see two very dusty and cobwebby bottles of port wine, bearing a label "From the Earl and Countess of Leicester." When the Prince expressed his gratitude for these, Lord Leicester said "I noticed that Your Royal Highness seemed to enjoy the port at Holkham, so I have brought you two bottles of it." We thought he might at least have made it a dozen!

* Beat: Fincham Farms, Nov. 8th, 1881	Pheasants	25	
	Partridges	287	
	Hares	65	
	Rabbits	1	378
Commonhoe and Derpingham Woods, Nov. 9th, 1881	Pheasants	1,802	
	Partridges	31	
	Hares	192	
	Rabbits	266	
	Woodcocks	2	
	Wood pigeon	8	
	Miscellaneous	2	2,303
Freeman's Farm, Nov. 10th, 1881	Pheasants	14	
	Partridges	343	
	Hares	50	
	Rabbits	12	432
Jocelyn and Woodcock Woods, Nov. 11th, 1881	Pheasants	636	
	Partridges	5	
	Hares	80	
	Rabbits	120	
	Woodcock	24	
	Wild ducks	218	
	Wood pigeon	2	
	Miscellaneous	4	1,029
Dukesbank & Paddocks, Dec. 15th, 1909	Partridges	8	
	Pheasants	1,323	
	Hares	70	
	Rabbits	18	
	Woodcocks	3	
	Wild duck	59	
	Various	1	1,382
Bunkersdell, Dec. 16th, 1909	Pheasants	500	
	Hares	4	
	Rabbits	27	
	Woodcocks	5	
	Wild ducks	425	
	Teal	2	823

I cannot possibly describe in detail all the good sport which my other kind and hospitable friends have provided for me; but I should be very ungrateful if I did not mention some of which I have, perhaps, the most happy recollection.

I have shot several times at Melton Constable, as the guest of my old friend the late George Hastings; and I remember a wonderful shoot of wild pheasants (none of them were hand-reared) in Hindolvestone Wood, where we killed 619 pheasants on November 24th, 1893. I asked the keeper how many birds he thought we should get, and he said, "From 300 to 400." The wood is dead flat; but there happened to be a gale blowing, and the birds all flew splendidly.

I spent a week as Lord Leicester's guest at Holkham in 1905. We had a remarkable bag of hares, having killed over 600 for three days running, and on one of them no less than 829.

I had many days' excellent sport with my friend the late Lord Savile at Rufford, where, one day very late in the season (it was on January 28th, 1924), we killed 222 partridges, almost all of them before luncheon.

I remember a rather remarkable day at snipe, with Lord Anglesey at Plas Newydd, on November 15th, 1906. The guns were: Charlie Anglesey, General Sir Arthur Paget, the Hon. John Ward, the Hon. R. Molyneux, Lord Herbert and myself. It was a very wet day, and we had to wade through ditches, in some of which we were in water up to our middles. Arthur Paget preferred to sit in the carriage most of the time, smoking cigars. The bag was 52 snipe, besides wild duck, &c.

Finally, I must not omit the sport I have enjoyed at Aske, as the guest of Lord Zetland; with Frank Mildmay at Flete, where the pheasants fly sky-high; with Sir Albert Whitaker at Babworth where there is very good partridge driving; at Ashridge, with the late Lord Brownlow; at Eaton, where I shot two or three times with the late Duke of Westminster; and with Algy Belper at Kingston. I do not mention the excellent grouse shooting and deer stalking I have had at Langwell, as I have already described it in my *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*, published in 1933.

(These extracts are taken from Men, Women and Things, to be published by Faber & Faber in October.)



"DEATH OF THE ROYAL, OCTOBER, 1936"
(From the painting by Frank Wallace)

Beat: Hare Park & Baslow, Dec. 14th, 1909	Partridges	1	
	Pheasants	1,074	
	Hares	43	
	Rabbits	90	
	Woodcock	1	
	Wild duck	1	
	Various	2	1,212



Neill Bardin

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET

TO some the heading to this photograph may seem over-bold, yet where else in England is there a neighbourhood which lives to a greater extent by, with, and from shooting? In the area which this aerial photograph covers lie three of the great shooting estates of England—Euston, home of the Duke of Grafton, Elveden, home of Lord Iveagh, and Culford, now, alas! broken up, where formerly successive generations of the Cadogan family with successive generations of Smiths as their keepers, enjoyed such good sport. It is, as has been said, where three Empires meet, the Empires, too, of the pheasant and the partridge, where almost every good shot in England has shown his prowess. Euston is *par excellence* the home of the wild pheasant, and only very occasionally are hand-reared birds shown there. It might in addition be noted that the so-called Euston system of chipping partridge eggs under a hen has never been in vogue there. In this photograph can be seen the Duke's Ride, down which the earlier Dukes of Grafton sent their thoroughbreds to Newmarket.

At Elveden, when in the ownership of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, its proprietor made the record bag of partridges in one day—780 to an expenditure of just over 1,000 cartridges, while on another occasion he and his two sons shot 846 partridges before lunch, and then ran out of cartridges, and Lords de Grey and Walsingham had 100 and 88 partridges in a single drive. In the last 30 years under Lord Iveagh's ownership, Elveden was one of the properties where it gave King George V particular pleasure to shoot, and he was particularly fond of the famous Sugar Loaf stand, where the partridges come first, and then the pheasants. The Culford property, beginning on the left of the photograph, has been the scene of many famous shooting parties, the late Lord Chelsea being a particularly good shot. Very large bags, both of pheasants and partridges, were made there.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

I HAVE been spending a few days in the country. By that I mean right in the country, a long way from a town, a long way from a station, a long way from a bus route. And I have been struck again by the extreme quiet and the all-pervading sense of peace. In this mad bustle that we call London there is no escape at any hour of the day or night from noise. We may get used to it. We may take it so much for granted that we are not conscious of it. But we cannot escape it. It is there all the time. The effect may be seen in the faces of 99 out of every 100 of those that pass us by. The damage it must do, unseen, to minds and bodies and souls is incalculable, and will probably be realised only by our great-grandchildren.

* * *

The only noises at night in the little village, in which I have been staying, are the clopping of ponies down the lane, the queer bubbling shriek of the barn owl, the long drawn fantastic bugle note of the brown owl, and the soft hiss of rain. The sound of rain on September leaves is quite different from that on the fresh young leaves of early summer. Close at hand steady September rain makes a hard pattering sound, merging, afar off, into a whispering hiss more reminiscent of a soft wind in foliage than of falling water. There is less music in it than in the rain of May. Though the leaves are still green, they have lost their suppleness. There is no responsiveness to the gentle beat of the raindrops. September rain is the hard crying of middle-age.

* * *

Many people have sung the praises of September sunshine; few have mentioned September shadows. Yet the beauty of September sunshine is in the shadows. During a spell of warm weather in September the countryside is filled with sunshine, really dominant sunshine, mellow and friendly, as at no other season of the year. The earth is covered with a rich layer of gold. But it is the lengthening and deepening shadows which bring out the gold. Most of the beauty of a September garden is due to these increasing seas of darkness, cast upon the lawn at a comparatively early hour, throwing up in stately beauty, firm and fully dew-fed, the bright flower-beds. And at no time in all the year are the shadows of trees more beautiful than at that hour of the afternoon when the warm September day settles down to a deeper hush, and even the butterflies are stilled.

* * *

Shadows on the lawn are the work of the sun, and friendly. In the wood the sun seems absent, and the shadows are as of night. The translucence of the summer leaves has gone. In all the year the woods will never be so dark as they are now; and on a wet day, towards sunset, they are dark as night. Even in the open rides there is no more than a half-light, and there are long shadows where high-night seems already to have reached her zenith. There is something uncannily silent in these stretches of woodland, something that urges you to hurry, something blind and lifeless, so that the sudden scurrying of rabbit is startling and fearful, and then as realisation of movement comes, friendly and close.

* * *

The wheatear is commonly considered a downland bird, and at this time of year on the downs you are sure to come across more than one, living singly, preparatory to his migratory flight. You do not, somehow, expect to come across one in woodland. And so, when I saw one, I was momentarily at a loss. "Foreigner" was written all over him, despite his sober greys and browns. He was walking warily through the grass, but he was up when I made a noise, flying away in dips like a finch or a woodpecker, and his tail-coverts gleaming as white as snow. The old country books speak of incredible numbers being trapped by shepherds on the downs each autumn. Nowadays you never see them in flocks—indeed, I think it is rare to see more than three or four together. Yet the numbers of wheatears are probably no less. Their habits must have changed. Stranger still, the shepherd does not seem to have changed a jot in any respect save this of wheatear-trapping. That calling has gone.

* * *

I have been watching one nocturnal hunter on the lawn. A small dark object that moved to and fro at a rapid run with many pauses. An unrestful creature in the midst of calm. I struck a match, and the hedgehog, quartering the ground for beetles and worms, stood for a moment and then moved contemptuously to the flower-beds. The hedgehog has a turn of speed for which few would give him credit. Of man he is supremely unafraid and magnificently indifferent.

B. V.-F.



UNDELAYED ACTION—AND VERY NICE, TOO!

DELAYED ACTION

A Story from a Striking Angle

By ROBERT HARTMAN

THERE is a great big lusty canker in my heart. It spreads gloom over the face of the fairest day, it turns lush water meadows into arid deserts and makes of chalk streams but the watery grave of hope. I strike too soon. Not always, of course, but very nearly.

When a trout rises to my fly I am immediately assailed by nerves, high blood pressure, hysterics, convulsions of the fishing arm and angler's heart. All of which makes striking too soon, and the consequent missing of the fish, almost inevitable. The years, so far from curing the complaint, have only shown that I am too old to learn, and as each succeeding season glides to its close I add to the number of three-pounders which should have been, and now never will be, mine.

Thus it is that, unlike other anglers, who when the season is done allow the memory to linger over past triumphs, I am reduced to thinking of the only two occasions when I missed fish through striking too late.

The first fish lived in the Anton brook. It was a large fish. I know that it was a large fish because I crossed the river and had a look at it. And being a large fish it had chosen an inaccessible home—or perhaps it would be more Darwinian to say that because it had chosen an inaccessible home it became a large fish. Bramble, rest harrow, nettles, fig wort, old man's beard, maiden's hair net, St. John's rush, and creeping ploughman's pull-over were but a few of the overhanging growths that formed the canopy beneath which this trout lay secure. Furthermore it lay up a carrier.

A careful reconnaissance showed that the only approach was to cast across the main river and up the carrier. Now to cast across a main river and up a carrier is no mean performance, but to do all this and then make the fly curl to the right so as to land upstream of the canopy and float beneath it was clearly the sort of cast that could only be made in print. However I persevered. If necessity be the mother of invention perseverance is the son of not being able to do it first time.

As the afternoon wore on my stock of flies became thinner, but with the doggedness that makes empires, pyramids and English cooking I stuck to my task. And then the incredible happened. The fly, directed by some happy fluke, alighted on the exact spot at which I had for so long been aiming. Slowly it drifted downstream beneath the canopy. There could be no doubt that the fish would take it. Its experience of artificial flies must, in view of its position, be negligible. There could be no doubt that at last my labours were about to win the . . .

At that moment a young fly-catcher, not yet in the full livery of maturity, perched on the end of my rod. I am, as far as I know, the only fisherman whose rod or pole has been made a perch. The fly-catcher eyed me with all the trustfulness of youth, and then cleaned its beak on the second ring from the top. With less youth I returned its gaze. Who would not have done so? After all, apart from the uniqueness of the experience, had not the bird given me a fishing story which all my friends would delight to disbelieve? Whatever happened now the day could no longer be called blank.

The thought of a blank day reminded me of my fly. Hurriedly I looked beneath the canopy. The fly had disappeared and only the floating gut remained to be seen. I struck. The fly-catcher flew away, but the fish was already gone.

The second fish at which I struck too late was a lake fish engaged in removing *minutiæ* from the surface. The lake, unsheltered by trees or cover of any sort, lay in a park in which, on the afternoon of my visit, a fête was being held. It was one of those purposeful fêtes where free fun is tempered with political speeches and the grass is strewn with pamphlets. I had various duties to perform, among others that of serving as second-mate of a coconut shy, a duty which resolved itself into an attempt to get the coconuts in the way and myself out of it.

Having finished my turn of duty the rest of the afternoon was my own, and straightway I made for my rod and the lake. A fish was waiting for me. Delicately it was picking off the surface something too small for the human eye to detect. As I had in my box no fly so small that I could not see it, I put on a large red sedge on the ground that neither of us could fail to notice it, and in the hope that the fish might welcome a change of diet. If one were compelled to eat caviare at the rate of individual ova at a time would not a nice entrecôte minute Richelieu sauce Soupir and a pint of Clos de Conté be a welcome change? One would have thought so. But the trout refused my sedge Richelieu, and refused it in a most aggravating way. It lay beneath the fly watching it with baleful eye, and offering neither to move nor to look the other way so that I might remove the sedge and make another suggestion.

We had been in this position—that is to say, the trout motionless and myself crouched on one benumbed knee—for some ten minutes when the band at the fête struck up the National Anthem. Was ever a fisherman, in full view of the National Anthem, in a worse plight? The trout would see me if I moved, and if I did not move the fête would wonder why. I am glad to record that loyalty prevailed. I rose to my feet and removed my hat, and no sooner had I completed this ceremonial of respect than the trout, equally loyal I doubt not, rose to the surface. What more natural than that I should have struck savagely with my hat while hurriedly placing the rod on my head?



BARBEL IN UGANDA

Fishing in the Maëlstrom of the Ripon Falls

By H. D. G. PRITTIE

VISITORS to Uganda, who are also fishermen, should certainly spend a day or two at Jinja, which is situated on the most northerly bay of Victoria Nyanza, and on the main road and rail route from Kenya to Uganda and the Belgian Congo. At Jinja the Victoria Nile leaves the lake at the Ripon Falls, a source of the Nile discovered by Speke in 1862, and below these falls the river is full of a species of barbel (*Barbus altianalis Radcliffei*) which are well worth a day's fishing in very pleasant and interesting surroundings.

The fish themselves are very similar in appearance to the Indian mahseer, though not so silvery and not in the same class as fighters. They average about 8lb., and have been caught up to 20lb. Their lifelong ambition seems to be to get up the falls and reach the lake, and with this object they collect in great numbers just below, both in the heavy water and in the eddies behind several tree-covered islands, from which they fling themselves at the falls like salmon. Owing to the enormous force of the water, however, they are quite unable to compete, and only the smaller members of the community indulge in this exercise. The older, and wiser, fish have given it up long ago.

The river is very like a large salmon river at home. The falls, though only 20ft. high, are about a quarter of a mile broad, broken by three tree-covered rocky islands. Out in mid-stream fish can be seen jumping and rolling like salmon, while behind the islands the water is a moving mass of fish.



NATIVE GILLIE WITH A BARBEL

To catch these fish one must be able to throw a bait some 30yds. with reasonable accuracy, but the further one can cast the better is the chance of a catch, because the fish do not lie into the shore. Any sort of strong spinning rod will do, and any type of spinning reel the user fancies, with about 100yds. of strong line. The fish will take a medium-sized copper or silver spoon very readily, but almost any sort of spinning bait that will show up well in heavy water is worth a trial. On my first visit I caught a 14lb. fish on a large 5-inch wooden wobbler which had been used last for Nile perch in the Sennar Dam at Khartoum.

A wire trace is advisable owing to the many submerged rocks, but, as the fish have no teeth in their mouths, thick gut would do almost as well. A gaff or a landing net is definitely needed, as it is no easy matter landing fish from the several steep rocks from which one casts. The fish take boldly, with a tug that leaves no doubts in one's mind, and fight doggedly, making full use of the heavy water but seldom showing near the surface.

Natives catch numbers of the smaller fish in the backwater behind the nearest island in the falls with primitive but apparently very effective tackle. This consists of a 19ft. bamboo pole tapering at the top to the girth of the average trout rod, to which is attached about 15yds. of thick line and a single large and *completely bare* hook. With this formidable outfit they are just able to cast across the nearest torrent of water into the backwater, always full of fish, behind the first of the central islands. In the short space of time before the line and hook are swept away by the current they frequently hook a fish. Curiously enough, the fish are never foul hooked, but invariably take the bare hook in their mouths, for reasons best known to themselves.

After very slowly guiding the fish through the intervening cauldron of foam and spray by making it swim against the current, the rod is laid down on the rock and the fish hand-lined on to the rocks below. Occasionally an inquisitive native spectator on the rock causeway behind the fisherman is hooked in the ear, and there is considerable excitement until he is extricated.

In the intervals between fishing, there are always plenty of things to see. In the river below the falls cormorants, darters and gulls are constantly busy; and one may catch a glimpse of a crocodile in the slack water. Often a large proportion of the native community, male and female, appear on the bank and proceed to strip and indulge in their weekly (or monthly) bath by splashing the water over themselves with their hands. The more enterprising, but less energetic, sit naked in the spray on the very brink of the falls.

In the lake above the falls a school of hippopotami often appears, and the Jinja Golf Club has the unique local rule that a ball lying in a hippo's foot print may be picked up without penalty. I was told that once a dead hippo, floating on its back and very inflated by the sun, was swept over the falls, but there is such an enormous undercurrent that it disappeared completely for several minutes and only reappeared several hundred yards down stream.

To anyone who likes a day's fishing in interesting and beautiful surroundings for quite a game and handsome fish, without possibly the dash and fight of the salmon or mahseer, I can recommend the Ripon Falls at Jinja.

There is a good hotel about ten minutes' walk from the river, and tackle can be obtained there or from an Indian dealer in the town, so that the whole thing can be done with ease and comfort.



A NATIVE BARBEL FISHING

"Natives catch numbers of the smaller fish with primitive but apparently effective tackle"



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RIPON FALLS

New Books

PILLARS OF THE HOUSE

A Life of Retrospect

I HAVE not read Lady Wilson's previous book, but now that I have finished *Dear Youth* I most certainly shall. For this account of 50 years of social life, told through the medium of the experiences of a dearly-loved family friend is, in its more limited scope of the written word, as graphic a picture as *Cavalcade*. She tells her story with delicacy and skill and an appreciation of her central character which is the first requirement of such a book. Sophie Bühler was governess in the family of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale, their children and grandchildren for nearly 50 years. Like that of other faithful friends, her story is their story, and in its microcosmic way it tells the tale that Mr. Coward pictured in so spectacular a way with a far more deft touch.

The first half of the book is imaginary. It deals with the experiences of the young *Fraulein* with a family in Paris, and later with an English family in Brussels. The account of the life in a *pension* in the latter city is excellently well done, and in my opinion could hardly be improved on. Of its kind I remember nothing better since *The Professor*. It is indeed the best part of the book. Later Sophie, now Zellie, comes to England, and sees the generation grow up which the war decimated, the generation of Patrick Shaw Stewart, the Grenfells, Raymond Asquith, Rupert Brooke, and Charles Lister. Charles Lister—who had "dreamed great dreams and lived to have known them true"—was Lady Wilson's younger brother, and both he and Tommy Lister were killed in action, a very grievous blow to the whole family of Lord Ribblesdale, not the least to Zellie.

The story connects the great divide. The world of pre-War and post-War. In the first ease, comfort, plenty of money, and no uncertainties more serious than the possibilities of frost stopping hunting. Glen, Gisburne, Easton Grey, these are the backgrounds of the tale. They are so clearly painted, and the figure of the heroine is so innately modest that they steal many of her lines and moments. But this one feels is what she herself would have wished. In the second less of ease and comfort, and far less of certainty about anything. The generation that Zellie lived for was, to borrow Mr. McKenna's title, *Between Two Worlds*. It is all very well done, though there are a number of curious mistakes. Mr. George Curzon was never a younger son, and surely Mr. Asquith was married at St. George's, Hanover Square?

I liked this book so much. M. T. S.

Dear Youth. By Barbara Wilson. (Macmillan; 12/6.)

BY SEA AND ISLAND

MR. SETON GORDON'S *Afoot in Wild Places* (Cassell: 12/6) is a timely book since it appears at an hour when the hearts of all and the persons of many are in the Highlands.

The wild places to whither these forty chapters take us lie, coastwise (skerry and reef, rock and voe, the isles and the archipelagos), between Stroma and Ile de Batz, which is obviously one of the Hebrides stolen away to France.

This book may be called a saga of the Celtic West, and it may be read at random or consecutively at a reader's preference. Each paper which goes to the making of it is an amalgam of folklore and natural history mixed by a pen which has the true gift of description and the happy word. The author has much to tell us which is new and quaint. There is, for instance, the lone, phantom-like creature in the shape of a black dog seen on a precipice of Bein Storr where no wholesome, friendly dog could be. There is the story of a red stag who, as a fox might do, would visit the snares of a rabbit-catcher in Inverswe and kil and eat one rabbit after another. Mr. Gordon compares this cannibal to the hind who eats her lord's discarded crown. But a hind, a stag too, gnaws the shed and obsolete antlers for the sake of the salts which these contain—or so I have always understood? A carnival of warm raw meat on the part of a stag is a strange departure indeed.

Mr. Gordon, too, reminds us here that the puffins who nest in the grassy steeps above the Minch have crossed the Atlantic for that purpose, and that, from August to May, the puffin sets foot on no land nor is he within sight of it. How this small, gregarious, short-winged, diving bird contrives his oceanic existence in the deep sea I have never been able to imagine—it would seem an impossible feat. Yet he duly comes to his burrow, finds his shore legs and raises his one chick in the age-old traditions of the sea-parrot.

With such intriguing knowledge at command and with such a flair for what is interesting in the way of anecdote and coincidence, it is no wonder that Mr. Gordon has made an attractive book. Almost every page has some thing, small or great, that is noteworthy; *e.g.*, not so long ago a woman gathering driftwood on Canna harvested a stick whereon was cut, "Lachlan Campbell, Bilbao, March, 1892." Now Lachlan was the longshorewoman's brother; he had idly carved that stick on the Spanish coast and, sending it adrift, lo, old Atlantic had carried it to within a hundred yards of that "lone shieling on the misty island" which was Lachlan's home! This book of the ultimate shores and tideways is as pleasant a thing of its gossip kind as a countryman would ask for.

P. R. C.

Afoot in Wild Places. By Seton Gordon. (Cassell; 12/6.)

TARTARY: STOP PRESS

NEWS from Tartary was undoubtedly Peter Fleming's best book, and a good many people said in a malicious sort of way when they had read it that they looked forward to seeing Kini Maillart's account, rather on the basis, I suppose, that she would show it was not All Fleming. Actually a great deal of Mlle Maillart's book seems to be based on the idea that it was all Fleming. Yet I still think that the *ladies* for the journey must go to the weaker sex for, apart from the political difficulties, which Peter Fleming was chiefly instrumental in overcoming, the mere physical achievement of getting from Lanchow to Kashgar is tremendous; for a woman, stupendous.

Mlle Maillart tells her story with enthusiasm, modesty and some considerable technical ability, but there is lost of the sparkle and humour that characterise the writings of her companion. One feels that a good deal was lost in the translation. What sounds a perfectly normal comment in French translated more or less literally into English does not give a correct impression to the sophisticated reader. Arnold Bennett used to do it to give the impression that French was being spoken, but to the travelled Englishman the effect here is of extreme disingenuousness.

For instance, the translater might have touched up this passage: "It appears that on the fourth of June all the boys at the famous school (founded in 1440) dress up. Amongst other amusements there is a boat race on the Thames, with the oarsmen wearing their top hats. Well-known men and women come to spend the day with their sons, and within the historic walls famous men of letters are pleased to make speeches." But perhaps it was left on purpose. Yet this book, absolutely modest and simple as it is, is not one of the type that gets its puff on the new technique of the "self-deprecatory boost." "It was nothing" in the tone of voice which says "it was marvellous." The authoress tells her tale well, and it is one of which she might be proud.

M. T. S.

Forbidden Journey. By Ella K. Maillart. (Heinemann; 12/6.)

COMPANION INTO DORSET

OF the many books which have been written about Dorset, I know of none which so perfectly exemplifies the fact that history and geography run hand in hand through the ages as *Companion into Dorset*, by Dorothy Gardiner (Methuen; 7/6). In it the whole county is treated impartially—or nearly impartially, let us say, for does not the author necessarily show a special and lingering affection for the shores of Ringstead Bay where so many summers of her youth were spent?

But north, south east, and west, the downs, forests, villages and towns have received deep and ample study. The only place which has been perhaps rather strangely omitted from her pages is Poole. Why are we given no records of its early history or description of its old houses?

We have here a wonderful companion for those who wish to enjoy the architectural and natural beauties of a county, the variety of which can hardly be surpassed. First we are led through the Forest of Gillingham and over the Vale of Blackmore, fascinating stories of long ago being told us as we go, such as the tale in Coker's own words of how Henry III punished "a neighbour gentleman—with imprisonment and a grievous fine of money" for killing "one beautifull and goodlie White Harte."

We seem to wander with Barnes through spinney and pasture and by the flowery banks of the Lydden. Over the heath and on to the downs and cliffs our guide "tolls" us (as they say in Dorset), and by her are revealed to us the beauties of the ancient abbeys.

Although this is a book primarily for the more intellectual, the architecture is described in a way not too technical for the ordinary reader, while the geology, botany and natural history may be appreciated by all. It contains sixteen excellent photographs. M. H.

Companion into Dorset. By Dorothy Gardiner (Methuen; 7/6.)

"MOVING" PICTURE HANDBOOKS

AN ingenious arrangement of photographs, which may be "flicked" into a representation of the authors in action, is a feature of two short instructional books on lawn tennis written by C. R. D. Tuckey and Miss Mary Hardwick. A tone of personal experience, carefully recorded and passed on to the reader, lends these manuals additional value. Tuckey is a Davis Cup doubles player; Miss Hardwick represents Great Britain in the Wightman Cup. They have been able to impart some of the secrets of their success.

"It is essental," says Tuckey, one of our greatest servers, "that the ball should always be thrown to exactly the same place and height, and that it should go up vertically." A truth often forgotten even in the best clubs. He gives very useful hints on return of service in doubles and the replies to those returns, with particular reference to dealing with the centre drive and to that vexed question—whose is the lob? His chapter on mixed doubles is also valuable.

One of Miss Hardwick's golden rules for stroke-production is to form a mental picture first of where in your opponent's court you want the ball to pitch, and then to "look at the ball, and go on looking at the ball, until after you have hit it." This expresses simply the mental lines on which her rhythm runs, and as she is the embodiment of graceful style it should be something aspirants should seek to imitate. Miss Hardwick's lessons are lightened with touches of humour, but she is not quite such a good teacher as Tuckey, who is excellent. He admits in his preface the collaboration of his father, "C. O.," that most astute veteran. J. E. C.

Lawn Tennis for Men. By C. R. D. Tuckey. (Blackie & Son; 2/6).

Lawn Tennis for Women. By Mary Hardwick. (Blackie & Son; 2/6).



"Shall I draw the curtains, Sir Hubert?"

"No, I prefer to pass away peacefully in the dark, Tomkins."

"Very good, Sir Hubert. I trust there is nothing — ahem — seriously wrong?"

"Bad case of hangover — the worst in my professional experience. Very serious. A pick-me-up of some sort is indicated I think."

"Yes, Sir Hubert. And if I may venture a suggestion, Sir—for — ahem—next time—"

"Proceed. But no moralising, Tomkins."

"Indeed, no, Sir Hubert. It's what I might call a tip — Lime Juice to be precise. You mix it with your gin. Merely an intelligent anticipation, and a very pleasant drink I'm told."

"The Lime Juice has some peculiar quality — ?"

"It neutralizes the effects of the — ahem — alcohol, Sir Hubert, so that next morning—"

"Quite — make a note Tomkins — order a crate."

"A crate of Rose's Lime Juice. Very good, Sir Hubert."

SHORT DRINK — 2 *parts Rose's*, 3 *parts gin.*
LONG DRINK — *add soda.*

Letters to the Editor

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

SOUTHERN RAILWAY LIVE RAIL

SIR,—You will doubtless be aware that the Southern Railway propose to extend the live rail system so that there will be many hundreds of miles laid in Southern England by 1940.

This rail is entirely unprotected—workmen, children and other human beings, farm stock, wild and domestic animals are killed or severely injured at a touch. Six young children were electrocuted during the five weeks ended June 26th, 1937; there have been many other casualties and an enormous loss of animal life.

I am writing this letter to answer the question which so many have asked, "What can we do about it?"

You can write a short personal letter to both the General Manager, Southern Railway, Waterloo Station, London, S.E. 1, and the Minister of Transport, Metropole Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, W.C. 2, pointing out in your own words that recent events have proved conclusively that the live rail kills or seriously injures anyone or anything that touches it.

Unlike a main road or a swift river, its danger is not obvious.

In no other country in the world does such a danger exist, although there are thousands of miles of electrified railways on the Continent and in America.

If (as we are told) there are serious technical objections to every known method of protection being used on the Southern Railway, not another foot of live rail should be laid until these objections are overcome.

Existing fencing along the line is hopelessly inadequate to prevent frequent casualties—it is doubtful whether any form of fencing can do so, but if protection is impossible, a really impenetrable fence must be erected.

Notify me at the above address of deaths or injuries to human beings or animals of which you may hear or read. I intend to keep a record which I wish to make as comprehensive as possible.

Send me a donation, however small, towards the expenses of this campaign, which I propose to extend if necessary. All amounts will be acknowledged and will be spent only on postage, printing and stationery.

Explain to those who may not already realise them the dangers of the rail and invite their help. A supply of copies of this letter is available on request and one or more will be forwarded to any address. Slips suitable for display in cars or elsewhere will be sent on application to Mr. R. J. Sharp, Westfield, Westgate, Chichester, who is conducting a similar campaign in that district.

In case you fear that we shall all be wasting our time and stamps, I would like to mention that I and others with whom I have discussed this campaign have very good reason to believe that it will succeed. The case for protection of the live rail is overwhelming. At last the authorities have begun to realise the danger; convince them that thousands of others have realised it and "serious technical objections" will be overcome.

Yours faithfully,

24, Ship Street, Brighton, 1. L. COLBATCH CLARK.

A PINE HAWK MOTH

SIR,—Your entomological readers may be interested to learn that one of the boys caught a Pine Hawk Moth (*Hyloicus Pinastri*) here a week ago, a perfect male specimen. As far as I know, this is the first one which has been taken in England since 1906, and I had thought the moth to be extinct. Richard South's excellent books on British moths records each of the very few Pine Hawks which have been caught in this country, but his account contains one mis-statement. He says that 40 specimens were taken near Aldeburgh in 1882. The truth is that Dr. Hele, whom my father knew well, *bred* 40 from one pair. The actual Pine Hawks that have been *caught* are so few as to make the moth one of the rarest in England.

When I was a boy I caught a Crimson-speckled Footman on the marshes at Aldeburgh (1922). This moth is so rare in England that I have always thought it must have been an emigrant from the Continent.

Aldeburgh and the surrounding district was the chief home of Pine Hawks in the past, but though I have searched all the pine woods around for many years now I have never found one or heard of one being seen. Do you think that this specimen might also be an emigrant like the Crimson-speckled Footman?

Yours faithfully,

Aldeburgh Lodge School, Aldeburgh, Suffolk. NOEL WILKINSON.

ARMY HORSEMANSHIP

SIR, We have read an article by Captain Hance, in the *Field* of July 17th, on Army horsemanship which we think should be answered. Captain Hance criticises Army horsemanship on the grounds that officers of the Army do not concentrate on winning prizes in horse shows. Well, why should they?

The horse show is, after all, the lowest form of sport to which a horse can be subjected, being as it is the epitome of flat-catching. The Army is at the top of the tree in the hunting field, polo and pig-sticking, and has many distinguished representatives riding under N.H. Rules.

These occupations are surely more worthy of the attention of good horsemen and good horses, to say nothing of their value in the training of an officer.

Yours faithfully,

The Royal Deccan Horse, Quetta, Baluchistan. A. F. HARPER (Lieut.), J. O. INGHAM (Lieut.), R. B. KENNARD (Lieut.)

DEALING WITH CROWS

SIR,—A very effective plan is used in some of the Western States of America to lessen the great number of crows which play havoc with the nests of wild ducks. Many of the States had no crows until the settler broke the land and planted trees. The ducks until then having no enemies from above, do not hide their nests, and a very great proportion are raided by crows.

Fifty crows were caught from different parts of a large region, and were banded with leg bands numbered 1 to 50. They were then liberated and a reward of $500 (£100) was offered for ring 1, $250 for ring 2, $100 for ring 3 and so on down. Times were hard at this period and everyone turned to trapping crows. Perhaps the same plan would be of use here. A sort of Irish Sweepstake with free tickets. The plan could be used on other vermin and I believe is much cheaper than paying bounties.

Yours faithfully,

Daviot House, Daviot, N.B. GEORGE L. HARRISON.

WILDFOWL AND HERON IN OUTER HEBRIDES

SIR,—I am engaged at present on a work dealing with various aspects of the bird life of the Outer Hebrides and am particularly anxious to obtain information, other than that already published, on the following: Geese, ducks and waders—Changes in status, habits or haunts; numbers, relative proportions of sexes and of adults and young; food and damage to crops. Heron—Position and details of heronries and any observations on this species in the Outer Hebrides. I shall be very grateful if any of your readers who can help will communicate with me.

Yours faithfully,

Layer Marney Hall, Kelvedon, Essex. JAMES W. CAMPBELL.

DECREASING BLACKGAME

SIR,—*Re* "The Riddle of Decreasing Blackgame" in the *Field*, August 14th. Every autumn I spend a considerable time in the valley of the South Tyne, and there blackgame are definitely not decreasing, but are, on the contrary, increasing, and I suggest, where annual decrease is observed, it is owing to shooting them in August when the cock is not in full plumage, nor is his intellect alert, and the hen is no better; thus both fall too easily to the gun, and to shoot the youngsters then is not sport, but murder. Consequently, I submit if the season for blackgame did not open till, say, October 1st, when the foregoing deficiencies are no longer apparent, "the slaughter of the innocent would cease," and an increase in many districts would be forthcoming.

Yours faithfully,

4, St. Nicholas' Buildings, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. STANLEY GILL.

SIR,—Regarding the article in your issue of August 14th, "The Riddle of Decreasing Blackgame and Its Causes." So long as the law allows the sale of blackgame in the open market as foreign birds, that are really killed in these islands, will this splendid British game bird be on the way to extinction. Blackgame are so easily killed at the end of the shooting season.

Yours faithfully,

Over-Seas House, Princes Street, Edinburgh. A. W. WOODBURN.

STABLING IN INNS

SIR,—In view of the increased numbers of people who are taking their holidays on horseback, and who look to the country inn as the traditional halting place for horsemen, you may be interested to hear of the efforts being made by the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club to secure more and better stabling accommodation throughout the country.

It is proposed to issue shortly a handbook giving a list of hotels and inns where stabling may be obtained, and the Institute is providing a sign for those hotels and inns which give accommodation for a minimum of three horses, after this has been inspected and approved.

The sign is posted outside the premises, and consists of a blue circle bearing the name of the Institute in white letters and of a cut-out of the equestrian statue of George III in London.

The scheme for the inspection and marking of inns is, thanks to the ready co-operation of the innkeepers, making steady progress, and some scores of signs have been erected, so that travellers on horseback may find good stabling accommodation and obtain an evening glass of ale after a long day's ride.

It is a depressing experience bringing a tired horse into a village where all the stables have been replaced by garages, and it is therefore hoped that many more innkeepers will reopen their stables and apply for the sign.

Yours faithfully,

The White House, Heston, near Hounslow, Middlesex. LYNWOOD PALMER.

BURN FISHING

SIR,—Your correspondent John McNab, writing of burn fishing, mentions that he caught 120 fish, averaging 5in., in a "short day's endeavour" and expresses surprise that, on fishing the same burn in later years, he could catch nothing and, in fact, after diverting the burn, there was not a single trout to be seen.

The reason given for this is the toxic effect of the wash of modern tarred roads. No doubt this is partly true, but surely another, and a more important, reason is that the burn was most obviously badly overfished in your correspondent's young days, for no doubt he was not the only one to make large catches there.

Burn fishing is one of the most delightful forms of trout fishing, but to fish with absolutely no limit as to numbers or size can only end in one way. I think myself that these large catches should be spoken of with a whispered breath, and only then with regret that others have been deprived of many a good day's sport.

Yours faithfully,

138, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3. E. B. TOMKINS.

KESTREL AND YOUNG PHEASANT

SIR,—Not long ago, a keeper on a Norfolk shooting was approaching a small stream when he observed a kestrel on a patch of very wet mud adjoining the stream. As it did not rise he went to the edge of the mud and found the kestrel stuck in the mud. It was uninjured, but unable to rise or move. He pulled it out, and it proved to be a cock bird. Whilst getting out the kestrel he observed a young pheasant, about half-grown, dead, close to the hawk and more or less submerged in the mud. He pulled it out, washed it, and examined it carefully, but could find no injury. He then opened the crop, but apparently the bird was quite healthy and must have been suffocated by the mud. Presumably the hawk hovered over the pheasant and frightened it so that it jumped off the bank into the mud. The kestrel must have then struck at the bird, and the force of its blow must have in turn embedded its legs in the mud. Is it not somewhat unusual for kestrels to kill so large a bird as a half-grown pheasant, which was probably one from some hand-reared birds in a neighbouring wood?

Yours faithfully,

Sheringham, Norfolk. H. A. BRIDGWATER.



AN ANIMATED HAYSTACK
(See letter "Other People's Customs")

OTHER PEOPLE'S CUSTOMS

SIR,—It is always interesting to watch agricultural operations in other countries; often they are primitive and therefore the more picturesque.

How would farmers of flat eastern England like to change places with the countrymen of the Bernese Oberland, for instance, where the slopes are often so steep that it is almost possible to fall from the top to the roof of the loft below? The hay has to be cut by hand, and the whole family works hard in the fields turning and raking it into piles to be carried down to the loft.

Each man has a rope attached to a stake, which he fixes in the ground. After laying the rope in a straight line he heaps hay on to it until he has a prodigious stack. The stake is withdrawn, the rope tightened round the hay, and, pulling over his head the little linen hood which he wears hanging down at the back, he heaves the mass of hay to his shoulders, and, struggling to his feet he totters like an animated haystack down the slope towards the loft. One would think that it would be as much as a man could do to carry such loads downhill, but he carefully balances himself and climbs quite a high ladder to deposit his burden under the roof.

The photograph was taken at Grindelwald at the foot of the Lower Glacier.

Yours faithfully,
Chelmsford. D. J. R.

HARES AND RABBITS

SIR,—For many years rabbits swarmed over this place, destroying all unwired shrubs and young trees. Ten years ago hares happily came, and since not a rabbit has ventured within the walls. There are hundreds just outside, but this summer the hares overflowed into a large field outside and the rabbits have departed from it. Did the hares drive them away?

The grey squirrel, a pest in England, is common in the parks and gardens in Ontario, but I have never known nor heard of their being in the least destructive.

Yours faithfully,
Galway. CLYDAGH.

WELLS IN LAPLAND

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a Lapp well at Pitkäjärvi, in Finnish Lapland. It is typical of the wells to be seen in great numbers all over the country. Frequently they are, as in this case, near a lake or river, but a great number of them are far from any surface water.



AN INGENIOUS WELL
(See letter "Wells in Lapland")

The method of working them is ingenious. The bucket is lowered into the actual well by pulling down the pole to which it is attached. The cross pole is considerably heavier at the free end than at the end to which is attached the pail, and when the bucket is full this extra weight pulls it up again. I tasted the water in several wells and found it excellent but icily cold.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT COLVILLE.
7, New Square,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2.

WILD CATS

SIR,—I was much interested in a photograph in your issue of July 31st of a keeper's vermin board, taken near Loch Rannoch.

I enclose a photograph of another board from the same district, which I saw in June this year. You will see that it includes eight wild cats and one fox. The total list was: Wild cats, eight; fox, one; blackbacked gulls, two; cormorants, six; ravens, two; hooded crows, two; jackdaws, four; stoats, eighteen; weasels, six.

I was informed that all the cats had been trapped on one mountain—Schichallion. The fact that twelve cats have been trapped in one area in one season makes one wonder whether they are as rare as is supposed.

Personally, although vermin of all kinds does need keeping down, I should hate to think that any species will be totally exterminated. Britain can ill afford to lose any of its wild beasts and birds.

Yours faithfully,
Lytham St. Ives. H. M. COOPE.

REVERSING A CARAVAN

SIR,—In her delightful article on "Holidays with a Caravan," Miss Joan Robeson remarks that it is impossible to reverse with a caravan attached to the car.

This is a popular belief which I shall be grateful if you will allow me to contradict.

As many people know who have towed caravans, large trailers and horsebox trailers with a private car, it is far from difficult to reverse and to perform quite intricate manœuvres when going astern. All that is required is a little practice.

That a vehicle can be reversed with great accuracy is demonstrated daily in industrial districts where you can see lorry drivers backing very cumbersome trailers in places where there are no more than a few inches to spare on either side.

Yours faithfully,
30, Holborn, F. L. M. HARRIS.
London, E.C. 1. (Editor, *Caravan World*.)

SIR,—May I correct one small mis-statement in Joan Robeson's delightful article on "Holidays with a Caravan" published in your issue dated August 21st?

She says, "With a caravan attached to a car it is impossible to reverse." This is not so because with half an hour's practice on a piece of quiet open space, it is possible not only to learn how to reverse a caravan, but to become quite proficient at it. Indeed, your contributor will find that after a little while, reversing with a caravan becomes quite a fascinating pastime.

Yours faithfully,
12, Holborn, B. DOLMAN, Editor.
London, E.C. 1. (*The Caravan and Trailer*.)

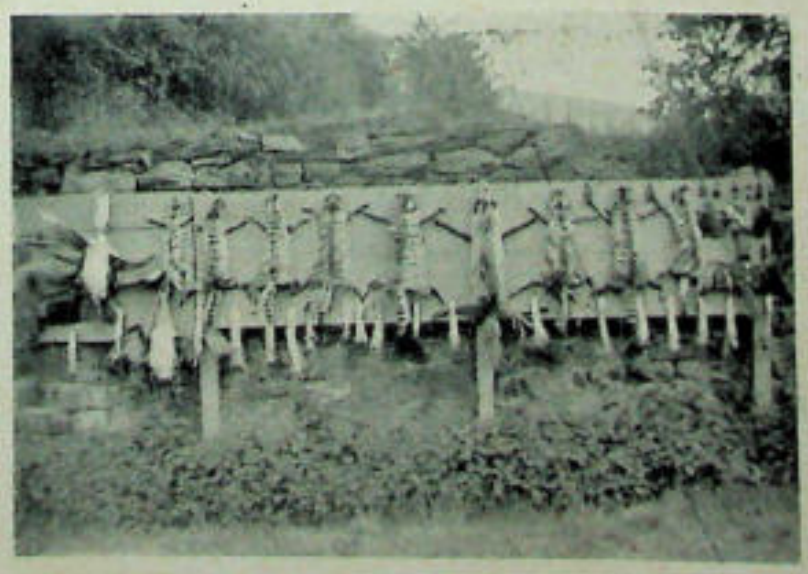
TWO GREAT GROUSE YEARS

SIR,—In Commander Douglas Lang's article on "Two Great Grouse Years on Two Famous Moors" he states: "Driving made its début on these moors in 1892, when 16,704 grouse were killed on Wemmergill alone." This is not correct. It was in 1872 that the above bag was made, and driving grouse started on the Wemmergill moors previous to that date. It is well known that since driving was introduced all moors have improved 100 per cent. My great grandfather in four days' shooting, walking over the Duke of Cleveland's moors from the top of Teesdale to Raby Castle, shot 20 brace of grouse, and the duke told him if he went on doing that there would be no grouse left! Now these moors, since driving was started, on a good year will yield anything from 200 brace to 400 brace a day.

Yours faithfully,
Richmond, Yorkshire. F. MILBANK.

STONE CURLEWS ON THE LAWN

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to hear that for some days during the early part of this month a pair of stone curlews haunted the garden and grounds here and even came on to the lawn in front of the house in search of some grubs or



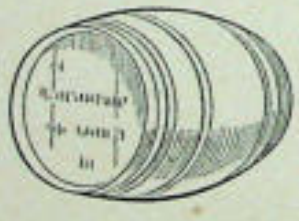
THE PRICE THE OUTCAST PAYS
(See letter "Wild Cats")

insects which attracted them. As a rule these birds frequent the open commons and heaths, and it must be a very unusual thing for them to approach so near to human habitation.

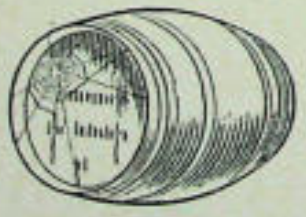
Yours faithfully,
Cambridge. W. GRAHAM GREENE, K.C.B.

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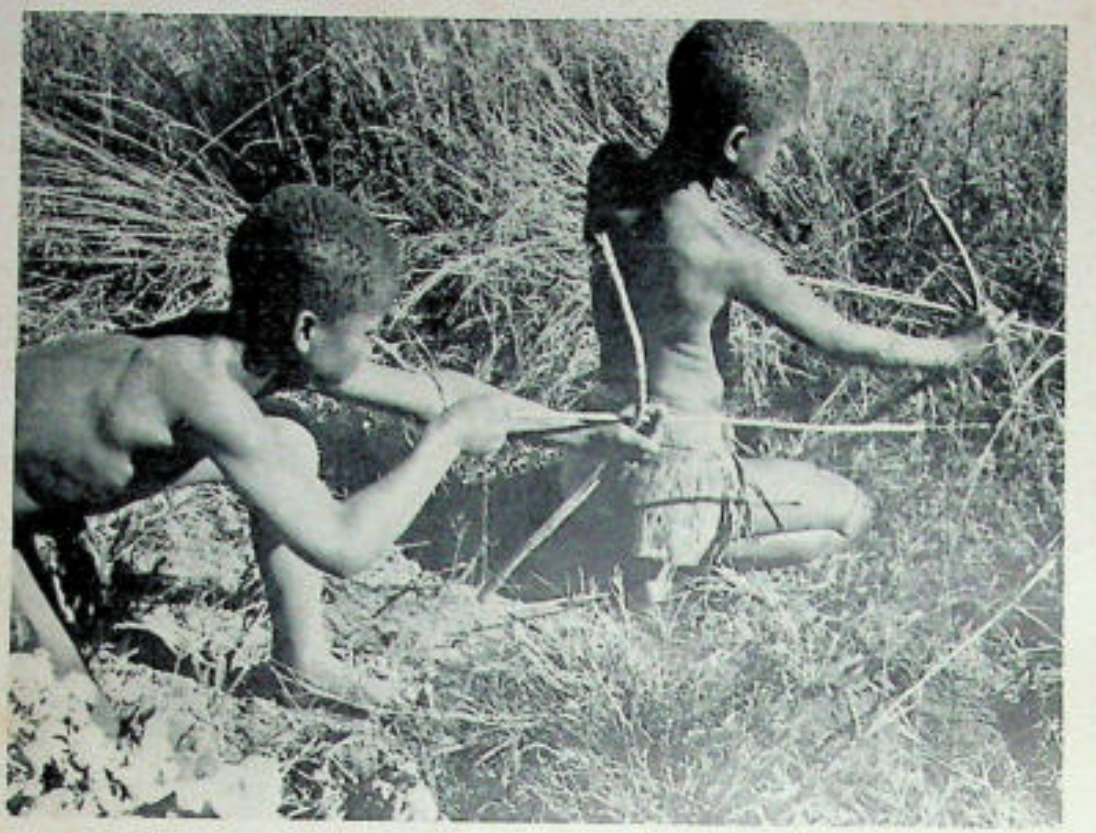
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A SUNDAY MORNING SPORT IN NATAL
(See letter "Ratting with Bow and Arrow")

RATTING WITH BOW AND ARROW

SIR,—A form of sport which enjoys great popularity among small native "umfaans" in Natal is rat hunting.

Armed with primitive bows and arrows the Zulu herd boys meet on Sunday mornings in a pre-arranged paddock where field mice are plentiful. The party splits into two sections, the drivers and the marksmen. The latter conceal themselves opposite the rat runs, with bows taut and arrows at the ready.

Drivers now advance in open order chanting with a perfect rhythm and harmony peculiar to the Zulu race. At the sound of this war-like melody dozens of striped field mice are sent racing helter-skelter up the narrow runs, offering good targets to the marksmen. Their accuracy at a close range is astonishing, and a bag of 30 or 40 is not unusual at the end of a morning's sport.

After skinning and roasting, these mice are said to make an appetising addition to the lads' simple menu of pumpkin and mealie pap.

Yours faithfully,

P.O. Box 598, Durban. R. W. JOHNSTON.

has a certain number of lives (I forget the exact number) and that each must be knocked out separately; this superstition must have arisen from the fact that octopus is unbearably tough unless well pounded.

It is a tasty dish when well chopped up and fried with onions and herbs—though the tentacles and their well-marked suckers are rather horrifying to the novice.

The fishermen preserve large numbers of the animal for winter food by drying them in the sun for ten days. Poles are often stuck out of windows with scores of octopuses draped over them, and the rigging of sailing boats is much used too, as shown in the photograph, which was taken at the Ægean island of Thasos.

Yours faithfully,

56, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent. C. A. HARRISON.

IN PRAISE OF THE NYMPH

SIR,—As an old dry-fly fisherman, who first used a nymph nearly 40 years ago, I was very glad to see Mr. H. D. Turing's letter in support of the nymph. Will all those who criticise the use of the nymph be equally prepared to bar all other hackle flies including the Tupp? They would undoubtedly raise the standard of efficiency required to fill their bags with sizable trout if only cocked winged and spent winged flies were used.

Yours faithfully,

The Grange, Goring. PETER HAIG THOMAS.

friend pointed out this wild duck under a tree, obviously sitting on eggs. The tree is only a few feet away from the bandstand, and at a distance of 5yds. or 6yds. it was practically impossible to see the duck, which speaks volumes for the colour protection of the bird. There were hundreds of people about at the time, but it remained almost unnoticed until a little black dog, straining at the end of his lead, poked his nose inquiringly in its direction. Whereupon it stretched out its neck and hissed something distinctly unpleasant in duck language. I went along early next morning and snapped it at close quarters, taking plenty of time in getting nearer as it became alarmed at any quick movement. There was no need for it to choose such a spot for nesting, as there is an island right in the middle of the lake. Perhaps it likes listening to the band!

However, in spite of the danger of being attacked by rats, dogs and cats she hatched off successfully, and may be seen any day escorting her youngsters round the lake.

Yours faithfully,

23, Clovelly Gardens, Romford, Essex. F. J. WOODROOFF.



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"
(See letter "Ducks Like Brass Bands")



"A TASTY DISH WHEN WELL CHOPPED UP AND FRIED WITH ONIONS AND HERBS"
(See letter "The Greeks and the Octopus")

THE GREEKS AND THE OCTOPUS

SIR,—Anyone who has visited the islands of Greece, or its coast, is familiar with a curious plop, plop, plop, plop, plop sound, that seems to be going on all day. It is the thud of an octopus being hurled repeatedly on to the rocks or the quay by the fisherman who has just caught it. Sometimes he bites out its eye first to kill it; but, anyway, it must be stunned at the first blow or two.

The older fishermen will tell you that the octopus

DUCKS LIKE BRASS BANDS

SIR,—I was in Raphael Park, Romford, listening to the annual brass band contest recently, when a

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A MIGHTY SUNFISH

(See letter "The Largest Fish with Rod and Reel")

THE LARGEST FISH WITH ROD AND REEL

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that to Mr. Charles C. Schultz, a construction engineer of Mt. Ranier, Md., belongs the honour of landing the largest fish ever caught with rod and reel. While fishing at Bondi Beach, Sydney, Australia, he landed the 3,000-lb. sunfish, a photograph of which I enclose. The Australians call this fish the Mola Mola.

During two-and-a-half years' residence in that country Mr. Schultz made a specialty of studying sharks, and succeeded in landing 27 of them of a great variety in sizes.

Yours faithfully,

London. D. L. F.

HUMANE TRAPS

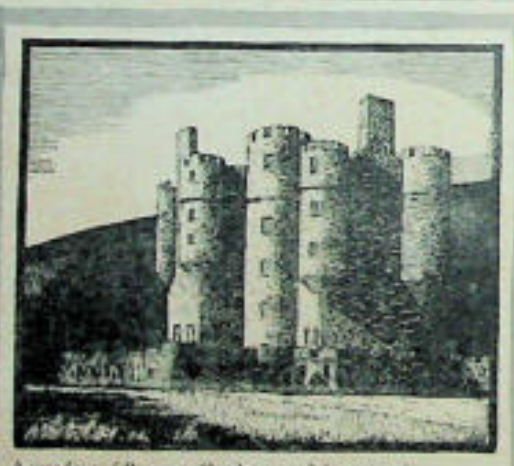
SIR,—May I inform readers of the *Field* that I wish to surrender my designs for the three well-known Gripper traps recommended by the R.S.P.C.A. for rats, mice and moles, so that any manufacturer may now copy them? I do this because I believe them to be the best and most humane traps for these small animals, and I want to lessen the suffering caused by using other types. At present these Gripper traps are made only by the Gripper Manufacturing Company, Portland Road, Leicester.

Yours faithfully,

C. VAN DER BYL

(The Humane Trapping Campaign).

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T.T.1786

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

ABOYNE.—On August 14th, 8½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. Leonard, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Dearlove, Mr. Warren, Mr. Towse, and Mr. Gould. Area of ground is only small moors and swamps shot over. Disease on several birds—hare legs, no feather on same, and some in poor condition.

CROMAR.—On August 12th, 33½ brace, on the 16th, 36½ brace, on the 18th, 27½ brace, on the 21st, 48 brace, on the 23rd, 17½ brace, on the 26th, 14 brace, and on the 28th, 48 brace of grouse were killed by Captain R. B. Ruston's party of four guns. From the 12th to the 26th was walking up, 28th driving. Birds plentiful, strong and healthy.

KNOCKENDOCH.—On the 4th, 54½ brace of grouse were killed by six guns: Mr. Frank P. Whitbread, Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, Mr. G. Watson, the Hon. Geoffrey Gibbs, Mr. Archibald Smith and the Rev. Roland Smith.

TORNAHEAN.—The Hon. Percy Thesiger, Mr. Oswald Thesiger, Mr. Tony Thesiger and a party of eight guns, driving, killed on August 21st, 103 brace, on the 24th, 132 brace, on the 27th, 100 brace, and on the 31st, 110 brace of grouse. Birds very plentiful: covers large and well grown.

Banffshire

LOCHT.—On August 23rd, 24th, 26th and 27th (five guns), 221 brace of grouse. The parties included: Lord Charles Bentinck, Major R. Betterton, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Lord Dorchester, Major-General Sir Richard Howard Vyse, Mr. Derek Allhusen and Lieutenant-Colonel F. Allhusen.

Inverness-shire

ABERARDER.—On August 20th, 9½ brace and on the 21st, 61½ brace of grouse were killed by seven guns: Colonel N. Beckwith Smith and party.

CLUNY.—On September 2nd, 182½; September 3rd, 185, and September 4th, 115 brace of grouse were killed by Captain Reid Walker and party of the following guns: Brigadier-General R. Hoare, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Boles, Lord Belhaven, Viscount Newport, Colonel Mostyn-Eyton and General Gamburn. Very high wind each day, grouse beginning to pack.

CORRYNEUCHAN.—On August 20th, 148 brace of grouse were killed by Sir William Mallins's party of ten guns.

DALBREATH.—On August 18th, 21st, 25th and 28th, eight guns killed 132½, 152, 97½ and 143 brace of grouse. The best show of birds for many years. Covers large and strong, especially on the high ground.

STRONTALLOCH.—On August 28th, 52½ brace of grouse were killed by Major Ruston's party of six guns: Colonel C. E. Britten, Captain J. W. D. Evans, Mr. J. Davenport, Mr. G. Till, Mr. E. Knight and Major R. P. Ruston. On August 30th, 73½ brace of grouse were killed by Major Ruston's party of seven guns: Lord Lovat, Colonel C. E. Britten, Captain J. W. D. Evans, Mr. J. Davenport, Mr. E. Knight, Mr. M. Moon and Major R. P. Ruston.

YARROCH.—On August 30th, 21 brace of grouse were killed by Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Lethington, M.C., and Colonel F. V. D. Colman. Birds good on high ground but poor on the low ground. Shooting over dogs.

Perthshire

EDRADOUR AND BALNAKEILLY.—To August 21st, 480½ brace of grouse, 10½ couple of snipe and one brace blackgame were killed by Mr. A. K. Berry with his son and party of six guns. Birds strong and healthy but covers small.

FINCASTLE.—On August 23rd, 128 brace of grouse were killed by Sir Michael Nairn's party.

THE BARRACKS.—On August 21st, 25 brace of grouse were killed by four guns: Mr. J. W. Mann-Thomas, Mr. Curtis, Mr. E. Contag and Mr. David Callander.

WEST TEMPAR.—On August 29th, Mr. Tim Curtis and party of four guns walking Mrs. Cochrane Young's moor, got 31 brace of grouse and curlew.

Ross-shire

INVERLAEL.—The grouse appear to have left the ground owing probably to the late heavy fall of snow last spring; it is possible they headed where they had migrated to during the bad weather as the snow lay on the hills so late into the season. There will be none shot this year in order to preserve the stock, and no doubt some birds will draw back on to the ground.

LOCH BROOM.—On August 14th, 14½ brace and on the 26th, 12½ brace of grouse were killed by two guns: On the 14th, Mr. W. C. C. Cripps (half day) and Mr. J. Dent; on the 26th, Mr. W. C. C. Cripps and Mr. R. Major (half day). Birds strong and well grown.

Sutherland

BIG BORVE.—On August 25th, 27th and 28th, 25, 19 and 36½ brace of grouse (driving) were killed by five guns: Major R. T. Stanyforth, Captain H. Vickerman, Major F. L. C. Curtis, Brigadier E. A. Osborne and Colonel J. C. Bartley. Great scarcity of grouse. All birds, young and old, in splendid condition, but undoubtedly coveys decimated by coccidiosis, though "ideal conditions" gave promise of a good year. No further shooting.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for £10 to help a gentlewoman, aged 59, who is in real distress. The daughter of a gentleman farmer in her youth she worked as a governess-companion, and was in the same family for 23 years. She then ran a boarding-house in the South of England in conjunction with a sister. Unfortunately her health has entirely broken down. The boarding-house has to be sold, and she is now dependent on an income of 15/- weekly. It is hoped that a pension may soon be allowed her, meanwhile she must have help for she is extremely ill. Friends of the Poor want to tide her over this difficult time.

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IN THE CITY

IN the weakness prevailing throughout the Stock Exchange during the last few months the Iron, Coal and Steel group have maintained their prices very well. Several of the iron and coal companies have already been recommended to readers, and in this article short details are given of some of the leading steel concerns.

STEWARTS & LLOYDS, LTD.

In conjunction with Tube Investments, Ltd., with whom the company became closely connected in 1930 through an exchange of liaison shares, Stewarts and Lloyds are the dominant factor in the British (home and export) tube trade. The company is also the only large producer of basic Bessemer steel in the United Kingdom. The main works are at Corby, where ore reserves are estimated at 500,000,000 tons. Here every process from mining the ore to completion of the tubes is carried out. Throughout the last depression the company was able to make profits, though in 1931 and 1932 these were not sufficient to enable a dividend to be paid on the deferred stock. The record profits of 1936 were earned in spite of the fact that the export prices for tubes were well below those ruling in 1934 and 1935, and the chairman in his speech in May, 1937, attributed this to the larger turnover and to the gradual reaping of the fruits of capital expenditure at Corby and elsewhere. Regarding the prospects for 1937, the chairman was optimistic. He was able to state that both the home and export demand continues unabated and that deliveries at that date (May, 1937) exceeded those of the corresponding period of the previous year. Higher prices are now obtainable in the home market, while in the export market an agreement has been reached which has raised prices to a reasonable level. He also anticipated progressive advantages from the capital expended at Corby.

It is believed that the efficiency of the new plant will, to a large extent, counteract the effect on profits of the higher costs of wages and materials.

The company has an excellent record, and shareholders, if not receiving big dividends, at least should not have to fear any drastic writing down of assets should demand slacken. In the last three years no less than £1,532,000 has been appropriated from profits by the parent company for depreciation and special contingency reserves, and substantial reserves have also been built up in the subsidiary companies. At their present price of 43/- the deferred stock units yield £3 9s. 9d. per cent., and they represent a sound investment in the heavy industry group.

DORMAN LONG & CO., LTD.

It would be impossible to deal with this company adequately in a few short lines, but it is one of the leaders of the group and perhaps one of the most interesting. Many readers will be familiar with the past record of the company, as it has been dealt with more than once by Pactolus. The company's year ends on September 30th, and the balance-sheet to be drawn up then will show the great changes which have taken place in the course of a year. The ordinary capital has been increased from £831,148 to £1,503,315 by the issue of 672,167 ordinary £1 shares at 35/- per share and the proceeds utilised to repay bank loans which at September 30th, 1936, amounted to around £914,000.

With these debts repaid the way has been cleared for increased dividends on the ordinary shares, and shareholders may expect to receive considerably higher payments this year. The capital structure is highly geared, so that while times are good the percentage earnings on the ordinary capital are likely to be high. Equally ordinary shareholders suffer the more in bad times. At the present price of 54/- the ordinary shares yield £2 4s. 5d. per cent. on last year's dividend.

UNITED STEEL COMPANIES, LTD.

Registered in 1930 to amalgamate two existing companies and to take over a number of subsidiaries, this company is an outstanding example of the rationalisation of the iron and steel industry which has been so much to the fore in recent years.

The company obtains much of its raw material requirements through subsidiaries, and consequently should not be affected by the rising cost of materials to the same extent as other concerns less favourably situated.

Steady expansion has been shown and earnings in each of the last two financial years have been equal to 10.4 per cent. on the issued capital. The capital ranking for dividend this year will be £8,821,820 as compared with £6,616,365 in previous years.

The accounts for the year ended June 30th, 1937, are shortly to be issued, and it is believed that some slight increase may be made in the dividend. Even on last year's dividend of 7½ per cent. the shares at their present price of 31 6, yield £4 13s. 3d. per cent.

PACTOLUS II.

This England . . .



Salcombe, Devon

ANNO DOMINI 1204 was notable, amongst divers other matters, for the payment of 5000 marks by the inhabitants of Devon, that their county might be disafforested. And that, good masters, is about the last great change that took place in this delectable land. For change comes to this England only where it must; whether we change forest for grazing, or grass for a forest of steel, the good things remain. How else, look you, would a man be refreshed of his labours—in fields of stone or in cloverley—had he not his Worthington, an ale-brew as old and fine as the breed of Devon cattle . . . that blow so softly at you in those lovely sunken lanes.

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TRAINING LAWN TENNIS TALENT

Mr. Dailley's £10,000 Scheme

By J. E. COLLETT

THE L.T.A. council is to be confronted by Mr. W. S. E. Dailley, the Surrey County secretary, with a scheme, estimated to cost £10,000, for regaining the Davis and Wightman Cups. He is to propose the construction of twelve hard courts in selected centres to be used exclusively for "possibles," the establishment of facilities for physical training of players, including the engagement of masseurs and instructors, and the employment of three first-class coaches.

The only thing in this plan which is actually outside the current regime is the extension of specific training to the whole country instead of limiting it in effect to Wimbledon and its environs. There is no need for exclusive courts; courts exist and are available with pavilion amenities, at scores of clubs. Gymnasia, masseurs and physical instructors abound and await employment as and when required. Though no "new deal" may be called for, reorganisation is essential.

What must be remembered always in connection with lawn tennis is that it differs from most games in regard to talent production and exploitation. For some reason not exactly defined, the maturity point in a player is touched at a later state and is less recognisable. Ability in adolescence is quickly "spotted," but developed with difficulty beyond scratch. The gulf between winning a junior championship and gaining cup honours is immense. Since the institution of the junior championship of Great Britain in 1908, only four boy champions—C. G. Eames (1908), H. W. Austin (1922), F. H. D. Wilde (1928) and C. E. Hare (1931)—have attained Davis Cup rank; and only four girls—Miss J. Austin (Mrs. Lycett), 1920–21, Miss B. Nuthall (1924–26), Miss M. Heeley (1928), and Miss M. C. Scriven (1929)—have been in the Wightman Cup team.

Despite the very great number of players in this country, and the increasing ease of transport to tournament playing centres, our output of both men and women of the highest class is comparatively meagre. The reason is ready to hand. For the majority of potential "stars" the big side of the game takes up too much time, and time is money, a commodity which is scarce among most young people. One or two six-day tournaments with entrance fees and contingent expenses would be as much as many could contemplate annually.

We are tied to this tournament system which has given rise to many abuses and for the upkeep of the playing personnel of which a species of subsidisation has been adopted. Amateur status is not lost by conforming to this; no one quite knows why. There would be no advantage in having a scheme like Mr. Dailley's superimposed on tournament training, now considered the *sine qua non*. It would serve merely to turn loose on a doubting competitive world a few dozen machine-made aspirants, who might or might not be knocked into shape in the rough and tumble. If, on the other hand, Mr. Dailley would wish to find his promising shoots in tournaments and transfer them to his forcing houses, he could not keep them there if and when in bloom, to wither unknown; they would have to be shown to be admired or to be useful. Would they return to origin, namely, the tournament? If so, given the time, who would supply the money?

Those two factors, time and money, control the issue. If we are to win back the Davis and Wightman Cups (and I believe firmly against the apparent evidence that we can) we must consider them carefully, and our training must be suitable to the end in view. The matches for these two international trophies are team matches; the preliminary competitive and productive facilities should be arranged accordingly. As far as the human material is concerned, let us realise once and for all that neither with £10,000 nor with a million can it be manufactured; it can only be moulded.

If a large number of one- or two-day matches were formulated from which it was understood that selections would be made for intensive training, thousands of players instead of hundreds would be drawn into the selective competitive area. This area now is limited, prohibitively expensive for persons with something else to do but play games, and relatively non-sporting in the true sense of the word. In order to create the requisite national spirit and to implement the material, the scope of the game must be enlarged. Mr. Dailley's scheme, though itself large, would narrow it within its existing limits, and tend to create a class without adequate means of expression or formative expansion.



JUMPING AUSTRALIAN STYLE

Mr. J. Massarella jumping for the Champion Challenge Cup at the Bath Horse Show on Silver Mint. He ultimately won, clearing the jump at 6 feet

LOW SCORING AT CALCOT

A High Standard for the Professional Golfer

By E. R. TIPPLE

A SCORE of level fours nowadays only entitles a professional golfer to a lowly place in the competitive list. That was proved at Brighton last month, and again last week, when the southern qualifying rounds for the *News of the World* match-play championship were held at Calcot, near Reading. A total of 146 for the thirty-six holes—equal to the scratch score of the course—meant a replay for the last of the 23 places.

In the days before the War the winners of each event could be safely picked from just a few, because there were not many outstanding exponents of the game. To-day it is vastly different. Over a dozen professionals are on the same standard, and first one heads the list and then another. With one exception—Henry Cotton. But since winning the Open title Cotton has not participated in competitive golf, so his absence certainly gives the others a better chance of success.

Acting on medical advice he decided to scratch from this particular tournament at the last moment. This decision is to be regretted, as his absence is sure to have an effect on the monetary returns. At the same time there is not the slightest reason for the opinion which has been expressed at several clubs that Cotton is "too big to be bothered with these various competitions." The strain of the Ryder Cup match, his game with Shute, and the Open Championship have affected his health so that he feels the need of a holiday.

On the first day at Calcot no fewer than seventeen players beat the old professional course record, five beating 70. Allan Dailey, who has had a very lean time for many months, struck his old form and led the field. Tall and well built, Dailey had a great future prophesied for him a few years ago, but unaccountably his game deserted him and he could do nothing right when tournaments were held. So on his return from South Africa he decided to have a rest from competitive golf until he emerged from his temporary retirement last week. That rest has worked miracles. He has got his old confidence back, and as a result is hitting the ball beautifully as only a good swinger can.

A. H. Padgham has had a blank season so far—a distinct contrast to 1936. Even the experts find golf like that, which is comforting to the ordinary club member. But Padgham will not have long to wait before he is back among the winners. He gave evidence of his skill at Calcot, and his confident putting was specially impressive. Charles Whitcombe returned a total of 138 and secured third place two strokes behind Dailey. He kept the family name to the fore; after all it was his turn, as he finished nowhere at Brighton.

The feature of the play seen, quite apart from the expected low scoring over the rather short Calcot course, was the fighting second round by D. J. Rees. Last year's winner returned a 75 on the first day, when everything that could go wrong did. Balls kicked awkwardly and putts just failed to drop. So he found himself in the unenviable position of having 41 players with better scores than his and only 23 qualifying places. His second attempt was a typical one. Although driving indifferently he showed great pluck in attacking the hole with his second shots. Finally, he knew he had to accomplish the last five holes in the strict par figures to have a chance of defending his title—and he did it. Just such another round as he played in the Ryder Cup match.

Next Tuesday the match play stages begin at Stoke Poges, and on that course there is sure to be many surprising results. Stoke Poges wants knowing, and is more tricky than is imagined at first sight. Rees will not relinquish his title without a struggle, but it is too much to expect him to win for a second time in succession.

THE BATH HORSE SHOW

Good Quality and a Large Entry

THOSE people who rule over the destinies of Bath Horse Show have every reason to be well satisfied with the latest fruits of their labours. The 49th exhibition was held this year on Wednesday, September 1st; entries were exceptionally good and the quality of the hunters and young stock shown was such as to cause the judges considerable difficulty in making their final awards.

The morning in the grandstand ring was given over to the judging of the various hunter classes, culminating after luncheon with the award of the Champion Hunter Challenge Cup (for the best hunter in the show) to Mr. Bernard A. Selby's Sir Roger, who had already gained premier award in the class for heavyweight hunters. Reserve champion was the very good-looking Guilsborough, belonging to that successful exhibitor Mr. J. V. Rank. Guilsborough had had a great day out, having previously annexed the class for middle-weight hunters and also the one confined to ladies' hunters ridden side-saddle. In the latter class Lady Veronica Hornby's Airman came second, beating Miss Eleanor G. Keith's Merrimouth, the winner of the class for local hunters.

The lightweight hunters were another strong class, the general opinion being in favour of Mr. Bernard A. Selby's well-known Ballymonis; the official verdict, however, went to Mr. J. V. Rank's Knepp, a six-year-old bay gelding, by St. Tudwal. Ballymonis was put second and Mr. Stanley White's Lucifer II third.

The young stock were meanwhile being adjudicated upon in ring two. The yearlings, I thought, were a trifle on the small side but they showed much quality which, after all, is what most matters. Mrs. Frank's Souvenir, second at the Royal, went to the top, beating Mr. Hector Knapp's Radio. Lord Stavordale's Orthodox took the two-year-old class, being preferred to Mr. E. G. MacAndrew's Polly's Folly.

The three-year-olds were very much on their toes and led their attendants a merry dance whenever, which was very frequently, a train passed along the line running close to and at the back of their ring. Mr. H. Frank's Puffball, a winner at the Royal, gave way to Mr. F. R. Bennion's Gay Lad. The hunter brood mares followed on and, as befitted their matronly instincts, behaved with praiseworthy decorum. First in this class was Mr. M. T. Jones's Sweetbriar, her progeny being later placed second to Mr. John Scantlebury's chestnut colt by Haine in the class for hunter foals. The two events confined to hacks attracted a big entry, and the Hack Challenge Cup eventually went to Captain J. E. Hance's Creditors Please Note—a long name with a certain sting to it!

The future generation of show exhibitors, fox-hunters and their kindred were well catered for with classes for ponies, jumping and an equitation test. The O'Callaghan Challenge Cup, for ponies not exceeding 13 hands and to be ridden by children under fifteen years of age, was won by the Hon. Noreen Stonor's Royal Star, whose youthful owner made the mistake that many jockeys do, in selecting to ride her other pony, Cadogan Firefly, which was placed behind the winner. Probably the most interesting entry in the class for ponies under 13 hands was Master Timothy Hunter's Rustla, a delightful young lady of just one year old, and her behaviour in the ring reflected the greatest credit on her sex.

Much of the afternoon and evening in the grandstand ring was occupied with the jumping competitions. The Spa Hotel Cup was won by that grand old veteran of the show ring, Messrs. Grange Bros.' Desire, who so obviously enjoys the game and never put a foot wrong. The champion high jump was started at 5ft. and was gradually raised to 6ft., at which height Messrs. A. Massarella's Silver Mint alone cleared it. His rider adopted a style much in vogue in Australia, taking his whole weight out of the saddle as the horse rose at the fence.

JOAN ROBESON.

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THE ASTER BORDER AT ALDENHAM HOUSE

The Country House

MICHAELMAS DAISIES

Their Importance in the Autumn Border

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

UNDOUBTEDLY the beauty of the Autumn Herbaceous Border is now chiefly due to the perfect blending of the mauves, pinks and blues of Michaelmas Daisies with the golds, yellows and scarlets of Kniphofias, Heleniums, Rudbeckias and Scarlet Lobelias. The more gorgeous Dahlias are now commonly grown associated with Michaelmas Daisies, but I think that during September Hybrid Lobelias are even more effective. King Alfred (a vivid scarlet, 4ft.) is the tallest-growing Lobelia, the others attaining not more than 3ft., but varieties such as Arthur Humbert, Riverside and Charming associate perfectly with most of the Novæ Belgii section, of which I shall say something later, and which also grow about 3ft. high.

Few plants are of such easy cultivation as Michaelmas Daisies, and they not infrequently suffer for this quality, being left in crowded clumps instead of being divided up every year, the only exception to this rule being the Asters of the Amellus section, which once planted should never be disturbed. Left in crowded clumps, the tall-growing Asters, such as King of the Belgians, cannot branch out freely, the stems become mildewy, and the plants make a comparatively poor show.

The earliest Asters to bloom are those of the Amellus section, hybrids of A. Amellus, a native of Italy. The finest of this section are the well-known King George, Bessie Chaplin (both a rich violet blue), Sonia (a good pink), Wells's Favourite (a bright pink and the tallest-growing of the Amellus section, attaining well over 3ft.), and the large-flowered pinkish-mauve Beauty of Ronsdorf. In gardens on light soil, where Amellus hybrids flower often as early as the end of July, it is sometimes found advisable to grow Bessie Chaplin rather than King George. Bessie Chaplin flowers three weeks later, and is in full beauty when King George is almost over.

To most people the best Michaelmas Daisies of to-day are those of the Novæ Belgii section. Mulberry is an outstandingly good new variety. The name exactly describes the colouring, and it grows about 4ft. high. The tallest growing of this section are Heather-glow (rose-coloured flowers, 5ft.), Remembrance (pinkish-mauve, branching habit, 4½ft.), the new Spire (immense lavender flowers, 3in. across, 5½ft.), and Louvain (light blue flowers, 5ft.). It should be noted, however, that these very tall-growing kinds all flower rather late, notably Blue Gown (blue flowers, 5½ft.) and Spire, neither of which as a rule begin flowering before mid-October. But Mount Everest, a snow white variety, and Mammoth, lavender, are two outstandingly tall varieties that flower in September.

Many of the most charming varieties of this section attain only between 3ft. and 4ft., and two of the most popular, Little Boy Blue and Little Pink Lady, grow only 2ft. high. Both of these deserve a prominent place in the front of the border. The loveliest pink Aster in this section is indisputably Ethel Ballard. It grows between 4ft. and 5ft. high, and the abundant large pink flowers are produced all the way up.

Amongst others of this section that most people would list as the pick of those growing between 3ft. and 4ft. are Nancy Ballard, Queen Mary, Ruby Tips (a very striking variety), Strawberries and Cream, Margaret Ballard, Amethyst, Countess, Taplow Spire, Wonder of Colwall, Charles Wilson, Wedgwood, Duchess and Petunia. Cut flowers of some of these varieties look particularly well in artificial light, notably Countess and Ruby Tips.

Of the Novæ Angliæ section all flower during September except Crimson Beauty, which does not flower till October. All this section attain well over 4½ft., the favourites being Barr's Pink, Lil Fardell and Mrs. S. T. Wright.

In some ways the most graceful of the Asters are the charming *A. acris*, *A. Frikartii*, and *A. Thomsonii*. *A. Thomsonii* produces its pale blue flowers from July to November, attains about 1½ft. in height, and associates delightfully with Sonia. *A. acris* and *A. Frikartii* grow nearly 3ft. high. There is a new variety of *A. Frikartii* called Wonder of Staffa, with even larger blue flowers.

Hybrids of the Cordifolius and Ericoides section are also very graceful. Silver Spray, with its thousands of minute star-like pale lilac flowerets, is particularly useful for indoor decoration, and the so-called yellow Asters, *A. linosyris* and *A. hybridus luteus*, called by the botanists *Solidago missouriensis*, are both attractive plants, particularly *A. hybridus luteus*.

The new dwarf Asters have never appealed to me; they always look so unnatural, but they are undoubtedly useful for an edging, flowering lavishly in October and well into November in mild parts and at this season colourful edging plants are few and far between.

Michaelmas Daisies are nearly all propagated by division. The roots should be torn apart with two forks, the centre discarded, and the new growths replanted in fresh soil. Many of the finest Michaelmas Daisies, however, notably Ethel Ballard, make compact roots and throw out no runners. All Michaelmas Daisies are greedy feeders and need a thoroughly rich, well-dug soil. It is very unreasonable to expect a lavish display from the Herbaceous Border without generous feeding. Michaelmas Daisies can be raised from seed, but it is not a very satisfactory process, for the germination is often very slow. Seed should be sown in boxes of sandy loam in a minimum temperature of 50° in April. The box should be covered with glass and brown paper to hasten germination, the glass being turned and wiped daily. When the seedlings are an inch or so high they should be transferred to boxes of compost of two parts loam and one part leaf-mould and sand. The plants flower a little the following season.

It is only worth while to raise Michaelmas Daisies from seed when this has been saved from the very finest varieties, and in the hope of raising something worth while. A leading specialist once told me that he considered himself lucky if out of 50,000 seedlings three turned out first-rate.

SPORTING FINNS

A Fine Athletics Meeting

FINLAND beat Great Britain in a two-day match held at Helsingfors on Saturday and Sunday, September 4th and 5th, by 92 points to 67. In the seven racing events and two relays Great Britain, despite the absence of W. Roberts, A. Pennington, J. St. L. Thornton and S. C. Wooderson, totalled 49 points to Finland's 44. In the six field events our representatives failed to score any points above the three awarded for third and fourth places, the Finns obtaining their maximum of 48 points.

No words of praise for the reception our men have received on all hands would be too fulsome. The crowd at the stadium, though perhaps only numbering 10,000, contained 10,000 enthusiasts and 10,000 experts who were unstinting in their praise to victor and vanquished alike. Finland has nothing to learn in athletic sportsmanship.

At the end of the first day Finland led by 44 points to 30 points, and we had done rather worse than had been anticipated. Finlay had won the 110-metres hurdles in 14.7sec., Brown the 400 metres in 47.7sec.; but we had not gained second or third places in either of these events and valuable points had been lost. In the 400 metres the two Finns, Tammesso and Rakkolainen, had run better than ever before, the former setting up a new Finnish record of 48.2sec. In the 4 × 800 metres relay our team had to fight harder for victory than I anticipated, and when the last relay started Handley was a couple of yards down on Peussa, the Finnish champion. Handley, as usual, relied on his finishing spurt and won by 5yds. The time of the British team was 7min. 39.9sec., only 4.1sec. slower than the existing world's record. The individual 800 metres times were Collyer, 1min. 55sec.; Powell, 1min. 56.7sec.; Stothard, 1min. 53.7sec.; Handley, 1min. 54.5sec. The Finns, who finished in 7min. 40.6sec., beat their previous national record by nearly 13sec.

The race of the day was undoubtedly the 5,000 metres. P. D. Ward, undoubtedly the finest three-miler Great Britain has ever had, was running his most serious test this year. A fortnight ago, in Paris, he had set up his finest performance to date by running 5,000 metres in 14min. 42sec. (about 14min. 10sec. for three miles) and beating Askola, Finland's second best performer. The Finns paid Ward the great compliment of substituting Salminen (winner of the 10,000 metres at Berlin last year and world's record-holder for the distance) and Maki (the world's finest 3-miler this year, who partnered Salminen.

The whole question was whether Ward could follow the fast pace set by the Finns, particularly over the fourth 1,000-metres stage. The pace over the first half-mile was terrific (it occupied about 2min. 13sec.), but Ward would not allow the Finns to unsettle him. Though they had the advantage of mutual assistance (both are capable of inside 14min. for three miles), Ward ran beautifully in third place for ten of the twelve laps. 600yds. from home Ward passed Salminen and was on Maki's heels. The excitement was terrific. With 400 metres to go, Salminen rushed into the lead again, but Ward, perhaps a little mistakenly, was after him at once, and with 300yds. to go, was ahead. Salminen was now out of the race, but Maki, a great miler and a fine fighter, was still at Ward's shoulder and forced himself ahead with 60yds. to go, winning by 5yds. Ward received an ovation. His time, equivalent to 13min. 59.8sec. for three miles, was easily the finest time ever accomplished by an Englishman, and with the exception of Finnish performances, the finest time in the world this year.

The first two races on Sunday saw Britain scoring well and getting within six points of Finland. Holmes and Sweeney easily won the 100 metres, the former being a foot ahead in 10.6sec. with the Finns many yards back. In the 800 metres, J. C. Stothard beat the Finnish record-holder, O. Teileki, by inches in 1min. 53.8sec. F. R. Handley was third, running an indifferently judged race. Finland, of course, scored heavily in the discus, Kotkas winning with over 160ft., and Mentula reaching 151ft. Our men could not get to 130ft. The 1,500 metres was a great race, too. The generalship of the former British mile champion and record-holder, R. H. Thomas, was superb. He ran one of the best races of his career, and actually his fastest, and with just a little more confidence would have won. He was beaten by inches in time which was equivalent to 4min. 12.7sec. for a mile. Graham, though only third, was running his fastest race this year.

We won the relay over 1,000 metres, the distances being 100, 200, 300 and 400. Brown started 5yds. down over the 400 metres, but it would have needed 25yds. advantage at least for the Finns to win.

H. M. ABRAHAMS.

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RED POLLS UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS ON A HAMPSHIRE DAIRY FARM

THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW MILK POLICY

Points in the White Paper that Need Careful Consideration

SUFFICIENT time has elapsed since the publication of the White Paper setting out the Government's milk policy to avoid the accusation, commonly hurled at the head of the journalist, of rushing into print without due thought. We have had time to think. We must think yet more deeply before the Milk Bill comes before Parliament. By that time we must have our opinions clearly marshalled. For this is no light matter: the livelihood of thousands is bound up with the prosperity or otherwise of the dairy industry.

There is no need to summarise the White Paper. Its contents are well known. Here—in the hope that they may stimulate others to express their opinions—are some thoughts of my own on certain points in the paper.

We have been told that "the Government desire to see the dairying industry self-supporting and profitable." A most laudable desire. But one point in the paper stands out firmly. The Government mean to devote their policy to encouraging liquid milk consumption. Manufacturing milk, which is about one-third of the output, can look out for itself. There will be no further protection. The Import Duties Advisory Committee has, at last, given its report on the application for increased duties on imported dairy products. The application has been turned down, and turned down, one imagines, in concurrence with the opinion of the Government. There is to be no import levy-subsidy to maintain reasonable prices for our butter and cheese. Despite the soothing tones of our Minister when addressing home producers, the Dominion Premiers have carried the day. There will be no levy-subsidy policy.

Instead—there is just a hint of rubbing salt into the wound about this, I think—the present Government guarantee of minimum prices for manufacturing milk (and they are pitifully low) is to be replaced by a sort of "insurance" plan. This plan is of distinctly limited application, and I do not see how it can help the home producer at all unless there is a complete collapse in the world butter and cheese market, in which case he would probably be beyond assistance anyway. It is quite true that there are tariffs on foreign butter and cheese, but as 53 per cent. of the butter and 90 per cent. of the cheese imports come from the Empire and enjoy free entry, these tariffs have no balm for the farmer. It seems to me that butter and cheese made in this country will have to continue to be made at a loss.

Here—in the abandonment of the levy-subsidy policy—is surely a complete reversal of the Government's policy? Producers accepted the Milk Marketing scheme on the understanding that they were to be given first place in the home market, and protection from the competition of imported milk products. In January, 1932, Lord De La Warr, then Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture, expressed his satisfaction at the fact that the problem of milk organisation was to be considered "with the necessary corollary of ensuring fair play to that organisation by the control of imports both of fresh milk and of manufactured milk products." At a later date, Mr. Walter Elliot, then Minister of Agriculture, speaking of the marketing schemes, said: "If you adopt these schemes, it is our business and our responsibility to see that they are not wrecked by foreign imports, and we accept that responsibility." That was surely definite enough? And what has happened?

The Government's desire to see an increase in the consumption of liquid milk is wholly admirable. They believe that the consumption of liquid milk in this country can be greatly increased; and that the essential step to this end is the establishment of public confidence in the cleanliness and food-value of liquid milk. To take the first point—increase. What is the actual position? Sales of home-produced liquid milk are increasing. Between October, 1936, and June, 1937, more than 13,000,000 more gallons were sold under wholesale contracts in England and Wales than in the same period, 1935–1936. More people in work in the industrial areas, with more money to spend, is the main reason for that increase, though the schemes for the provision of cheap milk for schoolchildren, and for mothers with young children, have certainly helped. But is a very much greater increase of liquid milk *per capita* possible? Milk in the main is drunk by children. There are proportionately fewer children to-day than there were 20 years or so ago; their numbers are still decreasing. Moreover, more than half-a-million acres of good agricultural land has recently been covered with houses, more acres will shortly go the same way, and every time this happens milk, pasteurised and bottled, has got to be brought a greater distance at greater cost.

At the same time there has been a great decrease in the sales of milk for manufacturing. In 1935–36 some 385,000,000 gallons were sold. Probably this contract year will see a total of something under 300,000,000 gallons. Let there be no doubt about it, the continuation of low prices for manufacturing milk—and that is what the throwing-over of the levy-subsidy policy means—will necessitate higher prices for liquid milk or an enormous increase in the sales of that beverage. Milk producers must have better prices, or go out of business. Now nobody, I think, wants to see the retail prices of milk higher than they are to-day. There is, I think, room for drastic economy in the distributive section of the trade. There is, in the White Paper, a carefully vague reference to the reorganisation of distribution on more economical lines. Let us hope that that point will be pressed home ruthlessly before any Bill is passed.

The obvious way of ensuring greater consumption is to provide free milk to all children attending elementary schools. No doubt that would be considered a very bold step. I submit that a little boldness would not be at all out of place. It certainly would not break the Exchequer: it would help the farmer and it would be a social service of magnitude, and if milk is all the publicity people say it is then it is of national importance that coming generations should not be stinted.

The second point—that of establishing public confidence in the cleanliness and food-value of liquid milk—is bound up, as I see it, in the Government's proposal that local authorities should be given power to require that milk should be pasteurised. This is a step that requires the most careful scrutiny. Compulsory pasteurisation once with us will stay. Not to lay too great stress upon it, there are quite enough doubts not only as to its success in commercial practice but also as to its effect on the protective qualities of milk as a food. We must think about this. There has for many years past been much agitation in favour of such a measure. It has been fostered by subsidies and huge sums have been spent in advertising. Behind this movement are vast vested interests concerned with distribution, not production. The cry used is that of sanitation, which is, in itself, no more than an appeal to fear, and the successful result of that cry would be to give to those interested a monopoly of distribution over huge areas. Do we want monopoly? Is there any real need for compulsory pasteurisation? The public does not want half-cooked milk if it can get fresh milk and feel reasonable confidence in its purity. Surely it would be possible to place a limit on bacterial content? There should be a quality test for all milk on sale to the public. Such a test would eliminate all those bad suppliers who can at present receive pool prices. I confess that I view the proposal for compulsory pasteurisation with the deepest misgiving.

I confess, too, that while I can see that the proposed grants for graded milks will have some slight effect in raising the general pool price (though the increase will be negligible unless the consumption of liquid milk is enormously increased), I can see no reason why this policy should increase consumption. Indeed, I can see nothing in the proposals contained in this paper which would induce me to invest money (had I any of that desirable commodity) in milk production.

CREAGHT.

THE MERITS OF GREASE BANDING

A Cheaper Method of Controlling Moth than Tar Distillate

THE introduction of the tar distillate wash after the War has led growers to neglect the practice of grease banding. The tar distillate wash, it was pointed out, would smother a very large percentage of the winter moth eggs. Why, then, it is argued (and it is still being argued) was it necessary to apply the grease band when the eggs could be killed afterwards so easily?

But to kill winter moth eggs it is necessary to use a tar distillate wash at 10 per cent., whereas to smother the eggs of aphides and the apple sucker, it is quite safe to use the same wash at 5 per cent.

There is a great deal to be said for applying the banding material direct to the trunk. In the first place it saves the use of paper and string and unnecessary time and labour expended in fixing the band into position, and, secondly, it does prevent the insects from crawling up under the bands, especially in cases where the bark is rather rough and uneven. Paper bands are apt to become torn during windy weather, and in this case the females have a grand opportunity of getting up into the branches.

Experience has shown that the band of grease put on fairly thickly should be at least 3½in. to 4in. wide. It should be applied in the case of standard trees at about 6ft. from the ground, though if there are stock in the orchard it is customary to apply the band higher than this so as to prevent the animals from rubbing against it. With bush trees on cultivated land the grease should be applied as high up the stem as possible, and if by any chance the branches emanate directly from the ground, then each branch will have to be banded separately.

When the trees are staked, a band of grease has to be placed around the stake or stakes. Insects will climb up the stake and travel up the tie into the top part of the tree just as easily as they will up the stem.

It is necessary to examine the bands from time to time in order to see they are effective. Leaves are apt to blow about and to get stuck on the bands, thus forming a bridge. The females themselves may by a "mass attack" bridge the sticky gulf, but if the grease can be combed, then all "bridges" can be destroyed.

It is quite a good plan to keep the tacky material really sticky until well after the blossoming period, for there are many insect visitors that may be caught at that time of the year. In bad cases of Lackey moth attack, for instance, caterpillars, once they have dropped to the ground or been knocked down are prevented from crawling up again.

It is quite simple to apply the grease either by hand or by a shaped stick. Fresh grease can be put on the original band year by year, and by doing this economies may be effected. JOHNSON MOORE.

THE ROMSEY AGRICULTURAL SHOW

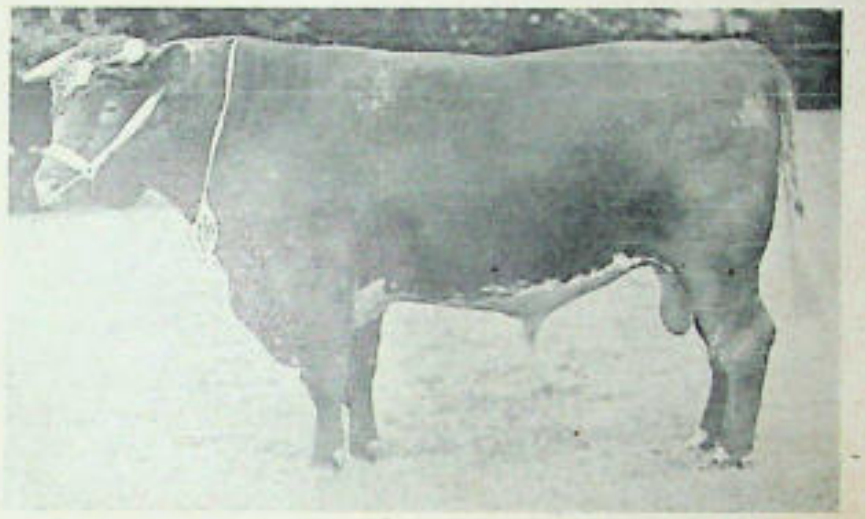
THE 95th annual show of the Romsey Agricultural and Horse Society was held in Broadlands Park, Romsey, on September 2nd, and in beautiful weather. Entries in pig and sheep classes were distinctly limited, and the cattle classes were not too well patronised. I was, however, very pleased to see four classes for goats—a welcome innovation—and I hope that goat classes will soon be a feature of shows all over the country.

If the entries in the cattle classes were limited, they were of distinctly good quality. Dairy Shorthorns, as might be expected, were the most numerous, but there were nice entries of Jerseys and Guernseys. Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Barclay took the championship prize for the best animal in the cattle classes with his white Dairy Shorthorn bull, Buryhill Imperial Bates, a deep sappy animal. Major G. Miller Mundy made what amounted to a clean sweep of the other classes in this breed, winning the class for cows in milk with Knells Elliot Fernleaf 2nd, who was also reserve champion. I liked his young bull Redrice Mercury, a very well-built roan, and winner of his class, particularly, and we will, I think, hear much more of this animal in the show ring. Jersey classes were of even quality, though the only class for bulls attracted but four entries. Of these four I liked the look of Miss Sheelagh Hay's Dreaming Marquis, a broken silver grey, with nice lines, but a little on the light side. Dreaming Marquis did not receive an award—and did not deserve one on the day—but he will, I think, grow into a useful animal. The cows and heifers were of a higher quality than usual.

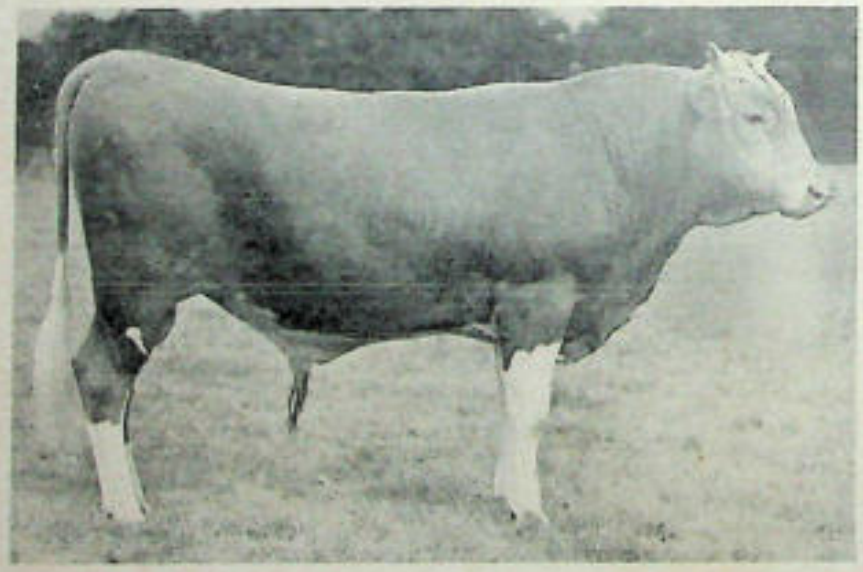
Guernseys, too, attracted a good entry and were a nice level lot. Lord Swaythling's fawn and white bull, Fernhill Kismet 10th, took first prize in his class, but had to be content with reserve place in the championship. This is a nice bull and will win many prizes. There were no classes for Redpolls, Aberdeen-Angus, or Friesians. Of the local animals, Mr. Owen Lockyer's Dairy Shorthorn bull, Fylde Referee 40th, was quite outstanding. LUSNAGILE.



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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



CHERRY BLOSSOM ON THE RHINE: A 14 H.P. ROVER SPORTS SALOON IN THE SHADOW OF TWO OF THE ANCIENT CASTLES FOR WHICH THE RHINE IS SO FAR FAMED

PURCHASING A NEW CAR

Points to be Considered by the Prospective Owner

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

WHEN about to embark on a new enterprise we are always told that we shall have to buy our experience, and I feel sure that no remark could be truer than this when it is applied to motoring. To those who are inexperienced in these matters and are contemplating owning a car the following advice may be of value.

The purchase of a car should be regarded as a business proposition by those whose means are limited, no matter whether it is to be used for pleasure or business purposes. We hear a great deal about the weekly or annual running costs of a car, but there are many who never realise until the day of reckoning that the biggest expense of all is depreciation. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules as to the exact amount of depreciation that takes place every year, as much depends on the make and size of the car, and to a lesser extent on its condition at the time of sale.

There are certain popular makes where the first year's depreciation may be as small as 33⅓ per cent., whilst in others it may reach 60 per cent. or even 75 per cent. in extreme cases. It, therefore, behoves those whose purse is strictly limited to be very careful which make of car is eventually selected. Another important point to consider is whether the motorist when buying his new car intends to retain it over a period of years or to sell it after twelve months' use.

There are two entirely different schools of thought on this subject. In the one case a motorist buys a car with the intention of running it for a period of four or five years, realising that when eventually he does dispose of it the figure which he will get may show him a loss of 75 per cent. to 85 per cent. of the capital involved. Take as an example a car costing £200 in the first instance. The owner cannot expect to sell that car after five year's use for more than £50, and possibly he may be able to get only £35 unless it happens to be in particularly good condition.

In the other case there are many who buy a new car only with the intention of retaining it for twelve months, and then changing it for one of the latest models of the same make. There is a great deal to be said for this latter course, but if adopted it is essential when completing the transaction to obtain a definite undertaking from the dealer setting out in writing exactly what figure will be allowed for the old vehicle at the end of twelve months, including fair wear and tear.

There are many advantages to be gained from buying a car under this system. In the first instance it means that the owner will always be in possession of an up-to-date vehicle and that his repair bill over a period of one year should be negligible. I have usually found that the motorist who uses his car during week-ends only and during the holiday season seldom averages more than 5,000 to 6,000 miles per annum; whilst those who live 20 miles or so out in the country and drive up to their offices every day and still motor during the week-ends, usually average 12,000 to 15,000 miles at the outside.

Under these conditions a set of tyres should easily last for a year, which means that no replacements and consequent expense should be incurred from this score. Although I usually have my engines decarbonised after every 5,000 miles and the valves ground in, there are many who run their cars 15,000 and even 20,000 miles without having them touched. The chief reason I have mine seen so frequently is because I always like to have my cars in 100 per cent. running condition.

If we return once more to a popular make of car, selling at around the £200 figure, there are firms of repute who would guarantee to take that car back again within twelve months and allow the sum of £120 for it in part exchange for the latest model of the same make. It will be seen, therefore, that the depreciation in this instance would work out at 40 per cent., which sounds a great deal and yet really means that, running costs excepted, it has cost roughly 30/- a week to actually own the car. On the other hand, if we hired a similar car instead of buying it, the cost would work out at much in excess of this figure, so it is really not so much to have to pay after all for the convenience of owning a modern automobile.

When dealing with the luxury type of vehicle, the car costing £1,000 or more, then the position alters considerably, and it certainly would not pay to make a change every year. We have now arrived at a stage when car fashions do not vary materially each season as used to be the case in the past. I have a high quality car in my garage at home, which I bought in April last year, and, of course, it is still as good as new. Moreover, there is no difference whatever between it and the very latest model. I have no intention of parting with this particular car until the company bring out an entirely new model, and then not until I am convinced that their latest production is really much better than my present one.

By next April the car will be two years old, and if I placed it on the market then, it is more than likely that I should obtain a figure which would not represent more than a 50 per cent. loss at the outside, similarly, a further twelve months' use would only show another 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. depreciation. It will be seen, therefore, that so far as high-grade cars are concerned it pays to keep them, and it is not a good business proposition to trade them in every year, as the first loss would amount to 40 per cent. if the



STYLISH AND SPORTING LINES

The latest semi-angular design characterises this 4½-litre Bentley four-door touring saloon, with coachwork by Messrs. Thrupp & Maberley, recently supplied to Lord Craigmyle by Messrs. John Croall, Ltd., of Edinburgh



A GHOST AT THE HILLMAN CONVENTION

An interesting exhibit at the convention was a car panelled in glass which revealed all the interior mechanism. In the car are Mr. W. E. Rootes (left), Colonel J. A. Cole (centre), and Mr. R. C. Rootes, Principals of the Hillman and Humber companies

car was disposed of three months after purchase.

When a firm brings out an entirely new model it is better to wait for at least six months before ordering one for the reason that invariably a new type of car undergoes a certain amount of teething trouble in its early stages of production, no matter how carefully the works may have tested out their experimental models before placing them on the market. The answer to this problem is not hard to find, since the first few works cars are practically hand-built, whereas when the model gets to the production stage all kinds of little troubles develop and it may take several months before they are completely dealt with. By waiting six months or more you should obtain the perfected article.

I have always been an interested listener when I have heard motorists discussing their problems together, for one learns a lot in this way. A friend of mine who bought a new car about six months ago which cost well into four figures was telling me that he had since to return it twice to the works, and on the first occasion new pistons were fitted and on the next a new back axle. The point that amused me, however, was the fact that the owner seemed quite pleased that all this work had been carried out free of cost to himself, and he seemed to overlook the fact that he was without the use of his car during the two periods when it was laid up.

To sum up the situation, I would recommend the newly-fledged motorist to exercise great caution when buying his first car, especially if the question of cost is a consideration. It may sometimes pay to buy a second-hand vehicle in the first instance, and after gaining six months' experience with it to trade it in for a new one.

It is when you are about to decide on the new car that care should be exercised. Only buy one that you know will command a good price when you come to dispose of it later. I think it will pay to change your car every year for a new one, for the reason that by so doing repair bills should be nil, as I have already pointed out. On the other hand, if you decide against this course be prepared to retain your car for a period of years. Chopping and changing every eighteen months or so, without having at the time of purchase made a bargain with your dealer, is a mistake, and, moreover, can prove an expensive one.

BY AIR TO THE MOORS.—Many people bound for the North will have blessed the North Eastern Airways Service as a means for saving them many valuable hours of travel. For example, a plane leaving Croydon at 3.30 p.m. lands its passengers at Perth at 6.45 p.m. and at Aberdeen at 7.30 p.m.—just four hours. The North and South services go within a mile of Doncaster, connect up with Leeds, Bradford and York (by public road service and taxi), and go on through Newcastle to Perth, Dundee and Aberdeen. East and West services link up Grimsby, Hull, Doncaster, Manchester and Liverpool.

THE KING'S CUP ONCE AGAIN

Some Reflections on This Year's Contest

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

THIS week-end the King's Cup Air Race, climax of the year so far as British sporting flying is concerned, is being competed for once again, and though the entries show a slight increase over last year's—31 as against 27—the field is yet much smaller than it used to be. Nevertheless, the race retains its deep interest for the flying world, even if, for some reason still to be discovered, it has lost to some extent that immense attraction it once possessed for the general public.

This year the regulations have been framed on rather different lines from those of 1936; the course selected bears, in fact, more resemblance to that of 1935 in that it includes a sea crossing to Ireland and is more a "round Britain" contest than last year's event. The 1936 race, it will be remembered, included an eliminating contest on the first day, this part consisting of a closed course covering the Midlands, the Southern Counties and East Anglia, and being flown twice; the total distance was 612 miles. On the second day competitors lapped a closed 26-miles course twelve times.

There are no closed circuits in the true sense in this year's race, though the contest is divided into an eliminating first day's competition and a final. To-day, Friday, competitors will fly from Hatfield to Skegness, York, Whitby, Scarborough and Newcastle, whence they will proceed northwards over Scotland to Aberdeen. This is the most northerly point of the course, for the race continues in a south-westerly direction to Glasgow and Newtownards, Northern Ireland, and the day's run ends at Dublin.

For this eliminating contest, which totals 786.6 miles—150 miles more than last year—no handicap allowances will be given, but machines will be divided into two classes: "A" for those whose horse-power does not exceed 150 b.h.p., "B" for those of greater power than this. The slowest third of the entry in each class will be eliminated, the remaining two-thirds in each class proceeding to the final.

The second day's race on Saturday will be flown under handicap allowance. The course follows the same line, in the reverse direction, as the eliminating contest as far as Portpatrick at the United Kingdom end of the sea crossing. Thence it goes by way of Carlisle down the west coast to Blackpool, Stoke-on-Trent, Leicester, and Cardiff, where the machines make a compulsory stop before the run home to Hatfield, the starting point. This day's course totals 656 miles.

It will be seen that the course chosen touches at some of the most popular holiday resorts in the country, and the time chosen is a period when these places will be full of visitors. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this year's event will do something to woo back that general interest which has seemed to wane in recent years.

As to the entry, it is fairly representative of the smaller types of air-craft of high performance now being produced by the British industry. Percival designs head the list with nine entries of various kinds, while Miles machines are a good second with eight representatives. There are five B.A. aeroplanes, while the others include a D.H. Comet, a Wicko, a Hendy 302, a Moss monoplane, a C.W. Cygnet, two Comper Swifts, a Short Scion Senior, a T.K. 2, and the new T.K. 4. The entry of the Comet is specially interesting in that the machine is that which won the Melbourne air race in 1934.

The T.K. 4 is worthy of more than passing mention. It has been designed by the students of the De Havilland Technical School, who were also responsible for the T.K. 2, which, also appearing in this year's race, has given a good account of itself in sporting events. The T.K. 4 is an extremely small machine with a series II Gipsy Major engine, and is believed to be very fast, though data have not been revealed. Its progress will be keenly watched, for machines of a somewhat similar kind, though perhaps more unconventional, compete in the American national air races, which have shown that, in America, at least, well-organised air racing can attract a large public.

After last year's race a good deal of discussion took place on the future of the King's Cup, and it was urged in some quarters that it needed some new impetus to restore it to public favour. Whether this year's replanning will have that effect remains to be seen. Certainly the average man will have ample opportunity for watching the event.

It may be that the first step has been taken to putting the King's Cup race in its rightful place in the National Sporting Calendar.



BIRDS OF A FEATHER: SIX OF THE NINE PERCIVAL "VEGA" AND "MEW" GULLS WHICH FORM A GOOD PROPORTION OF THE ENTRIES FOR THE KING'S CUP RACE



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SPORT IN HAITI AND SANTO DOMINGO

An Abundance of Game in Two Sister Republics

By CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

ON a blistering day in February I arrived at Haiti and landed at Port au Prince. I had no guns, which in a measure has its advantages, as there is no end of red tape to be contended with in getting a permit for them, but a few days later, in the lobby of the Sans Souci Hotel, I met an enthusiastic American resident who was going on a shoot over the week-end and invited me to join his party, even to the extent of agreeing to loan me a gun and to secure all the necessary ammunition.

The purport of the trip was duck in a swamp some 60 miles from the city and guinea fowl, and he predicted that we would find plenty of both. The guinea, which appears to be the same as the domestic variety except that its legs are black instead of yellow,



SANTO DOMINGO PIGEONS

was introduced to the island a couple of centuries ago by the slaves from the West Coast of Africa, who made the island their headquarters for the distribution of their cargoes.

The guinea is extremely fast, both afoot and on the wing, and one of the wariest birds I have encountered with the exception of the North American wild turkey. Their hearing and eyesight is extremely acute and when they are found, feeding or dusting, will run off with the speed of a fox, scuttling through the cover until well out of range before they take to the air. If driven over the guns they come along at a tremendous pace and, like the pheasant, they rise slowly but they appear to gain speed in much less distance.

We had no dogs, though I am sure a pointer from the South-Western States which was used to heat and cactus would be most useful. There are no poisonous reptiles on the island, so it would be that much better than Texas. Our method of campaign was to drive slowly through the country in the cool of the evening or early morning and watch both sides, particularly along the margins of the small plantations, for the feeding fowl, whereupon we piled out of the car and got into action as soon as we could.

That method appealed to the native Haitian, who, due to the cost of ammunition and his own lack of skill, prefers sitters or runners when he can get them. The other method was to walk in line with a lot of negroes, who could always be enlisted (in fact, one could not keep away from them), until a flock was put up, get a shot and mark them down and send the black boys around the cover they pitched into to drive them back over the guns which waited in the open on the other side.

We left Port au Prince in the middle of the night and drove north along the coast over a fairly good road to St. Marc. The early part of the day was devoted to fishing, during which we caught some mackerel, a small wahoo, a red snapper and a strange tropical fish that I did not know, but which was a terrific fighter. We secured no tarpon, as the mouth of the river was riled by heavy rains in the mountains. That afternoon we went our road hunting for guineas, and though we secured a few I was not impressed with the sport; jumping out of a car for a hasty shot or sitting precariously on the running-board until it jolted to a stop was neither conducive to good shooting nor good sport from my point of view. I did learn something about the speed and the really astounding shot-resisting qualities of the bird and no longer wondered why we used full-choke guns and ounce-and-a-quarter loads of Nos. 4 and 5 shot. The average shot was at a range of 40yds., and unless a bird was well centred one did not get him; in fact, in several days' shooting I picked up one runner—they simply had to be dropped dead.

The following morning was a different story. We had spent the night in a native hotel and were up before dawn. We motored to the end of the road, where our safari of some 30 negroes were waiting—we had engaged four, and the rest came to witness the sport and gain a few pennies as they could for services rendered. From the rendezvous to the lake was a matter of two miles through a plantation country good for guineas, so we divided the party of four guns in two and walked it with the negroes spread out on the flanks. In the course of that short walk, without the aid of dogs, we picked up sixteen guineas. Meanwhile pigeons and doves were getting up on all sides, with an occasional plover or yellow leg, to which we paid no attention, as we desired to conserve our cartridges until we were through with the duck.

Reaching the shore of the lake an outboard motor was attached to the stern of a portable skiff, and when we had been placed on our stands, our host started off in the put-put to stir



WEST INDIAN TREE DUCK

up the fowl. Shortly after he fired the first gun the air was full of fowl, several flocks of yahwassa, the West Indian tree duck, a little chap that looks much like a teal, while clouds of avocet, black ibis and roseate spoonbills flew about.

In the course of a couple of hours I bagged twelve duck of the varieties named and several avocet, and pigeon, fine big chaps similar in appearance to the wood pigeon, but slightly larger. While this cannonading was in progress several of the boys swam about totally oblivious to the possibilities of alligators, retrieving the birds we brought down.

A tally of the bag disclosed that we had secured 118 head of game in a little over four hours to four guns, which was quite enough to convince me that there is sport to be had in Haiti.

A few days later I hired a motor and headed across the mountains for the Santo Domingo border, where I had a sisal plantation to inspect. My driver, one Diagones Moreta (without a lamp or a barrel), nevertheless had a good Ford, knew how to drive it, and was familiar with every road and track in the country. We headed back to the north-east of Port au Prince through the wildest part of Haiti—the famous voodoo country. It was a trip of some hundred and seventy miles to my destination, during which I did not see a single white man.

Thirteen hours from the time of our start we arrived at the barrier on the international border, and I crossed into the sister republic. The friends who were awaiting me knew that I was fond of shooting and had already made all the formal declarations necessary to acquire the loan of a gun for me with a permit to secure the cartridges from the local detachment of the gendarmerie, the only source of supply.

A few days later, when my work was completed, I was taken out for another day's shooting on the Lagoona Saladillo, a large body of water some ten miles from the ranch where duck were in far greater numbers than in Haiti. I had a splendid morning's shoot from a precarious position on a floating island, using a rusty old 12-bore automatic which would fire only one shot. Nevertheless I secured a dozen fine birds, where with proper equipment I should have had twice as many, under the astonished gaze of our negro assistants who had never seen birds killed on the wing before.

The yawassa is a remarkable bird; while it is a tree duck, nesting and perching on trees close to the water, it looks more like a small goose. The legs are longer than that of most ducks, and straighter so that it walks with the stately pace of a pheasant; in flight it habitually flies in V formation like the goose, emitting a strange whistling note. Its colour is a rich chocolate brown with white bars on the wing, black feet and a small black bill similar to that of the brant.

Again, when the duck had all moved away we settled in the shade for lunch and about three o'clock started for my host's ranch, picking up some eight or nine guineas on the way. The house was situated on a bend of the Yaquei river, with a large lime grove in back of it. The pigeons flew up and down the river morning and evening, and usually the main flight cut across this point to save time and distance in getting to their roosting place in the hills. All one had to do was stand in the lime grove some 200yds. from the house and back of a fringe of very tall trees that put the pigeons over the guns higher than they would normally fly, whilst several native boys were placed in back of us under the lime trees to mark down and collect the slain.

About an hour before dark the flight started, and from then till dusk there was a constant flight of pigeons; some came singly, then a scattered flock of a dozen or more. Despite the fact that my gun would only fire once, I used up two boxes of cartridges in 20 minutes and sent back to the house for more. It was decidedly the best pigeon shoot that I have ever had. Despite the fact that the birds were coming at a tremendous pace, one could actually see them put on a burst of speed as they topped the trees and saw the white, upturned faces of the shooters waiting for them.

They can, under normal conditions, turn back or change pace with the agility of the "woodie," but these birds in the evening were headed for home and they did not swerve very much; it was largely a matter of racing the gun to swing through sufficiently far in front of them to connect.

Should any other sportsmen contemplate trying it I would say this in conclusion, I do not feel that the sport warrants the trip for that purpose, but if one is in the Caribbean that is a different story. If he desires to try it I would urge that he first write to Mr. Gosling, the British Consul at Ciudad Trujillo, the capital of Santo Domingo, and secure the necessary permit to import a sporting gun and ammunition, regarding the importation of which the military governments of both countries are very strict.



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THERE are but two bedrooms at the Chequers Inn, Fingest, and there should be a waiting list for them when, in this age of noise, the question arises as to whether it is still possible to find a quiet country village within reach of London.

Fingest is not only a haven of peace; it is beautiful, for it lies in a valley of the Thames in wooded and arable Buckinghamshire country. Its Saxon name means "Valley among the Woods."

St. Bartholomew, Fingest's ancient church, whose ancient towers face the Chequers Inn, can name its rectors from 1217.

Many motorists, coming from Henley-on-Thames, some four miles away, or from High Wycombe from London, might pass through Fingest without realising that the unpretentious façade of the Chequers conceals an interesting interior and hides a charming garden. Enter its portals and the quaint bar and the beamed ceiling of its parlour will at once intrigue you. At one time the old inn was a farmhouse, and before Captain Donat Ward took it over the ceiling of the parlour was covered with plaster. When an upper floor was being repaired the beams were revealed and the discovery of a halfpenny dated 1749 among the rubble of the ceiling suggests that they were covered over round about that period.

Over the fireplace with its original open grate and curious inglenook is the old farmhouse gun-rack which took barrels of at least 36 ins.

Round the room are some of the cyder mugs which must have been in the house from the days when its cellar contained the native household drink of the family. And from that cellar, if you ask for bitter on the hottest of summer days, it comes from the cask as though off the ice.

In the taproom where the locals (as Saxon as their forbears of Gilbert of Lisieux's days) gather to play at darts is an open fireplace with a handsome stonework surround, said to be of old Cotswold stone and dating, as far as is known, from 1760.

A twisting Jacobean stair leads to the bedrooms, and the sleeping quarters many people would choose is the low sloping roofed room which looks out over the church. The more pretentious bedroom runs fore and aft with its rear window affording a view of the countryside over towards Hambleden.

The large dining-room comes as a surprise, and at first the four angled beams (each ornamented with old horse brasses) which support its roof at regular intervals are a little puzzling. The reason for them is obvious when you learn that here were the stables of the farmhouse and these beams represent the divisions of the stalls. In one corner a refrigerator strikes a modern note and tells you that if the inn is old its cuisine is of the best and in keeping with the times.

Seen from its old-world garden the back of the Chequers makes an attractive picture with its weathered walls and aged tiled roof. In the other direction the view stretches out over unbroken country, and the lawn slopes down to a bowling green which is another ancient appendage of the inn. On this green Christ Church crew this year must have found a break in the monotony of training when they sought out the quiet of Fingest and its inn for their regatta headquarters.

There is golf, fishing, boating and riding to be had in the neighbourhood, but the great attraction of Fingest is that of a peaceful English country village.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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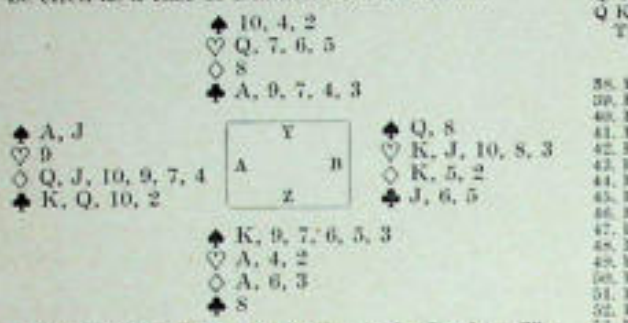
DEFENSIVE PLAY

Defeating Declarer's Plan

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

WHAT can be done in defence, in spite of the Declarer's machinations, is illustrated by the following hand from play. It may be cited as a case of Diamond cut Diamond.



Score: Y Z game; A B nil. A the Dealer. The bidding was:

A	Y	B	Z
One Diamond	No bid	One Heart	One Spade
Two Diamonds	Two Spades	Three	Three
Four	Four Spades	Diamonds	Spades
Diamonds		No bid	No bid
No bid			

The bidding was perhaps somewhat forward on the part of Y and Z. Y's two raises were based upon his singleton and ability to ruff and his Ace of Clubs and his expectation that Z's Spades were at least King, Queen high. Z, however, had a ragged suit, and apart from his two Aces little stuffing.

The play is, however, the interesting factor. A opened with the 9 of Hearts, the 5 was played from Dummy, and B played the 8 and Z won the trick with the Ace. Reviewing the situation, Z saw that he was likely to lose two tricks in Spades and in Hearts.

A's opening bid marked him with the Ace of Spades. The only way to avoid losing two tricks in Hearts was to land B with the lead and compel him to lead Hearts so that Dummy's Queen could be made. This plan did not appear easy. But it might come off if B held the Queen of Spades and was forced into the lead after eliminating the other suits. Accordingly Z played in the following way. He made his Ace of Diamonds, then led the 3 of Diamonds and ruffed in Dummy. Then the Ace of Clubs was played and followed by the 3 of Clubs, which Z ruffed.

Z now led his last Diamond and ruffed, followed by a third Club, which he ruffed. Clubs and Diamonds had thus been eliminated from B's hand. Now Z tried his coup. He led King of Spades! A played the Ace and *B played upon it the Spade Queen*, thereby deliberately throwing away a sure trick. A now made his Knave of Spades and then led a Diamond. Z ruffed but he had to lead Hearts and B's King, Knave provided the two necessary tricks to defeat the contract.

If you have followed carefully the play, I think you will agree that Z's plan was well conceived and was, as the cards lay, the only method of play which could give him the contract. Mark if B had not thrown his Queen of Spades Z would have given him the lead, and he would have been obliged to lead Hearts. In this way A B would have made only two tricks in Spades and one in Hearts.

Now of course you may say, "How could B tell that the throw of the Queen of Spades would prove effective?" Z might well have had the Knave in which case it might be disastrous. That is true enough. B could not know for certain. But he could see that if he were forced to win a trick with the Queen of Spades he had nothing left to lead but Hearts, and this would allow Z to make a trick with the Queen of Hearts. Remember also that at this stage B could count the hands, and knew that A had not a Heart to lead. I admit that it is difficult and that very few players would be willing to sacrifice a certain trick in such a position.

The articles on Defensive Play appear from my correspondence to have aroused considerable interest, and in response to several requests I propose to continue them. As I have pointed out, I cannot give you hard and fast general principles on the subject, as each case has to be considered on its merits.

But I can demonstrate to you by actual examples from play how it is possible by subtle defence to defeat the Declarer in difficult situations. I shall welcome from readers genuine examples of such play. I do not want hands which show merely a lucky guess in the choice of the initial lead, but those which illustrate intelligent deduction from the bidding or the fall of the cards. A point I would emphasise is that a defender may not be right always. But if he has played in a fashion to give his side a good chance of saving the game, which would not have occurred but for his play, he has done well.

CHESS

A DIFFICULT ENDING

In the game between Grob and Fine in the tournament at Ostend in April the following position was reached after Black's 37th move:—White (Grob): King at K Kt 2, Rooks at K B sq and K R 5, Pawns at K B 2, K R 3, K Kt 4 and Q R 4; Black (Fine): King at Q R 2, Rooks at Q 3 and Q Kt 7, Pawns at K B 2, Q Kt 3, K R 3 and K Kt 4.

The game was continued as follows:

WHITE. Grob.	BLACK. Fine.	WHITE. Grob.	BLACK. Fine.
38. R to B sq, ch	K to Kt 2	57. R to Q 8, ch	K to B 6
39. R tks P, ch	K to R 3	58. R to B 7, ch	K to Kt 6
40. R to Q B 8	K to R 4	59. R to Q Kt 8	R takes P
41. R to Q B 4	K to R 3	60. R tks P, ch	K to R 6
42. R to K 4	R to R 7	61. R to R 3, ch	K to R 7
43. P to R 4 (a)	P takes P	62. R to K 6	R to K B 8
44. K to R 3	R to Q 8	63. R to K 4	R to K 4, ch
45. K takes P	R to R 8, ch	64. K to K 6	R to K R 8 (g)
46. K to Kt 3	P to R 4	65. R to K 5	R to K B 3, ch
47. P takes P	R takes K R P	66. K to B 5	R to R 4, ch
48. K to Kt 4	R to K R 8	67. K to B 6	R to Q R 3, ch
49. P to B 4	R to Kt 8, ch	68. K to Kt 7	R to R 8
50. K to B 5	R (Kt 8) to Q R 8	69. P to B 5	R to Kt 8
51. R to R 8 (b)	R to Q B 8	70. R to K 2, ch	K to R 8
52. R (R 8) to K 8	R (B 8) to Q R 8	71. R to K 6	R to Kt 8, ch
53. R to Kt 4 (c)	K to Kt 2	72. K to B 7	R to R 2, ch
54. R to K 7, ch	K to B 2 (d)	73. K to K 7	R to R 3
55. R to B 4, ch	K to Q 4 (e)	74. R (B 2) to K 5 (h)	Resigns.
56. R to B 8 (f)	K to Q 5		

(a) Beginning a manœuvre to force a passed pawn on the King's side.

(b) A good move. If now (1) 51. . . . R takes P, then 52. R takes R, ch, R takes R; 53. R to R 8, ch, K to Kt 4; 54. R takes R, K takes R; 55. K to K 4, P to Kt 4; 56. K to Q 3, K to K 6; 57. P to B 5, P to Kt 5; 58. P to B 6, P to Kt 6; 59. P to B 7, P to Kt 7; 60. P to B 8—Q, ch and wins or, if (2) 51. . . . K to Kt 2 (threatening 52. . . . R takes P), then 52. R to K 7, ch, K to B 3; 53. R to R 8, ch, K to Q 3; 54. R (B 8) to B 7 and mate next move.

(c) Threatening either R to Q Kt 8 or R to K 6. If now 53. . . . K to R 4, then 54. R (K 8) to K 4 (threatening P to Kt 5, ch followed by R (K 4) to Kt 4) and again Black cannot play R takes P because after the two exchanges of Rooks White wins as in note (b) by playing K to K 4, K to Q 3 and P to B 5.

(d) If K to R 3, then R to K 6.

(e) Not K to Q 3 because of R (B 4) to B 7 and mate next move.

(f) Threatening R to Q 7, mate. Again Black cannot play K to Q 5 because of R (B 8) to B 7 and mate next move.

(g) If R to R 3, ch, then the King advances to the Rook via Q 5.

(h) Threatening R to K sq, ch. If now 74. . . . R to Kt 4, then 75. P to B 6, R to K B 4; 76. R (K 5) to K 6 and White wins easily. A splendidly played ending by Grob.

CONGRESS AT STOCKHOLM

The following game shows a strong attack by Fine.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Kavlie-Jörgensen. (Norway.)	BLACK. Fine. (U.S.A.)	WHITE. Kavlie-Jörgensen. (Norway.)	BLACK. Fine. (U.S.A.)
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	13. P to K Kt 3	P takes P
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	14. Kt takes P	R to Kt 5 (f)
3. P to B 3	P to Q 4	15. B to K 2	B takes B
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	16. K takes B	Q to Q 2
5. P to K 4	Kt to Kt 3	17. R to B 3	Q to Kt 4, ch
6. B to K 3	B to Kt 2	18. K to B 2	R takes P
7. Kt to B 3	Castles (a)	19. Kt to K 2 (g)	R takes P
8. R to B sq (b)	P to K B 4	20. R to B 2	Kt to Kt 5, ch
9. Q to Q 2	Kt to B 3	21. K to B 3	Q to Kt 6, ch
10. P to Q 5 (c)	Kt to K 4	22. R to B 3	Kt to K 4, ch
11. B takes Kt (d)	R P takes B	23. K to B 2	Q to Kt 5
12. P to B 4	B to R 3 (e)	Resigns (h)	

(a) This position was reached in a game between Dr. Alekhine and Bogoljubow in the Veldes tournament of 1931.

(b) Not good. Q to Q 2 (as played by Dr. Alekhine) is preferable, but the best move is 8. P to B 4 so that after 8. . . . Kt to B 3; 9. P to Q 5 Black cannot play 9. . . . Kt to K 4 but has, instead, to continue with 9. . . . Kt to Q R 4, after which 10. B to Q 4 gives White a good game. The best line for Black after 8. P to B 4 is probably 8. . . . P to K B 4; 9. P to K 5, B to K 3.

(c) White should, instead, play R to Q sq. The best-move allows Black to play Kt to K 4, threatening to continue with Kt (Kt 3) to B 5.

(d) This opens the Queen's Rook's file for Black and turns out very badly. There seems nothing better than 11. P to B 4, *e.g.*, 11. . . . Kt (K 4) to B 5; 12. B takes Kt, Kt takes B; 13. Q to K 2, Kt takes B; 14. Q takes Kt, P takes P; 15. Q takes K P, B to B 4; 16. Q to B 4 although Black has then the preferable game.

(e) A strong move. If, instead, Kt to B 2 or Kt 5, then P to K 5, with a good game for White.

(f) This move threatens an immediate win by either B to B 6 or Kt to B 6, ch and is much stronger than R takes P in reply to which White can play Q to Q 4 with B to B 4 to follow. (In reply to Q to Q 4 Black cannot play Kt to B 3 because of Q to B 4.)

(g) In reply to 19. R to B 2 Black can play 19. . . . R takes P, *e.g.*, 20. R takes R, Q takes R; 21. Q takes Q, Kt to Q 6, ch.

(h) White loses at least a piece.

PILLSBURY'S GAMES

HARRY NELSON PILLSBURY was one of the greatest players in the history of the game. In his short career in international tournaments, which began with his sensational victory at the great tournament at Hastings in 1895 and was ended by his death in 1906 at the early age of 33, he was almost invariably highly placed in tournaments and played many very fine games. In 1922, Messrs. P. W. Sergeant and W. H. Watts collaborated to produce a fine book containing an account of his career and 233 of his games. This book has for some time been out of print and a new and limited edition has now appeared at a considerably cheaper price. It contains in addition to the original matter nine games played in the tournaments at Vienna in 1898 and Paris in 1900, and a list of the mistakes in the first edition. For the benefit of those who have that edition this additional matter has also been produced in pamphlet form and can be obtained for 4½d., post free.

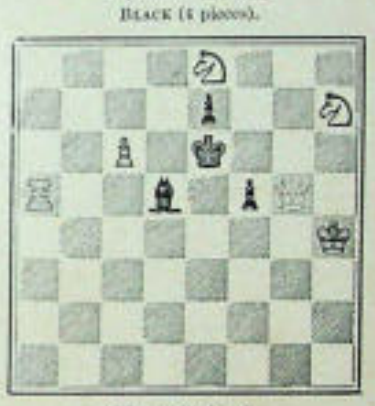
A splendid book which we can strongly recommend.

Pillsbury's Chess Career. By P. W. Sergeant and W. H. Watts. [Published by Printing-Craft, Ltd., 18, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. 1; price 6/—.]

PROBLEM No. 3926

By L. A. HULF.

BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (6 pieces).

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3925

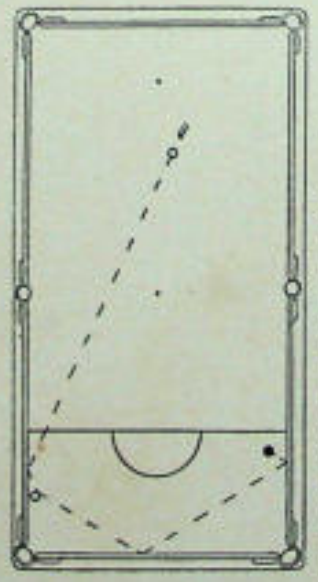
Kt to B 5, any move; 2. Q or B mates.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. R to K 7, ch, K to R sq; 2. K to R 6, R (Kt sq) to K sq (if R (Kt sq) to B sq, then R to R 7, ch followed by R to Kt sq, mate); 3. R (Q sq) to Q 7 (a peculiar position), K to Kt sq; 4. R to Kt 7, ch, K to R sq; 5. R to R 7, ch, K to Kt sq; 6. R (Q7) to Kt 7, ch, K to B sq; 7. R to R 8, mate.

A CHANGE IN BILLIARD RULES

Further Amendment Still Necessary



IT is very seldom indeed that I have occasion to differ somewhat from the Control Council, but I do think that a recent amendment in the rules is capable of considerable improvement. This amendment makes it no longer a foul against the player if the marker fouls a ball when handling the rest. Such a change sweeps away a ruling which has stood the test of time since Edward Diggle was at the top of his form. Very possibly the change is inspired by the obvious occasions when it would be a hardship on the player to be penalised for a slip by the marker.

The governing body would do billiard players a great service by expanding the rule now under discussion; my main objection to it is that it is brief to a fault. For instance, to quote from my own observation of handicap games: "A," the club crack, owes 250. "B," one of the club rabbits, receives 125 in 250-up. Towards the end of the game the balls offered "B" choice between in-off red played with the rest or in-off white played without it. Most undoubtedly, the red-ball shot was the one to select; it was a little awkward, but positionally the only shot to play. Seeing this at a glance, the marker, who makes his hundred breaks, displayed unmistakable readiness, even eagerness, to hand the rest. "B," undecided until then which stroke to play, took the tip from the marker's "sign manual," scored off red, and went on to make a 27-break, his best by far in the handicap. Now, he owed that break to the marker as good as telling him, "Play with the rest, sir!"

Another point, and a very common one. When using the half-butt or long-rest, the marker often says, "Three balls, sir—Two balls—a little more, sir," and so on, until he tells the player exactly how far tip and cue-ball are apart. This is undoubted and very material playing assistance. It is part of the game to judge the required distance. We are told that the marker has to hand the rest to the player, but what about retrieving it from the table? Official silence about this is asking for complications. Suppose, for example, that after adjusting the spider-rest to play over a ball very trickily, the striker leaves it to the marker to remove the rest? That is taking a deal of strain off his shoulders; it is unfair to both marker and opponent. Altogether, I would suggest that the Control Council, without changing the rules, might issue special rulings to cover the points I have raised.

My diagram is a useful cannon to overcome a bad lie of the balls. At a glance there is nothing much on, but by playing "cushion first" at white, with plenty of left side on your ball, it is wonderful how often cue-ball will zip round for a cannon as indicated by dotted line.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Angling

Larva from a Fish's Gills.—The specimen which you took from the gill of a goldfish was the larval form of the water beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*). This insect plays havoc if it gets into any fish pond, and has been known to destroy hundreds of trout fry at hatcheries. If the tacklemaker who received the fish knows from what pond it came he would probably be doing the owner a service by reporting it to him, as should there be a serious attack by the larvæ of these water beetles he might lose a great many fish.—*N. B. G., Norfolk.*

Garden

Blight on Leaves.—The plum and peach leaves you sent for inspection arrived in such a dry condition that it is difficult to say whether this is silver leaf or blight. It is apparently the latter. If so nothing can be done till the fruit has been gathered. Then the trees should be sprayed with some good insecticide.—*A. J. K. E., W.C. 1.*

Kennel

Loss of Power of the Hind Legs.—This is a frequent sequel to distemper, and recovery is usually protracted and tedious. Your treatment is quite correct, but may need to be supplemented later on by massage of the affected muscles, and electrical treatment.—*G. M. E., Hants.*

Labrador Training.—At about the age of nine months would be a good time. Elementary lessons in obedience could begin earlier. Many people fire a pistol at feeding-time in order to accustom a dog to the report of a gun. The noise then has pleasurable associations.—*W. N. S. A., Cumberland.*

English Setters.—Edward Laverack, who was born in 1800 and died in 1877, was famous for his family of English setters, which at one time were called after him. In 1872 he wrote *The Setter*, which is apparently the book that you want, but it has been out of print for many years, and we do not know where you would be able to obtain a copy. If any of our readers should happen to have one for sale we will let you know.—*C., Florence.*

Dog for London.—A number of breeds would suit your purpose. If you care for terriers, either a wire or smooth foxterrier, a Lakeland, or a Welsh. Perhaps the Lakeland and Welsh are not as excitable as the others, and their darker coats do not soil as readily. The Schnauzer, rather a larger dog, is more uncommon. He has a wire coat of a pepper-and-salt colour, is quiet, and a good guard. All these want a reasonable amount of exercise. French bulldogs require less, are smooth-coated, and a handy size. If you care for one of the collie type, a Shetland sheepdog is a charming little companion. They are quite a moderate size, only being about 15in. high.—*M. J. R., London.*

Naturalist

Lime Trees and Bees.—The dead bees under lime trees are killed by birds, especially the titmice, for the purpose of feeding on their contents.—*L. S., Lancaster.*

Beetles Identified.—The small insects received are beetles (*Niptus hololeucus*). The family *Ptinidæ* to which they belong are destructive to various dried food, sugar, drugs, &c. They also live upon the dried paste behind wallpaper.—*F. E., Hyde.*

Earwigs in House.—As earwigs not only crawl up walls and fly at night and enter buildings through tiny cracks, it is very difficult to keep them out, as they avoid daylight. Lay down or fasten to walls hollow stems or tubes for them to hide in; collect in the morning, and drop them into very hot water to kill.—*F. K. C., Ludpershall.*

"Insect" Identified.—The specimen received is a dog or deer tick (*Ixodes ricinus*), belonging to the acarina or mites, not insects. They inhabit vegetation, and get on animals as they pass it, clinging to them and finally getting on the skin to suck the blood. Before feeding they are quite small, the one you sent [illegible] an animal being about three times longer than normal. They are injurious in consequence, and are difficult to remove from their host, and easily leave in the skin the proboscis which sets up a small festering sore.—*S., Hants.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Air-sac Mite Pneumonia of a Bantam.—The hen bantam died of pneumonia due to infestation of the lungs by minute parasites known as air-sac mites. To reduce the risks of the other bantams contracting the disease, all litter, droppings and nest-box material should be removed from the infected fowl house and burned. The entire interior of the house should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap, to each gallon of which one cupful of paraffin has been added.—*A. J. P., Hants.*

Red Mites Infesting Canaries.—The death of the four fledgling canaries was due to loss of blood through infestation by red mites. These mites attack the birds during darkness and suck their blood, retiring at dawn to crevices in the nest, perch-sockets, roof or other fittings of the aviary. All nest-box material, litter and droppings in the aviary should be burned. Removable fittings should be soaked and scrubbed in hot soda water and soft soap. Crevices in the building should be singed with a blow-lamp flame, and then the interior of the aviary should be scrubbed down with hot soda water and soft soap to each gallon of which one cupful of paraffin has been added. Make certain that the aviary is absolutely clean, since red mites not uncommonly hide during the day in the dried droppings of the birds. We found several mites in the dried pieces of faeces which adhered to the vent region of two of these fledglings.—*C. C. G., Co. Down.*

Coccidiosis of Pheasant Chicks and Poults.—Undoubtedly the most severe losses on rearing fields this season in all parts of the country have been due to the germs of coccidiosis. Some measure of control over this contagious infection of the bowels can be exercised in the rearing field, but it is a serious matter when the disease spreads widely among poults in covert. We are receiving more specimens, eight to ten weeks of age, than we have had for some years past. As far as possible keepers should feed each day on a new patch of the rides, and split the poults up along the rides. Any poult showing signs of drooping wings, lameness, loss of flesh, ruffled plumage, sleepiness so that it runs into stationary objects, or diarrhœa, should be destroyed and its body should be burned. Distribute plenty of drinking troughs along the rides and to each quart of the fresh drinking water daily add 30z. of sulphate of iron.—*C. W. C., Notts; C. S. B., London; J. W. H., Aberystwyth; C. B. S., Derby; G. E. T., Essex; C. H. M., Derby.*

Coccidiosis of Pullets.—The pullets, which had been progressively loosing condition with lameness and diarrhœa, were suffering from the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. This disease is spread through contamination of the food, litter and ground by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. For three weeks feed the pullets on a mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of dried skim milk; and to each quart of drinking water add 30z. of sulphate of iron. Keep the pullets housed during treatment, the floor of the house being covered with sawdust or peat moss. Each day remove and burn the sawdust and scour out the feeding and drinking utensils in boiling water. As often as possible, every day if practicable, scrub out the interior of the house with hot soda water and soft soap. At the end of three weeks liberate the pullets on to clean ground. Dress the infected ground with two tons of quicklime and keep it clear of poultry for at least twelve months.—*W. B. C., Surrey; J. C., Suffolk.*

Ticks on Grouse.—Two of the above-mentioned grouse had a few ticks adhering to the skin around the eyes, and the keeper reported losses of many grouse chicks through ticks. Another correspondent reports severe tick infestation of an adult grouse and an adult pheasant both of which were flushed and retrieved on the same property. Grouse are attacked by the immature forms (larvæ and nymphæ) of the sheep tick, the adults of which attack sheep, deer, dogs, blue hares and other mammals during the season from mid-April to the end of August. Grouse chicks readily succumb to the tick infestation about their heads, but we have no record of ticks having caused the death of adult grouse. Not infrequently adult grouse suffer from a severe inflammation of the skin of the head as a result of the tick infestation, and such birds may show a thickened corrugated bald skin of the head, which may impede sight through deformity of the eyelids. If infested grouse chicks are found alive the ticks should be gently scraped off the skin on to a newspaper, which should be burned. The chick's head should then be dressed with sulphur ointment.—*A. P. M., Oxon; D. F., Kincardineshire.*

Yachting

Elementary Sailing.—Your best method to take up sailing would be to start with a dinghy and get hold of a local "salt" to put you on the right lines in the elementary stages. You might get into touch with the secretary of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yachting Club, Mr. C. H. C. Huish, 78, Greenbank Avenue, Plymouth, and ask him what facilities the club provides. Their annual subscription is 2 guineas. You might also read one or two books, such as *Boat Sailing for Beginners* or Adlard Coles's *Sailing and Cruising*, which can be obtained through Captain O. M. Watts, Ltd., 49, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.—*M. L.-S., Tadcaster.*

Information Wanted

RINGED WOODCOCK AND SNIPE

The Hon. Ernest Guinness, owner of the Ashford Estate, Cong, Co. Galway, has marked a number of young woodcock and snipe this year. The rings are stamped:

C. CONG, 37 IRELAND

He will be obliged if anyone into whose possession these woodcock or snipe may come will communicate with him at the above address.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 18th

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

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Tuesday (Sept. 14th), Brendon Two Gates; Th., Hawkridge, Row Down; S., Yarde Down—11.

NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Ocknell Pond; F., Burley East Lodge—12.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Triscombe Stone; Th., Bowling Green, Holford—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Yew Tree Farm, Prestwood—6; M., The Castle, Hagley Park (children's meet); W., Bellman's Cross; S., The Park Gate, Harcott—7.

DUNTERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 11th) Knowstone—1; M., Beasley Mill, Upcott; W., Lambcombe Cross, Knowstone; F., Hawkridge; S., Castle Bridge—8.

HEREFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Stag End—6.

MENDIP.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Palace Farm, Wells—7.30; W., Burcott—7; S., Chilcompton Wood—8.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Sept. 11th) Eaton Woods—6.30; M., Shirley Hall; Tu., Swarkestone; Th., Kirk Langley; S., Walton—7.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Dudley's Farm, Herstmonceux—6.30; Tu., Jevington; Th., Jevington; S., Bullock Down—7.

TEDWORTH.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Newton Yeney Railway Bridge—6.30; Tu., Alton Priors; Th., Sharcott; S., Windmill Hill—6.45.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Gibbet Moor, Royal Oak; M., Staple Cross—7.30.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Ufton Wood—6.15.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Kenwick Mill; W., Roughgrounds Corner (Hewell); F., Ham Green—6.30.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

SENIOR OFFICERS' SCHOOL.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Kemsley; Tu., Scodes Court; Th., Scrapegate; S., Coleshall—2.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Llanbedr Station (by invitation Y.O.H.); M., Abersoch (by invitation Y.O.H.); W., Pont Petdig on Seiont (by invitation Y.O.H.)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Henlow Church, Beds; Tu., Eythrop Bridge, near Aylesbury; Th., Talbot Bridge on Stour (cap for Hunt servants); S., Barford Bridge, Beds—10.30.

CREDITON.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Ashton Station (River Teign)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Tarwick Mill, River Rother; Tu., Trigon Mill, River Piddle; Th., Woods Bridge, near Ringwood; S., Southwick, Wallington River—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Sheffield Park Station.—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Chard Junction (River Axe); Tu., Newhaven Bridge (top of Yarty); Th., Watchat; S., Carnarvon Arms, Dulverton Station—10.30.

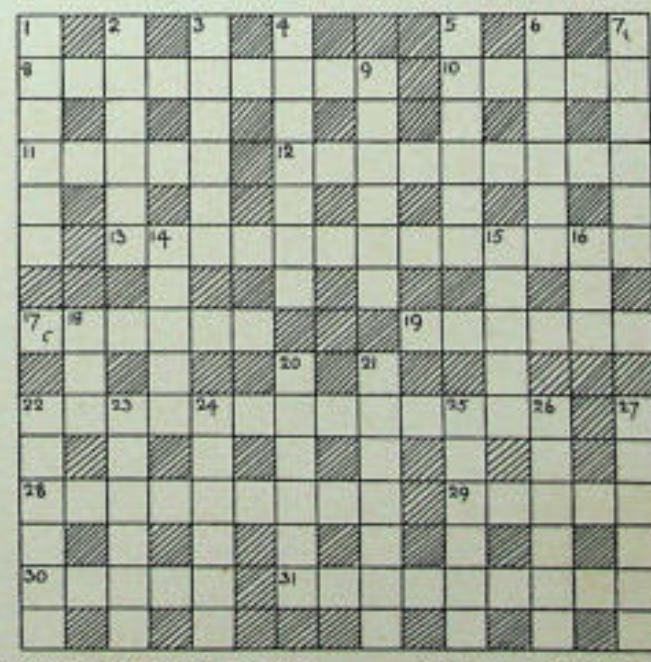
DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Totnes Station (Dart); Tu., New Bridge, Cullington (Lyaber); S., Exbourne, near Wadebridge (Invitation Tetcott O.H.)—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Locks Bridge, Starkhouse; M., Penny Bridge, Caton; W., where leave off Monday; S., where leave off Wednesday—10.

OTTER HOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), in Ayrshire; M., in Ayrshire

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 429

ACROSS.—6, Lithe nets indeed! 10, A town one is more rarely heard nowadays. 11, Put the French sea before it. 12, The kind of phrase that makes veal ratid. 13, Her hero drills into the county. 17, "If —— will have me king, why, —— may crown me" (*Macbeth*). 19, A big noise at tennis? 22, No. 1 with a cult at heart ends up a saint. 25, Strikes the earth, but the gist of it comes last. 29, More than half a score of shelters. 30, Look up from the deeps. 31, Shakespeare's forest in horticulture.

DOWN.—1, When 22 is unashamed. 2, A seedy nurse. 3, Rebate in evidence for the shooting. 4, What a neck to have swallowed the R.A.F.! 5, Heart of the apple in a steamy 6, I'm in the artist on the Adriatic coast. 7, Confused girls going East provide us with salmon. 9, An eternal river? 14, Sheer boredom. 15, Chops for horses. 16, Back afterwards perhaps. 18, The worst of his species is on the road. 20, An angler needs half this sport. 21, On river or racecourse they begin to play upon words. 22, Very windy month. 23, Bounded by a road, is firmly established. 24, Obviously look, yet never found. 25, They do not die with feet turned in. 26, Inverting the net, you'll upset us. 27, Put your name down over again!

SOLUTION TO No. 428

Published September 4th

C	A	P	I	T	A	L		F	E	N	C	I	N	G
O		O		W		A		A		O		N		A
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R	E	L	A	D	L	E		P	R	E	T	E	N	D

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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

Larva from a Fish's Gills.—The specimen which you took from the gill of a goldfish was the larval form of the water beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*). This insect plays havoc if it gets into any fish pond, and has been known to destroy hundreds of trout fry at hatcheries. If the tackle-maker who received the fish knows from what pond it came he would probably be doing the owner a service by reporting it to him, as should there be a serious attack by the larvæ of these water beetles he might lose a great many fish.—*N. B. G., Norfolk.*

Garden

Blight on Leaves.—The plum and peach leaves you sent for inspection arrived in such a dry condition that it is difficult to say whether this is silver leaf or blight. It is apparently the latter. If so nothing can be done till the fruit has been gathered. Then the trees should be sprayed with some good insecticide.—*A. J. K. E., W.C. 1.*

Kennel

Loss of Power of the Hind Legs.—This is a frequent sequel to distemper, and recovery is usually protracted and tedious. Your treatment is quite correct, but may need to be supplemented later on by massage of the affected muscles, and electrical treatment.—*G. M. K., Hants.*

Labrador Training.—At about the age of nine months would be a good time. Elementary lessons in obedience could begin earlier. Many people fire a pistol at feeding-time in order to accustom a dog to the report of a gun. The noise then has pleasurable associations.—*W. N. S. A., Cruxtborne.*

English Setters.—Edward Laverack, who was born in 1800 and died in 1877, was famous for his family of English setters, which at one time were called after him. In 1872 he wrote *The Setter*, which is apparently the book that you want, but it has been out of print for many years, and we do not know where you would be able to obtain a copy. If any of our readers should happen to have one for sale we will let you know.—*C., Flowers.*

Dog for London.—A number of breeds would suit your purpose. If you care for terriers, either a wire or smooth foxterrier, a Lakeland, or a Welsh. Perhaps the Lakeland and Welsh are not as excitable as the others, and their darker coats do not soil as readily. The Schnauzer, rather a larger dog, is more uncommon. He has a wire coat of a pepper-and-salt colour, is quiet, and a good guard. All these want a reasonable amount of exercise. French bulldogs require less, are smooth-coated, and a handy size. If you care for one of the collie type, a Shetland sheepdog is a charming little companion. They are quite a moderate size, only being about 15in. high.—*M. J. B., London.*

Naturalist

Lime Trees and Bees.—The dead bees under lime trees are killed by birds, especially the titmice, for the purpose of feeding on their contents.—*L. S., Lancaster.*

Beetles Identified.—The small insects received are beetles (*Nitela halidicana*). The family *Trinidæ* to which they belong are destructive to various dried food, sugar, drugs, &c. They also live upon the dried paste behind wallpaper.—*F. R., Hyde.*

Earwigs in House.—As earwigs not only crawl up walls and fly at night and enter buildings through tiny cracks, it is very difficult to keep them out, as they avoid daylight. Lay down or fasten to walls hollow stems or tubes for them to hide in; collect in the morning, and drop them into very hot water to kill.—*F. K. C., Ladyershall.*

"Insect" Identified.—The specimen received is a dog or deer tick (*Ixodes ricinus*), belonging to the acarina or mites, not insects. They inhabit vegetation, and get on animals as they pass it, clinging to them and finally getting on the skin to suck the blood. Before feeding they are quite small, the one you sent had fed on some animal, being about three times longer than normal. They are injurious in consequence, and are difficult to remove from their host, and easily leave in the skin the proboscis which sets up a small festering sore.—*S., Hants.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Air-sac Mite Pneumonia of a Bantam.—The hen bantam died of pneumonia due to infestation of the lungs by minute parasites known as air-sac mites. To reduce the risks of the other bantams contracting the disease, all litter, droppings and nest-box material should be removed from the infected fowl house and burned. The entire interior of the house should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap, to each gallon of which one cupful of paraffin has been added.—*A. J. P., Hants.*

Red Mites Infesting Canaries.—The death of the four fledgling canaries was due to loss of blood through infestation by red mites. These mites attack the birds during darkness and suck their blood, retiring at dawn to crevices in the nest, perch-sockets, roof or other fittings of the aviary. All nest-box material, litter and droppings in the aviary should be burned. Removable fittings should be soaked and scrubbed in hot soda water and soft soap. Crevices in the building should be singed with a blow-lamp flame, and then the interior of the aviary should be scrubbed down with hot soda water and soft soap to each gallon of which one cupful of paraffin has been added. Make certain that the aviary is absolutely clean, since red mites not uncommonly hide during the day in the dried droppings of the birds. We found several mites in the dried pieces of faeces which adhered to the vent region of two of these fledglings.—*C. C., G., Co. Down.*

Coccidiosis of Pheasant Chicks and Poults.—Undoubtedly the most severe losses on rearing fields this season in all parts of the country have been due to the germs of coccidiosis. Some measure of control over this contagious infection of the bowels can be exercised in the rearing field, but it is a serious matter when the disease spreads widely among poults in covert. We are receiving more specimens, eight to ten weeks of age, than we have had for some years past. As far as possible keepers should feed each day on a new patch of the rides, and split the poults up along the rides. Any poult showing signs of drooping wings, lameness, loss of flesh, ruffled plumage, sleepiness so that it runs into stationary objects, or diarrhœa, should be destroyed and its body should be burned. Distribute plenty of drinking troughs along the rides and to each quart of the fresh drinking water daily add ½oz. of sulphate of iron.—*C. W. C., Notts; C. S. B., London; J. W. H., Aberystwyth; C. B. S., Derby; G. E. T., Essex; C. H. M., Derby.*

Coccidiosis of Pullets.—The pullets, which had been progressively loosing condition with lameness and diarrhœa, were suffering from the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. This disease is spread through contamination of the food, litter and ground by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. For three weeks feed the pullets on a mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of dried skim milk; and to each quart of drinking water add ½oz. of sulphate of iron. Keep the pullets housed during treatment, the floor of the house being covered with sawdust or peat moss. Each day remove and burn the sawdust and scour out the feeding and drinking utensils in boiling water. As often as possible, every day if practicable, scrub out the interior of the house with hot soda water and soft soap. At the end of three weeks liberate the pullets on to clean ground. Dress the infected ground with two tons of quicklime and keep it clear of poultry for at least twelve months.—*W. R. C., Surrey; J. C., Suffolk.*

Ticks on Grouse.—Two of the above-mentioned grouse had a few ticks adhering to the skin around the eyes, and the keeper reported losses of many grouse chicks through ticks. Another correspondent reports severe tick infestation of an adult grouse and an adult pheasant both of which were flushed and retrieved on the same property. Grouse are attacked by the minuture forms (larvæ and nymphs) of the sheep tick, the adults of which attack sheep, deer, dogs, blue hares and other mammals during the season from mid-April to the end of August. Grouse chicks readily succumb to the tick infestation about their heads, but we have no record of ticks having caused the death of adult grouse. Not infrequently adult grouse suffer from a severe inflammation of the skin of the head as a result of the tick infestation, and such birds may show a thickened corrugated bald skin of the head, which may impede sight through deformity of the eyelids. If infested grouse chicks are found alive the ticks should be gently scraped off the skin on to a newspaper, which should be burned. The chick's head should then be dressed with sulphur ointment.—*A. P. M., Oxon; D. F., Kincardineshire.*

Yachting

Elementary Sailing.—Your best method to take up sailing would be to start with a dinghy and get hold of a local "salt" to put you on the right lines in the elementary stages. You might get into touch with the secretary of the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yachting Club, Mr. C. H. C. Huish, 78, Greenbank Avenue, Plymouth, and ask him what facilities the club provides. Their annual subscription is 2 guineas. You might also read one or two books, such as *Boat Sailing for Beginners* or Adlard Coles's *Sailing and Cruising*, which can be obtained through Captain O. M. Watts, Ltd., 49, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.—*M. L. S., Tadcaster.*

Information Wanted

RINGED WOODCOCK AND SNIPE

The Hon. Ernest Guinness, owner of the Ashford Estate, Cong, Co. Galway, has marked a number of young woodcock and snipe this year. The rings are stamped:

G. CONG, 37 IRELAND

He will be obliged if anyone into whose possession these woodcock or snipe may come will communicate with him at the above address.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 18th

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

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Tuesday (Sept. 14th), Brendon Two Gates; Th., Hawkridge, Ross Down; S., Yarde Down—11.

NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Ockwell Pond; F., Burley Kist Lodge—12.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Triscombe Stone; Th., Bowling Green, Holford—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTONE WOODLAND.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Yew Tree Farm, Prestwood—6; M., The Castle, Bagley Park (children's meet); W., Bellman's Cross; S., The Park Gate, Harcott—7.

DULVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 11th) Knowstone—1; M., Bradley Mill, Upcott; W., Lamb-combe Cross, Knowstone; F., Hawkridge; S., Castle Bridge—8.

HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Stag End—6.

MENDIP.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Palace Farm, Wells—7.30; W., Barrott—7; S., Chilcompton Wood—8.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Sept. 11th) Eaton Woods—6.30; M., Shirley Hall; Tu., Swarkestone; Th., Kirk Langley; S., Walton—7.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Dudney's Farm, Herstmonceux—6.30; Tu., Jevington; Th., Jevington; S., Bullock Down—7.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Newton Tracy Railway Bridge—6.30; Tu., Alton Pines; Th., Sharcott; S., Windmill Hill—6.45.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Gibbet Moor, Royal Oak; M., Staple Cross—7.30.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Ufton Wood—6.15.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—Monday (Sept. 13th), Kenwick Mill; W., Roughgrounds Corner (Hewell); F., Ham Green—6.30.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

SENIOR OFFICERS' SCHOOL.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Kemsley; Tu., Scotes Court; Th., Scrapsgate; S., Coleshall—2.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Llanbedr Station (by invitation Y.O.H.); M., Abercrok (by invitation Y.O.H.); W., Pont Pridd on Scout (by invitation Y.O.H.)—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Benlow Church, Beds; Tu., Eythrop Bridge, near Aylesbury; Th., Talton Bridge on Stour (cap for H.and servants); S., Barford Bridge, Beds—10.30.

CHESTER.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Ashton Station (River Teign)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Yarwick Mill, River Rother; Tu., Trigon Mill, River Pibble; Th., Woods Bridge, near Ringwood; S., Southwick, Wallington River—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Stanfield Park Station—10.30.

CULVERSTOCK.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Chard Junction (River Axe); Tu., Newhaven Bridge (top of Yarty); Th., Wakefield; S., Carnarvon Arms, Dalverton Station—10.30.

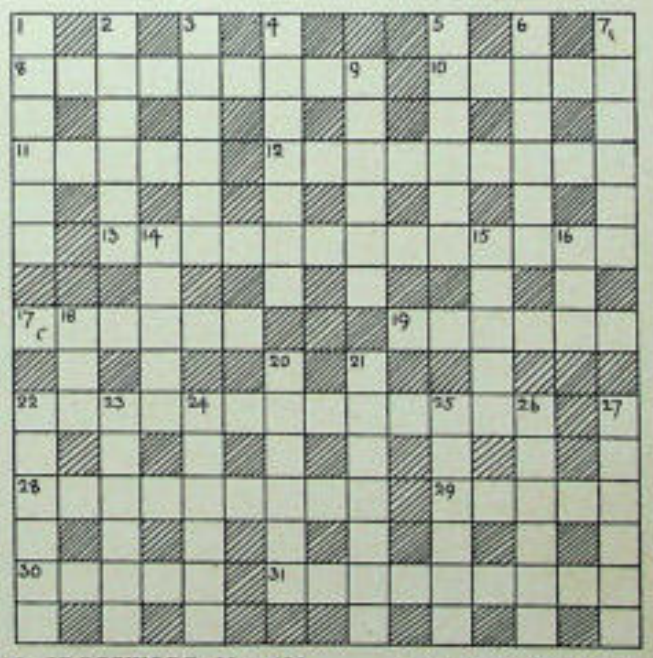
DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Totnes Station (Dart); Tu., New Bridge, Callington (Lyner); S., Egloshayle, near Wadebridge (invitation Tetcott O.H.)—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), Locks Bridge, Stackhouse; M., Penny Bridge, Cabin; W., where leave off Monday; S., where leave off Wednesday—10.

OTTER HOUNDS—SCOTLAND

DUMFRIESSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 11th), in Ayrshire; M., in Ayrshire

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 429

ACROSS.—8, Little arts indeed! 10, A town one is more rarely heard nowadays. 11, Put the French sea before it. 12, The kind of phrase that makes veal raised. 13, Her hero drifts into this county. 17, "If —— will have no king, why, —— may crown me" (*Macbeth*). 19, A big noise at tennis? 22, No. 1 with a cult at heart ends up a saint. 28, Studies the earth, but the gist of it comes last. 29, More than half a score of shelters. 30, Look up from the deeps. 31, Shakespeare's forest in horticulture.

DOWN.—1, When 22 is one-armed. 2, A needy mouse. 3, Rebate in evidence for the shooting. 4, What a neck to have swallowed the R.A.F.! 5, Heart of the apple in a steamer. 6, I'm in the artist on the Adriatic coast. 7, Confused girls going East provide us with salmon. 9, An eternal river? 14, Silver horseham. 15, Chops for lesters. 16, Buck afterwards perhaps. 18, The worst of his species is on the road. 20, An angler needs half this sport. 21, On river or racecourse they begin to play up in words. 22, Very windy mouth. 23, Bounded by a road, is finely established. 24, Obviously held, yet never found. 25, They do not die with feet turned in. 26, Inverting the set, you'll upset sin. 27, Put your name down over again?

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

SOLUTION TO No. 428

Published September 4th

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THE FIELD

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WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN SUSSEX

Major A. E. Cook, M.C., is Master of the Storrington Beagles, a pack which shows great sport on the downland and marshes of Sussex. They have been unfortunate this year in that the professional huntsman is laid up with a bad leg just at the beginning of the season. May we wish him a quick recovery, and Major Cook the best of seasons

ROVER

Quality of Detail

" . . . It was found that the car could be driven for lap after lap round the track without showing any signs of distress and seemed inclined to gain speed rather than to lose it . . . "



The Rover Company Ltd., Coventry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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"SPORTING REGIMENTS"

IF the title which heads this leader would seem invidious, it is due to the restrictions of type rather than a wish to suggest that the Army is divided into regiments which are sporting, or not sporting; or even quite sporting, sporting or very sporting. In the series of articles which concluded in last week's *Field* it was our aim to write of the activities of certain regiments, not necessarily possessing themselves the most notable records in sport, but as typical of the Army as a whole. It was our intention to describe certain corps, to some extent in relation to the strength of each arm. And thus by far the largest part must be played by the Infantry of the Line.

Obviously, for instance, in the activities pertaining to the horse, cavalry regiments have played the greatest part—though it is pertinent to point out that to revolutionise modern polo fell to an infantry regiment—yet to keep our series within manageable bounds we have had to choose only three, a regiment of Dragoons, of Hussars, and of Lancers, and two of the Indian Cavalry. It is a strange reflection that while for 50 years the Cavalry of the Line has been homogeneous, to-day we have light and heavy cavalry once more, and armoured cavalry at that. In the same way we have chosen from the infantry regiments of the Corps of Light Infantry and Fusiliers, from the Rifle Regiments and the Highland Brigade, which together with accounts of the Brigade of Guards and of the Royal Artillery completed our series. To any reader who has followed these articles carefully the dominant impression must be not one of homogeneity, but of individualism. They show how diverse a thing the Army is.

The achievements of the cavalry must be chiefly equine; "Confound all presents wot eat," said John Jorrocks, and the cavalryman must always be with his own particular horses, and learning about horses in general. A tank or an armoured car is different. The garage key can be turned and the mounts of an entire squadron left within at the sweet will of higher authority. Thus the future leisure of the cavalry officer will probably continue to be on the race track of Sandown rather than of Brooklands.

To the officers of the Infantry of the Line the whole world has at one time or another offered opportunities of sport, "from Plymouth to Esquimalt." Their tastes have been catholic, and they have been gratified in a very remarkable way when one considers that the great majority of infantry officers, during the period when sport as we know it to-day has come into being, have been poor men, a number of them having always lived on their pay and very little besides. "Where the English go they take with them their sport, their portrait painting and their trial by jury," wrote B. R. Haydon. The Army gets on without the two last, but the British infantry has taken sport to all quarters of the globe. The Brigade of Guards, though its regiments are not able to partake of the sporting possibilities offered by service abroad, have in nearly all the British sports and games produced men of outstanding mark, as the Duke of Portland's Reminiscences on another page of this issue show more graphically than any editorial comment; while the record of the Royal Regiment of Artillery needs no commendation.

It is significant to note here, too, that the four accounts written by the regiments of the Indian Army were of high and uniform merit, a merit perhaps in some measure based on the fact that each of these regiments has had a permanent home, which practically no British regiment enjoys. And in this connection it is remarkable how little mention has been made of those infantry depots, especially in the South of England, which are so delightful a background to sporting life.

What moral can be pointed to all these stories? Surely that the Army is not made in one dead level, but is a house of many mansions. Those who think of the Army officer as a sealed pattern individual, fundamentally sound, but narrow, unenterprising and unbendingly conservative are out of date. Indeed, they have never been up to date. The fundamental point at issue is that the Army is what the nation makes it. It is the educated classes in microcosm. The faults charged against the Army—lack of intellectualism, a perverse loyalty, intolerance of change—are only the faults, possibly even the virtues, which make the national character. If therefore we are to learn anything from these stories of the domestic life of these famous regiments it is that the profession of arms still offers to the average young Englishman the type of life he will enjoy.

BAT BANDING

BIRD-RINGING is now well established as the method of estimating migratory and regional movement. There are several famous ringing stations around our coasts, and numbers of ringing enthusiasts. Only a very small percentage of birds ringed are recovered, but sufficient data is thus obtained to give us some idea of the movements they undertake. Little—very little indeed—is known of the movements of bats, though we do know that certain American and certainly one European species undertake regularly spring and autumn migrations of a distance comparable with those covered by birds. Recently Herr Ernst Krause has experimented with ringing bats in Germany, but we cannot yet gauge the importance of such data as he has obtained. Herr Krause's experiments have received some publicity, but the idea is not new—bats have been marked in France and in this country. The data obtained has been very meagre. Whereas there are a very great number of bird enthusiasts, the number of people in this country who know anything worth while about bats in their wild state can be counted comfortably on the fingers of one hand, and the number interested in these little animals is almost as limited. Such success as has attended the bird-ringing scheme has been due to the number of people interested and to their wide distribution. Obviously no marking schemes for bats can be of real service without devotees in various parts of the country to collect and forward such information as to marked animals as may come into their possession. The chiroptera unfortunately repel rather than attract the average nature lover.

THE KICK-OFF

Resolutely treading on the heels of cricket as usual, the professional football season has opened to the accompaniment of a blaze of publicity that seems to become fiercer each year. Signs of its results are to be noted not only in ascending transfer fees, but in a demand by the players themselves for more pay. At a time when leading professionals in boxing and lawn tennis command fees of fantastic size, professional footballers complain that the best of them can make no more than £500 a year. The players have their Union, so we may yet come to Government arbitration in football. Meanwhile, the Football Association is to be congratulated on its determined effort, by means of new rulings for offenders, to rid the game of foul play. And no less timely is the Rugby Union's warning to players and referees that the Rugby laws relating to infringements must be more strictly enforced. Unfair play spoiled much good Rugby last season.

CRICKET QUALIFICATION

Once again the question of qualification for county cricket is raised by a suggestion that official consideration is being given to a proposed reduction of the two-years' period of residence, which is the necessary qualification for any cricketer to play for a county other than that of his birth. The argument is that the present rule is a hardship to players who do not find a regular place in their own county team but might readily do so with another county, and that its relaxation would help not only them but some of the weaker counties in strengthening their sides with imported players. The danger is that of abuse, which is sure to creep in when players can be transferred from one county to another without serious obstacle. Yorkshire have always set a commendable example in accepting none but players born in the county, but other counties are not as rich in cricket talent, and as the present state of county cricket needs all the stimulus it can be given, a reduction of the qualification period to one year seems worth experiment.

A TIMELY WARNING

It is to be hoped that cricketers will take good note of Sir P. F. Warner's recent criticism of the growing tendency of fast bowlers to pitch the ball short and his warning that such tactics will not pay against the Australians next year. There is a big difference between fast bowlers who can make the ball fly up from the pitch while bowling a good length, and those who can only achieve the same result by bowling short. In the last few years short bowling has undoubtedly reaped a harvest of wickets among batsmen who have forgotten, or have never learned, to get properly over the line of the ball. Against first-rate batsmen who can hook and cut, such bowling never has paid and never will. But there is something to be said for the bowlers' contention that wickets are doped into a condition of perfection that takes the sting out of length bowling. Apparently the M.C.C.'s call, a few years ago, for more natural wickets is now being ignored, and it is high time that something more was done to limit artificial preparation of the pitch.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a London weekly paper:—"In Kent the work of harvesting is proceeding night and day at full speed in order to protect the sheaves from the hordes of pheasants and pigeons that nightly attack them in their thousands. This is the moment for the Old Major to come to the rescue . . . . His bag is often 200 pigeons a day. He remains in some convenient corner quietly adding to his bag and reducing his cartridges, picking up his birds by ones and twos, for he never fires into a flock."

AUTUMN SALMON

Large splashes of yellow on the lime trees swaying uncomfortably in a cool northerly wind are a reminder that summer is over, actually as well as officially, and that it is time for tackle deficiencies to be made good if the chance of a big autumn salmon—a slim chance this year—is not to be jettisoned by lack of forethought. Few prophets this autumn, however optimistically inspired, will be disposed to cry "go up and prosper," unless some real spates come soon to help such fish into the rivers as may be toying with the idea of ascent where fresh water meets salt. And even a spate, after these weeks of drought, may well come charged with peatwater from the moors and sour the fish from frolic in their new habitat. Long-hoped-for rain too often disappoints. But there is always the unforeseen, that golden—or it may be leaden—fruit with which Fortune loves to outwit the prophets.

FLYING SOUTH

Once more the Austrian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has provided the world with an example of kindness to birds, which it is to be hoped will be widely noticed in other countries. Cold and boisterous weather set in early this year in Austria, and a number of young swallows, probably those of the third brood of the year, were found sheltering under the eaves of houses in Vienna, benumbed with cold. They have been sent to Venice by aeroplane and other consignments will follow. Is it possible that news of this kind may find its way into Italian papers? It may be remembered that although bird protection orders were issued in Italy some years ago, they were withdrawn during the Abyssinian War, and Capri was left as the sole bird sanctuary in Italy. May we not hope that the boundaries of this sanctuary may shortly be extended?

WILD BIRDS IN SPAIN

Italy is not the only country in which bird protection societies, it may be hoped, will some day be able to exercise their activities. In no other country are birds more cruelly treated than in Spain. Visitors to Gibraltar who have driven inland will remember that on the roads towards Alcala, Xeres and elsewhere, occupants of motor cars are asked to buy live bee-eaters which have been caught by peasant boys, flying in or out of the holes in which they make their nests by the side of the road. Bird-lovers in such circumstances are naturally tempted to buy the birds and set them free. But if they are accompanied by persons familiar with the life of the countryside they will be dissuaded from making a purchase, since to buy these unhappy birds, screaming in the hands of their captors, is merely to extend a cruel market. At the moment, of course, nothing can be done in Spain to prevent traffic of this kind, and, indeed, there can be few visitors driving along Spanish roads. But when the conflict of Spain has ended there may be some opportunity of bringing to the notice of responsible authorities the fact that cruelty of this kind is deprecated by responsible opinion, not only in England, but in countries such as Austria, where swallows are saved from the consequences of hard weather by kind-hearted private persons.

ESCAPE

At any moment when the world is sure
I am cornered by the doubts that haunt itself
And its own mortal fears for goods that perish,
I can escape through an invisible gap
By a still pathway, on a reinless horse,
Down a spring meadow that is ever spring:
A small boy rides alone on top of the world
As the great sun swims upward from the unknown,
Dripping with wonder: the marsh-marigolds
Which vanished hands of children overnight
Gathered and scattered have the dews upon them
Perennially, their full-orbed petals laugh
Immortally, the line of footsteps leads
As in a vision, the truth of which no doubts
Are strong enough to darken, to a river
Broad-flowing, clear, timelessly musical,
Haunted by murmurs of the sea, profound
With more than merely physical depth, but having
Sevenfold the unspeakable shine and scent
And dews of those undying marigolds.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.



"THE FIELD" CHALLENGE CUP

This handsome trophy has been presented by "The Field" newspaper to the British Bridge League for an annual Team-of-Four event. It will be competed for at the Buxton Congress, October 8th to 11th, and will be presented to the winning team with replicas for the four players by the Mayor of Buxton

EVER POPULAR BRIDGE

A Million-and-a-half Devotees

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

IT is computed that in Great Britain there are a million and a half Bridge players. Exact estimate, of course, would be impossible, but it is unlikely that it errs on the side of exaggeration. The statistics are provided from the sales of playing-cards manufacturers, from the number of clubs where Bridge is played and from other sources of information. It is, indeed, a phenomenon. Never has a card game had such a wide appeal. Whist, its ancestor, dating back to the eighteenth century, was restricted to the comparatively few. When in 1894 it was dethroned by Bridge in its original form, a game which few now remember, a new epoch started. Bridge passed through various phases.

First there was Auction Bridge, which underwent several changes and modifications and was standardised only in 1914. Then in 1919 came the first Contract game, which was a French, and not, as many people think, an American invention. It still exists on the Continent under the name of "Plafond." It was introduced into England, but has been superseded in this country, in America, and all over the world, by Contract Bridge as we now know it.

The revisions of the earliest form of Contract were American and were mainly the work of Mr. H. A. Vanderbilt. The code under which we play at present, after several previous codes, was promulgated in May, 1935, and it is agreed by the Powers that there shall be no revision until 1940. The reason of the popularity of Contract Bridge is not far to seek. It possesses most of the attractions of Whist with a good many additional ones of its own. It calls for the promptest exercise of the soundest judgment, develops powers of concentration, encourages careful observation, improves the memory, trains the mind to estimate probabilities accurately and to draw inferences, and gives great insight into human character. It is a game of skill, common sense and observation.

It ranks as the king of card games solely because it is the best. Further, it is a game which appeals to all classes and all sorts and conditions of people, and has a very wide and increasing following amongst women. You can play for high stakes or for low stakes or for no stakes at all, and yet procure your enjoyment. It is not essentially a gambling game.

Although other games have been introduced and have had their vogue, notably Mah-Jongghi, Cooncan, Backgammon and Six Pack Bezique, none have proved a serious rival to Contract, nor does there appear to be any threat to its supremacy. On the contrary it is certain that during the coming winter months there will be thousands of recruits.

Those who prophesied that Contract Bridge would be killed by the multiplicity of Conventions and Systems which attach to it have proved false prophets. In the early days most of the artificial devices came from the United States. But, during the past five years, English players have been prolific in producing numerous ingenious schemes designed to assist players in bidding with the main object of instructing them in Slam bidding, which dangles the prospect of rich reward to the successful practitioner.

While the numerous systems promote a fruitful source of revenue for teachers of the game, a weeding-out process is at work. It is unlikely that bidding will become standardised absolutely. But the present tendency is towards simplification rather than intricacy, and although the example of the Portland Club, which permits the use of no artificial conventions within its portals, has not been followed widely, there are signs of the decline and fall of many artificial systems. Strangely enough, perhaps because the feminine mind is more tortuous than man's, it is to the women players that the extreme arbitrary conventions mostly appeal.

It is, however, a weakness of the game that at present entering a club as a stranger it is necessary to undergo prolonged catechisms as to use and procedure. Further on the ethical side alone issues arise which render the use of certain artificial conventions undesirable.

All over the world, and in this country mainly owing to the work of the British Bridge League, the first and pioneer organisation in Great Britain, established seven years ago, Duplicate Contract contests are held. Duplicate Bridge is a method of play whereby players are enabled to test their skill against others, inasmuch as they play precisely the same cards as their opponents under identical conditions.

These tournaments, held throughout the year, have become immensely popular. A feature of them is that no money stakes are allowed. The competitors play for prizes—cups and trophies—the chief event being for the Hundred Guinea Gold Cup, presented by the *Bridge Magazine*, which is regarded as the Blue Riband of Duplicate Bridge. In addition there are National Pairs Championships, Women's Teams of Four Contests and Individual Championships, and others.

The *Field*, which was the first newspaper to deal with cards and which has had a notable succession of Cards Editors, from the days of "Cavendish," W. H. Whitfeld, Ernest Bergholt, and W. Dalton, desires to encourage this form of competitive Duplicate play. It is presenting a trophy to be competed for annually at a Congress to be held under the auspices of the British Bridge League. This is to be for mixed teams of four—men and women—and entries are to be made in the name of the team captain. It is open to all players in the United Kingdom, and is not confined to members of the British Bridge League. The first contest for this trophy will take place at Buxton, October 8th to 11th this year. On these dates the British Bridge League, in co-operation with the Buxton Corporation, will hold its Autumn Congress, and the prizes will be presented by the Mayor of Buxton. Programme and entry forms can be obtained from Mr. J. E. Boddington, Thermal Baths, Buxton.

In 1932 was established, with headquarters at The Hague, the International Bridge League, a federation of Bridge Leagues of various countries. Starting with the Leagues of eight countries, it has grown with amazing rapidity, and this year it has Leagues of eighteen different nations affiliated, the basis being one League per country.

The British Bridge League is the only League recognised by it as representing Great Britain and empowered to select and send a British team for international contests. The International Bridge League holds an annual Congress every year in a different country. These congresses have taken place in London, Vienna, Brussels, Stockholm and Budapest. The President of the League is elected annually, and the first President in 1932 was the present Cards Editor of the *Field*.

The success and growth of the International Bridge League is a sign of the world-wide popularity of Contract Bridge. In fact, in other countries the game is regarded with greater seriousness than in England and teams are trained with earnest preparation for the International and World Championships. This International aspect has its significance and these congresses present Contract Bridge in a new light as a valuable factor in making and cementing friendships, promulgating good will and understanding amongst nations through the medium of a game.



ARDVERIKIE NEARLY BECAME AS FAMOUS AS BALMORAL IS TO-DAY, SINCE WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA DECIDED ON PURCHASING A HIGHLAND HOME IT WAS VERY NEARLY CHOSEN

THE HIERARCHY OF THE STAG

How the Scottish Deer Stands in a World-wide Family

(Photographs by Niall Rankin)

ON the day that this article appears in print, the stags of the Northern Hemisphere will be raising their voices in lusty chorus to whatever cervidean gods there be—Venus certainly, and probably Mars. The point has, of course, been made before, but it is one that never ceases to fill me with wonder. As you leave your comfortable lodge at Glen Haggis or Strath Pibroch, other hunters imbued with the same instincts are leaving Carpathian huts, tents in the Rockies and yurts in the Thian Shan. Those first rather uncertain roars that you hear are but the echoes of other stags, be they red deer or wapiti, all over the world. That first touch of autumn chill, broad hint to the Monarch of the Glen to gather his roses while he may, is the Caledonian equivalent to the lowering snow line of the mountains of Kashmir, the first frost of Carpathian September.

Therein lies, to me, the great charm of hunting the stag—his infinite variety, and it is on these lines that I make my division of all stalkers: those who go in for variety and those to whom one particular forest must be beloved over all, like Kipling's Sussex. There are, of course, other obvious divisions: those few who conduct their own stalks and those many who do not; those who place the difficulty of the stalk before the beauty of the trophy and *vice versa*; even those who hit and those who miss. But to me the division is between the general and the particular.

The choice in point of fact is not mine. It is my bankers'. Were I the lucky possessor of a Langwell, a Strutheonan or a Glenkingie, what could be more delightful than to get to know the habits of the deer in each particular glen or corrie and the vagaries of the winds, and to watch the head that one spared as a young ten-pointer, spared twice as an improving royal, grow into the masterpiece that demands a stalk? I can imagine nothing that would give me more pleasure.

Such pleasures being beyond one's purse, one must look elsewhere, and it seems to me that in the comparison of the habits of many deer is the greatest pleasure to be had. I have stalked deer in Central Europe, in the hills and plains of India, in Canada, and in a number of parts of England and Scotland, and one can undoubtedly apply the knowledge learnt in any one place to the local conditions of another.

The first consideration must always be that the Scottish stag is unique for this reason. He is not a true deer, because he does not live in woods. He would, of course, if he could, but circumstances are too much for him. All other deer live in or near woods. I admit this is a generalisation because, for instance, the Kashmir stag is often shot above the forest level. And, I believe, the New Zealand stag usually is. In this connection it is interesting to note that stags transferred from Southern to Northern Hemisphere find themselves six months wrong in their rutting arrangements, but after a few years change their habits to meet local conditions, a lesson not always learnt by our compatriots abroad.

But the Scottish stag has few trees. The red deer of Westmorland are much more nearly kin to other deer than those of the Highlands. They come up from the woods at Lowther or round the head of Windermere to the central core of the Martindale Forest. And the deer that I have stalked in other parts of England—red deer, jap deer, fallow and, of course, roe—each one has been a forest dweller. One, indeed, who bit the dust in the days when Planeus was consul, was a visitor principally to rather a small back garden, which he laid waste. But that is another though, I still hold, a not discreditable story. So the Highland deer is not really a deer at all, he is a wild sheep with antlers. And all the more credit to him, for the wild sheep is far more worthy than any stag.

And the second great difference is that his pursuit, if more mannered, is certainly more highly technical. The technique of a Scottish stalker is, in my opinion, unsurpassed, and I have seen many stalkers. He is a far more finished product than any shikari, Canadian guide or anybody else I have seen, who are clumsy and bungling in comparison. Why, what stalker has the rifle out of the case till he reaches a range at which the average "special-list" Kashmir shikari has been hissing "*Maro, Sahib,*" for ten minutes? Of course he *has* to be. He has the march to contend with, the sophistication of the quarry, and a very much larger number of beasts to choose from. But his only peer is the Jager of an old Bavarian or Austrian estate, who is as much an artist on his decoy horn as Donald is with his spy and crawl business.

There are, of course, on the ordinary highland forest of any pretensions, far more targets than there are in any other part of the world where one shoots deer. The true wood deer is seldom seen in bands, though I have known a great concourse of chital in the plains of India. But, broadly speaking, the wood stag—that is, stags in general—may romp round one in their thousands, but till the rut starts they are as needles in haystacks.

I think that what one definitely loses on a Scottish forest is the added zest that camp life, or even the mountain hut of the Carpathians, adds to one's stalks. None of us, of course, mind a billiard table or even a bottle of champagne, but they are a far cry from the bothy and the illicit still which sheltered St. John in Sutherland a 100 odd years ago. The reason, I think, why so many people say Scottish stalking is easy is because the hardships of stalks with which they make comparison are hardships of marching and camping. Scotland of course knows its hardships. There is the lady, a guest at a famous forest, who thought she would like to lunch quietly at the lodge. Her hostess thought otherwise. Her sandwiches were waiting in the hall. She could eat them, if so wrong minded she be, in the summer house, but luncheon there would be none.

I do not see that to stalk a particular Scottish stag, as opposed to filling the larder, is in any sense easier than killing most other deer providing the deer are there. The actual stalk is probably harder. Against this must be stated the fact that a fortnight of stalking in any other part of the world would probably produce two or three heads; a fortnight in Scotland might produce a dozen, but of these only a couple would be really good heads, and one would be lucky indeed if any one of them could not be faulted.

All true stags can only be hunted in the rut, apart from any question of horns being in velvet. The true deer lives in trees, and till he notifies his presence he cannot be found. My own impression is that the bigger the stag the easier he is. Firstly, there is the not unimportant if elementary point that he offers a bigger target, which is not without significance where one will probably only get a fleeting glimpse of the quarry between trees. In truth hunting the deer outside our islands is not deer-stalking, it is still hunting. But these great deer—wapiti, Carpathian stags and so on—seem to have much less acute perceptions than the smaller mule deer or chital type of beast. The wapiti is the



(LEFT) THE RIVER ARKAIG AT ACHNACARRY

to the question of shooting. I do not refer to the difficulty of getting to the ground. The first group consists of roe, chital and mule deer. The second group consists of the Styrian and Carpathian stag, the Scottish red deer and the barasingh. The third group consists of sambhur and wapiti. Those are my three categories in order of merit.

As we are principally trying to draw a comparison with the red deer of Scotland, I should put him as less difficult than the Continental stag, because they are so hard to locate, and on all fours with the barasingh. And I repeat, like the address of the radio appellant, that I refer to the *good* Scottish stag. The elk and the moose, though not properly deer for the purposes of this discussion, I place in the last category. I should add I have hunted all the species under discussion except the New Zealand stag.

This, then, is where my heart lies—in the comparisons, and not a little of my treasure has gone in the making of them. There are so many more comparisons to make: in Sikhim and Yarkand in the mountains of North Africa and the canyons of Mexico, in the hills of the Caucasus—one could prolong the list indefinitely. Lake Walter Scott, fearful for Ivanhoe, the red deer of Scotland may feel that any traveller who "has cast a shoe over Edom," may draw unfavourable comparisons. Well I for one do not. M. T. S.

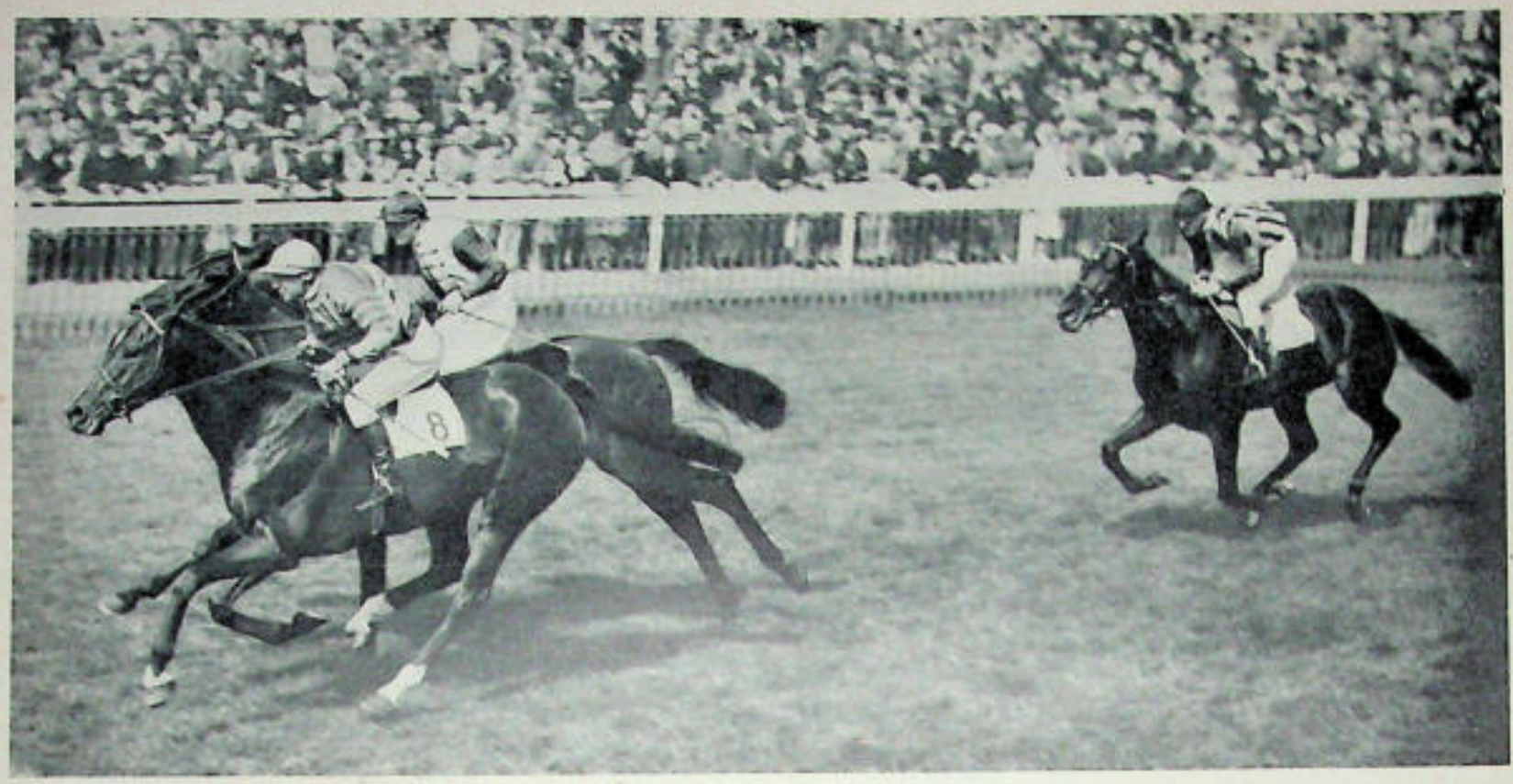


STRATHCONAN, WHERE CAPTAIN CHRISTIAN COMBE SHOT HIS HUNDREDTH ROYAL LAST AUTUMN. THIS PICTURE SHOWS LOCH CAOIDHE AND THE RIVER ORRIN. THE FAR SKY LINE IS THE MARCH WITH MONAR

greatest prize of all from the point of view of the magnificent head he throws—and throws in under four months. But he is the easiest of the lot to shoot in my opinion. The Carpathian stag is not difficult to shoot when by this method or that one has got oneself to him, or got him to come to you. But he is the very devil to find. The New Zealand stag may not be terribly difficult to stalk, but only the ultra-tough can endure the stalks necessary to get near him. Given time and patience a barasingh is not difficult, but a first-class may be a matter of years. Chital I call difficult, made doubly shy as they are by tigers and poachers. Sambhur, who share the chital's enemies, I call easier. (Incidentally that carries out my size theory). And the roe—*any* worthy roe anywhere is one of the most difficult. And where does the native red deer come? Not *a* red deer, but *the* red deer of Mr. Wallace's article of a fortnight ago. I think high. Here is a sort of tentative order. The order refers purely and simply



BLACKMOUNT, WHICH MANY STALKERS WILL ASSOCIATE WITH THAT GREAT LOVER OF THE HILL, THE LATE MRS. ROBERT FLEMING



SIR ALFRED BUTT'S MILTON ABBAS (R. PERRYMAN UP) WINNING FROM HORNPIPE, WHO WAS BEAUTIFULLY RIDDEN BY S. DONOGHUE

SALES AND RACING AT DONCASTER

Chulmleigh a Worthy Classic Winner

IN a catalogue running to 450 yearlings it might be supposed that the general quality would not differ appreciably from one season to another. Yet the general impression at Doncaster last week—and this opinion had been formed before the sale by those who had seen most of the leading lots—was that the class was by no means so good as in some other years.

To this reason is ascribed the fact that the total of the week was only 224,800gs. This compared unfavourably with totals of 258,755gs. in 1936, 273,620gs. in 1935 and 298,280gs. in 1934. One of the leading trainers remarked: "I found it difficult to see exactly what I required."

If we go closely into the results of the week we find that prices were excellent for the choicest lots. In 1936 only two yearlings at Doncaster fetched 5,000gs. or more. One of them was the Fairway—Golden Hair colt, who has yet to make a return towards the 15,000gs. given for him by Miss Dorothy Paget, though there is every prospect that he will eventually win good races. Last week six yearlings changed hands at prices ranging from 5,100gs. up to 6,100gs., which does not compare at all badly with some of the figures of the past.

Two fetched 6,100gs., the first being the beautiful filly by Solario out of Friar Palm, bred at the Sledmere Stud and acquired by Mr. Frank Butters on behalf of Miss Paget. The other was Mrs. Maher's colt by Fairway out of Silver Mist. It had been predicted that he would make top price of the week, but as we have seen he merely shared that distinction with the Sledmere filly. Mr. Reg Day bought him on Sir Abe Bailey's behalf.

Mr. Adrian Scrope and Sir Richard Sykes had no cause to be displeased with the aggregate made by the Sledmere contingent, namely, 25,290gs. for thirteen. We were greatly taken with its Hyperion colt out of Tabaris. His brilliant sire has stamped himself unmistakably on this colt. And what a lovely walker is the handsome Loaningdale colt out of Margaret Burr.

The only stallion credited with more than one 5,000gs. yearling was Pharos, whose death occurred early in the year. Sir John Jarvis secured his Gwynaid colt for 5,600gs., and Mrs. Glorney bought his Aqua Forte colt for 5,100gs. One of the gems of the catalogue was Major L. B. Holliday's colt by Tetratema—Queen of Flight, bought at 5,200gs. by Lord Glanely, who, encouraged anew by the triumph of Chulmleigh in the St. Leger, secured three attractive lots towards the end of the sales.

It was satisfactory to see a young stallion like Trimdon in the big money, his colt from Lovely Peg making 6,000gs. His pedigree contains the blood of two dual Ascot Cup winners. It may have been unfortunate for the Doncaster sales that they came in a week of international disturbances and a slump on the money market. But on the whole the falling-off of prices was not nearly acute enough to cause any pessimism among bloodstock breeders.

The racing at Doncaster was highly successful. Thanks no doubt to the uninterrupted spell of fine weather the attendances were strong, particularly on the two opening days, and it was fair to infer that public interest in the Turf was never keener. Lord Glanely's success in the big event of the week was generally popular, for over a long period of years no owner has endeavoured more diligently to breed and more boldly to purchase the best thoroughbred stock.

A succession of rather lean years for his horses caused him to reduce his stable at the end of last year, but happily for him he never contemplated parting with Chulmleigh. This colt had a blank first season, which is not surprising in view of the fact that he is of exceptional size and substance. From the first it must have been obvious that he needed plenty of time, and his trainer, Captain T. Hogg, did not do much with him in the first half of the present year.

Patience has been well rewarded. In our opinion the colt must be ranked as a worthy St. Leger winner, and the chances are that he will go on improving. Possibly he will succeed where his sire so narrowly failed—in the winning of the Ascot Gold Cup. It is averred that Mid-day Sun was desperately unlucky not to have prevailed at Doncaster. One can agree without hesitation that the luck of the race was against him. The scrimmage in which he was involved a quarter of a mile from the end effectually settled his chance.

Yet it is possible that if the Derby winner had been a little handier and a little less prone to hang he would have steered clear of the trouble. We are quite content to accept the St. Leger result at its face value, and we believe that time will prove that the winner was the best stayer in the field. His jockey was quicker than Beary in placing his mount in the right challenging position, Gordon Richards's move to the outside soon after getting into the straight undoubtedly having an important influence on the result.

Even the most brilliant of riders cannot come without the horse, and it would be churlish to withhold a particle of credit from Chulmleigh for his great finishing effort. Fair Copy had seemed an assured winner less than a furlong from home, and it was a small but sufficient superiority in stamina which enabled Lord Glanely's colt to finish half a length to the good.

Few St. Leger winners have shown a more classic pedigree. It is good to see a son of a St. Leger winner and an Oaks winner turn out so well as he has done. In all probability his next effort will be in the Jockey Club Stakes on September 30th. Here Chulmleigh has the maximum penalty of 12lb., which means that he will be conceding 3lb. to Fair Copy. This must bring them closely together on the Doncaster form. It is not unlikely that Chulmleigh's staying powers will again turn the issue in his favour.

One of the surprises of the St. Leger was the prominence throughout the race of Maranta, who after making most of the running was able to finish close up fourth. No wonder people are now talking of Maranta as the probable winner of the Cesarewitch under 7st. 6lb. Sir Abe Bailey has others in that race, but none looks to be so well handicapped as Maranta. Among his Cesarewitch rivals may be Haulfryn, the hero of the Doncaster Cup, for the winning of which no penalty has been incurred.

Admirably trained by Miss Norah Wilmot, Haulfryn has been a performer of great consistency this season, and as his stamina came through a most convincing test on the Town Moor, we can expect him to become a strongly fancied Cesarewitch competitor, especially if the stable is fortunate enough to secure the services of G. Richards again.

A great deal of controversy followed the Champagne Stakes. Would Mirza II have won had his jockey not been bound by instructions to steady him in the early stages? It is claimed that Mirza II should have been allowed to race at top speed from the beginning. One is inclined to agree that a colt of his phenomenal speed should set the opposition the task of catching him. Nevertheless it is still uncertain whether he would ever beat Portmarnock over a six-furlong course.

Sir Humphrey de Trafford's colt may not have quite the dash of Mirza II, but he is exceptionally brilliant and looks to have a bright chance of gaining classic honours. The last has been seen of him this season. Mirza II, it is expected, will compete for the Middle Park Stakes next month. Here he will have another doughty antagonist in the shape of Portmarnock's stable companion Unbreakable. No matter in which way Mirza II is ridden at Newmarket he will still find the sixth furlong of the race a source of trouble.



CAMP IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA



CAR AND TUAREGS ON THE HOGGAR

BIG GAME OF FRENCH AFRICA

A Preliminary Canter North of the Equator

IN February this year I found myself with a little over three months to spare. At first I put out feelers towards the Near East, only to find that wandering big game hunters were objects of suspicion in the country that I had chosen. Having had sufficient *visa* trouble on a previous occasion, I abandoned the plan and decided on Africa. I decided to take a car and to make the journey correspond as far as possible either with shooting, or with information about shooting, and to gain an experience of certain areas that should be comprehensive, if superficial, but likely to prove a useful survey from which to plan a further trip.

I ruled out East Africa from the start, partly because of expense and partly because the driving of a car down there from the north promised to turn the trip into something of a reliability trial to the detriment of the shooting prospects. I planned to drive down from Algiers across the Sahara by the Hoggar route, and to go eastwards and south from there to French Equatorial Africa.

I solved the transport problem by buying a four-year-old saloon car of moderate horse power for £30, and fitting it with 6-in. tyres for travelling over soft sand. Into this car I packed three rifles, what I thought to be the minimum equipment for my wife and myself, and started off. We carried with us a letter that helped us to carry our rifles and ammunition through French territory, though we were held up for three days in Algiers over formalities. It is wise to carry as many papers relative to the importation of firearms as one can procure.

Although we did not carry a tent or beds on this stage of the journey, we had to discard some of our equipment in order to make room for sufficient supplies of petrol and water—*i.e.*, a total of 24 gallons of petrol to carry us 400 miles, a distance that allowed us a comfortable margin, and 10 gallons of water.

As far as Arak the country was of little interest from the sporting point of view, consisting mainly of scrub desert, overrun by nomads, and barren plateau inhabited by nothing. Arak, however, lies on the edge of the upland country of the Hoggar massif, which stretches for 260 miles to Tamanrasset and then slopes 100 miles southwards to the sand desert. This high upland is a home of gazelle and barbary sheep.

The gazelle are much in evidence, particularly in the early morning, and frequently run parallel to the car at speeds of up to 30 miles an hour—a habit which endears them to many passing travellers, who take their toll of them. The sheep are seldom seen near the road except at night. It was difficult to form an estimate of the numbers of sheep or the size of the heads because the white population in the Sahara considers that stalking sheep is too arduous. The Tuaregs, however, trap the sheep, and we saw their huts roofed with sheep skin. The local and limited occurrence of water and vegetation should make it possible to find the sheep within a comparatively short time. I believe that it is possible to reach some of their haunts by camping on the road and walking from camp. If further transport is necessary, donkeys could be procured from Tamanrasset, though camels would be more difficult to find.



ELEPHANT HUNTING BY BOAT

The month of December is the open season, and it would be wisest to apply for a permit from Algiers in the first place. Local authorities are sometimes apt to shelve matters by referring them back to Algiers. We did not obtain a licence to shoot in the desert as we were anxious to press on before the rains broke in French Equatorial Africa.

Beyond Tamanrasset there is addax country, and further south, beyond In Guezzam, there is the sand desert and the home of the oryx. No one that we met had ever hunted these animals except one mechanic who had shot an addax—a moderate head—that had wandered misguidedly to the outskirts of Tamanrasset. As to the best means of finding addax, I could find no reliable information, but I feel certain that oryx can be found by following the road south to a place called In Abbanagit, that lies 100 miles south of In Guezzam. There are two mud huts and a well at In Abbanagit, but the Tuaregs came there everyday at noon to water their flocks, and it should be quite possible to arrange for a guide and camels to take one to the oryx country, which lies some two days' camel ride away. Anyone who could acquire a smattering of Tuareg would have a great advantage, as the French-speaking Arab interpreter who lives there is more than likely to translate what suits him best.

While this information is as accurate as I could glean in the time, it has none of it been tested by personal experience of the shooting. There is one point, however, that I can vouch for. The road as far as Tamanrasset provides few difficulties. One is liable only to have broken springs and ordinary mechanical breakdowns. Between Tamanrasset and In Abbanagit, however, there are many patches of treacherous going, and it is quite possible to be inextricably stuck. Boards, wire netting, chain mail or some other device for getting clear of soft sand are essential as well as certain spares and an adequate water supply. While there is no danger, since one is bound by law to take out a contract *de dépannage* which ensures a rescue party, both one's chances of shooting and one's finances will be ruined if that rescue party sets out.

The desert road ends at Kano, in Northern Nigeria, and from there we drove eastwards to Maiduguri. At Maiduguri we heard of the Lake Chad elephants, and decided to break the journey to try for them. The herd that lives near the western shore of the lake, in Nigerian territory, remains in the water all day. Since the herd is reputed to do much damage to the native crops and

grain pits, shooting may be had without licence. The ivory is poor, 30lb. being a good weight for a tusk, but owing to the peculiar conditions under which the elephant live, they give interesting sport.

From Maiduguri we drove north and east to the small town of Kukawa, some 80 miles distant. From Kukawa we trekked with ponies and porters for three nights along the shores of Chad until, on the third morning, we made camp at a small village close to where we had marked fresh elephant tracks. That night we heard the elephant trumpeting as they came out of the lake and passed by the village.

The next morning two of the watchers returned about 4 a.m. and I went out with them to carry out our part of the proceedings and to plant ourselves in the path of the returning herd. Unfortunately the elephants would not conform and insisted on returning at the false dawn before there was shooting light, and forcing us to make a hasty retreat to one side. When the dawn did break they had already disappeared into the reedy waters of Chad.

I thought that the sport was over for the day but the hunters were not to be so lightly cheated of their breakfast. They indicated, by signs, that we could follow up by canoe, and proceeded to drag out one of their craft, made of reeds and papyrus grass bound into a gondola-like shape. I took my place in the bows of this canoe while the hunters poled and pushed it through the reeds.

After nearly three hours we heard the faint sound of a rumbling belly followed by the high-pitched note of trumpeting. Within a short time, we broke through a patch of thick reeds to see the herd strung out in a long line about 70yds. away. I took the heart shot at a bull that seemed to show fair tusks for the district, and the forepart of the herd, consisting of cows and calves, made off. The latter part of the herd bunched together and moved a little nearer. Rather foolishly, I took a snap shot at one moderate-sized bull that seemed to show the best tusks, but he turned at the moment of the shot and the bullet entered at the wrong angle. The wounded beast disappeared into the middle of the herd.

The group of elephants stood there feeling for the wind while we waited at 50yds. distance. Finally 20 old bulls moved off diagonally across our path, and when about 100yds. from us got the wind. Again they hesitated and faced us, trunks up and trumpeting, but they shortly turned and made off. The second group then followed, strung out in line, and my wounded beast presented a nice broadside target. When he fell, the remainder of the herd made off in haste. From the death of the first elephant to that of the second the whole affair had taken just over ten minutes. I was puzzled at the behaviour of the herd, since it had been well hunted by people on local leave, and I came to the conclusion that its uncertainty was due to the fact that it had not been followed into Chad before.

Other game around Chad includes Addra gazelle, Senegal hartebeeste, cob and sititunga, the last-named being very difficult to find, since they live in the dense clumps of papyrus by day, and I only heard of one man who had shot one.

From Maiduguri we drove to Fort Lamy, and from there down to Fort Archambault. Fifty miles east of Archambault I spent a week after giant eland. Eland were there, spoor was fairly plentiful, though not very fresh, and we were able to track one, which proved to have only a small head. The country was all quite flat, covered with thick bush, and only a certain proportion of the grass had been fired. In these conditions the one week allowed by my schedule was insufficient; but the worst feature of the country round Fort Archambault is the fact that it is the centre of big game tourism. Visitors are encouraged to fly out and to have everything provided for them at suitable prices. The man who wishes to arrange his own trekking is not encouraged, and is likely to meet with obstruction. In order to secure the best results it would be necessary to drive to undisturbed country to the east of Archambault and to trek with porters into the more remote parts.

We made a series of halts on the road back to Fort Lamy and shot buffalo, roan, hartebeeste and waterbuck. Some ten miles to the west of this road it is also possible to find bushcow. We did not see elephant as the herds had been harried by Arabs, who had been hunting to capture two baby elephants for the Paris Zoo, but I understand that the ivory is similar to that in East Nigeria. We saw one lion, which stopped the car by its unwillingness to disturb its siesta in the middle of the road, and though these beasts were reported everywhere we saw no other sign of them. Shooting from cars has, I fancy, done something to diminish the number of lions, since it is a common custom in the district; one man boasted to me of having shot up a troop of lions with the aid of his headlights, killing two and wounding four.

G. V. Hett.



GUN AND MEADOW HARE

Feather to the Cartridge—Fur to the Harriers

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

To begin with the gods, the "red" gods, never made the brown meadow hare as an asset of the shooting man. She is, unlike the rabbit, a Beast of the Chase, and she was born to be hunted (as in the days of Xenophon) by means of the lop-eared, mottled harrier; to this end was she born or even to be raced down by the degenerate children of the great dogs of Finn MacCool. The gun in fact was never intended for the hare though necessity has thrust the hare upon the gun, especially upon the farmer gun who must, lest he be devoured by her, keep her numbers within limits.

And the hare occurs in all cultivated country in England and Scotland, in the latter land she may even be found among the high stony hills of her white (or blue) cousin. But in Erin the brown hare is not. To the islands of the West the meadow hare was introduced, in 1818, by one Malcolm Laing. I fancy that to-day these island hares are extinct. They, I understand, but I have never heard the reason why, tended, in the islands, to vary in colour, a thing that the brown hare, in her ordinary "howffs," rarely or never does. Yet the fur of the hare is in a continuous state of flux, of going and coming. When the brown fur first grows upon the hare's back it is black but, at the length of one-eighth of an inch, the tips of the individual hairs turn brown while the basic portion of this back fur becomes white. The young of the hare are born in coats of goldish brown and not naked as are vulgar little rabbits.

The hare, to whom so much myth and fable attaches, suffers, I fancy, more than any animal which we use to provide us with our lethal amusements. Or at least she appears to do so. A hunted hare pitifully crying as she hops her last 50yds. of life in front of a pack of hounds is a far more heartrending object than is a fox in similar predicament. The latter dies silently and usually with his teeth in the nose of the leader of the pack. A hare scotched by gun-shot is infinitely more poignant to see than is a pinioned pheasant or even a partridge with a leg down. Yet only the salutary saltpetre can deal with the hare when she flourishes at the expense of agriculture, for she has the advantage over the rabbit in that she is not systematically tortured to death in gins and snares.

It is always a wonder to me that the hare, which provides such excellent and plentiful eating, is looked on askance by the rural gourmand. A gift brace of rabbits will be preferred before her every time. Possibly her uncanny associations with witch and fairy tale, coupled with her bi-sexual and hermaphrodite report, cause the slow rustic mind to scunner instinctively at jugged hare and its ritual red currant jelly? Who knows?

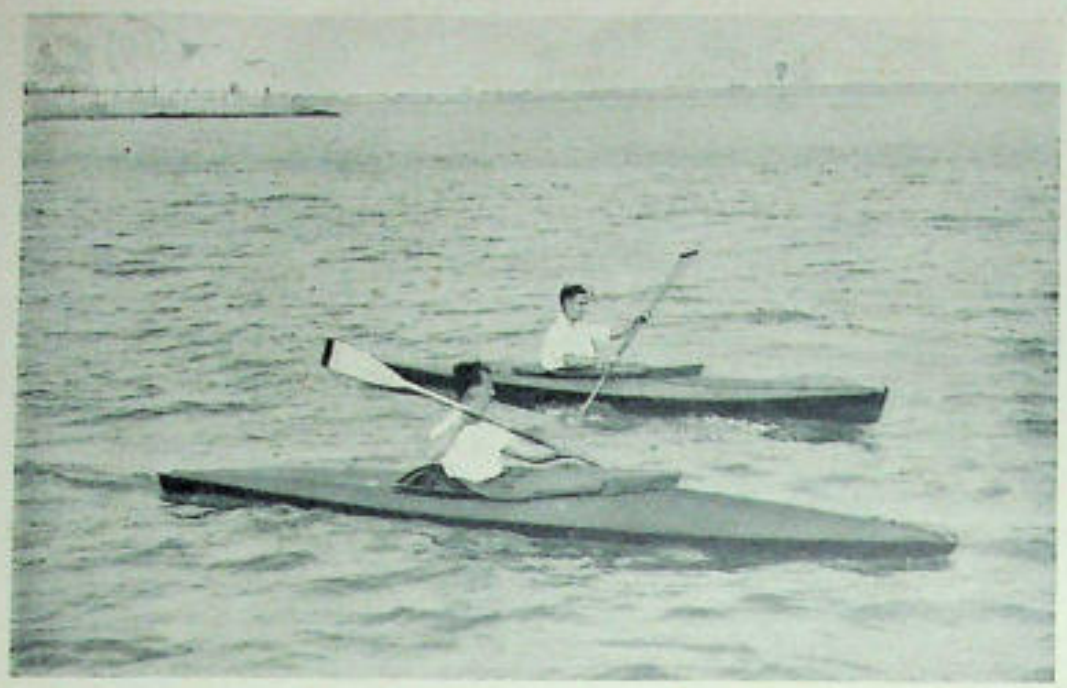
The hare also is said to consume its own dung. And Leviticus, and other people, have declared that a hare chews the cud. The reason for these two widely accepted, but wrongful, beliefs is that the creature is nocturnal and eats mainly between 7 p.m. and 7 a.m. Filled to repletion, the hare, unless disturbed, spends the hours of light in a quiescent digesting of her meal. During this time no excretions occur. It is probable that Leviticus may be dismissed thus: The hare's process of digestion is as automatic as is our own. The half-digested food passes down a narrow channel and enters a species of secondary stomach. During this digestive period certain portions of the food in the form of pellets, soft and mucilagenous, are extruded and received by the animal directly into its mouth; they are re-swallowed *without mastication* and then passed for a second and final time through the digestive canal. On this I speak with the authority of Mr. Millais.

The bi-sexual myth is easily explained, since it is difficult, even for the trained naturalist, to know a Jack hare from a Jill. But, as the falcons (only not in the same one-third proportion), the female hare is larger than the male. Her skull, too, is just a trifle the narrower. A down-fed hare (thyme and the sweet upland grasses) is the best eating hare of all. But you will have to shoot her, and there is, for the shooting man, no question as to which is the better fun, the better sport, feather or fur. No man enjoys shooting hares. No man will shoot a hare when he can shoot a partridge. "Feather" is our favourite each time. Which thing proves the contention wherewith I started this paper, namely, that it is natural in man to hunt his hare and not to shoot her.

As for the hare as a beast of the gamekeeper's manor, she is welcome if she comes in the proportion of ten hares to a hundred partridges. For, as a *plat*, jugged hare and jelly is as British a course as is roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. And infinitely more delicate. The latter is but rude plenty, while the back of a hare cooked in burgundy or claret is as consummate a ragout as can come to table.

But I would never, for choice, take a shoot with a lot of hares on it, though having got such a one the sale of hares is useful as a means of reducing running expenses. One shoots hares, where they exist in bulk, promiscuously upon ordinary shooting days and, once (or twice) a season—late on—in a sort of pogrom or *jehad*. Then does our agricultural countryside combine to make sport and holiday, then do 30 guns come out and then beaters advance (one to every 10yds. of fenceless arable) in, literally, mile long formation. And if on such a day you want to win the 1/- sweepstake on the bag it will be well to guess the same to be between 350 and 400 hares.

If I must shoot a hare I prefer the hare that bounces out upon me at a covert shoot, for I have shot her before I have had time to consider her grace and meek beauty. Most of all do I hate the hare that I can see coming; hopping slowly she comes, the brown familiar of the golden stubble, now pausing to look back at the line, now, on her hunkers, to wash her face nervously and commend herself to St. Monacella. I let such a hare go unshot at as a rule, but sometimes this may not be. Then I abstain from tail, or head-on shots, and, holding well forward as she crosses me, I miss her cleanly or else she dies in instantaneous cart-wheels and never knows that she is dead. And, could you consult her feelings in the matter, she would probably prefer it so, than to be killed by the harriers at the conclusion of the run of the season which should be, of course, her natural end.



THE TWO CANOES IN THE SHELTER OF DOVER HARBOUR
The author, farthest from the camera, and Mr. L. J. Bird before setting out for France

CROSSING THE CHANNEL BY CANOE

An Adventurous Voyage in a 26-in. Beam Boat

IT all really happened years ago when I was reading that delightful book, *The Wind in the Willows*. Those who know it may remember how the Rat introduced the Mole to the fun of boating.

"Believe me, my young friend," the Rat was saying, "there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing-about-in-boats," when the Mole suddenly exclaimed: "Look ahead, Rat!"

His warning came too late however, and the boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air, but still quite pleased with himself.

Later, after a series of adventures, the Mole is pictured wagging his toes from sheer delight. Blissfully leaning back into the soft cushions he exclaims: "*What* a day I'm having!"

It was while reading this passage that the first urge to go "messing about in boats" really came upon me. The Norfolk Broads, with their reedy creeks, and the sandy estuaries of the Devon rivers became my first playground, and day trips were followed by maritime adventures in dinghies, though always hugging the coast. But it seems now that my life afloat only really began when, in the company of my friend, L. J. Bird, I put down sixteen hard-earned pounds sterling and bought my first canoe. We slept on board the first week-end we owned her, somewhere up the Mole in Surrey just below Esher. During the day we had seen our first kingfisher and discovered all the fun of dragging our craft through little creeks between sleepy banks fringed with grey-green willows.

As time went on we "messed about" on more exciting waters, and at the end of our first summer afloat we made North and slipped our craft on to the flood waters of the River Greta one October morning. There had never been a boat on this river before and it is unlikely that there will ever be one on it again; our first canoe perished nobly in its waters after three glorious miles.

In the next summer we had other canoes which have in successive years carried us down the Thames, the Wye, the Danube, the Rhine, the Inn and many other rivers, where water gypsies find their happiness.

All these voyages were, in their way, groundwork for the cross-Channel voyage which I made with my friend Bird on August 28th of this year. We lay the night previous to our adventure almost under the shadow of Dover Castle. We had little real sleep. Now and then we dozed off, only to wake with a start and imagine that it must be past 5 a.m. According to carefully made plans and certain advices from the local fishermen, we intended to leave Dover Harbour two hours after high water, and as the tide turned at 4.30 a.m. on August 28th we had need of an early departure.

We were both using single-seater Folbot canoes. These collapsible craft pack into two haversacks and, as a rule, we carry them about as personal luggage when travelling on trains or steamers. I am afraid we cannot vouch for the same success on buses, though some conductors cannot resist having an object rather like a coffin brought on board their vehicle. For this reason alone we have sometimes had them transported free of charge on road coaches.

A single-seater canoe of the type we used on our cross-Channel trip is 15ft. 10in. long and has a beam of only 26in. While this assists their speed, it is necessary to have a fairly good sense of navigation before putting out to sea in a canoe of this small beam. The loading capacity is 600lb.-700lb., and the weight, with paddles and bags, 68lb. After coming safely through such a hazardous voyage without mishap I have no hesitation in recommending the Folbot craft.

The Dover light was just being put to rest as we left the Harbour promptly at 6.30 a.m., having first of all obtained a reliable witness to our departure. Heavy rainclouds passed overhead, making the dawn seem just a little grim and the complaints of the gulls just a little reasonable. Once outside the harbour we turned our noses south-east and faced into a heavy sea and a moderately strong headwind. Indeed, we had not been going five minutes before waves had broken over both of us.

During the first hour I rarely saw more than the top of my friend's head in a trough of sea, though we were never more than 20yds. apart. If I did get a good view of his canoe it seemed to be resting on a hill top above me and the next moment to have passed from sight over the brow. In the first three miles we only saw three vessels, one being a motor-barge which came over to have a look at us, dipping its nose and pushing the sea aside in grand style. It was only when I was watching this barge approach that I fully realised that we were in a pretty heavy sea.

I looked over my shoulder. Dover Cliffs were still comfortably close—almost too close, for one had a strong desire to turn about and make for the safety of the harbour. By 8.30 a.m. we were out of sight of land, and as I had swallowed a fair amount of sea water, I was feeling pretty seasick. One has, indeed, a very strange sense of loneliness seated in a small canoe, with no land in sight, no ships about, a touch of seasickness, and the knowledge that it is necessary to pull hard to keep the boat heading into wind and sea. At 9.10 a.m. I felt really ill at ease and, from what I gathered later, my friend was none too happy himself.

By accident I had stuffed a penny packet of Wrigley's "P.K." into my pocket the night before we started, and, while I am not a chewing gum addict, I blessed it on this occasion. Almost at once I began to feel better, and by 10 o'clock I was back to normal and a son of the sea. Still we had no sight of land, and, for the first time, I began to doubt my friend's compass readings. Admittedly, visibility was extremely bad and ahead of us heavy rain-clouds came right down into the sea. It was, however, time we had a glimpse of the French coast.

By now my hands were becoming badly blistered and my arms felt as though they had had a bad time on the "rack." Then—and Noah cannot have been more pleased when the Flood abated—away in the distance I thought I could see a thin line of cliff top through the clouds. More hard paddling and we were certain that it was land. I looked at my watch and shouted across to my friend that we looked like making a new "world record."

However, after just under five hours and when we were within a mile of the French coast adverse currents practically halted us and it took another hour to cover this last stage. We had made the mistake of heading for Cape Blanc, being so glad to see land, instead of cutting across the bay to Cape Gris Nez. As it was, we were eventually forced to take this latter course and touched land at 12.32 p.m., the crossing having taken 6hrs. 2min. A Mr. Pritchard and his two children, John and Dorothy, witnessed our arrival.

When I am asked whether I would like to better our time my reply is in the affirmative, though next time I shall wait for a calmer sea. No one should attempt the crossing who is without a good deal of experience in canoes, or who lacks the stamina vouchsafed to the early twenties to cover 30 gruelling miles non-stop paddling.

WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE.



ON THE SAND DUNES AT WISSANT, NEAR CAPE GRIS NEZ
This photograph was taken ten minutes after landing on French soil

WOODERSON AND LOVELOCK COMPARED

A Wonderful World Record Mile

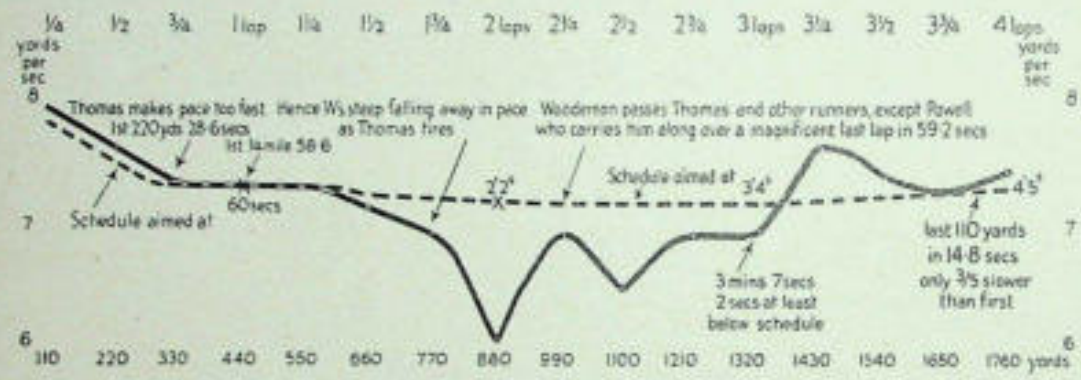
By GUY M. BUTLER

ONE of the most striking features in the history of sport is the amazing advance in athletic records since the War. We have become so accustomed to athletic feats which only ten years ago would have been deemed impossible, that I for one have long since given up any attempt to mark a boundary line between that which can and cannot be done.

Recently I had the thrilling experience of seeing the reigning amateur one mile champion, S. C. Wooderson, break the world's record, returning the astounding time of 4min. 6.4sec. He thus removed two-fifths of a second from the previous figures standing to the credit of the great American, Glenn Cunningham.

This record attempt was organised by the Blackheath Harriers—Wooderson's club—and a specially framed handicap was made; the ground, chosen by Wooderson himself, being that of the London University at Motspur Park. The weather was ideal for the performance—fine with hardly the suspicion of a breeze. The track was in splendid condition.

Figure 1



GRAPH SHOWING AVERAGE QUARTER LAP TIMES OF WORLD'S RECORD ONE MILE BY S. C. WOODERSON, AUGUST 28TH, 1937

Nevertheless, there were two factors militating against Wooderson's chances of achieving an optimum performance. In the first place the race was (as it were) run in cold blood. No handicap event, however well supported by the enthusiasm of the spectators, can hope to produce that atmosphere of nervous tension lacking which a runner cannot fully tap those sources of nervous vitality almost automatically released in a championship when two or more world-beaters are in opposition. The other obstacle to Wooderson's attaining a super time was the tremendous speed set over the first furlong.

Here I will digress and examine the run from the pace judgment standpoint. I have always held the view that successful running at any distance above 300yds. depends vitally on the ability of the athlete to judge his speed to within fractions of seconds per lap. This is especially true of a record attempt where the sole aim of the athlete is to give of his uttermost. It is generally agreed among experts (and indeed elementary common sense reinforces the view) that level pace-making is the best way of producing the best possible time. Wooderson's mentor, Albert Hill, himself one of the greatest middle-distance runners this country has ever produced, has always realised this fact more vividly than the majority of athletes. In consequence I know that Wooderson's aim in this race was to settle down as soon as possible to the speed necessary to cover each lap in 62sec. Allowing for the initial sprint to quicken up the first lap, this should have meant roughly the following time schedule:

	Minutes.	Seconds.
Quarter mile	1	1
Half mile	2	3
Three-quarter mile	3	5
One mile	4	5

In that last quarter mile Wooderson was to put in all he knew, leaving just enough for his sprint in the home straight. Had this plan been carried through successfully I venture to think that the final time would have been very much nearer the 4min. 5sec.* which I rather boldly (perhaps) estimated above. Unfortunately theory is one thing and practice another. The intermediate times which two of us took at each quarter lap (110yds.) from the centre of the ground show in a vivid manner how Wooderson's speed varied throughout the journey.

I have here reduced the average speed in each intermediate quarter lap to yards per second and plotted them on a graph reproduced in Fig. 1. Before discussing the curves thus obtained in detail, let us return to the race itself and the runners who were to help draw out the champion in his effort. These included a former holder of the British record, R. H. Thomas, off 10yds., J. V. Powell, a half-miler capable at his best of 1min. 51sec., off the very big mark of 100yds., and in the van of the procession the champion's brother, Stanley Wooderson, off 140yds. Roughly the idea was that Thomas should be responsible to draw Wooderson along over the first two, or possibly three, laps. Two other first-rate milers, B. F. H. Wright and B. C. Eeles, both capable at their best of inside 4min. 20sec., it was hoped would be handy in the third and always most trying lap, while Powell with the limit markers were to help matters in the last 440yds.

A glance at Fig. 1 will show more or less what happened. Here is my own interpretation of the curves. Thomas goes off at a tremendous pace, nearly fast enough, indeed, for a class half mile. Fortunately Wooderson refrains from following too closely, but nevertheless he covers the first 440yds. in the over-rapid time of 58.6sec. Soon after this Thomas, realising as the time is called that he has gone too fast, eases off and, as so often happens in these circumstances, overdoes it. His pace falls off, and so rather naturally does that of Wooderson. The second lap is therefore a 64, with the last quarter of that lap, when Thomas is beginning to tire, covered at the lowest speed of the race. His pace-maker is now travelling very slowly, and Wooderson strides out to pass him. Having done so at 990yds. he slows off again but gradually accelerates.

All these are easily passed except Powell, who has been running well within himself and keeping a weather eye on Wooderson over his shoulder. Halfway round the third lap Albert Hill hurries across the ground and calls out to Wooderson that the pace is below par. This information is further emphasised by the time given out at the three-quarter mark. This is 3min. 7sec., and not the 3min. 5sec. at which Wooderson was aiming. He thus accelerates in the first quarter of the last lap with Powell now running wide of him a few yards in front and drawing him along well. The pace falls away slightly after the initial quickening at the bell but there is enough there for a spurt in the home straight. A great last lap made the world's record possible.



WOODERSON SETTING UP THE NEW WORLD RECORD FOR THE MILE

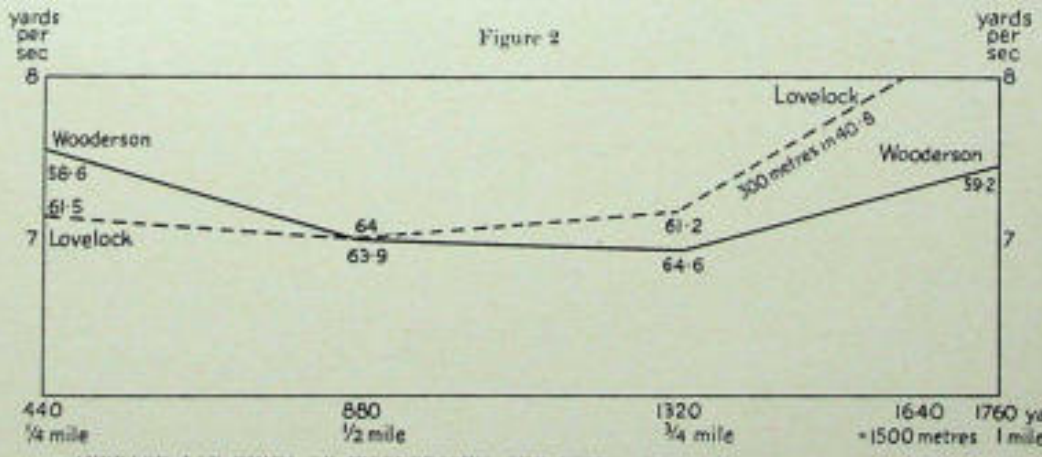
And now that Wooderson has shown his metal in an all-out race, can we form any clearer opinion as to his real worth by comparison with Jack Lovelock? In common with many thousands of others, I have always been extremely interested in this problem. I therefore looked up my programme of the Berlin Games for August 6th, 1936, Lovelock's day of days, when he not only won the Olympic 1,500 metres final, but beat world's record by a whole second—equivalent of about 7yds.

I wondered whether it would be possible to produce another graph showing together the intermediate lap times of Lovelock and Wooderson. I have done so in Fig. 2, and the result was—to me at least—astonishing. If Wooderson finished fast in his race, Lovelock finished even faster in Berlin.

Just how well he was moving is best appreciated by checking the times of the first three laps. These were 1min. 1.5sec., 2min. 5.4sec., and 3min. 6.6sec. —hardly what the ordinary mortal would regard as a crawl. Lovelock said that he was sorely tempted to start his finishing effort a whole lap, 400 metres, from home, but decided that with such dangerous opponents discretion was the better part of valour. So it was he kept his effort till 300 metres from the tape, his time for this stretch being 40.8sec., or two seconds better than the previous fastest finish in a record-making effort at this distance. Moreover, his last 200 metres time which I took with my stop watch, was 27.2sec., a fraction faster even than that of the 800 metres winner.

When these two records are thus compared Lovelock's performance is definitely superior. At the same time the following points in his favour must be borne in mind: (1) the 1,500 metres is 120yds. short of a mile; (2) the track in the Olympic Stadium was wonderfully fast, and probably worth a few yards, even over the excellent surface at Motspur Park; (3) the pace over the first lap was an easy one, and Lovelock, as he said himself, was simply "coasting" along; (4) last, and probably most important, was the tremendous inspiration provided by an Olympic final.

Figure 2



AVERAGE LAP TIMES OF WOODERSON'S ONE MILE, AUGUST 28TH, 1937, AND LOVELOCK'S 1,500 METRES, AUGUST 6TH, 1936



SALMON FISHING IN PICTURESQUE SURROUNDINGS
A reach of the Wye at Llanfaredd, near Builth Wells

FROM THE DISCARD

When Old Rods and Old Methods Come Handy

By MURRAY MACKAY

MOST salmon fishers of long experience have seen, used and rejected skyscraping rods in favour of others—shorter, lighter and frequently as powerful. Nowadays the eighteen- or twenty-footer of yesterday is regarded as an exhibition piece. A thing to be greeted with remarks such as, "It would cast you," or, "What price the Eiffel Tower." Thereafter it is laid to another long rest among the dilapidated gear, which may come in handy but should be thrown out. Admittedly an odd day's casting with one of the type is convict's work. Occasionally such a rod, if made of very good wood, is reduced to something more wieldy.

However, even in the original state, one may prove more useful than the most perfect fly or spinning rod, in certain circumstances. For example, you wish to fish a heavy, narrow stream which runs close under a high, tree-laden bank. The water is deep, very fast, and footholds for wading on that bank are precarious. Such a spot tries the most expert-in-difficulty caster. Assume that you can make use of the opposite bank. There, water-covered shingle slopes gently for a short distance before declining sharply into the narrow strip of relatively quiet, deep water at the stream's edge.

You may say, if the description is clear, that is an easy place for a fly. So it is, and a good place for a fish. But the fish may not be fly conscious. Put a bait over it? Most certainly, but remember you cannot wade too far. A bait, however well placed by the modern short spinning rod, will scarcely be working before the current whisks it to the slackish water and it settles on the bottom for better or worse. You cannot work the bait slowly with a short rod in this kind of water. You may reel in fast to keep the tackle up. But the movement is uninviting. Only a very keen fish shows interest.

In addition, the casting entails precision, any lapse results in a noisy splosh, not infrequently over the wrong spot. It is curious how mistakes in fishing are usually bad ones. This is when the discarded "pole," as Americans say, comes out of the corner.

There is no need to cast. The extra three yards reach makes all the difference. In any case the ring furnishings practically knock out the spinning reel. Wade in as far as possible, but keep a watchful eye on that shingle slope. It is bad stuff for a downslide. With the tackle suitably leaded (anent which more later) point the rod at right angles to the stream and let out a few yards of line. Of course, you have begun some distance above the first potential lie. Hold the rod parallel to the water, then slowly swing it across toward your own side, but not so far as to anchor in the slack. However, pause long enough for the bait to reach there, visit it, then reverse the action until the rod returns to the starting point. Repeat the process. Then without moving let out another yard of line, work as before, and so on.

The importance of holding the rod point down is that a greater striking arc is obtained. Some of these immense weapons bend considerably before much strain comes on the line. Therefore in striking with a rod held high, it will have to be brought behind the shoulder before exerting real force at the hooks. Such a position invites a break, should a heavy fish at once move fiercely.

At any time you may feel a tap, as if the lead touched rock. On the next tap you strike; the fish should be there! It is each man for himself after that. All is well with a truly-hooked fish if the gillie or eager friend is there to gaff. But the lone hand may have an awkward and anxious time. Snatch gaffing is at a discount. The salmon must must be played out, but even then there is danger. Although you gaff in shallow water, the line is short. This, coupled with the weight of the rod in one hand and the drag of the fish, swinging on the gaff in the other, is liable to put a breaking strain on the rod point. None but the lightest-ratcheted reel will ease the tension.

To return to leading: the lead to line relationship must be borne in mind. More lead is supported by stout lines than by the thread-like ones, now so often used for spinning. For the work in question a compromise is best. The lighter lead and line minimise the drag at the rod point. By thus reducing the curve, a slight increase in the breadth of bait travel is gained; admittedly little, but it may be useful. Such a line gives fair buoyancy and this allows a chance of working the lure into quiet places, places where a thin line might sink. When thus exploring, the rod end of the line is worked back to moving water which helps to sustain the lift.

The area can be well searched, either by altering the leads to suit the stream's depth and force, or where possible by taking two or three short steps downstream between each transverse action. The latter way avoids letting out an excessive length of line.

Where snags abound the long rod often saves time and water disturbance. Compared with a short one, it allows a greater range of angles from which to attempt a release. This is particularly helpful where conditions make river crossing impossible.

Although the type of water instanced above is particular, this use for the "old barge pole" may be extended to other stretches. It is valuable when levels are low and among shingle mounds and troughs, which are sometimes rapacious bait collectors. Whether or not there is any truth in the idea of irritating fish into taking, the method appears to make possible the capture of a number of otherwise missed fish.

FLY FLUCTUATIONS

A Study of Weed on the Avon

ANGLERS for trout have many forms of adverse conditions to contend with—floods, droughts, excess of weed, scarcity of weed, depredations by enemies of fish life, such as herons and pike, pollution, prevalence of poaching, and so on "ad lib." These, however, are as a rule not entirely beyond remedy, that is to say not beyond the power of the fishery manager to remedy, except that heavy floods are at most times a state of affairs which he is unable to alter.

There is one condition, however, which is a matter of the deepest concern to all of us brothers of the angle, and that is shortage of fly. Unfortunately, very little is known of the life history of the various flies which are of paramount importance to trout fishers. Much valuable work has been done by such workers as Halford, Mosely, Mottram and Lunn, to mention only a few, but it is incontestable that there is an enormous field of research awaiting those who may undertake to continue these labours. The biological survey of the River Avon by Southampton University College, with its valuable reports, is a definite step in the right direction, and though up to date mainly

confined to promoting the interests of salmon fishers, has already made a start with investigations likely to be of service to trout anglers.

This year the shortage of fly on our waters has been a matter of grave concern. It is not a usual complaint. Our fish are generally free risers and have something to rise at. There is sometimes a pronounced "slump" after mayfly time before hatches of small fly are well established, but this year we have had practically no mayfly at all, and up to the first week in July have been exceptionally short of small fly. At the time of writing there seem to be grounds for hopes that better things may be in store. The shortage of mayfly is a minor point. A gradual decrease indicated that the periodic decline of this fly was in process, but shortage of small fly is a more serious matter. The only exceptional conditions which have prevailed of late are the very wet winter of last year and the consequent floods.

As it seemed likely that the past records of this association might throw some light on this matter of shortage of fly the old reports were carefully studied and finally a précis of the information extracted was made in the annexed summary. The mayfly record is of interest, and shows that up to 1924, which may be taken as a "peak year," there was a steady improvement; after that there was a similar steady decline. In Major J. W. Hill's *River Keeper*, page 42, he mentions a much quicker decline on the Kennet at Ramsbury 1907 to 1911, and complete absence of this fly till 1922. His figures for the Test (page 40) are similar to those recorded in the summary for our water, viz.: increase 1920, 1921 and 1922, and masses of fly in 1924. A note is made that the fly is again on the down grade (1934). There appears to be a fairly close sympathy as regards the mayfly between Test and Avon. Perhaps the proximity may account for this. It has been very noticeable on our water that for the last two or three years the falls of spent gnat have been almost non-existent, and this decline of mayfly has not come as a surprise.

To return to the small fly. It would appear that water conditions, especially in the preceding winter and spring, have a bearing on this subject; and also the state of the weed growths which are much dependent on water conditions. Heavy floods in winter and spring seem at any rate to delay the hatches of small fly during the subsequent summers. Low water on the other hand does not seem to have nearly such an adverse effect. It may be surmised that floods by increasing the springs keep the temperature of the river lower than the normal. This was very evident this year.

Weed, as all anglers know, is a necessity for trout, both from its power of oxygenation, provision of cover, and its capacity for storage of nymphs, shrimps and other forms of fish food. The main effect of floods on weed is to remove them from the best of the river where they cannot find a secure anchorage. After heavy floods those medium-deep reaches of the river, which are customarily clothed with bars of waving crowsfoot, and where the trout are to be found "fielding" nymphs as they leave the weeds, are frequently stripped of weed. The weed that grows on the hard gravel on the shallows usually survives, though exposed to a much greater rush of water; but in the medium-deep reaches the roots of the weed are often in silt, and less strongly entrenched. In our water, at any rate, the bulk of the nymphs, especially those mature and ready to hatch, is found in the weeds rather than in the gravel itself. Hence it seems that a scarcity of weed *may* at times account for a scarcity of fly.

The subject of flannel weed is well worthy of consideration. In our water, in the two drought years of 1933 and 1934, a vast carpet of flannel weed formed all over the river bed, and was alive with shrimps and nymphs of all kinds. It was impossible to remove this weed, and it remained till the end of 1935. It was between 1ft. and 2ft. thick in many places, and it is thought that when it was swept away in the wet autumn of 1935 a great deal of fly life may have gone with it. It is also a matter of conjecture as to whether it may not have had an adverse effect on eggs laid by spinners of mayfly and on eggs of some of the small fly which were unable to reach the more securely anchored weeds in the bed of the river and lay their eggs on them. In fact these weeds did not exist, having been stifled by the flannel weed. The roots, however, did survive.

I have made a fairly constant study of nymphs in weeds which has brought out certain points. Nymphs seem to get first into crowsfoot at the root end of a weed mass, work their way along and, when mature and ready to hatch, are more generally to be found at the far extremity which trails either just under water or practically awash. In fact it seems they use crowsfoot as a "diving-board" for their inverted dive from water to air, thereby short-circuiting the waiting trout and insuring a better chance of survival in their passage to the surface. Their behaviour in other weeds, celery, &c. is similar, but not so easy to study.

Again, conditions prevailing during the fishing season have their effect on the hatch of fly. The imminence of rain and a lowering sky with its "dour" blue-black reflection seems inimical to the prospects of a good hatch. On the other hand some of our best hatches are seen in hard, blustering, downstream winds from the north. Fine weather with a high barometer appears conducive to good hatches except in cases of prolonged drought, and the best falls of spinners seem to occur on fine quiet evenings.

So far these notes have been based on the ordinary recurrent conditions of various seasons; this year, however, another factor was noticed which may be of general interest. This was the presence of simulium (which is the larva of the reed smut) in enormous numbers in our bars of crowsfoot. These little creatures have a "penchant" for swift water and can hold on like grim death to the weed. It is not thought that trout care for them, presumably because they find them so hard to dislodge. They have a most unpleasant habit of spinning webs something like the gossamer spiders, and it is possible that the presence of these larvae in the weeds in large numbers deprive the nymphs of the small fly of their usual desired and desirable residence.

In our waters, this year, up to the first week of July, nymphs were hardly to be found at all in the weeds: only millions of simulium. Since then the simulium has rapidly disappeared, and to the great relief of the management the usual show of nymphs is to be found re-establishing itself in the weeds; and there is an improvement in the hatch of fly. At the time of writing (mid-July) it is still noticeable that where simulium remains nymphs are very scarce. The celery beds were less affected by this pest than the crowsfoot, and nymphs were found in them before they returned to the crowsfoot. A few days ago a visit was paid to this water by Mr. Beak, assistant research officer of Southampton University College Avon Biological Survey, various nymphs and simulium were caught and placed in jam pots for inspection, and it was interesting to see nymphs apparently struggling in mid-water, but, as a closer look revealed, in reality suspended by and enmeshed in, a thread of finest silk spun by the simulium. Mr. Beak has made a note of the complaint against simulium, and may be able to investigate the matter further, but it seems as if their presence in large numbers is distasteful to nymphs and they are deprived of their normal desirable habitat.

H. E. CAREY



KEEPING TALLY OF FLY LIFE

Examining a floating fly-board, on the underside of which eggs are laid

SUMMARY OF SEASONS—Officers' Fishing Association

Year.	Weather Conditions of Preceding Winter and Spring.	Water Conditions.	Weed.	Mayfly.	Small Fly.	Grayling Netting of.	Season's Catch Trout.	Season's Catch Grayling.	Remarks.
STOCKED WITH FRY ONLY IN 1931 AND ONWARDS.									
1919	Rainfall deficient	Low water	Plentiful	Fair	Fair	Netted	No Returns Available		Very hot and dry summer
1920	Good winter rains	Heavy water	Normal	Good	Poor till L.S.	Netted			Wet summer. Poor fishing
1921	Moderate rains	Good at first, then very low	Sparse	Very good	Very poor	Netted			Very severe drought. Poor fishing
1922	Moderate rains	Normal	Normal	Very good	Good, V.G. L.S.	Partially netted			Fishing good
1923	Moderate rains	Normal	Normal	Good	Good	Netted			Equable season. Good sport
1924	Winter floods	Very high	Excessive	V.G. indeed	Normal	Partial netting			A season of high water. Fishing good
1925	Floods	Good flow	Scarce where swept away	Good	Poor M.S. Good L.S.	Netted			Very fair. Fish bottom feeding M.S.
1926	Normal	Normal	Normal	V. early: Good	Normal, best in L.S.	Netted			Fair season
1927	Normal	Normal	Normal	Fair (?)	Good	Partial netting			Too many poor fish, fair season
1928	Normal	Normal	Normal	Good	Good E.S. and L.S., poor M.S.	Netted	491	(?)	Shortage of trout and grayling
1929	Very dry	Low	Plentiful	Very poor	Fair	Netted	592	(?)	Drought year, fair sport
STOCKING WITH FRY INTRODUCED 1930.									
1930	Floods	Good	Scarce where swept away	Very fair	Fair	Netted	822	(?)	Wet L.S. spelt good season. Fewer grayling
1931	Rains	Heavy flow	Scarce where swept away	Fair	Poor	Partially netted	918	(?)	Very wet summer
1932	Severe spring flood	Heavy flow. Thick	Good weed scarce	Fair	Poor till L.S.	Not netted	873	595	Plenty of water and sunshine, but poor fly
1933	Normal	Water fell low	Much flannel weed	Poor	Satisfactory	Small netted	834	1,287	Drought summer
1934	Very dry winter. River frozen over	Water fell very low	Good weed scarce. Very much flannel.	Poor	Fair	Small netted	764	1,312	Second drought year
1935	Good rains	Moderate	Good weed scarce. Flannel less.	Very poor	Very good	Heavily netted in L.S.	1,874	1,837	Very wet autumn. Fly-boards adopted
1936	Very heavy rains	Heavy flow	Good scarce; flannel gone	Very poor	Poor	Not netted	1,141	541	Dismal wet summer
1937	Very heavy winter floods	Very heavy flow	Weed good	Almost nil	Poor E.S.	Not netted	—	—	Excess of simulium in weed E.S.

E.S.—Early in the season. M.S.—Mid season. L.S.—Late season.

Peak year for Mayfly seems to have been 1924. Gradual decline since then. Limits for trout 13in. below Bulford Bridge, 12in. above.

PART OF AN EXTRACT ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LARVA OF SIMULIUM, BY M. BEAK.

"Close examination shows that from leaf to leaf there is a complicated system of fine threads, and the larva can crawl along these. If it should become dislodged, it can crawl back to its original position by this means. In addition, it can spin a thread at will, so that it can drop back in the current, but remain attached by its thread. The thread is manufactured by the very large salivary glands."

This England . . .



From Bury Hill, Sussex

THERE is a peace in Sussex that no "progress" can destroy—it is too deep, too old. Does a new bungalow raise an outcry—there was once an iron-foundry where its garden grows. And how slight the sins of a rural council, to that evil administration which led Cade's desperate peasants to rebel. Does the city invade—what of sacking Norman and raping Dane? These things must come and go—the good in this England stays to ripen. So the power of fifteen horses may sweep you over the hill, but you'll slake your thirst with the same grand ale your trudging forbears did—if you call for Worthington.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



CUBS ARE KILLED IN KENNEL!

The kennel huntsman very often does not get the credit which he deserves, for unless hounds are fit they will not show sport. Here are the Old Berkeley Hounds with Griffiths, the kennel huntsman

FIRST CATCH YOUR CUB

The Importance of the Finding Hound

IT is perhaps a little obvious to say that to catch cubs you must catch them; but all the cry and dash and beauty in the world cut very little ice with farmers and landowners unless at the end of it a hound or some hounds catch hold of a cub and kill him. Catching ability, like cash ability in another sphere, is what the world acclaims. And catching generally comes down to one hound poking his phiz into a bramble bush and pulling out or putting up a well beaten cub which has lain down there. This remarkable flair for fresh-finding which occurs in some hounds should be prized above rubies. Very few people may realise, and as long as the cubs are caught it does not matter whether they realise it or not, that most of the cubs in a hunting country are slain by about three couple of hounds.

Imagine a pleasant September morning, with the mist gradually lifting, and a widening arc of blue making way for the sun. A nameless huntsman puts a nameless pack of hounds into a nameless covert full of nameless cubs; a hound called Nameless opens, and the business has begun. There is a scent which will last just so long as the shadow lies on the hill, and hounds roar round, splitting and uniting, every now and again a single hound canvassing for supporters and gathering them until the wood rings again.



HOUNDS AT FAULT

The South Berks near Strathfieldsaye just after they had checked. A hound in front has just spoken, no doubt to the huntsman's relief

Outside the foot people, who can be such a help and can be such a natural crowd out for a nutritional junket, stand in their positions. The Master, Colonel Nemo, notes with satisfaction that they seem to be a knowledgeable and blood-thirsty crew. Hounds are still running hard, but the sun is creeping up the sky and our huntsman prays that a cub may be killed offhand. He, sensible fellow, dislikes that long search for cubs tucked away on the foiled ground; but his dislike does not prevent him from carrying it out to the best of his ability.

Well, they will have to kill soon if they are going to do it in style, for scent is just beginning to go. Already there are streaks of sunlight in the undergrowth in the top part of the covert, and the reverberating chorus behind a cub is not quite so solid as it was.

Another ten minutes have passed, and it is hardly possible to believe that hounds have ever run hard. An occasional single note is heard, then a very modified chorus, and then silence again. A cub pops out in front of the foot people already mentioned, and a mighty great shouting goes up. He gives one look, and whips back into covert. Here come hounds, perhaps three minutes after; they cast themselves back and can just carry it out of sight; then silence. The same thing happens twice, and then all the cubs have stopped moving.

Now begins the real business of the day; the other was the buying, this is the paying. "Hold my horse, Jack," says our huntsman, and with a look of grim distaste mingled with an even grimmer determination, plunges into the jungle. His voice fades into the far quarter. "Try find him, my boys. Try over, try! Yo-hope, push him up!" No hound speaks, and some of the young hounds begin to look rather listless and uninterested.

Suddenly there is a roar from Nameless. "Have at him there, my lad," screams the huntsman in a voice of brass. The answering pandemonium tells him all he wants to know; it's "Who-whoop!" and a load off his mind, for this covert owner is rather a sticky dog, and *very* keen on results. The Colonel smiles, and the foot people feel each after his own sort.

But there are believed to have been four cubs in the litter, and so the search goes on. Twice Nameless does the trick, but the cubs disappear again. Then he finds a cub tucked away at the top of a ditch joining the covert, and a beetic game of hide and seek in the hedgerow ends with another success.

So the morning finishes and everyone is happy, except the cubs, who are beyond the reach of happiness or sorrow. Only the hunt staff, the Master and three others know that without Nameless the tally would have remained where it was at six o'clock that morning. Nameless himself looks extremely bored and rather bloody.

Of course, Nameless does not poke his head into a bramble bush every morning of the week, but he does it often enough to keep the farmers and landowners happy; and without him or his like, for he is, too, a wonder with a beaten fox in the open, the Catch-as-Catch-Canshire Hunt would not hold the name that they do in the Kingdom of Fox-hunting.

A. H. V. L.

A HERMIT CRAB MOVES INTO A NEW HOUSE



A HERMIT CRAB AT HOME. TWO SEA-ANEMONES SIT ON THE ROOF OF HIS SHELL AND PROTECT THE TENANT FROM APPROACHING ENEMIES BY MEANS OF THEIR POISONOUS TENTACLES



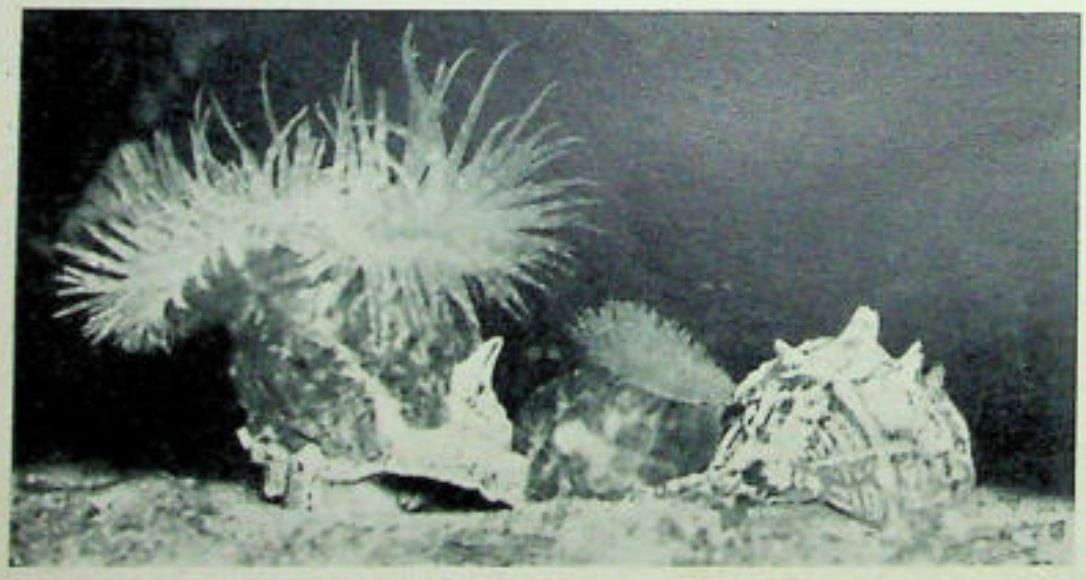
THE HERMIT CRAB HAS GROWN AND HAS MOVED INTO THE LARGER SHELL ON THE LEFT. THE TWO SEA-ANEMONES WILL FOLLOW AT ONCE



ONE OF THE DOMESTIC SERVANTS HAS FOLLOWED THE CRAB AND IS NOW SITTING ON THE ROOF OF THE NEW HOUSE



THE HEAVY WEIGHT OF ONE SEA-ANEMONE ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SNAIL'S HOUSE MADE THE LATTER TIP OVER THE HERMIT CRAB



THE HERMIT CRAB DOES NOT LIKE THE INCLINED POSITION OF ITS HOUSE, CAUSED BY ONLY ONE SEA-ANEMONE ON THE ROOF. HE THEREFORE COMES OUT OF THE HOUSE AND FORMS A BRIDGE BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW HOUSE

THE hermit crabs belong to the sub-order Anomura. In this sub-order the abdomen is coiled and asymmetrical, or is bent underneath the body. By far the best known of the order are the hermit crabs (Paguridæ) *which live in the shells of gastropod molluscs. They are especially adapted to this mode of life, for they have the abdomen soft and coiled spirally to fit the shell. Sea-anemones grown on the shell, help to protect the crab, and also share its food. They cannot, therefore, be considered parasites. Other sea organisms—as, for example, sponges—also grow on the shell. Another crab of the same group, though less well known, is the robber crab* (Birgus latro) *which is sometimes known as the coconut crab from its habit of climbing trees to feed on coconuts. This tropical land crab does not carry a shell. Neither of these crabs are true crabs. The true crabs belong to the sub-order Brachyura, and have the abdomen short, bent forward under the body, and with no tail fan. Of these the best-known British example is the marine species known as the edible crab* (Cancer pagurus).



ON THE RIGHT, THE SECOND SERVANT HAS OBEYED THE ORDER OF HIS MASTER, TOO. HERE IS THE HERMIT CRAB IN ITS NEW HOUSE DECORATED BY THE TWO SEA-ANEMONES SITTING ON THE ROOF

A NEW ONE-DESIGN CLASS

The Same International Function as the Older Dragon

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

SOME time ago an entirely representative body of yachtsmen from various maritime countries considered in all seriousness the practical possibilities of evolving an international one-design class of moderately small-sized racing yacht. Thus far, and as far as British racing is concerned, so good. One may say this despite the existing multiplicity of one-design classes in our waters. Then this selfsame representative body proceeded to adopt as the standard of its new class a design by the Norwegian Bjarne Aas, a decision which we must believe was influenced largely by this renowned designer's reputation as a designer of the very type of ship the crusaders were in search of, and, again, by the economic considerations which surround Norwegian building at the present time.

Now with this logic no one would dream of arguing, and yet the inevitable question *will* crop up. If we wanted a new class why was a British design not selected? There are undoubtedly all sorts of arguments on this which can be advanced. One of the most usual is that people wishing to start up a new class in their own waters look about them at the contemporary British one-design classes and can see little or nothing which has any semblance of permanent success about it. Good money is going into the class, and of what use is it to plunge with a type which, by reason of impermanence, will have a very diminished disposal value? This school of criticism thus condemns British design and unwittingly hangs the blame on the very multiplicity of the classes which the critic is prepared to increase. Surely where such criticism exists it is obviously high time that some governing body of the sport should take prompt steps to deal with the whole problem and ensure that British designs are used for our own home classes, or it will become the established custom always to go abroad for the lines.

The taking-up of this basic issue cannot, however, affect the Aas International One-Design Class, for that is launched. At least it is launched to the extent that already one of the new boats has been sailing over here, and that it is hoped by next season to have a round dozen of them divided between the Crouch and the Solent. And from what one can see of them they are neat, smart, workmanlike ships, admirable in design and sound in construction. The cost of each, at present, and with all extraneous factors such as "duty" and so on taken into account, should work out at about £475, the resulting ship being some 33.3ft. over all, 21.5ft. on the waterline, with a 6.8ft. beam and draught of rather more than 5ft., Bermudian sloop-rigged, of course, and sail planned in conformity with the latest trend of modern thought.

Now one of the arguments which I have heard put forward to support the need for this new foreign-origined class was that with its arrival international competition would be facilitated very greatly indeed. There would, it was argued, be craft of this design all over Europe's seaboard, so that foreign owners could come, say, to Burnham and race in the local new fleet there without the necessity of transporting their own ships over from their own waters. This is undoubtedly sound, but it is rather pathetic to think that this also was one of the arguments I heard advanced in support of the Dragon class when these successful boats were mere innovations a couple of years ago. And, incidentally, if the objective of the new class is to be the promotion of international racing, then what was wrong with doing it with the existing Dragon class, for that has already a great following? Admittedly, the Dragon ship is some 3ft. shorter on the waterline than the new Aas one-design, but in many other ways there is a very striking similarity of type between the new and the old, and when it comes to price. The Dragon works out to-day at something like £260 or thereabouts.

Reviewing the situation, therefore, we have a new one-design class in process of formation which will be able to achieve precisely the same international function as the older Dragon, there is a small difference in size and a big difference in price. And numerical strength? Let us for a moment glance at the growth of the Dragons as an answer to this question. Two years ago the first Dragon reached the Clyde from Swedish waters. She was definitely on show, and very rightly she was admired, for she is neat, handy and uncannily fast. During the autumn of that 1935 season her unmistakable breeding was sufficient to induce half a dozen Clyde owners to place orders which would create a Clyde Dragon division.

By the beginning of the 1936 season this band had swollen to ten, and ten started in the first Dragon races; by the end of that season the class had so far proved itself that there were 20 starters and innumerable determinations to build for the present year. In the current season the level of the class is thirty-seven sail numbers already. Such success was bound inevitably to be infectious and during this season a Dragon has appeared on an Irish course—presumably to replace the snake that St. Patrick drove out; and now, in order that St. George may come into his own, the Royal Cinque Ports Yachting Club has adopted a Dragon class for next year, and it seems that this division will start with at least four ships. Let it be admitted that as an Anker design this popular class must come in for the same criticism as the new international class—that a British design would have been as pleasing if not more so to many. Yet surely there was no reason to *double* this "going foreign" for a class design when we already had one good class which was rapidly increasing in popularity. It is to be hoped that those in authority will bend their brows over this problem of multiplying classes and British versus foreign designs.



THE LEADING ROYAL NAVAL SAILING ASSOCIATION BOAT
Maid of Malham, which has scored 164 *of the Association's* 354 *points this season*

OCEAN RACING POINTS CHAMPIONSHIP

IT will undoubtedly be learnt with the liveliest satisfaction that the comparatively recently formed Royal Naval Sailing Association this year emerges on points as the champion club supporting ocean-racing for the 1937 season. Until the Fastnet Race the association was some way down the list, but in that race the club's burgee was very strongly represented indeed, and as on this particular occasion the points are doubled the R.N.S.A. proceeded to shoot to the head of the list. To the achievement of this end Commander Illingworth's and Mr. Jones's Maid of Malham had been largely responsible, for she alone accounted for 164 of the association's 354 points. Stiarna followed her with 66 points and Tuimsohan added another 38. The net result gave the club the 354 points to win, followed by the Squadron with 249 points; the Royal Thames with 229; the "Gunners" with 191; and the Royal Cinque Ports Y.C. with 187.

The *Trenchemer Cup*, which is awarded annually to the individual yacht making the highest point score in the season, goes to Mr. King's very successful Ortac, which, I believe, has sailed in every ocean race from the beginning. Her score was 187 points, and the Maid of Malham, which was not ready at the commencement of the year, ran her close with 167. Next comes the Dutch winner of the Fastnet race, Zeearend, with 121 points, then Mr. Mason's successful Latifa with 118, and then Mr. Bell's Trenchemer, which gives the name to the trophy.

J.

THE TWELVE-FOOT NATIONALS

FROM time to time the success of the "fixed price" Twelve-Foot National Dinghy has been commented upon in these pages. Suffice to say again that, with the onset of the second championship of the class last week its total numerical strength was well over the 300 mark, a remarkable achievement after but two seasons of life. Last year the championships for the class and the races for its trophies, a challenge cup presented by Sir William Burton, and an outright trophy given by *The Yachting World*, were raced off in Poole Harbour. It will be remembered, no doubt, that the racing then was remarkable for its dismastings and its keen competition.

This year the scene of combat moved eastwards to Chichester Lake, where the Bosham, Itchenor and Hayling Island Sailing Clubs took admirable charge of the arrangements. With 81 entries—an armada rather than a fleet—preliminary races were held on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week. Then heats for the major trophies were raced off on the following Saturday, leaving Sunday as the "great day" for the finals. The marking was on an excellent points system, whereby each boat which completed the course according to all the rules, received a point plus another point for every boat she beat, the winner in each heat amassing an extra quarter of a point in addition.

For the final race the weather set in hot and fine and with a slight but true southerly wind. To this the race committee adjusted its triangular course. Twenty-five starters made up the fleet in this deciding race for the Sir William Burton Cup which was won with a narrow margin of yards by Mr. A. W. B. Macdonald's Tarandole (23). Mr. Currey's Sparkle (275) was second to him, with Surge (Mr. Ellison) and Brillig (Mr. J. F. Paxton) at third and fourth. The closeness of the competition can be gauged from the fact that not two cable lengths covered this first four home. Tarandole also won the Yachting World Trophy with 88¼ points—a margin of one point ahead of Mr. Currey's Sparkle. Mr. C. Ratsey's C. Squared was third with 86½ points—again a very close finish. J. I.



THE FIRST BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS AT WINDSOR IN 1879

A. C. Bentinck (*The Duke of Portland*), C.A. de Vesci (*Lord de Vesci*), The Hon. R. Campbell, C. D. Fortescue, A. E. Codrington (*Sir Alfred Codrington, G.C.V.O., Colonel of the Coldstream*), H. Stopford (*Killed at Maxerfontein*), E. Vincent (*Lord D'Abernon*), G. Ormsby-Gore (*Lord Harlech*), R. Pole-Carew (*Gen. Sir R. Pole-Carew*), Col. J. Hall, C.B., Col. Wigram, Capt. Hon. M. Stapleton (*Lord Beaumont*), Hon. H. C. Legge (*Sir Harry Legge, Equerry to Queen Victoria, King Edward VII and King George V*), A. Fitzroy (*the 8th Duke of Grafton*), A. C. Jervoise, Lord Loughton (*the 3rd Earl of Durham*), Hon. F. Loughton (*the 4th Earl of Durham*)

A SUBALTERN'S LIFE SIXTY YEARS AGO

Memories of The Duke of Portland, K.G.

MY first entry into the wider world that opens when schooldays end was when I was gazetted into the 84th, in which my father began his military life more than forty years before. The 84th (York and Lancaster) Regiment was then quartered at Sheffield, and it was at this time that I had my first sight of Welbeck, my future home. I was hunting with Lord Galway's hounds in the neighbourhood, when he asked me, "Would you like to see Welbeck? If so, follow me, and I will take you to a place from which you can see the house and the lake." He then led me to what is known as Roomwood, where Welbeck Woodhouse, my son Titchfield's home, now stands. After two or three months I was transferred to the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, of which a distinguished old Crimean officer, Colonel Julian Hall, C.B., was commanding officer, and Captain the Hon. R. Campbell* was the very smart and strict adjutant.

Colonel Wigram, commonly known as "Old Wiggie," was second in command. Colonel Hall and he were both gallant old Crimean officers. Wiggie was accustomed to order a large glass of port wine at the Guards' Club, while Colonel "Bogey" White of the Scots Guards often asked for a large glass of brown sherry. The disrespectful subalterns therefore nicknamed these drinks a *Wiggie* and a *Bogey*; and the waiters quite understood what was wanted when they were ordered by these names. I need hardly say that this did not occur when Colonel Wigram or Colonel White was present!

As I have said, Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, generally known as "Rowdy Campbell," was adjutant of the 1st Battalion. It was wonderful to see the way in which the battalion drilled for him when he was in command. The junior officers found him rather alarming on parade; but everyone of us had the greatest admiration for him, both as a soldier and as a man. I think he was one of the smartest and best-looking men I ever saw in any walk of life.

I went to Epsom races for the first time with Campbell. After parade one day he said: "Have you ever been to Epsom? You can come with me if you like. Hurry up and change into plain clothes." We travelled down in a crowded special train, in a third-class compartment with some three-card-trick sharpers. When the train started they produced their cards and invited us to bet. Rowdy demanded to examine the cards and was at first refused; but he put an end to that, and when the pack was handed to him he threw it out of the window. The men, perhaps not unnaturally, became very abusive; but Rowdy soon subdued them, and ended by kicking the last of them out of the carriage at Epsom Station. Personally I was much relieved when our journey came to an end! I never saw one man exert so much influence over five others; but Rowdy was capable of dealing with anybody, and would undoubtedly have risen to the highest rank in the Army had he survived.

Campbell was succeeded as adjutant by Captain the Hon. H. Legge, who was a very smart and good soldier, and much loved by everyone. I think he was adjutant for no less than seven years. He married Miss Amy Lambart of Beau Parc, Co. Meath, a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, and in 1893 was appointed Equerry, which office he held under successive Sovereigns until his death in 1924. He was my lifelong friend, and was often my guest for shooting. He amused me very much, especially one day when we were partridge driving, because he persisted, against my wishes, in shooting at any pheasant which came over; and the excuse he made was: "I'm sure you won't mind, old chap. I get so little shooting in the season that I can't help firing at everything I see, by way of practice!" My recollection is, however, that the pheasants suffered very little from his ardour, and the partridges still less!

Another rather remarkable brother-officer was Colonel Mark Lockwood. He made no special mark as a soldier; but, after leaving the regiment, he became a very well-known and popular member of the House of Commons, in which he represented the Epping Division of Essex for twenty-five years.

His greatest interest in life, I think, was in gardening. I remember taking the chair at a meeting of the Gardeners' Benevolent Institution, at which the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VIII) was the chief guest, though it seemed to me that Colonel Lockwood was quite as much so as H.R.H. He said to me: "I daresay, when you were lucky enough to win the Derby twice, you achieved one of the ambitions of your life. I also did so a few days ago, when I won the first prize for orchids at the Royal Horticultural Society's show. Perhaps my success cost a great deal less money than yours. Anyway, let's cry quits and have a glass of wine together; for we have both brought new honours to the Coldstream Guards!"

I joined the 1st Battalion at the Tower of London on May 25th, 1878. From there, when the Army Reserve was called up because of a threat of war with Russia, we went to Eastbourne for special musketry training. The Guards detachment was commanded by Captain "Chang" Romilly of the Scots Guards, always a keen, and afterwards a distinguished soldier. The men of the Reserve who had been called up were, for the most part, old militiamen, and their idea of discipline was not a very high one. They had many differences of opinion among themselves, which led more than once to personal encounters.

I remember a most amusing occasion when about half-a-dozen men appeared before Captain Romilly, some of them with black eyes. Romilly inquired the reason for this, and was told that there was a dispute about the ownership of a conger-eel which one of the men had caught. A large bag was produced and in a moment a full-sized and extremely lively conger-eel, with a fish-hook still in its mouth, escaped from it on to the floor. It leaped about all over the room, snapping its powerful jaws, and ready to bite Captain Romilly or anyone else it met. Romilly and the others, however ready they were to fight Russians, were not prepared to face an enraged conger-eel, even with a hook in its mouth. Romilly at once jumped on to a chair, as did everyone else who was present. However, reinforcements were summoned, and the unfortunate eel received the *coup de grâce*. By this time the dispute was forgotten in laughter. The culprits were dismissed with a caution, and warned not to quarrel over conger-eels or anything else in future.

While I was at Eastbourne, Prince Louis of Hesse and his wife Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's second daughter, were in residence at Compton Place, which

* Younger son of the second Earl Cawdor. He was afterwards on the staff of General Sir Evelyn Wood, who commanded in South Africa during the Zulu War. At one time Sir Evelyn and his staff were heavily fired upon by a large party of Zulus who were hidden among the rocks on a neighbouring hill. Captain Campbell was sent with another of Sir Evelyn's A.D.C.'s, Captain Lysons, the son of Sir Daniel Lysons, G.M.G., at the Horse Guards, to organise an attack on the position; but when they approached it they found that the task was most dangerous, as many of the Zulus were in a cave with a very narrow mouth. Campbell led the attack on the cave, and was killed almost at once. Lysons carried on, cleared out the Zulus and received the V.C. for his bravery. Campbell's son, Colonel John Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, was awarded the V.C. during the Great War, and his grandson is now in the Coldstream, too.



AT VICTORIA BARRACKS, WINDSOR, IN THE 'SEVENTIES
C. D. Fortescue, E. Pole-Carew, *with The Star*, Lord Loughton, Hon. H. C. Legge
The Star was a famous character who once followed his master into the Queen's garden and disturbed Queen Victoria's afternoon siesta by waging war with the Royal Dogs

had been lent to them by the Duke of Devonshire. Their most lovely daughter, Princess Elizabeth (Ella),* was with them, and we were invited to tea and to play lawn tennis in the gardens. Prince and Princess Louis's other charming children were there, too; one of them afterwards married Prince Henry of Prussia and another the late Czar of Russia. They were a most delightful family, and we all lost our hearts to the daughters.

My old friend Lord Harlech reminds me that when in the Coldstream we went through rather a rough time at Lydd and Dungeness. With two full companies, wearing our bearskins, red coats and tight belts, we marched the best part of twenty long, flat and weary miles from Shorncliffe Camp to Lydd on a hot day at the end of September. When we arrived at that extremely stony, dreary and windy spot, we found nothing prepared for us—not even drinks for the men. The advance party had tried to erect the tents; but these were blown over as soon as they were put up, and the only available accommodation was one small cottage, which the regimental cook at once claimed as his own.

One night, I remember, the large marquee used as a canteen for the men blew clean over. The canteen sergeant, who was sleeping in it, was overwhelmed in the ruins, and had to be cut out in a squashed and half-suffocated condition. The guard tent, in which there was a drunken prisoner, was blown over, too; and the man became so violent that he had to be "pegged out."

The object of our visit was to make experiments in musketry. It seems that during the siege of Plevna, which had just taken place, the Turkish troops greatly harassed the Russian invaders by what was called "vertical rifle-fire," especially at night. Their method was to place stakes with white marks on them, which were plainly visible in the dark, and the men, lying down, were instructed to aim at the marks, by this means dropping bullets every night all over the Russian camp behind the hills. In order to test this method of firing, large diagrams were drawn on the sands, and when night came the men were ordered to fire in this manner at very long range. On the following morning we marked off the bullet-holes on paper diagrams. Alas, the first time we carried out the experiment, someone had made a miscalculation, for the tide had come in during the night, and our sand diagrams were completely submerged! Another instance of "Time and tide will wait for no man"! Afterwards the tests were more successful, and they even have been the means of introducing a new form of rifle-fire.

Another experiment, also made at night, was firing through rows and rows of paper targets, extending for nearly a mile along the shingle. We also had an embryonic form of quick-firing gun, which I believe was called a *mitrailleuse*. Whatever its right name may have been, the men called it by quite another—especially as many of them pinched their fingers in the mechanism, which, after a few rounds, became too hot to use or touch. In the end, an enterprising drummer boy who had been ordered to clean it filled it with sand.

Beyond these paper targets there was a very large and high butt, lighted by a lantern at the end of a pole. One night another subaltern and myself were ordered to sit in the marker's shelter pit at the butt, and when we were safely there to extinguish the lantern. When the light went out the order to fire was to be given. Imagine our horror when, as we were making our painful and doleful way over the shingle, and were still some distance from our goal, the lantern was suddenly extinguished by a gust of wind. We went as fast as ever we could, and, when still fifteen or twenty yards from our goal, the bugle sounded the "Fire." We threw ourselves into the shelter-pit just in time, blown to the world, and heard the bullets hitting the butt all round. I have never been under fire since, but, from our experience then, I can well imagine how disagreeable it is to be so.

These Extracts are taken from "Men, Women and Things," to be published by Faber & Faber in October.

* Princess Elizabeth, who I think was one of the most beautiful women I have seen, afterwards married the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, whom she survived. She was horribly murdered by the Bolsheviks at Moscow in 1918.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

MIGRATION has come to mean in the mind of the average nature-lover a very long journey. We think of the spring and the autumn as seasons of migration, and we visualise in our minds' eye tremendous journeys over land and water, perhaps even as far as South Africa. But, as a matter of fact, the bird that leaves the hill-side of summer for the valley in winter is performing a migration. And in this sense almost all our birds—except perhaps the Dartford warbler and the robin—are migratory. Indeed, regional movement is very common, and passes unnoticed only because it means as a rule the replacing of one bird by another of the same species.

* * *

In autumn many birds which nest on the high moorlands of the north come south. And a great many of these birds pass the winter in the neighbourhood of the coast. Perhaps the most common, by which I mean the most frequently seen, are the curlew, the whimbrel and the dunlin, who pass the winter either on the open shore or in the salt marshes. We all know these three. Are we familiar with two others, one of which is quite common and the other by no means so uncommon as one might suppose?

* * *

Every autumn the twite or mountain linnet, which the Highland men call the yellow-nob lintie, because of its yellow bill, comes south. All through the winter there are flocks of linnets in our fields, and many of these flocks contain a proportion of linties. In flight the two are very much alike. In general behaviour, too, they are very similar. But the yellow bill of the mountain bird is a reliable guide to identity, and the call note *kwa-it, kwa-it*, which is uttered at short intervals on the wing, is an absolutely certain means of identification.

* * *

The other bird is the short-eared owl, which is a close relation of the more generally known woodland bird, the long-eared. The short-eared owl increases its range very considerably during the winter, and yet it is not generally known. There can, of course, be no mistaking the two. The ears are sufficient guide. There are, naturally, other points of difference. The short-eared owl nests on the ground—and also sleeps on the ground. I have never seen one perch—even when resting during a flight—on a branch or a wall or any other point of vantage. Always the bird has settled on the ground, be it grass or stone or sand or heather. It would be interesting to know if this has been the experience of other observers.

* * *

Those of us who are interested in behaviour in birds—and who is not?—will find in this note sent me by a correspondent much food for thought. He writes: "You may be interested in a strange experience I had with a chaffinch in my garden last week. It was brought to me almost senseless, having apparently collided with a motor car in the road. I saw, however, from its eyes and the way in which it moved its head that it might possibly recover, and I could find no injury to legs or wings. I put the little bird down and it hopped quietly away. I thought, however, that a drop of water might be good for it, so I walked towards it to pick it up. It sat perfectly still and allowed me to take it up, without a struggle, and I carried it down to the rock garden, where I put it close to a small pool. It seemed to realise the situation at once and twice drank at the pool. It hopped off again, and I thought it was safe to leave it as, fortunately, there are no cats in the garden. This was about five o'clock.

* * *

"At seven o'clock one of my family called to me from the terrace in front of the house: 'Here is your chaffinch!' The terrace is about 60yds. from where I had placed the chaffinch in the rock garden, and the bird went quietly hopping along, pecking now and then at plants, apparently for seed. It took no notice of me, and I followed it down to the heather garden, about 80yds. away, thinking that it might be as well to put it into a cage for the night, as a sparrowhawk had just swept over the lawn. Suddenly the little bird gave a convulsive shudder and I wondered whether it was dying. It was not. It flew cheerfully up into a tree, where I watched it for a few moments on a lower branch. It flew higher up, apparently perfectly happy, and I left it.

"I can only account for this strange behaviour by supposing that the little bird had suffered from concussion and at the end of two hours suddenly recovered all its faculties."

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Letters to the Editor

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

FARMERS AND FUTURE POLICY

SIR,—In your issue of August 21st your correspondent, "Creaght," not unexpectedly, throws doubt on the value to farmers of State ownership of the land.

Farmers, strongly—probably too strongly—individualistic in their outlook as they are, are, on the whole, opposed to Socialistic theories, and, if some of them are now wondering whether their prospects might not be improved under a system of Land Nationalisation, it can be but a counsel of despair; and one may well ask whether such a solution might not prove only to be another case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire!"

There is, however, another policy in the field—a non-party policy, not based on theory or doctrine, but on a prolonged and detailed consideration of hard and solid facts—which after many years of research and investigation by experts in various branches of agriculture, has lately been brought to birth in a book entitled *The Revival of Agriculture* (Allen & Unwin; 3 6.).

This book was published under the auspices of the Rural Reconstruction Association, on whose council are to be found the names of members both of the House of Lords and of the Conservative and Labour parties of the House of Commons.

Shortly, a return is advocated, for all agricultural products, to the old system of standard prices, both wholesale and retail, supported by the reorganisation of our system of distribution, and by tariffs and or quotas, as may seem best to the Government of the day; the prices to be fixed to allow of a wage of some 45/- to the agricultural labourer and a reasonable profit to the farmer.

It may not be generally realised that, under present conditions, of every £100 which the consumer pays for food products, about £60 find their way into the pockets of the distributors, and only £40 into those of the producers. Under a rational system of distribution, this percentage could—and should—be reversed, and as the farmer when assured of a reasonable and steady profit would certainly increase his output, to the great benefit of the nation at large, the distributor would lose but little, though he would make less on each unit handled, he would handle a greatly increased number of units; while it would be unnecessary to raise the price to the consumer to any extent, if at all. Indeed, in certain cases it might be found possible to reduce retail prices, while the purchaser would further benefit from unfluctuating and steady prices.

The results of the adoption of this policy should lead to an increase of some £200,000,000 in the value of the agricultural products of this country, the employment of an extra 100,000 persons, under good conditions, on the land or in ancillary industries, and the provision of a greatly increased and secure home market for the industrialists of our towns. The results from every point of view—economic, social and strategic—would be of immense value.

May I suggest that any of your readers who may be sufficiently interested to require further information should read the book to which I have referred.

Yours faithfully,
H. WHITFORD-HAWKEY
(Hon. Exec. Sec. Rural Reconstruction Association).

Hill Farm,
Haslemere.

ECLIPSE PLUMAGE IN DRAKES

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a number of statements in an article in your issue of September 4th on "eclipse plumage in drakes," which seem to have occasioned some astonishment amongst students of the subject. The points are too numerous to deal with in a letter, but the most striking is a statement that eider drakes do not become flightless in eclipse.

If that were a fact it would indeed be bad news for many thousands of human beings, for the Esquimaux of the Arctic coasts both of the Old and New Worlds rely for a not inconsiderable accession to their winter supplies of meat on the annual drives which they organise to kill the flightless males.

For example, on the Pacific side vast numbers of King and Pacific eiders breeding on the north coasts of Siberia and Alaska work their way South through Behring Straits during the latter half of July and congregate in huge "rafts" on the northern shores of Behring Sea. These congregations are eagerly watched by the Esquimaux, who have already prepared their skin boats against the day (about August 10th) when with moulted primaries the great flocks may drift into situations where their retreat to open sea can be cut off with a line of boats and they can be driven ashore to be killed in hundreds with sticks.

Twenty-five years ago when collecting series of first-, second- and third-year eclipse plumages of these birds I have myself driven flocks of flightless male eiders ashore in the British Isles, and, at the cost of many falls and bruises on slippery rocks, have been enabled to catch them with my hands and so discard second- from third-year birds instead of shooting a number of unwanted specimens.

Mr. Richard Perry will find numbers of skins of flightless male eiders in any of the museums of Western Europe and North America which possess extensive series of the plumages of the sea ducks, and he will find them illustrated photographically in *British Diving Ducks*, by J. G. Millais.

I have reared and kept our British eiders in captivity where the oldest lived for more than 20 years, but never did any one fail to obey the rules.

Yours faithfully,
Travellers' Club, WILLIAM PERCY.
London.

UNREASONED PARTISANSHIP

SIR,—While I have nothing but admiration for the articles of your cricket correspondents, I must admit myself surprised that the usually balanced criticism of Mr. Neville Cardus should have shown signs last week of degenerating into unreasoned partisanship. As a Middlesex supporter, I am naturally biassed to some extent, but I must confess to taking exception to one sentence in Mr. Cardus's last article, to the effect that if Emrys Davies had been a Middlesex player, he would long ago have received "Test" recognition.

Now nobody suggests that Test selectors are infallible, and glaring errors have undoubtedly been made in the past. But no selection committee would be justified in including at the same time, Berry, C. V. Gunn and E. Davies, to mention only three whose claims Mr. Cardus has pressed. Would anyone seriously suggest that Berry is as good an opening batsman as Hutton, Paynter or Barnett, or that C. V. Gunn can be ranked in the same class as Hammond, Compton, Edrich or R. E. S. Wyatt? At the moment Berry and Gunn are among a large number of county batsmen whose outstanding success has been, practically speaking, limited to this season only. Berry has actually been fourteen years before the public, and has never hitherto given the slightest inclination of Test match class. In the case of Gunn, Mr. Cardus has allowed his admiration of the father to distort his judgment of the qualities of the son.

As for Emrys Davies, he is now well into the 30.'s, and an examination of those figures which Mr. Cardus scorns, will reveal the fact that his batting average is about 24, his bowling average over 30. He scores his runs at the rate of approximately 30 in the hour—not the kind of batsmanship which Mr. Cardus affects to admire; while, in a side which has been until this year consistently near the bottom of the table, he has never been more than a change bowler.

But, most of all, I resent the suggestion that a Middlesex player of Davies's standing would "long ago" have played for England. "Long ago" would, in cricket parlance, seem to suggest at least two or three seasons. Who could have envisaged E. Davies in one of our Test teams, at a time when he was barely amassing his thousand runs a season by sound but inconspicuous methods, and dismissing 40 to 50, mainly tail-end, batsmen at the somewhat excessive cost of 30 runs a wicket? Candidly, I never did, nor do I believe, did Mr. Cardus himself.

And why, last of all, does Mr. Cardus allude once more to that anti-Middlesex bias which resulted in the premature dropping of Durston in 1921, of Hearne and Peebles in later years, and of Hendren from the last two tours in Australia? Shall I challenge Mr. Cardus's judgment and venture to say that while Compton, Edrich and Gray of Middlesex will all attain the distinction which they deserve of representing this country against Australia, Berry, C. V. Gunn and E. Davies will not? But then I expect Mr. Cardus will merely put it down to the perverted desire of the selection committee to play a Middlesex man in preference to a northerner.

Yours faithfully,
TERENCE C. V. PRITTIE.

House of Aqualorthies,
Inveririe, Aberdeenshire.

AN EXCITING CRICKET MATCH

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can beat this for a finish to a cricket match that took place at Margam Park ground during the past season. The match was between Lord Plymouth's (St. Fagan's) XI and my own. St. Fagan's XI went in first and made 209 for nine wickets and declared, leaving little over two hours for my team to make the runs. When the last ball of the last over was being bowled—with eight wickets down—my captain shouted out to the batsman to have a go because we still wanted 3 runs to win. The batsman carried out these instructions and sent the ball whizzing over the bowler's head to the boundary, where there was a fieldsman, and the fielder endeavoured to catch the ball which was going very fast at the time. He failed to hold the ball with his hands, and the ball struck him on the head, completely knocking him out. There he lay on the ground with the ball about 2ft. from the boundary. There was then a general stampede by the fielders to go to the assistance of the injured fieldsman. They picked up the fieldsman but did not pick up the ball. In the meantime the batsman who had hit the ball was so overawed with the result that he forgot to run. However, when it was seen that the injured fieldsman had recovered consciousness and was able to stand the onlookers all shouted to the batsmen to make the runs, but they were only able to run 2 before the ball was thrown in, so the match ended in a tie!

Yours faithfully,
Margam Estate Office, E. U. DAVID,
Port Talbot,

SHOOTING DRIVEN GROUSE

SIR,—It has long been my opinion—and almost all my shooting friends agree with me—that the shooting of driven grouse would be a much finer sport if the use of more than one gun were discouraged, except in very exceptional cases. The following are a few of the points in favour of the use of one gun:—

(1) It requires greater skill, alertness, and knowledge of the game to handle one gun with no one else in the butt.

(2) It is pleasanter to be alone, except for the presence of a good dog.

(3) The fewer the occupants of the butt, the less visible it is.

(4) One gun is less likely to produce pricked birds and too long shots than two guns—except when the latter are handled by the few experts, who can almost be termed professionals.

(5) The restriction to one gun possibly means more days' sport in the season.

(6) The lack of need for loaders is a double benefit to the proprietor, as it either saves him the expense, &c., of putting up extra men, or, if local men are usually provided, these can be used as expert flankers, &c.

(7) Grouse driving is even now a comparatively wild and uncertain sport, and the smaller the army of people marching up to the butts the more it is likely to preserve these characteristics.

There is no doubt that the desire for large bags and the prominence given to them in the Press, is largely responsible for the use of two guns on average moors. Also it may be urged by some owners and tenants that with the present heavy wages for beaters they must get the largest bag possible, because they cannot afford more days. In their case the sport must continue to be less enjoyable and more artificial, and also, I fear, more productive of wounded birds. In the above remarks I am referring to moors, where the bag is not likely to exceed 250 brace in a day in an average season. Very heavily producing moors may require different treatment, though even on these a real sportsman would prefer smaller days with his butt to himself. Again, in an exceptionally productive year an owner may be compelled to prescribe the use of two guns as a means of reducing the stock below the danger limit. Many years ago I shot regularly on two moors, each capable of providing occasional days of 250 brace or over. On one, two guns were the rule, and on the other, one only was allowed. I, at any rate, had no doubt as to which was the more enjoyable.

Yours faithfully,
Bridge of Marnoch, RETIRED.
Huntly, Scotland.



FIELDS WHERE MECHANISATION HAS NOT YET CONQUERED
(See letter "Scything Oats")

SCYTHING OATS

SIR,—In a corn field near here, on the edge of the New Forest, I noticed that the oats were being cut by scythe. This must be very unusual, as I had always understood that the labour cost of this method was too high. The enclosed photograph of the scythe-man at work may be of interest.

Yours faithfully,

Hyde, Fordingbridge, Hants. ERIC ASHBY.

IN DEFIANCE OF GRAVITY

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Haseldene, C.E., writing in your issue of August 21st, attempts to explain the phenomenon of Croy Brae as an optical illusion, due to the placing of the telegraph poles. It is not so simple, for the hill was known locally as the "Bewitched Brae" for many years before it was adorned with telegraph poles. The peculiarity of appearing to travel uphill when one is coasting down is equally noticeable in the dark or in thick mist when telegraph poles cannot be seen. Further, if viewed from Knoweside Hill, on the same road, south of Croy, the brae and also the sea horizon cutting it can be seen at the same time. The illusion is equally apparent.

Again, the railway takes approximately the same contour of the hill below Croy Brae, and if one stands on the line one gets the same impression of "defiance of gravity." Croy Brae is on this estate and I have for long intended to get it properly surveyed, but so far as I know it has not yet been done.

Some years ago Croy Brae was christened the "Magnetic Hill" and afterwards labelled by the A.A. as the "Electric Brae," both of which names are meaningless. The old name of the "Bewitched Brae" is much more attractive.

Yours faithfully,

Dunure House, Ayr-shire. L. H. STRAIN.

SIR,—The enclosed appeared in a Sunday paper recently with reference to Croy Brae: "The peculiarity known as the Croy Electric Brae was brought to the notice of a group of scientists, including the late Lord Kelvin.

"Following a deal of investigation and analysis, I understand, he gave it as his opinion that this 'contrariness' was occasioned by the prevalence of a particular metal or mineral in the make-up of this sector of the roadway.

"Lord Kelvin's opinion seemed to possess the hall-mark of science, and was generally accepted as being correct. THOMAS M. MORGAN."

What is one to believe!

Yours faithfully,

62, Vane Terrace, Darlington. E. M. CHAPMAN.

A BITLESS BRIDLE

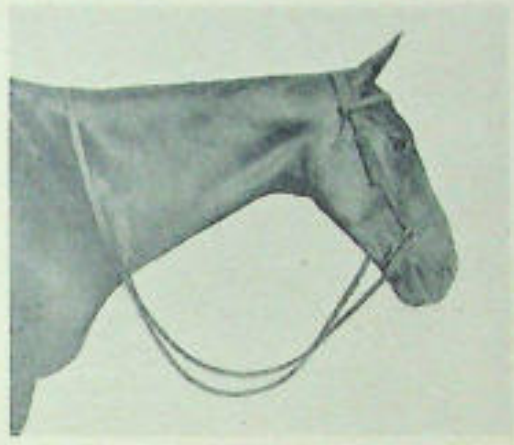
SIR,—I spent two week-ends hunting with the Cawnpore Tent Club recently. A bigoted convert to the sport was the outcome of the double journey of 2,000-odd miles, undertaken expressly to try for the first time in my life to catch a pig. Another year I hope to return and try out my own horses.

I enclose a snap of a noseband bridle in which the hon. secretary hunts a very fast mare. He killed two pig off her the second day I was out, and her performance was nothing short of remarkable. I was told that she had been bought off a well-known pigsticker last November, and shortly afterwards broken to this bitless bridle. I believe this is the second horse the owner has hunted regularly in it.

I have on several occasions watched his horses being exercised in open country without bits, and have myself rode one, but it would be interesting to know whether there are others who hunt pig in a similar contraption.

Yours faithfully,

Ramring Tea Estate, Rungli Rungliot P.O., Near Darjeeling. N. A. STANLEY.



EFFECTIVE IF UNORTHODOX
(See letter "A Bitless Bridle")

MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN GODFREY MEYNELL

SIR,—I think that others besides Old Etonians will like to know that a memorial to the late Captain Godfrey Meynell, V.C., has been erected in the reading room of College at Eton. Captain Meynell was the first Eton collegeer to be awarded the Victoria Cross, in recognition of his gallantry in an action on the North-West Frontier of India on September 29th, 1935, in which he lost his life, rallying his men for a final stand against Mohmand tribesmen. The inscription of the memorial was written by Meynell's Eton tutor, Andrew Gow, and I think that readers would agree that for dignity and simplicity it could not be excelled.

Yours faithfully,

Hambledon, Surrey. O. K. S.



"THEY GROW NOT OLD AS WE THAT ARE LEFT GROW OLD"
(See letter "Memorial to Captain Godfrey Meynell")



Those who spend long hours in the open specially appreciate Wills's GOLD FLAKE, with their distinctive flavour and smoothness—in a word, their personality



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Add these (and many more) together, and what do you get?

"The answer," said Johnnie Walker, "depends on a good many 'ifs.' *If* the whiskies are not only fine in themselves, but chosen so that their fine qualities will combine happily together . . . *if* these whiskies have all been matured for years in the wood . . . *if* you have a century's knowledge and experience to guide you in blending them . . . then you will get the best possible blended whisky, perfectly smooth, perfectly 'round' and perfectly delightful.

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Note: All ESSE Heat Storage Cookers can be supplied combined with domestic Water Heater in one complete unit.



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"WELL TAKEN SIR"
(See letter "Feeding Gulls in Flight")

FEEDING GULLS IN FLIGHT

SIR,—I enclose two photographs which I have of sea gulls in flight, which I took in Denmark recently.

Both photographs were taken after having attracted and won the confidence of the gulls flying behind the ferry boat, by holding the Contax in the right hand outstretched, and the bun in the left hand.

It was extremely interesting to observe the difficulty the gulls had in approaching really low down to the stern of the ferry boat owing to the violent air currents.

The two photographs were of the same gull as far as I can make out, and each successful swoop for a piece of bun represented from five to ten attempts, some failing by inches.

Yours faithfully,

Bergen, Norway. MICHAEL ASHBY.

HAY CARTS IN JUGOSLAVIA

SIR,—As you published a photo of the local method of stacking hay on fir poles some time back, you may be interested in the enclosed snap of a wagon loaded ready for bringing the hay down from the mountains.

Two slender poles are first lashed on to the side strakes of the wagon, the hay then loaded and tramped by a couple of women, who scatter it very carefully and only in small quantities at a time. When as much as can be drawn by a single horse or bullock is put up, it is then carefully covered with branches, fresh cut, butts to the centre and overlapping slightly. A stout trunk with the butt notched to hold a logging chain is then lifted into position, being chained down to the front axle first, then it is hauled down at the rear of the wagon by the weight of the whole family as far as possible and temporarily chained; a third chain and a second pole are now used to lever the trunk down as tight as possible and the first rear chain retightened.

Although the hay is very short and the road a very rough track kept in just usable order by the villagers themselves, I was told that the wagons frequently upset but the loads did not shift, and the wagons manhandled back into the upright. This road, according to my calculations, drops one kilometre in twelve, with hairpin bends and a succession of hummocks where drainage crossents have been made.

Yours faithfully,

P.O. Box 47, Crikvenica, Jugoslavia. A. C. PAYNE SMITH.



ALL SET FOR A ROUGH JOURNEY
(See letter "Hay Carts in Jugoslavia")

THE AQUEDUCT AT CORFU

SIR,—In your correspondence column the other day, there was a letter concerning the ugly bridge-aqueduct that is now being built at Corfu. My photograph, taken recently, illustrates clearly the damage done at this famous viewpoint.

Yours faithfully,

56, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent. C. AUSTEN.

WHITE SWALLOW

SIR,—In the evening of August 25th, Mr. Kenneth Woods and I saw a white swallow on the reeds in the brooklands between Lewes and Newhaven. There were many other swallows about, and when we put it up it flew a short distance, and was rather mobbed by the others, who left it alone when it alighted again on a reed. I should be interested to know if they are rare.

Yours faithfully,

Lewes and County Club, Lewes. S. F. BUXTON.

SUPPOSED MATING OF RED AND GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—My gardener, who has been trapping rats, has caught two squirrels in a rat run. One is light grey on the back with bands of red fur along its sides and with red feet, the other is much darker and has patches of red fur all over its back. Unfortunately, my attention was not drawn to them until they were too far gone to skin.

In the spring I noticed one red squirrel living apparently on good terms with two grey ones.

Has there been any previous report of a cross between the two species?

Yours faithfully,

The Old Barn, Hildenborough, Kent. A. W. TOMLINSON.



A BLOT UPON A BEAUTIFUL SCENE
(See letter "The Aqueduct at Corfu")



Soon you will say goodbye to your sun-tanned complexion. Nature needs assistance to aid the growth of new tissues without the risk of blemishes or roughness. Give your face and hands that necessary extra care with the delightful aid of Larola—a skin tonic used with unfailing success by women who must look right—and feel right—for every occasion. Larola used now will not only aid your "change-over" from summer beauty to winter loveliness but prove an indispensable necessity for the prevention of facial blemishes and rough, chapped hands throughout the trying season of cold winds. Larola keeps the hands and complexion unfailingly soft and smooth.

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RELIGION MOVES WITH THE TIMES
(See letter "Broadcast Services")

BROADCAST SERVICES

SIR,—I think the enclosed photograph may both amuse your readers and serve to illustrate how modern Western development is taking its place in the routine of Indian life. It shows a loudspeaker above the Mantapam in the front of the Temple at Madina.

Yours faithfully,
Ooty, India. ALYSON MISCHIS.

COCK PHEASANT PROTECTING CHICKS

SIR,—Some time ago when out walking with my dogs I heard a cock pheasant crowing loudly, and, on looking round, I found that my Gordon setter (about whose steadiness the less said the better!) had left my heels and was in an adjoining field chasing a cock pheasant round an oak tree.

The bird behaved in such a manner that I thought he was unable to fly. To my astonishment, some pheasant chicks suddenly began to fly out of the adjacent long grass. They were small but could fly quite well. The old cock still continued trailing along in front of the setter, so near that I expected the dog to seize him. He decoyed the dog near to the hedge and then flew, without any difficulty, into the wood after the chicks. There was no sign of any hen bird.

Although this behaviour is quite common, as I know, with hens, and male birds of some species, I have never before seen, or heard of, a cock pheasant acting in this manner, and I should be interested to know if any of your readers have had a similar experience.

Yours faithfully,
Howe End, S. H. WHITAKER.
Far Sawrey,
Ambleside, Westmorland.

BAG—ONE SWALLOW

SIR,—In his letter on the above subject Mr. E. L. Bortleman asks if any of your readers have had a similar experience to the one he relates. About three years ago I was fishing the River Wylye in Wiltshire, and in the afternoon there was a good hatch of olives, in which the swallows and house-martins took as great an interest as the trout. I had on a very good imitation of the natural fly and when, in making a cast, my fly failed to reach the water I thought that I was "hung up" in the grass behind me.

On getting hold of the line in my hand, I was surprised to find that a house-martin had actually taken my fly and was hooked in the mouth. Before I could bring the bird to hand its struggles released the hook and it flew off apparently none the worse.

Boreham, Yours faithfully,
Warminster. E. H. POPE.

DELHI TENT CLUB

SIR,—In your issue of August 28th, under the heading "Reports from Tent Clubs," it is stated that "the heaviest boar ever killed in Delhi" met his fate at Kasna on June 22nd this year; the weight is given as 235lb.

As mentioned by the writer, this was certainly a very fine "hot weather" pig; but, so far as my records go, it does not appear to be the heaviest boar *ever killed* by the Delhi Tent Club. In an old photograph book I have a picture entitled: "Head of a 274lb. pig (record to date, but beaten soon after)."

The occasion was the Christmas meet of the Delhi Tent Club, 1912, at Fatehpur Milik, 50 miles south of Delhi, on the border of the Muttra country.

Those were the great days of Brayne, Assistant Commissioner of Delhi, who, with Sale, of the "Canals," ran the tent club to such good effect that, in the season 1911–1912, no fewer than 385 boar were killed, a record, probably, for Delhi or any other tent club; the best day of that season was nineteen pig at Okhla, one of the closer meets.

The XIth K.E.O. Lancers (Probyn's Horse) were the main supporters of the club at that time, and two of them, Gatacre and Sherston, won the Kadir Cup at Meerut, when stationed at Delhi.

Yours faithfully,
Hythe, Kent. T. ROSE PEACE.

REPORTS FROM MOORS AND FORESTS

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

DELNADAMPH.—On August 20th, Delnadamph (Brown Gun Beat), 133 brace; 23rd, Delnadamph and Allargue, 57½ brace (adverse wind); September 2nd, Allargue (Millton Burn Beat) 71 brace (adverse wind); 4th, Delnadamph (Castle Flats Beat), 105 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns by Mr. C. L. Baillien and party consisting of: Mr. W. L. Baillien, Mr. R. L. Baillien, Mr. E. L. Baillien, Mr. M. L. Baillien, Mr. Harcourt Gold, Mr. W. R. Simpson and Mr. H. Illingworth. Very strong but favourable wind.

Inverness-shire

ALVIE.—Last seven days, driving, a total of 958 brace of grouse were killed by eight guns. Last three days very stormy.

BEN ALDER.—On September 6th, a fine 14-pointer was killed by Captain Reid Walker. On the 9th, two good heavy stags were killed by Lady Honor Vaughan, a royal 20st. and an 8-pointer 17st. 6lb.

CRAIGLYNNE.—On August 20th, 72½ brace of grouse were killed by five guns: Mr. J. V. Wrigley, Mr. C. L. Sazar Musgrave, Mr. R. T. Sowerby, Mr. R. A. Brocklebank and Sir Thomas Brocklebank. On September 8th, 68½ brace were killed by six guns: Colonel W. Michaels, Mr. G. Jacob, Mr. C. L. Sazar Musgrave, Commander N. W. Dixon, Mr. J. V. Wrigley and Sir Thomas Brocklebank. A very good show of birds which are in excellent condition.

Perthshire

BOLFRACKS.—The following bags have been got, driving: Ruth beat, 73 and 60 brace; Lee beat, 175, 130 and 95 brace of grouse.

DALNACARDOCH.—The above moor was shot by Major W. E. Mann, Mr. F. T. Mann and party, and in 20 days' shooting between August 12th and September 10th, 672 brace were obtained, all by walking in line. The best bags were 58 brace on August 14th, 56 brace on August 17th, and 52½ brace on August 28th.

LOCH VALIGAN.—The season has proved most disappointing. Birds have been scarce, and after the weather broke on August 20th they have been very wild. No sign of disease or heather beetle. The total bag in twelve days' shooting (walking up) was 145½ brace, nearly 200 brace less than 1936.

ENGLAND

Cumberland

BRACKEN BANK.—On August 20th and September 2nd, 58 brace of grouse, 5 brace of blackgame were killed by eight guns: Major Henry, Major Best, Commander the Hon. J. M. Southwell, Mr. Parker, Captain Robert George, Mr. Collingwood Ingram, Dr. M. Ingram and Mr. A. Ingram. Fifteen couple of snipe and 120 wood-pigeons were also killed on by-days.

Northumberland

LINHOPE.—On August 23rd, 73 brace of grouse were killed by Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Chenevix-Trench's party of eight guns: Major A. M. Gibbes, Hon. Robert Trench, Mr. Michael Villiers, Captain Ralph Stockley, Mr. R. E. Hale, Major G. C. Robberds-Roblam, Mr. J. W. Sale. Heather good and no signs of disease. Broods smaller than last year, and many late hatches. Proportion of young birds to old very nearly level. On Blakehope on the 24th, with seven guns, 54 brace of grouse were shot. On September 1st, 58 brace grouse were killed by Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Chenevix-Trench's party of eight guns: Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Auld, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. H. Bridgeman, Sir Christopher Magnay, Mr. E. F. Collingwood, Captain W. Best, Sir Richard Chenevix-Trench, Mr. Denis Bryant. Shot in a wind. Many broods late and a large decrease in grouse this year.

On August 31st 22 brace were killed in a half-day (owing to mist) by seven guns.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, plead for £13 to help a sad and urgent case that has recently come to their notice. A poor lady aged 63 has been an invalid since her youth; she has had two severe operations for internal trouble and suffers constant neuralgia of the tongue and throat. Until two years ago she was supported by a brother owning a ranch in Australia, but he has now withdrawn his help owing to financial losses. Her only other relatives (a sister and brother-in-law) were in business in the North, but the trade slump ruined them, and they were only able to save sufficient to buy a small tobacco shop in Wales. The invalid makes her home with them, but she needs special diet and drugs which are quite beyond their income. Having not one penny of her own, she longs for an allowance, however small. Please send gifts on her behalf.

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IN THE CITY

THE recent announcement of an increased dividend by the Ketton Portland Cement Company, Ltd., is significant in that it indicates that in spite of higher costs of wages and materials and a falling off in the volume of residential building, cement manufacturers are more than maintaining their profits. The cement industry in this country is now a highly organised unit under the guidance of the Cement Makers' Federation, which deals with matters of general policy, prices, &c., and there is a Central Committee to regulate quotas as between one producer and another.

The cost structure in the cement industry, in which the capital invested in plant is high but wages and materials account for a lower proportion of total costs than is usual, is one which inevitably leaves the industry open to the risk of price cutting, for there is a substantial margin available, after wages and material costs have been paid, to cover capital charges and dividends. That the industry as a whole has benefited from the price-fixing agreements which were entered into towards the end of 1934 is amply evidenced by the all-round increase in profits which has taken place since then. A great deal has been written about the effect on profits of the increasing costs of wages and materials. Less attention has been accorded, however, to the fact that the nearer to capacity at which a plant is worked, the less relatively is the burden of wages and other fixed charges. So far as this industry is concerned it appears likely that output will expand sufficiently to offset any further increase in the costs of wages and materials in the near future.

The latest returns show that unemployment in the industry has fallen to 4·2 per cent., the lowest figure recorded for more than ten years. At the moment then it may be said that conditions are excellent. What of the future?

The volume of residential building shows a declining tendency, but the ever-widening uses of cement, increased activity in the construction and extension of factories and in Government buildings, such as aerodromes, should more than maintain demand from the building industry. Increased consumption may be expected from expenditure by local councils on roads and town planning and from the Government's £100,000,000 Road Programme; and exports, which in the last few months have shown a satisfactory rise, should continue to expand. The general outlook points to a continuation of prosperity in the industry accompanied by stable, or slightly rising, profits.

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT MANUFACTURERS, LTD.—The group of companies controlled by this concern is now the dominant factor in the British cement industry, the well-known marks, "Blue Circle," "Red Triangle" and "Ferrocrete," all being products of the group. As will be seen from the following table, profits have shown a steady advance in the last few years. These figures do not reflect the true profits, for this is a holding company.

The conservative policy of the management of this concern is evidenced by the fact that over £2,335,000 has been charged to profits in the last six years for depreciation, apart from allocations made in the subsidiary and associated companies.

Year	Profits	Earned for Ordinary Dividend	Ordinary Stock Units Earned %	Ordinary Stock Units Paid %
1931	£1,024,713	£262,462	8.1	8.0
1932	1,077,451	248,301	7.1	7.0
1933	1,039,894	248,852	7.1	7.0
1934	1,186,904	351,239	10.0	10.0
1935	1,580,756	782,729	23.0	20.0
1936	1,687,350	879,617	26.0	22.5

The ordinary stock units at 91·6 represent a sound industrial investment to yield £4 18s. 4d. per cent.

HALL TELEPHONE ACCESSORIES (1928), LTD.—This company was formed only nine years ago to take over the assets and undertaking of a private company of similar name. It manufactures telephone coin-boxes, dialling apparatus, automatic stamp and ticket-selling machines and light engineering products. An advertising revenue is obtained from various sources, including stamp-selling machines installed under Government licence.

In view of the active Post Office campaign, especially in the extension of the use of telephones, the company should do well in the next few years. At no time since its inception has the company paid a dividend of less than 10 per cent., and last year, when the benefits of Government contracts were greater than ever before, the dividend was 16 per cent. This dividend should at least be maintained, as earnings last year were equivalent to approximately 30 per cent.

At the present price of 29 – the shares yield fully 5½ per cent. and seem an attractive investment of their type. PACTOLUS II.

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Sixty miles from the mainland of Scotland lie the Outer Hebrides, the home of Harris Tweed. Originally Harris Tweed was made entirely by hand; today, in spite of modern innovations, every yard of Harris Tweed which bears the registered Trade Mark has been made in the Outer Hebrides and woven by hand at the homes of the islanders. Thus the reputation of Harris Tweed, a legacy highly treasured by these craftsmen, is fully protected against spurious imitations manufactured on the mainland or abroad.

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BURBERRY GABARDINE

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To the man who studies to make himself invisible to game there are several shades so perfect in this respect in Burberry Gabardines and one in particular which a well-known game shot gave up wearing because it was so inconspicuous he feared it might be overlooked by his next guns.

The writer of this advertisement once stalked a flock of rock pigeons in an open stubble field in the Hebrides very successfully in this same colour.

But in addition to invisibility an equally important item in shooting is to have a coat on which the set of a gun will be perfect and that without the slightest restriction to arm freedom, and for this the Burberry Gabardine shooting coat is so excellent a garment that those who once try it seldom wear any other. The Burberry Shooting coat, knickerbocker breeches, and a Limwarm form an ideal shooting outfit.

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Professor Ernest Weekley, our most learned philologist, author of the standard "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English," states: "'Burberry' is not a common noun, and must not be written with a small 'b.'" Further, the Oxford Dictionary, which is accepted in the Law Courts and in both Houses of Parliament as the final textbook on the etymology and meaning of the English language, defines the word "Burberry" in 1933 as "the trade name distinctive of cloth or clothing made by the firm of Burberrys Limited."

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

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ATHLETICS IN FLOODLIGHT

A New Experience at Stockholm

By H. M. ABRAHAMS

ON Wednesday and Thursday, September 8th and 9th, the British athletic team en route from Helsingfors to Oslo competed in a series of invitation events at Stockholm. On a warm summer's day in July the period 6.30–8 p.m. is not an unsuitable one for athletic performances, but I cannot say that it struck me as favourable in September. Perhaps we were particularly unlucky with the weather conditions. On both days it was windy and overcast, while in addition on the Wednesday there was a heavy thunderstorm during part of the proceedings. After the first few events, electric floodlights were switched on and the progress of the competitors was followed throughout by searchlights. At one time I was of opinion that athletics by artificial light might be an attractive thing to present in Britain, but my first experience of this form of meeting has left me with a rather unfavourable impression. Perhaps the unfamiliarity of the whole proceeding has influenced me too much, for athletics in England, at any rate, are associated in my mind with warm summer days, not boisterously chilly evenings.

The Stadium at Stockholm is a small one, capable of seating less than 25,000 people, and the track for some reason connected with the total amount of space available when it was constructed, measures only 385 metres (about 421yds.) instead of the usual 400 metres or 440yds. circumference. The result is a more intimate contact between the public and the competitor, and a delusion that the runners are going somewhat faster than is actually the case. The standard of the performances left no doubt that the conditions in Stockholm are conducive to fast times.

The outstanding performances on the first evening were A. G. K. Brown's victory in the 400 metres, San Romani's mile, and the running of the Finns Salminen and Lehtinen in the 10,000 metres. The sprinting of the American champion Perrin Walker and of our own champion C. B. Holmes also reached a high standard, as did the high jumping of the American Melvin Walker.

Brown was running against Kay Malott, the 1937 American 400 metres champion; B. von Wachenfeldt, the Swedish record-holder; and O. Danielsson and S. Stroemberg, Sweden's representatives at Berlin last year. Brown in the inside lane covered the first 200 metres in 22.8sec., but despite that Malott had a lead of a couple of yards in the home straight. When Brown, however, produced his final effort he easily overhauled the American, to win by 4yds. or 5yds. in 47.2sec. Malott returned 47.7sec. and von Wachenfeldt a new Swedish record of 47.8sec. Brown's time was not only his fastest performance this year, it was also the fastest time accomplished in Europe in 1937. Once more he and W. Roberts, whose inability to take part in this Scandinavian tour has been much regretted, head the list of European quarter-milers.

In the one mile it was the intention of San Romani to attempt to lower S. C. Wooderson's recent one mile-world's record. Earlier in the year San Romani ran a mile in 4min. 7.2sec. in America, and recently he ran the mile in Stockholm in 4min. 8.4sec. Romani, of course, finished fourth to Lovelock in the 1,500 metres Olympic final at Berlin last year, subsequently beating Lovelock at Princeton in a mile race. Romani ran his own race from start to finish. The first 440yds. occupied 63.5sec., the half-mile 2min. 6.8sec., or over 3sec. slower than his planned schedule. Considering the boisterous wind, this was not surprising, and a third lap in 62.4sec., followed by a last lap in 59.6sec., resulted in a total time of 4min. 8.8sec. The Swede Pettersson returned 4min. 14.4sec., Stothard 2sec. slower, but very nearly one of the fastest miles of his career.

Comparisons between San Romani and Wooderson are inevitable, and it is perhaps unwise to attempt to assess the comparative merits of these two performers. I am impressed by San Romani's supreme confidence in his ability to run his own race from start to finish. The mile at Stockholm was an object lesson in running by a master who knew his own ability from the pistol to the tape. The position at present is that Wooderson has run a mile in ⅘sec. faster time than the American. One day we may see a race between these two great performers, but I doubt if even that thrilling encounter will really decide anything, unless by some miracle both runners produce their 100 per cent. best form.

It is interesting, however, to record that R. H. Thomas thinks Wooderson the greater runner (he took part in pacing Wooderson in that record mile), while San Romani himself confesses that he believes Lovelock is the real master.

The two Finns Salminen and Lehtinen raced (or paced, one could never be sure which) one another for most of the distance in an attempt on the 10,000 metres world's record. Salminen finished in 30min. 21.4sec., ¾min. slower than his own world's record. I got the impression that he could beat 29min. for six miles and will one day accomplish the performance that eluded Nurmi by just over 100yds., the running of twelve miles in an hour.

C. B. Holmes ran P. Walker to inches in the 100 metres, both men being clocked at 10.4sec., equivalent to 9.6sec. for 100yds., and Holmes's fastest this year. Walker, who is the tallest sprinter I have ever seen—he stands 6ft. 5in. high—has a remarkably smooth action, and I was impressed by his capabilities. He is naturally enough a slow starter. Holmes led him in the 100 metres, as did Sweeney in the 200 metres, well beyond half distance, and it was his running over the last 50yds. that won him both events.

We were successful in the 1,500 metres relay by 8sec., but our opponents were teams from Swedish clubs, so that I accord as little credit to this victory as I apportion blame for the defeat in the 4 × 400 metres on the second day. The other notable performance of the first day was the high jumping of M. Walker, the American negro, who recently cleared 6ft. 10in. On this occasion he easily negotiated 6ft. 6⅞in. and was as near as could be over 6ft. 10¾in. If ever a man was set for a 7ft. leap, this easy-going bundle of elastic and springs is the man.

The outstanding performance of the second day was the hurdling of Donald Finlay. Finlay's hurdling is almost like a first-class theatrical performance in its regular perfection. Hitherto I have been prone to write "Finlay as usual gave his class hurdling performance," but his execution at Stockholm was something out of the ordinary even for Finlay. His opponents were R. Staley (U.S.A.), a semi-finalist at Berlin, and E. H. Lidman (Sweden), fourth at Berlin last year. Staley, unfortunately for himself, and in a sense still more unfortunately for Finlay, who deeply regretted Staley's departure, was responsible for two false starts and was promptly disqualified. Lidman was much below his best form and never gave Finlay a race after the first two hurdles.

Finlay raced with perfection from start to finish, never looked like touching a hurdle, and was clocked at 14.1sec., equal in time to the world's record, and of course the fastest time of Finlay's career. I understand, however, that in the opinion of the officials at the meeting the cross-wind was so favourable that a record could not be recognised, an opinion with which I agree.

P. D. Ward had no difficulty in winning the 3,000 metres (about 240yds. less than two miles). This race was originally interesting for a world's record attempt by H. Jonsson (Sweden's great distance runner), but as Jonsson was ill Ward had no serious challenge and was content to follow an extremely slow pace and win with a fast last lap in time equivalent to about 9min. 30sec. for two miles.

The 1937 British half-mile champion A. J. Collyer finished third in 1min. 53.6sec., with the 1936 champion J. V. Powell fourth in ⅖sec. slower time. Both were capable of faster time than that, but somehow never seemed to be letting themselves go.

Any criticism, however, of Collyer for his running in the 800 metres must be more than outweighed by praise for his running in the 1,600 metres relay. In this race, against what was practically Sweden's national team, Great Britain was forced to rely on F. R. Handley, A. J. Collyer, F. F. Wolff and J. C. Stothard. With the exception of Wolff, who four years ago won the A.A.A. 440yds. Championship and was a member of our winning relay team at Berlin last year, we had in effect a team of half-milers. That they were only beaten by a couple of seconds and averaged 50sec. apiece, speaks volumes for their pluck. The running of Collyer over the second stage deserves the highest praise. He was 5yds. down, but never lost his head, covered the distance in inside 50sec. and handed over a lead. This experience should do his half-miling a power of good.

THE ROYAL EXODUS HUNT, BAGHDAD.—It is proposed to hold a dinner for past and present members of the Hunt and their wives in London, on Friday, October 8th, 1937. Will those interested please communicate as soon as possible with Squadron Leader J. C. Barraclough, Headquarters, Training Command, Royal Air Force, Buntingsdale Hall, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

A STROKE-SAVING GOLF CLUB

The Value of the Wooden Cleek

By E. R. TIPPLE



A TYPICAL WOODEN CLEEK

AS the years have gone by, so the popularity of iron clubs in golf has increased whilst I fancy the advantages of several woods have been forgotten. In modern matched sets it is common to find ten iron clubs graded exactly and differing in left only to a minute degree. The majority of golfers take great care when buying new sets to select the irons, and even long handicap players like to possess at least six or seven iron clubs, whilst being quite satisfied with the usual three woods, driver, brassie and spoon.

It has to be admitted, however, that the average player finds it extremely difficult to control a full iron shot. He may be able to hit a No. 2 quite a long way, but he can rarely keep it on the correct line. Women players in particular are rarely proficient with the irons, simply because they have not the required strength to punch the ball firmly. They usually swing the club, and so do not impart that essential crisp snap to the ball at impact. As a result many strokes are wasted, and golden opportunities lost.

The accepted general idea is to make the game as easy as possible for ourselves. Why not carry that sound theory into practice, and make more use of the wooden clubs? If there is one club in my own bag that I regard as a particular favourite, one that is almost indispensable, that is my wooden cleek, commonly called a No. 4 wood. It is far easier to use than a powerful iron, yet it will hit a ball just as far. That is what all players want—maximum length with the minimum of effort. Discussing this club with Miss Enid Wilson, we agreed that many golfers do not carry or use a wooden cleek simply because they imagine it is a confession of weakness.

To-day the most popular driver is one having a very deep face, but unfortunately many players use wooden clubs through the fairway with deep faces also, and then wonder why they cannot hit the ball up into the air. On the tee one can use a peg and so make the lie as one wishes, but on the fairway and in the rough one takes the ball as one finds it. With a deep-faced club it is difficult to hit the ball correctly, simply because it is not possible to get the club down to the centre of gravity of the ball, especially when the lie is awkward. Therefore a shallow-faced wooden club is essential for use through the green. The shallower the face, the easier it is to hit the ball into the air.

The wooden cleek is especially useful in the rough. An iron club is often caught by the grass so that a clean hit is impossible. With this stroke-saving weapon hardly any interference will be felt. It has a rounded sole, very small head, and ultra-shallow face. If a ball is found even in a cupped lie, the wooden cleek, because of its construction, will extricate it satisfactorily. I have even seen it used by scratch golfers out of bunkers with astonishing success. And when it is necessary, because perhaps of nearby trees, to elevate the ball sharply, the wooden cleek will supply the answer. In short, it is a grand stroke-saver from anything but the quite hopeless lie.

The head of the usual No. 4 wood is rather like the old-fashioned pear-shaped head so popular before the War. Some have no lead in the back of the head, but just a heavy brass plate on the bottom. This, I believe, is an additional advantage, for you do require the weight at or near the bottom of a club when faced with a tight lie. The face, as I have said, is very shallow and lofted. I measured one of Miss Enid Wilson's, and found that the depth of the face was 1¼in., the width of the head only 2in., and the length from socket to nose 3in. The shaft was of the usual medium whip. Too whippy a shaft would prove hopeless. The weight of this particular club was 13½oz., which, in my opinion, is quite heavy enough. Miss Wilson remarked at the time, "You do want a club you can swing easily; not one that will swing you off your balance."

The subject of the number of clubs carried to-day is being hotly debated just at present. Some think we should be limited; others believe no restrictions are necessary. Whilst I do not think anyone can or should advise a golfer as to the choice of a club, to those who have not had a wooden cleek, I would strongly recommend the experiment, even if it means adding to an already well-filled bag.

New Books

TO-MORROW'S SALTPETRE

A Game book—full of Meat

THIS is a book full of shooting wisdom, and although I was pleased when my twelve-year-old son got hold of it without asking and told me his views on it, I was not so pleased when I found that he had lost my notes made for the purpose of this review. However, he gives it his unqualified approval. So do I.

It is essentially a volume for beginners, old and young. It deals with most subjects connected with shooting, without a good grounding in which few would be fit companions for other guns. It is not so much a statement of views and facts, as a series of essays written to a second person in a style that goes a long way to gaining the pupil's confidence. And it is very sound. "Safety first" is a motto applicable to shooting more than to any other form of sport because of the danger, not to oneself, but to one's fellows; having provided a boy with his gun in the first chapter, Captain Drought very rightly tells him in the second and third how he is to handle it without being a public danger. Then he is careful to point out that the joy of shooting does not consist in good marksmanship, but in studying the ways of game and their enemies, and the application of knowledge acquired in bringing them to bag with the greatest possible skill and the least cruelty to the victims.

After the initial stage of prowling around with a shot-gun in the evenings, which we can all remember so well, the real schooling in fieldcraft begins with ferreting, on the conduct of which the author gives sound advice. There are boys (one can only hope they are rare) who want to begin shooting where their fathers left off, who cannot be bothered with the preliminary prowling and ferreting, but, gifted with more guns than guts, despise the fascination of dog work and expect all game to be driven up to them. They, as well as others, should be given this book to read, and if they do not like it their parents should send for the doctor.

From the literary point of view it might be possible to pick holes in this work, but it is the sandwich that counts, not the paper it is wrapped in; this wrapper holds good meat. In giving advice on the various forms of shooting Captain Drought is carried away by the charm of his surroundings, and occasionally, as, for instance, in his account of dog work, he becomes almost poetic in his descriptions.

When *A Shot in the Making* is revised for a second edition a few notes on pigeon shooting would add to its value; and, although etiquette has had much of the attention it deserves, a few lines might be added on what is done and what is not done along the boundary. Meanwhile, it is remarkably good value for 3/6. J. W. B.

A Shot in the Making. By Captain J. B. Drought. (Herbert Jenkins; 3/6.)

GARDENS AND GOURDS

IF ever Continental gardens are thrown open to the public, as are those in this country, in aid of various charities, "travellers in gardens" will find Mr. Jellicoe's book *Gardens of Europe* invaluable. At aeroplane speed he sweeps his readers through a hundred gardens in England, round Paris, in the Rhine country, Austria and North Italy. Foreign architects have always been more skilful in co-ordinating landscape, sky and domestic architecture than those of this country, and the author endeavours to elucidate their secret.

Most pathetic of all are the Austrian gardens, for they recall the great days of Imperial splendour. The Belvedere still ranks as one of the finest examples of landscape architecture in Europe, and is splendidly kept up, but of the Liechtenstein garden little is left, and it is possible to visualise it only from old prints. The gardens of Schönbrunn are of overwhelming magnificence, and, like Versailles, the plan is based on frequent contrasts of open spaces and woodlands. Schönbrunn is noted for its hornbeam hedges, whole avenues of them, 40ft. high, being kept clipped to look like solid walls of verdure. This fashion prevailed in this country in the eighteenth century.

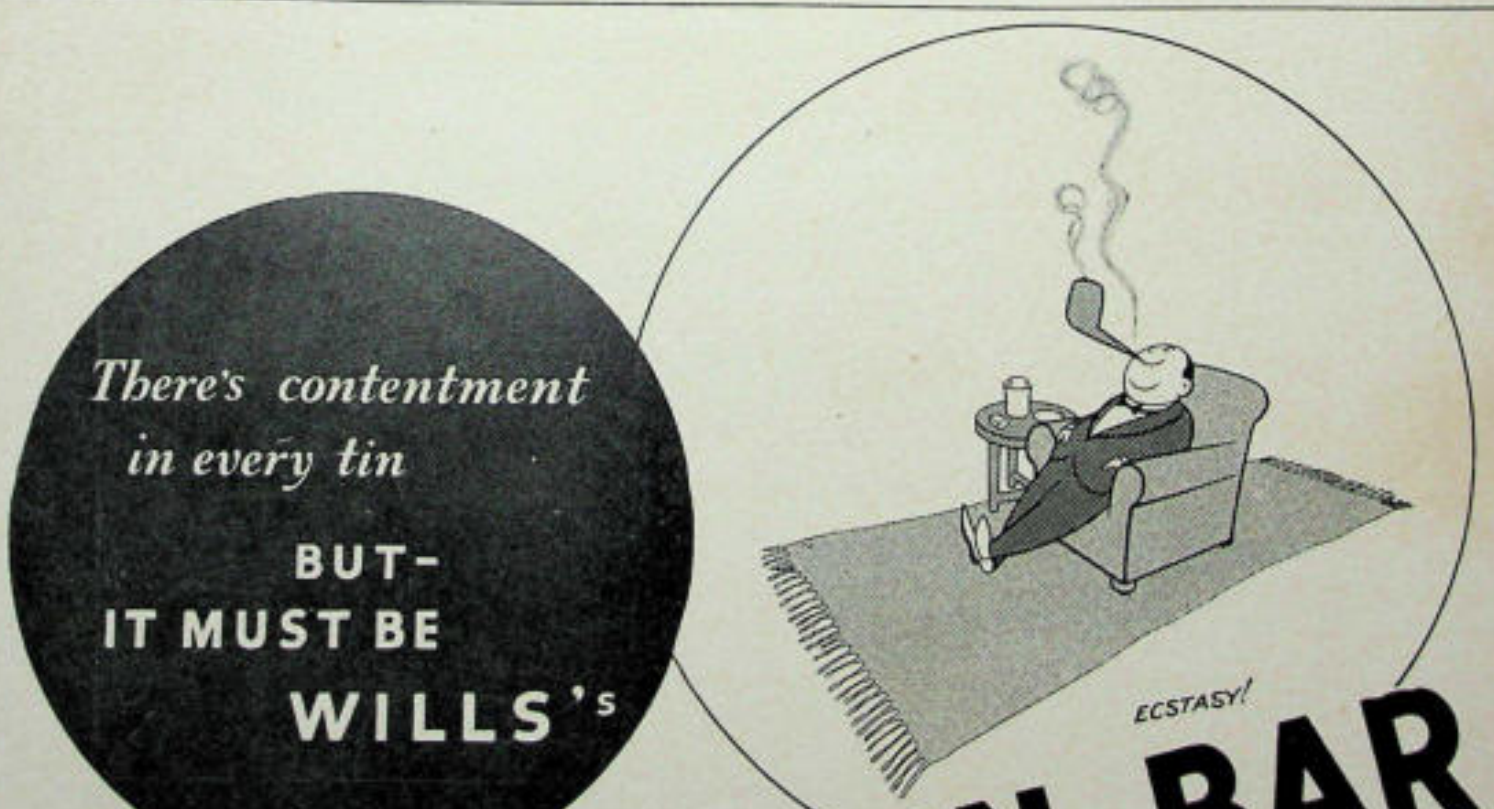
The collection of Miss Jekyll's essays in book form entitled *A Gardener's Testament*, takes us into the homely gardens so characteristic of our national taste. For if Continental gardens suggest the splendours of courts, English gardens, no matter how large, are as a rule pleasant, homely places where anything that savours of the "grand manner" is out of keeping. Most of Miss Jekyll's articles now republished were written during the last 20 years of her life, and therefore represent her mature judgment of the subject she made her lifelong study. They are written with the sincerity and charm characteristic of all her work, and those of us who treasure her books are grateful for these essays in book form, illustrated chiefly with photos taken at Munstead.

A supplementary volume to the late Mr. Farrer's standard work on the English rock garden has long been wanted, and has now been supplied by that distinguished authority, Dr. Sampson Clay. Nothing to compare with this comprehensive work on alpines, *The Present-Day Rock Garden*, has yet been published, and it is essential to all who take rock gardening seriously.

Almost every few months a monograph is published on one of the important plant families, and the newest is *Gardener's Gourds*, by Mr. L. H. Bailey, whose scientific and technical writings on this subject have been authoritative for nearly 50 years. "And now as the years are ripe," he says, "I wish to express my joy in the experiences." The illustrations of this book are as delightful as they are numerous. They are obviously the work of an artist who is himself a lover of these curious and not infrequently fantastic plants.

Annuals not so long ago were despised by many gardeners, and, even now, highbrows regard them with unmerited scorn. But hybridists have devoted so much skill and attention to them that, without them, gardens would be shorn of much of their loveliest colours in summer and early autumn. Mr. Roy Hay's handy volume *Annuals* is a first-rate reference book, and as such will be appreciated by all practical gardeners. There is a particularly interesting chapter on "Lost Annuals," and one cannot help hoping that some of these will be retrieved and again adorn our gardens. E. S. R.

Gardens of Europe. (Blackie; 12/6).
A Gardener's Testament. (Country Life; 10/6).
The Present-Day Rock Garden. (T. C. Jack; 31/6)
Gardener's Gourds. (Methuen; 12/6).
Annuals. (Martin Hopkinson; 7/6).



SPORT ACROSS THE WORLD

THERE is more than a suspicion of a vanished era in Major van der Byl's simply written account of his boyhood; there is a definite reminder of a more leisurely life than the average person leads to-day, in the description of his grand tour around the world which followed close upon it.

Those were the days indeed! When travel books were not written at high pressure, when the voyager in strange seas did more than glance at points of interest in the various ports of call before describing them in detail; when people did not fly or motor at break-neck speed over and across a petrol-poisoned world.

Thus, 40 years ago, the author's experiences of Australia, New Zealand, the South Seas, the China Coast and Japan were vastly different to those which are now chronicled by the average globe-trotter; moreover, they bear the imprint of a keen observer anxious to record his impressions in these and other lands in circumstances which, obviously, no longer obtain.

At this strenuous stage of existence, for instance, few could afford the necessary time to enjoy a prolonged cruise to Raratonga and the Cook Islands on a Government yacht, even if they had the opportunity. One gathers that the islanders had by then been converted to "Mother Hubbards"; a photograph illustrates the terrible result. "Japan," he states, "had just then begun to get Europeanised." Another implication of dubious "progress."

A commission in a Lancer regiment followed a term at Cambridge, and young van der Byl saw service in India, enjoying to the full the cavalry life of those days. Racing, polo, cricket, shooting and pig-sticking at Patiala and Meerut. He may not have won the Kadir Cup of 1899, but he certainly did himself no discredit.

His regiment left India the same year for South Africa; its campaign included the relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg and the occupation of Pretoria. Later, home service and an Irish interlude gave him plenty of shooting and hunting until 1912, when he retired from the Army. Rejoining in 1914, he saw service in France with the Remounts and was presently appointed chief instructor of the Cyclist Training Centre at Chiseldon.

A final chapter is devoted to an exposition of Major van der Byl's well-known views on "hunting and trapping" of the baser sort. Apart from the general interest of the book I find in this some thought-compelling statements. Tidings of his crusade have by this time spread all over the world, but if his efforts can be furthered by this publication it will not have been written in vain.

A man's book, with a decided appeal to womenkind, nevertheless. H. N.

My Fifty Years of Sport, by Major Charles van der Byl. With foreword by General Sir Hubert Gough. (Stockwell, Ltd.; 5/6.)

GOLF WITH PAM BARTON

ALTHOUGH only 20 years of age, Miss Pam Barton has a playing record the envy of every woman golfer. Winning both the American and British titles last year enabled her to achieve a great ambition. In the past two years, she says, she has travelled 80,000 miles on golfing journeys. Now, for the benefit of all players, she has written a book—*A Stroke a Hole*—in which she reveals her secrets of success and her own ideas on how the game should be played.

Remarks coming from such an expert demand respect even if they are highly controversial. Playing the mashie niblick, she says, keep the "feet close together—the stance becomes narrower, remember, as you progress from tee to green—ball nearer the right foot than the left . . . the feet should not move a fraction of an inch from the beginning to the end." Yet many world-famous players move their feet even when they play a tiny approach.

"It is part of my theory that 50 per cent. of good golf is mental . . . my own experience is that the deep-faced driver simplifies golf." Miss Barton does not approve of the use of tees for iron play. If you use them "try and get out of it," she says, because "unless the ball is taken clean off the top of them, which requires dead accuracy, tee and club head meet, as much as 50 per cent. may be taken out of the power of the shot . . . and all the other sound principles of good iron play are rendered worthless."

Miss Barton has selected eighteen holes from the hundreds she has played and in *A Stroke a Hole* describes the correct ways to play them. In this novel and interesting manner she goes through the bag giving hints on the use of each club and every conceivable type of shot. Sometimes she is inclined to make the game more difficult than it need be. For example, "A sound principle at all holes where wind is likely to be the decisive factor is to be bold and play straight into it." With a wind blowing left to right an intentional hook is advisable in her opinion. "It is essential to assess the wind's force and on that decide how much hook will be necessary." But why not hit the ball straight? Complications lead to trouble.

Four series of moving pictures of the author in action are so arranged that by flicking over the pages of the book the various movements can be followed. These are certainly interesting, and helpful. Actually I found the illustrations the best part of the volume. E. B. T.

A Stroke a Hole. By Pam Barton. (Published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, Ltd.; price 2/6.)

WHERE TO STAY

WITH the great increase in motorists there is little doubt that Mr. George Long's *English Inns and Roadhouses* will find a ready sale in this country. He has written a very thorough and most readable book. Wisely he admits that photographs can sometimes describe an inn far better than any writer, and it is, therefore, pleasing to find the text adorned with 234 illustrations all taken by the author.

There is little about the English inn that Mr. Long does not know or has not discovered. From the earliest and the oldest inns, the author discusses Scottish and literary inns. Of the latter he praises, as I would wish to praise, the lovable little Barley Mow at Chiden Hampden, where Jerome K. Jerome wrote parts of his grand book: *Three Men in a Boat*. If you will visit this quaint Thamesside inn you will echo the author's words and agree that it has a "story-book appearance."

There is a splendid chapter in *English Inns and Roadhouses* on "the most beautiful inns." Many must have set out in quest of such places; I know that I have spent many week-ends myself searching for beautiful inns from the Wye Valley to the Cotswolds, from Devonshire hamlets to Cumberland fells. The search has never been dull, and my reward has often been great. Mr. Long has, of course, partly spoilt my fun, for I now know where to go without any searching, but he has done me and many others a service by gathering so much information in his well-written book, and certainly it will serve as a fine reference for time-saving on long journeys. W. G. L.

English Inns and Roadhouses. By George Long. (Laurie & Werner; 20/-.)



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ANNUALS TO BE SOWN UNDER GLASS THIS MONTH

Effective Displays in the Spring Greenhouse

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ANNUALS afford some of the most effective and certainly the cheapest displays in the spring greenhouse. Certain annuals, notably Schizanthus, Clarkias, Stocks, are grown in every greenhouse, but others such as the double annual Wallflowers, the Tulip Poppy, Nasturtiums and Cornflowers are unduly neglected.

Schizanthus are amongst the earliest annuals to flower, and they have a long flowering period. The finest of the modern hybrids are the Danbury Park strain with substantial self-colour flowers. The compost should be a good fibrous loam (two-parts), one part leaf mould, and a handful of finely powdered mortar rubble in each pot. The compost should be very finely sifted. Some growers prefer to sow the seed in boxes, whereas others prefer to sow a small pinch of seed in 5in. pots and thin the seedlings to leave four in each pot. Whether sown in a box or in pots, it is advisable to cover with glass to facilitate germination. The glass must be turned and wiped daily. With all seedlings under glass, the great danger is damping off, and the chief causes of this trouble are over-watering, leaving the seedlings crowded and lack of sufficient air and light. All through the winter they must be kept as near the glass as possible, and in the sunniest positions. A high temperature is not beneficial, 40 to 45 degrees being sufficient. The more the greenhouse is ventilated on mild days in the winter the sturdier and finer the plants will be.

When the plants are about 2in. high, they should be stopped, *i.e.*, the tops pinched off to encourage bushy growth. In the case of seedlings raised in boxes they should be transplanted ten days after pinching to 3in. pots. The cold frame has to be kept closed after repotting for some days. When large enough, the plants are transferred to 5in. pots and brought into the cold greenhouse. They should be ready for their final re-potting in February. The compost should not be so fine, and should consist of two-thirds loam and one-third leaf-mould and very well decayed manure and a little sand and mortar rubble. Well-grown specimens are smothered with flowers sometimes two-thirds of their height. Watering is of supreme importance. Driblets of water at frequent intervals are fatal. Never water unless the soil is moderately dry, and then give sufficient to reach the furthest root. The water should be rain-water, and it should stand in the same temperature as the plant for at least twelve hours before using. Ice cold water from the main gives plants a severe check.

Clarkias flower a little later than Schizanthus, and the brightly coloured scarlet variety is particularly effective at a time when that colour is scarce in the cold greenhouse. Sow two or three seeds in thumb pots, and when the plants are large enough, thin out, leaving only one plant in each pot. The trouble with small pots in a cold frame is that the soil dries out so quickly. The best way is to sink them in ashes. When the plants are 3in. high, pinch off their tips. Ten days later transfer them to 5in. pots, in each case keeping the ball of earth intact. The compost should be two parts fibrous loam to one-part leaf mould, mortar rubble, bone meal and sand.

Double annual Wallflowers are delightful plants for the cold greenhouse and very easily raised. From seed sown in September, the plants flower in early March. The seedlings when large enough should be potted in a compost of fibrous loam, mortar rubble and sand. Through the winter they need a minimum temperature of 45 to 50 degrees.

Brompton Stocks sown in September flower in late May. Stocks are peculiarly susceptible to damping off. As with the winter-flowering Stocks, such as Beauty of Nice, the seed is sown in seedpans or boxes in a compost of finely riddled sandy loam. As soon as the plants have made three pairs of leaves they should be transferred to 3in. pots. They need plenty of ventilation in favourable weather and very careful watering. When large enough they should be finally repotted in 5in. or 6in. pots in a compost of two parts fibrous loam and one part finely-sifted mortar rubble, bone-meal, wood ashes and soot.

Nasturtiums are very easy subjects for the cold greenhouse. Golden Gleam is particularly effective, as the flowers stand so well above the foliage. Sown now the plants flower in March. Sow the seed separately in 2in. pots, keep the young plants as near the glass as possible, and finally repot in 5in. pots.

The easiest Poppies to grow are the Shirley Poppies and Ryburgh Hybrids, in fact they are usually accounted the easiest of all annuals for pot work. They require a temperature of 50 degrees. Sow in 2½in. pots and thin the seedlings to three in each pot. When large enough, transfer the whole ball of roots, keeping the three plants together in 5in. pots. Ultimately they can be transferred to 8in. pots, always keeping the ball of soil intact, and never separating the plants.

The Tulip Poppy and Iceland Poppy need exactly the same treatment. Two points of importance in regard to growing Poppies under glass are that firstly they need far more air round them than most annuals so that the pots can never be crowded amongst other plants, and secondly, that when they are in full growth in early spring, they need a good deal of water. Just when they are coming into bud they can occasionally be given a dose of very weak liquid manure.

JUNIORS AT WIMBLEDON

By J. E. COLLETT

THE players in the finals of the Junior Championships of Great Britain at Wimbledon last week were somewhat weather-beaten. Rain fell on the Thursday, and only a few matches were decided. Friday was catching-up day; they were at it from 10 a.m. till it was really too dark to see properly. G. L. Emmett (Middlesex), the eventual singles and boys' doubles champion, played 116 games and reached two finals: Miss P. M. Seaton (Devon) played 110 games and reached one final. There is no doubt that on the Friday they and a number of other competitors were overplayed.

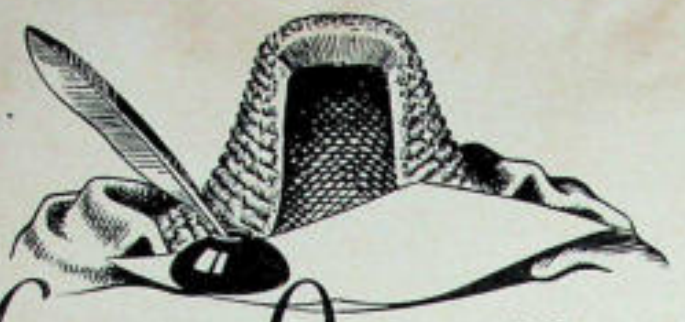
In the circumstances it is hardly fair to judge the standard of the play by the performances in the finals. I shall, therefore, give a general impression gathered from watching the players through the week, and comparing them with other less fortunate competitors. I can say at once with regard to the boy finalists, R. A. A. Holt (Sussex) and G. L. Emmett, that they were not the most promising of the entrants. They are both of the steady-going type. They might win tournaments, but have no appearance at present of ability of the highest class. Holt has a good forehand, which unluckily for him was fluffed in the final. Emmett has a fine sense of anticipation which covers his rather clumsy style; his backhand is well placed, but without power. Neither of these boys has a service worth speaking of. The inference would appear to be that as they came through the rest were not up to much. They came through more because they knew how to use their limited equipment to the best advantage; in effect, they were better match winners along tournament lines.

R. D. D. Lowe, whom Emmett beat 6/4, 6/4, in the fourth round, confirmed the impression I had formed of him at Queen's Club. If his puckish humour does not prevent, his progress under proper guidance should be rapid. D. G. Smart, beaten by Holt in the fifth round 6/4, 6/3, moves well and hits a clean ball, and his doubles play has the right stamp. He already plays for Leicestershire, and on his suitable temperament higher honours might be based. He has not the genius of Lowe, but he is very talented. I rather liked the way A. J. Mottram (Warwickshire) shaped. He was the only person to get a set from Emmett, the eventual champion, in the singles; his racket takes a good hold of the ball, both overhead and off the ground. This important part of stroke production was lamentably absent among the competitors of both sexes, many of whom might have been executing movements designed rather for eurhythmies than ball striking, the girls especially.

Apropos of movement the gestures of one, R. P. Harman, a boy born of British parents in America, who had had considerable newspaper publicity, were exaggerated. His habit of serving an underhand twist after a feint at an overhead has been criticised, but it did not appear to flummox anyone much, and is certainly a better delivery than his grotesquely produced overhead service. He prefers to take the ball on his backhand on which wing he manufactures occasionally a colourable imitation of one of Budge's bangs. Another boy who did not, in my opinion, come up to the scratch of his publicity was R. C. Nicoll. He won the doubles with Emmett, but the latter did most of the valuable work. Nicoll's hurried manner has become a mannerism which makes a proper sighting of the ball impracticable. On the whole there was more meritorious play in the boys' doubles than in their singles, and P. E. Hare, who won the mixed with Miss R. Thomas, was as praiseworthy as any. Though not in the least showy he has an exceptional command of the ball and an admirable idea of position.

There were many good players in the girls' events. It can be said, however, that none was as good as Miss Thomas (Surrey), who beat Miss Seaton (Devon), 6/2, 6/1, for the championship. The score is not indicative of relative form because Miss Seaton was still weary from her overplay the day before, but there was no reason to suppose on previous showing that she could have won. Miss Thomas is a player who relies on the conventional application of length and its variation for the foundation of her game; she has the stamp of championship, because she makes not only her game but the game itself look simple. While others pound and punch and flurry, she plants her feet and the ball with daintiness and precision.

Miss P. L. MacCorkindale and Miss B. M. Crosser, the Middlesex pair, who won the girls' doubles, were successful more on account of combination than brilliance. Indeed, the only doubles player among the girls properly to be described as brilliant would be Miss B. E. Clements; she and Miss M. Wadlow were the losing finalists.



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ON THE SHORES OF LOCH NESS
The farmer in Scotland has more weather worries than his confrère in the South of England

THE WORRIES OF AN AGRICULTURIST

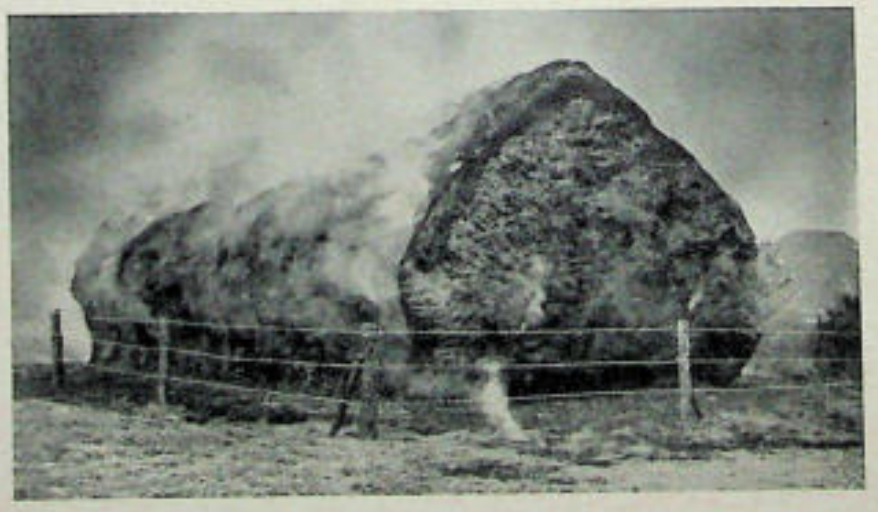
Are There Too Many Restrictions?

FARMING is obviously a wonderful life: Is not "The Jolly Farmer" a favourite inn sign? But whilst few farmers born and bred on the land would willingly exchange their lot for life in a city, their existence is by no means "all beer and skittles" (though, incidentally, I always wonder who it is who would enjoy such a life, and should imagine that the skittles, at any rate, would soon pall). When discussing the subject of this article the other day with a cynical friend, he remarked that it could be adequately dealt with in the two words "never ending"; and he was not very far from the truth!

In the old days a farmer was verily, like Alexander Selkirk, "Monarch of all he surveyed." He might, or might not, grow good crops; his cows might, or might not, milk well; his pigs might be of that kindly, comfortable disposition which enabled them to put on fat quickly and cheaply, or they might be the rangy, cantankerous sort which preferred to remain lean. But, at any rate, the farmer was free to grow what he liked, to produce as much as he could, and to sell his produce in whatever way he considered best. As long as he behaved himself, and kept within the terms of his tenancy, he could do what he liked with his land and his stock. But to-day all that is different, and he is hedged round by restrictions on all sides. He may not do this, he must not do that; and in consequence he is no longer a free man and his worries have increased enormously.

Let us consider his land. However suitable his soil might be he may not, for instance, plant up a hop garden—that crop is completely barred to all but established growers, and even they are restricted in the acreage they may grow. If potato prices are good and our farmer wishes to grow a larger acreage he must pay £5 an acre for the privilege of doing so—and having grown his crop he may only sell such potatoes as are over a certain size and then only to certain authorised merchants. If he grows wheat he can only qualify for the subsidy under the Wheat Quota Act if he actually sells it. Hence we may have the anomalous spectacle of a farmer sending his wheat into a merchant's store and his wagons returning with a load of someone else's wheat to feed to his poultry! If our farmer wishes to take advantage of the new guaranteed prices for oats and barley he can only do so provided he grows no wheat—or rather that he receives no quota payment for his wheat.

And he is subject to just as many restrictions regarding his livestock. If he produces milk he may not sell it at the door unless he is registered as a producer retailer, fills in forms showing the amount so sold and pays the appropriate levy to the Milk Marketing Board. Hence it often comes about that people in the country—both residents and temporary visitors—are forced to use tinned milk because they cannot buy fresh! Again, bacon pigs may only be sold to certain curers—and if several farmers wished to join together and start a bacon factory of their own they would not be allowed to do so. Fat cattle must be sent to certain centres to be graded, even if they are to be killed by the butcher next door. And so on, and so forth.



MINOR WORRY
A burning rick on a Berkshire farm

All these regulations have come into force as a result of the various Marketing Boards and other schemes. But they by no means exhaust the list of rules which must be observed. Cowsheds must have so many cubic feet of air per cow, and so many windows; dairy appliances must be sterilised in such and such a manner; animals with certain diseases may not be sent to market; other diseases must be notified to the police; sheep must be dipped in certain approved dips; records must be kept of the movement of animals on the road, and licences must often be obtained before any movement is allowed; seed corn may not be sold without a certificate of purity—and so on *ad infinitum*.

All these rules and regulations have been made for the benefit of the farmer himself and in nearly every case with the approval of his own organisations. Hence it must not be assumed that he really objects to them, however irksome he may find them. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that they do add very greatly to the worries, for whereas he formerly acted solely on his own judgment he has now first to consider whether any move he makes is or is not forbidden by one of the many regulations which hedge him in on every side.

Such worries might almost be called artificial. At any rate they are induced by man-made orders. But, in truth, there has always been ample scope for worrying in the life of a farmer. Animals, and too often the best animals, are always apt to die; crops, and always the best crops, are apt to be laid by wind and rain just before harvest; rain is apt to fall at the wrong moment and ruin the hay or drown the winter corn; and drought may come to prevent the roots or seeds from getting a start. To the townsman staying in the country such happenings seem calamitous; but the true countryman is a philosopher and takes them as a matter of course. He knows that Nature, though she may be cruel at times, is at heart a kindly nurse, and that, taking a long view, she orders things for the best. Hence the farmer worries far less over natural troubles than ever he does over man-made regulations, and all he really asks is to be left alone and allowed to get on with the job.

There are, however, two further sources of serious worry which do not fit into either category mentioned above. There is the shortage of suitable labour, a shortage which is getting ever more acute and which is felt especially by those farmers who need extra labour at certain seasons. And, worst of all, there is the worry over bank overdrafts. The farmer is, by inclination, a prompt payer and dislikes owing money. But he lost so heavily during the depression a few years ago that he was crippled financially, and too often is heavily in debt not only to the banks but to the merchants and auctioneers; and, what is more, can see little chance of ever getting clear. And it is worry of this sort which is so apt to eat the heart out of an honest man.

G. B. H.

THE NATIONAL MARK FRUIT PRODUCTS SCHEME

THE National Mark Scheme for Fruit Products, which has hitherto been confined to two grades of fruit juice syrups, has now been extended to include the following additional products: fruit juices, fruit concentrates and aerated fruit beverages. In addition, the definitions of quality for fruit-juice syrups have been amended.

The revised scheme is based on the Agricultural Produce (Grading and Marking) (Fruit Products) Regulations, 1937, which have recently been made by the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries. Copies of the Regulations (S.R. & O., 1937, No. 788) may be purchased from H.M. Stationery Office, Adastral House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, price 2d. each (2½d., post free).

FARMING NOTES

Eradication of Tuberculosis in Cattle

THE schemes for eradicating tuberculosis from individual herds of cattle, which were instituted respectively by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Department of Agriculture for Scotland in 1935, under the title of Attested Herds Schemes, are now making marked progress. This is evident from a comparison of the Register of Attested Herds just issued, which shows the position on July 31st with that published six months earlier. In England and Wales there were at the end of July 346 attested herds comprising 13,870 cattle, as against 208 herds (7,944 cattle) on January 31st. The corresponding figures for Scotland are 452 herds comprising 36,725 cattle compared with 256 herds (21,025 animals) six months ago. A large number of applications for Certificates of Attestation in respect of other herds are also under consideration. The scheme for England and Wales has recently been amended (as was the scheme for Scotland last year), so that not only is the herd-owner encouraged to attest his herd by the prospect of receiving a bonus on the milk which he sells through the Milk Marketing Scheme, but he may receive assistance in the process of eradicating tuberculosis from the herd. Instead of, as formerly, being left to complete the eradication entirely at his own expense, he can, as soon as he has reduced the number of reactors in the herd to about 10 per cent., avail himself of that part of the scheme which provides a substantial contribution towards the cost of further tests. The value of this monetary assistance has been realised by many herd-owners and an impetus has thus been given to the eradication of disease which will probably bear fruit in due course in a large increase in the number of herds attested. A Certificate of Attestation is virtually a guarantee of the freedom of a herd from tuberculosis, a fact which is of great importance to those who desire to obtain disease-free cattle. The register just issued gives the addresses of the owners of attested herds and particulars of the breeds constituting the herds.

Tractor Testing Scheme

The first series of tests under the Royal Agricultural Society's Tractor Testing Scheme is now being carried out by the Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering, University of Oxford. This scheme is intended to provide a permanent means by which any tractor intended for sale in this country can be officially tested with a minimum of expense to the entrant. The tests themselves are being conducted on novel lines since, although accurate dynamometer and fuel records will be taken, the tractors concerned will at all times be working with ordinary implements (ploughs and cultivators) under actual farming conditions. Thus, for example, when the maximum horse power of a given tractor is measured the test figures will refer to the maximum power that the tractor can exert in the field while actually ploughing. Similar considerations will apply throughout the tests, and these will include, on both heavy and light land, maximum power measurements in ploughing and cultivating and an eight-hours "working load" ploughing test.

Entries for these tests can be made in April each year at a fee of £5 per machine. The current year's entry includes seventeen tractors, ten of which will be tested during the present month and the remaining seven in the spring. Separate reports will be issued for each tractor.

Cereals for Autumn Sowing

At this time of year farmers are seriously considering which among the many available cereal varieties are likely to give the best financial return. The solution varies with soil, climate and many other factors. The National Institute of Agricultural Botany has conducted systematic field trials for the last sixteen years with the more promising varieties, and is able to give reliable advice to farmers in the North Midlands, Midlands, South and East of England on the choice of varieties of wheat, barley and oats. There is a wide choice of good winter wheats, among the best being Juliana, Victor, Wilhelmina, the Yeomans, Hobblost, Little Joss, Steel, Rivett and Squarehead's Master, or Standard Red. As a result of the decline in demand for poultry wheats there are indications that baking quality may assume greater importance than heretofore. Under these circumstances Hobbfast is worthy of special attention, for baking tests have shown it to be of superior quality to the Yeomans, or in fact any other English wheat. In the case of barley, where winter hardiness is of first importance, the ordinary six-row winter is most satisfactory. Under favourable conditions Plumage-Archer or Spratt-Archer both withstand normal winters and give good malting samples as well as high yields. Among winter oats Grey Winter and Black Winter are the most hardy. On richer soils Bountiful stands better but is not so hardy. Where extreme winter hardiness is not required, and for very fertile soils, Resistance can be recommended on account of its resistance to lodging, good quality straw and very high yields. The use of the term "white winter" as a varietal name for oats should be avoided, as it is ambiguous. Brief particulars of the purposes for which the above varieties are adapted are given in Farmers' Leaflet No. 1, issued by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany. Copies can be obtained free of charge from the Institute at Cambridge, or from any county agricultural organiser, and enquiries about these or other varieties are always welcome.

Autumn Catalogues

The autumn seed catalogues have duly made their appearance, and are, as usual, full of interest. It is only considerations of space—always a compelling problem—that makes me mention three such catalogues in one short notice. Each deserves a lengthy notice to itself, and it is thus that I would prefer to deal with them. As it is I can do no more than mention each one. They should, however, be procured by every farmer, for only so will their true merits be realised. British farmers are now aware—that pedigree counts for as much in grain as it does in stock. Strain plays a very important part in relation to production. And it is a fact that economy does not consist solely in the price paid for the seed, but in what the seed will produce. The Government's action in raising the limit of the "anticipated supply" under the Wheat Act, 1932, from six to eight million quarters has caused the people of this country to understand again that wheat growing is—as it always has been—an integral part of British Agriculture. There is a distinct possibility that the acreage of wheat, which was only 1,288,000 in 1932, may exceed 2,000,000 in 1938. But mere acreage must not be allowed to overshadow the more important factor of yield per acre. And it is here that pedigree comes in. It is essential that every grower should obtain and sow the best pedigree strain available, having first made his choice of variety. It is no business of mine to recommend one firm at the expense of another. But these three catalogues—*Wheat*, 1937, published by Messrs. Carter, of Raynes Park; Garton's, of Warrington; and Webbs, of Stourbridge—will assist in the choice and offer, the choice having been made, a wide selection. CREAGHT.

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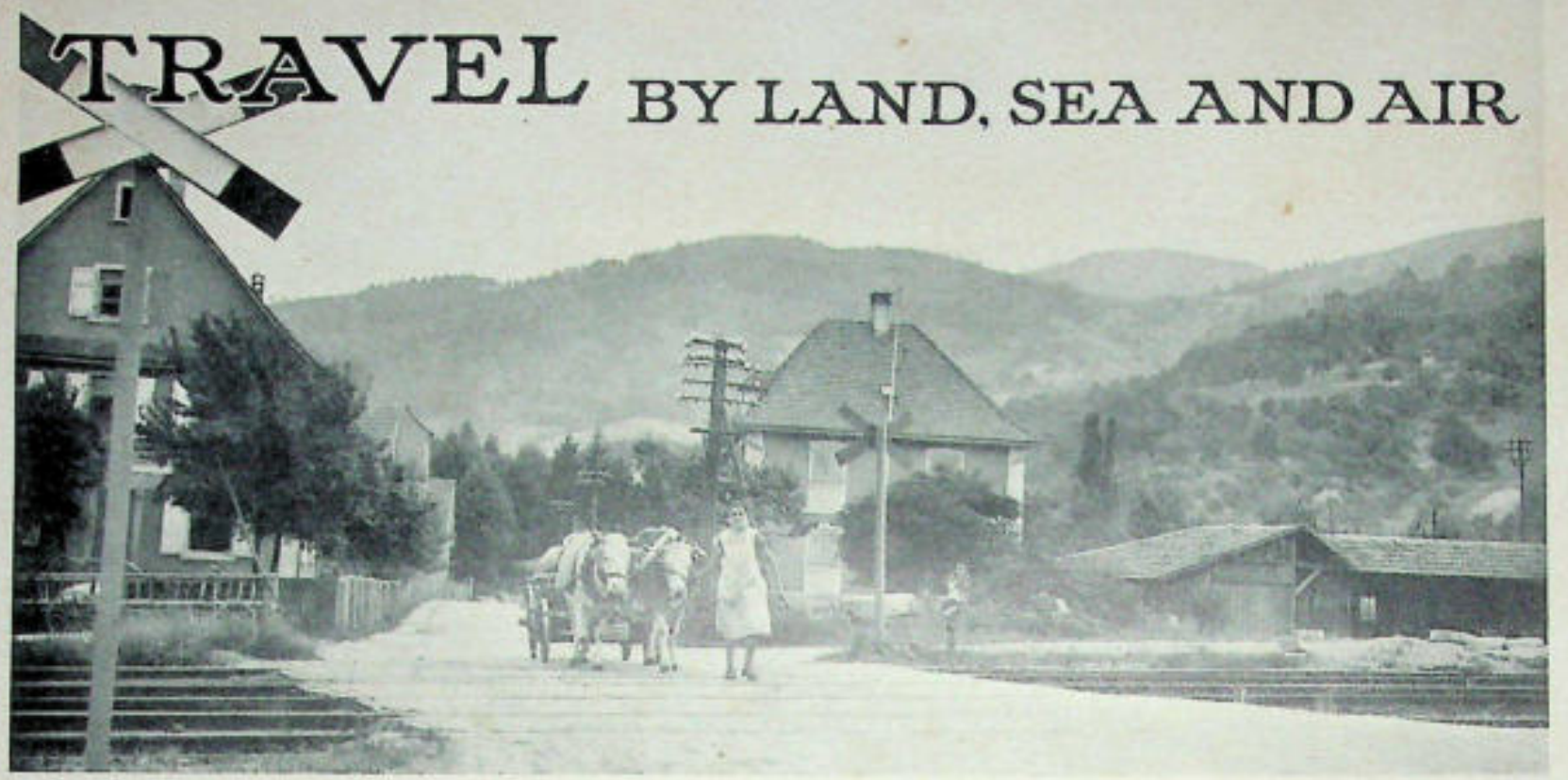
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WHERE CUSTOMS CHANGE BUT SLOWLY: AN OX-DRAWN CART CROSSING THE RAILWAY LINE IN THE BLACK FOREST AT KAPPELRODECK

THE TREND OF CAR DESIGN

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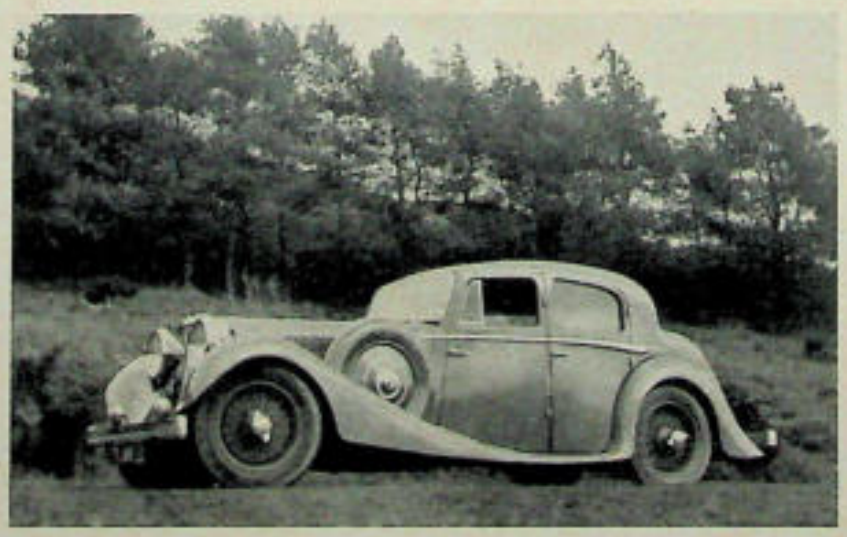
By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL
(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)
(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

OLYMPIA, which has accommodated our annual Motor Exhibition for so many years, will cease to do so any longer, as this year's show will be held in the new Exhibition Buildings, which have recently been completed at Earl's Court. Due to the enormous expansion of the motor industry in recent years, the accommodation which is available at Olympia has been found to be inadequate for all the exhibits. Although many of us from a purely sentimental point of view will feel sad that this move has been found necessary, yet the change to larger buildings has really become essential.

There was, however, one feature which has been sadly lacking at Olympia in the past, namely that of adequate parking facilities, which caused considerable inconvenience to exhibitors and visitors alike. Ironically enough, this defect has now been remedied, as early this year one of the largest and most up-to-date garages in this country was opened alongside the Exhibition buildings.

I expect many motorists are already wondering whether we shall see any startling innovations or radical alterations in design when this year's Motor Show opens its doors, and whether present prices will be increased or lowered. One does not have to pose as a prophet accurately to forecast that prices will certainly not be reduced—rather will they be raised, and the increase, so far as the small type of car is concerned, will work out at between 5 per cent. and 10 per cent. When it is realised that manufacturers are now paying as much as 46 per cent. more for steel than they were six months ago, it is really surprising that car prices are as low as they are. On the other hand, the present shortage of raw materials is likely to continue so long as this country is engaged on its rearmament programme, and therefore those who are contemplating buying a new car would be well advised to place their order as soon as possible, as I am convinced that prices will be increased still further in the near future.

Now, what surprises are there in store for us at the forthcoming Motor Exhibition, and what will be the trend of motor car design for next season? For the most part I think there will be relatively few changes, and in some cars none at all, for 1938 and although we may expect to see improvements and modifications, these will be principally confined to appearance, interior comfort and more body space. Already several of our leading manufacturers have announced their programmes for 1938, and judging from these, one can assume what the trend of design is likely to be in the immediate future.



A GRACEFUL YET SOLID LOOKING CAR
A 2½-litre S.S. Jaguar Saloon off the beaten track near Malvern

Dealing first with the inexpensive types of car, those in the 9 h.p. to 12 h.p. category, it appears that manufacturers will concentrate their attention on fitting their vehicles with roomier bodies than heretofore, and this will be achieved by either extending the length of the chassis, or by placing the engine farther forward in the frame. In addition to more leg room, we can expect to have more width as well, as the present tendency is to extend still further the sides of the coachwork and to reduce the width of the running boards. One firm in particular has made a point of doing this with considerable success, and the amount of extra body space provided on the new models is really surprising.

As a larger body means additional weight and consequently a falling off in the performance of the car, we can anticipate that manufacturers will modify their engines to give off the additional horse power necessary to cope with that extra weight without actually increasing the size of the motor.

We can also expect more luggage accommodation, and whilst on this point, I hope manufacturers will bear in mind that a large proportion of motorists play golf and that therefore adequate space for storing four sets of clubs in the back boot is essential. I was examining a car the other day which cost over £1,000, and to my astonishment I found that the back luggage locker was too short by 4in. to accommodate golf clubs, and I can only imagine that this defect will cause considerable annoyance to the owner at some period of the car's life.

Other improvements for 1938 will be in regard to outward appearance, and I anticipate that many manufacturers will introduce new radiator grills and bonnets to harmonise with the contours of their coachwork.

We can also anticipate a larger variety of colour schemes. Although the outward appearance of a car has always meant so much, yet in the past it was often obtained at the expense of comfort and safety. It will be remembered that some little while ago manufacturers were building their cars with roofs which were abnormally low, and consequently there was insufficient head room and the forward vision was inadequate. Fortunately this practice is now no longer adopted, and I think the car of the future, although appearing to look low, will have ample head room and good forward vision.

I have, on numerous occasions, expressed the opinion that sooner or later all cars will be equipped with independent suspension to all four wheels, but I do not now anticipate that this system will be universally adopted for some while. The advantages to be gained by springing all four wheels independently of each other are many, but the systems which have already been tried out need perfecting. It is, however, the small and light car which will benefit most by this new type of suspension, and for that reason I am convinced in the future manufacturers of inexpensive cars will accordingly adopt it.

I hear, however, that one well-known American manufacturer has decided to adopt this course for 1938,

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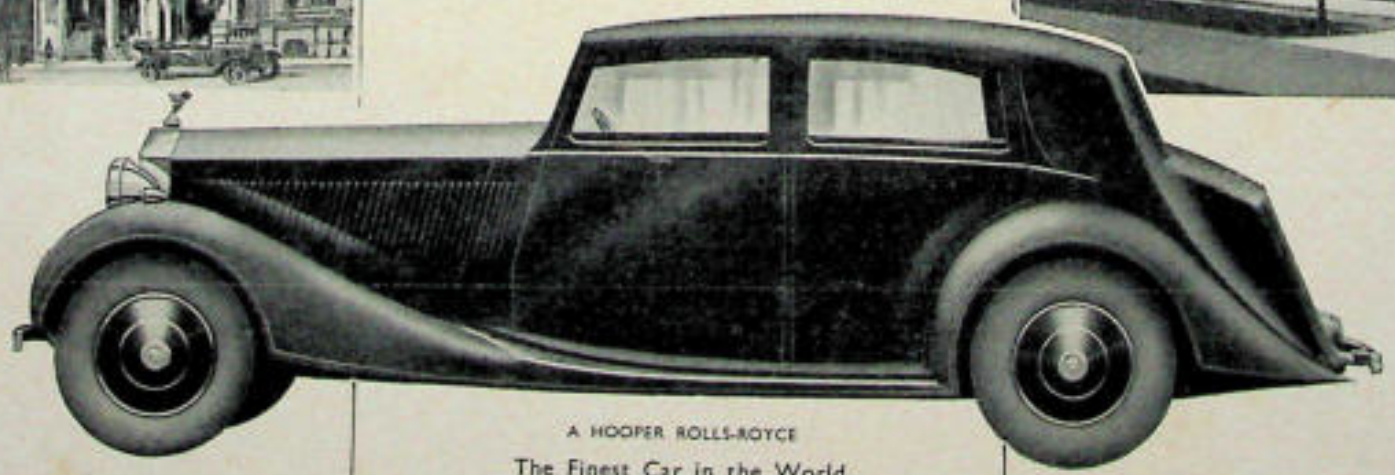
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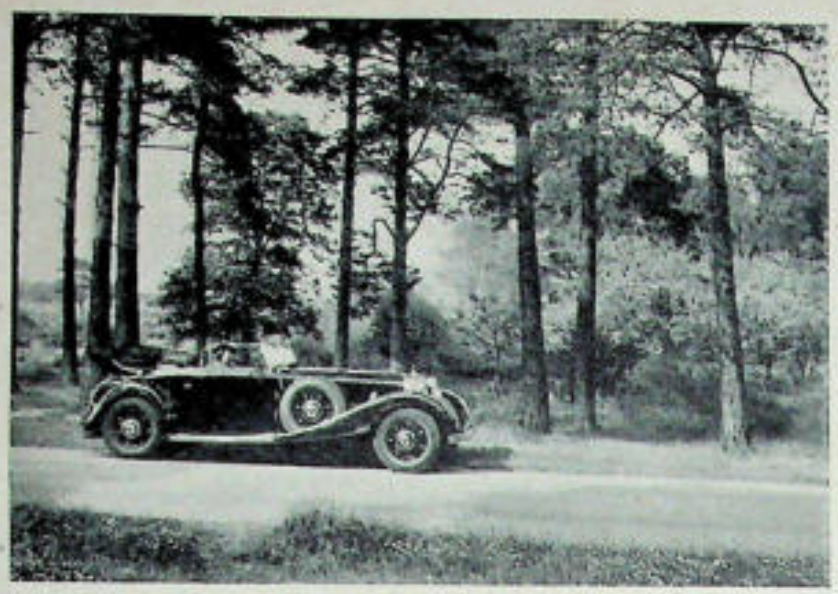
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POWER AND SPEED ARE SUGGESTED BY THE LINES OF THIS SUPERCHARGED MERCEDES, PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR FARNHAM

and no doubt if it proves successful the lead will be taken up by others later. I also understand that a famous British firm will be introducing a 10 h.p. car for the first time at this year's exhibition, and that it will sell at a competitive price and will be very up to date in design. I am, however, not at liberty to divulge the name of the firm at present.

Then again, I think there may be a tendency for moderate-priced cars to be fitted with a three-speed gear box instead of four, but all three gears will be synchromesh. This may seem a retrograde step, but so many drivers to-day whose cars are fitted with four speeds seldom if ever use the first gear, always starting off on second, and therefore the bottom speed seems superfluous. A three-speed box can be made so much lighter than a four: the shafts are shorter and therefore there is less chance of noise developing after a period of use, so perhaps there is something to be said in favour of three speeds, if only from the factor of saving weight. Personally I am in favour of four speeds every time, but the first should be low for starting from rest, and the second, third and top should be what is termed "close ratio" gears, and if this practice was adopted the extra speed would not be superfluous.

I think, therefore, that the improvements introduced in 1938 will affect the appearance and comfort of cars principally, and that greater body space will be available. Engines will also be more efficient by the introduction of new types of pistons, and new precision bearings for crankshafts and big ends, &c. There may also be a tendency towards building slightly bigger cars, due partly to the reduction of the horse-power tax, and also to the fact that we are told that Prosperity is on the way. On the other hand, prices are bound to be raised, and we shall be lucky if a further increase is not made in a few months' time.

FASTEST TRACK IN THE WORLD.—A party of eleven Packard distributors, led by Mr. Arthur J. G. Spencer (sales manager of Leonard Williams & Co., Packard concessionaires), have commenced a fortnight's tour of the United States. After visiting New York they will go to the Packard factory and proving ground at Detroit. Of particular interest will be the special speedway, only a quarter of a mile shorter than Brooklands, which is claimed to be the fastest concrete track in the world. The proving ground also contains eighteen miles of roads made to represent every type of road in every climate, from swamp to desert. Such a journey cannot but prove of great value to those concerned, and shows that our motor trade is as well able to take the broad view of personal relationships as any branch of industry.

INTERPRETING THE PRIVATE PILOT'S REQUIREMENTS

A Survey of National Light Aircraft Trends

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

DURING the past few years there has been a gradual infiltration of American aircraft of different kinds into this country, and the use of American commercial types by British airways has caused a great deal of discussion. No less interesting, however, are the American private owner types now available, which offer something rather different from the machines to which British private pilots have become accustomed. Much the same applies to other visiting foreign aircraft and to the various types seen by British participants in the frequent international rallies and meetings held on the Continent. All indicate a different approach to the private aeroplane ideal.

To a large extent, of course, these differences are accounted for by variations in national environment, just as motor-car design is affected by touring and traffic conditions in the producing countries. The American touring pilot, for example, regards long-distance flights as the normal; his flying is not restricted by national frontiers comparatively close together, and he is free to roam at will over a huge sub-continent. Thus his touring types are larger and more powerful than those which enjoy the greatest popularity in this country. Indeed, they are comparable more closely to the smaller air-liners and charter machines in Great Britain than to those designs we look on as primarily private-owner ones.

The typical American touring machine, then, is a four-seater cabin aeroplane with an engine developing up to 350 h.p. It carries radio equipment as a matter of course, and is designed for long-distance flying with ample reserve of power and performance sufficient to enable high head winds to be negotiated. Examples of this class are the Stinson, the Beechcraft and the Fairchild, all of which have been seen in this country.

Side by side with machines of this class, smaller ones have been developed for practice work, instruction, and the like. These approximate more nearly to the "ultra-light" designs, though they tend generally to be a little larger. Nevertheless, these types are not large enough to be strictly comparable with the typical British club machine.

Probably the most popular American machine of this class is the Taylor "Cub," which is now available in this country. This is a high-wing cabin monoplane fitted with a flat-four Continental engine of 40 h.p. rating and a range of some 200 miles. The performance is not high, but is adequate for inland touring at low running costs. Actually, the maximum speed is only in the neighbourhood of 90 miles per hour, and the cruising speed but 75 miles per hour. Large numbers of these "Cubs" are in use in the United States. Among smaller machines of American design, the Aeronca is well known over here and has some good performances to its credit.

Thus, the American private pilot is served by two principal groups: the high-performance long-distance machine, providing all amenities for really comfortable touring, and the small machine of from 40 to 8 horse power for more restricted flying. It will be seen that the typical British private aeroplane of about 150 h.p. falls in between the two main American classes.

On the Continent there are many schools of thought, and there has been quite a lot of experiment in an endeavour to construct a foolproof private-owner type. Examples are the unfortunate Pou, which, whatever its merits, did a great deal to focus attention on flying reduced to its simplest terms and may yet become acceptable in a modified form, and the extraordinary Dutch design, the Scheldemusch pusher, which has been seen in this country. The latter has been produced in an endeavour to provide absolute safety for even the most inexperienced pilot.

In the more normal type of light aeroplanes, Continental practice follows more closely British ideas, though lower-powered machines are more numerous. The Tipsy is of Belgian origin, and is an ultra-light low-wing monoplane of quite good performance. Another small machine is the Praga E-115, made in Czechoslovakia, a country responsible for quite a number of interesting private-owner types. The E-115 is a development of the Praga Baby, which has become familiar in Great Britain during recent years, and is a two-seater cabin monoplane with a 65 h.p. Praga flat-four engine, which gives the machine a cruising speed of about 100 m.p.h. and a maximum speed of about 110 m.p.h. In general features resembling types that have latterly become common in British design, the Bata Zlin XIII is a high-performance low-wing monoplane, for which a maximum speed of 200 m.p.h. is claimed, though the power available is only 130 h.p.

France, too, has paid great attention recently to the production of small machines of from 40 h.p. to 70 h.p. To produce aircraft that will bring flying within the reach of the ordinary man's means seems, indeed, the chief preoccupation of light aeroplane designers in France at the present time. Germany has been experimenting with small types, but perhaps the trend of design is more fully revealed by the B.F.W. Taifun, which, it is understood, is now to be built under licence in this country. This machine is one in which refinement has been the main objective; it combines excellent performance and remarkable flying qualities. The British version is to be fitted with the Series II Gipsy Six engine, the installation of which is expected to improve the performance even beyond its present figures of 160 m.p.h. cruising speed.

This is by no means an exhaustive review of foreign trend in the design of light and private owner aircraft. What it has been sought to show, however, is that various countries interpret the private pilot's requirements somewhat differently, and that there is no one method to be called ideal. The interaction of these varying lines of thought must help forward the evolution of the touring machine, and the fact that many of the types mentioned are either available in this country or are being built here introduces a useful element of competition



THE TOP HALF TAKES OFF

The upper component of the Short-Mayo composite aircraft—the Mercury—made a trial flight earlier this month at Rochester. She is seen above gaining speed to take off from the waters of the Medway



Optic—Algiers

THE MODERN MAGIC CARPET—AN AIR-AFRIQUE PLANE

WINGS OVER THE SAHARA

A New Kind of Holiday by Aeroplane

A FEW years ago the idea of a journey from the Mediterranean to the Sahara in the short space of two hours or so would have been regarded as the wildest dream. Now, thanks to aviation, the great African desert is well within the reach of the average tourist.

Leaving our hotel in Algiers early in the morning, we made our way to the aerodrome at Maison-Blanche, a few miles outside the town, where we boarded the Algiers—Madagascar 'plane, belonging to the Air-Afrique fleet, which leaves every Sunday morning at six o'clock, carrying passengers and mail. This splendid Trans-Saharan service reaches Broken Hill, Rhodesia, some 6,000 miles, in six days, via Gao, Lake Chad, Brazzaville and the Belgian Congo. At Broken Hill connection is made with another line operated by the Government of Madagascar. The island can then be reached in two days.

We took off punctually, and were soon flying southward over the sunlit, fertile plain of the Mitidja, with its vineyards and orange and lemon groves. We climbed to an altitude of about 7,000ft., made necessary by the Tellian Atlas (which here are about 5,000ft. above sea-level). Below us we could see the snow-capped peaks of that massive barrier which so effectively cuts off the coastal plain from the south.

In a short time we were over the town of Boghari—"The Gateway of the Desert"—where a gap in the Atlas leads on to the desolate wastes of the Hauts Plateaux, which stretch some 200 miles to the south.

At 7.30 we were over the market town of Djelfa, the terminus of the unfinished Trans-Saharan railway from Algiers, where travellers going south change over to desert motor coach, and where the broken ranges of the Saharan Atlas now stretched beneath us. We passed over the Monts des Ouled Naïl, inhabited by the 21 tribes of that name, the home of the famous dancing-girls which one sees in the Arab quarter of almost every town in North Africa and the Sahara.

We were now approaching the open desert, and some half-an-hour later could discern Laghouat, our destination, the first desert outpost on this route, on the northern edge of the Sahara, set in its verdant oasis of some 50,000 date palms, with a population of 15,000 Arabs, and a sprinkling of French—military and commercial.

Tall minarets stood out a dazzling white against the background of green, and, in passing, we caught a glimpse of the Oued Mzi, to which Laghouat owes its existence, and which is regarded as one of the phenomena of the Sahara. This desert stream is fed by perpetually running underground rivers of pure water, and the rains which fall on the Djebel Amour mountains 50 miles to the westward. Normally our pilot's first halt is at El-Golea, 250 miles farther south, and the third oasis on this route, but when necessary he will stop for a few minutes at Laghouat, in order to land or take on passengers and mail, and in cases of medical urgency.

Here we landed, having covered the 200 miles from Algiers in a little over two hours.

About half-an-hour's walk through pleasant avenues of tamarisk and plane trees and well-kept roads brought us to the Hotel Transatlantique, amid tall palms, where we were comfortably installed by the very amiable manager, who soon provided for us what he called a "real Saharan lunch," consisting of delicious roast gazelle, green peas, fresh potatoes, salads and fruits, and the choicest Algerian wines.

Laghouat ("a house in a dip with a garden") was founded in the eighteenth century by the great Muslim Saint, Sidi El Hadj Aïssa, who united the various nomad tribes scattered around the oasis into "The Confederation of the Larba." Many miracles are attributed to this saint even to this day. We visited his tomb, high upon a rock, over which an oratory or miniature mosque had been built, brightly painted in red and green—the colours of Islam—and much frequented by pilgrims.

The town is an important sheep-market, and a French military centre, whose commandant, head of the military territory of Ghardaia, administers an area of desert as large as Ireland.

We sat outside a Moorish café, sipping sweet coffee from tiny cups. The scene was a curious mixture of the old and the new—powerful motor lorries arriving from Algiers with foodstuffs and other necessities for the European population; camel caravans bringing newly-gathered dates from Ghardaia; nomad shepherds bringing in their flocks from the open desert to sell at the market; negroes from the Sudan, on donkeys; French army officers, looking very trim in their blue and gold képis; ragged beggars seeking alms "in the name of Allah"; and native dancing-girls in brightly-coloured dresses of red, green and yellow, wearing heavy silver anklets and necklaces of gold coins.

We visited the native quarter, where we saw Arab women busily washing wool. Later they dry and spin this into yarn, and on hand-looms weave the finest Arab burnooses and other garments. Others were making bright-coloured carpets. We saw Jewish goldsmiths, seated round their furnaces, fashioning heavy bracelets and other ornaments from silver and gold; and Arab cobblers at work in their shops, surrounded by piles of shoes and sandals. Others were making embroidered saddles and harness.

Returning to the hotel for tea, we made the acquaintance of the only British resident and his charming French wife, who invited us to go and see their garden, of which they were very proud. "Every Laghouati," they told us, "is a gardener," and they explained the method by means of which the gardens are kept productive.

Water is captured in the oued, and carried into the oasis by means of "seguias," or artificial channels, so inclined that the water is always flowing round the gardens. The system is ingeniously worked by sluices, and the whole surface under cultivation is flooded once every seven days, even in the hottest and driest years.



Beaumeur, Laghouat

A CORNER OF THE MARKET AT LAGHOUAT



Our friend showed us his date palms, his figs, peaches, grapes, apricots, Japanese medlars, apples, pears, oranges, lemons, plums, almonds, roses, jasmine, honeysuckle—every variety of fruit, flower and vegetable—even mushrooms, watercress and strawberries. He told us that one year he had to throw away about thirty wheelbarrow-loads of the finest grapes. There was a glut of them in the oasis; they could not be sold, or even given away, and transport to Algiers was too costly.

The next morning we rose early in time to catch the mail-and-passenger motor coach northward to Djelfa, which we reached in two hours. Here the train to Algiers, with restaurant-car attached, was ready waiting, and after a delay of a few minutes we set off, this time in more leisurely fashion, travelling through delightful scenery via Boghari, Medea and the Chiffa gorges.

Following the same route as that taken by our 'plane, we reached Algiers the same evening at seven, enchanted with our first glimpse of the desert, and vowing to return later.

Our journey from England, covering a period of one week, had cost us about £20; this being made up of four days' travel by Dutch boat from Southampton (£10), and a stay of one day at Algiers, one day's travel from Algiers to Laghouat and one day in the reverse direction, train and coach costing £1. The remaining sum, after hotel bills of 10/6 per night had been deducted, was the cost of the 'plane. Accommodation can be obtained in most Saharan oases, including comfortable bedrooms, good meals, hot baths, electric light and other modern conveniences.

For tourists who have a few days to spare in Algiers, and who have grown a little weary of Baedeker and "conducted parties," it would be difficult to map out a more interesting itinerary.

F. W. J. SAUNDERS.



Beaumeur, Laghouat

AN OASIS GARDEN, LAGHOUAT

PURPLE ISLANDS IN A SAPPHIRE SEA

The Cyclades and their Little Capital of Syra

By TRUDA HOPE

THE islands of the Cyclades, honey-yellow and white, bask in the clear, blue depths of the Ægean Sea round their little capital of Syra, which lies like the hub of the wheel in their centre.

Tiny steamers leave Athens every night and land one at the unprepossessing hour of 3.30 a.m. on the quayside of this tiny metropolis, above which the lights of the town twinkle in the shape of a gigantic "M."



"VEGETABLE SELLERS, THE PANNIERS ON THEIR DONKEYS' BACKS A GLOW OF GREEN, BROWN AND RED . . ."

Despite the hour, the quay is crowded with lounging figures, mostly male, and the cafés are open to serve fresh hot milk to the traveller. Everyone takes a glass of it, and then walks round to the hotel in the square, where stark, clean little bedrooms are to be let at 5/- a night, including *petit déjeuner*.

Greece is not a quiet country, and until one becomes accustomed to them, shouting voices and unnecessarily-blown motor horns, are apt to wake one early. From the balcony one looks into a large paved square, set with palm trees. On the other side a flight of steps leads grandly up to the Town Hall. Above that, the lovely, simple little houses of the town stretch up in a double pyramid to the sky, all colour-washed with the tints of blackboard chalks . . . pale blue, biscuit, cream, pink, green and yellow, the nearer pyramid topped by an absurdly ugly brown church with two towers.

Vegetable sellers, the panniers on their donkeys' backs a glow of green, brown and red, are shouting their wares in the streets. The shoe-blacks round the statue in the square are all hard at work for every Greek has his shoes cleaned several times a day. There is nowhere, I believe, except in church, that the Greek shoe-black does not practise his trade. Sitting at a café, drinking one's "elevenses" (the native menu at that hour is often a glass of water and a spoonful of jam!), one's feet are pulled from under the chair and, unless forcible measures are taken, one's shoes yet again polished and rubbed until they shine like mirrors. And all for a halfpenny!

Exploring the little town of Syra is a fascinating business. The quay is always a scene of crowded movement. Coal barges loom in black relief against the gaiety of fish and fruit shops. Cafés are always full (of men—the women have to work). One or two shops dealing exclusively in Turkish Delight are there, for the best "Lakoum" in the world is said to be made on this island, its superb quality given it by the property of the local water supply.

On the glittering water of the circular harbour lie fishing boats of all types, row-boats, yachts, and a local steamer or two, for from here one can, for a very few shillings, visit almost all the other islands of the Cyclades, as far as unique and lovely Santorini, with its perpendicular village and harbour in the crater of an extinct volcano.



SHIPPING LYING IN SYRA HARBOUR

Inland from Syra harbour there are a few narrow streets of shops and then the roads wind uphill among houses of ever-diminishing size and ever-increasing picturesqueness till near the ugly hill-top church one is clambering up cobbled flights of shallow stairs and the one-roomed cottages on either side are darkened by the sudden crowding to the door of children, goats and hens to watch the passers by.

The second half of the "M-shaped" town is even more fascinating. It is a Venetian town of great age and its general colour is the soft, pale brown of old vellum. In the troublous times when this town was built, every man's life was in his hands, and the houses are all provided with hidden passages and complicated ways of escape . . . in at one downstairs door

Strange

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Africa, now, is a continent with an inexhaustible store of colourful scenes, natural marvels, that beggar description. A land, moreover, where you can enjoy all the thrills of the primitive in civilised comfort. So if you are hitting the sunshine trail this winter label your luggage AFRICA. You will return with the storehouse of memory richly filled.

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SYRA HARBOUR SEEN FROM THE QUAY

and out at an upstairs window on to another street, as in our own Robin Hood's Bay.

From the newer town a good road leads out along the cliff to a monastery and from here the view of the purple islands in the sapphire Ægean is incomparable. The clarity of the water is extraordinary. Even at 40 or 50ft. depth one can see the coloured rocks on the bed of the sea. No wonder few fish live in this part of the Mediterranean. There is no privacy at all for them! Fishermen of Syra, working all night, have to be content with a mere handful of a catch, among which are usually spiny pink and lilac specimens that are as unattractive to eat as they are decorative to look at.

From the other side of the town a road winds across the rolling hills of the island, among the stone-walled fields where donkeys and cows yoked side by side plough the rust-coloured earth of vineyards and cornfields. Everywhere the peasants give one a smiling greeting. The island Greek is an attractive person and his contempt for the "mongrel races of the mainland" is deep as contempt can be.

Scattered over the island are several little villages and "resorts," the prettiest of them being Della Grazia, where quiet, sandy beaches lie between heathery moorland and grey rocks and a translucent Reckitt's blue and jade sea. A great red mountain is mirrored in the calm bay. Here, set in silvered fig-trees, buttery-green Attic pines and grey-green olives, little villas in gay gardens cluster around a pink hotel and a turquoise church with a pale green arch over the gate. Foreigners have not discovered this place, the villas are inhabited by members of a large family, and there is a peace and stability about the place that proves the absence of the tourist. And here, in the shady garden of the pink hotel, at the cost of 1/– or so, you may eat a delicious meal served by a peasant girl whose name, as likely as not, is Calliope or Aphrodite.

All through the blustery days of our autumn, the Cyclades bask in long days of hot sunshine. One can bathe comfortably until the end of October, and in November itself sit out in the sun in a short-sleeved frock, though the nights are crisp enough to make the Greek look with pitying horror at the open bedroom windows of the "mad English," whom they nevertheless admire, if only for Byron's sake.

MUSICAL ATTRACTION OF BRUSSELS.—From October 24th to 31st an International Competition for singers has been arranged under the auspices of the City of Brussels by the Belgian Society of Choristers. This competition is open to amateur vocalists only of both sexes. Among the numerous awards offered are H.M. the King's prize, the Government Medal, the City of Brussels prize, and the "Malibran" prize. This competition will offer an excellent opportunity for music lovers to visit the Belgian capital at the height of the musical season, when there are fine productions at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie and concerts at the Palais des Beaux-Arts.



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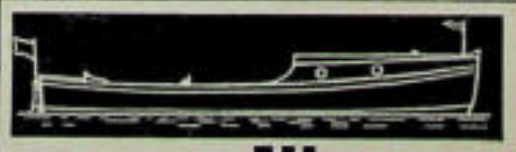
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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE HALL IN THE 13TH CENTURY COTTAGE ANNEXE OF THE BULL HOTEL

BURFORD is an extraordinary town. The houses are built on each side of a long steep hill and have the appearance of having been blown off the ridge of the Cotswolds into the valley of the charming little Windrush where they now stand. In the centre of the town you will find the quaint old Bull Inn, which was rebuilt in the seventeenth century in a mixture of brick and stone.

In the Burford Records is a lease of the Bull to Edmund Heminge, dated October 13th, 1658. Here the house is described as "now in his tenure, but the new lease is not begin until October 18th, 1661, and then the rent is to be raised from £6 a year to £14 a year, with an increased chief rent to the Lord of the Manor which the lessee covenants to pay." Probably the post-dating of the new lease is explained by the fact that the then existing lease of the premises, granted in 1630, was not due to expire before 1661.

One authority has written about this unusual procedure that "there are some facts which require further explanation. Heminge was already in possession, and had no need to anticipate by so long a time the end of his tenure. The new lease imposes a very heavy advance of rent, which is the more striking because, after the Commission of 1628 had fixed the fair rents for the charity properties, the practice of the burgesses was to maintain them at the same figure, even when, in justice to the charity, they ought to have been advanced to keep pace with increasing wealth. An explanation which would meet these facts, and would at the same time be not discordant with the style of the Bull frontage, is that the interval of three years prescribed in Heminge's new lease may very likely have been arranged to allow for the rebuilding of the inn, after which it would, of course, be rented more highly."

If this be so, and there is every reason to accept this explanation, it is of more than passing interest. When the reconstruction took place the frontage was built of red brick, about the only example of a large use of brick in any building in Burford, famed for its Cotswold-stone houses. The natural question which comes to the mind is, why was brick used? Again one can turn to the same authority for a sound explanation. "The answer may be found in certain circumstances of Burford life at this time. The current of road traffic and travellers, which was later to become its chief business, was beginning to flow into the town. A project for rebuilding the Bull may easily have arisen from the idea that more than one good inn might profitably be kept here, and that a rival to the George might stand a good chance. If so, it may not be straining a point too far to suggest that the unusual recourse to brick may have been due to a deliberate intention to be striking, and even, considering the great beauty and distinction which brick building attained in later Jacobean architecture, to be fashionable and up to date. In other words, the one brick façade in Burford may be an early instance of the use of advertisement."

At all events, the Bull of to-day looks comfortable and inviting enough, and there is, too, a charming little 13th century cottage annexe. At the inn visitors were once awakened by the rattle of the many coaches as they drew up on the cobble-stoned yards. Such famous coaches as the Magnet, the Berkeley Hunt, the Regulator, the Retaliator and the Paul Fry, bound for Aberystwyth, Hereford, Gloucester or Salop, were wont to call at the old Bull. You will find at this Cotswold inn to-day all the big and little comforts of your own home, and all those old courtesies which made the coach travellers of another age so glad to arrive at the hostel.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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HUNTING IN IRELAND.—Lady living in centre of Meath, having daughter aged eighteen, would be glad to take in two other girls wishing to hunt. References required.—FOWLER, Kilcarne, Navan.

IRELAND (Inexpensive hunting, Louth and Meath Hounds, Dundalk Harriers). Bachelor; Country Mansion, excellent stabling, rough shooting; receives Guests.—ALEXANDER HENRY, Ballascar, Dunleer, Co. Louth.

BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

Use of Signals

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

WHILE all players may be presumed to know the play of a high card and then a low, telling partner to proceed with the suit, I find that some think that this play should be made only when they are prepared to ruff. This is not the case. The "Echo," as it is commonly called, against a suit declaration does not signify necessarily that the player can or wants to ruff.

It may and should be employed when the player cannot ruff and yet wants partner to continue leading the suit either because he has control of it on third round or because he wants Declarer forced immediately. Thus against a declaration of Four Spades, A leads Club King and then Club Ace. In Dummy are J, 8, 3, and B has Q, 10, 7, 6. On the King led B should play the 7, and on the second round of the Ace he should play 6, inviting A to continue leading the suit.

A fallacy held by some players is that they must when holding two of a suit, "peter" in it by throwing first high and then low. There is no such compulsion. In fact, there are situations when you do not want to ruff but urgently desire your partner to lead another suit. This may occur when, if compelled to ruff, you have to throw away a certain winner. Or when you see that if you get your ruff you will have a very inconvenient lead. To make this clear, consider the following simple cases:

	♠ J, 6, 3, 2 ♡ Q, 9, 7 ◇ Q, 10, 3 ♣ 10, 5, 4	
♠ 7, 5 ♡ 10, 6, 4, 3 ◇ 9, 5 ♣ A, K, J, 8, 2	Y A B Z	♠ A ♡ K, J, 5, 2 ◇ J, 8, 7, 6, 4, 2 ♣ 9, 6
	♠ K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 4 ♡ A, 8 ◇ A, K ♣ Q, 7, 3	

Z is playing a contract of Four Spades. A led his King and then Ace of Clubs and, as B petered by playing the 9 and then the 6, thus inviting A to continue, he did so. B trumped with the Ace and Z made his contract as he was able to get rid of his losing Heart on Dummy's Queen of Diamonds.

Now, if B had shown any appreciation of the situation, this should not have happened. He had no desire to use his Ace of Spades for ruffing. Therefore he should not play high low on the Clubs. He should play his 6 and then his 2. A then should shift, and if he leads a Heart the game is saved as A and B must make two Clubs, a Spade and a Heart.

Against this, of course, you may say that B had no assurance of this. But the point is that getting a ruff, although it kills the Queen of Clubs, places B in the lead at a time when he does not want it. Even if he refuses the ruff for which he has deliberately asked the game is lost.

Another example of bad defence:

	♠ A, Q, 6 ♡ J, 8, 3 ◇ Q, 6, 4, 2 ♣ 9, 7, 3	
♠ 8, 7, 4, 2 ♡ None ◇ A, K, J, 10, 7 ♣ 8, 6, 5, 2	Y A B Z	♠ K, J, 10, 5 ♡ Q, 10, 9 ◇ 9, 3 ♣ Q, J, 10, 4
	♠ 9, 3 ♡ A, K, 7, 6, 5, 4, 2 ◇ 8, 5 ♣ A, K	

Score game all. Z is playing a contract of Four Hearts. A led King of Diamonds on which B played the 9. A continued with the Ace of Diamonds on which B played the 3. A now led his Knave of Diamonds. The 6 was played from Dummy. B realised that the play of a trump was unlikely to do him any good and threw the 10 of Spades. Z trumped, took three rounds of trumps, giving the lead to B with the Queen of Hearts. B was now helpless. He led Queen of Clubs. Z winning, got rid of his losing Spade on the Queen of Diamonds, which A had established.

It is obvious that the game can be saved and that A and B should make two tricks in Diamonds, one in Spades and one in Hearts. The blame attaches mainly to B. He should not have played his 9 of Diamonds at the first trick. This might possibly be a singleton. The point, however, is that having a doubleton B should never have invited A to continue the suit as a ruff was unlikely to give him any advantage. He should have played the 3—a discouraging card.

After winning with the King of Diamonds, A should then have led a Spade—the obvious lead through Dummy's strength, and the game and rubber would have been saved. Even on the play as it was, A was wrong to lead a second Diamond as it established the Queen in Dummy. Whatever B played, A should have shifted at the second trick, as he could not afford on the bidding to make the Queen of Diamonds good in Dummy's hand while the Ace of Spades remained an entry.

CHESS

LIVELY PLAY

The following lively game was played in a recent tournament for the championship of Vienna.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE. Schlechter.	BLACK. Tartakower.	WHITE. Schlechter.	BLACK. Tartakower.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	17. P to Q B 3	P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	18. P takes P	P to B 5 (*d*)
3. B to Kt 5	P to Q R 3	19. P takes P (*e*)	Q takes P
4. B to R 4	P to Q 3	20. R to R 2	Q R to Kt sq
5. P to B 3 (*a*)	B to Q 2	21. P to Kt 5 (*f*)	P to Q 5 (*g*)
6. P to Q 4	P takes P	22. B to Kt 3 (*h*)	K to R sq
7. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 3	23. P takes P	B takes P
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	24. R to R 6	R takes B (*i*)
9. Kt to B 3	Kt to B 3	25. Q takes R	Kt (B 6) to Q B P
10. P to Q 5 (*b*)	P to Q 4	26. Q to B 4	Kt takes B
11. P to K 5	Kt to R 4	27. R takes P	Q to Q 3
12. B to K 3	Kt to Kt 2	28. R to Q sq (*j*)	B takes R, ch
13. Castles	Kt to K 3	29. K takes B	Q to B 4
14. P to Q Kt 3	B to Kt 2	30. Q takes Kt	R to Kt 4
15. P to B 4	Castles	31. Q to R 5	R to K sq (*k*)
16. Kt to K 2 (*c*)	P to Q B 4	32. Q to B 5	Drawn (*l*)

(*a*) This move has come into favour in the last two or three years.

(*b*) With this move and his next White makes a premature advance in the centre. Black gets a solid position then, and White's advanced pawns soon need protection.

(*c*) P to B 5 is not good.

(*d*) Black has a good game.

(*e*) In the *Deutsche Schachzeitung* Professor Becker points out the following variation: 19. Kt to Q 4, P takes P; 20. Kt takes P, R takes Kt; 21. B takes R, R takes R; 22. Q takes R, P takes P and wins.

(*f*) If, instead, Q to Q 2, then P to Q 5 or, if B to Q 2, then Kt to Q 5.

(*g*) If, instead, P takes P, then Q takes P.

(*h*) If P takes P, then B to R sq.

(*i*) A very good move which leads to remarkable complications.

(*j*) In reply to 28, B takes R, ch, K takes B; 29, Q takes Kt. Professor Becker had planned the following winning continuation: 29. . . . Q to B 4, ch; 30, K to K sq (not R to B 2 because of R to Q R sq), R to Q R sq; 31, Q to Q 3, B to Kt 4; 32, Q to Q 2 or 32, Q to K B 3, then 32. . . . R to K sq; 33, R to K sq, R takes Kt), R to K sq; 33, R to K sq, Q to K B 7.

(*k*) Black has missed the winning move, 31. . . . R takes P. White cannot reply with 32, Q to B 5 because of 32. . . . Q takes Q; 33, Kt takes Q, R to R 8, mate, and has nothing better than 32, Q takes B, after which 32. . . . Q takes Q; 33, Kt takes R, P to Q B 4 leads to a winning ending for Black. After the text-move White can safely play 32, Q to B 3.

(*l*) Black has to exchange Queens. If, instead, Q to Kt 3 or R 2, then K to R sq, threatening the deadly R to Q 7, ch.

THE LATE MR. E. S. TINDLEY.—It was with great regret that we heard of the sudden death of Mr. E. S. Tindley, the veteran chess correspondent of the *Times*. He died as he would have wished, in harness—at the congress at Worcester last Saturday. A man of genial disposition, he will be sadly missed by a large circle of friends.

CONGRESS AT WORCESTER.—A congress to celebrate the centenary of the Worcester City Chess Club was held at the Public Hall, Worcester, last week. Eight tournaments were played and about 50 players took part. In the Premier Tournament the final scores were as follows: C. E. Grimond (Argentina) and A. E. B. Thomas each 5½ points out of 7, Dr. Seitz (Germany) 4, R. C. Noel Johnson 3½, R. W. Bonham, C. G. Batcher and R. G. Rhodes each 3, and Rupert Cross ½. Cross had to retire through illness after the third round.

TOURNAMENT AT KEMERI

The following game shows a neat finish by the Hungarian master, A. Steiner.

(*Sicilian Defence.*)

WHITE. Dr. Tartakower.	BLACK. A. Steiner.	WHITE. Dr. Tartakower.	BLACK. A. Steiner.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	20. P to Q 4	K R to B sq
2. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to Q B 3	21. B P takes P	B P takes P
3. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 3	22. R to B 2	R to B sq
4. B to Kt 2	B to Kt 2	23. Q R to K B sq	R takes R
5. P to Q 3	P to K 3 (*a*)	24. R takes R	R to K B sq
6. K Kt to K 2	K Kt to K 2	25. R takes R	K takes R
7. B to Kt 5 (*b*)	Castles	26. B to B sq (*c*)	K to Kt 2
8. Q to Q 2	Kt to Q 5	27. Kt to B sq	Kt to Kt sq
9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	28. P to Q 5	R to Q 2
10. Kt to K 2	P to B 3	29. P to B 4	Kt to B 3
11. B to R 6	B takes B	30. B to Q 3	P to Q Kt 4 (*f*)
12. Q takes B	Q to Kt 3	31. P takes P	Q to Kt 3, ch
13. Q to B sq	P to Q 3	32. K to Kt 2 (*g*)	Kt to Kt 5 (*h*)
14. Castles	P to K 4 (*c*)	33. Q to Kt 2	Kt to K 6, ch
15. P to Q B 4	P takes P, e.p.	34. K to R sq (*i*)	Kt to Q 8
16. P takes P (*d*)	K to Kt 2	35. Q to Q 2	R to R 6 (*j*)
17. Q to R 3	B to K 3	36. Q takes Kt	Q to B 7
18. Q R to Kt sq	Q to B 2	Resigns (*k*)	
19. P to K B 4	P to Kt 3		

(*a*) In this variation Black plays for the command of White's Q 3. His plan is to develop his King's Knight at K 2 and continue with Kt to Q 5 and K Kt to B 2.

(*b*) B to K 3, the usual move, is better.

(*c*) Black has a good game. His Bishop has more freedom of action than White's.

(*d*) Q takes P is better. After the text-move and his subsequent P to Q 4 White cannot play Q P takes P without leaving himself with two isolated pawns on the Queen's side.

(*e*) Not a good move. The absence of the Bishop from his K Kt 2 is subsequently a source of trouble to him.

(*f*) A very good move.

(*g*) If K to R sq, then Q to B 7, threatening either Kt to Kt 5 or R to R 6. If, instead, K to B sq, then Q to K 6, threatening B to R 6, mate.

(*h*) Threatening Q to B 7, ch and mate next move.

(*i*) If K to B 3, then B to Kt 5, ch, followed by Kt to Q 8, ch, and wins.

(*j*) Finishing neatly. The threat is Kt to B 7, ch with a discovered check to follow.

(*k*) If Q to Kt sq, then Q to B 6, ch and mate next move.

BOTVINNIK'S GAMES

PROBABLY no country in the world is stronger in chess players of master strength than Russia. The leading player there is undoubtedly M. M. Botvinnik, who tied for first place in the international tournaments at Moscow (1933) and Nottingham (1936), and was second at Moscow (1936). He is only 26 years of age and is generally recognised as a possible candidate for a match for the world's championship within the next ten years—perhaps sooner.

A selection of 32 of his best games during the period 1927–1931 has recently been produced by Mr. F. Reinfeld, of New York. The games are all extremely interesting and are thoroughly and lucidly annotated. To nearly half of them translations of Botvinnik's own notes are given. The book, which is well bound, appears in a limited type-duplicated edition. We heartily recommend it.

We understand that Mr. Reinfeld intends to give in a subsequent volume Botvinnik's best games since 1934.

Botvinnik's Best Games, 1927–1934. By F. Reinfeld. (To be obtained from Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1; price 6/-.)

END-GAME STUDY

By A. SELESNIEW.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K Kt 2, Bishop at K Kt 7, Pawns at Q 3, K B 3, K R 3, Q 4, Q R 5 and Q Kt 6.

BLACK (9 pieces): King at K Kt 4, Rook at Q Kt 2, Pawns at K 2, K Kt 3, Q R 5, Q 4, K B 4, K R 4 and Q B 8.

White to play and win.

* *Schachmatny Wiestnik*, 1913.

PROBLEM No. 3927

By Professor J. HALUMBIREK.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at Q R 6, Rooks at Q Kt 5 and Q B 7, Bishops at Q B sq and K B 2, Knight at K 7, Pawn at K R 6.

BLACK (5 pieces): King at K B 3, Rook at K Kt 7, Bishop at K R 4, Pawns at K B 2 and Q R 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

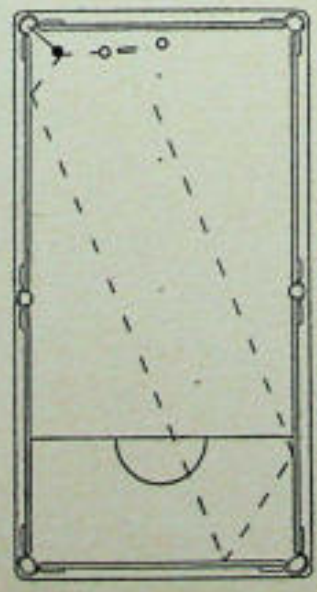
* *Revue Pod*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3926

1. Kt (K 7) to B 6, Any move; 2. Q mates.

AMATEUR BILLIARDS

Suggested Alterations for the Championship



A PLAYER who has taken part many times in the Amateur Billiard Championship suggests that it would be a good idea if red-ball hazards, either winning or losing, were limited to ten in succession in the premier amateur event. By way of compensation, he further suggests that the "line-shot" should not apply to amateur play, adding drily that "it very seldom does." True, in ordinary play you would have to watch amateur billiards for many a year before seeing a player "hot and bothered" because he must cross the line during the last 20 of a double-century break, but this cannot be held to apply to billiards of amateur championship quality. Kennerley shot the break record up to 549 when he won his title, and 200 breaks cannot be reckoned so altogether out of the way in that class of billiards.

In my opinion, it would be a good idea to enforce a ten limit on red-ball play in the Amateur Championship. The fifteen limit, now applicable to that championship only, has had such an excellent effect that I should like to see it extended. It fosters the playing of a much more varied and attractive game. After all, 30 consecutive points off the red is sufficient reward for proficiency in this style of play, the more so as by alternating a cannon the red-ball expert can help himself to a fresh run off the red.

The line-shot is a very different proposition. It was introduced by request of the professionals to limit that excess of close-cannon play which was spoiling their gates. Nothing remotely resembling this can be held to apply to amateur billiards even in its highest aspects. Personally, I think it a distinct hardship that Kennerley and other good amateurs, who have never won a game by tapping off runs of close cannons, should be obliged to play a difficult and perplexing shot introduced on purpose to stop what they have never done.

My diagram supports my argument. On the lie of the balls, so good for a spot-end display, it is hard lines that an amateur, however proficient, should have to bang that red down and whiz his ball round the table over the dotted line because our leading professionals make too many close cannons.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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

Thread-worms and Cattle.—Our biologist reports that the specimen you sent was a thread-worm, and that such worms would not be likely to do any harm to cattle drinking the water since they are not parasites and would no doubt be killed by the juices in the animal's stomach.—*E. G. H.-R., Hants.*

Foul Pond.—Our biologist reports that your fish had exceptionally inflamed gills, and that he judges from this and from your letter that the mud at the bottom of the pond has become foul due to accumulated organic matter. This organic matter might be animal or vegetable origin which, for some reason, has become stirred up and has liberated a quantity of bad gases, such as sulphurated hydrogen and the like, and this may well have been responsible for the mortality. The presence of the unpleasant smell supports this theory.—*W. P., Norwich.*

Garden

Apples Sent for Identification.—(1) Ontario; (2) and (3) Lady Sudely.—*X. I., Devon.*

Solution to Destroy Nettles.—Dissolve 2lb. of chlorate of potash in 10 gallons water. Sprinkle with a watering can (rose nozzle) over the nettles when about 3in. high in dry weather. Repeat a month or two later if nettles revive.—*H. E. R., Louth.*

Plant Sent for Identification.—*Polygonum cuspidatum* (Japanese knot weed). How to eradicate from garden. No weed-garden killer can be used, or it would also kill the other plants in the beds. Eradication by hand is the only method.—*Devon.*

Sweet Pea Haulms Sent for Inspection.—The condition of these indicates that they have been grown in soil too rich in nitrogenous manure. In soil of this nature the plants make splendid haulms and foliage, but the flowers do not get beyond the bud stage.—*J. B. D., Derby.*

Wellingtonia approximately 100ft. high within 30ft. of a House.—Owing to their tapering form and great breadth at the base, Wellingtonias are very rarely blown down, but their tops are not infrequently blown down in a gale. In view of this possibility a tree within 30ft. of the house is a potential danger.—*A. C. K., Surrey.*

Kennel

Ticks on Dogs.—There is no way to prevent dogs collecting ticks, but the latter will let go of their hold if a drop of a mixture of equal parts turpentine and olive oil is applied to their hind extremity.—*C. M. P., Grantham.*

Cairn Terrier Suffering from Nettle Stings.—A weak solution of bicarbonate of soda in water, a teaspoonful to the pint, will be found to be a soothing application for nettle stings, and, being harmless, may be used *ad lib.*—*C. F. W., Navan, Co. Meath.*

Treatment for Tapeworms.—Preparations of iron have a deterrent effect upon tapeworms, and frequently cause them to come away without distress to the subjects after they have been given for seven to ten days. To this end half a teaspoonful of syrup of iodide of iron, in a little water, might be given twice a day for ten days or so.—*W. E. L., Kesgrave.*

Pointers.—You would probably find a pointer satisfactory for your purpose. They are not as a rule kept as housedogs, but they are sensible and easily trained. We should advise you to get a young dog, which would then become accustomed to domestic life. One would do very well to accompany you hacking. It would be much better not to chain the dog. They hate it, and it is apt to make them bad tempered. There is no specified height for pointers, which vary somewhat in size. The following are addresses of breeders within easy reach of your home: Mr. F. M. Swann, Cromford Kennels, Matlock; Mr. T. H. Moorby, Stainton Kennels, Nelson, Lancs; Mr. A. Dawson, Leathley Grange, Otley; Mrs. Macdonald-Daly, Weedley House, Brough; and Mrs. Rhodes, Tudor Close, Bradway, Sheffield.—*B. H., Heede.*

Naturalist

Feathers Sent for Identification.—These were the feathers of the lesser spotted or barred—woodpecker.—*J. K. L., Leamington.*

Cocoon Identified.—The cocoon is that of the emperor moth (*Saturnia pavonia*). The caterpillar feeds on various plants such as bramble, sallow, blackthorn, heather, &c. It is common in sunny parts of the British Isles.—*X. Y. Z., London.*

Web Identified.—The web (not, as you suggest, mycelium) is a dense silken web spun by colonies of caterpillars in which they live, feeding on various trees. We have examined the dried-up young caterpillars in the web which are those of the lackey moth (*Malacosoma neustria*), sometimes causing great damage to fruit trees, especially abroad. All infested branches should be cut off and burnt.—*J. B. P., Penrith.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Tapeworms of a Blackbird.—The young hen blackbird (*Turdus merula*) was suffering from a severe infection of the small bowel by tapeworms (*Dilepis undula*). Its body was in a state of extreme emaciation. Our correspondent reported that "two other birds" had been found dead recently on his property.—*J. C., Cumberland.*

Rickets in a Duckling.—One of several shoveller ducklings which had died within a few days was found to be suffering from rickets. This disease is due to the deficiency of vitamin D in the food. The survivors should be penned out on grass and fed on a balanced poultry chick mash to which 2 per cent. of cod liver oil has been added. Also provide a liberal supply of oyster-shell grit.—*A. R., Berks.*

Corn-cockle Poisoning of Pheasant Chicks.—We reported to a correspondent that the death of his young chicks was due to corn-cockle poisoning, and requested him to send us a sample of his chick food for analysis. He enclosed a letter, with the food, stating that many of his chicks about three to four days of age started scouring, but the death-rate was small, and the chicks recovered as they attained ten to fourteen days of age. Analysis of the sample of food revealed corn-cockle flour mixed with the ground cereals. Rearers should require their corn merchants to guarantee that chick food is free of corn cockle.—*E. F., Notts.*

Paratyphoid of Ducklings.—A correspondent is losing many of his ducklings from a contagious germ infection known as paratyphoid. This disease may have been contracted through feeding infected food, or some of the ducklings may have been infected at birth through the germs being transmitted via the egg from an infected mother. The disease is quickly spread through contamination of the food, water and ground by the germ-containing droppings of the infected ducklings. Under the circumstances described in our correspondent's letter we advise the destruction of the remaining ducklings, whose bodies should be burned. Their pen should be thoroughly disinfected, and the ground should be dressed heavily with quicklime. The feeding and drinking utensils should be scoured out in boiling water.—*W. J. D., Hants.*

Coccidiosis of Pheasant Chicks.—Coccidiosis has been found in samples of pheasant chicks from three rearing fields. One keeper reported that the disease "was sweeping over the whole field, which had not been used for rearing during the previous three years." Another reported that he had lost eight out of ten chicks hatched from a clutch of fourteen wild eggs. The losses from coccidiosis usually commence when the chicks are about seven days' old. As a rule the disease is introduced by one or more of the foster hens being "carriers," that is, the hen appears in good health though excreting the germs of coccidiosis in her droppings. Pheasant rearers would reduce the risks from this serious disease by having their broodies properly examined before setting them on eggs; this examination should include a microscopical examination of the hen's droppings by an expert. Once the disease has broken out an attempt should be made to trace the coop in which the first signs of trouble appeared; the foster-hen's droppings from this coop should be sent for examination; if they are found to be infected, the hen should be destroyed and her body should be burned. Chicks on the whole field should be fed for three weeks on a balanced chick mash of which 20 per cent. is composed of dried skim milk; each day the coops should be moved on to clean ground and the drinking utensils should be scoured out in boiling water. If practicable the soiled and infected patches of ground should be enclosed in wire-mesh. When the coops have been moved from the field the ground should be dressed with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre. As soon as practicable the interior of the coops should be scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap, and their exteriors should be dressed with creosote.—*N. F. D., Hants; W. L., Suffolk; A. W., Yorks.*

Game Market Prices

Rabbits (English, trapped), 8d. to 1/2. Rabbits (English, shot), 6d. to 10d. Hares, 1/4 to 3/-. Partridges (young), 2/- to 4/-. Partridges (old), 10d. to 1/2. Grouse (young), 2/6 to 5/6. Grouse (old), 1/- to 1/6.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPT. 25th

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

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Yarde Down; Tu., Larkbarrow; Th., Raleigh's Cross; S., Winsford Hill—11.

NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Monday (Sept. 20th), Bagley Bratley; F., Millyford Bridge—12.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 20th), Park End, Cothelstone; Tu., Pitminster—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), The Park Gate, Burcott—7; W., Spring Grove; S., Coton Drive—8.

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Fillongley Hall—6.30.

ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Pony Club and Hunt Gymkhana, Kennel—2.30.

BICESTER.—Monday (Sept. 20th), Charlton for Coldreadly; Tu., Boddington Fox Covert; Th., Charndon Wood; S., Edgcote Park—7.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Monday (Sept. 20th), Gamlingay Station; W., Boddington; F., Madingley—7.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Egloshayle, near Wadebridge (invitation of Tyrrell O.H.)—10.30; Tu., Wiscombe Mill; W., Puddloch Bridge; F., Glazebrook Viaduct; S., Ivybridge—8.

DULVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Castle Bridge—8; M., Bentwitchen; W., Bray Town, Culver's Gate; F., Twitchen Village; S., Red Deer, Oakford—9.

FERNIE.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Melbourne—7; M., Hetherpe Hills; W., Langton Caudle; Th., Nowley; S., Keythorpe—7.30.

HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Peppersteck—6.

MENDIP.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Chilcompton Wood; M., Blackrock Gate; W., Litwood; S., Priddy Hill—8.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Walton—7.

SOMERSET, WEST.—Monday (Sept. 20th), Red Post; Tu., Blackmoor Lane, Cannington; W., Croydon Hall; F., Bodington; S., Williton—7.30.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Bullock Down; Tu., East Dean; Th., Glenleigh; S., Jevington—7.

TEDWORTH.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Windmill Hill—6.45.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Butterleigh; M., Bridge—8.30.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Moreton Paddox—6.30; M., Farnborough; Tu., Weston Park; Th., Oakley Wood; F., Littleworth; S., Brick Kiln—6.45.

WEST STREET.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Gymkhana, Hacklinge—11; Tu., Little Mongeham; S., Goodnestone—8.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Nichols Corner, Bartley—7.30; W., Stocks Cross, Bramshaw; S., Cadnam Bog—8.30.

SENIOR OFFICERS' SCHOOL.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Culeshall—2.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Ecclestock Ferry on Dee (by invitation H.O.H.); M., Carrog Bridge on Dee (up) (by invitation H.O.H.); W., Nenaid Bridge on Banwy; S., Cook's Bridge, near Russett—10.30.

BUCKS.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Barford Bridge, Beds; M., Empingham, near Stamford (cup for Hunt Servants); Th., Ishp, near Oxford; S., Enderby Mill, near Narborough—10.30.

CHERITON.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Pilton, Barnstaple (to finish the season)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Southwick, Wallington River; Tu., White Swan Hotel, Manchridge, Swathling; Th., where leave off Tuesday; S., where leave off Thursday—10.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Mock Bridge, Henfield; W., Barcombe Mills; S., Petworth Station—10.30.

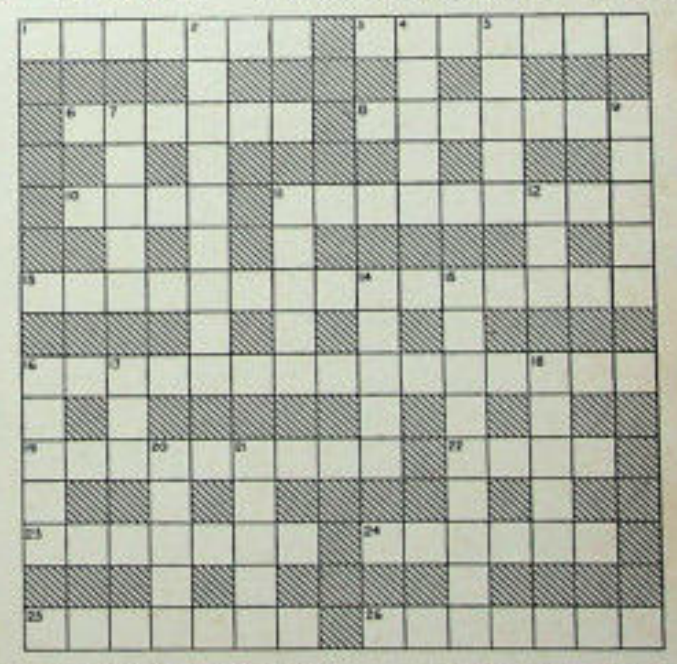
CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Carnarvon Arms, Dulverton Station; Tu., Sellar's Mill, Uffculme; S., Burton Bradstock—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Sept. 18th), Wickham Market—10.30.

DRAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

B.A. (BORDON).—Monday (Sept. 20th), Whitehill Cross Roads; W., Cold Hayes; F., Batts Corner—7.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 430

ACROSS.—1, Golf clubs for Irish dancers. 5, The Irish peasantry, they say, is backward. 6, Glasses or smuts, not investments. 8, Coats for Northern Irishmen. 10, This Irish animal is a joke. 11, Successful Irish film. (Three words, 3, 2, 4.) 13, Irish sporting and social event. (Three words, 6, 5, 4.) 16, Sportswear. (Two words, 7, 8.) 19, Heaven's reflex. 22, In the gallery their diet is next, not nectar. 23, Food for Northern Irishmen. 24, This shrivelly word lives up to itself at the end. 25, Irish and good for you. 26, It's a Customs House custom to do this.

DOWN.—2, Surpassing. 4, Irish name. 5, Sea you in the North. 7, Lead, not fruit. 9, This might turn to wines but not to water. 11, Indian palace which might be broken up for a parlour game. 12, American college city. 14, Spacious. 15, Full of beans. 16, Turn this round and either chair sounds like a flower. 17, Nothing in Latin. 18, Does he eat fire or potatoes? 20, Irish is famous. 23, Rushes but never runs.

SOLUTION TO No. 429

Published September 11th

F	■	C	B	G	■	■	S	■	R	G
A	T	H	L	E	T	I	C	S	■	C	R	I	E	R
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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THE [illegible] HUNDRED CLUB
[illegible] Theatre Road,
CALCUTTA



Elliott and Fry

LORD CRANWORTH

The Chairman of the Land Fertility Committee for the United Kingdom, formed under Section 2 of the Agriculture Act, 1937, which received the Royal Assent on July 30th, is to be Lord Cranworth. The object of the scheme is to assist farmers to increase the fertility of their land by applying to it lime and basic slag. Lord Cranworth is one of the best-known farmers in East Anglia, and was also one of the great big-game shots of the early days in East Africa.

ROVER

Quality of Detail

"... I wrote my notes with a fountain pen while we were negotiating one of the china clay tracks on Lee Moor, near Princetown ..."



The Rover Company Ltd., Coventry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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THE STATE AND AGRICULTURE

STATE intervention in agriculture has been carried on, with intervals, for a very long time past. Since the War such intervention has become progressively more intense—and more complicated—with each passing year. So much so, indeed, that it is small wonder that as measure succeeds measure upon the Statute Book there should be a tendency among farmers and economists to ask where this continual legislation is leading us.

Mr. J. M. Caie devoted his presidential address to the Agricultural Section of the British Association to a clear and thoughtful review of the recent history of Government interference, and he ended his address with some very pertinent questions. If, he asked, it was the policy of this country to preserve and support the farmer (at no little cost to the public), was the farmer still to be allowed to cultivate his land and to produce milk or any other product just as he thought fit and without restriction as to method, or quantity or quality? Again, the State at present differentiates to some extent between the objects of its various benefactions. Most people would agree that it would be quite reasonable for the State to ask for an increase in meat or milk or any other product in accordance with a nutrition policy. Just how far ought such State control to go? Part IV of the Corn Production Act already gives "Power to enforce proper cultivation." Evidently if the farmer can be forced to produce commodities of a certain quality and to an amount determined only by the area and nature of his land, he must, in fairness, be insured against loss incurred in the process. But if he is insured against loss, what profits shall he be allowed to make?

It would seem that the way is open for complete State control of the land, and of rents and wages. Indeed, Mr. Caie sees the possibility of such control leading, "to the ultimate incorporation of every agriculturist in the Civil Service." Sir Daniel Hall goes even farther, and has declared that the only way, at present, to achieve success for British agriculture is by nationalisation of the land. He said, at Nottingham, that the one possible plan was to regard the whole country as one great estate to be managed by a business corporation, which would command ample capital and which would carry out any decisions that were reached as to the sort of production that should be encouraged.

Nationalisation of the land has already been discussed in these columns. We are not in favour of any such movement.

But that some State control is necessary is beyond argument. The question surely is, What type of control? At present, it would seem that there is no collaboration between the two Government departments concerned with agriculture, for there are two, although one of them has only an indirect, if apparently all-powerful, influence. And at present such policy as the Government has does no more than irritate the farmer. A week or so ago a correspondent in these columns cast grave doubts on the Government's White Paper on Milk, regretting the jettisoning of the levy-subsidy policy. Now the National Union of Farmers is calling for the rejection of the White Paper and the substitution of a levy-subsidy policy. The National Union of Farmers is a powerful body. Not only milk, but also bacon and pigs, and poultry have been the objects of Government interference—and not very successful interference. Now a new scheme is being launched for egg marketing. It is unambitious and the Government has yet to help. Herein the designers of the scheme have been wise. It is not the slightest use preparing a full scheme until the Government's mind is known.

And do we ever know the Government's mind? It is just as well to be frank. Taking poultry as an example, the industry would not look at any marketing scheme if it could obtain effective protection by any other means. The root of the poultry farmer's difficulties lies not in inefficient marketing, but in the lack of that protection which has been granted in so large a measure (and justified, too) to urban industries.

Does not that remark apply equally well to almost every branch of the farming industry? State intervention in agriculture is unavoidable. It could, were it undertaken in a whole-hearted and absolutely single-minded manner, prove most beneficial. The present rather dilatory methods appear to defeat the ends we may presume they have in mind.

WILD BIRDS PROTECTION

SIR MONTAGU SHARPE has recently drawn attention to the present position as regards the publication of the names of protected birds in county council schedules, and in other documents. His letter, published in *The Times*, is a sequel to a correspondence which has been going on for some time on the subject of the destruction of birds of prey by keepers and the illegal taking of eggs by collectors. Sir Montagu points out that 24 years ago, a Home Office Departmental Committee was appointed to report on the steps taken to preserve wild birds. Their report was issued in 1919, but no action has been taken about it. And to-day, any gamekeeper or game preserver who wishes to know what birds are protected in his particular district, has to read through hundreds of names in lists before he can find out any answer to his question. Clearly the situation would be far simpler if it were known that all birds and their eggs were protected, with the exception of a small list published by each separate county council. Sir Montagu pleads for a new Departmental Committee to consider the position as it exists to-day. Is there any reason why the appointment of such a Committee should be delayed?

ANTI-LITTER

It is to be hoped that all publicity possible may follow the account of a recent prosecution undertaken at the instance of an official of the National Trust. Depositing litter is forbidden by a by-law over an area of the National Trust on Ludshott Common, on the Hampshire–Surrey Border. According to the evidence, Mr. Harold Gosnell, an official of the trust, found 102 scraps of paper lying within a radius of 4yds. on the common. He picked them up, took them home and succeeded in piecing the jigsaw puzzle together. He thus obtained the address of the person to whom the letter had been sent, who was summoned for breaking the by-law, and with a number of other persons was duly fined. The National Trust and their vigilant official are to be congratulated on their action, and watchers in other parts of the country will doubtless take note.

PRE-WAR CRICKETERS

The retirements of Hendren from the Middlesex team and Sandham from the Surrey team sever the last links with the pre-War generation of players in both elevens. Hendren, announcing his retirement early, has received from players and spectators everywhere full evidence of the high regard and affection in which he is held. Sandham, deserving no less from his colleagues and onlookers, missed the public plaudits by delaying announcement of his retirement until the end of the season. As a batsman, Sandham has been a wonderful technician, but it is as a quiet and efficient partner to Hobbs that he will be chiefly remembered. Sixty-three opening partnerships of over a hundred runs is something to go down in the records, as also is the fact that Sandham has scored over 40,000 runs in first-class cricket. We shall miss his neat figure and cool temperament as much as the more volatile personality of Hendren.

Of an older pre-War school, George Dennett, who died last week, was as great a personality in Gloucestershire cricket, in which he played from 1903 until 1925. It was Jessop who introduced him, and his left hand slow bowling played a big part in the fortunes of Gloucestershire until the War, and was a model of its kind. He was the best type of professional and excelled at several other games.

RUGBY LAW-BREAKERS

Discussion following the Rugby Union's warning to players and clubs on the spread of unfair play in the game discloses varying opinions as to the causes and proper remedies for transgression of the rules. Referees and muddled laws have been blamed in about equal proportion, players and clubs to a lesser degree, because it seems nowadays to be an accepted principle to "play to the whistle," with consequent abuse of referees who are inclined to be lenient. We have often urged that the Rugby Union should take official interest in refereeing instead of leaving referees to the control of independent societies, which, to do them justice, have done admirable work in maintaining a very high standard of refereeing. Now at last the Union is taking a welcome step towards closer co-operation, by convening a conference of English referees to discuss the laws and the recent changes in them. It is to be hoped that this action will be followed by similar moves by the other home Unions, and that they will take the opportunity to agree between them on uniform interpretations of the laws.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Provincial daily: "It is difficult to believe anyone can be sorry because blackberries are plentiful, but there is one class of the community to whom the harvest of the hedgerows is a matter of concern as the pheasant season comes near. Pheasants are as fond of brambles as any schoolboy, and will wander miles from the coverts where they have been carefully reared in quest of their favourite dainty. Consequently, when the guns arrive, the birds are not waiting to be shot, but far away among the hedgerows, causing irritation to the sportsmen and bringing discredit on the keepers. For which reason the keepers would be glad if every bramble bush in the kingdom could be burnt or rooted out."

RACING CHEETAHS

It is reported in a Sunday paper that cheetahs are to be used in England for greyhound racing at an English stadium. A number have been brought from Africa and trained, and no doubt the spectacle will draw a very big gate. It is, of course, well-known that cheetahs are comparatively easy to tame, and that they have been used for hunting in India for many years. It is also a fact that many animals perform for the benefit of English crowds - elephants, dogs, sea-lions and monkeys—and apparently enjoy the experience. And nobody suggests that these particular animals will not be well treated. But if the report becomes a fact, and these beautiful animals are made into what is known colloquially as a "stunt," and a betting stunt at that, those people who object to wild animals being made fools of will probably keep clear of the particular evenings when cheetahs are raced.

FLY AGAIN ON THE STREAMS

September's sudden showers after so long a dry period seem to have revealed a wealth of fly on many chalk streams which have been flaunting their poverty all the summer. Showers, particularly after a drought, seem to have a marvellous effect on fly hatches, though the trout too often show a lamentable lack of interest in the revelation. Still, if it increases the fisherman's hopes it also, this year, provides an additional puzzle for solution. Where did these flies come from? Are they the progeny of the sparse hatch of fly in the spring? In other words, do some of the *Ephemeridæ* produce two hatches in a year? Or have they been hiding in some secure place in the gravel since last summer and thus escaped the fate of their more precocious relatives who perished in the flood?

NEARING THE END

In the meantime Fortune, that left-handed jade, is playing a sorry trick on the trout fisherman. Having at long last made good the fly shortage occasioned by her superfluous floods in the spring, she thrust the barometer needle last week-end well into the 30s and left every trout pressed against the bottom. And for most of us there is now less than a week to run before the close season is upon us. Should conditions improve it will be interesting to see what use, if any, the trout make of the renewed hatches of duns. During the best part of the summer fish have had, perforce, to be content with subaqueous food, but recently, on many days, there has been plenty of surface feed for trout, would they only rise to it. A good rise or two to the hatching dun would go far to redeem a most exasperating season.

CANOES IN DRY DOCK

With the end of September many canoeists put their craft into dry dock for the winter months. They will miss the river, with its otters, kingfishers, dabchicks and moorhens, all of them about all day long and apparently always wanting to do things. There is, too, the pageant of the river bank which has ended, so that more than six months must elapse before water gypsies can drift again between banks of purple loosestrife, willowherb, comfrey and meadowsweet. More venturesome canoeists may spend their winter week-ends on mountain rivers, waiting for floods to come from the hills. They will know that there are hundreds of rocks which lie in wait for them just below the level of the water. The river will be full of eddies and swirls and unexpected hazards. If the call is different and more dangerous, it is just as strong as that experienced in the spring, while it means that some canoes are never in dry dock.

YNIS FON

The magic isle of Ynis Fon
Is builded pearly floors upon,—
The pearly floors of waveless sea
That lap it round eternally,
And in the eves the scaly gold
Of sunsets, glorious to behold.
Tulip-red sail of silver skiffs
Shine on at dawn beneath the cliffs;
And in the night the moth-like web
Of a phantom schooner, in the ebb
And rainbow-tinted haze, abides
Spectral upon the slaying tides.
O magic isle of Ynis Fon,
The gold of sunset lies upon
Thy roseate coves, thy cep-bay'd creeks;
And every rock and ripple speaks
The tongues of old bard dust and gone
From thy stone cromlechs, Ynis Fon!

EDMUND CASSON.

* Anglesea.



THE DISGRACE OF SEA POLLUTION

A Scientific Inquiry into the Oil Problem

By SANFORD COLE

So far as outward appearances go, there has been little change since, more than a year ago, I reviewed in the *Field* of April 11th, 1936, the position and prospects of the movement to stop oil pollution. The horrible consequences of discharging oily waste from ships into the sea continue. Tortured birds caught in the floating filth, damaged fisheries and contaminated sea beaches still confront us as the outcome of wrongdoing in getting rid of a troublesome waste product. The shipping industry is sharing in increasing prosperity, but still neglects to call science to its aid. Shipowners as a body have resisted efforts to bring proper methods into use. They are strongly organised and maintain an obstructive attitude, blocking efforts at reform.

If it is true that there has been no change, no improvement in the prospect of bringing better conditions into being, are we to do nothing? Are we not rather to ask ourselves whether responsibility for lack of progress lies at our own door? Though time is on our side, that is only if our purpose is set. Reform can only be achieved by determination that this preventable evil shall be pilloried in the full light of day. In an atmosphere of pleasant negotiation nothing can be accomplished.

The point to be established and blazoned forth is that hard-headed men of business are on the wrong tack, that they are making a mistake, that in dumping much to the injury of others they are not really avoiding expense, that true economy would be to support scientific inquiries into the practicability of better methods.

But, indeed, it is not true that there has been no change in the situation. A close analysis of the position shows that the prospect of advance is improving. The scientific aspect is receiving attention and public interest in the question has suffered no set-back. On the contrary, it is becoming stronger. The tone of the speeches the last time that this subject was debated in the House of Lords compared favourably with earlier occasions. It is beginning to be realised that the problem cannot be postponed indefinitely, that it will have to be tackled in earnest sooner or later. How soon depends, perhaps, in some measure on what can be done by you and me.

Mention of the scientific aspect was made by the Earl of Ilchester in April last, in opening the debate referred to. Speaking as one of the trustees of the British Museum, he stated that that body had been considering the position afresh, and that an offer had been made by the Royal Society to appoint a scientist to go into the matter. This was in fact done, and the outcome was the preparation and submission to the council of the Royal Society of a report by Dr. N. K. Adam.

This report presented a general survey of pollution and gave an account of measures for preventing the nuisance, with the results of some experiments and notes of points for further research. Though the report was of a preliminary nature and did not carry matters very far, its preparation is noteworthy because the inquiry was conducted on scientific lines and because further research of the same kind is foreshadowed.

After his reference to Dr. Adam's report, Lord Ilchester proceeded to make a suggestion which he particularly pressed, namely, consideration of the possibility of limiting the discharge of oil in the open sea by the provision of more separator barges in ports. In the course of what he had to say on this very practical proposal, which, of course, is for supplementing and not for superseding the use of separating apparatus on board ships, Lord Ilchester made detailed reference to an appliance, the working of which shows how effective is the application of scientific method to the problem.

He spoke of what is known as the Wheeler system. This, he stated, is an American contrivance rather on the lines of a vacuum cleaner, used for clearing from the oil tanks of ships the sludge which accumulates there, and must be removed from time to time. The removal may be effected either by loosening the sludge by hot steam and putting it overboard, or by using the Wheeler system, which is employed in port.

This plant sucks up the oily sludge and transfers it to a barge alongside the ship. What is recovered is used in operating the plant or is afterwards disposed of. Though the Wheeler system is in use in all American naval ports and by some foreign navies, it is available, so far as this country is concerned, only in the port of Liverpool, where it is worked very effectively.

Mention was made in the course of the debate of the little use made of separating apparatus of other kinds installed at other British ports, and the suggestion was made that the facilities provided are in excess of requirements. Another explanation put forward was that these appliances, or some of them, are unsuitable, and that neglect of them is due to that cause, and on the facts as stated, this sounds the more probable explanation. Of course, the point which emerges is that the scientific method (as exemplified in the Wheeler system which has been tested over a period of years) should be encouraged with a view to its more extended use.

Though the debate in the House of Lords centred on this question of separating facilities in ports, it ranged over the whole subject. As already indicated the atmosphere in which the speeches were made was surprisingly favourable to the movement to end pollution. The Government reply by Lord Stanhope was sympathetic, though it did not carry matters much farther. In the course of this reply, it was recalled that there are three different methods to be considered. The first is the provision of separators on board ships; the second is the provision of zones within which oil may not be discharged, and the third is the provision of separating barges in ports.

Upon these it may be commented that the first and the third (which are good methods) have received blessings, but nothing further, from assemblies at Geneva, while the delusive pretended remedy of zones remains the official international policy. Some day, perhaps, the draft convention embodying this policy may be the subject of an international conference. This was proposed to have been held in January last, but no step has so far been taken.

In conditions as they are to-day, this Geneva inactivity is of little consequence. What does matter—as I have urged again and again—is that determined efforts towards building up an educated public opinion should be maintained. The case against slipshod methods of discarding oily refuse is very strong.

The more that people in general express their disapproval of methods which needlessly injure defenceless creatures as well as human beings, the more will shipowners be constrained (apart from the compulsion of any legal rule) to mend their ways. They will feel compelled to encourage further scientific research and to make use of improved facilities which will be developed. But these improved conditions, which perhaps are not so far out of reach as some folks would have us believe, depend for their realisation not only on the scientists and shipowners, but on the driving force which you and I and the rest of us can alone supply.



CHATSWORTH, THE HOME OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, AND THE RIVER DERWENT
The main body of the house was designed by Talman for the First Duke of Devonshire in 1687. The house is opened to the public for three days a week during the summer

ENGLISH HOUSES AND ENGLISH HOMES

"To Prevent Great Houses Degenerating into Museums"

By VISCOUNT ESHER
(Chairman of the Country Houses Committee of the National Trust)

JOHN BULL pictures himself mostly as a bluff countryman, rather muddling along but getting there all the same. It is one of the curious contradictions of history that his lyric poetry and his domestic architecture at their best rank with the greatest.

Hitherto the English country house has been capable of adaptation to changing social conditions, and such great houses as Knole, Chatsworth or Blickling are much more than architectural monuments. With their pictures, their furniture, their parks and gardens, they are an epitome of English history and the life with which its great figures have been associated. To think of Philip Sidney, Burghley, Dryden or Byron, for instance, is to think of a great country house. There can in fact be no dispute as to the great historic importance of these houses.

There is no doubt also of the growing realisation of that importance, and, indeed, the danger is rather that we are getting too self-conscious about them. Partly this appreciation has grown with the threat to their future, but in large part it is due to the generosity of so many owners in opening their houses and gardens for charity and, in particular, under the Queen's District Nursing Association scheme.

The threat to country houses—and particularly the houses built on the grand scale—arises not only from the incidence of heavy taxation. There are still wealthy families. It is not even, I believe, the servant problem which is the chief threat. Our social customs are changing, and when we build on the grand scale for domestic purposes it is hotels and cinemas. How few of these will our successors care to preserve!

Many appeals have been made in the past few years that something should be done before it is too late to save the country house. It is too late long before it has become a ruin; too late even when it stands empty in the hands of the auctioneer calling for bids from a world which is only likely to consider it as a scrap heap, from which to rifle fragments of panelling or beams for incorporation in some modern and small sham.

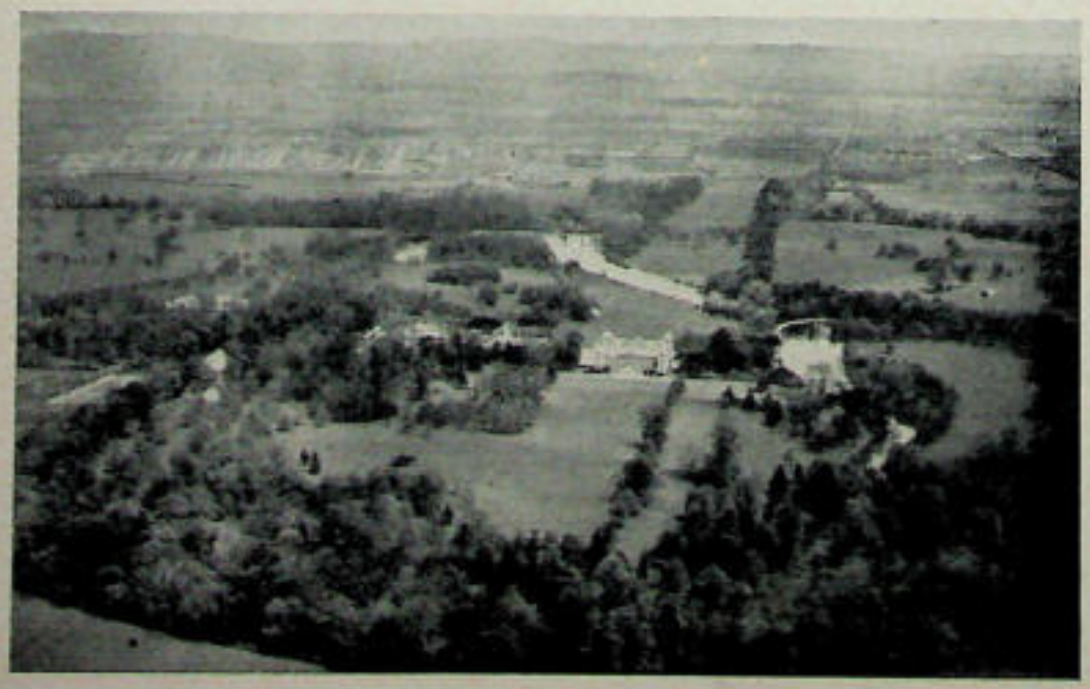
The National Trust, though it was founded 40 years ago and incorporated by Act of Parliament in 1907, is still a comparatively small society, and the funds it can collect from the public are all needed, and more than needed, for carrying on its ordinary work—the acquiring and managing of places of historic interest and natural beauty. Our reputation rests on the 20,000 acres we protect in the Lake District, the 10,000 on Exmoor, on properties like Box Hill and the Punch Bowl, and on castles and cottages all over the country. But the Trust sees historic interest and beauty in danger and no one helping to save it, and some action on its part called for.

In the absence of funds the only hope was to evolve some scheme which did not place a burden on the funds of the Trust. Owners and the Government were consulted, and it appeared that a scheme on the lines of La Demeure Historique in France and Belgium would not be practicable in present circumstances in England. A Bill was therefore promoted in Parliament by the Trust to enable them to put forward a rather different scheme, and the Bill received the Royal Assent last July.

The essence of the present scheme lies in the fa that the Trust is a charity and therefore exem from income tax. If therefore a house be, to the Trust, it and the endowment nece its upkeep are exempt from income ta more money is available for spend property.

An owner who wishes to take advanta Trust's scheme and whose house has bee must therefore face the necessity of absolutely things of considerab —the house, its principal conte endowment, and of admitting th charge on certain days in the the endowment is likely to and often of land whose to the amenities of th remembered, too, that would be substantia for the proper upke hands.

What can the Tru er the owner in exchange for taking over the esponsibility of maintaining the estate in perpetuity? Briefly, exemption from death duties, reduction in the taxation on the rest



THE EARL OF JERSEY'S PROPERTY AT OSTERLEY, SHOWING ENCROACHING LONDON

of his income, and greater assurance that his family will be able to go on living in their house. The details can best be understood in relation to a hypothetical case.

To take such a case: Lord X may above all desire that the home of his ancestors (let us for convenience call it "Mansfield Park") shall remain for as long as possible the home of his descendants. He is far-sighted enough to realise that by the time death duties have been paid by his son and grandson the family will, in all probability, not have the means to reside there. Accordingly he decides to hand over Mansfield Park to the custody of the National Trust. The Trust, so long as Mansfield Park is approved as a place of national importance, agrees to accept it provided that some form of endowment for its future maintenance is made over with the house. This may consist of either suitable investments or of land bringing in an adequate income. Probably Lord X will prefer to provide the endowment in land for the simple reason that it is easier to produce than a capital sum and because it also serves the purpose of protecting the amenities of the estate. Whereas the house, its gardens and immediate surroundings, such as grounds, park, &c., will be held according to the constitution of the Trust, inalienably and in perpetuity, the endowment land will not necessarily be held in this way.

If the endowment land is agricultural it will be managed under the Trust just as formerly, and the public will of course not have access to it. The income from this endowment land, free of income tax, will be used for the upkeep of the house, its collections and grounds.

The amount of the endowment provided will necessarily regulate the application of the income. The fund will first be applied to the structural repair of the house, the upkeep of the gardens and grounds, then to the repair of the fixtures and fittings, and lastly to decorative repair and the wear and tear consequent on the admission of visitors, &c.

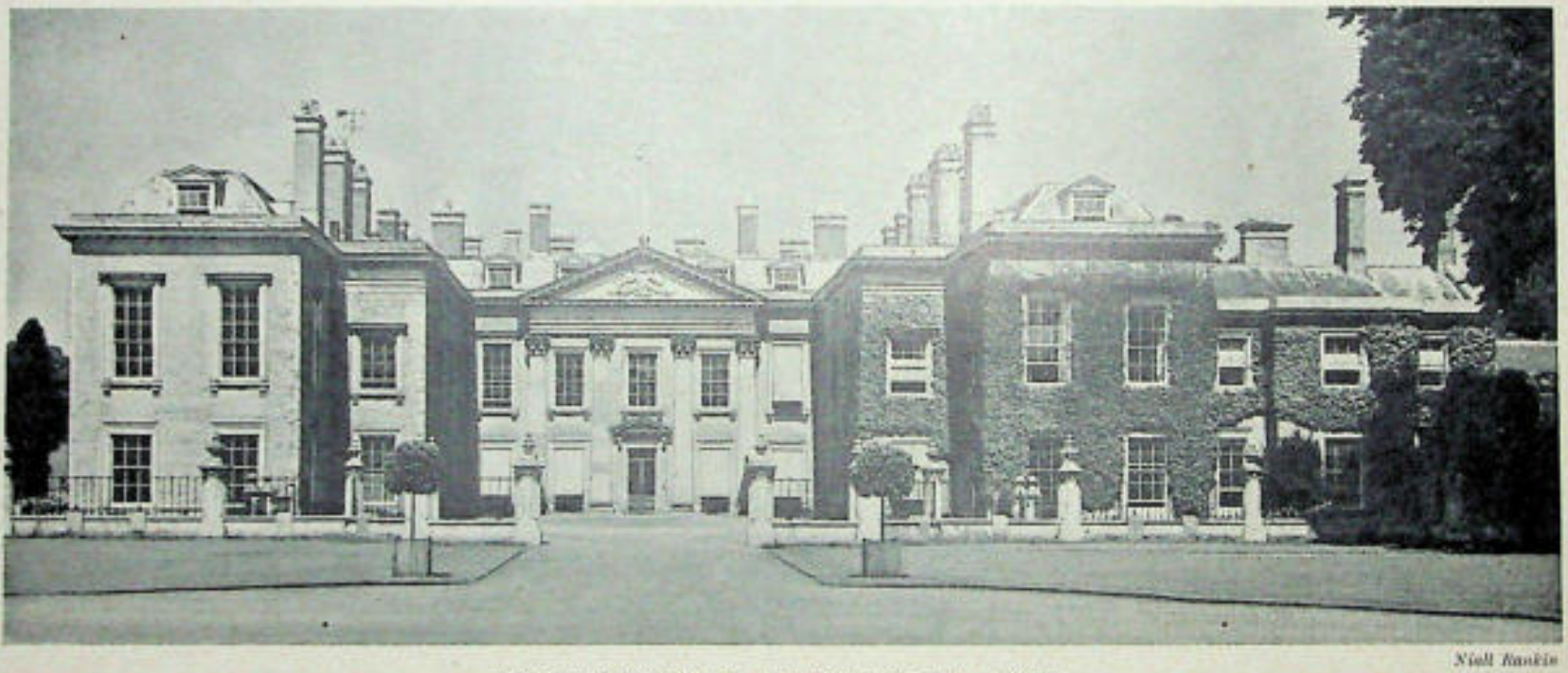
The Trust will now be able to let Lord X and his successors reside at Mansfield Park free. Lord X will almost certainly ask what guarantee there is that his heirs and successors will be given the right to reside there. The answer is that there is nothing to prevent Lord X, in transferring his property, either by gift or by will, from reserving a legal right to his descendants over a number of years, so long as he realises that the Inland Revenue will be liable to regard this reserved interest as taxable. On the other hand, he would be well advised if he wishes to avoid such taxation to create no such legal beneficial interest, but to rely upon the Trust adhering to its declared policy of permitting members of the previous owner's family to occupy the property. This will undoubtedly be the most satisfactory method.

Let us briefly repeat some of the advantages that Lord X will derive from joining the historic country houses scheme. Frankly, he cannot expect any dramatic financial advantages to himself. It is chiefly the property and his descendants who will experience the benefit of the scheme. Firstly, in the case of a gift or a bequest, the property will be exempt from stamp duty and from death duties. Secondly, the value of Mansfield Park if left to the Trust by will, will not be aggregated with the rest of Lord X's estate on his death. Again, Lord X will have the satisfaction of knowing that Mansfield Park will always remain intact, and that no necessity will arise for his descendants to sell off any part of it to meet death duties. In this way his descendants will be more likely to afford in future years to continue their family association with Mansfield Park. A further advantage which Lord X may consider of some importance, is that by vesting Mansfield Park in the National Trust he is protecting the future of the property in a far more lasting and satisfactory way than by the usual entail.



George P. King, Sevenoaks

KNOLE, THE HOME OF LORD SACKVILLE



Niall Rankin

ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON, THE HOME OF EARL SPENCER

The Trust is not unaware that there may be some deep-rooted objections to the scheme in the minds of many owners. Pride of personal possession is very strongly engraved in the average Englishman. It is true that their ancestors may have held of the King in the past, and that the Trust offers security quite different from a monarch's whim, but these are dim consolations from the past. Another possible cause of hesitation is the obligation to give access to the public. But to-day many owners of famous houses already open them to the public free of charge, whereas under the Trust's scheme a regular admission fee will be charged, and the trust will, in all cases, do its utmost to arrange the hours of admission to suit the convenience of owners.

Some may decide, after reading this article, that the scheme is not adequate or attractive enough to solve the great problem at issue. On the other hand, it achieves the chief object, which is to save to the nation for all time some of our great country houses, with their beautiful contents and grounds. It further endeavours to preserve unbroken, whenever possible, the associations with them of those ancient families, often of many centuries standing. For the Trust above all is anxious to prevent houses from degenerating into dry and lifeless museums. After all, the primary purpose of a house, however magnificent or precious, is that it should be lived in.

If our scheme enables us to save even some of these great treasures for posterity it will surely be justified. And I feel confident that this will be achieved, and that some of our most beautiful country houses both great and small will be preserved through the National Trust Scheme.

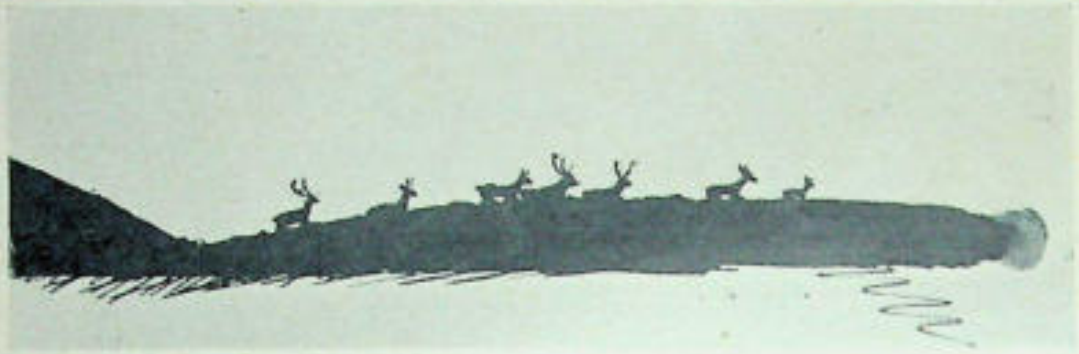


BURGHLEY HOUSE, STAMFORD, THE HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF EXETER

DEER STALKERS OF OTHER DAYS

No. 1—Caithness Ninety Years Ago

By JOHN HORNE



FROM 1846 to 1880 my father kept a Journal of his sport in Scotland. It consists of nine small volumes, in which the events of every day from early August to the end of October—and sometimes even later—are recorded, but especially the stalks after deer. Of these every detail finds a place in the closely written pages, ready for future reference. The writer's feelings on his pet subject are summed up by the remark: "If a man stalks for 50 years, I am sure he will see something new every day," and as if to prove his words, he adds numerous pen and ink sketches that leave no doubt of the close observation—and in some cases the talent—of the artist.

Ninety years ago people were less particular about their sporting manners than we are. They commonly "leistered" salmon—that is, speared them with a barbed trident—and used an otter on the lochs without compunction. They did not bother to weigh their deer—with all its care for detail the Journal does not give a single weight—nor hesitate to shoot hinds at any time during the season, as an acceptable contribution to the pot, no doubt, but rarely done to-day.

The scene of my father's earliest stalks was Langwell and Strathmore, both situated in Caithness, and now respectively the property of the Duke of Portland and Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart. The north of Scotland of those days may sound wild and inaccessible, but in reality it was neither. True, the sea journey from Leith, though quicker than by road, was often stormy; and as Wick possessed no quay, the landing of horses and carriages could be difficult—sometimes even impossible. But once on shore life became pleasantly spacious, especially for the young sportsman who shall be known in these articles by his initials, T. E. O. H. Deer and grouse awaited him on the moors, salmon and trout in the rivers and lochs.

It was therefore under ideal conditions that he wrote on the first page of his Journal: "I begin with 1846, when I paid my first game licence to Government," and asserted his rights by killing 63 brace of grouse between August 12th and September 8th—not a bad start for a boy of seventeen, who admitted that "there were plenty grouse on Langwell, and I did not know much about shooting."

It is not until the following year that we find—under the very early date of August 14th—the all-important entry: "My First Stag (and very proud of it !). In the afternoon we found two stags lying in the bushes opposite the Badhalloch cover. 'The Governor' fired and hit one. I ran down and got a shot and killed him outright." No details are given. Perhaps on reflection the affair did not seem quite satisfactory; still, it was his first stag. Ten days later comes his second, "a Royal head of twelve points." Again the description is short, but now it breathes the keenness and humour that are to develop later on, and this time no "Governor" is present to take precedence and leave only damage to be repaired. "As we were going thro' the front park, I saw a very fine stag feeding below the bridge. Got the rifles and stalked him with John Gunn (the keeper), and got a bad shot at him while feeding. He, of course, started up the glen. I ran, too, and got to the pass just as he trotted through the water. Blown as I was, I up with 'Old Jenny' and shot him dead as King Henry through the neck bone. I was very proud!"



Two victories in ten days, but how much still to learn. The bad shot when only his head was visible speaks volumes. No patient waiting to "open him up" as yet. The eighteen-year-old sportsman demanded immediate action, and luck—personified by a defunct monarch—was on his side.

The remark "I up with Old Jenny," also raises the question of ballistics. In early Victorian days sporting firearms were still archaic from our standpoint. "Old Jenny's" real name was "single barrel muzzle-loading percussion rifle," and she required careful handling. Greener, in his book *The Gun* describes the method of loading with a wealth of detail and not a few warnings, and the fact that even experts required a minute to perform the rite is significant—where a swift second shot is concerned.

From the moment of killing his first stag, "T. E. O. H.'s" Journal is an uninterrupted account of sport in many forms, among which deer stalks always hold first place. Of these space forbids me to give more than two, or rather three—for surely the following adventure ought to count.

"Glutt. October 9th, 1856. Went after grouse by Altnabreck, and then up the water. Got ten brace at 2.30 when I saw five deer (three fine stags, a hind and calf). I had two bullets, one round which fitted my gun, and one conical which I scraped and put in also. Well, I stalked to 120yds.—though they were lying on a bare hill top—and after watching for an hour they rose, fed a little and lay down again, the largest stag nearest me. Then he got up and stretched himself, broadside on. I fired, *but missed*. It was 110yds., too far for the gun with any certainty. They then galloped away—and I shot three brace of grouse on the way home."

Though three brace of grouse must have seemed a poor substitute for a stag, his sketches of the attempt prove that he enjoyed it all the same. In describing stalks in words repetition is inevitable; pictures can show that they are always different. Take, for instance, the end of this unsuccessful day in September, 1861.

". . . And so we stopped half a mile from a splendid stag of six points and a hind with twin calves, lying high on the side of Crockmaldown. We lay watching them through the telescope from 2.30 to 5.30, and then—as it was getting dark—stalked in pretty close. Well, at last the hind and calves came down a bit, but the stag did not. He got into a wet hole and rolled, sending the water about him like a whale, and then came out and shook himself—in the half-darkness it looked like a cloud of smoke. I could now hardly see him, and had given up all idea of a shot. How funny it felt, with the calves crying and the grouse crowing all round." (See silhouette below the heading of the article.)

"Still, I lingered, in the hope that he would gallop down, for then I could have shot him at 40yds., though it was very dark. Presently the hind and twins went along the horizon, and at the same time I heard a sort of low bark and suddenly two stags with five or six hinds and calves passed me, galloping and fighting about 100yds. off. They stood for a time on the sky line, but it was no use. I could not see my sights, so came home without disturbing them. Though I did not get a shot, it had been very interesting and novel. Now that the stags are rutting, it is more difficult to get at deer, they are so restless. Hope for better luck to-morrow, as I left them all on the ground."

Alas, the morrow was again destined to bring disappointment. It is not illustrated, words being in this case considered sufficiently vivid.

"A beautiful day. I found yesterday's stag and a few more hinds and nobbers in the same place on the side of Crockmaldown. No chance of getting up the burn, as I was sold there yesterday, so I tried to get in on the north side. I found that impossible, as one was lying very high up, so returned to the burn and watched them. Presently they moved down a little, so I tried the north side again, and by creeping flat in very wet black ground had managed to pass the worst, when a *beggar of a cock grouse* (I suppose not knowing what the devil was moving in such inhuman fashion along the wet gutter) began to '*Tuck—tuck—tuck*' a few yards from me.

"By Jove, he 'tucked' for five minutes as regularly as if there had been clockwork in his guts and a pendulum in his tail, all wound up! Anyhow, I knew it was all U P with *me!* . . . The [illegible] rose and stared, then moved over my march into Braemore Forest, where I had the satisfaction (?) of seeing them feed quietly in the nearest burn. Infernal hard luck—to be two days after a *good stag*, and to be done out of him by an *Old Cock Grouse!*"



"STAG AND HIND WITH TWIN CALVES"

Winter began early that year, with a terrific storm on October 7th. But even a storm could be the cause of something pleasant, for next day T. E. O. H. writes: "Beautiful bright weather, with snow over the whole country and right up to the door—a most extraordinary appearance so soon in the season. However, I started at ten, and shot ten brace and three hares. . . . This is the first time I ever shot grouse to a pointer with the ground covered with snow. It made a very pretty effect."

(To be concluded)



OVIS ARGALI FROM THE ALTAI

IN QUEST OF PERFECTION—THE SEARCH FOR RECORD HEADS

Knowledge, Hard Work, and, Above All, Luck

WRITING an introduction to a series of articles on record heads, to be shown in the British Section of the International Exhibition in Berlin, written by the men who shot them, I have the same sort of feeling of awful responsibility and personal unworthiness that must assail a newly joined member of the staff of the Master of the Household as he arranges the places for a dinner of six Crowned Heads and their Consorts. I have never shot a record head. I have rarely shot a head anywhere near the record. Those of mine that Rowland Ward of their charity have included in the book take a lowly place.

We cannot tell in the case of a great many species what *are* the records, the actual biggest head. Some, of course, are beyond dispute—Lord Roberts's *Poli*, for instance, or Colonel Soutar's markhor. But not every best head comes to the tape. Not every owner of a good head knows its worth. "Oh, yes! My wife's uncle got them. We've got lots more in the cellar, but we can't hang them." The cellar shows a decaying remnant as startling as anything Dr. Crippen left behind, and no less criminal. Of the vast majority we can only say they are believed to be records, and hope that something better will not one day be unearthed off a grave in Ladakh or the walls of a Canadian cabin.

Many records have been shot as the result of careful preparation; others as the result of tremendously exciting stalks. But not a few, of course, are due to extreme good luck. This, for instance, is the story of the record roe for the British Isles. I am sure the sportsman who shot it will not mind my telling the tale to adorn my point. He was on a visit to a Highland property, and he had up to that time never shot a four-footed thing bigger than a hare. His brother, a roe enthusiast of great experience, asked him if he would care for a stroll near the house with a rifle on the chance of shooting a roe. He being a right-minded sort of person, said he would like nothing better. Off he went and before long there emerged from a nearby thicket a roe. It seemed sizable, but our friend's chief difficulty was to make up his mind where, exactly, to aim. Remembering Harold at Hastings, he chose the eye. It was the British record. His brother still wakes suddenly and thinks of it in the clammy silences of the night.

Here, too, since we are on the subject of roe, is a story against myself. It is my good fortune to stalk roe in the Enchanted Wood every Whitsun. I have not yet met Pyramus and Thisbe in it, but it would never surprise me if I did. Two years ago I was walking with a friend down a big ride. A roe came out about 50yds. away, and paused momentarily to gaze upon us. My friend's glasses were up quicker than mine, for it was my shot, and I was fiddling with safety catches. "He's a big buck," he said. I took a snap, and missed. He ran on. I missed again. Shamed for all, I'm told, eternity, I took a third shot and got him. He was the biggest *English* roe measured by Rowland Ward since the War. I swear to this day he was 10in. But that most inexorable and inelastic of measuring tapes makes him 9¾in. And yet I got him by a mere fluke after a shocking exhibition of bad shooting, merely knowing as I shot that he was a warrantable buck. None of that, of course, prevents me, when the knowledgeable few who appreciate the roe come to dinner, from standing beneath him and saying (always the modest primrose), "Of course it was all luck." Nobody believes me. The head is to be hung in Berlin. Somebody had better hang this story beneath it.

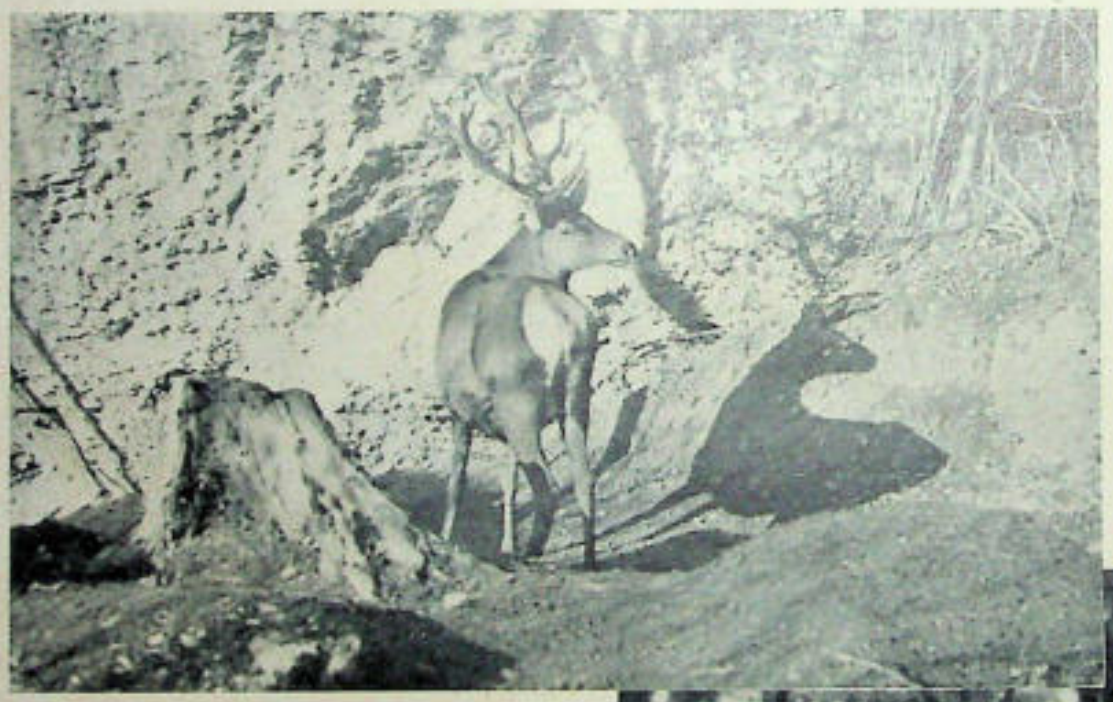
I remember—in 1924, I think it was—travelling to Leh with the advance guard of the Roosevelt Expedition, who were going to collect for the Field Museum of Chicago in the Thian Shan. And very good sportsmen they were, too. Months later I heard that they had shot the record ibex, 59½in., a thing that seems to me so infinitely the bluest of any blue ribbon. A year or so later I read the whole story of the stalk, which is told with modesty and candour in their book, *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. What a disillusionment it was. They were collecting a museum group, and therefore needs must shoot regardless of age or sex. They killed a number of specimens from a herd, and among the slain they found this record head.

I have written enough to make my point. Not all the records were shot with any knowledge of what they were. If they were, what hand would not tremble beyond all hope of a steady bead? But what I think it is fair to say of the records in general, as opposed to *the* record in particular, that most of them are the result of careful selection, and a great deal of forbearance. It is easy enough to hold hard when a bad head offers. Nobody likes to be scoffed at. It is harder far to refrain from shooting a good head, and be content only with something super. Which of us does not know the throb of excitement as we spot the big bull. But we must restrain the trigger finger, though it palpitate like St. Vitus, till the feeding bull behind him has raised his head for inspection. As the stag stands magnificent with his antlers suddenly mirrored against a new background, we feel that it is now—now! But might it not be better to wait till next year, even if it means sometime—never?

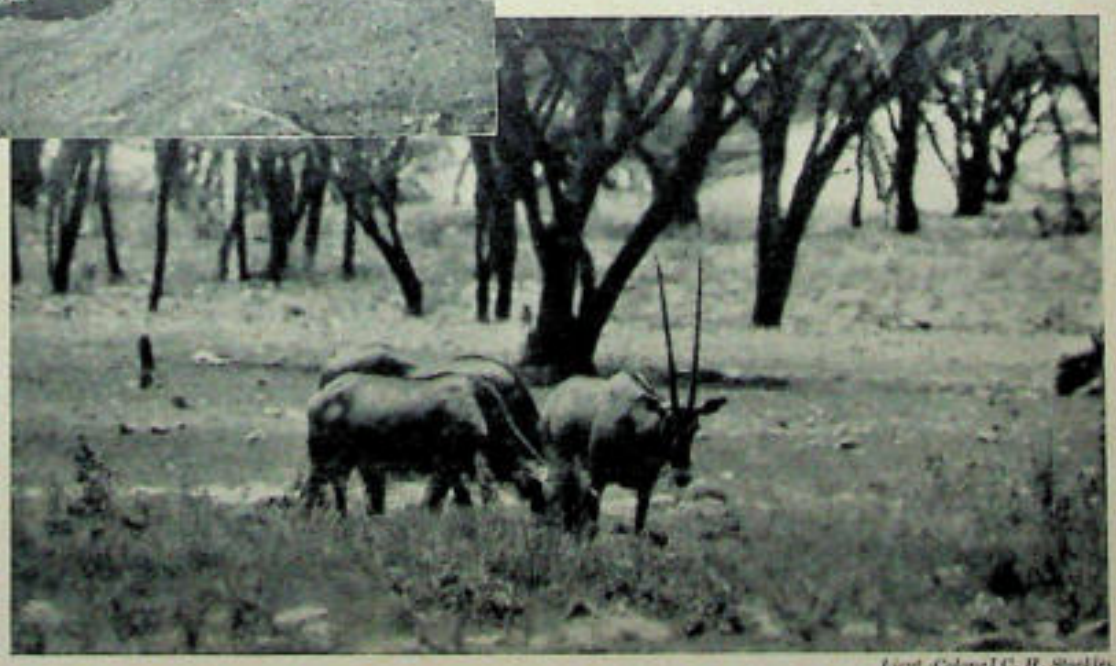
There comes, of course, the obvious retort that one does not shoot merely to acquire records. If one did one would feed up one's park stag on concentrated cubes and then slaughter him in the backyard. One shoots for the pleasure of the stalk, remembering that one should make moderation one's aim, and spare the heads not better than your present best in the majority of cases. One does not shoot purely for records, but I suppose the acme of perfection comes after a long arduous and successful stalk after a record head. If one only went out to shoot records one would become a cross between a senior lady wrangler and the man who compiles the County Cricket Table, a splendid creation, but not probably the most suitable type with which to people the big game world.

There is, too, the question of what *is* a record? With, say, an oryx or a sable, it is fairly easy to assert that length is the criterion. But after that opinion must differ. A fine head is a work of art. Is the Sistine Madonna the record? Or the Rokeby Venus? Or as some think Low's cartoon of the night before last? Take ibex. One might think it fairly safe to say length is the criterion. But many would gladly sacrifice an inch or two of length for a 35in. spread. And if that is so with ibex, how infinitely more so it is with stags. One cannot find a formula to fit everybody's idea of what constitutes perfection in a stag. Tastes differ. As somebody said in an after-dinner speech, "We all have different ideas of what constitutes beauty in a woman, and a good thing, too. It's just the same with a stag." And though I have not dined, I heartily concur.

M. T. S.



"WITH HIS ANTLERS SUDDENLY MIRRORED AGAINST A NEW BACKGROUND"



Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Stockley

"BUT WE MUST RESTRAIN THE TRIGGER FINGER TILL THE FEEDING BULL BEHIND HAS RAISED HIS HEAD"

IMPORTANT NEW RACE FOR THREE-YEAR-OLDS

The Aintree Derby and its Prospects

YET another so-called Derby is to be run before the close of the season. It is perhaps a pity that the name of the great race at Epsom is so frequently duplicated on other courses, especially when it is used for races totally dissimilar in character from the chief classic event. An addition to the number is made by the decision to run the Aintree Derby on November 10th, the opening day of the Liverpool Autumn Meeting.

This is an enterprise on which Mr. J. C. Bulteel, the clerk of the course, and his executive are cordially to be congratulated. It is clear that the new race will add appreciably to the expenditure which this four-day meeting involves. The cost to owners is only £20, with a minor forfeit of £5, and the value of the plate will be £2,000, of which the second will get £200 and the third £100. On the same day the value of Becher 'Chase has been increased from £500 to £1,000.

Are we correct in assuming that the totalisator is not indirectly associated with the fact that there will be more money to be won in stakes at this Liverpool meeting than ever before? Each racecourse now receives an annual grant from the Racecourse Betting Control Board. This extra income is being devoted in many cases to much-needed improvements in racecourse appointments. When these have been effected there should remain a substantial sum to be added to stakes, and the initiative of the Liverpool executive is possibly one of the earliest gestures in this direction.

There is a certain boldness in the conditions of the Aintree Derby. It is designed to attract the best three-year-olds of the year, who can meet here in a final test of merit. The distance will be a mile and five furlongs, a compromise between the distances of the Epsom Derby and the Doncaster St. Leger. It has to be borne in mind that the going at Aintree midway through November is usually on the yielding side, so though the track has some rather sharp turns, the thirteen furlongs will afford a sufficient test of stamina. The race will be run without penalties. Geldings are eligible to compete, but they will be treated on the same terms as the colts. The fillies take the customary allowance of weight.

In some seasons such a race might easily prove disappointing because of the overwhelming superiority of one particular three-year-old. In the present season, however, the innovation should be strikingly successful, there being little to choose between four or five of the leading colts of this age. As a rule the best of the three-year-olds have finished their activities at the end of the season. This is mainly because there have been no special inducements to go on with them in the closing month of the season.

The institution of the Aintree Derby should serve as a good reason for the prolongation of the campaign in the case of some of the most prominent of the three-year-olds. In any case the new race will give a welcome fillip to the closing scenes of the season. We may expect the winner of the Derby and the St. Leger to be entered for the Liverpool prize. Those who contend that Mid-day Sun was exceedingly unlucky not to have won at Doncaster will now hope to see him prove the truth of their theory.

On the other hand, those who maintain that Chulmleigh won on his merits will expect him to show at Aintree that his triumph on the Town Moor was not a fluke. The presence of these two colts in the field on November 10th would alone be sufficient to make the race an immense success. Each has one or more intermediate engagements. Chulmleigh, for example, is to compete next week for the Jockey Club Stakes, a race worth something like £4,500 to its winner.

Here we have the fascinating prospect of seeing the St. Leger winner endeavouring to concede 3lb. to Fair Copy. This is rather more than a handicapper would allow for the half-length which divided them in the St. Leger. It has been argued that Fair Copy would not have been beaten in that race had his culminating effort been made a trifle later. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that Chulmleigh has only just run into form and will probably go on improving. His owner and trainer, therefore, are tolerably sanguine that he will be equal to winning the big stake at Newmarket on Thursday next week.

It is expected that there will be one or two good staying four-year-olds to test the calibre of the younger horses in the Jockey Club Stakes, but at this period of the year the three-year-olds appear to hold an advantage on the weight-for-age scale. We venture to predict that Chulmleigh will add to his Doncaster laurels.

Other interesting entries to be looked for in the Aintree Derby, which closes on October 5th, are Sultan Mahomed and Merry Mathew. When they met in the Scottish Derby last week, slight odds were betted on Merry Mathew, who failed by three-quarters of a length to give 8lb. to the Aga Khan's colt. We are under the impression that the loser is not quite so good as he was in the first half of the season. A spell of enforced idleness in the middle of the campaign has not been without its after-effects. Still, his weight-carrying task at Ayr was by no means insignificant, and when the Middleham colt takes on the southern cracks at even weights at Liverpool his admirers will be disappointed if he does not come out on top.

One of the most notable performances at the successful western meeting was the victory of Daytona in the Ayr Gold Cup. It is surprising that a colt of his repute should not have won since his two-year-old days until he defeated an exceedingly strong field of sprinters last week. Mr. Jack Jarvis, who trains him for Sir George Bullough, scarcely expected him to beat Veuve Clicquot at the weights, the filly being a much stronger order in the betting than her stable companion. But of course the two had never been formally tried together, and the victory of the colt came most agreeably to the stable since Veuve Clicquot ran some way below expectations.

At the beginning of the present week the position between the leading stables was so close that it becomes difficult to foretell which will occupy pride of place at the close of the campaign. For the greater part of the year Manton had been in front, but gradually the Freemason Lodge stable crept on terms and several successes at Doncaster enabled it to take the lead for the first time this year.

At the date of writing Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort leads with a total of £46,036. Mr. J. Lawson follows closely with £45,417. Mr. Frank Butters is a good third with just under £40,000, and his stable is so well off for high-class two-year-olds that it possesses an obvious chance of overhauling the other two.

This trainer had the satisfaction at Ayr of winning a race with Near Relation for the first time since that horse's triumph in the Cesarewitch of 1935. Last season he missed winning the corresponding race by only a neck. It is generally conceded that Near Relation has a fine chance of carrying off the big long-distance handicap on October 27th. If he does so he will be the first horse to win the Cesarewitch more than once. Last year's winner Fet will also attempt to accomplish the feat.

In the Cambridgeshire on October 13th, Dan Bulger will be endeavouring to supplement his triumph of last year. The prevailing notion is that Sir Abe Bailey's Lambourn-trained colt is better than ever, and in the early betting on the race he has been a pronounced favourite. Further light on the Cambridgeshire outlook is likely to be thrown by the Duke of York Handicap at Kempton at the end of next week. On the same day the important Imperial Produce Stakes will be run.

HORSES, HOUNDS AND HOLLOAS AT COOKSBRIDGE

AFTER the summer round of horse shows, excellent functions that they are and symptomatic of the ever-growing enthusiasm for riding, the Cooksbridge Show has a refreshing atmosphere that suggests the hunting field rather than the show ring. Hounds, hunt servants, hunting horns and holloas are the feature here, nor was the road forgotten, for just as I arrived the notes of a coach horn were heard down the turnpike and the Brighton Magnet, with a workmanlike team of two greys, a bay and a roan, under the expert handling of Mr. Geoffry Hollebone, swung through the narrow entrance, shaving the gatepost by the approved fraction, and paraded round the ring, the array of grey toppers "outside" being enough to make the brothers Moss envious.

Naturally enough, here it is more a show of hounds than a hound show, and in the foxhound class for one-and-a-half couple of entered hounds there were but two entries on the card, both from the Southdown. However, the Mid-Surrey Drag, who had come to compete in the hound trail, made a sporting post entry, and the judges, Lieutenant-Colonel McKergow and W. Freeman, had four-and-a-half couple before them. The Southdown, with the advantage of having drawn their hounds for the purpose, had the verdict, their trio of white bitches, Damson, Dahlia and Fragrant, being beautifully matched in shape and colour, and were typical of the light active sort that give such a good account of themselves over their down country. Their other entry, Bravery, Bracelet and Beauty, were equally well matched, all three couple being all of a stamp. The judges, however, rightly showed that they were out to judge hounds and not types, awarding the second rosette to the Mid-Surrey, whose entry, although not drawn for show, contained a big raking dog hound of great depth and substance in Factor, and a rather smaller couple in Victory and Rarity.

The beagle classes were better filled, five packs competing. In the class for couples of entered hounds the Brighton Foot Beagles were successful with Lightfoot and Lacy, a nicely matched couple, well shown in the ring by Sydney Knight, their huntsman. The Bolebroke had a very compact and sorty couple in Captain and Caliph, with whom they won second prize, the third rosette going to the West Surrey and Horsell with Mistress and Jubilee. The class for best single hound was awarded to Bolebroke Nimrod, whom I have noticed before in these columns when shown at Peterborough and Aldershot, and I was glad to see him gain a well-deserved win. The West Surrey and Horsell had third place with Marplot, a well-fronted hound, who was perhaps not quite so good behind as the winners. Beagle classes were judged by Mr. E. H. Field, M.H., and J. MacMenoss.

Meanwhile the runner had been despatched on his two-and-a-half mile journey over the hills, and representatives from the Mid-Surrey, Staff College and Middlesex farmers drag hunts were lined up "facing the starter," in teams of one-and-a-half couple. Hounds run jealous as a rule in strange company, and this probably accounted for the Middlesex contingent flashing over the line at the start, and running towards the ring, where they might have hit off the finish heelwise. They got their heads up in time, however, and went to the cry of the rest who had disappeared on the wooded slopes. When they all reappeared, sinking the hill, four couple were carrying a good head, though music had diminished. The line finished in the middle of the show ring, and despite a good deal of foil from the crowd, it was hunted perseveringly to the end. Mid-Surrey Victory being first up, followed by Staff College Vosper, who with his kennel companions, Fiddler and Danger, were among the first three couple, thus gaining the award for the first team.

Perhaps the best of the day, from the hunting point of view, was the horn-blowing competition. The competitors were stationed in turn outside a covert, from which they had to view a fox away and then gallop or run, blowing hounds out of covert as they came. A handy sort of cob was provided for competitors from mounted packs. Once proceedings had started, post entries rolled in, and the vale rang with holloas and the twang of the horn. The rule for the wearing of hunting costume became elastic, and the sight of Alfred Petts of the Surrey and Burstow, attired in a borrowed scarlet coat, flannel trousers and a soft hat, mounted on a fourteen-hand cob, and galloping and blowing fit to bust himself was worthy of Flurry Knox himself. Every variety of hollon was to be heard, from the high-pitched falsetto scream of Percy Landor to the full-throated musical ring of Jim Goddard's voice. The latter put up a really stirring performance on the horn, and it wanted only the cry of hounds to make the musical picture complete. A most realistic exhibition was also that given by Sir d'Arcy Waechter, who proved himself a *maestro* of the hunting horn, and who was so intent on getting his tail hounds on that he nearly charged into the crowd at full gallop. Mr. Marsden Kaye gave a display of virtuosity that eventually gained him second prize, Mr. J. A. Leavey put up a varmint performance.

The beaglers had a harder tack. It requires a deal of wind to run across a 15 acre field while blowing a hunting horn, and the stamina displayed was undeniable. The performance put up by the veteran Sydney Knight of the Brighton was remarkable for beauty of horn tone; while the trio of representatives from the Bolebroke, including the Master, Mr. Philip Burrows, who got over the ground at an amazing rate, George Bromley, the huntsman, and Mr. D. G. P. Leavey, showed us that they know how to holloa in Kent. The final awards were: J. Goddard (Southdown), 1st; Mr. Marsden Kaye (Southdown), 2nd; George Bromley (Bolebroke), 3rd. Why should not the Olympia coverts echo such music next spring?

HOPLKAF.



FINE AND FAR OFF
Fishing a dry fly for trout in Cumberland—on the Bracken Bank Hotel water of the Eden

WHEN WET FLY FAILS

Lessons from a Hot Summer in Cumberland

By ANTONY BRIDGES

DURING three summers in Cumberland I have been impressed by the value in hot weather and low water of using a dry fly. People who are lucky enough to spend their lives in that country are independent of such departures. They can choose the perfect day, catch their nine dozen with the traditional wet fly, and so maintain for yet another year those fearsome reputations which perturb the visiting fisherman. To be able to catch fish on a dry fly at times when the local giants pack up and go home is not only soothing to one's vanity but often means the salvation of a short holiday.

Cumberland is before all places the home of [illegible] fishing. A friend of mine who was brought [illegible] those crystal becks has many times [illegible] on the Dartmoor streams, which I [illegible] years and thought I knew fairly [illegible] reh and April, the two best months [illegible] method is of course the obvious [illegible] the river hides its mysteries [illegible] eaden surface ruffled by a keen wind. There is no sign of a trout. They are all at the bottom, and the wet-fly man knows just what water to cover and at what depth his flies should move.

The hot weather produces two consequences which are bad for the wet-fly fisherman. First, it makes the water low and clear; secondly, it allows fly to live on top of the water and so draws the fish to the surface. Both these consequences have the common disadvantage of making a moving line and a cast of wet flies very conspicuous to the fish. The advance of summer aggravates this trouble, for the tendency of trout is to leave the fast current, where they have been recuperating after the effort of spawning, and lie about in quiet water at the edges and tails of the pools. Here there is no distortion of light to hide the fisherman and break up the image of cast and line. In the glassy stillness the slightest disturbance above or below water is apparent to the trout and sends it scooting up into the stickle, alarming most of its neighbours as it goes. These circumstances call for a line that floats and a fly that drops on to the surface no less lightly than the natural article.

I shall never forget the first occasion on which my wet-fly friend used a dry fly in his own country. We went one day to fish a lowland stretch of a fast, pretty beck, called the Petteril, which runs into the Eden just above Carlisle. The day was grillingly hot and there had been no rain for weeks. We found the stream clear, with that devastating clearness of which only water that runs over chalk or bare stones seems capable; there is very little peat in Cumberland. The far bank was steep and wooded, and beneath it the beck made some pleasant-looking pools. We had wet-fly casts, mounted with two or three flies, as is the custom of the country, and though the day looked hopeless enough neither of us apparently had any further ideas on what to try except a vague intention of using an upstream worm if the wet fly proved a complete failure. I had been preaching the dry-fly crusade, but so far from putting it into practice had stupidly neglected even to provide myself with any of the requisite gear.

At the water we separated, my friend remaining where he was, while I began to fish further down the stream. My line looked like a cable as I dragged it across the pebbles, and the flash of the gut must have given a headache to every fish within sight. Presently I tried a worm, but in that crystal flow it looked about as enticing as a Loch Ness monster. However, I fished away, getting steadily hotter and more exasperated, while the midges got to work, and the stream, like Old Man River, "just kept rolling along."

Five hours later I listened to my friend's account of his experiences. After fishing for half-an-hour without a touch, he very sensibly sat down in the new-mown hay and lit a pipe, convinced that as far as he was concerned he might for the rest of that day give fishing a miss. The long pool in front, he said, looked very pretty where the sun lay on the deep stickle at its head, but if it had not been for the slightly broken surface he could have counted every stone in it. A perfect mat of flies hung and swung over the surface.

Presently he noticed that a trout was rising quite steadily under the further bank. At that time he had only the vaguest idea as to how a dry fly should be used, but having an old tapered cast in his case and remembering my good advice he decided to give it a trial. He dried his line in the sun and greased it with butter from a sandwich. The fly was a sober-looking affair that might once have been a March Brown; but it was the only thing in his box that would float. He cast with some care over the trout, and was amazed at the frankness with which it rose and absorbed his fly. He played it out, let the pool rest for half-an-hour while he lay back and smoked his pipe, and then proceeded leisurely to catch another.

When I arrived in the evening, thoroughly fed up, it was evident from the row of corpses on the bank that he had gone through this performance no less than six times. No. 7 was just starting in on a hatch of sedges at the tail of the run, and I watched him catch it, noting meanwhile that I was hot, exhausted, and without trout, while he was cool, comfortable (having moved barely 20yds. all day!), and moreover had seven beautiful trout, all larger than the average run. Thenceforward the merest suspicion of a rise was the signal to cease any unprofitable flogging of the water that might be going on and to settle down and watch for a feeding trout, while the level cast was changed for a greased and tapered one, armed with a floating fly.

Conditions are at their best in the evenings, from about five o'clock onwards. There is a slack period in the high afternoon, and then as the sun loses a little of its glare the trout start feeding about half-way down the stickles. I have spent many such evenings beside some pool which I knew to be a good one, but which I never guessed could hold the apparently inexhaustible store of trout one notices at such times. On some evenings a long stickle seems to hold a good trout at every yard, and one's basket is only limited by the time occupied in keeping the outfit dry and in giving the water time to quiet down after each fish is landed.

A curious trait in many wet-fly fishermen who are supreme artists at their own game is the bashfulness they exhibit when requested to try a dry fly. "My dear chap, I could never manage that," they say. "You've got to be an expert to do that sort of thing!" Yet when the bright weather arrives and their wet fly fails, they have no hesitation in taking to that superlatively difficult art, clear-water worming.

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Cumberland is before all places the home of wet-fly fishing. A friend of mine who was brought up beside those crystal becks has many times beaten me on the Dartmoor streams, which I fished for eight years and thought I knew fairly well; and in March and April, the two best months in Cumberland, his method is of course the obvious one. At that time the river hides its mysteries beneath a writhing leaden surface ruffled by a keen wind. There is no sign of a trout. They are all at the bottom, and the wet-fly man knows just what water to cover and at what depth his flies should move.

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becks in August—of how to catch a pound trout lounging about the tail of a pool in 6in. of pellucid water and absorbing an occasional fly. This is the sort of fish that some people will catch with a worm, though how they do it is to me one of the greater mysteries. With all respect to them, I submit that a dry fly can be brought to the notice of such a trout, not only more quietly but far more easily than any other form of bait. There is seldom any need to cast a long distance as one frequently has to do on a chalk stream. Even if a long cast does crop up, it is more easily made with a single fly and tapered cast than with any other gear—except possibly a thread-line spinning outfit.

TALE OF A SEA TROUT

Where Stouter Tackle Succeeds

ABOUT one particular fish of 1936 there are some morals to be drawn which were only hinted at in a previous article (May 29th). The conditions on July 6th were just desperate after a three months' drought; Lower Kildonan was down to a maximum of 2ft. 6in. in depth, and the water clearer than I have ever known it in all my experience. Instead of the normal peat-stained stuff, it was a clear golden brown. I learnt more about the bottom of the loch than ever I knew before. Here and there were jam jars (local crofters were blamed for these) and bottles galore; of this latter crime I fear anglers cannot be entirely acquitted. I also found the very dead remains of a sea trout of 4lb. odd, a nice enough looking fish, since it was a female, but probably an ex-kelt. I raked it up in my landing net and, immediately, wished I had not!

At such a time of year, there is not much to fish for except brownies, so I had been exploring a good deal, and ten days previously there had been a wholesome spring tide, enough to push right up the Roglas to Kildonan itself. I was sitting on the top end of one of the tunnels (through which fresh water gets away to the sea) just when the current began to set upwards.

The first arrival was some seaweed, then a rat (obviously flooded out below) which soon disappeared in a hole in the bank. Next, some eels; some small trout and, finally, splashings and "boils" were heard inside the tunnel. Eventually a large tail emerged, and a fine fish of 6lb. or so dropped slowly back *with* the current. It circled round once, and went into the tunnel again. More noises, after which it emerged a second time, did its circle, then turned again and went quite leisurely, but with determination, up the slight stream which represented all the fresh water that was coming down at the time. I followed it for 50yds. to make certain it was really bound for the loch, prepared to "chase" it there if necessary.

I had had two trials of the loch, under rather brilliant conditions, and saw a few fine fish on each occasion, so I had secured ample evidence that sea trout will reascend *on tides alone*. July 6th was not terribly promising, bright sun with occasional clouds, but with quite a pleasant little breeze from the west. I had a light rod, equipped with fine tackle, with me, but also a stout 11ft. affair, carrying a "substitute" cast with gut points of 1x drawn. Two lightly-dressed flies; that on the tail being a flashy object rather like a Dunkeld, but with all the mallard removed and replaced by jungle-cock, on a wide-gape fine-wire hook of No. 5 size (new scale).

Most anglers, I imagine, would have deemed the conditions favourable to the fine stuff, but I have noted over and over again that really big fish often move a long way from the side of, or behind, a sunk tail fly, so as to follow it, where they are in no sort of position to see what the gut is. I wanted *one* big fish, if possible; the two-pounders showing here and there in the loch, could be left for later. Therefore, I chose the strong stuff "on the chance"!

Now what I have previously recommended as to having a strong "drag" on the jaw of a fast-running fish was discovered through my adapting a small "Silex" reel, of the original pattern, to fly-fishing purposes. All that was required was a small grub screw to prevent the thing free-wheeling unexpectedly, but where it differs from a normal reel is that the tension is varied by a brake drum, and not by a spring on the ratchet. This tension is instantly variable by a touch on an external screw-head, and my normal habit is to take tension off, as required by the gut in use, but to restore most of it as soon as a fish is hooked.

It may be interesting, for the sake of those who know the loch, to give some details. I was out in the centre of the east side, over a likely spot, where there is rather more depth of water than elsewhere; suddenly there was a gleam of gold in the water behind my tail fly, but I kept drawing it on till it was getting inconveniently near the boat. Then came a most almighty plunge, enough to make anyone strike quickly; the fish lay still for a second, just long enough for Archie to draw the boat away, and let me have a good pull, after which I was more satisfied that I had a reasonable hold.

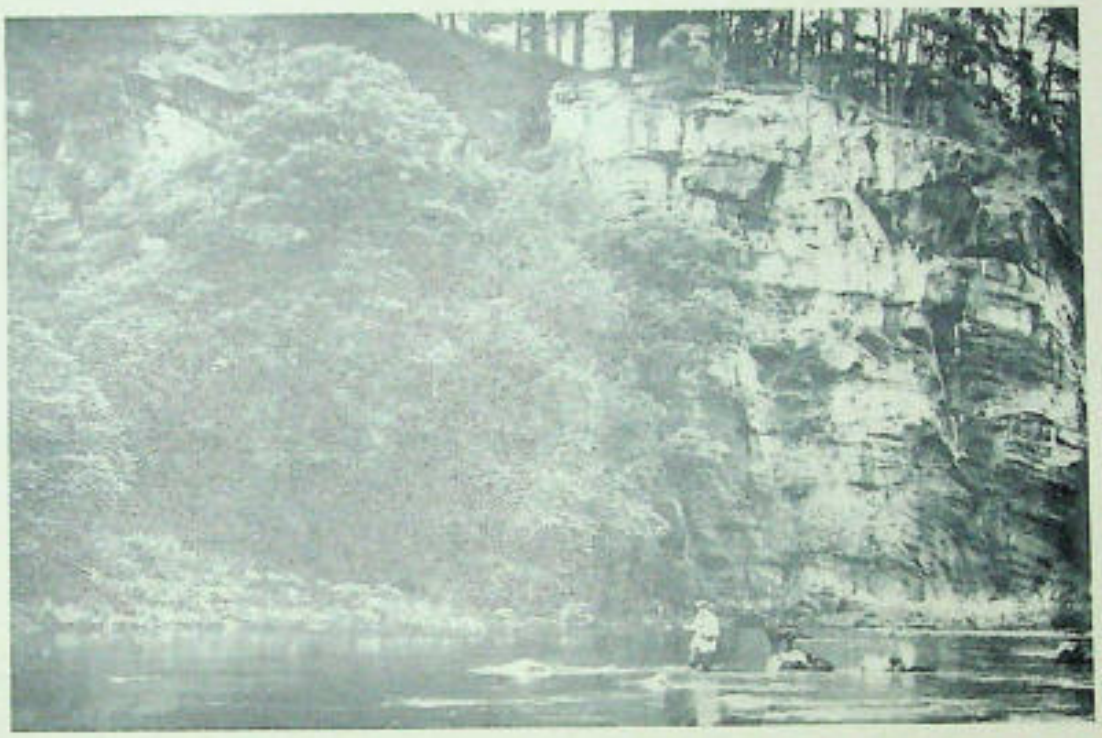
Then followed "fireworks," but by this time I had slipped the reel on to full tension. The fish shot off, due north, towards the main central reef bed, but stopped to jump, thereby showing itself well. It turned right, across the mouth of the "House of Commons," and was making for a very nasty rocky bay, unduly shallow too, when it jumped again; right turn a second time, and a long tearing run down the east shore, with 40yds. of line out, so that it neared a clump of weed at the mouth of Boat Bay (this is not generally known to September anglers; either it has faded by then, or it has been cut away by anglers' casts!). Then came another jump on the edge of danger, and a further right turn across the mouth of the bay, towards its projecting point of reeds.

All this had happened so quickly that the boat had had no time to move far, or follow the fish. But the fish had to be eased past these reeds somehow, and reeling in is no good in such a case. Rather in the manner of "walking up" a salmon in a river the boat was drawn away, so as to put a curve into the run of the fish, on a long line, and once into open water it was reeled up close; "trench warfare" began, with an occasional attack by the fish, but it ended in my big net. The fish was a lovely male of 7¼lb., quite the best, if not actually the biggest sea trout I have ever dealt with. (Scientifically, also, an interesting one, as it had made all its growth in two years of sea life, 3.2+, thereby equalling the recorded maximum for South Uist.)

Now, if I had been copying Hamish Stuart's "circular" method of playing a fish, I was not aware of it. Afterwards, I wondered if he had not had the method forced on him, as I undoubtedly had. All I can say is that I am thankful the fish jumped as often as it did, and turned afterwards, and I definitely ascribe this to the strong drag of the reel, without which I should have been in trouble of some kind.

Touching the effect which strong gut is supposed to have on fish rising, by September the water had gone more peaty, but I had two sea trout of 5¾lb. and 5¼lb. on 1x gut in flat calm, one with strong sun. The other took the dropper which, being fished deep, was lying close up to the main length of the cast. Mr. W. J. M. Menzies once told me he thought that most anglers on the Grimersta lochs fished too heavy. I certainly agree, but when, in those very clear waters, one gets a period of short rising by salmon, we have proved that small flies and gut down to 1x will *not* defeat them; it is a mood of the fish, probably caused by bad conditions, one of which may be over-warm water (exceeding 60 degrees). I am still unconvinced that there is anything to be gained by using tackle which is unlikely to land powerful fish, or that the "rising" powers of fragile stuff are invariably superior.

C. TROUT.



"THE TENDENCY OF TROUT IS TO LEAVE THE FAST CURRENT AND LIE ABOUT IN QUIET WATER AT THE EDGES AND TAILS OF THE POOLS"



"HOUSE OF COMMONS," LOWER KILDONAN

FLY FLUCTUATIONS

By BRIG.-GENERAL H. E. CAREY

SOME six weeks have elapsed since the article in last week's *Field* was written, and the promise of fly given by the return of the nymphs to the weeds has been fulfilled.

There have been fair hatches of most duns, except, perhaps, the Blue-winged Olive; although there has been a fair show of sherry spinners, during spinner falls, together with spinners of other varieties. More large dark olives have been seen than is usual in summer time.

The fish, however, have been unusually gut shy, and the larger ones less interested in fly than is usual, a possible explanation of this being that they did not get the customary amount of small fly during April, and were, therefore, deprived of a month's safe feeding on surface food before the opening of the fishing season on May 1st. Consequently they did not acquire their normal habit of rising to fly.

In conclusion it seems reasonable to assume that there are two main courses to pursue in order to promote the hatches of small fly. These are based on the following well-known facts:

1. That the best natural nurseries of small fly are the gravelly, weed-clad shallows.

2. That fly boards can also artificially increase the survival of some species of fly.

The two courses would consist of conservation development along these two lines.

THE TWELVES IN 1937

An Increasingly Popular Class

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

LOOKING back upon the past racing season, a season remarkable for its Coronation Regatta, its full fixture list and its close finishes, perhaps its most striking feature was the remarkably fine performance put up by the International Twelve Metre class. Well over 40 races were sailed in British waters, a total which brings back to mind the golden pre-War days when the "Fifteens" and the "Nineteens" regularly raced their 45 to 50 matches a season. Then, above all, there was the part the "Twelves" had to play in this year's scheme of things. The Coronation festivities with their yachting response at Torbay inevitably occasioned an important year for yachting, and yet the British "big class" was doomed to non-existence. The America's Cup challenge necessitated the absence in American waters of two of the J cutters; the others were not racing as a class.

The Twelve Metre boats were thus left to uphold the sport of class-racing as the premier class for the year, and they were left to fill this important rôle under conditions which were not too encouraging. To begin with there was the Torbay International Regatta to be considered. Then again there would be Cowes, but the intervention of the Torbay meeting into the year's fixture list must inevitably make of the Week something of an anti-climax. Finally there was the shift round of the yachting fixture programme rendered necessary by the Torbay meeting. Instead of starting on the east and working westwards, the racing fleet would begin at Falmouth and work eastwards—with the possibility that the eastern meetings might be poorly supported and that there again the banner of class-racing would have to be carried by the "Twelves" alone.

That the task before this fleet was no light one can readily be seen, but the ships and the class were well up to it. The "Twelve," with her 70ft. of overall length and her 2,000 sq. ft. of canvas (about) over a 45ft. waterline, is a magnificent ship, and there were not only five tried and trusted "Twelves" with which the season could open—Marina, Evaine, Westra, Flica and Vanity V—but there were three new ones to come along in the course of the year. Of this fleet, new and old, all were from the board of Charles Nicholson, with the exception of Sir William Burton's Mylne-designed Marina; all were wheel-steered with the exception of Mr. Connell's Westra. Mr. Goodson's Flica had been built before the measurement rule was amended, but she had been altered to conform in preparation for this season. With the exception of Mr. Payne's Vanity V all the existing "Twelves" had useful records of success, especially Marina and Mr. Fairey's Evaine.

So for the first day's racing in the class Marina, Flica and Evaine turned out at Falmouth on June 4th. They started their season in admirable weather and with a couple of taut sailing ships and the famous Cutty Sark behind them in the Bay as a fitting background. Marina won this first race just as she won her second on the next day. And on this second occasion Mr. Paul's new Little Astra, a beautiful creature with a blue-green hull like the big Astra, was out for the first time but came home last. Marina won her third race in succession on the third Falmouth day, but Evaine had now worked into second place and was beginning to give Marina a fight for it. On the last Falmouth day Evaine moved to the top of the list and Marina dropped back. The honours of the meeting were clearly Marina's, whose wooden crosstrees made her conspicuous amongst a fleet with thin steel ones.

At Plymouth, however, Westra joined the fleet, and Mr. MacAndrew's new Trivia made her first appearance. The first day's racing went to this new Trivia, moreover, and during the meeting she also picked up a couple of seconds as hints of her mettle. The real honours here, however, went to Westra with three consecutive firsts and a second.

With the "Twelves" moving on to Torbay, therefore, Westra emerged at the head of the class on points, with Marina next her, and with the new Trivia not far behind, and she had still to find her trim and tune.

Thus far Marina, Trivia and Westra had each had a turn at success whereas Little Astra so far had achieved nothing. Torbay was, however, for her a luckier meeting for with two firsts, a second and two thirds she here ranged third in the points list. She still had the veterans Evaine and Westra ahead of her.

The scene then shifted eastward through Weymouth, Lymington and Bournemouth to Ryde. During this phase of the season we saw Evaine skilfully displacing Westra at the head of the class, and Marina fighting hard to keep in the first three. Evaine, it will be remembered, had done nothing in the West, but had begun to find her form at Torbay. Trivia during this Torbay to Cowes phase had gone steadily on obviously improving her form and, in the process, moving up into second place on points.

At Cowes, one of the most disappointing Cowes Weeks for many a long year, Trivia proceeded to get thoroughly into her stride and with three firsts and two seconds passed even Evaine in the list, while Marina still clung doggedly to third place. During the Week the class was at its maximum strength with the new Alanna out at the end of it, and with Mr. Payne's Vanity V, a visitor from the east. On the last day of the festival there was, in fact, a full class of eight "Twelves" at the line.

After Cowes Week the eastward move set in, and by this time there was no holding Trivia. She had found her form and now went romping along from regatta to regatta with first after first. Evaine and Marina fought her every yard of the way, but the new ship was almost unassailable. Harwich was the last appearance of the class, and here Trivia won the last Twelve Metre race of the season.

On a basis of points over the English regattas I would place this new ship at the head of the class for 1937, with Westra close behind, although it must be noted that she did not sail in nearly so many races. Then would come Evaine, with Marina hard on her heels. Of the rest, the new Alanna did little in the few races she sailed, Flica seems to have lost her stride once she turned Portland Bill eastward bound, while Little Astra failed to get a gun at all after leaving Southsea. One outcome of the sharp demarcation of success this season is that Trivia, Little Astra, and Alanna are going to sail off some special trials together in an endeavour to ascertain the possible reasons for Little Astra's poor luck. Another outcome of this season cannot fail to be a greatly increased popularity and possible increased future strength in a class which has done so remarkably well.

Taking the points results all in all, Marina cannot grumble at slipping back to a fighting third. She has had a very good innings in past seasons, and, clearly, in the "Twelves" as in other keen classes, a smart new boat is an ever-present danger to previous champions. Perhaps the most interesting thing about this season was the progression of form. First it was Marina winning, then Westra cuts in. But all the while Evaine's form is improving until between Torbay and Cowes she comes to the top. Meanwhile Trivia is finding her feet, and from Cowes to the end holds the lead. The season as a whole, indeed, has provided a fascinating study in form and hard sailing, and has shown that British yachting can manage very well without the big class if only it retains its "Twelves."



THE LEADING TWELVE METRE YACHT OF 1937
Trivia getting a first gun at Ramsgate last August

"THE WORLD WITHOUT ART WOULD BE ONE GREAT WILDERNESS"

The Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House

ON September 24th the Right Hon. Viscount Lee of Fareham, P.C., opened the Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition, at Grosvenor House.

This is the fourth year in succession that the event has taken place, which proves the success and popularity of a show that is held under the patronage of Her Majesty Queen Mary.

Queen Mary in fact is lending several historic pieces from her private collection of antiques at Marlborough House. Amongst these is one of the most beautiful pieces of English eighteenth-century silver, namely a cup made in London in 1730 by Simon Pantin. It was probably made out of the last Great Seal of the Court of Exchequer of Scotland,



"A MAGNIFICENT SYMPHONY OF RIOTOUS COLOUR"
A Sixteenth-Century Chinese Jar being shown by Messrs. Blunt & Sons

for it is engraved with the obverse and reverse of the Seal, and one of its two crests is that of Matthew Lant, a Chief Baron of Exchequer, who is known to have possessed such a cup at his death in 1741.

The date of the Royal Jubilee, May 6th, 1935, is engraved on the cup, together with the inscription "Edward Prince of Wales, Albert Duke of York, Mary Princess Royal, Elizabeth Duchess of York, Harewood, Henry Duke of Gloucester, George Duke of Kent, Marina Duchess of Kent."

Lord Lee is lending some treasures from his collection at White Lodge, Richmond, and the Warden of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths has allowed some of the best examples of the work of great English goldsmiths and silversmiths from the company's museum to be shown here. Other loans of special interest from private collections are also included.

A detailed review of the exhibition, which includes pictures, furniture, gold- and silver-smithry, glass, ceramics, textiles, pictures, books, in short, every imaginable kind of antique, is at the moment of writing not possible, as the exhibition will not be quite ready before we go to press.

One thing should be noted: the exhibits are by no means confined only to objects of great money value. On the contrary, the purpose of the exhibition is to attract every kind of collector and to suit, one might say, every size of purse; for although there are, in this exhibition, as in its predecessors, objects to which only the most wealthy could aspire, yet at the same time it contains articles so modest in price, if not in interest, as to suit a collector of limited means.

And here is another point that visitors will be glad to know: it is this; that the organisers of this show have taken the greatest care not to admit anything that is not a genuine antique—that is to say, at least a hundred years old. The actual age is, of course, of less importance than the fact that "fakes" are not allowed to be introduced. In this respect these exhibitions are a liberal education. The exhibitors are all experts who will willingly discuss technical and other points with their clients, and thus prevent them from being taken in by spurious articles. If we may be allowed to give intending visitors additional advice it is never to "collect" anything that they do not "like the look of." This horrible bit of grammar must stand because it exactly describes a mental attitude towards a thing that very frequently has its basis in a most sound instinct. There is about an antique always *something* which one cannot quite define, but which seems to emanate from its associations, from the people who made it, possessed it and handled it. Sometimes these instinctively-felt associations leave one *cold*; sometimes, on the contrary, they seem to excite one's affections.

One would like to handle, to contemplate, to possess such things. Nor are these feelings in any way directed by money values. The pomp and circumstance of "priceless" things cannot in themselves excite these feelings, and, on the other hand, one only too often discovers that a modest-looking picture, an unassuming piece of furniture, a plain, undecorated piece of porcelain, is a greatly-prized and correspondingly highly priced work of art. It is this *sensing* of values at first sight and consequent confirmation—or the opposite—by careful examination which makes antique collecting so—we had almost said *terribly*—attractive. The point, of course, is that once you have acquired a taste for—let us say—old "walnut," or Chinese jade, or Astbury figures, or Pontypool trays, you are very rarely so satisfied with your first purchase as to make it your only one; and forthwith begin to turn into a connoisseur and collector.

Here we may profitably mention a connoisseur and collector's view on glass. "It may be said, that antique glass is divided into two sections, utilitarian and aesthetic; further, the first can broadly be labelled 'cut' glass, the second 'plain.' It is the latter category that forms the object of the collector's efforts. . . ." Overboard goes the noviess preconceived notion that "plain" is always a penny compared with the twopence "coloured"—or "cut."



AN ATTRACTIVE TEAPOT
Made by James Bell in 1716, this pot is being shown by Messrs. W. Bradford & Son

The teapot here illustrated is also a plain one, but the connoisseur can tell from its very shape to what period it belongs, and he knows who was its maker.

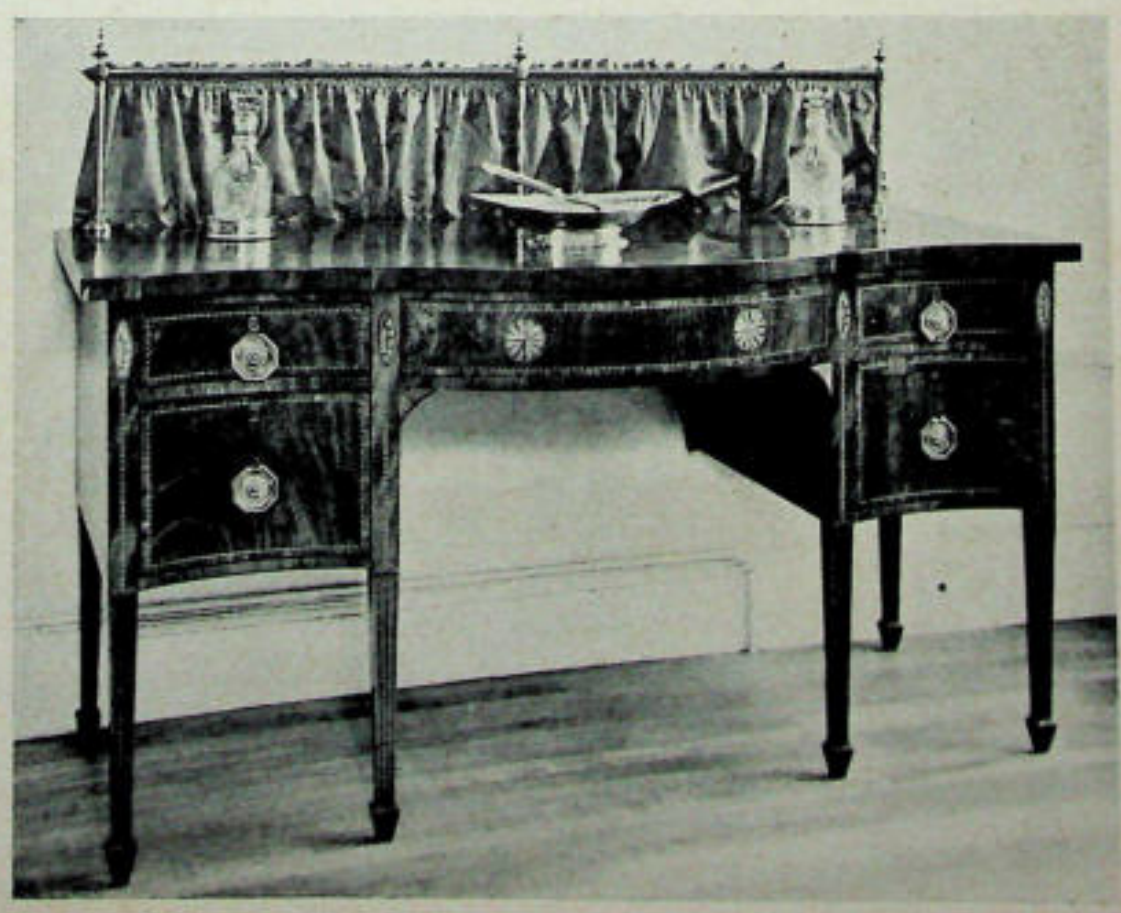
On the contrary, the Chinese jar is highly decorated with a procession of equestrian figures, glazed in turquoise, yellow and aubergine on a dark blue ground. A connoisseur of our acquaintance ascribes it to the sixteenth century, and calls it "a magnificent symphony of riotous colour." Connoisseurs are apt to become lyrical, forgetting that a riot is rather the antithesis of "symphony."

Finally, to confine our comments to the few exhibits we are able to illustrate, the sideboard seems to preserve the middle course between "riotous" decoration and absolute plainness. The elegance of form and the restrained use of ornament is obvious, but the collector, upon examination, will note that the centre drawer is a dummy and the handles are represented by inlaid patere.

Visitors to the Fair will find it a source of pleasure to try out their own reactions to the things they see; to discover whether the appeal to them is purely aesthetical, or technical (that is to say, construction and sheer craftsmanship) or, on the contrary, whether it is historical or other associations that attract and fascinate them.

That many more people than one would imagine have this enjoyable "antique" complex is proved by the fact that there were nearly twenty thousand visitors to last year's show. Incidentally, it should be stated that the amount realised by the price of admission goes in equal shares to the Westminster Hospital Building Fund and the Antique Dealers' Association.

H. F.



A FINE LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD
This piece, exhibited by Messrs. Stair & Andrews, Ltd., is of serpentine form decorated with cross-bandings, shells and patere

THE THREE HUNDRED CLUB
36, Theatre Road,
CALCUTTA.
Tone 1 & 170



THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG, 1878

(Standing on Stairs): Mr. Wilson, the two Mr. Headingtons, Capt. Hon. M. Stapleton, Charlie Wise, W. H. Wickham, Lady Julia Follett, Mr. Wynn (*Scots Guards*), Col. Follett
(Second Row, Standing): E. Sebright, Mr. Oliphant, A. C. Jervoise, Col. Julian Hall, Hon. H. C. Legge (*Whip*), Capt. Kingston, A. E. Codrington, A. C. Bentinck
(Third Row, Seated): S. Sutton, Col. Waller-Otway (*Master*), Dr. A. B. Myers, Hon. G. Gore

SERVING WITH THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS

Memories of The Duke of Portland, K.G.

I have already written, in Chapter XI of my *Memories of Racing and Hunting*, a short account of the sport we had with the regimental drag-hounds. I now reproduce a photograph of some of those who attended a luncheon, given to a few farmers in the Windsor district, over whose land the drag hunted during the season of 1878–79.

Taking the names in the lower group from left to right, Edgar Sebright was afterwards the twelfth baronet, and died in 1933; Mr. Oliphant was a farmer; A. C. Jervoise, after Sir A. Clarke Jervoise, third baronet of Idsworth, Southampton, died in 1902; Sutton nicknamed "the Stalk," died during the Sudan campaign in 1885. Of Colonel Julian Hall and the Hon. H. Legge (whip), I have already written at length; Colonel Waller-Otway was the Master and huntsman; A. B. Myers, commonly known as Jimmy Myers, was the regimental doctor; standing behind him is "Coddy," now Lieutenant-General Sir A. E. Codrington, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., D.S.O., Colonel of the Coldstream; and next to him is myself. I may say that I had recently had a bad fall with the drag, when my horse kicked me in the face—that is why I appear with a black eye, in undress uniform, and not in hunting kit. While my eye was still black, I tried to hire a horse from Charlie Wise, but he said: "No, I'll only sell it to you, not hire it. You've blacked your own eye, and I'm not going to let you do the same to my horse."

Continuing up the staircase, Colonel Follett, who took a First in Law and Modern History at Oxford before he joined the Army, commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream; "Taffy" Wynn, nephew and heir of Sir Watkin Wynn, was unfortunately drowned in the Thames two years later when attempting to shoot the weir below Windsor Bridge in a punt; Lady Julia Follett was a daughter of the second Lord Ailsa; Henry (Toby) Wickham married Lady Ethelreda Gordon, and was some time Master of the Fitzwilliam Hounds; Charlie Wise was an extremely well-known horse dealer with stables at Eton, from whom we hired our hunters; and the Messrs. Headington were farmers, both very kind supporters of the drag hounds.

Captain the Hon. Miles Stapleton, afterwards the tenth Lord Beaumont and Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 20th Hussars, was known as "Inches"—an obvious nickname from his extreme want of them.

Colonel and Lady Julia Follett were both extremely hard riders, but were so short-sighted as to be rather dangerous in the hunting field. The drag hounds held one of their meets at Surley Hall, and the second fence was a large open ditch called the Bone. Lady Julia went to the far side of it, and waited there for the hounds to cross. Tom Cochrane, now Lord Cochrane of Cults, was the first over it, and I came second. At the next fence, just as poor Cochrane's horse was taking off Lady Julia crashed into him and knocked him and his horse head over heels into the next field. Without stopping, she galloped on with the hounds. At the check in the middle of the run, I said to Lady Julia, "Do you know that you knocked poor Tom Cochrane clean head over heels?" "No!" she replied, looking very surprised, "I had no idea." "But surely," I said, "you must have known. It was at the second fence." "Oh! Was that Tom Cochrane?" she said, looking more astonished then ever, "I really didn't know what it was. I do hope he isn't hurt." At that moment Cochrane rode up, none the worse for his fall and joined in the general laughter. He is a neighbour of my daughter in Fife, and told her not long ago how well he remembered this incident.

Soon after my succession, some of my brother officers said to me: "So you are going on leave? Mind you don't come back with coronets branded all over you, for we shall kick them jolly hard if you do." I have never had much liking for coronets since then, or any temptation to scatter them over my possessions.

Another good thing I learned in the Coldstream was never to call people by their Christian names or nicknames unless I knew them fairly well. I remember a severe but well-deserved snub being given to some young fellow who was continually speaking of Tom This and Jack That. Rowly Campbell said to him one day, "Do you know Tom B.?" "No." "Then," said Campbell, "why the devil don't you call him Lord B.?"

When I had just succeeded to the dukedom, one of my senior brother officers said: "Look here, young fellow, you'll be able to amuse yourself more or less as you like now. My advice to you is, be a bit of a jack-of-all-trades. Don't just stick to hunting and sport, but try and enjoy everything as it comes. Always intersperse your pleasure with business, and then things that might otherwise bore you will act as spice to your enjoyment." I have tried to take his advice, and have always found it excellent; for it seems to me to be the best way of enjoying, not only sport, but life as a whole.

I have written so much of my early days in the Army that I must make some mention here of the Senior Service. Among my naval friends was dear old Sir Harry Keppel,* who not only distinguished himself in the Crimea, but was present at the destruction of the Chinese Navy in 1857, and during the suppression of the Taiping rebellion. He was a great favourite of the late King Edward, and especially so of Queen Alexandra, whom he adored and who often spoke of him as "my dear little admiral." I once met him at Ascot, and said, "How are you, Sir Harry?" "Dying fast, my boy. Dying fast. But for heaven's sake give me some luncheon, for I'm very hungry." When he

* Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., O.M., 1809–1904.

commanded at Plymouth, Charlie Beresford was his flag-lieutenant. He took Charlie with him to a shooting party; and the admiral was advancing with the beaters, when the guns ahead heard bullets whistling and saw branches of trees falling. Sir Harry had been shooting wild boar in Albania, and his sailor-servant was loading his gun with ball ammunition left over from that expedition.

After a dinner-party, the admiral and Charlie drove back to Plymouth. They took the toll-gate off its hinges and brought it back to the flag-ship where, in order to get rid of it, they burnt it in the furnace. I wonder what would have happened if this had been reported in the newspapers. But the admiral was up to every boyish prank, especially when in Charlie Beresford's company.

Years later, when Charlie was a captain, Sir Harry, who was by this time no longer on active service, dined with him on board his vessel. When returning to shore, he unfortunately missed his footing and fell into the sea. He was promptly hauled out, and, gasping for breath said: "Charlie, on no account let my wife know about this, or she'll say I was drunk."

Charlie Beresford was a very popular and extremely well-known character in his day. His Irish bonhomie and ready wit procured him many friends wherever he went. When he was not serving at sea, he was often a Member of the House of Commons; and when he was not a Member of the House of Commons, he was serving at sea. He was very often my guest at Welbeck, Newmarket and Langwell, where he died with tragic suddenness after dinner, as I have related in Chapter IX of my earlier book, *Fifty Years and More of Sport in Scotland*. It was rather curious that our dear old friend Major Baker-Carr, who was with him when he died, should have said: "What a happy end it was for Charlie. I hope I may go in the same way when my time comes." His wish was fulfilled.

When I was on a visit to Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, then Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Captain Alfred Paget arrived to take command of a ship. He was a son of Lord Alfred Paget, of whom I have written in Chapter V; he later became an admiral and was knighted. When I met him at Portsmouth, he had been employed for some time in the Admiralty; and he was quite delighted to be once again going to sea. With great difficulty, the admiral persuaded him to tell the following story:

He was very fond of ballooning and very early one morning he descended from a balloon by parachute, holding on by his hands only, and not attached to it in the usual way. He landed on the roof of a parsonage, to the great consternation of the clergyman, his wife and his two daughters, who all ran into the garden in their night attire. Hearing one of the daughters exclaim: "Fetch your gun, father. There's a burglar on the roof." Paget quite calmly said: "No, for God's sake, don't fetch a gun; get a ladder instead, and then give me some breakfast." So all ended happily, over the family coffee-pot. When the Great War broke out, I believe he had retired from the service; but he volunteered to join the Navy in any position, however subordinate, which the Admiralty might assign to him.

It seemed to irritate Sir Michael if he heard anyone praise an officer for bravery. "Brave? God bless my soul, of course he's brave! Who the devil thinks anything of that? They'd damned soon get rid of him if he wasn't. What you want is brains, as well as courage."

A romantic lady talked to him of the hardships of the Navy in wartime. "Hardships be damned! Why, I hear they now have hot rolls every morning for breakfast. Talk about hardships in the trenches, if you like, but not in the Navy."

These Extracts are taken from "Men, Women and Things," to be published by Faber & Faber in October.

LONG SHOTS AND KILLING POWER

High Birds and How to "Find" Them

By RICHMOND WATSON

IN shot or not in shot is the question, when high dropping pheasants that curl beat the guns. Such birds, planing down on a curving course, are most difficult to hit—in fact, they are almost the hardest that a shooter has to deal with, especially if they glide over without moving their wings. Their pace is very deceptive, and negotiating the curve is too much for most people. One of the chief drawbacks is that a shooter gets too few of these grand birds and consequently suffers from lack of practice.

Birds of such a kind can, on occasions, come out of shot, but rarely does this occur. Usually, however, the shooter saves his self-esteem by declaring that they were beyond his range, when actually he has not allowed enough for their pace, which is always fast, or for their curl.

Most people think that gravity influences the shot and that the penetration, when shooting upwards, is not so great as when shooting horizontally. To test this theory I carried out extensive trials by placing card racks 40yds. away on the same level with the shooter and then placing the same card racks 40yds. up on a tower. The tests were made on the same day, so that there was no question of humidity having any effect on the straw boards. The result from 40 rounds fired at both sets of targets was rather surprising. The series for the ones fired upwards was slightly better than for those fired along the ground. This surprised me, and I did not realise until afterwards that I had not allowed for the height of the shooter's shoulder above the ground. The cartridges used were 36 grains E.C. 1oz. No. 5 shots, which is a charge to which I am very partial for grouse late in the season and for high birds. By keeping the shot charge down and increasing the powder there is not much recoil, and birds are hit very hard.

If you try to take high birds, either duck or pheasants, out in front, where you would normally shoot at a medium height bird, you very rarely bag them. The breast feathers seem to turn the shot. If you wait until the bird is over you, or just behind your shoulders, the shot goes in with the feathers, and, providing that you give the necessary lead, and do not stop the swing, there is no difficulty in killing. Most shooters appear to check themselves when they give more lead than they are accustomed to in dealing with these high birds. That is the reason why they so often miss.

I have seen many a good shot from Norfolk and Hampshire go to pieces over real rocketers. I was once at a shoot where the pheasants were high dropping and curling. One of the guns was in the thick of it. He generally shot well at ordinary pheasants, but these quite beat him. So our host inquired if he was shooting with blanks. There is nothing more demoralising to a shooter than starting to miss real rocketers. At one shoot a very amusing incident occurred. Birds had been driven out of a wood towards a high bank with a small copse on top. The guns had been placed some 300yds. from the cover. There was also a hedge running from the wood to the bank, on either side of which were two men, both good and very keen shots. The rest of the shooters were spread out on their flanks. In addition, a stop was placed at the top of the fence to prevent birds running down it.

All the early birds took the line of the hedge. They came high, though all in range, but the two guns could not find them. After missing about twenty, they kept calling out to one another: "This is your bird." The answer always came back: "No, it's yours." At last one man put his gun down and the other turned his back on them and would not shoot. However, those of us farther out could see what was happening. The birds planed down and before reaching the guns started planing up to clear the sloping bank behind, in order that they might land well back in the wood they had originally come from. The few birds that came over the other guns we had no difficulty in dealing with, by aiming well over their backs when swinging forward. These birds would have been called out of shot, had not the other guns seen what they were doing.

I find a trick that helps me with high pheasants that I can see coming a long way before they reach me, is to look down just before I think they are near enough. I do this with both grouse and pheasants, for I find it prevents me poking at them. In dealing with high pheasants and duck, when straight above, wait till they get just past and then, by bending the knees, you can get in two barrels comfortably. When birds are on the right and left footwork is all important. By moving the feet while bringing up the gun you can face the bird and will not drop your shoulders. Always, however, let these high birds get slightly past before firing and you will then be surprised how cleanly you can kill them.

It always surprises me that people will spend so much money on rearing pheasants and then not bring them over properly. They often blame the keeper for not doing so, but until shooters tip more liberally when birds are shown well, rather than when the bag is big (an almost universal custom at present), there is not much incentive to the keeper to go out of his way to provide good difficult shooting. Yet everyone enjoys this so much better.

A few years ago a friend and I took the shooting over Fountains Abbey. The headkeeper, Julian, had been keeper and loader to that great shot, the late Marquess of Ripon, and had been to most of the good shoots with him. I told him that we did not mind what the bag was providing that he gave us really high birds. He said, that he would put one-third of them out of shot. I replied, "You're just the man we have been looking for." He certainly did provide us with some splendid shooting. I remember at one covert in that country he asked us to start half an hour later. He had his beaters there early and had driven all the birds out into some rough fields half a mile away. He placed us 200yds. from the wood with our backs to it. The grass fields in front were on a higher level than the wood, so that he put some grand birds over us. A pheasant always flies much better when it is going back home and very rarely comes straight.

In conclusion, a high bird, in my opinion, is easier killed 5yds. further away than a low skimming bird.



AT WARTER PRIORY: THE HOME OF THE HIGHEST OF PHEASANTS



FROM THE COVERT OVER THE ROOTS—PHEASANT SHOOTING IN HERTFORDSHIRE

PHEASANTS ANCIENT AND MODERN

"Let 'em Rise"

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

ONE is sometimes tempted to wonder whether such protestations against the shooting of "tame pheasants" as still occasionally ornament the columns of the non-sporting press, emanate from the lineal descendants of authors who attributed to the pheasant of a bygone day a like predilection for suicide. For if one delves into past history it is instructive to note how very seldom the cock pheasant seems to have realised that his legs served any useful purpose. He is frequently depicted in cold print, as in old prints, as complacently awaiting dislodgement by teams of pointers and spaniels, in order presumably not to make it too difficult for the leisurely sportsman to pot him at close range. It is a pity, perhaps, that so much literary and artistic talent has always been based on the assumption that pheasants are born fools. It is quite true that dog teams were the forerunners of the modern beating line, but they did not work unassisted. Stops were employed, just as they are to-day, to prevent the pheasants legging it along every hedgerow in the parish.

In point of fact the contrast between ancient and modern methods of covert shooting has very little to do with the substitution of human for canine beaters. Even as our own, the object of our forbears was to kill as many birds as possible, and doubtless had they possessed the advantages that we enjoy they would have wished to kill them at as great a height as we do. But with unhandy weapons of limited range, the only chance of making a big lay in driving birds unceasingly forward through cover of jungle thickness from which, bewildered with dogs behind and stops in front, they would eventually emerge to find a line of guns on either hand.

That this was the almost invariable procedure may be deduced from Daniel's *Rural Sports*. A writer of that era thus refers to "pheasants flushed within a few yards' range of several guns; it was no uncommon thing to see several loads sent into one bird before he had even topped the undergrowth, and to hear the shooters roaring at each other to 'let 'em rise.' But such scenes were repeated at all thick coverts in turn; the sportsmen talked of rocketers and were content."

One may suppose that sometimes a pheasant flushed off high ground gave the old-time shooter a vision of what might be. It is easy to criticise an out-of-date method of procedure when one knows a better one. But the plain truth is that in the gradual evolution of covert shooting, pheasants were for the most part sacrificed to the idea that if they once got out of sight they were lost for ever. Nor was this contention totally unfounded, before the cardinal principle of modern covert shooting—that of pushing birds away from home to bring them back over the guns—came to be understood. Payne Gallwey and others have described how, when an attempt was made to drive pheasants a distance towards a covert of which they knew nothing, the result was usually disastrous. Birds out of range simply scattered all over the country to the wrath of keepers, who counted their labours wasted for a foolish whim. For in contrast to the modern keeper, who contrives to make each small successive flush as difficult as possible, the object of the old-time velveteens was mass production at close range. Nor has our own experience of how the flights of pheasants may be controlled with precision been learnt in a single generation.

It has been said that a skilful keeper can always put his pheasants exactly where he wants them, and if my memory serves, a famous shot of the Victorian era once declared his ability to "drive a covertful into his own dining room." But what interests the shooter more than anything is whether that covertful comes over *en masse*, in which case he will have so lively a few minutes as to preclude any chance of doing himself justice, or whether, thanks to careful planning of flushing areas the birds come over by half-dozens at a time. For, in his youth and innocence, the hand-reared pheasant is an imitative creature, and if the tactics of his more experienced relatives are to just top the undergrowth into the open, he and his friends will do likewise. Then the result will be that no one bird in a hundred is worth powder and shot. For, although pheasants coming from a hanging wood must usually rise high enough to give sporting shots, such as are flushed from low covert in a flat country will certainly not do so unless they are slowly urged forward and artificially persuaded. Wherefore one may deduce that the modern keeper, in direct contrast with his predecessor, turns the pedestrian activity of pheasants to his own advantage. In other words, he makes them leg it through thin cover, so as to concentrate them in small batches in clumps of thick stuff from which he will send them over as he thinks fit. Then provided they are either homeward bound, or there are tall trees to force them up, and the flushing spots are some 80yds. or so back from the line of guns, there is little risk that those which face the music the first time will not do so at a good height.

But what pheasants will do in November is no criterion of their back-end strategy. It does not pay to be too sure that then the original "home" coverts still possess their erstwhile attraction. In spite of all rules to the contrary they will break out and back and all ways, ignoring beaters, stops and dogs just as though the Badminton and Lonsdale Libraries had not been compiled for their enlightenment. And though the keepers in their wisdom provide against all such contingencies, and, humanly speaking, that last time through is a stone-cold certainty for a high percentage of skyscrapers, let an old cock pheasant spot or scent a fox and give a warning cry. In less time than it takes to write the words the covert will be bare and "generalship" an empty phrase.

But even if they gave their birds but little law, let us pay due tribute to our grandsires. Would eight of our modern super-shots, as did Lord Stamford's guests at Bradgate in 1860, I wonder, back themselves to kill sixteen hundred pheasants in a day with muzzle-loader guns. We moderns have taught the pheasant how to fly and have made his killing a most artistic sport, but who shall say that he is a more difficult bird all out at 35yds. up with present-day weapons than he was rising out of "the bush" under conditions of the long ago?



THE OCTOBER PHEASANT: AN OCCASIONAL ADVENTURE OF A LATE YEAR, TO BE TAKEN WITH THE PARTRIDGES



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ALLISS, MATCH-PLAY CHAMPION

Great Putting at Stoke Poges

By E. R. TIPPLE

STROKE play may be the best test of golf, but knock-out tournaments are certainly more interesting to watch. In the present crowded calendar only two match-play events are held for professional golfers—the one at Leeds and the one promoted by the *News of the World*. The latter, which has come to be regarded as the unofficial British match-play championship, was decided last week at Stoke Poges and Percy Alliss, making his third appearance in the final within five years, carried off the title for the second time.

Of all the many competitions held each season this is the most difficult to win, with perhaps the exception of the Open Championship. Qualifying rounds are played in various districts, and those 64 who emerge from them meet for four consecutive days of man-to-man combats. Naturally, in the match-play stages unexpected results occur, for the element of luck plays an important part, but it is interesting to note that, since the tournament's inauguration so far back as 1903, there has never been a surprise winner. Victory in this event stamps a golfer as a player of the highest class. Alliss now joins C. A. Whitcombe, Padgham, Compston and Mitchell—the only players who have won twice since the War.

Percy Alliss, one of this country's leading professionals for many years, is unquestionably one of the game's finest stylists. When he is at his best he seems to go round without any appreciable effort. The par figures are obtained in such an ordinary sort of way that you are quite surprised when you realise he has beaten 70 in the end. That of course is real golf; as machine-like as it is humanly possible to be.

Alliss adopts the modern three-quarter swing, and is an excellent example to those who find it difficult to preserve their balance. Watch him and you will find he keeps his feet firmly on the ground at impact and maintains such an ideal position long after the ball has been despatched.

Being such a fine stroke player it is not surprising that Alliss has a long and imposing list of successes to his credit. His stay in Germany popularised the game in that country more than anything else. But for many years Alliss has had one very noticeable weakness—putting. He has tried all sorts of putters and all kinds of different putting styles and methods without really obtaining a permanent solution to his problem. Many wonderful strokes through the green have been wasted by his futile attempts to hole out, attempts which ruined his own confidence and were the despair of his supporters.

Going out for a practice round at Stoke Poges, Alliss borrowed Colonel Walker's putter, a club with a fairly big aluminium head and a rather short shaft. He returned a 65 and putted so beautifully that he decided to use it in the tournament. Throughout the week he never on any occasion required more than the regulation number of two putts per green. He definitely won the title by his consistent brilliancy on the greens. He holed many from over 10yds. and rarely, if ever, failed from a range of 6ft.—the vital length in tournament golf. Was it the club or was it Alliss himself? The reader can decide for himself. Certainly the borrowed putter—now Alliss's own property by the way—gave him that much-needed confidence without which even the experts are all but powerless. Alliss's action sets an example for the ordinary player who is passing through a period when nothing will go right with his game. A change of clubs often restores confidence. Desperate circumstances demand desperate remedies.

Not for many years has the weather interfered so much with competitive golf as this season. If a tournament has not had to be actually postponed, play has only been possible under the most appalling conditions. The clouds opened towards the end of the first round of the final, and the Stoke Poges course quickly became flooded. Play was simply farcical for the last three holes, so that postponement until the following day was inevitable. Alliss had gone round in 69 and established a lead of three holes over J. Adams. He had made few mistakes, and when he did make a bad shot he recovered and sank a single putt to make up for it.



PERCY ALLISS DRIVING FROM THE FIFTH
"Alliss adopts the modern three-quarter swing and is an excellent example to those who find it difficult to preserve their balance."

Credit must be paid to the young Scottish international for the manner in which he fought a losing battle. He was behind all the way, and nothing he could do could have any effect on Alliss's relentless consistency. When Alliss is in such a mood he is a match for anyone. Adams reduced his deficit to one with seven holes to play, but on the next green, going all out to sink his first putt, he sent the ball yards too far, ruined the return and was two down instead of possibly being all square. Boldness for once did not pay. Alliss won the following hole and the game was decided.

Adams, a strong burly type of man, is one of the very few professionals who employ a really full swing. Even with the irons he takes the club back below the horizontal. He hits the ball crisply and with great determination, yet is rarely off the beaten track. A consistent stroke-player, he is also a dour fighter, and is destined to remain in the front rank for years. His style suits him and he should keep to it despite the modern tendency to adopt a short back-swing.

In the fourth round Alliss obtained his revenge over Rees for his defeat in the semi-final last year. The diminutive Welshman put up some amazing golf before giving up his title. In the early rounds he showed his opponents no mercy, but when he met Alliss he was not quite hitting the shots 100 per cent. He was inclined to push the ball out to the right when playing to the greens. And whereas Alliss when he missed the objective saved himself with a pitch and one putt, Rees always required three to hole out.

Try as you might you just cannot omit mentioning the Whitcombes! Charles, fresh from his victory at Southend, where he also gained the Harry Vardon Cup for the best average of the season—a trifle under 72 per round—was obviously tired of competitive golf. Yet he managed to extricate himself out of awkward situations and reach the semi-final to be beaten by Adams. Indeed, if the latter had not suddenly accomplished three consecutive holes in three each he might have been in the final again. The meeting between the two brothers, Charles and Reginald Whitcombe, in the fourth round provided a really interesting match. They had met before in the same tournament, and once again R. A. was beaten. The game turned out to be a putting match more than anything else. Charles, apparently without troubling even to look at the line, holed putt after putt in nonchalant fashion which is so disturbing to the opponent. Reginald, at the critical moment, missed three putts of 5ft. or less, simply because he tried to stroke the ball into the hole instead of hitting it firmly for the back of the cup.

Fred Robertson, Henry Cotton's chief assistant, covered himself with glory by defeating in successive rounds three Ryder Cup players, S. Easterbrook, J. J. Busson and A. H. Padgham. He has a fine swing and plays with great confidence. Considering the ordeal, Robertson put up an amazingly fine display before being beaten by Curtis whose putter was working miracles. Having had experience of golf on the Continent and in South America, Robertson should do even better next season providing he is allowed sufficient time in which to keep in practice. In his chief's regrettable absence he certainly kept his club's flag flying. Like the majority of the players at Stoke Poges, Robertson is a good putter. Indeed, a welcome feature of the week's play was the decided improvement in the putting—it was needed.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

THE break in the weather came so suddenly that it took most of us by surprise. The change came in a day, and with relentless rain and a cold wind. Mackintoshes made their appearance, shoulders that had shown signs of straightening bowed again. Fur coats, smelling strongly of camphor, were to be seen, looking strangely out of place despite the chill in the air. Almost invariably fur coats manage to beautify their owners, but I find them depressing in September. I find blue noses in sun-tinged faces even more depressing. So I was glad to leave London for two short—all too short—days.

* * *

The country, I found, even on a cold day, to be infinitely warmer than London. A cold wind over heath is invigorating; a cold wind round a corner merely spiteful. Again London on a cold grey day is, to my mind, ugly; but a heath, even with the heather browned and the bells rattling in the wind like sapless bones swinging on a chain, is beautiful and satisfying. And the sky cleared, the sun shone, and colour was brought to the eye. Less colour than there was, but yet colour.

* * *

The lane skirting the foot of the great hump of down was suddenly dazzling white. The tall hedge, that allowed only glimpses of the lowland far below, was a darker green than the sward that swept aloft soaring into the blue, white-capped sky. There was yet colour in the hedge—clematis and some strings of bryony berries, green and red and yellow, and hemp agrimony, which is surely the most beautiful of all wayside growths, and some marjoram. And below, ragwort and yarrow and knapweed and mallow and camomile.

* * *

The ragwort was nearing the end of its beauty. The centre of each poised glowing yellow star of blossom was whitening, and where there had been stars were now many downy grey tufts. Every seed has its own little silken parachute ready to drift away on the breeze. And the breeze wafts the pappus far and wide over cultivated land and pastures. I stood and watched, as it were, the conception of a flood of letters to the editor due for publication in August, 1938.

* * *

Now ragwort is typical of a certain sort of flowers that have a very singular trait. Each expanding umbel seems to the naked eye to consist of a multitude of single flowers of very simple construction, a central dome ringed by yellow daisy-like rays. Indeed each ragwort bloom looks, at a glance, just like an ordinary field-daisy dressed in gold. And as a matter of fact in this way the daisy and the ragwort are closely related. I mean that in each the flower is not what it seems to the casual eye. It is, however, not a simple star-like form, but a hundred or many more distinct flowers all embodied into one.

* * *

In almost every way Nature is prodigal, seemingly reckless, spendthrift. When the ragwort and the daisy were conceived Nature was in a rare thrifty mood. A hundred or many more of their flowers must be content with but a single chalice between them. You cannot see this thing with the naked eye, you must use a strong glass. And then you will see—the daisy is the most typical—that it is the golden eye of the daisy that is the true flower or multitude of flowers. The white petals are but the sign hung out over the door to attract the winged passer-by. And under the glass you will see that the golden eye of the daisy is composed of innumerable buds massed side by side, and each bud in turn spreads into a five-petalled yellow blossom with a centre pollen rod of gold. And under the glass the whole thing looks very like a male vegetable-marrow flower.

* * *

Thistle-down, too, was drifting. Where the farmer neglects the wayside and the waste-land—and more is neglected with each passing year—he will have dirty fields next year. It seems to be nobody's work to cut the weeds on no man's land. Whose work will it be to clear those thistles? The thistle, though a weed, is English. I would bear it. An alien is the rayless camomile, *Matricaria discoidea*, which has certainly come to stay. Bentham—indeed, all the other floras—does not mention it, but to-day it is common along waysides where ten years ago it was unknown. Like the very troublesome water-weed, *Elodea*, it comes from across the Atlantic, and it should be watched, for one day it will be too plentiful.

B. V.-F.

This England . . .


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CALCUTTA.

Poole Harbour from Ballard Down—Dorset

THERE has never been any nonsense about the men of Dorset — men of peace, liking their comforts, they would nevertheless fight to keep them. Dourly they drove off the Danes, but would have no truck with the Norman and Plantagenet struggles. And when the Civil war was upon them, there arose the "clubmen," who would bear no arms at the county musters, but punished indifferently and with vigour the Roundhead or Royalist caught plundering! To this spirit in our England we owe the continuance of the good things of English living to-day — justice, liberty, the genial life; nay, even your Worthington has not been tampered with since the days of leathern cups.

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THE ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD AT THE NEST



THE ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD: A PORTRAIT OF THE HEN BIRD

An Occasional Visitor to England at Home in Lapland

MANY people, especially those who visit the West of England for holiday or other purposes, are tolerably familiar with the common buzzard, but it is only occasionally during the spring wandering that the rough-legged buzzard reaches our shores.

This last species is an inhabitant of the continent of Europe, and keeps to the northern parts of Scandinavia and Russia. In Swedish Lapland the authors encountered it during the past summer with considerable frequency. It was in fact the common bird of prey in the birch forests and on the fells which surround Lake Torne Träsk, about 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

Its flight is typically like that of the common buzzard, and it can be recognised in a moment by the blunt wings with the outspread primaries, and the sailing movements of flight so characteristic of this family of raptores. The one constant feature of the plumage, which inevitably distinguishes it from the British bird, is the large band of white across the proximal end of the tail. This is very useful for the purposes of identification, because it can easily be seen in flight.

Apart from this the plumage of the rough-legged buzzard is extremely variable. One bird that we saw startled us by being very nearly white, and indeed there are nearly all stages of admixture of white to be encountered. What the significance of this is, is not quite certain, but the young birds have quite dark plumage, so probably it has something to do with the age of the bird.

We were lucky enough to find quite a number of nests, most of which were on crags above the tree line, but the one which is shown in the illustrations was at the top of a very large pine tree. Of course, pines are uncommon as far north as Torne Träsk, but one or two clumps were to be found in the middle of the birch forest, and one of these contained an old nest of an osprey. This the buzzard had appropriated for herself, probably not by force, but by its being deserted, since we saw no ospreys at all this year.

The young while small were fed at fairly frequent intervals, the hen bird remaining at the nest the whole time, and the cock only appearing at brief moments to drop a vole on the nest and hurry away for more hunting. The feeding procedure was carried out with the greatest of care, with strict attention to each young one. It was not a case of the hungriest getting the lot, and particular attention was lavished on the smallest of the family, who might have been in danger of being overlooked among the bulkier bodies of his four brothers and sisters.

Later, when the young were larger, the hen did not spend so much time at the nest, but it was still the cock that did all the hunting. Thus, by division of labour, the young get as much attention as possible.

H. N. SOUTHERN AND W. A. S. LEWIS.



THE HEN AND HER FAMILY: ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS THE FIFTH AND SMALLEST YOUNGSTER



THE HEN ARRIVING AT HER NEST; NOTE THE PATCH OF WHITE IN HER TAIL



THE YOUNG CLAMOURING FOR FOOD



THE HEN FEEDING THE YOUNG IN THE EARLY STAGES



THE HEN FEEDING THE YOUNG ALMOST READY FOR FLIGHT



A TIT-BIT—IN THIS INSTANCE A PORTION OF A VOLE—CHANGES HANDS

New Books

AUTHOR AND ETHER

The Joys of Living

MR. MAIS is very well known to all lovers of literature, and, of course, to all readers of the *Field*, to whose columns he has long been a contributor. We all know his delightful novels (of which nowadays we get far too few), and we all know his voice on the air. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we meet the man himself. And in the pages of this book there is no disappointment, as there might well be, and, indeed, usually is when meeting literary lions.

The author has had an interesting life, and a varied one. He has had his ups and downs like the rest of us, but, unlike most of us, he has lost not one whit of the zest that was his in early youth. He is a happy man—in the proper sense of that much abused word—and his happiness is infectious. You cannot read a page of this book without smiling; you cannot set it down without knowing that it has done you good.

Mr. Mais began his career as a schoolmaster. He entered into his task with enthusiasm and understanding. He realised the ultimate aim of education. He was alive and far in advance of his time in his methods of teaching. That sort of thing is not wanted, of course, in the majority of public schools. He met with much opposition in three schools and at the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, and finally left teaching for Fleet Street. The scholastic profession suffered a very grievous loss. I do not know that Fleet Street gained much. But Mr. Mais saw Fleet Street, and that was far more important than Fleet Street seeing Mr. Mais. This portion of the book is by far the most entertaining.

Next came broadcasting—and here Mr. Mais found his right medium. There are very few men whom we can truly call "friends" on the air. Mr. Mais is definitely one of the few. He was successful with school broadcasts; he is no less successful with adults, and his travel talks and his talks on unemployment are landmarks in their own country. It is no doubt a question of taste, but, for me at least, the sound of that voice recommending a medicinal preparation on the Luxembourg wave-length was a shock and a disappointment. Mr. Mais explains his position—and has, of course, every right to his position—but the explanation is not convincing. It merely proves again that our economic system is responsible for many unfortunate occurrences.

But the secret of the book is happiness; that and adaptation. I wish I had this gift in like measure. A book that cannot fail to charm.

B. V.-F.

All the Days of My Life. By S. P. B. Mais. (Hutchinson; 10/6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY AND CLIMBING

MR. SMYTHE is one of our leading mountaineers, and is known to a wide public. His book consists of a preliminary chapter on "Photographing the Hills," and an album of photographs of mountains. The latter comprises sections devoted to the British hills, the Eastern Alps, the Bernese Oberland, the Pennine Alps, the range of Mont Blanc, Kangchenjunga, Kamet and Mount Everest.

The author thinks that in respect of height, size and colour the painter scores over the photographer because the former is better able to interpret and reveal by ignoring the inessentials and concentrating on the essentials of the scene. This may be so, but the results achieved by painters among high mountains, except perhaps for the creations of Segantini, have never been notably successful, and it would be difficult to get any considerable number of critics to accept any painter's work as a satisfactory representation of snow-mountains. In fact, for the representation of snow-mountains a good photograph, like a good map, is often preferable to the inadequacy of paintings, and anyone who is well acquainted with the high alps will find that the accuracy of the humble photographer is more satisfactory than the eliminations and accentuations of the artist who uses oils or water-colours.

Mr. Smythe gives plenty of directions for composing the ingredients of successful photographs, and is not afraid to generalise, but the admirable specimens of his own work that fill this album are not always consistent with his teaching; parallel lines, for instance, must, he says, be avoided at all costs, yet the framing of mountain views between the parallel lines either of trees or houses is well known by photographers to be frequently effective. Another rule given us that the principal object in the foreground should be in line with the principal object in the background is broken with conspicuous success in the beautiful photographs on pages 68, 73 and 124. On the other hand, the author certainly makes good his claim to take fine photographs with the sun shining almost directly into the lens.

In the descriptions accompanying the photographs there is more to interest the photographer than the mountaineer, and the latter, for instance, will hardly be surprised to learn that Professor Tyndall's account of the first ascent of the Weisshorn makes interesting reading. Among so many exquisitely beautiful photographs perhaps the most admirable of all is the view of the Blaitière, facing page 83.

C. F. M.

The Mountain Scene. By F. S. Smythe. With 78 photographs by the author. (A. & C. Black, Ltd.; 12/6.)

A TEXT-BOOK FOR TYROS

EVERYTHING from rules, regulations and requisites to potted history that a tyro may need for instruction is contained in the very practical primer of lawn tennis which is the result of the collaboration of L. A. Godfree and H. B. T. Wakelam, under the editorship of Howard Marshall. Miss Dorothy Round has a few words to say on women's dress, ending as follows: "I think we may be thankful that we are playing in an age in which we can play lawn tennis in clothes which give us so much joy to wear. Possibly the next generation will repeat that last sentence, but I cannot think what they will be wearing when they say it!"

It must not be thought from this quotation that the book is startling. It is as steady and thorough as Godfree was when he played for Great Britain. A series of slow-motion pictures is used to illustrate the production of the "five basic strokes," the forehand and backhand drive, the service, and forehand and backhand volley. They are really illustrative, and what may be wanting is supplied by the explanatory notes appended. As regards service, pictures of a man throwing a stone are printed side by side with the service delivery pictures in order to show the similarity of the two actions. There are a number of simple and decipherable diagrams exhibiting court positions and tactics. The text is also sprinkled with photographs of famous players in action both in doubles and singles.

The authors disclaim any concern with the higher science of the game; they give the groundwork ably and explicitly. Nothing necessary has been omitted. There are even hints on how to learn by watching, how to behave at your club or to administer it—likewise an exceedingly useful chapter on umpiring and how to treat umpires.

This book is thoroughly to be recommended. Only play can make a player, but a beginner following its lines faithfully will not go wrong as so many do—from the beginning. The meticulous student need not be put off at finding on page 91 a statement to the effect that in the best circles the "one up and one down" formation in ladies' doubles is to all intents and purposes extinct, when he may recollect that both pairs in the final of that event at Wimbledon this year used the formation. Despite this curious coincidence the authors remain more right than wrong on the point. They have turned out the best "schoolbook" yet.

J. E. C.

Lawn Tennis. By L. A. Godfree and H. B. T. Wakelam. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.; 6/-.)

GOLF FROM ALL ANGLES

HOW did you, or how would you advise people to take up the game of golf? Should beginners study the many technical books on the subject or should they rely solely on the advice of their local professional? How many clubs are needed at first and what are the chief faults and their remedies? These questions and many more are answered clearly and simply by Henry Longhurst, the *Evening Standard* golf correspondent, in his book *Golf*, which is included in the new series of books on Modern Sport edited by Howard Marshall.

Longhurst's first words—"There is no 'correct' way of hitting a golf ball"—indicate the manner in which he has tackled all the problems which beset all players from beginners to the scratch men. "I have tried," he says, "to dissect the methods of the masters for the benefit of the everyday golfer, to weed out their idiosyncrasies and extract the elementary basic principles to which they all conform." Only on a few occasions does he allow himself to be dogmatic and put forward his own very definite opinions; generally he sets out a clear analysis of the teachings and methods of several of the "stars" so that the reader can take his choice and decide for himself which will help him the most.

Much space is devoted to the explanation of the movements which make up the complete golf swing. Longhurst quite rightly stresses the importance of differentiating "between conscious and subconscious movements." He maintains that "golf is played with the hands. . . . They are the vital link. They are, so to speak, the liaison between the thinking part of the machine and the acting part. They are the only *direct* connection between your animate self and your inanimate club. . . . Think of your hands." This is sensible, clear and entirely logical.

On the follow-through Longhurst says, "Get a correct finish, and the movements that led up to it are likely to have been correct." Players all have mental pictures of themselves in action, but "their imaginings, however, have omitted one vital feature: they have not seen themselves finishing the shot. The picture is incomplete . . . cut off at a critical stage." The leading golfers all have different styles, but, as the author points out, they possess one common asset—balance. Ask yourself this question: "Did you finish the shot—i.e., were you in absolute equilibrium at the end of it? Or had you lost your balance and moved your feet from their original position? Honest answers to these two questions will provide a solution to the worries of countless players.

So many worthless books are written on golf that it is indeed a welcome change to be able to recommend one such as this. Longhurst supplies no short cuts to proficiency, for, in truth, there are none. He gives no stupid theories. He explains all he has to say simply and the many fine illustrations drive home the importance of the major points. In short, *Golf* is very readable, entirely sensible and always interesting.

E. R. T.

Golf. By Henry Longhurst. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. Price 6/-.)

The new edition of the *Rugby Football Annual* (Sporting Handbooks, Ltd.; 2/9 post paid) is as usual a complete guide to the game. There is a valuable new section to this year's edition which deals with the activities of the clubs. An invaluable book for reference.



GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN KNOW WHAT'S WHAT!

"Morning, Mr. 'Oskins. I see our gentlemen were at the midnight oil last night."

"*Yes, Mr. 'Iggs, they'ad me on my feet till four, mixing 'em gin and lime. I trust your gentleman got 'ome safe.*"

"Quite safe, thank you, Mr. 'Oskins. But what's your gentleman been giving him? Birdseed? He got up at eight and *started singing in his BATH!*"

"*My gentleman always sings at his ablutions*"

"What! Never wakes up with a sore head?"

"*Sore head? Not on your life. Not since he took to gin and lime juice. Swears there's something about Rose's that kills a hangover stone dead.*"

"Rose's Lime Juice, you said? I'll see my gentleman orders a crate. I'm much obliged to you, Mr. 'Oskins."

"*A pleasure, Mr. 'Iggs*"

SHORT DRINK — 2 *parts Rose's*, 3 *parts gin.*
LONG DRINK — *add soda*

Letters to the Editor

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

ECLIPSE IN DRAKES

SIR,—I have read Mr. Richard Perry's letter, "Eclipse Plumage in Drakes," in your issue of September 4th with interest, but find myself quite unable to agree with a number of his statements.

The very first sentence entirely defeats me. Mr. Perry will need to examine a common Shoveler duck very closely indeed if he is going to note "that the bright patches of colouring in the drake are exactly reproduced in dull shades in her plumage-pattern"!

A Shoveler duck's plumage-pattern is exactly similar to the plumage-pattern of wild duck, Teal or Gadwall, yet the plumage-pattern in the drakes of these three species is quite distinct.

In the fourth paragraph Mr. Perry says that in every species the eclipse plumage of the drake closely resembles the ordinary plumage of the duck. This statement certainly applies to the Gadwall, but Pintail, Scaup, Common Pochard and Eider drakes in eclipse (to mention only a few which spring to one's mind) should not be mistaken for ducks even at a distance, as their eclipse plumage is quite dissimilar to the duck's plumage at any time of year.

It is hardly correct to describe a breeding Gadwall drake as brown, since with the exception of his head and neck and a few feathers on the mantle he has not a brown feather in his body at that time of year. Mr. Perry adds that: "Conversely, there is no eclipse when the plumage of duck and drake is similar, even if the species is brightly coloured." Yet the common Sheldrake has a distinct eclipse.

But it is when Mr. Perry states that "the Eider, while not liking to do so, can fly at every stage of its eclipse," that I am filled with amazement! Had Mr. Perry been with me one day a few weeks back he would have seen an old Eider duck stand up in the water and flap her wings, when every flight feather flew out in all directions, leaving her entirely incapable of flight for a month! I fancy the Eskimo would smile with his tongue in his cheek, if the theory that Eiders are always capable of flight were propounded to him!

If the Eider does not normally drop all its flight feathers at once, like every other duck, goose and water hen, it stands to reason that it must moult its primaries in pairs, *i.e.* the same feather in each wing at the same time, possibly two feathers at a time, as partridges, grouse, rooks, in fact all other birds do. In which case, surely, in some part of the world, at some time or another, some ornithologist would have recorded that he had obtained a duck which was moulting its wing feathers in the same manner that a passerine bird does!

Mr. Perry passes over the Long-tailed ducks' plumage in three lines, yet here we have the only drake *that breeds in eclipse-plumage*, or at any rate semi-eclipse, since the drake has a slight modification of plumage between his summer breeding dress and the full winter dress. At any rate he is the only known drake to assume an entirely different breeding plumage to his winter plumage.

On reading Mr. Perry's letter one gets the impression—though he does not say so in so many words—that it is only the drakes that drop their wing feathers simultaneously, though, of course, all ducks and geese do so as well as the drakes and ganders.

Yours faithfully,
Heathfield, HUGH WORMALD.
Dereham, Norfolk.

TUBERCULIN TESTED MILK

SIR,—Under the new regulations, by which tuberculin tested milk comes under the ægis of the Milk Marketing Board, a committee is to determine the minimum retail price. At present the usual practice in the provinces is to charge an extra penny per quart for it, but in London the usual charge is double that of pasteurised milk, and it will be humiliating for those in authority to have to admit that the provincial margin is adequate. Nevertheless, figures prove it is so. Experts have determined that T.T. milk costs 2d. more than ordinary milk to produce wholesale. Non-returnable cartons, the rail transit rate for which is precisely the same as for milk in churns, can now replace the old-fashioned bottles. The cost of the cartons, 3d. per gallon, is largely offset by the saving in bottle collection, washing and replacements, and also a saving of over 35 per cent. in the journey load owing to the lightness of the cartons. Therefore in London, as in the provinces, a 4d. premium per gallon is reasonable.

I understand it is unlikely that the retail minimum will be published before the third week in September, and since we are, I believe, the only producer-retailers in London of this milk at a reasonable price the matter affects us vitally. I hope it will be closely watched by the general public as the present price is unfair to producers of T.T. milk whose market is price-blocked, and to consumers who are deprived of the benefits of the finest milk in the world.

Yours faithfully,
South Harp Farm. NORMAN D. BLAKE.

FLY V. MINNOW

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "W. N. D." on the question of thread-line fishing putting fish "down." Writing as a thread-line fisherman, I think spinning must tend to put fish "down" if they happen to be "up." The small "plop" of the bait striking the water is unnatural and alarming to fish on top of the water, if the water is at all calm and still. But what if the fish are not "up," as in "W. N. D.'s" case? Are these fish frightened by spinning?

I think a lot depends on circumstances. To my mind a fish that is "down" and not particularly hungry can be likened to a person at home resting on his bed and awake. Ten to one he gazes at the ceiling and idly watches the antics of any flies that are there. The important thing is that the flies are on the ceiling (top of the water) and not near him. That is all he worries about. But supposing that suddenly things like large dragon-flies (our minnows) suddenly started to whizz past his face? Well, he would probably lash out at them in anger, fly with fright, or quietly move to the next room in disdain, according to temperament. So it is with the sea trout that I fish for. They do not stay quietly in the beds when my minnow comes bustling along beside them.

In short, I think fish are not genuinely frightened by anything on the surface, spinners or flies. But when you begin to fish deep a few fish get scared, and one scared fish often scares others. This suggests that surface spinning should be encouraged and deep spinning damned. Comments on this please.

Surface spinning will catch the hungry fish; but when there are no hungry fish we are tempted to spin deep for the sulky ones, and the worst of it is we sometimes catch them.

Yours faithfully,
Deanes Barn, F. S. T.
Alfriston, Sussex.

SIR,—Regarding "W. N. D.'s" letter in your issue of August 14th, as to whether thread line fishing spoils the water for fly, the following experience may be of interest.

About three years ago a friend and I were fishing the mouth of a creek where it ran into a lake in Vancouver Island. The water was gin clear, the bottom white sand, and every movement of the fish, mostly rainbow and a few cutthroat, was visible. So also was the whole of one's cast and fly or spinner.

My friend was using thread line and a small Silver Devon, while I was using English loch flies.

We found that the first cast of the Devon seemed to attract the whole pool; the second in the same place perhaps half a dozen fish, and the third perhaps one. If a fish had not been caught by then one had to move about 20yds. before any further notice was taken.

With the fly a few fish came to investigate each cast and almost as many would follow the flies for successive casts from the same spot.

If I cast with my fly at a spot just vacated by my friend with his minnow, I found the fish were still attracted by the fly, but not so freely as if the minnow had not first been over the water.

We caught about the same number of fish each. I do not know if experience with more sophisticated fish would be similar.

Yours faithfully,
Ancat Manse, H. C. B.
Ardgay, Ross-shire.

CHISLETON CENTRE

SIR,—The fact that the Chisleton Centre, for training soldiers in agriculture, may soon have to be closed, will not do much to encourage future settlements of soldiers on the land, either at home or abroad, although some organisation of complete naval and military units might do a great deal to assist in the protection of what has now become a more or less invertebrate Empire.

Soldiers have seldom either the capital or the capacity to work a farm by themselves, nor are there the same proportion of married men with families as even in the Navy, while the farmer's wife often makes all the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful farm, and also the soldier's wife is a great deal more important person than has ever been realised, since the prospects of a good home to be provided for them, even in a military colony overseas, would do a great deal in the way of attracting men to the colours, and also to retain them, while it would be a most democratic proceeding to request the local authorities in the Territorial districts of the Army not only to enrol the men there, but also to make their Parliamentary representation depend on it.

Bush colonies could undertake irrigation schemes, which would require discipline—like those which the Mormons had when they made the deserts of Utah, where Salt Lake City now stands, into one of the most prosperous States in America, which shows what irrigation can do.

There would also appear to be some system of "dry farming" which has been tried there, if only by way of experiment to employ labour.

Yours faithfully,
Newtown Park. JOHN BURTON.
Co. Dublin.

DATES OF GROUSE DRIVING

SIR,—The *Field* (Shooting Number) of August 7th, 1937, contains in one of its principal articles a detailed record of the grouse shooting on Hunthill in 1933, and on Wemmergill and Holwick in 1934, during Sir Ian Walker's tenancies.

The writer of this article states that "possibly the most interesting question which the figures raise is whether or not 'driving' as apart from 'walking up' or 'dogging grouse' leads to a heavier stock of birds. That such is the general opinion of most writers and probably of most shooting men is without question, yet is it a fact, I wonder, for the records of Wemmergill and Hunthill undoubtedly suggest a definite doubt."

This doubt so far as Wemmergill and Holwick are concerned is based on the writer's statements, "Driving made its debut on these moors in 1892"; and "In 1893, the second year of driving," &c.

These statements would appear to be contrary to fact, and may be misleading to those without local knowledge.

The following extracts are taken from Chapter I of the Shooting Volume (Moor & Marsh) of the Badminton Library (1886): "On General Hall's moor at High Force on the Yorkshire side of the Tees" (now known as Holwick) "many remarkable bags were made by driving *before* the great year of 1872."

"The writer is indebted to Sir Frederick Milbank for some interesting particulars of the shooting on his moors at Wemmergill, where the drives were laid out on an improved system by his keeper, Joseph Collinson in 1863."

If the volume of Fur and Feather Series on "Grouse" (1894) is referred to at page 258, there is the following note in connection with Lord Westbury's tenancy of Wemmergill:

"1892. No shooting owing to severe frost in May, which destroyed most of the eggs."

This is the year in which it is stated by the writer of the article in the *Field* of August 7th, 1937, that "driving made its debut" on Wemmergill, and the "bag" for that year is given as 16,704 grouse.

Yours faithfully,
Co. Durham. RUGGIDE.

HORSES SAVAGING SHEEP

SIR,—Can you or your readers give me any further information on the subject of hunters out at grass savaging sheep. An otherwise extremely gentle seven-year-old hunter gelding of mine has been caught red-handed indulging in this expensive pastime. He has been seen to run a sheep to a standstill, then kneel on it, and proceed to finish the job with his teeth. I may say that he has been strongly suspected of killing sheep before, but I could not believe it of him. I understand that it is not uncommon for horses to set in this way, but it is certainly a new one on me.

Yours faithfully,
Yorkshire. J. B.



THE CREAM OF CORNWALL
(See letter "Advertising the Village")

THE RABBIT PROBLEM

SIR,—May I make a suggestion at this, an appropriate time of the year, to those of your readers who are faced with the problem of reducing the numbers of their rabbits? For five years now I have bred and maintained a few ferrets for each season, and every week-end members of my farm and garden staff go out, in their own time, and successfully deal with large numbers. All equipment is supplied by me and any rabbits caught are brought to the house for disposal. Every year my staff get as many given to them as they can do with, and out of the surplus sold, enough cash is realised to pay all the expenses in connection with the job. The net results are that the rabbits are kept in check, that a little surplus cash goes into the bank, and my men are provided with a recreation which they enjoy very much. I do not allow shooting: all the rabbits must be caught in purse nets.

Yours faithfully,
Snowshill Hill. JOHN BOURNE.
Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

ADVERTISING THE VILLAGE

SIR,—This chance snap has given me an idea which, if properly developed, might attract visitors (and their money) to our country villages.

An exhibit of the place's principal produce could be tastefully arranged beside the signposts pointing to the village. In my snap the obvious inference is that one goes to Mevagissey for cows, but it might equally well be lace, art pottery or mangel-wurzels.

I present the idea free of all charge to those whose task it is to popularise the countryside.

Yours faithfully,
London, E.C. PUBLICITY.

COCCIDIOSIS IN GROUSE CHICKS

SIR,—I would like emphatically to endorse Mr. Amory's contention in his letter to the *Field* of August 28th.

For many years I have been convinced that coccidiosis amongst grouse chicks has been far more prevalent than is popularly recognised, and if I may be allowed to say so, I drew attention to the fact in *Grouse Shooting and Moor Management*.

It is important, however, not to confuse coccidiosis with strongylosis, the latter being what is usually called grouse disease.

I am certain that migration has been taking place a good deal in recent years, but as Mr. Amory says, it does not happen after the hatch, but I think a very short time before birds are ready to lay. We have still to find out why this should be, but slowly and surely evidence is being collected, and one of these days we shall find out the reasons and another step in moor management will have been effected.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. 1. BERNARD CAZENOVE.

THE MERLIN

SIR,—I can corroborate Mr. W. P. Green's testimony as to the immunity of grouse from the attacks of merlins. I have for more than ten years watched nesting merlins on a West Country moor where red grouse also breed. At the plucking places I have found remains of whinchat, skylark, meadow pipit, blue tit, redstart, blackbird, chaffinch, goldfinch, wheatear and cuckoo, but never grouse. And yet some keepers destroy merlins' nests. They are most courageous in warning intruders off the breeding territory. I have seen them attack buzzard, raven, heron, lapwing, and even peregrine.

Yours faithfully,
Porlock. E. W. HENDY.

PALE-WATERY SPINNER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a male pale-watery spinner (*Baëtis scambus*), magnified some eighteen times. It shows the turbinate eyes, which were chocolate colour, the typical back wing of the *Baëtis* genus, and the almost transparent body. The photograph may interest your dry-fly readers, but my hope is that it will catch the eye of some trained entomologist and persuade him to make a study of the ephemeridæ, and fill the gaps left by Mosely, J. W. Dunne and Lunn, the Houghton river keeper.

Yours faithfully,
Farnham. A TEST FISHERMAN.



ONE OF THE LESSER KNOWN EPHEMERIDÆ
(See letter "Pale-watery Spinner")

ALL BUTT BURIED

SIR,—The accompanying photograph, taken by J. Anderson, son of the headkeeper at Glenfiddich, on March 12th, shows the only heather visible for some eight miles. This heather is the top layer of the peat on the front of a 5ft. high grouse butt. This deep snow continued from February 23rd to April 5th, when a slow thaw began. Doubtless this heavy snowfall, said by an old farmer to be the worst for 48 years, was responsible for scarcity of grouse later in the season. In a heavy snowfall, not only cannot grouse find heather, but they cannot obtain the grit which is necessary for digestion. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that during this fall of snow some fifteen hinds were buried and smothered under an avalanche falling from the steep tops on the far side of the forest.

Yours faithfully,
Caithness. M.



THE ONLY HEATHER VISIBLE FOR SOME EIGHT MILES
(See letter "All Butt Buried")

If the bottle is

SQUARE

and the contents are

ROUND

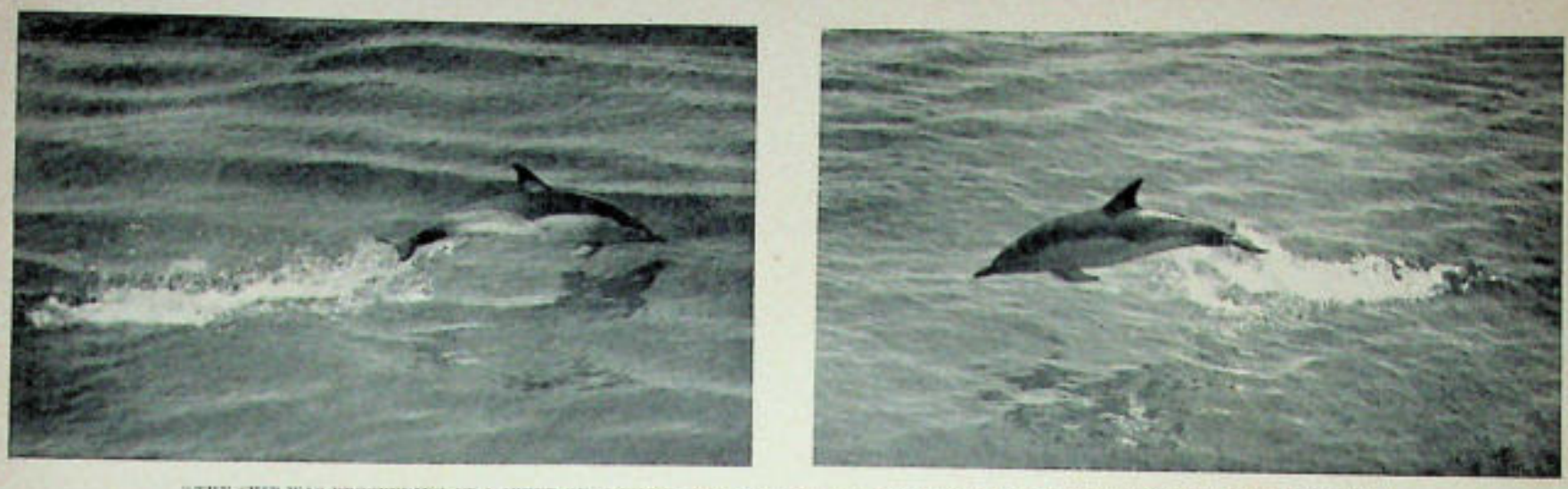
What is the name of the whisky?

Of course it's easy; the name—*by which you should always ask for it*—is



JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong



"THE SHIP WAS PROCEEDING AT A SPEED OF 12 KNOTS, AND THE FISH APPEARED TO HAVE NO DIFFICULTY IN KEEPING ALONGSIDE"
(See letter "School of Porpoises")

SCHOOL OF PORPOISES

SIR,—During the month of July, this ship ran into several schools of porpoises and dolphins whilst on patrol duties off the north coast of Spain.

It can be seen from the photographs that the average leap of each fish is from 8ft. to 10ft.

At the time these photographs were taken the ship was proceeding at a speed of twelve knots, and the fish appeared to have no difficulty in keeping alongside.

It is interesting to note in the photograph of the fish moving from right to left, that the outer tips of the tail fin are both slightly turned up on leaving the water.

Yours faithfully,
R. H. S. RODGER
(Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.).
H.M.S. Royal Oak,
c/o G.P.O., London.

A PLATYPUS IN CAPTIVITY

SIR,—The duck-billed platypus in the accompanying picture is well on his way to making history. The only one of his species ever to be successfully kept captive in a public zoo—he has now been at Melbourne zoo for just on three years—he is well on his way to capturing the all-time record for a platypus in captivity, at present held by the late Splash, the platypus which recently died after four years at the Sir Colin MacKenzie Sanctuary at Healesville, Victoria.

Bunghi, the specimen in the photo, eats 8oz.—about half his own weight—of worms and prawns daily. The worms are the most important part of his diet, and providing them all through the year is one of the problems of platypus keeping.

Yours faithfully,
14, Linlithgow Road, S. A. PEARL.
Toorak, Melbourne,
Australia.

HOMING INSTINCT IN BUFFALOES

SIR,—Buffaloes appear to be among the stupidest of creatures, but actually they are quite intelligent and have a highly developed homing instinct. Recently I bought from a village seven miles away two she-buffaloes to provide milk at our mission school here. A few days later they disappeared; they had returned to the place where I had bought them. After another fortnight they again vanished, and no trace of them could be found. Eventually we discovered that they had made their way to their birthplace, a village twelve miles in the opposite direction, where they had been taken (not via our village) some years before when they were mere calves.

Yours faithfully,
Luxettypet, C. G. EARLY.
Nizam's Dominions,
India.



A POTENTIAL RECORD BREAKER
(See letter "A Platypus in Captivity")



ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA IT WOULD SEEM
(See letter "Homing Instinct in Buffaloes")

SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR,—With reference to the various letters in the *Field* under the above heading, I have often wondered whether the scarcity of suitable nest-building material has anything to do with the shortage of swallows and house martins.

In the old days, mud on the roads was there in unlimited quantities for the birds to use, and which they did use, but now many of the small side roads even are tar macadamed. In many places where in former years birds nested season after season, they, or their decreasing descendants, on account of the lack of suitable material for their nests, may have ceased to return to the district.

I have seen birds attempting to build with "sandy" mud which will not "set," and which breaks away with the weight of the birds before it is dry, or if they do manage to hatch out a clutch of eggs, the nest breaks away with the weight of the young birds before they are able to fly.

These conditions over a period of years may possibly be one reason, at any rate, for the diminution in the numbers of these birds.

Yours faithfully,
Dunbartonshire. W. L. E.



A woodcut of Braemar Castle: one of the series of Famous Castles published by W.D. & H.O. Wills.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'"
W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

10 FOR 8d — *Handmade*
20 FOR 1/4 — 20 FOR 1/6
50 FOR 3/3 — *Also obtainable in other packings*

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent quality

T.T.5795



A FINE NUBIAN IBEX
(See letter "Heads for Disposal")

HEADS FOR DISPOSAL

SIR,—I have thirteen heads shot about 20 years ago—Nubian ibex, Barbary sheep, tiang, Tora hartebeest, roan, waterbuck, kudu, slender-horned gazelle, Isabella gazelle, Salt's dik-dik, ariel, oribi and Bohor reed-buck—for which I have now no room in this house, and I am prepared to give them to any collection where they will be *properly looked after*. They were set up by Rowland Ward, and are in excellent condition. Rowland Ward suggested the Alexandra Palace, but they have completed their collection.

The Nubian ibex, which is still, I believe, very high up in the book of records, and the slender-horned gazelle, might possibly be worthy of the forthcoming Berlin Exhibition. The former, as shown by the enclosed photograph, has the horns curving inwards instead of outwards, as is usual. I should be most grateful for any suggestion as to the disposal of the above heads.

Yours faithfully,
Ardmeallie, G. E. BURNETT-STUART.
Bridge of Marnoch,
Huntly, Scotland.

A VEGETABLE FREAK

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of interest to your readers. It has puzzled many people who are well acquainted with the vegetable freaks encountered in the course of their profession as market gardeners. The dimensions are as follows: Length 7½in., width at the top 3in., width at the bottom 2¼in., thickness ⅝in., and it is a stick of asparagus!

Yours faithfully,
Montreux Club, O. ROTHEN.
Territet.

Open Season for Woodcock.—The day before the open season commenced I discovered within 20yds. of a frequented path and not 100yds. from this house a woodcock sitting on three eggs. Further comment is superfluous.—W. A. S. BROWNRIGG, Balendoch, Meigle, Perthshire.

REPORTS FROM MOORS AND FORESTS

SCOTLAND

Inverness-shire

FARLEY MOOR, BEAULY.—Colonel F. Ainslie Williams and party, shooting seventeen days, August 12th to September 14th inclusive, killed 251 grouse, 3 blackgame, 2 woodcock, 2 duck, 6 snipe and 14 partridges, all over dogs, and walking up. Average number of guns daily, two to three. A few backward coveys early on, but no disease and no heather beetle. Proportion of young birds shot about 60 per cent.

Perthshire

DUNALASTAIR.—September 13th, driving, 84 brace grouse and other game. The guns were: Captain J. de Sales La Terriere, Commander Wentworth, Captain Pelham Burn, Captain Wolfe-Poley, Captain Warmsley, Commander Ayres, Mr. Somerset, Mr. Derek Wentworth, Mr. John Wolfe-Poley, and Mr. Grenfell. September 15th, driving, 105 brace grouse and other game. Guns: Captain



ALMOST WORTHY OF AMERICA
(See letter "A Vegetable Freak")

J. de Sales La Terriere, Lord Roderick Pratt, the Hon. Chas. Douglas, Colonel Duffy, Captain Pelham Burn, Commander Kenmis, Commander Ayres, Mr. Wright, Mr. Somerset, Mr. Sackley, and Mr. T. Stewart Clar. September 17th, driving, 45 brace of grouse and other game. Guns: Captain J. de Sales La Terriere, the Hon. Chas. Douglas, Sir Gerald Fuller, Captain Pelham Burn, Captain V. C. Wentworth, Commander Wentworth, Commander Kenmis, Commander Ayres, Dr. R. A. Fleming, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Usher and Mr. J. S. Stewart Clark. Total grouse up to date, 808 brace.

(No further reports will be published)

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—Living in rooms alone, in South-West London, is the daughter of a Master of Foxhounds; she has absolutely no income, nor means of subsistence, except a few shillings she precariously earns by exercising people's dogs. She is unmarried, 65 years old, now in failing health, suffering from arthritis, and hardly strong enough for the daily exercise in all weathers she most conscientiously achieves. Her father was in a cavalry regiment and died, when quite young, from a riding accident. Will some of those who are looking forward to the coming hunting season, send us gifts for this lonely woman, who once also knew comfort and the joy of life, but whose days, now, are only a desperate struggle to live. We need £13, that we may promise her 5/- a week for one year.

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COMPANY MEETING

GROSVENOR HOUSE (PARK LANE)

FURTHER INCREASE IN PROFITS

MR. A. O. EDWARDS ON THE OUTLOOK

The ninth ordinary general meeting of this company was held on September 17th at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W. 1.

Mr. A. O. Edwards (chairman of the company), in the course of his speech, said: The report shows a balance of trading profit of £134,446 compared with £120,164 last year. After deducting debenture stock interest, sinking fund, trustees' fees and directors' fees, the net profit is £90,456, against £76,208 last year. A sum of £50,000 has been transferred to income-tax reserve account, and the special improvements account am unting to £23,402, representing the cost of installing an air-conditioning plant in the large ballroom, together with the cost of additional furnishings has been written off, leaving the leasehold, land and buildings account in the balance-sheet at the same figure as last year and the year before.

With the added attraction of the air-conditioning in the great room, there is now no room of its kind in London that can be compared with it for spaciousness combined with luxury and comfort.

Grosvenor House can face up to all competition. We can claim to offer more facilities and amenities in one building than any other hotel in Europe, and we need not fear comparison to-day with any hotel in the world.

I should not be presenting a fair picture if I did not call attention to some of the disabilities from which the hotels in this country are suffering at the present time.

Not only are food prices rising, but also prices of building materials, furnishings, decoration, coal, laundry, wages—almost every article and service for which an hotel organisation has to pay. In fact, to-day the rise represents over 40 per cent. on the average prices for the five years from 1931. This increase cannot be passed on to our clients because of the direct competition of the Continental hotels, which already enjoy a considerable advantage owing to the favourable dollar-franc and sterling-franc exchange. I would draw your attention to the fact that the prices we charge to-day are substantially below those we were able to charge only a few years ago, and I doubt very much whether it will be possible to get back to the pre-depression level. In addition, America is suffering from what has been described as the "teething troubles of the new industrial labour conditions."

This year for the first time we have to face two additional burdens. The first is the special form of tax known as the National Defence Contribution. This, as you know, represents 5 per cent. of the profits after certain adjustments. A very interesting feature of this tax is that in practice the whole of the burden will fall on the Ordinary shareholders.

The second expense will affect some of us and not others. The Inland Revenue authorities are seeking to disallow as a trading expense for income-tax purposes, so that now for the first time we may have the added burden of having to pay a substantial tax upon what is certainly a trading expense.

The increase in profits during our past financial year is to be ascribed largely to the celebrations in connection with the Coronation of His Majesty King George VI. We were, of course, put to the necessity of incurring exceptional expenses in anticipation. I should, perhaps, make a point of the fact that the higher prices we were able to charge represented no more than a reasonable return on the heavy outlay, and were in operation for only a few days. You will be pleased to know that I received congratulations from many parts of the world upon the admirable way in which the concentrated business of those few days was dealt with at Grosvenor House.

We have here at Grosvenor House unique service flats—unique because, being a combination of a first-class flat with a first-class hotel, there is provided that service, food and equipment which cannot be provided by any other flats. It makes our flats an ideal place of residence in London, and I am proud to think that Grosvenor House is the only building in London which has unfurnished flats where all the luxuries of a first-class hotel are available by the pressing of a button.

The report and accounts were adopted and a dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, as recommended, was declared.

IN THE CITY

EVENTS during the last few months have caused a substantial fall in the majority of speculative securities, although naturally the greatest losses have been suffered in Far Eastern bonds.

It seems probable, however, that investors would be wrong to take present market conditions as an indication that our period of prosperity is ending. Such industries as coal, iron, steel, engineering, shipping and some of the commodities such as copper and rubber, should continue to make increasing profits for some little time to come, and investors, therefore, who are prepared to ignore temporary fluctuations should once more study the prospects of individual companies in these groups.

For example, two concerns have shown their worth as an investment through many crises:

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO., LTD.

This concern, which was only turned into a public company as recently as 1931, has had a remarkable career of expansion. Although the greatest development took place before its conversion into a public company, its record since then is one of steady progress. The company now owns almost seven hundred shops in the British Isles. Rising costs are likely to affect the percentage of profits this year and in the future, but it is believed that the increased turnover resulting from the greater purchasing power of the community will enable the company at least to maintain its net profit figure and dividend.

The following table shows how profits and dividends have increased in recent years:

Year	Earned for Ordinary Dividends	Ordinary Shares Earned %	Ordinary Shares Paid %	Issued Ordinary Capital
1931	£3,474,249	104.3	70	£3,750,000
1932	3,296,057	117.2	70	3,750,000
1933	3,172,949	112.8	80	3,750,000
1934	3,559,778	122.5	80	3,750,000
1935	3,933,459	135.3	100	3,750,000
1936	4,369,457	76.4*	60*	7,500,000

* Earnings were equivalent to 152.8 per cent. and dividend to 120 per cent. on the old capital. A capital bonus of 100 per cent. was given in ordinary shares during 1936.

At their present price of 68/6 the ordinary shares yield £4 7s. 7d. per cent., and they may be regarded as a sound investment.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GT. BRITAIN AND IRELAND), LTD.

This company was incorporated in 1901 to acquire the business of thirteen tobacco and cigarette manufacturing companies in Great Britain. Several other concerns have since been acquired and the company also has a very large holding in the British American Tobacco Co., Ltd., an investment which, at current market prices, is worth nearly £40,000,000. The company's export business was sold to the British American Tobacco Co., Ltd., but overseas interests have been retained as buying agencies and packing factories with an especially important American connection with headquarters in Virginia.

The following table gives ample evidence of the prosperity of the company:

Years to Oct. 31st.	Profit	Ordinary Stock Units Earned %*	Ordinary Stock Units Paid %*	Price Range High	Price Range Low
1927	£8,977,797	27.1	25.0	118/3	97/-
1928	9,349,706	28.4	26.0†	133/9	100/7½
1929	9,967,098	24.3	23.0	138/9	90/7½
1930	10,177,046	24.9	23.5	101/3	88/6
1931	9,876,064	24.1	22.5	96/-	71/3
1932	8,646,898	20.8	20.0	101/3	71/3
1933	7,593,561	18.0	20.0	113/9	87/9
1934	9,589,008	23.3	22.5	142/6	110/-
1935	10,268,210	25.1	24.0	158/1½	129/4½
1936	10,636,316	26.0	25.0	185/7½	145/-

* Free of tax.
† Also free capital bonus of 25 per cent.

The balance sheet shows a position of very great strength with adequate liquid resources.

The prosperity of the tobacco industry has been derived from two sources: Firstly, there has been an increasing trend in consumption, and, secondly, a substantial reduction in costs has been made possible by the introduction of improved machinery. It is unlikely that these two factors will have such a strong influence in the future and only moderate increases in profits can be expected from companies in the industry.

The chief attraction of the ordinary stock units of the Imperial Tobacco Co., however, is stability of capital and regularity of income rather than the possibility of capital appreciation. In this respect they are one of the most attractive shares in the market. At the present price of £7⅜ the shares yield £4 10s. 5d. per cent. PACTOLUS II.

AUTUMN SOWING OF ANNUALS

Planning for Colour in the Early Summer Border

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN early summer, before the herbaceous borders are at their best, much of the beauty of the garden, especially so far as colour is concerned, depends on annuals. And modern annuals are so fine that they deserve all the attention that can be bestowed on them.

Sweet Peas are indisputably the queens of annuals, the Giant Frilled varieties being the most popular. The modern custom of growing them single-stick fashion has its disadvantages, for though this method ensures individual flowers of the finest quality, it does away altogether with the decorative value of the flowers in the garden. A long line, and still better, an "avenue" of Sweet Peas is one of the loveliest sights in the June garden. We find that growing the plants 1ft. and preferably 15in. apart, and allowing them to branch naturally up pea-sticks, they not only make a beautiful hedge, but the individual flowers are very fine and long-stemmed, not only for a fortnight or so, but till very nearly the end of the season. This method does not find favour with most gardeners because they take pride chiefly in the individual blooms and do not care so much for their decorative effect when growing.

Sowing in the open is undoubtedly the ideal method, but in bleak parts or on very heavy soil it is not advisable. The alternative is to sow in a cold frame, preferably singly in small pots sunk in ashes so that in spring the plants suffer the least amount of root disturbance. Plants that make such tall growth and produce flowers in such profusion for at least two months on end cannot reasonably be expected to recover from the severe check of root disturbance involved if several are grown in a pot. The best compost is a very sandy loam with a little lime and wood ash in it. The plants should not be coddled through the winter, as this only makes them sickly. In all except the most severe weather or fog the lights should be open during the day, and even at night there should be a little air. The only time during which the frame should be closed for a spell is until germination has taken place. When the plants have made four leaves they should be stopped, i.e., the tips pinched off. Plants that have not been stopped are never satisfactory. In spring they should be planted out with as little root disturbance as possible, and the earlier in the season this is done the better, giving protection with leafless boughs.

If to be sown in the open, the ground needs thorough preparation, digging 3ft. deep and incorporating plenty of half rotted green manure in the two lower spits. Lime is essential for all members of the leguminous tribe. If the soil is deficient in lime it should be applied, hydrated lime being the easiest to use, just sprinkling it over the soil. It is a serious mistake to incorporate too much nitrogenous manure in the second and third spit. Fowl manure, &c., in excess causes fine foliage, but the flowers fail to develop. Wood ashes can be incorporated in the top soil liberally, especially on soil inclined to be heavy. It is as well to avoid sowing varieties with dark seeds or picotee varieties in the open as these do not germinate in autumn so well as the others. Cotton immediately after sowing, or still better, use pea guards. The soil along the rows has to be kept aerated through the winter.

The finest of the less stately annuals—Larkspurs and Shirley poppies—are better sown in August than in September, except in the very mildest parts. The seeds of these annuals take longer in germinating than annuals such as Nigellas, Marigolds, Cornflowers and Virginian Stock, which can be sown now in the south.

It is waste of time, space and money to sow any annuals in the autumn unless the soil is very light or has been made very light by liberally incorporating sand, wood ash and leaf mould. It is not the cold of our winters, but the damp to which hardy plants succumb. Before sowing reduce the soil to a fine tilth and then make it firm. Seeds sown in loose soil cannot produce fine plants. In wooden-soled boots one's feet are far more sensitive as to the right state of firmness than in leather soles, though I do not know why this should be the case. As soon as they are large enough annuals should be thinned out, though not as far apart as in the final thinning in spring. Left huddled they merely grow sickly. Also constant aeration of the soil is essential to keep them healthy. This is best done with a small hand-fork and very gently to avoid root disturbance. In very severe weather protection may be necessary, and this is best given in the form of leafless boughs. They keep out many degrees of frost. Frost is apt to lift plants up and in this case they have to be pressed back gently.

No annuals transplant really satisfactorily with the exception of Marigolds and Cornflowers. Larkspurs that have not been transplanted attain 5ft. frequently, but transplanted barely more than 2ft. The most decorative kinds are the branching varieties in mixed colours. If essential to transplant they should be sown in thumb pots and thinned out, leaving one in each pot to transplant with a ball of soil in the spring. Clarkias transplant fairly well, and do not require to be sown singly as for Larkspurs. Kept in a cold frame they can be put out in spring. Ten days after transplanting, pinch off the tops if bushy plants are required. In the border however they are usually left to grow as tall as possible. The showiest Clarkias are the double rosy pink. The single kinds, however well grown, always look weedy.

Cornflowers and Marigolds are the most accommodating of annuals. Few other annuals have such a long flowering period. Cornflowers look best in mass. Modern varieties are superseding the old Marigold, but the latter has a pleasant old-fashioned charm lacking in the new hybrids.



JUBILEE GEM IS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE NEWER ANNUALS

BULBS TO PLANT NOW

DURING the last few years a pleasing change has been made in the planning of beds of spring-flowering bulbs. Instead of serried ranks of flowers all of one kind and colour we now plant them in the fashion that has always been popular with cottagers, i.e. a delightful mixture of different flowers and colours. Tulips, for instance, with Wallflowers and Pheasants Eye, Narcissi, London Pride and a thick edging of Polyanthus. Blue Hyacinths with a carpeting of Dicentra formosa, for it is not till later that this feathery foliaged Dicentra attains 9in. The pink flowers are a perfect foil for the Hyacinths, and in mild parts this Dicentra flowers early.

Daffodils are amongst the earliest bulbs to be planted, notably the poeticus varieties. The bulbs should be put in twice their own depth. Daffodils always look best naturalised, but where this is impossible it is always a problem how to plant them for decorative effect. Solid beds of Daffodils are rather dull. They look well between clumps of Hellebores or in groups at the edges of shrub borders, or on the grassy banks that so often surround tennis courts. Daffodils that have been established for years usually deteriorate or fail to flower. In this case they should be lifted and divided, or if they are not too thickly planted they should be given a surface dressing in spring and autumn of a preparation such as Phytobroma. The giant-sized modern Daffodils such as Beersheba need regular feeding, well decayed leaf mould as well as some preparation such as that mentioned being needful if the flowers are to keep their size.

Some of the most charming spring effects are the picturesque groupings of the smaller bulbs such as Crocuses, Snowdrops and Muscari in stretches of lawn. One of the easiest Crocuses to grow in fine turf is *C. Tomasinianus*. It flowers at the same time as the common Snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*), and the bells of the Snowdrops swaying above the open lavender flowers of the Crocuses is a lovely sight.

Snowdrops are notoriously contrary. Sometimes where bulbs planted in autumn are a failure they succeed perfectly if obtained locally, lifted immediately they have finished flowering and then replanted. The bulbs should never be out of the ground a day longer than is necessary, and failures are usually due to the fact that the bulbs have been in store some time. It is the same with Aconites. The tubers are so small that they are apt to shrivel, and they are best moved when the flowers are over. If planted in turf it must be fine turf, otherwise they are apt to rot. Muscari are always charming in grass, the earliest being



A FINE DISPLAY OF DAFFODILS AT TRENT PARK

M. azureum, which produces its sky blue flowers in February. The Italian Grape Hyacinth, *M. botryoides caruleum*, is nearly as early but the colour is not so attractive. The white variety is very effective. The April flowering Muscari are the large and small Musk Hyacinths, seldom grown now, for they have dull-coloured flowers, but their scent is exquisite; the curious *M. latifolium* with its pale blue top flowers and purplish lower flowers and the Caucasian Hyacinth, *M. paradoxum*, with rather handsome very dark purple flowers on 8in. stems. The last of the Muscari to bloom is the attractive Plume Hyacinth, which is effective in May in the rock garden with its feathery blue flowers.

Amongst bulbs for naturalising the old Star of Bethlehem is not very commonly planted now in spite of the fact that even in deep shade it succeeds perfectly where other flowers fail.

Ornithogalum pyramidale is handsome enough for the border with its handsome spikes of snowy flowers in June. *O. sutans* is delightful for naturalising. Its sea green flowers have a peculiar metallic appearance in mass and are lovely in a woodland setting. This species is a rampant spreader and the roots work themselves down quite 2ft. deep.

Scilla hispanica is as rampant. Its beauty in flower is such that it is sometimes planted in borders, but it is only suitable for the wild garden. I once planted the bulbs near Apple trees, and am still taking out the bulbs by the barrow load. The pink hybrids are less rampant. They all do well under pines and firs, and are amongst the very few flowers that will thrive under these trees. In fact they spread just as rapidly under them as elsewhere. The bulbs should be put in 6in. deep. Even thrown about under trees they "plant themselves," gradually working down into the soil.

Camassias are not so popular now as they were in Victorian times. Yet they are amongst the handsomest woodland plants. They are all of American origin, and the Red Indians used the roots as food. The large-flowered hybrids are handsome border plants with their white pale blue and purple flowers on stems 3ft. to 4ft. high. *C. cusickii* is particularly lovely with yellow anthered mauve flowers on 4ft. stems. *C. Leichtlinii atro-caerulea* is also fine. There is a new *Leichtlinii* hybrid—Mandarin—with mauve flowers borne on 3ft. stems in late May.

Spanish and English Irises (*I. Xiphium* and *I. Xiphioides*) are amongst the cheapest June flowering bulbs. The Spanish are not nearly so effective as the English, but they flower earlier. They are showy only in mass. The English varieties are first rate, especially the rich china blue kinds such as King of the Blues. They associate well with pink roses such as Else Poulsen. The Spanish Irises usually die out after a year or two, but the English varieties increase and are amongst the most useful edging plants in the kitchen garden where they can be grown for cutting.

GARDEN PATHS

Solving Problems of Drainage and Weeding

NOW that the main gardening work is over it is a grand opportunity to set about improving the utilitarian parts of the garden. It is not of much use having the most beautiful garden in the world if the paths are not such that one can walk round in comfort and admire the beauty.

One of the greatest troubles about paths is that they are made without sufficient drainage. This is particularly true of the gravel and the ash path. It is most unsatisfactory to allow a path to exist by a top dressing alone. Paths then that have proved unsatisfactory, that have "held the rain," that have been full of mud puddles, should be reconstructed.

It is necessary to excavate the soil to the depth of 9in. on ordinary land, and to the depth of 12in. on heavy soil. A 6in. layer of rough material should then be placed in the bottom of the trench, and this may consist of all kinds of hard rubbish such as cinders, coarse stones, old iron, &c. On the top of this rough material should be spread about 4in. depth of coarse gravel, and on the top of this 2in. of surface material. Each layer of material should be made level, and should the weather be dry, occasional waterings with a can may be made in between the rollings. A firm foundation is always necessary.

Sometimes the path at this time of the year is covered in weeds, perhaps the result of the summer holiday, or perhaps owing to the difficulties of labour. Sodium chlorate is a very efficient weed killer providing it is applied with care. The only real danger is that if clothing should get soaked with the liquid it may become inflammable if exposed to heat. But sodium chlorate used in the powder form is less "difficult" than when dissolved in water.

The great advantage of the sodium chlorate is that it should be applied to weeds when in full growth, and it enters the very heart of plants in this way. The plants absorb the weed killer and, so to speak, destroy themselves. A good application of sodium chlorate will clear the paths and kill all weeds in a very short time. Should it be more convenient to use it in the liquid form, 1lb. should be dissolved in 1 gallon of water, and this mixture has been found sufficient for 10 sq. yds. It is best applied to the weeds in the evening of a sunny day, and though the immediate effects are sometimes disappointing, the final results are most encouraging.

There is a good deal to say for concrete paths. They are certainly cheap and easy to lay, and thanks to the research done in the matter they can be made in any colour. They seem to last for ever, and they don't need repairing or weeding.

It is possible to turn almost any path into a concrete path without much preparation. One bag of Portland cement, 2¼ cu. ft. of sand and 3¾ cu. ft. of shingle will make enough concrete to lay 15ft. of path 2ft. wide and 2in. thick. I shall be happy to supply any reader of the *Field* with an excellent illustrated leaflet giving full instructions on the making of a concrete path and on the use of concrete for making and laying crazy paving.

Another method of firming the path and preventing weed growth is to treat the gravel walks with a bituminous surfacing material such as Colas. This binds the surface of gravel together and makes it waterproof. Be sure to give the paths a slight camber before watering the Colas into position.



IN THE WAR ZONE

The fine ornamental gate which Messrs. Hill and Smith made for the European Club at Shanghai

A dusting of stone chippings may be given afterwards to improve the colour if desired. Another bitumen in an emulsified form is Coldcoat, manufactured by Messrs. Berry Wiggins. This material can be applied by pouring it on to the surface of paths and then covering with stone chippings, which are rolled in, very much in the same way as the Colas.

Yet another bitumen emulsion is Cold Chon which, when poured on to the road and chipped, soon hardens and gives a durable resilient surface. Cold Chon does not have to be heated, but it should not be used during rain, or when the path is very wet. A product known as Chonix may be used to consolidate loose earth or ash, and is particularly useful for paths in such places as the kitchen garden. It is really a bitumen emulsion which will mix with water.

Paths, drives and walks treated in this way do remain firm and clean throughout the winter and are dustless the following summer. They do not break up as the result of frost, and seem to withstand heavy traffic wear. The great advantage of their use, too, is that almost anyone can apply a bituminous coat of this kind.

Those who prefer it can get a contracting company to come and surface the paths, walks or drives. The Impervia Hot Bituminous Drive Surfacing is certainly effective. A drive treated with such a substance, for instance, can effect economies in maintainence, and labour is an important problem these days.

CARTHEW ALLERDYCE.

ORNAMENTAL IRON AND STONE

IT is always much easier to furnish a home after it has been built than before. It is almost impossible to know what curtains to buy, what pictures to use, what lighting to have, until one actually steps into the room.

The same kind of thing holds good in the garden. Make the garden first and then somehow it will demand its own ornaments. This demand must be satisfied and with an eye for beauty. Some people hate ornaments of any description in a garden. They cry that to use an ornament creates an air of artificiality, but the whole garden, however cleverly planned it may be, is artificial. In fact it is a very clever man who can draw a hard-and-fast line between reality and artificialness.

So the garden ornament has its place and particularly those types of ornaments perhaps that serve what might be called a useful purpose. The garden seat seems somehow just right in that position—the sundial becomes the focal point in the centre of the rose garden—the fountain which looks so well in the lily pool—the bird bath or the wrought-iron stand from which can hang coconuts and pieces of fat, creates such interest and brings the bird life into natural prominence.

There are other ornaments, too, which seem to express the feeling of a particular part of the garden or are symbolic of the garden owner's thoughts and ideas. Those fascinating figures of Pan which seem to radiate happiness and show the owner's love of the open air. A carefully chiselled statue of the saintliest of all saints, St. Francis of Assisi, may dedicate the garden as a sanctuary for birds; St. Francis himself was such a bird-lover.

Then there are, of course, other useful ornaments such as a beautiful wrought-iron gate which allows one to have a glimpse into the glories of the garden, and such a gate may be beautiful in itself. Such gates can be constructed to suit various periods of architecture, *i.e.*, Elizabethan, Tudor, or on the more severe lines of present-day architecture. Almost any kind of device can be introduced into iron gates in the way of ornamentation. There is a beautiful wrought-iron gate at the European Club, Shanghai, which was made by a Staffordshire firm. It is to be hoped it has not been destroyed during the recent disturbance. The wrought-iron railing or trellis used to divide the garden into its "compartments" is very effective without being ugly. The wrought-iron lamp standard in its right place at the corner of the drive at the entrance to a formal garden, may shed its light to guide the unwary and to welcome the visitor for the evening garden stroll. A well-known firm in Surrey make fascinating wrought-iron boot scrapers in the shape of dogs, rabbits, squirrels.

There are always the garden tubs and vases which prove so effective in accentuating a particular design. They may be used as sentinels at the head of the stairway leading from the paved terrace, they may be set out to mark the formality of some crazy paving design.

The vases may be filled with brilliant flowers such as geraniums surrounded by the simple lobelia for the summer-time or they may contain a more permanent shrub or perennial plant.

Then of course another ornamentation—if it may be called this—is the pergola which, furnished with ramblers, clematis or other climbing plants, proves a delightful covered way leading on to some other part of the garden.

Let us believe that the ornament has its use, that it can help to make the garden more personal, more attractive, more understanding. C.

SOUND PRINCIPLES IN PEDIGREE FARMING

The Duke of Westminster's Farms at Eaton

THE importance of pedigree breeding in farm stock is now generally realised. The result may be seen at almost every agricultural show and on many a small farm throughout the country. Perhaps no movement has had, and still has, so far-reaching an influence on British agriculture.

Certain farms have, of course, long been known for their pedigree breeding and subsequent performance. Among them the farms of the Duke of Westminster rank very highly. His magnificent herd of Dairy Shorthorns is known throughout the country, and as an exhibitor of Kerry Hill sheep, His Grace must, to-day, take foremost place.

Few herds can claim such notable records, practically all of which can be traced to the methods adopted in breeding. Constant thought and attention is given—even to details which many a successful farmer would think too small to merit notice—by those responsible for the management of the herd. And it is just this very high and rigid standard of efficiency which has made for the success of the herd. One cannot but derive pleasure from a visit to Woodhouse and Aldford Hall (the two farms are run in co-operation), and the veriest layman must be impressed by the systematic manner—no fuss at all and everything, so to speak, docketed—in which the work is carried out. The whole atmosphere is one of efficiency. There is nothing slap-dash or inconsequent (which is in direct contrast to the atmosphere pervading many farms), and efficiency pays.

The herd, which is about 250 strong, is housed in model shippons. Cleanliness is of paramount importance. Water is laid on, and the fullest use is now being made of electricity. Tuberculin-tested cattle are kept at Woodhouse. Some 900 acres in all are farmed, of which 200 are arable, and four stock bulls are kept.

Since 1930 the Eaton herd at the Royal Show has on four occasions won the challenge cup and a prize of £40 offered for the best group of three progeny by the same living sire. In 1930 and 1936 the successful bull was Eaton Ruby Prince; in 1933 it was Eaton Rose King; and in 1932 Thornley Lord Foggathorpe 4th. These three bulls were all in the herd at the same time—a testimonial to the use of proved stock bulls, and it is a record which will surely take a little beating.

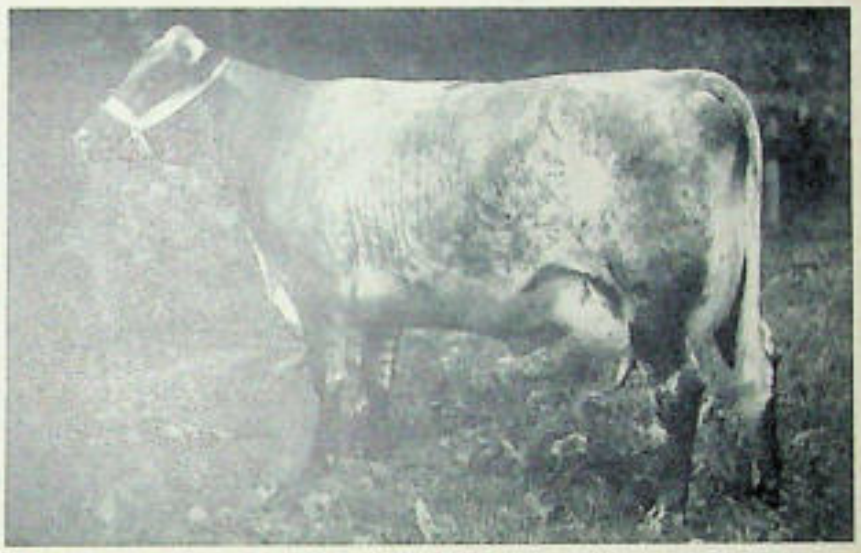
The methods by which the bulls are chosen are not without interest. A bull is used as a yearling, and then "let out" to a farmer. After some three years his stock is admitted to the herd and watched with great care. Should this stock prove successful the bull is recalled for service in the herd. Should the stock not attain to the exceptionally high standard set the bull is dispensed with and another called in in his stead. There have been some great bulls connected with Eaton. In the early days Micklewaite Warrior 4th (a Cressida bull) and Butterman were used extensively. They were followed by Eaton Butterman and Diamond Gift, whose dam Primrose Gift was one of the greatest Dairy Shorthorn cows ever bred. Other great bulls were Baron's Pride, Cherry Ben and Lock Baronet.

Two younger stock bulls, Eaton Hallmark and Penworthan Diadem, are at present being tried out. Penworthan Diadem was bought as a calf a month old at the dispersal sale of the Penworthan herd in October, 1933. At the Royal in 1934 he won first prize in a strong class of 25 entries. Since then he has been at Woodhouse, and his calves have shown truly remarkable promise. He was chosen with great care on account of his breeding, which it was thought would mate well to the blood in the herd without bringing in too great an infusion of fresh blood. His pedigree, as a matter of fact, contains a percentage of blood already in the herd, for he is related to all three of the old stock bulls, Eaton Ruby Prince, Eaton Rose King and Thornby Lord Foggathorpe 4th. His introduction would seem to be a complete success. Eaton Hallmark, a rich roan, thick and full of sap, is, of course, a home-bred animal. He has only just started being of service to the herd, but he should prove the equal of any of his forbears.

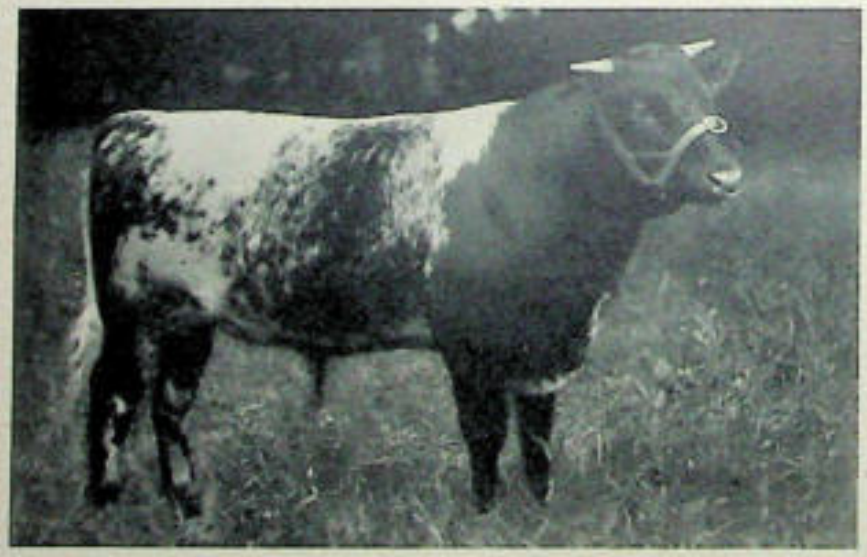
The herd was, of course, established many years ago, but it was not until 1912 that it was decided to make it a pedigree herd. A considerable proportion of the foundation stock came from the famous Cranford herd. To-day the herd contains a large percentage of Bates's blood intermixed with some of the best North Country families. There are naturally many families in the herd, the most successful being the Winsomias, Red Rose and Belle of France, which is known at Eaton as the Eaton Belles. All the members of this family have good butter fat records. It is rare for one to test under 4 per cent.; usually the test is 5 per cent. or more.



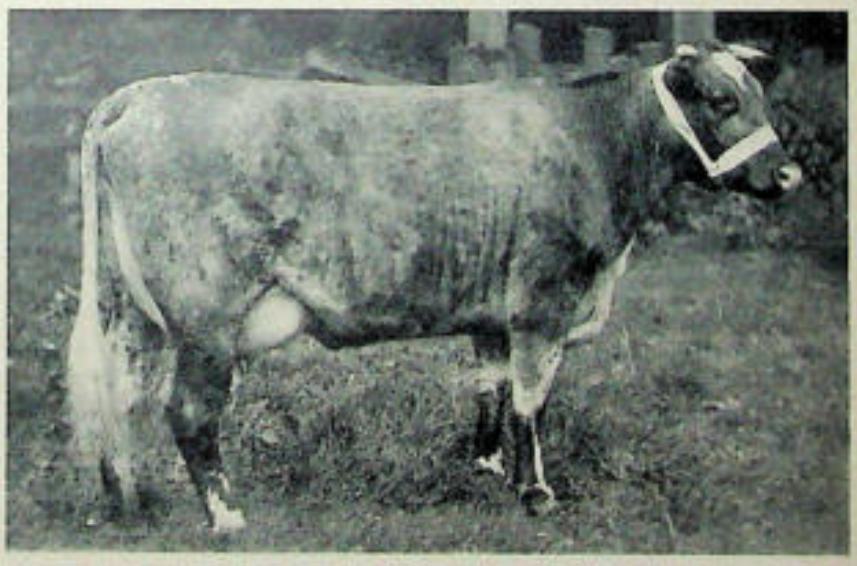
Eaton Bessie Annetta, 1st and champion female at the Three Counties Show, 1937, 1st at the Shropshire and West Midland Show, 1937, and supreme champion of the breed at the Royal Lancashire, 1936



Eaton Lady Ruby 8th, 1st and reserve champion at the Shropshire and West Midland, 1937, 1st at the Great Yorkshire, 1937, and 1st and champion at the Bakewell Show, 1936



Eaton Diamond, yearling shorthorn bull, 1st and reserve championship at the Oxfordshire Show, 1937, two 1st prizes at the Three Counties Show, 1937



Eaton Red Rose 18th, 1st and reserve champion at the Three Counties Show, 1937, and 1st at the Shropshire and West Midland Show, 1937

For both milk and butter fat, the chief aim is to produce a good level standard, rather than a few cows of exceptional yields, and the average yield throughout the herd is something between 800 and 1,000 gallons. The greatest importance is attached to the butter fat returns, and the level standard is obviously good policy, since the ideal yield is about 900 gallons, which produces a large percentage of butter fat. Excessive yields mean a greatly reduced percentage.

In the past some very large sums have been paid for stock from the Eaton herd. There will be many who remember the sale of 1920 when 98 cows and heifers averaged £216 5s. 1d. and seven bulls £328 10s., a total of £23,492 14s. for 105 animals. On that occasion the top price was £1,202 5s. which was paid for the 1,300-gallon cow Bare Charm and her calf.

CREAGHT.

TRACTORS AND FARM MECHANISATION

Modern Machines are Capable of Handling any Job



AN INTERNATIONAL TD-35 DIESEL TRACTOR PULLING A 5-FURROW PLOUGH ON A STUBBLE JOB

WITH renewed activity on the land and the necessity for pushing forward with all farm work, mechanisation is being adopted by an increasing number of agriculturists, and will continue to broaden its scope with each succeeding year. Farm mechanisation—the goal of both farmers and agricultural engineers for many years—has reached its present status because of the more general use of farm tractors and farming implements which have been designed to operate with, or to be operated by, tractors. The farm tractor is, therefore, in the spotlight, and will continue to be the focal point of farming operations.

The present season, with its protracted period of wet weather extending from the beginning of the year until the latter half of March, created an almost unprecedented condition, and land which had been ploughed and intended for spring seeding became most difficult to deal with. It, however, afforded a good opportunity to test the tractor and the tractor-operated machine, and it is evident that tractors and tractor disc harrows enabled many farmers to prepare a fairly satisfactory seed bed under very trying circumstances. The wide self-lift tractor-drawn seed drill also made it possible to seed many acres which otherwise would have remained idle.

The delays in spring work due to climatic conditions made it essential to speed up all farm work, and many new tractors have been purchased this season to enable farmers to keep abreast of their work and be ready for haymaking when the grass was ready to cut and cure. The process of speeding up all work continued into the hayfield and more tractors have been employed in haymaking operations this season than hitherto. The pneumatic tyre has also made the tractor a much more useful machine in the hayfield, making it possible for the tractor to operate mowers, rakes, loaders, sweeps and various haymaking machines without damaging the land; the rubber wheel is, therefore, a very definite step forward in tractor design.

The corn harvest is further evidence of the adaptability of the value of the modern tractor, the tractor-driven binder being used in ever increasing numbers; and while somewhat of an experiment a few years ago, the power binder is now regular equipment with many farmers, and is enabling them to finish harvesting in a much shorter space of time and push on with other essential work. Tractor-drawn and tractor-driven combines have also been added to the many jobs which the modern tractor is handling in the harvest field.



OPERATING TWO MASSEY-HARRIS COMBINE HARVESTERS WITH GRAIN TANKS



A MASSEY-HARRIS TRACTOR AND POWER BINDER HARVESTING WHEAT

It seems but yesterday that tractors were looked upon by many as an experiment in applying power to farming operations. The most venturesome did not attempt more than a few primary jobs, such as ploughing and belt work, the consensus of opinion being that the tractor had definite limits and that beyond those limits it had better be kept in the background. The early type tractor, being somewhat cumbersome, did not lend itself to general farm work, and the pioneers in mechanisation were no doubt right in confining its use to specialised work.

Agricultural engineers, in co-operation with agriculturists, have been studying farm mechanisation from many angles and have, by observing carefully the requirements of present-day farming, been able to improve upon the tractor and broaden its usefulness until we now have in the farm tractor a machine which can draw or drive another efficiently, and shift from one kind of work to another with a minimum loss of time; the modern tractor is, therefore, what might be termed a utility machine capable of handling any job on the farm.

The servicing of tractors, at one time somewhat of a hazard, is now no longer a problem, the tractor being not more difficult to service than the modern motor car. Manufacturers of tractors have simplified servicing by maintaining adequate stocks of duplicate parts at strategic points, and when replacements are required new fittings can be secured without delay. Dealers, too, are equipped to render prompt service at the farm or deal with major overhauls in their workshops and garages, and carry subsidiary stocks of wearing parts.

The hours of work which can be done with a tractor before major repairs are required depends upon the loading of the tractor and the care given it, and in this respect differs very little from a motor car.

There are motor cars which require to be repaired, and in some cases rebuilt, after doing a very moderate mileage, while a companion car built in the same factory at the same time and put on the road at the same time, will do double the mileage without requiring repairs; and the reason for one car turning in a better performance than the other could probably be traced to the care given them by their respective owners, and the same principle applies to a tractor.

Practical farmers have long since realised that overloading is one of the greatest enemies of low upkeep—that good quality fuel and good quality oil are essential, and that all components which require attention from the grease gun receive such attention at regular intervals; in other words, if the tractor is treated in the same kindly manner as our good old four-footed friend—the horse—it will do its part to lighten the burden of the agriculturist and enable him to make a greater contribution to our national welfare and efficiency.

A. B.

OVER FIVE YEARS' SERVICE . . .

not a penny spent on repairs

★ *Read this tribute to the remarkable reliability and performance of*

DUNLOP

PNEUMATIC TYRES & WHEELS

FOR HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES

You can't afford to ignore the enormous advantages of Dunlop Pneumatic Tyres and Roller-bearing wheels for horse-drawn vehicles. They run so easily that at least half the strain is taken off the horse . . . bigger loads can be carried, work can be speeded up. Pneumatic tyred vehicles are far more easy to manoeuvre, especially on muddy ground; they do not cut up grasslands, they are silent, they prevent the goods carried from being damaged by vibration and the vehicle itself lasts much longer.

Manor Farm.
Blackford,
Sherborne.

Messrs N.L.Bartlett,
Lockhill Vehicle Works,
STREET. Som.

Dear Sir,

I wish to place an order for another Farm Cart, large size, fitted with Dunlop N.D.Y.Equipment and Brakes.

In doing so I must take the opportunity to say how pleased I am with the Cart I purchased from you over five years ago. It has not cost a penny in repairs and what I should have done without it during this very wet season I do not know. Dunlops say that 50% more can be carried but as a user I say that is well within the limit.

Before purchasing the first cart I looked at several makes at the Shows but found none equal to yours in design - low-loading and strength to carry the extra weight. The fact that I am ordering another is ample proof of my satisfaction, furthermore you have supplied my relatives and we with eight vehicles - Farm Carts, Harvest Carts and Floats, all fitted with Dunlop Equipment.

If anyone has doubts about the advantages of pneumatic equipment for farm use this should dispel them and they cannot do better than purchase your vehicles mounted on Dunlop.

Yours faithfully,

Leslie Adams



Cart built for Mr. Leslie Adams of Manor Farm, Blackford, Sherborne, by Messrs. N. L. Bartlett, Lockhill Works, Street.

7L/50

C.F.R.

For Speeding Up Autumn Work

MASSEY-HARRIS

TRACTORS · TILLAGE MACHINES & SEED DRILLS





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PACEMAKER Leads the way to greater efficiency and lower operating costs.

CHALLENGER Ideal row-crop and general purpose tractor.

25/40 H.P. For Heavy-duty work in the most arduous conditions.

PLOUGHS 2, 3 and 4 Furrows

HARROWS Spring Tine and Disc.

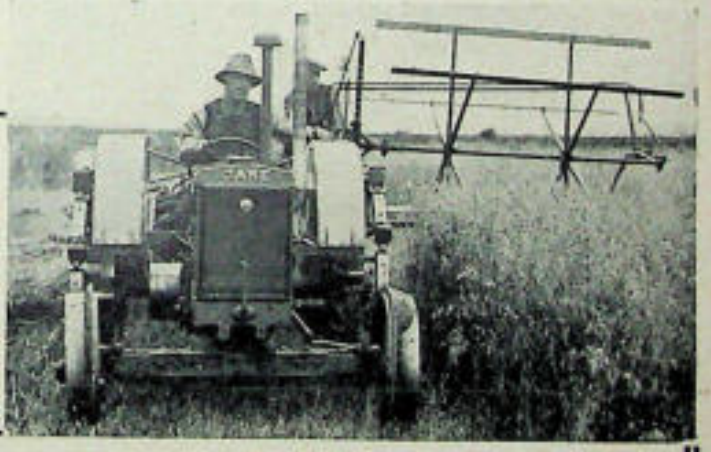
SEED DRILLS 7½ ft. to 16½ ft. wide.

CULTIVATORS, HAMMER MILLS, STRAW TRUSSERS, and a wide range of Horse Machines.

Full particulars and prices from your dealer, or write direct to:—

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Trafford Park - - MANCHESTER
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THE POSSIBILITIES OF MUSHROOM-GROWING

Not an Easy Crop to Grow

IT is surprising the number of letters that one gets day by day dealing with the question of mushroom production. It would seem that the publicity given to the growing of this crop some two years ago now has just filtered through, and that people are desirous of "getting rich quick."

There is no doubt about it that the Ministry of Agriculture did a great deal of good to the industry in this country when they persuaded the appropriate authorities to put a nice fat import duty on foreign mushrooms. The result was to prevent large quantities of mushrooms from coming in from abroad, and at the same time it pushed up the production of this edible fungus in this country to an amazing extent.

Those who decry import duties and say they only increase the cost of food to the consumer may be surprised to learn that in a very short time after the duties were enforced the price of mushrooms tended to go down rather than up!

An examination of the prices received in the London wholesale markets since November, 1936, is most illuminating. One always fancies that mushrooms during the winter months will fetch high prices, for it is during the colder months of the year that the indoor produce comes into its own. An examination of the market figures shows that the average prices received for moderately good produce per lb. was as follows:

November	1/4
December	As low as 6d., as high as 1/-
January	1/-
February	1/-
March	1/-
April	1/3
May	10d.

During the last three months one has been privileged to visit a large number of mushroom growers, and certain figures have been available, which, added to one's own personal experience, give rise to the following suggestions. It must not be thought that these are by any means perfect or that they are final.

The difficulty about figures is that they are apt to vary from county to county and from district to district. The cost of iron piping and building materials is going up at the moment, and the price of land differs in an extraordinary manner not only from county to county but within the county itself. In estimating the capital outlay one has hoped that the prospective grower would purchase land at round about £30 an acre rather than land at £200 an acre!

Then again, wages differ from county to county, and these, too, tend to be on the rise. However, here are the figures, and they do give the story as nearly as can be estimated to-day:

CAPITAL OUTLAY

Purchase of land, sheds, turning sheds, piping, heating and small wooden office ..... say,	£2,000
Barrows, tools, spraying machines, &c.	50
Working capital to pay wages, buy manure, spawn, &c.	500
	£2,550

(This working capital will be of use until the beds start to bring in a return, wages, &c., will then, of course, be paid out of this.)

It is proposed to grow the mushrooms on the shelf system in the sheds, and it should be possible to accommodate, say, 20,000 sq. ft. of bed in sheds



A LONG CORRUGATED-IRON SHED, THICKLY COVERED WITH EARTH AND STRAW, HAS BEEN FOUND A SUITABLE MEDIUM FOR THE CORRECT TEMPERATURE

These naturally are the prices quoted by the wholesalers, and the grower would get considerably less after the porterage and commission charges had been subtracted. It is true that it is possible to sell direct to hotels and restaurants and to deliver from door to door, and as a consequence get higher prices, but a contract to supply hotels is a very dangerous procedure, for unless a mushroom farmer has an extensive concern and a great deal of experience he is likely to break his contract at some season of the year, and so get into trouble. The mushroom has to be marketed immediately it is picked, for it will not keep unless the grower is sufficiently fortunate and can afford to put up a cold store. Even under cold storage conditions mushrooms cannot be kept much longer than a week, or so I understand.

It is always difficult to give figures, and I am interested when I am reading books on mushrooms to find that the authors carefully "skate over" this subject. The Ministry of Agriculture's Bulletin, for instance, makes no mention of this, nor does the book on mushrooms by Dr. Bewley, of the Research Station, Cheshunt.

put up for this cost. It is always difficult to say what 20,000 sq. ft. of bed will produce. One grower only just lately—and a good grower at that—has stated that he has produced 3.62lb. per sq. ft. As a general rule an average of 2lb. per sq. ft. is considered good, but travelling all over the country, and when dealing with beginners, an average of 1¾lb. per sq. ft. may be considered nearer the mark. One knows that 3lb. per sq. ft. can be produced, but it is an impossible average—at any rate, in the writer's opinion—to guarantee for the whole of a year. It is like keeping up the mileage average in a car over a long distance.

For 20,000 sq. ft. of bed some 300 tons of horse manure will be required. This horse manure will have to be obtained from stables where the horses are corn fed, and where they have not been treated by the veterinary surgeon with medicine. Care should be taken to see that the manure has not been contaminated by the disinfectant used for washing down the stables. It wants to be strawy and not peat manure, or manure containing wood chippings, sawdust and that kind of thing.

Fresh horse manure is difficult to obtain, and it



PICKING MUSHROOMS IN A DISUSED G.W.R., TUNNEL NEAR MONMOUTH

isn't of any use setting up a mushroom farm unless adequate supplies of this commodity are available. If the farm has to be right in the country in order that the manure can be got, then the costs of marketing are likely to be increased considerably. What, then, are the costs likely to be? The following is, roughly, one's idea:

300 tons horse manure at 12/- ton delivered (this is putting the price quite low)	£180
500 cartons of sterilised spawn at 5/-	125
Wages	600
Insecticides, &c.....	20
Insurance and unemployment	20
Coal and water.....	150
Office expenses	150
	£1,245

To this should really be added the cost of an expert foreman at, say, £200 a year, especially in the case of a beginner, though it is true that the owner should be able to dispense with the foreman in a year or at least two years.

Now what about the receipts side? Well, at my very conservative estimate of 1¾lb. per sq. ft. this should give 35,000lb. of mushrooms, which should sell at an average throughout the year of, say, 1/- lb.

35,000lb. at 1/- lb.	£1,750
Less cost of marketing mushrooms, packing, freight, commission	250
	£1,500

It will be seen that the net profit is roughly £250, but it should be remembered that no charges have been made for interest on the capital or for the insurance of the building and so on. If the expert foreman's salary of £200 were subtracted there would seem to be very little left.

As against this, of course, the owner would probably like to do his own office work, and thus the cost might be reduced by £100 or so.

There is no doubt that these figures will be criticised by all and sundry. Some will say that the price quoted per lb. is far too low, others will insist that the amount estimated per sq. ft. is also extremely small.

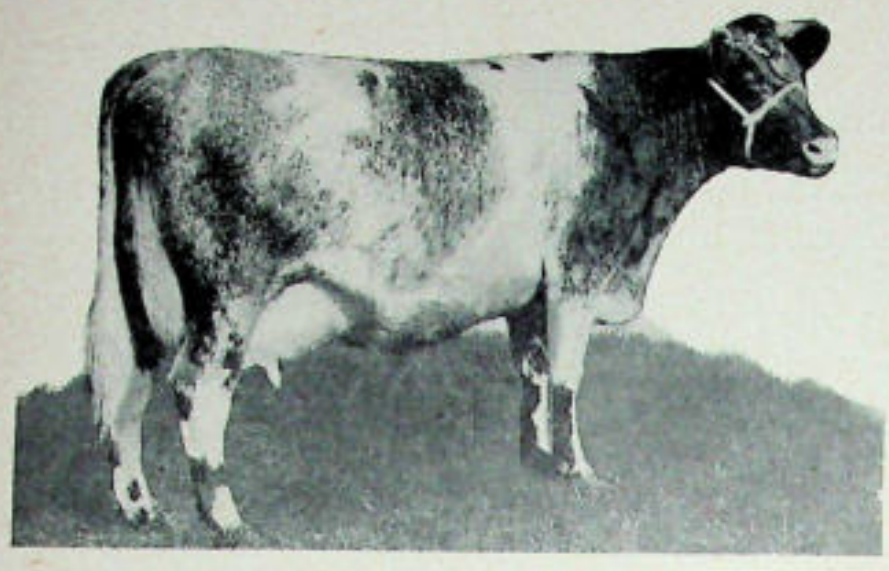
On the other hand, in fairness, it should be pointed out that the mushroom is by no means an easy crop to grow. There are all sorts of diseases which give trouble, the flies, the springtails and especially the mites. During one season a grower had continuous trouble with mites owing to their having been introduced on to the farm in some peculiar way from some stables. It is impossible to detect the presence of mites in manure when it arrives, and it took a great deal of time and research before the particular stables concerned with the introduction could be discovered. As far as is known at the present time there is no control for mites, but they do prevent a crop of mushrooms from being produced.

In addition, there are the diseases, bubbles, the gill mildew, the white plaster mould, the mycogone, &c. All these have a habit of cropping up when least expected, and certainly when least desired.

Despite this, mushroom growing is a fascinating subject. Growers are making a success of it both under cover and out of doors in various parts of Great Britain. There is perhaps no side of horticulture in which experience plays a greater part than in the culture of this edible fungus.

JONESSON MOXRO.

ROUND THE SHOWS OF 1937 (No. 4.)



THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW

"KNELLS ELLIOT FERNLEAF 2nd"

AWARDS:—**1st IN HER CLASS—**

CHAMPION DAIRY SHORTHORN COW

During the past two seasons this cow has been the winner of 13 first prizes and 5 Championships.

The property of MAJOR G. MILLER MUNDY, Red Rice, Andover.

Under the management of Mr. R. Passingham the "Red Rice" herd of Dairy Shorthorns has become well known for the excellence of its stock. It is worthy of note that 8 heifers, having recently completed their lactation period, averaged 9,933 lbs. of milk. The herd is also noted for uniformity of type and hardy constitution which, coupled with an average yield of 10,124 lbs., has led to ready sales at home and abroad. For maintaining health and promoting a high milk yield at all seasons of the year, Mr. Passingham insists that the rations contain

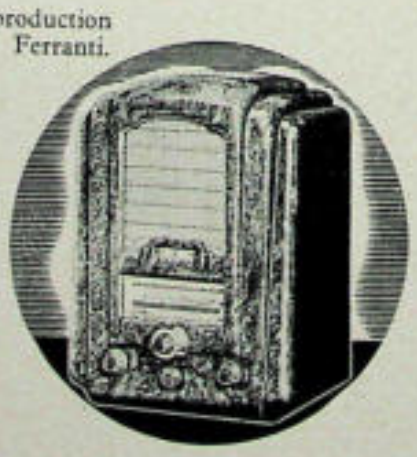
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(with Droitwich Rejector)
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INTERNATIONAL SHEEPDOG TRIALS

Wilson Retains the Championship Shield

By W. T. PALMER

THE International Sheepdog Trials were held at Ely Racecourse, Cardiff, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday last. Weather was on the whole favourable, and Saturday afternoon saw a large crowd present. From the point of view of handlers, this course is the most difficult undertaken at international trials; there is space for the longest outruns and widest cross-drives, the ground is tilted upwards so that work can be seen from start to finish, and spectators on wings had equal chance with those in temporary stands.

Judging was in the hands of Mr. J. O. Pritchard, Talysarn, Wales; Ben Eyre, Sheffield, England; and Wm. Wallace, Dalry, Scotland for the hired shepherds, qualifying competition and final championship. The doubles or brace judges were Captain Whittaker, Wales; F. A. Sutcliffe, England; and John Johnston, of Clovenfords, Scotland. The course director was M. Frank Thomas, of Taffs Well, and timekeeper, D. R. Davies, Ebbw Vale.

The local secretary was J. Griffith Richards, of Cardiff, and Mr. J. A. Reid, of Airdrie, was present as secretary of the International Society. Lord Mostyn was present all the time. He is president of the International Society. At the end, prizes were presented by the Marchioness of Bute, who was present at practically all the trials.

The first trials were of hired shepherds, three from each country, over the championship course, taking 30 minutes and involving outruns to 800yds. and two gatherings at that distance. No competitor was able to complete the course in time, but Arthur Hayton was at work at the pen when the time lapsed, and he was allowed to finish in another one-and-a-half minutes. This is the first time hired shepherds have been given this test. They shaped well, but the job was too much for most of them, and Hayton had no difficulty in repeating last year's victory. Given another year's trial, the young men will come on; valuable experience in long-distance and continuous work has been obtained.

In the brace championship, three teams of four handlers and eight collies came from England, Wales and Scotland, and J. M. Wilson, of Innerleithen won by six points from R. J. Hughes, of Llanerchymedd, Wales, with a newcomer, Ivor Hadfield, of Lancashire, next. The work was good throughout, and it was understood that judging would be pretty close for this trial.

On Friday, the Farmers' Cup came up for competition as part of the eliminating trials. Three teams of twelve collies had been sent from the national trials, but William Dunn's collie from Aberfeldy was amiss and did not make an appearance. After severe work, the judges declared that four handlers were equal at 146½ points out of 150. The re-run took the form of a left outrun, lift, fetch, drive and cross drive, without time limit. John Pritchard, of Pwllheli, with White, won the *Western Mail* Cup, apparently the first time for this farmers' trophy to come to the Principality. J. M. Wilson was second with Nell, after a nice bit of work; L. J. Humphreys, of Trawsfynydd, third, and J. Hunter, of Morpeth, England, fourth.

Of the twelve collies left in after the eliminating trials, six were English, four Welsh and two Scottish. On Saturday, after long and severe work, J. M. Wilson was first with Roy, 174 points out of 180, who did a perfect run, and fifth with Nell, 166½ points. John Jones, of Trawsfynydd, with Blackie, first to run in the morning, was second, with 170, and until far on in the contest had the lead. J. M. Renwick and Mark Hayton, of England, were equal third and fourth, and J. H. Thorp, of Nuneaton, oldest competitor, and oldest collie, it seemed, came sixth.

It was Wilson's week out, and it was pretty close going that he did not make a sweep and take the Farmers' International Cup as well. But it behoves Scotland to look to the future. One handler with two collies is certainly nothing to brag about in the final twelve of these trials. Wales had hopes that success would come her way again, but John Jones of Trawsfynydd with Blackie was not just good enough. The younger Welsh handlers, as well as those of England, need more and more practice in work at long distances and over long periods. Cardiff will be remembered for a long time for various incidents. J. Hunter, of Morpeth, with Trick, made an exhilarating start of the long trial, did both outruns and gatherings splendidly, and made the drives. But hopes came to a wreck at the shed where a record stupid party of sheep simply could not be worked. He got the "Hard Luck" Cup, and certainly it was earned if disappointments can earn anything at all in the sheep handling world. J. Hunter came out with brilliant colours despite this bad setback. Results:

HIRED SHEPHERDS' CLASS (TROPHY).—1st, Arthur Hayton, of Otley, Yorkshire; 2nd, Thomas Borella, of Kinross, with Meg; 3rd, Thomas Lewis, of Towyn, with Nell. Captain Whittaker's specials for best following dog: Scotland, Thomas Borella; England, Arthur Hayton; Wales, Thomas Lewis.

BRACE CHAMPIONSHIPS (LORD MOSTYN'S SHIELD).—1st, J. M. Wilson, of Innerleithen, Scotland, with Roy and Nell; 2nd, R. J. Hughes, of Llanerchymedd, Wales; 3rd, Ivor Hadfield, of Littlemoss, Lancashire.

"WESTERN MAIL" CUP FOR FARMERS.—1st, John Pritchard, of Pwllheli, Wales, with White; 2nd, J. M. Wilson, of Innerleithen, with Nell; 3rd, L. J. Humphreys, of Towyn, with Moss.

BUTTER MEMORIAL CUP FOR HIRED SHEPHERD MAKING MOST POINTS IN ELIMINATING TRIALS.—1st, Arthur Hayton; 2nd, Thomas Borella, of Kinross, with Meg; 3rd, James Burns, of Ayrshire, with Charm; 4th, Alex. Brunner, of Argyllshire, with Sweep.

WADDILOVE CHALLENGE SHIELD, PLATE AND BLUE RIBBON, WITH £20.—1st, J. M. Wilson, of Innerleithen, Scotland, with Roy, 174 points out of 180; 2nd, Mr. John Jones, of Trawsfynydd, with Blackie, 170; equal 3rd, J. M. Renwick, of Alston, Northumberland, with Ben, and Mark Hayton, of Otley, with Pat, 168 points, share £18; 5th, James Wilson's Nell, 166½ points, £6; 6th, C. J. H. Thorp, of Nuneaton, with Jess, 150½ points.

BROADLEY MEMORIAL CUP FOR BREEDER OF WINNER.—William Wallace, of Dalry, Scotland.

BEST AGGREGATES, NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL TRIALS.—Rose bowls, Scotland, J. M. Wilson, with Nell, 212¼ points; England, Arthur Hayton, of Otley, with Jock, 242 points; Wales, L. J. Humphreys, with Moss. Land of Rains Cup for International Marks.—Arthur Hayton's Jock, 242 points. Team Shield for Highest Points in Qualifying Trials.—England, 1,043 points; Wales, 1,377½; Scotland, eleven collies only, 1,401.

BEST DRIVEN DOG FROM ANY COUNTRY.—1st, J. M. Renwick, England, with Ben, 51 points; 2nd, J. M. Wilson, of Scotland, with Nell, 48 points; 3rd, John Jones, with Blackie, 33½ points.

"HARD LUCK" CUP (presented by C. T. Allan, of Cardiff, to unluckiest competitor from other country).—Won outright, by J. Hunter, of Morpeth, with Trick. When shedding, after good trial, Trick was faced by intractable sheep which would not move apart, and time was up before pen's exit been made—a most deserving award.

THE COCKER SPANIEL CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS

ON September 17th the Cocker Spaniel Club's Field Trials were held at Blair, Girvan, Ayrshire, by kind permission of Mrs. G. Clark. The judges were Mr. H. Scott and Mr. C. Mackay Sanderson. A gloom was cast over the meeting on account of the very recent death of Mr. G. Clark, one of the greatest supporters of working spaniels. Two minutes' silence was observed on his account.

A full card, and many on the waiting list, was the fortunate position. Game was plentiful and the guns an excellent team. Mr. C. A. Phillips, the club's veteran president, was an interested follower.

The All-aged Stake was won by Miss D. Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carnamore Avril; 2nd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Spin; 3rd, Colonel F. J. Lemon's d. Nawn; reserve, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yoredale Snipe. Certificates of merit were earned by Major G. Nelson-Scott's b. Browster Basher, Mr. Hector White's d. Jestering Micky, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Sir Jasper of Malwa, and Mr. J. C. Dalton's d. Wild Memory, the latter obtaining the prize for the best-looking at the meeting.

The Novice Stake attracted fifteen contestors, and even better work amongst the new faces was seen in this event. First went to Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington May, an unusually smart black puppy; 2nd, Colonel F. J. Lemon's d. Nawn; 3rd, Colonel P. K. Wise's d. Raithburn Smut; reserve, Miss M. Carnegie's b. Heydown Dinah. Certificates of merit to Mr. G. Curle's d. Breckonhill Briseoe, Mr. J. C. Dalton's d. Wild Memory, Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's Browster Billochan and Bride, Dr. W. J. Dawson's d. Gigolo of Fews, Mr. W. McCausland's d. Nippy Blaze of Ware, and Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yoredale Snipe.

Weather conditions and scent were excellent, and game came to hand in excellent numbers.



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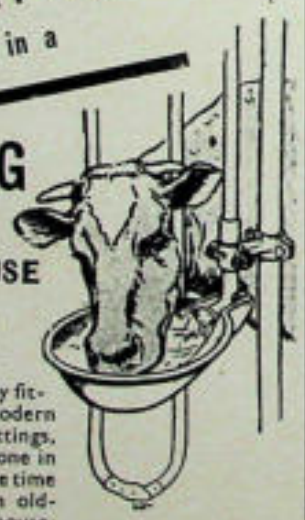
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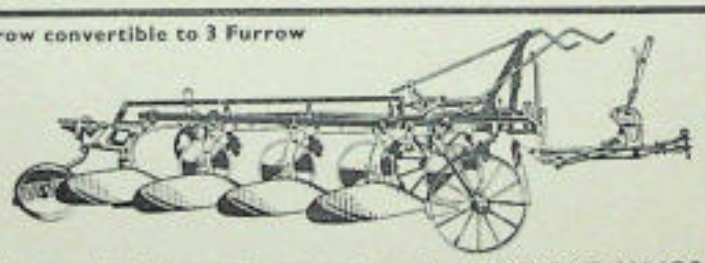
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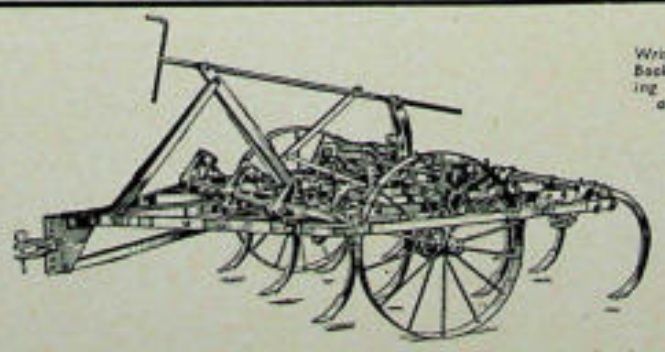
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THE COST OF MAINTENANCE

A Very Heavy Item Which Increases Year by Year

It is only since the boom years, when farmers invested their profits by buying their holdings, that the expenditure for maintaining a farm has been understood and appreciated. Previously it had been the responsibility of the estate to maintain the buildings, farmhouse and cottages in repair, and although it has always been a proverbial complaint that estate agents are blind to the need for repairs, many farmers have now come to realise what expense was entailed when they rented their farm instead of owning it.

The difference, now that they are owners, is probably felt in many ways. Every piece of material, whether it be a brick, a load of chalk to make up a cart track, or a piece of fencing timber, has to be purchased in an open market. In the old days the farm cart went down to the sawmill, collected the necessary material, and if it was to be paid for, well, the price was almost nominal. At the same time labour was cheap, and unions did not apply vigorous restrictions to a man's output of work. These advantages were not to remain for long, but while they lasted nearly every estate could show well-kept farms many of which, even now, show evidence of the care with which they were maintained under the old traditional system.

Part of the success of this system of maintenance was due to the routine methods employed by the agent over the estate. No repairs were neglected too long to become expensive. To-day, to the owner-occupier, who must raid his profits to maintain his buildings, that routine expenditure is almost impossible. He waits and hopes for that bumper year to supply him with a bank balance which shall justify such expenditure, and while he waits the deterioration goes on apace. It is true, of course, that the Government recognised that this might occur, and facilities are now available to enable the farmer to borrow money at a low rate of interest and so provide him with capital to expend on such uses.

This scheme has assisted in preventing many farmers from having to leave their farms owing to the high cost of maintaining them during the slump which succeeded the boom period. An opportunity is now given them not only of making good the necessary repairs, but of extending buildings which may have become necessary to meet a change of production, an example of which is to be seen in the modern type of pig-house. Gradually as the influence of good housing comes to be recognised more widely, and as quality becomes the accepted aim of production, these changes and extensions are inevitable.

In the meantime, and lacking any further assistance through the experience of better years, the most any farmer can do is to borrow and spend carefully. To spend, that is, productively. Expenditure will certainly be required on non-productive buildings, but the balance should go on such alterations as may increase economic production and so prevent an increase in overhead costs. There are many improvements which may be made to save both time and labour. Feeding passages, the division of lofts for the storage of feeding-stuffs, surfacing of small areas with cement to facilitate the mixing of foods—these are only some of the many ways in which money may be spent to good and useful purpose.

Outside, as much care and attention needs to be devoted to the maintenance of fences, drains and roadways. These three items constitute a heavy burden on profits unless they are constantly under review. The tendency is now to increase the size of fields and so to make them more adaptable for tractor work. That may be a successful policy for the arable farmer, but the stock owner has still to be convinced that there is a superior shelter to a thick, well-grown hedge. Where conditions vary almost from parish to parish it is impossible to generalise beyond the statement that the individual is the best judge of what improvement he can make to suit the particular needs of his holding.

Drainage and fertility are so closely associated and interdependent that a lack of organised maintenance of farm drains is a source of impoverishment which no farm can afford to permit. To a large extent the mole drain may displace the older pipe drains on heavy, tenacious soil, and since these drainers are adapted for tractor use even further expense is saved by their employment. Where they cannot be used with success there is no alternative to pipe-laying, a long and expensive operation, but one which rewards the owner for a considerable number of years.

Of the smaller but nevertheless important features of a farm which call for periodical maintenance there is no lack. Beyond working to a methodical plan there is no short-cut by which one can save expense. Occasions may arise when, for instance, galvanised iron or asbestos sheeting may be used to replace the more expensive tile, and these are the opportunities which enable the shrewd farmer to make a good investment of the money he has available for maintenance purposes. Cow stall equipment is another item which can usually be improved upon by using one of the many devices which enable time and labour to be saved and cleanliness to be made easier for the men.

Road-making and the keeping of cart tracks in repair is happily an expense which the average farmer has to meet but seldom. Chalk or gravel pits are not always available from which to draw cheap sources of material, and lacking them the only remaining alternative is to use rubble from a building which is being demolished. All these substances make serviceable roadways, and incorporated with smaller material, such as flints, they should provide a cheap and efficient solution to the more expensive and elaborate roadways which were put down in the past.

P. D.



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PIONEERS OF THE MOTOR HORSE BOX

APPLE-PICKING, WRAPPING AND STORING

The Fruit Grower Must Learn to Pick at the Right Time

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S.

TO the unthinking outsider it would seem that there is nothing in the picking of apples. All that has to be done, it would be argued, is to get sufficient labour and sufficient ladders, and then to clamber up the trees and pull the apples off as soon as possible.

To-day apple picking has become almost a science. In the first place varieties need picking at the right time. It has been suggested that they might be gathered just before the climacteric phase, for during this phase small quantities of ethylene are given off, which causes the bulk of fruit in store to ripen rapidly. Fruit picked on the ripe side and put into store can ruin other varieties. The fruit grower, therefore, should learn to pick at the right time.

Then there is the organisation necessary of the gangs of pickers. Each gang will have to have its foreman, who will be responsible not only for seeing that the women work, but for seeing that the trees are not damaged. Careless picking can quite easily ruin trees for years to come. Broken branches will let in disease, broken spurs will prevent a crop the following year.

The gang should not waste time going from one part of the orchard or plantation to another. Sufficient work should be given the gang to pick a particular area in one day. Ladders and orchard boxes can then be moved to the new position overnight so that the pickers find everything ready for them next day. It is a great mistake to attempt to move a dozen ladders, 50 or 60 orchard boxes and a dozen or fourteen pickers from one end of the farm to another in the middle of a working day.

As far as the picking itself is concerned, instructions will have to be given beforehand to all pickers never to grip the apple with the thumb and forefinger. Such gripping causes far more bruising than is imagined. Some varieties, such as James Grieve, Lane's Prince Albert, Lord Derby, Lady Sudeley, bruise far more easily than others, and they show it, but there are other varieties that may not show such obvious signs of bruising, which are found to be marked when they are consumed.

Apples should always be "palmed off," that is taken in the palm of the hand and gently lifted so that the stalk comes away from the spur. After lifting the fruit should be placed in a perfectly smooth container. Baskets, even though they are lined with linen or sacking, may damage the skin of an apple. The safest thing to use is a bucket. A white enamel bucket is useful, or an ordinary bucket painted inside with white enamel paint. Such buckets can be sterilised quite easily with boiling water at the end of the day if necessary, and this does prevent the spores of brown rot and other fungus diseases from being carried by the containers on to the fruits.

From the bucket the apples should be placed carefully into orchard boxes. These boxes can be bought ready made up or "in the flat" to be nailed up on the farm. The edges should be rounded so as to prevent the wood cutting into the skin of the apple, and ventilating spaces are left at the side and the bottom so as to allow for the free circulation of air. Orchard boxes contain approximately 40lb., and being exactly of the same size can be stood one above the other in the storehouse.

It is quite a good plan to stack the apples outside for a fortnight or so before putting them into the storehouse. If, of course, they are to be marketed almost immediately they may be taken down to the packing shed and sent away. The sweating so much advised by many writers inside the storehouse is far better done in the open air, so that when the apples are taken in the shed may be closed down immediately.

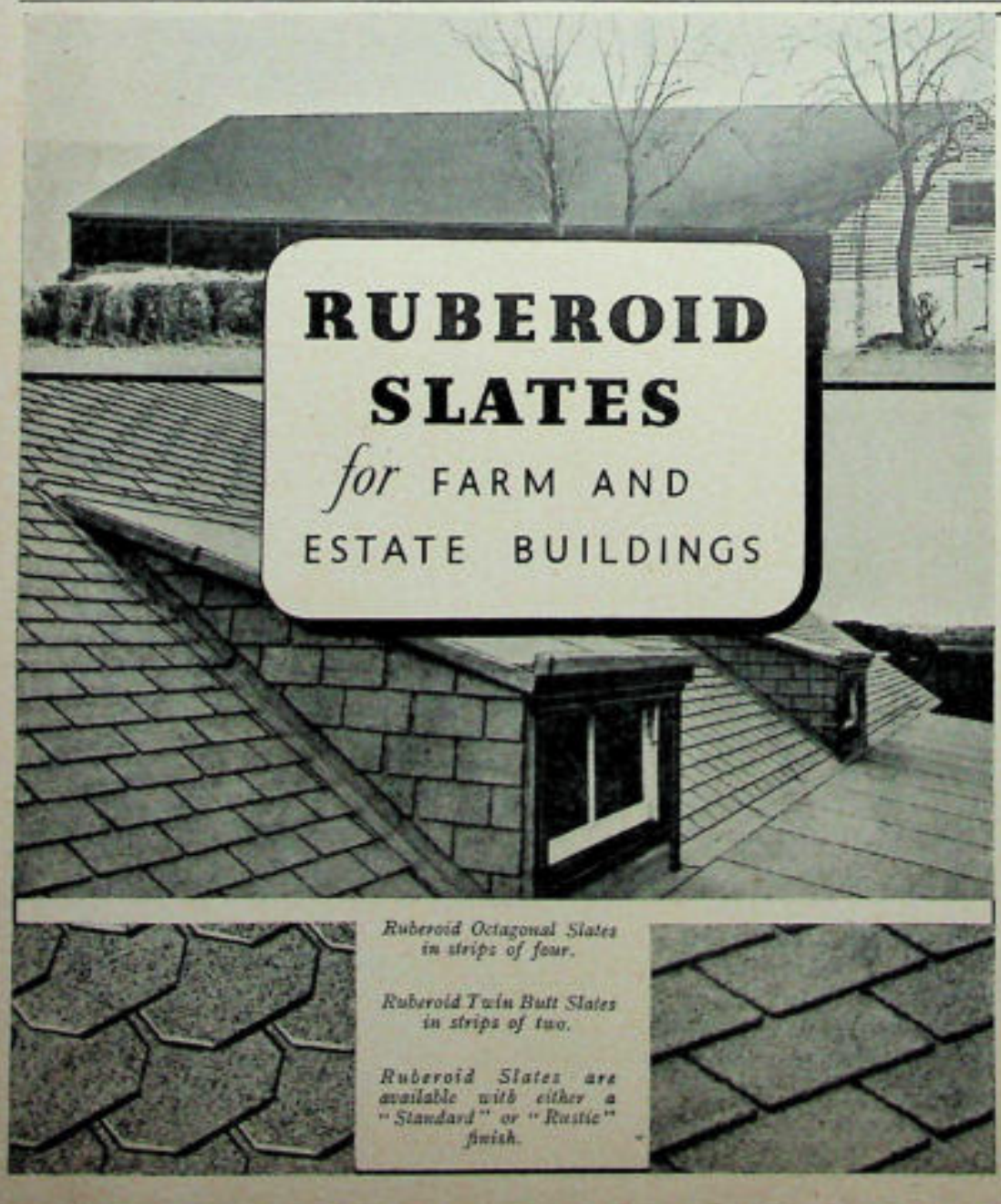
Fruit that has to be kept for a long time in the ordinary store or in the gas store may be wrapped in oil impregnated paper. These oiled wrapping papers may be purchased from an ordinary horticultural sundriesman, and they do prevent one rotting apple from affecting another. It is said also that they build up inside the wrapping paper a certain "surround" of carbon dioxide gas, which helps them to keep. Experiments have been made also with iodised wraps, each apple wrap contains approximately 30 mgs. of free iodine. One curious feature of these iodised wraps is that they destroy the smell or the fruit which generally pervades through the storehouse, and they don't destroy the smell or the taste of the fruit itself.

BACON INDUSTRY IN WARTIME

BRITISH farmers are not mistaken in their policy of relying largely on imported cereals and their by-products for pig feeding. This is the opinion expressed in the second Bulletin of the Bacon Development Board which has just been issued. The new Bulletin, entitled *Substitutes for Cereals in Pig Keeping*, which has been prepared in the Board's Research Department, shows how the present policy of pig feeding benefits other industries and indirectly reduces the price the consumer pays for his beer, his bread, his fish and his margarine. It also demonstrates that home-grown feedingstuffs, such as potatoes or sugar beet and their by-products, could together with certain forage crops be substituted on a large scale for imported cereals in times of crisis, when world shortage or war made it impossible to import sufficient supplies.

The present high price of pig feeding-stuffs enhances the importance to the farmer of the main part of this Bulletin, which consists of a thorough survey of existing knowledge about potatoes, sugar-beet, forage crops, milk by-products, tropical starchy feeds and other actual or potential substitutes for cereals in pig keeping. The report is intended for those engaged in research and educational work connected with pigs, and for the pig producer who is prepared to experiment in new methods of cutting down his feed bill.

Substitutes for Cereals in Pig Keeping. Bacon Development Board, Bulletin No. 2. Price 2/-.



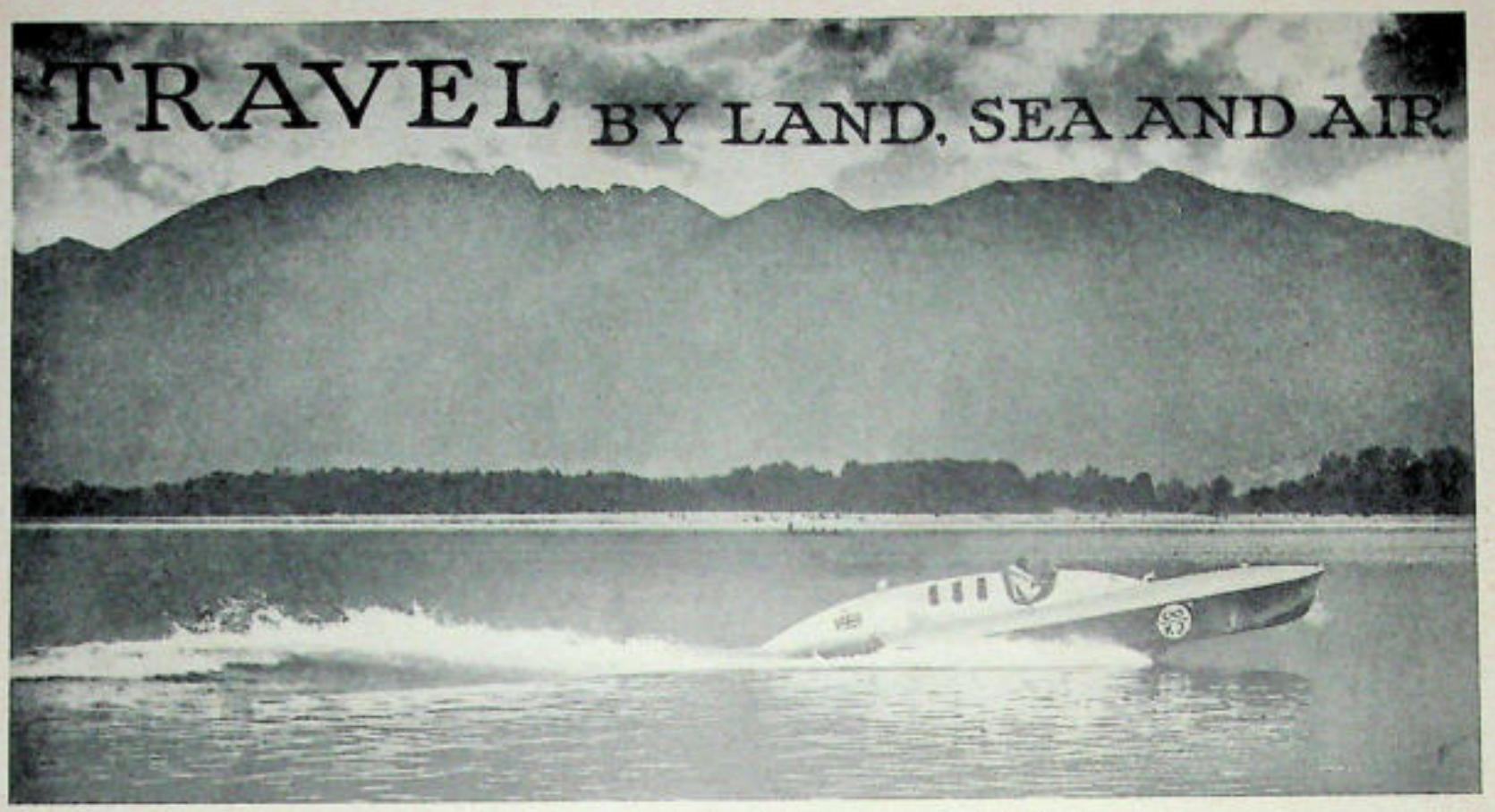
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"I MUST ADMIT THAT IT FEELS FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN DRIVING A CAR AT 300 m.p.h."

"HIGH SPEED ON THE WATER HAS A CHARM"

The Problems and Thrills of the Water Speed Record

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

(Motoring Editor of the "Field")

ALTHOUGH I have always been extremely keen on small boats, until this summer the highest speed I had ever reached had been in the neighbourhood of 35 m.p.h. Some of my friends, I know, thought that I was doing a foolish thing when I told them I was building a high-speed boat; but I knew that speed as such had no terrors for me, and that if the boat would do the knots and could be controlled, I had sufficient confidence in myself to know that I could do it, practice or no practice. My reasoning proved correct, as although I had a number of trial spins before making a serious attempt on the record, these were undertaken with the object of running in the engine, and were, therefore, carried out at moderate speeds only.

When we visited Loch Lomond, weather conditions were so bad that we were only able to take the boat out on two occasions, and the maximum speed reached was under 80 m.p.h. During my first trial, I realised immediately that my steering was geared far too low, and in the interim before leaving for Switzerland, I had this mistake remedied.

The authorities at Locarno had laid down a special slipway and a shed for the Blue Bird, so that by the time we arrived, everything was ready. My mechanics spent the first few days preparing the boat and going over everything with meticulous care. I might add that it is this painstaking attention to detail which so often means the difference between success and failure.

Perhaps at this juncture I may be permitted to give a few brief particulars of the Blue Bird. The boat is 23ft. long, and has a beam of 9ft. 6in.; the engine is a 2,000 h.p. 12-cylinder Rolls-Royce racing type, and the total weight of the craft is under 45cwt. With the object of keeping weight down to the minimum we had no clutch, so that the moment the engine started the boat went off like a flash. For lightness it was designed as a single-seater only, and consequently we succeeded in obtaining a very fine power-to-weight ratio, something to the order of 2¼lb. per h.p.h.

We were using the identical engine in the boat that we had employed in the car when the record was raised to 300 m.p.h. at Utah in September, 1935, and I was particularly anxious to achieve both records with the same motor if possible. We made several runs at moderate speed during the latter part of the first week, with the object of running in the engine, as it had recently been overhauled.

I then took Blue Bird out for a final spin, to check over everything, and during a short burst of speed in excess of 100 m.p.h. everything appeared to be in order. The water temperature did not exceed 65 deg. Cent., but the very light gear-box which we were using was showing signs of getting a little hot and, therefore, had to be watched.

On Saturday evening, August 21st, I made my first attempt on the record; the lake was fairly calm, and there was only a very faint breeze blowing. Through lack of experience I made a grave error: in my anxiety to reach the highest possible speed, and judging it from the motor-car standpoint, I took the longest run I could for acceleration before reaching the measured mile. Actually the acceleration of these racing boats is so terrific that maximum speed is reached in a little over half a mile, whereas I went back as far as I could and took a run of one-and-a-half miles. I realised my error almost immediately I started, but once away I had to continue on full throttle.

The speed was terrific, and in less than no time we were travelling at over 140 m.p.h. As we entered the measured mile I noticed a smell of burning, but with one eye glued on the gear-box temperature gauge which was keeping reasonably cool, I carried on. When within 200yds. or so of the finish, there was a tremendous explosion and the engine stopped dead. The boat appeared to leap several feet in the air and came down with a sickening thud nearly throwing me out, as it must have pulled up within a few lengths. Steam was belching out from everywhere: from the exhaust stacks and from the water outlet pipe, and for a moment I thought she was on fire. I quickly realised, only too late, that the water circulation had completely failed, and that although it had functioned perfectly at speeds up to 100 m.p.h., at maximum velocity it was useless.

When we were eventually towed back to the boathouse the time-keepers informed me that they had estimated my speed in excess of 140 m.p.h., and if only I could have carried on for the additional 200yds. they could have given it out officially for a run in one direction only.

When we came to examine our motor we found that it was badly damaged. The cylinder blocks were beyond repair, and I realised that we should have to instal our spare engine. I felt terribly upset about this, as from a purely sentimental point of view it was a tragic occurrence. Here was my grand old engine put completely *hors de combat*, and all through the water scoops being inadequate. After the new motor had been fitted we made up bigger and longer scoops, and completely modified



A WELL EARNED TROPHY

Sir Malcolm Campbell receiving the new trophy for the world's water speed record from Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of H.M. the King, and Vice-Admiral of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, donors of the trophy

the water circulation. These alterations took nearly a week, and after preliminary tests, I went out for a run at high speed, but this time we fixed the temperature gauge alongside the windscreen, and my eye never left it from then onwards.

On this run I found the boat particularly unsteady; in fact, it felt extremely dangerous, and I had the utmost difficulty in keeping her straight at all. When I stopped, we found that owing to the enormous pressure the new scoop and inlet pipe had been bent back like a piece of wire, and had torn a large portion of the transom away. We repaired the damage to the back of the boat and made some more scoops, this time very much stronger and better supported.

Two days later, we went out again and completed both runs; but I was indeed disappointed when the timekeepers told me the average speed was only 118.6 m.p.h. Nothing daunted, we made up some further scoops, smaller this time, as we realised that we were setting up an enormous resistance with the big ones, and consequently losing many miles per hour of speed. I was beginning to get a little worried over the engine, as I felt that if we cut down the water supply too much we might burst our second motor, and if this tragedy occurred I was finished completely. My feelings can well be visualised as it is no easy matter to keep a light boat on its course when travelling at over 120 m.p.h., and if more than half one's attention has to be paid to watching important instruments it becomes ten times more difficult; however, it all had to be done.

I might add that all previous record-breaking boats have always carried one or even two mechanics, whose job was to control the water supply, but in our instance, due to our anxiety to save weight, it was automatically carried out and therefore added a further responsibility to the pilot.

My staff had worked all that night, and on the following day, September 1st, I took the boat out again, but on this occasion Dame Fortune smiled on our efforts. We covered the mile in one direction at a speed of 125 m.p.h., and in the reverse at 127.65 m.p.h., the average being 126.32 m.p.h., thus beating the American, Gar Wood's record of 124.8 m.p.h., by nearly 2 m.p.h. We decided to carry out some further modifications, and early the next morning we went out again, the speed this time being 130.43 m.p.h. and 128.57 m.p.h., bringing the average up to 129.5 m.p.h.

I would have liked to have carried out some further tests, but was finally persuaded by my staff to leave well alone. I can only say that we have picked up a tremendous amount of valuable information and data, and have learnt a great deal. I am convinced that with some further modifications a speed of 140 m.p.h., and even more is possible with our present boat, and I am sure that the record could eventually be raised to 150m.p.h. with a single-engine boat of slightly different design.

When it is realised that the American boat, which has held the record for so long, used four engines, having a total output of 7,600 h.p., it is a great triumph for British design, construction and workmanship that a single-engined craft could have put up this performance.

I would like to pay an everlasting tribute to my mechanics, who worked so loyally and so efficiently, as our success was due in no small measure to their fine efforts. The Blue Bird was constructed by Saunders Roe of Cowes, and was beautifully built, and it was designed by Mr. Fred Cooper of Southampton.

In conclusion, I would like to add that high speed on the water has a charm which is entirely different to anything else I have ever tried, although I must admit that it feels far more dangerous than driving a car at 300 m.p.h.



THE 'PLANES LINING UP FOR THE START OF THE KING'S CUP RACE AT HATFIELD

THE KING'S CUP IN RETROSPECT

Lessons from a Fine Race

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

THIS year's King's Cup Race has now become a part of history and its results have been widely publicised; but it takes some little time to assimilate all the lessons that emerge from an event of this kind, and comment made when the actual excitement has barely subsided often proves of little value. This article, then, seeks to pick out the salient points now that the event can be seen in perspective.

The strongest impression left is, unfortunately, that a race which provided such a splendid finish and was in many ways the most successful for some years past should have been marred by the tragedy that overtook Wing-Commanders G. Hilton and P. C. Sherren. The loss of these two distinguished officers will be universally deplored. This accident, the first fatal one since 1928, and only the second in the whole series of King's Cup Races, seems to have been due to conditions not visualised by the organisers.

The regulations themselves had been widely criticised before the race, and when the weather turned out gusty and unsettled doubts were intensified. But, fortunately, these anxieties were not realised to the extent forecast. Of the twenty-seven competitors who took off on Friday, seventeen started in the final on the Saturday, and of these as many as thirteen finished. These figures are a tribute to both the reliability of the machines and engines and the skill of the pilots. The weather, as already noted, was far from ideal and the course traversed difficult country. Yet in spite of this fact, new records were established. The winner, Charles Gardner, who became the holder of the cup for the second year in succession, averaged 233.7 m.p.h. for the final, while the highest speed attained was put up by Captain Percival with 238.7 m.p.h.

A special word of praise is due to Brigadier-General A. C. Lewin, who held on to his handicap allowance until almost the very end, when he was overtaken by Gardner. He is an amateur pilot in the true sense, and his entry was a highly sporting one.

One of the criticisms made strongly against the conditions was that the eliminating contest on the Friday was again run without time allowance. It was contended that this robbed the race of much interest, since it imposed an almost insuperable handicap on those flying the slower machines, and thus unduly favoured the pilots who were in a position to fly special high-speed machines. To some extent this criticism is justified, and in view of the excellence of the handicapping on the second day—all the more remarkable in that it was made before the start of the first day's racing—there would seem to be little objection to flying the whole of the race under time allowance, so as to give all a perfectly



THE FRUITS OF VICTORY

Mr. Charles Gardner receiving the trophy from Lord Swinton after winning the race at an average speed of 233.7 m.p.h.

even chance. The handicapping was, indeed, one of the triumphs of the race. The second man home was only 2min. 27sec. behind the winner; third finisher crossed the line only 6.26sec. behind the second; and there was practically a dead-heat between third and fourth. Only 20min. separated the first and last machines in their arrival times.

Thus it will be seen that the finish was certainly one of the closest—if not actually the closest—ever seen in a King's Cup Race, and it is, then, all the more to be regretted that the weather was unkind enough to induce people to keep away from Hatfield. Nevertheless, the wide publicity given to the exciting finish must have done much to re-arouse public interest in air-racing; and if that be so, next year's event should see the much-to-be-desired re-establishment of the King's Cup Race as a truly popular sporting event.

Judging the event entirely on results, therefore, the organisers deserve congratulation; but in saying that it is not implied that the many criticisms put forward regarding the selection of course have been proved unfounded. They have not. The route selected involved over-water crossings and flying in mountainous country; and if the weather had been really bad the tale of the race might have been very different. For while modern aircraft, competently flown, are capable of overcoming most weather difficulties in inhospitable regions, it must be remembered that air-racing necessarily involves hazard. Pilots fly at maximum speed and take direct courses, where the tourist or air liner would make a detour. It should not be impossible to arrange a round-Britain race that would avoid the more doubtful districts included in this year's course.

These problems, however, are mainly technical and concern pilots and organisers. What the man in the street wants to know is whether air racing can give the same interest and excitement as other forms of sport, such as motor racing; and in that respect this year's race has shown a marked advance.

So far as the technical side is concerned, it may be said that this year it has been demonstrated that, when an entry consists of machines of known performance, handicapping can be successful and provide the close finish good sport demands; that modern aeroplanes of practically standard design are capable of sustained high speeds over country of widely varying nature and in far from favourable weather; and that reliability under gruelling racing conditions is high. The general impression left is that air racing has received a considerable stimulus from this event, and that the key to future success and public interest has been found.



By courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railways

"ONE HAS ONLY TO LOOK AT, SAY, A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MONTREUX, TAKEN FROM THE MOUNTAINS, TO REALISE WHY BYRON FOUND THE PLACE 'UNFORGETTABLE'"

"UNFORGETTABLE" MONTREUX

The Most Attractive Place on the Shores of Lake Geneva

By RONALD LESLIE-MELVILLE

Of all the places on the shores of Lake Geneva, Montreux is surely the most attractive. Geneva is too cosmopolitan to be really interesting, though one can amuse oneself well there; Lausanne is charming, but does not offer much in the way of excursions; Evian is pleasant enough, but it faces north; and the smaller places, though picturesque, are too small for the tastes of most people. Montreux, because of its beautiful situation at the foot of the mountains at the eastern end of the lake, is undoubtedly the place with the most advantages.

Byron (and the Englishman who visits Montreux will soon be reminded that the poet visited these parts in 1816) found the place "unforgettable," and, indeed, it is very lovely. True, he had with him "une jolie Anglaise dont nous n'avons conservé que le pimpant prenom 'Bella,'" as a Swiss writer has put it, but even if he had every reason to look at life through rose-coloured spectacles one need not be surprised at his enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which even led him to praise the water of Montreux as the "healthiest and clearest in the world." One may ask what Byron knew about water as a drink, but perhaps we should let that pass.

It was while he was at Montreux (or Clarens, which adjoins it) that he wrote *The Prisoner of Chillon*. Incidentally, one is inclined to forget that French Switzerland, like France itself, has its chateau country, though Chillon is world-famous and has been praised by Byron, Victor Hugo and a host of minor poets and writers.

The chateau is about three miles east of Montreux, almost in the centre of the bay forming the eastern end of the lake. Built upon a rock rising sheer out of the water, it commands the defile through which runs the road to Italy, and was, therefore, of great strategic importance in the old days. Originally the rock was a Roman look-out post; then, in the ninth century, a tower was built on it, in which Wala, Charlemagne's cousin, was imprisoned in 820. The present chateau dates from the thirteenth century, when it first passed into the hands of the Dukes of Savoy, who as the years passed added to it and made its interior more beautiful.

The story of Bonivard, "the prisoner of Chillon," is too well known to need retelling in detail. Briefly, in 1530, Francois de Bonivard, Prior of St. Victor at Geneva, and one of the leaders of the agitation against the rule of the House of Savoy, was accused of treason by the reigning Duke and imprisoned in a dungeon in the chateau. There he lay, chained head and foot and barely able to move, until 1536, the year of the Reformation, when the people of Berne ousted the Duke of Savoy, took possession of Chillon, and freed Bonivard.

All the world loves a champion of liberty, but it is the manner of Bonivard's imprisonment rather than the mere fact of his being imprisoned that has gained him immortality. Victor Hugo described the dungeon, which may still be seen, in these words: "There remains only the pillar to which he was chained by his feet and neck, and a hole in the stone. I stayed there a long time as if I myself was chained to the pillar round which the free-thinker turned for six years like a wild beast. He could only lie down—on the rock—with great difficulty and without being able to stretch his limbs. He had, in fact, no other distractions but those of caged animals. He wore away the base of the pillar with his heel; I put my hand in the hole which he thus made. And he marked, in wearing it away with his foot, the granite ledge which his chain allowed him to reach. His only outlook was to the stark wall of rock opposite the wall which descends into the lake."

So much for Chillon, which is open to visitors every day. Montreux itself is not unlike Monte Carlo, inasmuch as it rises from the shores of the lake (which is as blue as the Mediterranean) and nestles snugly against the mountains which tower behind it. Its climate may not be as mild as that of the Riviera, but it is certainly very pleasant, for the town is protected from north and east winds by the mountains, and the average temperature is as high as 54 degrees. In fact, I have been told by disinterested and experienced people that on this score there is nowhere in Switzerland to compare with it.

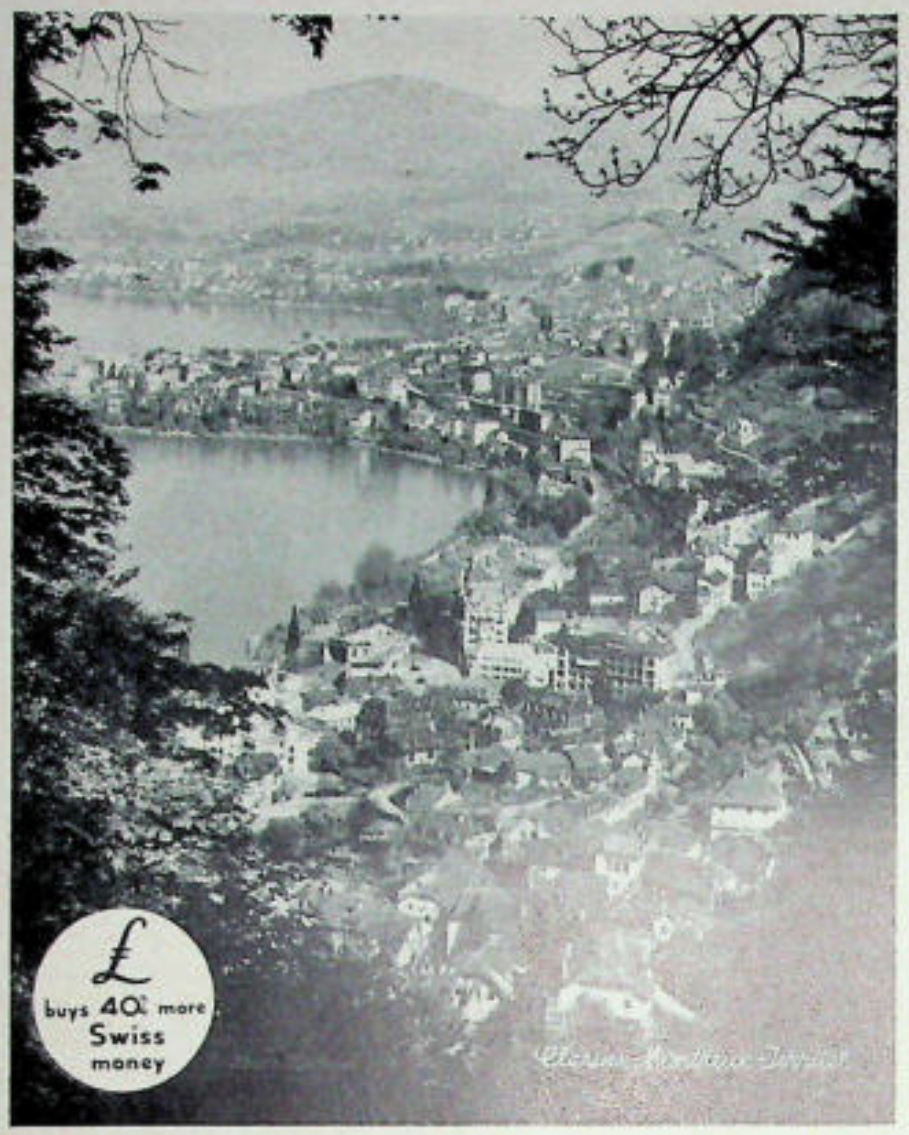
Undoubtedly the most attractive feature of the place is that one can choose the height at which one lives. The town itself is 1,230ft. above sea-level. A short climb by rail from Clarens, which Byron praises in *Childe Harold*, takes one 180ft. higher to Baugy, on the site of a Roman town. Close by are the woods which Rousseau made the subject of his *Bosquets de Julie*. A little higher is Chailly (1,510ft.), where the chestnut trees are a wonderful sight. One is, too, all the time among the vineyards, which cease at Chernex (2,200ft.).

Starting from Territet, the eastern suburb of Montreux, one can take either the road or the funicular to a really delightful spot, Glion (2,100ft.). One can reach it, too, by rail from Montreux itself. The trip by the funicular is worth making, because only the one up Vesuvius has a steeper gradient, and one seems to be travelling almost perpendicularly. "What happens if the cable breaks?" is the question which everyone has asked ever since the line was opened in 1883, the answer being that it is quite possible to let the car descend without the cable as the brakes alone will hold it.

Above Glion is Caux (3,700ft.), where the views of Montreux, Chillon and the French Alps across the lake, or, in other directions, the wide panorama stretching from the Rhone Valley, to the Jura Mountains, are superb. If one wants an even finer view one can climb, on foot or by rail or road, to Rochiers de Naye (6,710ft.). All three places are easily accessible and have hotels, and should certainly be visited if one likes a quiet, healthy life in lovely surroundings, with views which are unquestionably among the finest in Europe. In the summer one can walk or climb; in the winter the ski-ing is good; and in the spring the fields are carpeted with narcissi, which make a truly glorious sight.

The great thing about Glion and Caux is that if one tires of the simple life, and wants to "faire la bombe," as they say in France, one can so easily go down to Montreux, where there are "dansings" which stay open to all hours. "Après la bombe," one can, if necessary, start the "grape-cure," which is said to be very good for one's inside. The first day one eats one grape, and the next a few more, until one gets up to 3lb. One can, of course, eat ordinary food as well, but grapes are more filling than one thinks. One could do the cure in England, but the great advantage of doing it in a place like Montreux is that one can choose one's own grapes in the vineyards, which is interesting as well as being better for one's health.

Words are poor things with which to depict a place, and one photograph can say more than a book. One has only to look at, say, a bird's-eye view of Montreux taken from the mountains to realise why Byron found the place "unforgettable."



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE OLD COURTYARD OF THE WHITE LION AT EYE

WHILE the face of England changes in many places, the ancient borough town of Eye in North Suffolk remains much as it was when coaches were the gondolas of the roads. Eye, after all, means "an island," and living up to such a name the town has always been sufficiently "off the map" to resist too much modernisation. That is one of the reasons why the White Lion Hotel has changed so little in appearance during successive centuries. Inside, of course, the owners have seen to it that the inn has kept abreast of the modern demand for comfort.

Old newspapers and old records of this part of the county constantly refer to entertainments at the inn. Just on a century ago, the *Suffolk Chronicle*, reporting a review of the County Yeomanry, adds: "After the inspection, which proved a fine treat to all admirers of the art of warfare and agriculture united in the same individuals, a retreat was made to the 'White Lion,' where dinner was provided at 2/6 a head, including as much wine and punch as each man could swallow." While you can still get a good meal at the inn to-day for 2/6, modern costs do not allow such generous allowance of wine and punch!

Twenty years later a Suffolk paper recorded that "one of the chief social functions of the neighbourhood was the Annual Ball at the 'White Lion' . . . with occasionally some such function as a 'Pancake Tossing Competition' to add zest to the social gathering."

Indeed, this Ball Room has always been an attractive feature of the hotel. It is a spacious chamber of the Adam period, and occupies practically the whole of one wing of the inn. Decorated in white and gold, there is at one end a queer little Musicians' Gallery, approached by a ladder, while at the other there is a fine Georgian window. In the middle of the left wall is a mantelpiece typical of the Adam period, and it is strange, realising the age of the room, to think how many generations of Eye folk must have laughed and danced and flirted in this room. Wonderful tales this Assembly Room—for such it once was—could tell of changing fashions, of powdered wig and wide hooped skirts, of minuet, gavotte and polka, and of fox-trot and tango and rumba.

Yet the Ball Room is perhaps the most modern part of the hotel, for everywhere else are signs of much earlier construction. Odd bulges in the walls masked by wallpaper or ceiling tell of Tudor oak beams, while in some of the bedrooms these beams are exposed. In other rooms nineteenth century fireplaces have obviously been set in much earlier hearths. Outside there is a fascinating old courtyard from which you can get a good conception of the White Lion, with its roof of differing levels, windows in queer places, and all the patchwork so typical of an ancient inn which has just grown up with the ages.

Much of the old stabling still surrounds this attractive courtyard and reminds the visitor of the posting trade which was once the mainstay of the hostel. Although the White Lion was never a really great coaching inn, the country stages were wont to rumble into its yard from the neighbouring towns. Here, indeed, it is possible to visualise the ghosts of the past, for the old inn, like the town itself, has taken the passing of the years very serenely, and in its quiet old fashioned rooms it is the sound of the coach horn that one expects to fall naturally on the ear.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

Petering Against No Trumps

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

LAST week I dealt with the high-low signal or "Echo" showing two cards only of a suit or a desire that partner should proceed with the suit, demonstrating how it should be used in defence.

This week I am dealing with the same signal against a No Trump declaration and raising a point which may be new to some players. As a rule against a No Trumper the play of a high and then a low card shows a holding of four or more of a suit, and this is generally accepted.

This is quite right applied to discards. When you cannot follow suit you play high low to show to your partner that you want that suit led if he gets in. But now I suggest that frequently it is profitable to echo when having two only of the suit Declarer is seeking to establish. Your conduct on these occasions may be a valuable guide to your partner and if you adopt the high-low signal you may save a game contract.

The particular case to which I refer is when Declarer is trying to establish a long suit in Dummy. Your partner has the Ace, which he is prepared to hold up. But he does not know exactly how long he should hold it up because he does not know whether Declarer has two or three of the suit. If he holds the Ace up twice he may be enabling Declarer to snatch the one extra trick which gives him the contract. By your play of high low he is in a position to count the cards and to know, not guess, exactly how long he should keep his control.

Take a simple case:

	♠ K, Q, 10, 6, 4	
♠ 8, 3	Y / A B / Z	♠ A, 5, 2
	♠ J, 9, 7	

Z leads the Knave of Clubs. If A plays the 8 on the first trick and the 3 on the second round, B knows that A has two only and must hold up the Ace until the third round. Now consider the reverse:

	♠ K, Q, 10, 6, 4	
♠ 8, 7, 3	Y / A B / Z	♠ A, 5, 2
	♠ J, 9	

Z leads the Knave of Clubs. A plays the 3, Z continues with the 9 of Clubs and A plays the 7. Now B knows that he can safely win with his Ace on the second round as Z has not a third Club. This saves a trick as B is left in no doubt as to when to play his Ace. It means that Z will make only one trick in Clubs instead of two, which he will do if B holds off the second round.

The play of high low in this position cannot fail to be advantageous in defence.

To emphasise the importance of showing how many of a suit you hold, here is an example from play:

	♠ 9, 6 ♡ 8, 5, 3 ◇ 7, 4, 2 ♣ K, Q, 10, 5, 3	
♠ Q, J, 10, 8, 4 ♡ 7 ◇ J, 10, 9, 8 ♣ 8, 4, 2	Y / A B / Z	♠ 7, 3 ♡ Q, J, 10, 9, 4, 2 ◇ 6, 5 ♣ A, 9, 6
	♠ A, K, 5, 2 ♡ A, K, 6 ◇ A, K, Q, 3 ♣ J, 7	

Score game all, love all. Z is playing a contract of Three No Trumps. A leads the Queen of Spades.

When Y's hand is exposed on the table Z can see seven ready-made tricks. If the Diamonds break evenly he can see an eighth and at least one in Clubs. But as you observe, Z cannot make four tricks in Diamonds and so must fall back on trying to make two tricks in Clubs to give him game and rubber.

Now this is where the importance of defensive play comes in. Z after winning the first trick with the King of Spades led the Knave of Clubs. A played the 2 and B held off. Z continued with the 7 of Clubs and B won the trick because he knew, not guessed, that A had a third Club and Z no more. By this play and by this play alone the game was saved, as Z had in addition to the Club to lose two tricks in Spades, a Heart and a Diamond.

In fact, the saving of the game depends absolutely upon the timing of the play of the Ace of Clubs. If B had allowed Z to win a second trick in the suit, Z would then have abandoned it and made his nine tricks. Therefore I would suggest that in these situations against a No Trump declaration, the high-low signal should be used to show two.

It will not always help. But there are many occasions when it will. In this particular case from the fact that A played the 2 and then the 4, B knew for a certainty that A had a third Club as otherwise he would have played first the 4 and then the 2.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT AT KEMERI

A finely played game by Petrow.

(*Queen's Pawn Game.*)

WHITE. Reflabh	BLACK. Petrow.	WHITE. Reflabh	BLACK. Petrow.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15. Q to K 3 (*c*)	Q to Q 5
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 4	16. P to Q B 3 (*d*)	K R to K sq
3. P to K 3 (*a*)	Kt to K B 3	17. P to K B 4 (*e*)	P to K Kt 4 (*f*)
4. B to Q 3	P to K Kt 3	18. Castles	P takes P (*g*)
5. Q Kt to Q 2	Q Kt to Q 2	19. Kt takes P (*g*)	B to R 3
6. P to Q Kt 3 (*b*)	B to Kt 2	20. Q to B 3	Kt takes Kt
7. B to Kt 2	Castles	21. P takes Kt	K to R sq
8. P to K R 3 (*c*)	P takes P	22. R to K B 2	R to Kt sq, ch
9. P takes P	Kt to R 4 (*d*)	23. K to R 2 (*e*)	R to Kt 3
10. P to Kt 5 (*e*)	Q to B 2	24. P to B 4 (*g*)	Q R to K Kt sq
11. Q to K 2 (*f*)	Kt to B 4 (*g*)	25. P takes P (*g*)	B takes P, ch (*h*)
12. Kt to K 5	Kt takes B	26. Q takes B	R to Kt 6 (*i*)
13. Kt takes Kt	R to B 1 (*h*)	Resigns (*j*)	
14. R to Q B sq	Q R to B sq		

(*a*) P to B 4 is stronger.

(*b*) Not good. After Black has played Castles (K R) his guarded Bishop at K Kt 2 will be better than White's unguarded one on the same diagonal. White should, instead, play P to B 3, to be followed by Castles and P to K 4.

(*c*) The idea underlying this move is to prevent Black from playing P to K 4 and then (after P takes K P; Kt to Kt 5, regaining the pawn. The move, however, weakens White's position. He should, instead, play 8. Castles.

(*d*) Black already has the better position.

(*e*) Played to prevent Kt to B 5, but it increases the weakness of his King's side. He has nothing better than 10. Castles.

(*f*) If, instead, 11. Castles, then Black can play 11. . . . Kt takes P, *e.g.*, 12. P takes Kt, Q takes P, ch; 13. K to R sq, Q takes P, ch.

(*g*) Taking advantage of the fact that White's Queen's Bishop is unguarded. Black now threatens 12. . . . Kt takes B, ch; 13. P takes Kt (if Q takes Kt, then B to B 4), Q to B 7; 14. B to R 3, B to B 4.

(*h*) Threatening Q takes B P which, if played at once, would result in the loss of the Queen after White's R to Q B sq.

(*i*) Threatening 16. P to K Kt 4, *e.g.*, 16. . . . B takes Kt; 17. P takes B, Q takes R, ch; 18. B takes Q, R takes B, ch; 19. K to K 2, R takes R; 20. P takes Kt with a playable game.

(*j*) If 16. P to K Kt 4, then 16. . . . B takes Kt; 17. P takes B, R takes B, ch; 18. B takes R, Kt to B 5 with much the better game for Black.

(*k*) Played to prevent P to K 4.

(*l*) A very good move, threatening either (1) B takes Kt followed by P takes P or (2) P takes P followed, after Kt takes P, by P to K 4.

(*m*) Much stronger than B takes R P.

(*n*) Not P takes P because then Q to Kt 3, ch wins a piece.

(*o*) K to R sq is slightly better for then Black would not be able to capture the King's Bishop's pawn with check later on.

(*p*) He has no good move. If 24. R to K Kt sq, then 24. . . . Q R to K Kt sq followed, if 25. R (B 2) to B sq, by 25. . . . R takes R; 26. R takes R, Q takes P, ch or, if 25. R takes R, by 25. . . . Q takes R; 26. R to Kt 2, B takes P, ch. In either case Black wins a piece.

(*q*) P to B 5 is slightly better.

(*r*) Black now finishes the game in fine style.

(*s*) A very fine move, threatening R takes P, mate.

(*t*) He is helpless. If 27. R to Q B 3, then 27. . . . Q takes Q; 28. R takes Q, R to Kt 7, ch; 29. K to R sq, R to Kt 8, ch; 30. K to R 2, R (Kt sq) to Kt 7, mate.

A very good game by Keres.

(*Queen's Gambit Declined.*)

WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Böök.	WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Böök.
1. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4	15. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4 (*f*)
2. P to B 4	P to K 3	16. P to B 5 (*g*)	P to B 3 (*h*)
3. Kt to B 3	Kt to K B 3	17. P takes P	B takes K B P
4. P to Q 4	B to K 2	18. Kt to K 4 (*i*)	P to Kt 5
5. P to K Kt 3 (*a*)	Castles	19. B to Kt 2	P to K 4 (*j*)
6. B to Kt 2	P to B 3 (*b*)	20. Kt to Q 6	P takes P (*k*)
7. Castles	Q Kt to Q 2	21. Kt takes R	Kt takes P (*l*)
8. P to Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3	22. Q to R 5	Kt to R 5
9. B to Kt 2	P to Q R 4 (*c*)	23. B to K 4 (*m*)	P to Kt 3 (*n*)
10. Kt to Q 2	B to R 3	24. B takes Kt P	P takes B
11. P to K 4	P takes B P	25. Q takes P, ch	K to R sq
12. P to K 5 (*d*)	Kt to Q 4	26. Kt to K 7	B takes Kt
13. P takes P	Kt takes Kt	27. R takes B	Resigns (*o*)
14. B takes Kt (*e*)	R to B sq		

(*a*) The usual move is B to Kt 5.

(*b*) Too slow. He should, instead, play against White's centre by P takes P followed by P to B 4.

(*c*) B to B 2 at once seems better.

(*d*) A good move.

(*e*) White's strong centre gives him the better game.

(*f*) This attempt to weaken White's centre turns out badly.

(*g*) White now threatens Kt to K 4 followed by Kt to Q 6.

(*h*) Carrying on with his plan of attacking White's centre. The text-move, however, weakens his King's position.

(*i*) Much better than R takes P, in reply to which Black would play Kt takes P.

(*j*) This results in the loss of the exchange but Black has no really satisfactory move.

(*k*) The exchange cannot be saved. If 20. . . . R to Q B 2, then 21. Q to Kt 3, ch, K to R sq; 22. Kt to B 7, ch, in reply to which Black is forced to play 22. . . . R takes Kt for, if, instead, 22. . . . K to Kt sq, then 23. Kt to R 6, ch, K to R sq; 24. Q to Kt 8, ch, R takes Q; 25. Kt to B 7, mate.

(*l*) White's Knight cannot escape and Black hopes to capture it later.

(*m*) Threatening Q takes P, ch and mate next move.

(*n*) If P to R 3, then Q to Kt 6, again threatening mate in two moves.

(*o*) If Q takes R, then B takes P, ch and wins.

CHECKMATES

WE have received for review a little booklet containing 50 positions from actual play in which one of the players has a forced mate in a few moves—in no case more than six. Solving these problems, particularly if done from the diagrams, will undoubtedly help to increase combinative ability. The first move of each solution is given in the middle of the book, and, in case this is not sufficient, the first two moves of the main lines of play are given at the end.

The compiler, who originally undertook the work to benefit the funds of his chess club, unfortunately died before the publication of the book. The profits will be given to his dependants.

Fifty Forced Mates. By E. Ravenscroft. (Published by L. T. Central Buses, S.A., Chess Section. Sole Agent: Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Price 7d. post free.)

PROBLEM No. 3928

By DR. G. DOBBS.*

WHITE (7 pieces): King at Q Kt 6, Queen at Q Kt 3, Rook at Q B sq, Bishops at Q R 4 and Q B 7, Knight at K 8, Pawn at Q 6.

BLACK (12 pieces): King at Q R sq, Queen at K Kt 8, Rook at K B 6, Bishop at K R 8, Knights at K B 7 and K R 7, Pawns at Q 2, Q B 3, Q Kt 4, K 5, Q 5 and K R 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *Chess Review*, 1933.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3927

1. B to B 8, Any move; 2. R, B or Kt mates.

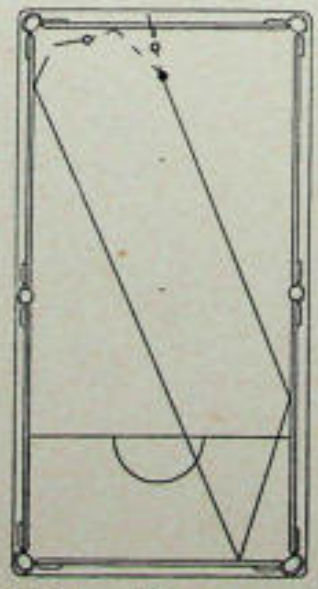
SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. P to B 4, ch, K takes P (if K to R 5, then B to R 6 followed by B to Kt 5, mate); 2. B to R 6, ch, P to Kt 4; 3. K to B 2 (threatening B to Kt 7 followed by B to K 5, mate. In reply to B to Kt 7 Black cannot play P to Kt 5 because of B to R 6, mate), P to K 4 (better than P to K 3—see his fifth move); 4. B to B 8 (threatening B to R 3 followed by B to B sq, mate. In reply to B to R 3 Black cannot play P takes P because of B to Q 6, mate), R to Q 2; 5. B to R 3, P takes P (if P to K 5, then B to R sq, ch followed by B takes P, mate); 6. P to Kt 7, K to Q sq; 7. P to Kt 8—Q or B, ch, R takes Q or B; 8. B to Q 6, mate.

TOURNAMENT IN AUSTRIA.—An important double-round international tournament is in progress in Austria. The programme is for four rounds to be played at Semmering, five at Baden (near Vienna) and five at Vienna. There are eight competitors, viz. Capablanca (Cuba), Flohr (Czechoslovakia), Reshewsky (U.S.A.), Fine (U.S.A.), Keres (Estonia), Eliskases (Austria), Ragosin (Russia) and Petrow (Latvia). After the eighth round Keres was leading with a score of 6 points, Capablanca being next with 4½. There were several adjourned games.

INTERNATIONAL SNOOKER

The Difference in Tables



I LEARN that the French were very keen on the international conference on billiards and kindred games. The German delegates were also interested, as were those from other nations, while leading British amateurs gave a display. Nothing could be better so far as these things take us. But when we come to serious playing considerations, we are again faced by the fundamental difference between English billiards and the game as played in other countries. Like the Americans, Continental cuemen play the cannon game on pocketless tables.

Both in America and on the Continent there is a feeling that it ought to be possible to stage matches at the 22-ball game between our players and those representing other nations. I cannot say whether the point has been explored, but it seems to me that the shape and size of our standard pockets would be the main point of difference. Pool games abroad, from which snooker matches might develop, are played on tables with pockets by no means identical with our standard type. This difference need not prove a deterrent if the desire for one game of snooker the world over is actually in being. Evidence to date has its encouraging aspects, but it is useless to ignore the very considerable obstacles ahead.

My own opinion is that, given a satisfactory guarantee, American pool cracks would soon be packing their cue cases and crossing the Atlantic in quest of our Professional Snooker Championship. Joe Davis would doubtless welcome them with open arms. He would also see to it that they would have to play worthy snooker to win his title from him, but where are the guarantees coming from? The only figures I have heard mentioned border on the fantastic as our gates go, nothing approaching them is obtainable from any source whatever in this country. There, all the while money talks, I suppose the problem will stick so far as the Americans are concerned, and international snooker seems rather flat without them.

My diagram shows a capital "gathering cannon" played with screw and reverse side. Well handled, it brings the balls together perfectly as indicated by continuous lines, leaving ideal position for spot-end play.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Kennel

Nervous Cairn.—It would be best not to humour him, but to take him about as usual, and let him get used to the things he is frightened of, but, of course, to reassure him in every possible way by hand and mouth.—*J. C., Perranporth.*

Diseases of Dogs.—*The Dog's Medical Dictionary*, by Sewell and Cousins (Routledge) is exactly what you want. It is practical and comprehensive, and the authors were two veterinary surgeons of eminence in dealing with canine ailments.—*J. M. C., Dorchester.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Fractured Pelvis of a Rabbit.—The wild rabbit, which had been picked up, died of fractures to the pelvis and spine, caused probably by a dog, since deep teeth marks were found in the flank and loins.—*J. W. C., Inverness.*

Congenital Abnormality of a Pheasant Chick.—A ten-day old pheasant chick died on the rearing field from starvation due to compression of the gullet and crop by a lump in its neck. On examination this lump proved to be an almost completely formed hind leg folded up and enclosed within a thin capsule of tissue. This third leg was united to the lower end of the chick's neck bones, and it represented the remains of a twin pheasant chick, the development of which had been arrested during the early stages of incubation. The technical name for this abnormal twin-birth is Polymelus.—*W. A. G., Northants.*

THE "TINY TIM" GENERATING SET

We much regret that in our issue of August 28th, in which the "Tiny Tim" Generating Set was described, we stated that the makers were Bradley's Engineering Works.

We now learn that this statement was based on information which was incorrect, for, in fact, the sole concessionnaires in the United Kingdom and the I.F.S. are Up-to-Date Appliances, Ltd., 93, Great Portland Street, W. 1.

We are very glad to take the earliest opportunity of stating the correct facts, and that no other firm has the right in any way to associate themselves with the concession or manufacture of the "Tiny Tim" Light and Power Plant.

Game Market Prices

English rabbits (trapped), 8d. to 1/2. English rabbits (shot), 6d. to 11d. Hares, 1/6 to 3/6. Partridges (young), 2/- to 3/9. Partridges (old), 10d to 1/1. Grouse (young), 3/6 to 5/6. Grouse (old), 1/2 to 1/9.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 2nd

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

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Winsford Hill; Tu., Hawkcombe Head; Th., Mullard Moor Gate; S., Shallowford—11.

NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Monday (Sept. 27th), Longcross Pond; F., Burley West Lodge—12.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 27th), Triscombe Stone; Th., Dunster (by invitation)—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Coton Drive; W., St. Kenelm's; S., Claddesley Corbett—8.

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Bentley Common—7.

ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Clodesley Bush—7.30.

BICESTER.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Edgcote Park—7; M., Pebbington Wood; Tu., Red Hill Wood; Th., Possle Gorse; S., Bourton Brake—8.

CARRIGDRUSHEEN.—Monday (Sept. 27th), Bailey Wood; W., Brampton Wood; F., Childerly Hall—8.

CATTISTOCK.—Monday (Sept. 27th), Barrowhands; Tu., Godmanston; W., Loders; Th., Hillfield; F., Upwey; S., South Perrott—9.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Pan Hill; M., Cheburg Park; Tu., Bullbrook Farm; Th., Wire Power; S., Warnhamhurst Gorse—8.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Ivybridge—8; Tu., Fardle Bridge; W., Kitley Eastern Lodge; F., Dean—10; S., Prince Hall Bridge—10.30.

DULVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Red Deer, Oakford; Monday, Cockercham Gate; W., The Kennels (Court Hall) and Babel's Hill; F., Greystone Gate; S., Brushford—9.

EMBER.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Porrocks Gate; W., Rudgate Mill; S., Cowford Bridge—8.

EPPING.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Keysers—7.30.

HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Hadnall Common—7.

HEYTHROP.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Coggs Wood—7.

MENDIP.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Burst Wood; W., Lilwood; S., Priddy Hill—8.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), 8½ Lane Ends—7.30; M., Shirley Mill; Tu., Chartley Moss; Th., Bajess Thorns; S., Repton—8.

SOMERSET, WEST.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Williton—7.30; M., Lydeard St. Lawrence; Tu., Marsh Mills; W., Elworthy Cross; F., East Quantoxhead; S., Kingsbrompton—8.30.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Jevington; Tu., Bambara Ponds; Th., Three Oaks, Guestling; S., Arlington—7.

TEDWORTH.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Targett's Corner, Porlon—7.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Crowys Merchand Mill; M., Woodend, Hittisham; W., Spurway Mill; Th., Seven Crosses; S., Batworthy Knap—9.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Brick Kiln—8.45.

WEST STREET.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Goosestone—8.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Cook's Bridge, near Bonnett; M., Newbridge, Melfod (Withey); W., Bear Hotel, Newtown; S., Pool Quay Village (to finish the season)—10.30.

BUXTON AND CHAPEL.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Eccles Pike; S., Duke of York, Burbage—7.

HOLME VALLEY.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Kennels, Upperthong (J. Lancaster Hunt)—2; M., Coach and Horses, Bentley (opening meet)—10.30 and 2; S., Victoria Inn, Holmfirth—2.

NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Cadnam Bog—8.30; W., Longcross Pond (opening meet); S., Godshill—11.30.

R.A.—Monday (Sept. 27th), Sheeps Bridge; F., Alton Barn—7.

SENIOR OFFICERS' SCHOOL.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Lord Nelson, King's Ferry; Tu., Beefsteak Cottage, Ferry Road; Th., Cutmalls—2.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BUCKS.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Enderby Mill, near Nartsborough; Tu., Broughton Castle Bridge, near Banbury (cap for hunt servants)—10.30.

COURTEENAY TRACY.—Tuesday (Sept. 28th), Nunton Bridge, near Salisbury (for River Avon)—10.30; S., Wylye (River Wylye)—10.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Petworth Station; W., Iddid Mill—10.30.

CULMSTOCK.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Burton Bradstock; Tu., Fairmile (to finish the season)—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Purdis Heath Golf Club, near Ipswich; M., Lexden Springs, near Colchester—10.30.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Low Beatham; M., Calder Green; W., St. Michaels on Wyre; Th., where leave of W.; S., Dallan Tower (cap for Hunt Staff)—10.

FERNIE.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Keythorpe—7.30.

HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Sept. 25th), Hadnall Common—7.

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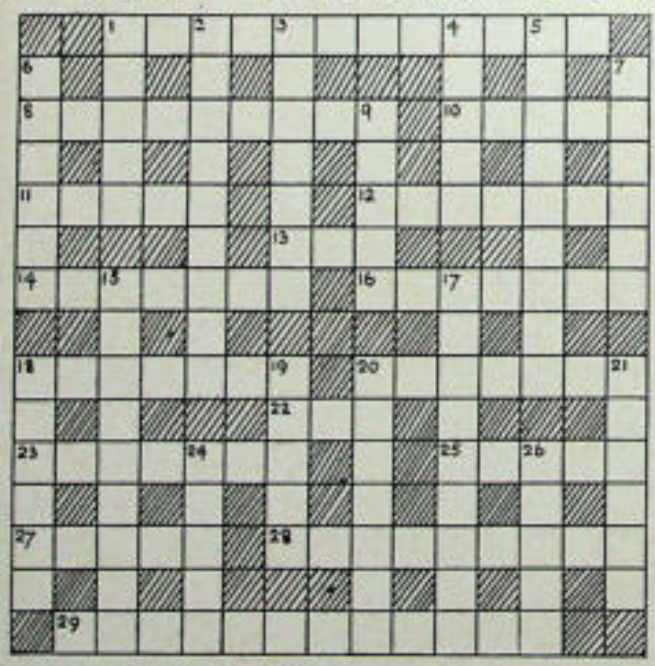
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THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 431

ACROSS.—1, "Witch the world with noble ——" (*King Henry IV., Pt. I*). 8, Not much more than a deer hunt when it did in the sky. 10, Mistake in the earth. 11, The drink you cried for, perhaps. 12, Certainly dry, and nearly all rough. 13, He flies to work. 14, Masters will get wet here. 16, Ball from the pitch. 18, Twirls on a rat's toe. 20, Slim character in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. 22, You may sometimes give a small bird in exchange for this Indian pony. 23, "There's a —— down the field where the year has shut her yield" (*Kipling*). 25, Footballers famous at Cambridge? 27, Book you might start in November. 28, A pig trader gets the bird. 29, Grapers surround the shop!

DOWN.—1, Dog or incite. 2, Does this hint breed east? 3, Or babes will provide these ornaments. 4, A dramatist seen in rents. 5, Two artists began it, then it flowed over in channels. 6, Will do for rides, farms, funds, necks or legs? 7, Sounds like a stopper for the horse. 9, Dandies of obviously worthless origin. 15, The dog that was ever a trier. 17, A bone for Rover? 18, Sport almost wholly in debt. 19, Leather parts one way. 21, It purrs over the last cup! 23, Reeds familiar on football fields. 24, These Europeans make themselves useful in vaulting. 26, Cryptic messages containing a song.

SOLUTION TO No. 430

Published September 18th

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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CHANCERY LANE

FLY RODS IN DISUSE

THERE must be quite an appreciable percentage of the population of these islands to whom September 30th means the end of the fishing season. Properly speaking it is, of course, the end of the trout season, except for a favoured few whose friends have included rainbows in their stock and are the happy possessors of "trout till Christmas;" though even for them fly will be scarce when autumn sunshine has been veiled in winter mist, and grayling, too, must be offered something more succulent than fur or feather.

Questions of winter fly, however, will not interest the majority of trout fishermen. They know well where flies go to in the winter time. They go into the tackle cupboard, where moth and rust doth corrupt, though thieves may look slightingly on gold ribbing or silver bodies. For flies, the tackle cupboard is the natural refuge, perhaps, but the trouble is that the rods follow suit; not necessarily into the cupboard itself, but on to a row of hooks on the picture rail, where they hang gathering cobwebs—since their owner insists on dusting them himself—until April sunshine causes a hurried and belated inspection for next season's use.

It is curious, this modern complex, which seems to accept a Lenten season of six long months as a necessary penance for the fisherman who wields a fly rod during the summer; curious, because it is this very rod—light, strong, supple—which has been the inspiration for a good half of the improvements that have been made in coarse fishermen's tackle.

It is scarcely 30 years since the breakaway began from the old cumbrous gear used by the winter fisherman for his then necessarily sedentary occupation of beguiling perch and roach and dace from the slower-flowing streams, whose true season begins where trout fishing ends, when October frosts spread the brown autumn tint over the weed beds which have choked the river for three months past. And it was the trout fly rod which caused that breakaway when a few *illuminati* started to use it for the capture of other freshwater fish and inspired makers to produce the lithe wand rods which have made coarse fishing the delicate art it is to-day.

The fly rod can still be so used, particularly the 10-footer, which increasingly of late seems to have gone into permanent retirement. It makes an admirable weapon for casting a light float. Ability to cast it from one of the narrow, large-diameter reels which spin with such magic ease in the hands of the expert is admittedly not learned in a day, but once the knack has been acquired the fascination of the game is not readily foregone.

To enjoy it to the full needs a still day such as autumn in a benevolent mood so often supplies; a day when the rushes rustle softly underfoot and the river shows patches of bright gravel deep-seated between its attenuated weed beds. The slender float of pith on its gossamer line swings out pendulum-wise, then rising, curves lightly through the air and drops 10yds., 15yds., or when propelled by an expert more, incredibly more, yards away. There it lies momentarily as if resting from its flight, then starts up suddenly like some small live creature alarmed; and reassured, moves off sedately down its swim, till its sudden disappearance galvanizes the angler into action—disastrous action usually to the novice. Is there anything in angling which approaches in excitement this waiting for the float to dip save the watching of a floating fly as it nears the point where that ring now spreading down-stream had its birth?

To most fishermen the fly in the ointment is the difficulty of the cast, but here modern ingenuity in the person of the late Holden Illingworth has lent its aid. The fixed-spool reel, though opinions differ widely on its value for spinning, will cast these floats with comparative ease, and moreover its weak points—its loose line and slipping clutch—are of small account with fish which bore deep and seldom adopt the shock tactics that cause distress to spinners for salmon and trout.

Does the maggot, with its simious attraction for the fish, offend? Surely, after all, it is own brother to a nymph.

ENDEAVOUR I's SAFE RETURN

FEW experienced yachtsmen can have entertained fears concerning Endeavour's ability to cross the Atlantic. The doubts which arose were as to how she had fared after her tow-line had parted company from Viva in the hurricane. In the experienced hands of Captain Heard and his crew Endeavour was as well fitted to make a transatlantic voyage as many a passage racer, and that no news of her was forthcoming when her course lay off the shipping routes was not surprising. Endeavour's voyage will doubtless have proved a test of nautical skill and her log should provide interesting reading. A factor which must have caused concern to relatives and friends of her captain and crew was the mysterious report and denial of her having been sighted. It is probably a unique occurrence for the Lutine bell to be sounded twice for the same vessel at Lloyd's.

AN ETON FIVES BOOM

Evidently Eton Fives is gaining in popularity; so much so during the last few years that the number of old boys' clubs has increased, and there is consequently a demand for courts.

Applications for the Eton Fives court at Queen's Club, where the Amateur Championship, the public schools handicaps and other competitions take place, have been overwhelming. The Eton Fives Association, therefore, suggested to Queen's Club that an old and disused court which they had should be rebuilt.

This has been done, and there are now two well-lighted covered in and up-to-date courts available to members and Eton Fives clubs affiliated to the Eton Fives Association. To inaugurate this new court a series of exhibition matches has been arranged to take place on Saturday afternoon at Queen's Club on October 9th between leading players and past amateur champions. It is hoped that as many as possible of those who are interested in the game of Eton Fives will be present.

NEWFOUNDLAND EXPLORERS

Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick's schoolboy explorers have returned from Newfoundland with their harvest of scientific data, bringing with them a detailed map of over 100 square miles of high ground which included several lakes and water courses. It is sad that the success of the expedition should have been marred by the death of one of the party through an accident. With such experienced leadership and so much care exercised to meet every possible emergency, one felt there must be a special reason forthcoming to account for the tragedy. Unfortunately two boys left camp without leave to go on a climbing expedition of their own, and one of them fell and was killed. It is difficult to see what precautions can be taken if rules are broken. The task of the search party was both gruesome and arduous.

A FULLY-EQUIPPED EXPEDITION

It is to be hoped that this, the first fatality which the Public Schools Exploring Society has suffered in its many expeditions, will not discourage parents from sending their boys on future adventures. It is not in the category of the Schauinsland disaster. And to show how efficient is the organisation it is only necessary to instance the immediate medical attention given to D. J. Ratzer, a Reptonian who was suddenly attacked by acute appendicitis. An operation for the removal of the appendix was performed by the hon. surgeons to the expedition in an improvised operating theatre under the trees at 9 p.m. the same day. The operation, done under spinal anaesthesia, was so successful that the patient was about in ten days. Throughout its journeys the expedition's doctors and surgeons rendered assistance to the impoverished inhabitants of the country, on one occasion setting a fractured thigh of a child of six.

SOMETHING IN A NAME

It is particularly irritating when a flower is invested with a couple of names, as, for example, when a rose appears as Madame Herriot or the *Daily Mail* rose when there is also a scented *Daily Mail*. One can sympathise with the Royal Horticultural Society and National Rose Society in their endeavours to prevent the rose Mrs. Verschuren being sometimes shown under the name R.M.S. Queen Mary. As they point out, this name is contrary to the accepted rules of horticultural nomenclature in two ways. It is too long, and is *not the original name*. The rose was sent out originally under the name of Mrs. Verschuren, and this is the name under which it will be recognised and should be shown.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Scottish daily paper: "Record catches of herring have been had in the Border Esk. Fishing in Mr. David Thomson's water Mr. Robert Brunskill had a basket of 40. This is a record individual catch for this season on the Esk."

Special Motor Show Number

Next week's issue will contain a review of the new cars at Earls Court on October 14th. Sir Malcolm Campbell contributes a special article contrasting the old cars of 1905 with to-day's products, while W. G. McMinnies reviews the progress of coachbuilding, gives details of the problems which have been surmounted, and deals with the smartest 1938 models. The various new sports cars are discussed by H. E. Symons, and a feature of the Show which will be covered is the variety of moderately priced family cars now on the market.

BRADMAN'S LATEST

Bradman has perpetrated the latest cricket joke. Talking of the future of Australian cricket, he is reported to have said that unless the authorities considered the future interests of the leading players there was a possibility of Australia lacking *amateurs* willing to give up so much time to cricket. The italics are ours and English cricketers will need no explanation of their significance. Australians may claim that there are no such things as professional cricketers in the Commonwealth yet; and the fact that when a touring side visits England the players make very much more money than any of our professionals does not for a moment prevent their regarding themselves as amateurs and being everywhere treated as amateurs. Bradman apparently thinks that, in addition to the emoluments they derive from playing, their future interests should be "carefully and thoughtfully" considered by the Australian administrators. Perhaps an "honorary pension" would meet the case. Better still would be a clean sweep of senseless camouflage and the adoption of honourable professionalism. This is a remark that could be applied with advantage to other games at home where professionalism is thinly veiled, but in cricket, where professional and amateur meet on the same ground, to attempt to split hairs seems futile.

MONEY IN RUGBY FOOTBALL

Record "gates" at sporting contests are now almost commonplace items of news and Rugby is sharing in the world-wide boom. Reports from New Zealand indicate that the recent tour in that Dominion of the South African Rugby team has attracted crowds far exceeding anything before experienced. Rugby in New Zealand is, of course, more intensely national than cricket in England, and the South African team has been strong enough to test the strength of New Zealand's resources to the full. Next summer England is due to send a team to South Africa and since England defeated the last New Zealand side to visit this country, there is little doubt that the South African public will be eager to welcome a properly representative team. In a purely amateur game like Rugby the dangers of the expansion of public interest and financial returns are obvious, but it cannot be denied that money does make the wheels of sport go round: the interchange of Empire visits would be impossible without it.

"PROTECTED KESTRELS"

It is surely a strange situation that statements as to the practice among gamekeepers of shooting owls, kestrels and other protected birds should continue to be published without any evidence that such illegal actions are ever met with retribution. Mr. Seton Gordon, in the *Times*, has added his testimony to that of others to the effect that gamekeepers whom he knows openly defy the law. Why should such a state of affairs be allowed? Kestrels, as every farmer knows, are most useful birds in destroying mice. Everywhere, by the law of the land, they are "protected." But only nominally; in actual fact they receive from the law no protection whatever. Any gamekeeper can shoot a kestrel without fear of incurring any penalty whatever. It is the same with merlins, which do no harm to grouse, and are legally "protected," but are shot just because they are "hawks." Is there no machinery by which the law can be put into operation? What is the sense, or use, of County Councils making out schedules of "protected" birds? if the county police do not enforce protection. Might not some Chief Constable, interested in bird life, give instructions for prosecution?

TO THE GRAYLING

Oh! slandered fish, hated by trouting knaves
  Who think to fill their creel in summer's heat,
Nor risk their rich-clad toes nor split cane staves
  When once the farmer's gathered in his wheat,
Hear from a humble angler, winter clad,
Who still believes that you are not all bad.

Peaked like the cutter's sail, a banner hue
  Spotted with crimson on a purple ground,
Your fin flies from a back of barrel blue
  Shaded to bronze, with belly white and round,
Your face is not your fortune, but the rest
Is, of a piscine sort, the very best.

When often you arise to miss my fly,
  A cocktail to my angling appetite,
Your failure leads me to another try,
  You're to my peregrine the faithful kite.
Let other men ignore with cowardly scorn
A princely, silver fish, to purple born.

A. H. V. L.



A free fight in progress at Madison Square Garden, New York

HOCKEY BATTLES ON THE ICE

Rough Play which Does Not Pay and is Not on the Increase

By B. M. PATTON

CONSIDERABLE prominence was given in the Press last season to rough play in ice hockey. Two facts probably accounted in a certain measure for this publicity. The game was even faster than in the previous season, with perhaps more frequent and harder contacts, and many more matches were played than during the 1935–36 winter.

Referees who have been consulted declare—and they should surely know—that no marked increase in rough play took place during the season. If it were possible to total up the cases of rough play that have occurred during the two seasons, and make comparisons, it is extremely doubtful if this last one would show to disadvantage in regard to the number of matches played.

There are some people who have gone as far as to say that not even in "pro." hockey in North America is there so much roughing as we see in fights over here between players. This can easily be refuted by those who know the game as played over there, and a striking example was shown in a series of pictures of a real "ice battle" across the "Herring Pond." In the pictures both teams were seen to be in full fight, and as the referees had failed to separate the original contestants they had lost control. To restore order the police had to be called in. One picture showed them just arriving on the ice to carry out what was perhaps a novel task. Our hockey may be rough at times, but we have never come anywhere near having such an affair as this.

Our method of play is slightly different from that in Canada, where roughness to a certain extent is tolerated. Body checking in the centre zone, which, of course, tends to increased roughness, is not permitted in our European rules.

The Wembley Lions, when they played in an international tournament in Toronto at the end of last April, found themselves up against this centre-zone body checking, which, in addition to slowing up the game, was found to be disconcerting and, because of the increased roughness, also more fatiguing than our game. The players affirmed that the game as played here is preferable and also that our refereeing is better. A well-known sports writer, who has seen ice hockey at Madison Square Garden, stated that the game as played in that arena, while being a little in advance of ours, was rougher and tougher.

Charges of rough play can by no means be restricted to ice hockey when Association and Rugby football can produce so many unfortunate incidents.

Refereeing is a very thankless task and if bad can easily lead to incidents and scenes such as occurred in an international match last February in London; but on that occasion it was not one of our referees who was offiending. Fortunately our public can be said to want clean hockey, which may be in slight contrast perhaps to North American taste, and our referees, who are strict and fair, are all out to give it to us. Referees are bound to make mistakes at times—they are not infallible—but they have to make quick decisions and stick by them even if afterwards they may consider that they have been wrong. It is failure in firmness that may lead to "incidents."

The game being so fast it is difficult to "spot" every offence. The very objectionable, dangerous and unsporting form of retaliation, butt-ending, cannot always be spotted, but when it is it should, like knee checking, which is equally dangerous, be very severely dealt with. Interference is a great source of annoyance and can easily lead to trouble, but over here, as in Canada, referees are doing their best to stop it. Managers have no use for players who frequent the penalty box; it does not pay. The strain on the fellow-members of an offender's side is very great, much more so of course than in Rugby or Association football, because there are so many more players or teams in those games.

Last season a certain player was penalised over 60 times which meant a loss of over two hours' play to his side, as some of his penalties were for more than the usual two minutes. He was an excellent player, too, but his frequent penalties may have cost his side several goals and possibly the loss of a higher place in the final league table. Penalties have been conspicuous by their numbers in some matches, and as many as 36 occurred in two matches in the first half of last season; but, on the other hand, to show that the game can be played in the spirit in which it should be, there were several matches—especially in the latter part of the season—where there were no penalties at all.

That there were a certain number of scenes and incidents during the past season is undeniable, but as the game is so fast, with bodily contact and hard falls frequent, tempers become unintentionally aroused at times. On the whole, however, there is very little wrong with the type of hockey as now played in this country.





HEADSAILS WHICH ARE DENIED TO THE SMALLER CLASSES

Ranger's double-clewed jib and huge quadrilateral jib of artificial silk. Under the new rules yachts of the five, six and eight metre classes: "No jib shall have a foot yard or more than one sheet, or other device, for extending it to other than a triangular shape"

LIMITING HEADSAILS OF SMALL YACHTS

The Effect of the New I.Y.R.U. Regulations

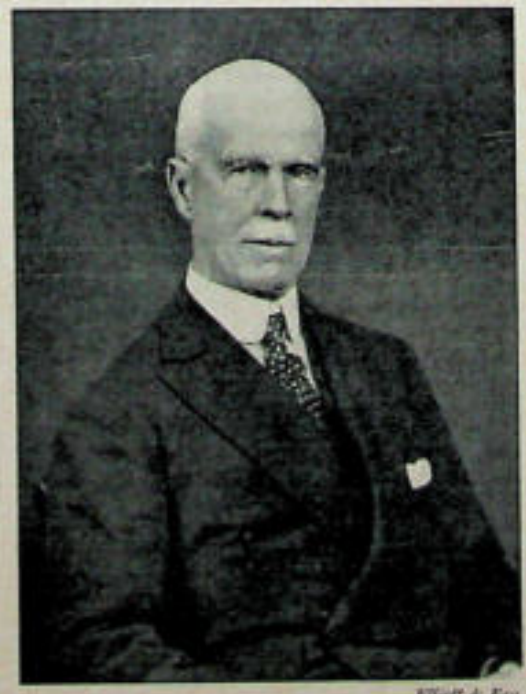
By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

IN its time no doubt the Hyde Park Hotel has been the scene of many an "occasion," and most certainly such a one as the recent three-day conference of the leaders of the yachting world must not be suffered to pass unnoticed. The International Yacht Racing Union, whose permanent committee and whose delegates provided the *dramatis personæ* for this "occasion," is an all-important organisation, inasmuch as it comprises the yachting rulers and the makers of the rules for Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Austria, Finland, France, Italy, Portugal, Switzerland and Greece. The sister union, a modest complication this, perhaps—the North American Yacht Racing Union—sent its delegates in the person of its President, Mr. Philip Roosevelt, supported by the eminent American designer, Mr. Clinton Crane.

The members of this conference, representing the several yachting nations contained most of the famous names in yacht racing. Great Britain was represented by Sir Ralph Gore and Captain Dixon. Norway's delegate was her Crown Prince, H.R.H. Prince Olaf, who at Torbay, it will be remembered, personally took the measure of our home six-metre men. For the rest of the delegates and members of the conference one cannot fail to be impressed with the glittering array of yacht designers and sailmakers—and all under the presidency of Sir William Burton, the president of our own Y.R.A.

Incidentally, one might perhaps mention that the relationship of the I.Y.R.U. to the Y.R.A. is such that the latter, as our own national authority, puts into effect for British yachting, with any essential national modification of rule, the edicts of the international conference.

Now this I.Y.R.U. came into force, I believe, somewhere about 1907 so that it has by now had some 30 years of achievement behind it by which its efforts can be judged and by which standard the achievements of this latest conference can be forecast. Its origins were due largely, if I remember rightly, to a "get together" impulse on the part of someone or other, a desire to standardise the rating rules of the several European yachting countries in order that international racing could be brought within the grounds of practical politics. Again, if I remember rightly, the first gathering of the yachting clans was marked by a complete lack of unanimity until the Danish delegate smoothed everything into a harmonious broth from which emerged the First International Rule.



Elliott & Fry

SIR WILLIAM BURTON

The President of the Yacht Racing Association, Chairman at the International Yacht Racing Union Conference

Here was the first achievement and, as far as it went, a very great one. There were flaws in this rule, flaws which permitted successive "Istrias" to out-Istria "Istria," but the onset of the War prevented serious harm materialising and, as far as British history is concerned, the next achievement comes along with the post-War conference of 1920. Here the rule was born which gave us the Twelves, the Eights, and the Sixes, the rule which more or less made Bermudian canvas inevitable, and which gave us our present hull development. Modifications there have been from time to time, of course, but this post-War rule, perhaps the greatest in yachting history, must be set up as a constructive achievement of the first magnitude.

The I.Y.R.U. has, therefore, set its own standard of forwarding the interests of yachting, and a high one it is, and with that in view we can look somewhat interestedly at the deliberations and debates of last week. To begin with this latest gathering, very wisely perhaps, took no count of racing craft of the largest size. As once before in its history, when the future of "big class" racing was in doubt, they left the subject alone and confined their discussions to the affairs of the Twelves and still smaller international classes.

The subjects of debate were indeed technical



MR. CHARLES NICHOLSON
Among the leading yacht architects of this country present at the International Conference

and varied. Switzerland, for instance, was perturbed about an Olympic Games ruling concerning amateur status, a little problem which was not without its difficulties. Then Germany suggested that the Olympic Monotypes which were used at her Olympic Games last year should be made into an International Class. Britain was in agreement with this, and so, presumably, the International Monotypes will be those to be used in future Olympic yachting.

Such little points as these were, however, but the spice of the conference. The real meal to be digested was one of headsail, and this, of course, is doubly interesting when one remembers the tremendous part played by headsails in the last two series of races for the America's Cup. During the past season headsails and the position of head-sheet leads in the classes under twelve metre rating have been regulated, but America, France, Bermuda and Norway all had some criticism to make of this. The American delegate wanted the present regulation of head-sheet lead positions done away with, and, at the same time, a parallel regulation for the position of a spinnaker sheet lead eliminated. The latter, of course, appears reasonable enough, for surely it should not matter where a spinnaker is sheeted so long as no boomkin is fitted for the purpose. Bermuda took up the line that the size of headsails would have to be delimited, on the score, among other things, of their present reaction upon a helmsman's visibility. Switzerland, on the other hand, wanted no restriction on foresails whatsoever.

These various points were duly put through the debate-machine and emerged ultimately as a new ruling which must to a great extent effect Genoa jibs as well as ordinary ones. The new ruling sets out that in yachts of five, six and eight metres the clew of the largest jib, when fully extended (head to wind), and when new, must not come further aft than a point half the rating abaft the foreside of the mast. This meets Bermuda's plaint. But the new ruling then goes on to say that in future no jib shall have a foot-yard or more than one sheet or other device for extending it to other than triangular shape.

Whatever else the conference may have achieved, this last ruling must at least attract to itself some goodly limelight. In just so many words the new double-clewed jib or quadrilateral jib is ruled right out of court for the Fives, the Sixes and the Eights, and this while the memory of Ranger's success is still all too green in British memory. Surely no one will doubt the advantage which, under proper conditions, yachts derive from setting double-clewed jibs: Ranger's winning time margins showed, also, what can be expected of the quadrilateral Genoa-type.

The four-cornered sail with its double sheets is the net result of years of research into headsail form—it is the logical development of many Currie theories, it is the outcome in many ways of Eiffel's experiments. Yet this new development must now go by the board, and in those very classes, the smaller racing craft, to which big yachting must always look for its experimental work. There have, indeed, been instances in the remote past when authority—not the I.Y.R.U.—has ruled out this innovation or that, and thereby in all probability has delayed yacht or sail progress for several years. Here is a ruling definitely banishing almost all small racing ship development of the double-clewed headsail. The reason is hard to seek, and one can only think that as the quadrilateral has beaten the rules, the rules *now* intend to beat the quadrilateral—and make no error about it.

Compared with this attack upon modern headsail form the new spinnaker ruling vanishes into the darkness. New spinnakers in the Fives, Sixes and Eights can now have a maximum foot width of 1.4 times the rating, but the length of leech must equal the length of the luff. So, also, the new rule regulating the minimum beam in the International classes may, perhaps, almost escape notice, and this was an alteration which interested Norway. Norway felt that the present rule was giving too little beam in the R's and the Eights, so the conference has fixed specific minimum beam for every international class boat from the twelve-metre downwards.



MR. CLINTON H. CRANE
A designer from across the Atlantic representing the United States with Mr. Philip Roosevelt

Lastly, having struck what may well be a death-blow at headsail experiment but balanced the conference's books, as it were, with a number of small, wise reforms, the delegates turned their attention to cruising and ocean racing—more worlds to conquer.

Time was, of course, when between cruising and racing a great gulf was set. That has now been bridged by the ocean-racing fraternity, and by that much has the cruising ship been brought nearer the orbit of the rule-makers. At this conference the Permanent Committee was given powers to discuss with the ocean-racing clubs of Britain, Germany, Scandinavia and America the possibilities of formulating a rating rule for cruising craft, a rule that would, as an international yard-stick, be acceptable throughout the cruising and ocean-racing world.

Without doubt behind this lies an ideal, but surely it is one that must still be very remote. So long, however, as its reactions are confined to ocean-racing craft nothing but good can come of it. But let the Permanent Committee take note of the fact that before they deal with the rating of the ordinary cruising yacht, in this country at least, they must seek the views of yachting bodies far more representative than any that have hitherto been suggested.



THE SIXES UNDER SPINNAKERS OFF DUNOON
One of the new rules affecting spinnakers provides that they shall not, when new, exceed 1.4 rating, and that all shall have the luff and leech of equal length

NOTEWORTHY NEWCOMERS TO THE STUD

Will Precipitation Restore the Fortunes of His Line?

IT will be taken as a sign of the relative mediocrity of the three-year-olds that so few of the best are being retired from training at the close of the season. Mid-day Sun, Chulmleigh, Fair Copy and most of the other leaders of their age, go on for at least one more year. Partly for this reason the crop of new stallions at the service of breeders in the approaching months of breeding falls below the average both in number and quality.

Much the most distinguished newcomer to the stud in this country will be Precipitation, who can fairly be described as one of the best stayers of recent seasons. He arrives at the stud at a specially opportune moment. His sire, Hurry On, is dead, and other sons of that great horse have failed to achieve any signal distinction. Thus the male line which Precipitation represents now stands badly in need of new life, and we hope the efforts of Lady Zia Wernher's horse will go far towards restoring the fortunes of the Godolphin Arabian family, tracing back through West Australian.

In some respects Precipitation reminds us a great deal of his sire. He possesses the same commanding size and range. And when he was at full stretch his long sweeping action recalled that of the unbeaten Hurry On—one of the most forceful movers ever seen. It is strange that the Hurry On line should have weakened so rapidly seeing that within a period of six years he was the sire of three winners of the Derby. One of these, Call Boy, has been a failure from a usual cause. Coronach and Captain Cuttle (who died in Italy) have merely done tolerably well.

In regard to Coronach it occurs to us that he has never received sufficient credit for the performances of his daughter Corrida, who on the Continent will always be remembered as one of the best mares of her time. A week or two ago she won a race in Germany worth something like £8,000. Her immense success is the more noteworthy in that she was a disappointment when in training at Newmarket. A record of Corrida's achievements will be of interest. At two years old she won the Prix Morny, worth 112,200 francs, at Deauville. In the following season, having failed in the English classic races, she was sent back to France where she recovered form in astonishing fashion. After being second in such big events as the Grand International at Ostend (beating Theft) and Prix du Conseil Municipal and third in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, she went on to win the Grand Prix de Marseilles of 154,100 francs.

Last year Corrida won seven prizes, including the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot. This time the big race at Ostend fell to her, and her earnings for the year amounted to just over two million francs. In the present season the daughter of Coronach has added substantially to her successes, and it has now become a question whether any other race mare has secured a greater amount in stake money. All this should be remembered to the credit of her sire.

Next to Precipitation, the most important of the new comers to the stud are Lord Astor's four-year-olds, Rhodes Scholar and Pay Up, each of whom begins his career at Littleton at a fee of 250 guineas. Both have full subscriptions for the coming season. It will be interesting to follow the measure of success gained respectively by these young stallions. When they were in training at Manton there was not a great deal to choose between them. The impression for a long time was that Rhodes Scholar possessed greater possibilities than his stable companion, but it fell to Pay Up to gain classic distinction in the Two Thousand Guineas.

The other went on to win the Eclipse Stakes and the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, where he handsomely vanquished the Derby winner, Mahmoud. Unfortunately, neither of these colts had an unchequered career. Pay Up ended his racing activities with his reverse in the Derby, where he was so badly stumped up by the going that he was lame when he returned to Manton. He will assuredly be nothing the worse as a stallion for a blank year prior to taking up his stud duties. It will be recalled that St. Simon underwent a similar experience.

Rhodes Scholar has secured a big total in stakes, and undoubtedly is a great colt when at his best. But in some respects he has been a disappointment. His withdrawal from the Derby within a few days of the race will be remembered. His display in the St. Leger was a fiasco. And in this year's Eclipse Stakes he was unable to do himself justice owing to a fall on the Downs a few days before the Sandown race.

Lord Astor's four-year-olds are almost brothers in blood. The Guineas winner is by Fairway out of Book Debt (sister to Book Law). Rhodes Scholar is by Pharos (brother to Fairway) out of Book Law. Both will have equal chances of distinguishing themselves in their new life. Which will achieve the greater fame in stud history?

Yet another new young stud horse belonging to Lord Astor is Early School, who at four years old is to begin his career at Littleton at a fee of £148. With Felstead as his sire and Hurry On as his maternal grandsire he should endow his stock with staying powers. Unbeaten in his only season on the racecourse, he was believed by Mr. J. Lawson to have been one of the best two-year-olds ever trained at Manton.

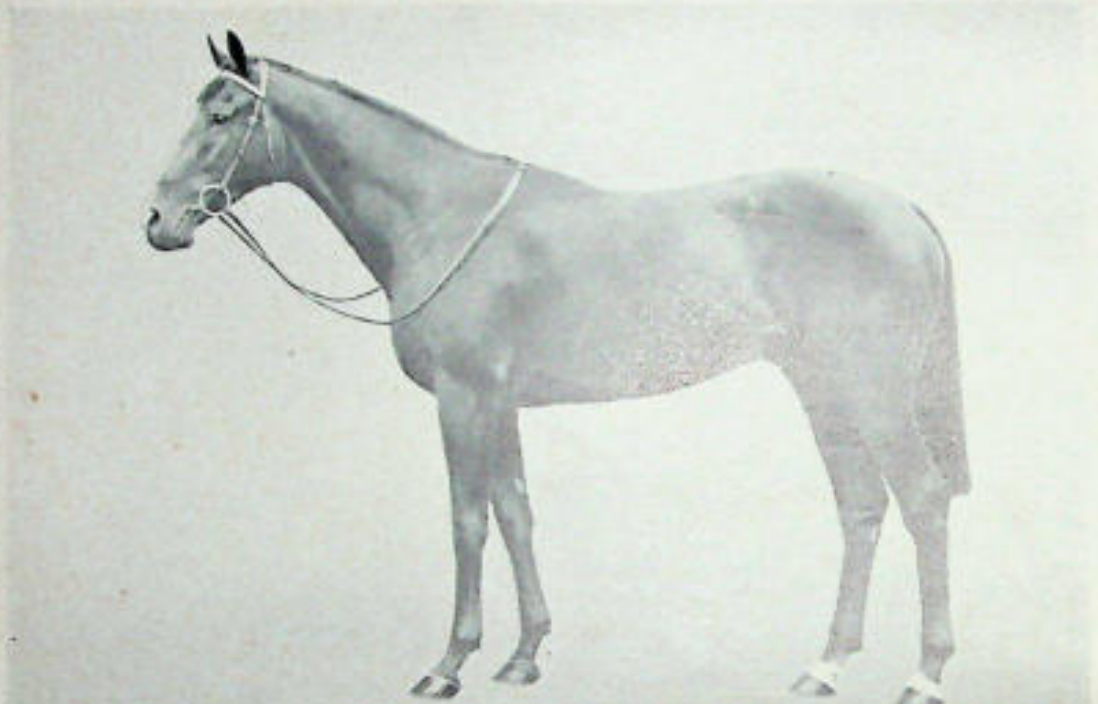
Two new stallions of utterly dissimilar types are Cecil and Diplomat. The first was unquestionably one of the best stayers of his time and should be assured of plenty of support at his fee of £98. Diplomat was a brilliant sprinter, as he showed when winning twice at Ascot this year. The son of Stratford begins at a modest fee and is to have a number of high-class mares in his first season.

In recent racing nothing has been more striking than the development in the form of Haulfryn, whose latest exploit was to upset the odds betted on Flag of Truce in the John Porter Stakes at Newbury at the week-end. It was his fifth success of the season, the distances over which he has won varying from one-and-a-quarter miles to two-and-a-quarter miles. If it is possible for any horse in these days to win the Cambridgeshire as well as the Cesarewitch this four-year-old is qualified to accomplish the feat.

At present it is not certain that he will compete in both of those handicaps, but he has lately displayed such an exceptional combination of speed and stamina, coupled with the capacity to struggle along gamely under keen pressure, that he is assured of a strong following in any race for which he may be saddled.

The result of the Newbury Autumn Cup does not affect the Cesarewitch situation to any appreciable extent except that the penalty incurred by Dytchley, who ran a dead heat with Severino, places him out of the reckoning. No doubt this does not disturb his trainer, as the stable can still provide a formidable Cesarewitch competitor in Signature. An interesting feature of the Newbury race was that Severino finished well in front of the same owner's Earthstopper, who, according to the betting, was thought to have much the better chance. The Manton stable was not departing from its traditions when producing this surprise.

Sir Abe Bailey has the unusual distinction of owning the present Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch favourites. Dan Bulger is reported to be in grand fettle and even with his stiff weight he is thought at Lambourn to be something like a good thing for the Cambridgeshire, which he won last season.



H. A. Bond



RETIRED TO THE STUD

Above: Rhodes Scholar, by Pharos—Booklaw. Right: Precipitation, by Hurry On—Double Life



"AND OCTOBER TOO MARKS THE RETURN OF THE GREY GOOSE"
A fine picture taken by Mr. David Haig Thomas on the Solway

The Gun Month by Month

OCTOBER MIXED BAGS

"Every Column of the Game-Book"

By the Hon. HENRY DOUGLAS-HOME

OCTOBER is the true beginning of a shooting season, for most birds, except the tardy pheasant, come into their full strength at this time. Many changes in their appearance and ways of behaviour have taken place during the last few weeks, when old birds have been growing new feathers and young birds have been reaching maturity and learning the wisdom of the old.

Grouse no longer sit, as in August, till the beaters are within 200yds. of the butts, but appear directly a drive has started. It is not easy to walk up to a covey and kill three birds as they rise from the heather. Blackcock have discarded their drab undress for immaculate suits of mail, and now strut proudly on hillsides and stubbles, instead of lurking ashamed among damp rushes in hidden places. Young cocks have lost their resemblance to their sisters by now, and at a distance may not be distinguished easily from old warriors. Partridges slip over the far hedge as beaters enter a field, and the yellow legs of the young birds are less lanky as the chestnut and grey take shape above the thin feathers of their youth.

With the first frosts of autumn mallard drakes quickly assume their true plumage, and lady-like flappers leave the rushes for the open water. The whistling of wigeon in the evening flight and the cries of wild geese are the first high sounds to herald the coming of winter. Woodcock no longer rise from heather or bracken in twos or threes, and wild parties of snipe spend restless hours in the bogs, as unsettled in their movements as golden plover, for they do not know of their journey's end. The first armies of foreign pigeons invade the beeches which already glow with a fire of gold and bronze, and feast on acorns while the oaks still slumber in the green of summer. Young woodpigeons have lost their fawn colour and their inconsequent flight of August. And October too marks the return of the grey goose.

Many places do not lend themselves to much variety of species and yet there are always traces of excitement at each inexpected appearance of a forgotten friend. It is these moments which are important in the pleasure of all occupations.

I have often watched the immediate reaction on a line of guns when the cry of "woodcock forward" echoes from the wood. No burst of pheasants could produce such an instantaneous attitude of alertness. A single blackcock, heading for the butts, often saves several grouse which are ignored in his honour, and a family of mallard disappearing over the flankers is watched with deeper regret than a pack of grouse.

I have seen a partridge drive disorganised by two wild geese which fed in a stubble between beaters and guns. No one dared to fire at partridges, and the geese seemed strangely disinclined to move. They rose eventually and flew slowly at 30ft. over a very fine marksman, who proceeded to discharge a series of barrels with no other result than a misery of mind which still recurs when the incident is mentioned!

The fulfilment of an unexpected moment is not always one of pleasure. I once went in the evening to a small pond in a grass field in the hope that a few mallard might come at the darkening. The only way of concealment was to sit on the bank under an overhanging hedge with one's legs in the water. I heard wigeon, which seemed to be coming nearer, and then a flock of about 20 dived over the hedge and turned into the wind before settling. As they swung towards me, they were so close together that I believe two barrels must have killed them all. I put up my gun, but at the same moment my rubber boots slipped in the mud, and I slid quickly into the water on my back, discharging one barrel into the hedge above me!

There is a tendency nowadays to measure the standard of sport by the total of the slain, but the standard of sport decreases in ratio to the ignorance of sportsmen. There are able performers who shoot on many occasions throughout each season without desiring to know anything about the birds they kill, as long as they are driven over their shooting sticks and cigars, and provided they are flushed and retrieved by "their men." They do not care what sort of bird it is, nor how it lives, nor why it is there, as long as it behaves as conventionally as a modern car, or a perfect butler. I find it difficult to understand how these people imagine that they are enjoying the whole performance of "shooting." A few years ago, towards the end of August, a "sportsman" offered the information that he had killed very few grouse on the moor he had rented, but that his party had shot a number of blackgame one day. When asked if it was a good year for young cocks, he replied naïvely that he did not know the difference between cock and hen!

Such a fault is less tolerable than a Frenchman's excuse for not having shot at several old blackcock which had passed his butt during a grouse drive: "How could I have shot those big poultry which came from that cottage on the hill!"

Those people who are ignorant of the ways of the creatures they shoot, and uninterested in the variety of bags obtained, miss half the pleasure of sport. I believe there would be fewer "shooting-stick" sportsmen if each one was given two books at the start of his career!

No one possessing a latent inclination for sport could resist the attractions of St. John's *Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands*, and if the companion volume was a well-bound game book, with many columns, his ambition would stir beyond tame coverts and turnip fields.

A new game book and an old brown copy of St. John's *Wild Sports* formed the most important items in my schoolboy's luggage, while my chief regret at the end of each summer holiday was that the date of return prevented any attempt to follow St. John into the days of October. The account of his determination to fill a hamper with a variety of game for an appreciative friend in Edinburgh forms the last chapter, and one used to close the book and imagine a day of one's own, and decide that he should not have shot curlew and that he might have obtained a blackcock and woodpigeon. The ground of my thoughts was always an inland estate in the south of Scotland, where neither capercailzie nor ptarmigan live, and the variety in my game book mentioned grouse, blackgame, pheasants, partridges, woodcock, snipe, mallard, teal, golden plover, pigeons, hares, rabbits.

Hope of filling each column in one day was coupled with determination that the result should be achieved in St. John's lone way, with the help of "one attendant" to carry the game.

The pleasure of my first success was increased by the fact that I had intended to spend the day shooting snipe, and it was only when a snipe settled in a distant turnip field that I realised other possibilities.

As we came near the field we noticed about ten old blackcock and a number of grouse in a bare patch at the far end. While we stood watching, three cock pheasants stalked from the thick turnips and several pigeons settled among the grouse.

I knew two coveys of partridges frequented the field, and it seemed that, with a little caution and a great amount of luck, I might obtain a varied bag. Leaving the keeper to watch my movements, I slunk through the rushy ground and eventually arrived within shot of the nearest blackcock, at the same time placing myself in the way of their flight to the moorland. A small rise in the ground hid the other birds from my sight. I was determined to kill the blackcock, for I knew how easily they could escape from an ambush, so I showed myself slightly and shot him as he rose. Dropping to the rushes, I managed to kill another blackcock, two grouse and a pigeon in the next minute.

My first invisible shot in conjunction with the immediately visible "attendant" bewildered their judgment and they turned into my trap. The cunning pheasants hoped to be immune in the thick turnips, but it was my lucky day, and three beats across the field produced two pheasants and four partridges. I was doubtful of finding a woodcock, for most of the homebred birds disappear in early October, but one rose from the bare ground beneath a tall beech, in a big wood within 50yds. of the edge.

I had missed two mallard rising at my feet early in the day, and had cursed myself for firing, as my shots had disturbed several snipe. I tried many of their favourite haunts without success, and it was not till the last moment of daylight that I killed a flighting duck with a forlorn second barrel, when only the thud of its falling told me I had not missed again.

I shall not easily forget lighting the gas in the game larder and laying out the bag of twelve different varieties. It is these trivial memories which remain so clear to me, while recollections of more important occasions grow dim.

It is such a memory which tells me the date of the General Election of 1931. I went north to record my vote with brotherly devotion, but in the train my thoughts would glide from politics to the unchanging hills where grouse would always crow, the valleys with their golden plover and snipe, and mallard flighting at dusk.

The day of the election dawned amid wind and rain (and the recording of my vote). I had persuaded myself that my services would not be required further, so I submerged myself with "one attendant" in the wet beauty of an October day. Once again the gods were kind to me. I had given up hope of seeing any golden plover when a flock swept past with the wind heading for some distant goal, and on the way home two drake teal rose from a rushy backwater which I had drawn blank in the morning. They made my list complete.

As I travelled south that night I wondered if I had laid the ghost of St. John's last chapter for ever, once by mistake and again by intention. I was no longer returning to school, but I knew that there would be other Octobers—without elections.

To-day the same two books stand side by side within easy reach. It would seem that Freudian experts do not entirely waste their time!

DEER STALKERS OF OTHER DAYS

No. 2—Red Deer, Red Grouse and Red Wine

By JOHN HORNE





(ABOVE) "VIEW AS HE STARED TOWARDS ME"

BETWEEN stalks, T. E. O. H. records in his diary that he found time to indulge in other amusements. The Caithness fishing of his time sounds far better than to-day. He thinks nothing of a basket of two or three dozen lb. trout in an hour or two; in October, 1855, there is an entry that makes one envious:

"Langwell. The best day's angling I ever had. Went up to Glutt Fall to fish salmon, and took my gun with me. Killed—*with the same fly* in one pool—nineteen grilses from 3lb. to 6lb. weight. The pool was about 50yds. long, the first below the fall, and the water was too heavy for them to take it. Next day I killed fourteen grilses."

Apparently the gun did not come into play, but it was typical of him to have taken it, just in case. It is also at Glutt that we find, on August 12th two years later "The largest bag I ever made."

"Shot over 'Grog' and 'Captain' 50½ brace grouse and three hares. I shot 29 brace *without missing a shot*; only missed four or five all day, and they were long ones."

Good work, when one remembers that a muzzle-loader and caps had to be contended with. That the latter were the sportsman's bane is proved by remarks such as "I then aimed, . . . when to my disgust the cap snapped and missed fire," or "Had great difficulty in keeping the rifle dry, so put on fresh caps."

The weapon had to receive quite as much attention as the game, and the information that "I tied my rifle locks in a piece of waterproof mackintosh which I carry for sitting on" does not surprise, though it may sound unduly luxurious. As rain is frequent in Scotland, I imagine T. E. O. H.'s waterproof was more often round his rifle locks than under himself.



But grouse are an interlude. He always returns to his stags, though the beauty of the northern scene can hold him for a moment by the way. On a fine morning in September, 1859, we read: "I went out by the Glutt water, and when having a look through the glass found eight deer walking into the head of the burn (one stag, two or three eiled hinds, and two hinds with calves) which we proceeded to stalk. We had to go right round the head, and in doing so had the most magnificent view of Sutherland from the Crask to Bighouse, and of Caithness and Orkney. It was so clear and beautiful that I stopped to have a long spy.

"Well, to return to the deer, I at last got behind them, and found that I was right in my bearings. So I went on hands and knees till about 100yds. away, then very careful *trailing*, as the black and spongy ground was noisy—it being at the time very calm. I was then 80yds. or 90yds. from the lying stag, with a fine heather knowe 20yds. further in, and only one short dangerous ridge to cross. On I went, and had just got into the bottom of an empty black dhuloch when I twigged him looking very hard, though not straight at me. I calculated he had only *heard* something, so I stared him out, and presently he got up. I continued to stare till he should turn broadside, and the devil kept me at least ten minutes in awful suspense.

"At last he looked away and turned broadside—the long-wished-for position—and next moment he was *defunct*, shot through the back. I sprang to my feet and got another broadside at a very large galloping hind, but did not touch her—and away they went down the Glutt water. After gralloching and thatching the stag we came home at 8 p.m. It was a well-done stalk, and very difficult on account of the calmness and the noisy nature of the ground."

In conclusion, I have taken the last stalk of the same season. It brings defeat, but, as usual, T. E. O. H. calls humour to the help of disappointment, and his ending strikes a happy note in at least one respect. Let him speak for himself:

"October 3rd, 1859. I met my match to-day when we found a hind and stag lying in the hags on the north side of Cromalt Corrie. We had come so far without noticing them that we had to creep back 100yds. to get out of sight. We then went round and found them all quiet 300yds. off—stag in sight, hind not. Nothing for it but a *trail* along a narrow black gutter with an inch of water in it (as my clothes testify). Now this friendly gutter came to an end in view of his lordship's cheek, and I had to trail on my belly down a dry slope in the open, when 'Oh, Hell!' (as the Yankees say) he got up.

"He must have *heard* a slight noise, or *thought* something was coming too near, but after looking for 20 minutes—me on my face, head downhill—his horns subsided. I thought the worst was over, so made for a black hole which lay before me. I got in safely, and on looking up saw the hind feeding 120yds. away, and the stag's horns at the back of a knowe a little further off. I could have shot *her*, but I wanted his lordship, so my game was to wait till she should follow him, when I would be able to move on further.

"However, the fates were against me, for while lying quite contented in my wet hole, the hind suddenly started out on to the bank and stood looking, broadside on. As still only the stag's head was visible, I waited for him to come into sight too—but the game was up, and in a moment they both bolted, the stag hardly showing at all. However, I gave him both barrels with the 100yds. sight (which happened to be up), but he was 160yds. off—so that was that.

"This stalk was a salutary lesson that they are not to be *done* every time, but for the life of me I can't divine what made that hind start out. A hare, or a lark, or even a bumble bee? Anyhow I know it was not *me!* Whoever may chance to read this journal will think me very minute in my description; but I am so devoted to the sport and its daily novel features, that I like to record in full; and I find my old diaries most amusing to read, from the day I killed my first stag thirteen years ago."

An eight-mile walk in the dark brought him home "pretty tired and annoyed," and with that remark most people would, I think, have closed their diary. Not so T. E. O. H. It is his last night. The future must be thought of, the tired—and perhaps annoyed—evenings of next year, when the inner man would crave refreshment. And so, with the same scrupulous detail he lavished upon his sport, he makes the final entry: "Took an inventory of the cellar, as opposite. Found the wax eaten off the port wine corks by mice. Resealed them and put the corks against the wall. . . . Fine moonlight evening."

For the benefit of the curious I append "as opposite."

1 dozen sherry.
1 ,, port.
1 ,, ginger wine.
2 ,, light claret.
3 bottles brandy.
1 cask whiskey (got 1859, unopened).

In some respects Caithness might still be wild, but the cellar of Strathmore Forest Lodge left little to be desired, in spite of the mice.

As postscript to these random notes, let me mention the discovery in the journal of two American expressions which are commonly considered modern. In 1862, describing a shot which had gone too low, T. E. O. H. remarks, "Otherwise all would have been O.K." There they are, the two capitals, with the same significance as to-day.

In the same year comes a word quite as familiar, and I think the meaning is the original one. Regarding a captain who had lost two of his company's ships within two years, he writes: "I hope that they will now be convinced that he is a *cocktail*," doubly underlined, and clearly indicating something of no worth. Probably few people would agree with that interpretation now, but the presence of the two words at least proves their age. I hope that the *Field* will not be inundated with letters in consequence of the disclosure.

THE ROOSTING OF STARLINGS—1

The Urge to Roost is not Controlled by the Light

By B. D. MORETON



A STARLING FLUFFING ITS FEATHERS PREPARATORY TO SHAKING ITSELF

NEAR my home in Surrey is an old-established starling roost in a hawthorn thicket in a corner of a wood.

It is used in summer by a number of non-breeding birds and the males from breeding pairs, who, as the season advances, are joined by juveniles and adults finished nesting, until, in September, it drains thousands each night from a wide range. I have traced these evening movements from many places, including my garden and a sewage farm five miles to the northward.

During September and October of last year, when I was watching them closely, I found there was considerable regularity in their activities, and the course of events each evening was as follows.

Many thousand starlings had their daily feeding ground at the sewage farm. In the afternoon they would show signs of gathering, flocks rising from one field to join those in another, and at two hours from sunset they would show a tendency to collect in trees and on electric cable pylons. This fore-gathering increased, hundreds of birds lining fence wires, singing and preening; but more still remained at their feeding. At about 45 minutes before sunset of a sudden the thousands would rise from perch and feeding and fly away in the direction of the roost.

The habit of going to a communal roost must become part of their nervous organisation, and is evidently brought about by the fact of the waning day. But it is not, as might be supposed, rigidly controlled by the degree of light intensity, for although the time of going generally does vary with the lightness or dullness of the evening, it does not invariably do so, outstanding exceptions often occurring. Nor is it essentially linked with phenomenon of flocking, for single birds may be seen to set off on lone journeys to the roost, apparently on their own initiative.

The urge is an elastic one: it seems that each bird has it, that as the day declines towards evening it knows it will make a certain journey to a certain place. But there is an element of individual freedom; it is not a blind reaction to a physical stimulus, and further illustrations of this point will be given when I describe the time of descent into roost.

The great flocks from the sewage farm made their way to a larch plantation a quarter of a mile north of the roost. Flocks arriving in the evening did not at once enter the latter itself, but collected first in two places—the larch plantation and some trees by a farmyard on the south side of the roost.

At the plantation in the afternoon small parties entered it from the surrounding arable land at some two hours before sunset; half an hour later flocks arrived quickly from more distant parts, until a loud chorus of voices arose from the trees. From this time up to 30 or 45 minutes before sunset the arrival was continuous, flocks ranging from 30 up to 2,000 or 3,000 birds streaming in one after another. Many incoming flocks flew over the roost, but never entered it, turning back to the plantation.

Suddenly the storm of voices ceased abruptly, and with a surging roar the thousands beat up into the air, and poured out between the plantation and the roost. The tail of the flight trailed back to the larches, resuming their chorus; but the remainder filled the sky, a curtain of birds stretched across the heavens while the air was hissing with a silken rustling of wings. Above this sound came sharp cries as birds close together quarrelled in flight.

The swarm drifted back and forth, wheeling and turning in separating flocks, and moving in conflicting currents of different strata like flies over a river, until it was dizzying to watch. Woodpigeons, carrion crows and a kestrel were frequently mobbed, pursued by knots of starlings like clouds of summer flies. Some would settle into trees, there to sing and preen again, but the roost itself was still empty, although every now and then part of the flock would dip over it.

After a while excitement increased, and flight grew faster; part of the flock would rise and fall, twist and turn as one bird, looking like a giant black flat-worm writhing in the sky, now black as the birds banked, now grey as they returned to even keel, and soon they rushed in swift flight close over the trees of the roost.

Then in one of these rushes, some of the lowermost birds suddenly dropped. With half-closed wings and diving with incredible speed they zig-zagged like snipe, soaring the air with their rush. Opening their wings to check themselves, they fluttered into the bushes, striking the leaves with the noise of a shower of hail. Again and again the flock circled back over the roost, each time a black rain pouring in with a chorus of gurgling "purres," and the rushing of a great wind. The birds nearly always first settled into the outermost bushes, succeeding flights spreading towards the inner corner. Here the cover was densest, and after descent there was a continual fluttering in this direction. While the descent was in progress the birds already in the bushes remained quiet, waiting; when the majority was down, notes and whistles of songs began, swiftly swelling into that immense piercing chorus that is the wonder of starlings. The time of descent was variable, bearing some relation to the lightness of the evening, though not a strict one. Generally descent began somewhere in the quarter of an hour before sunset, tending to be earlier with dull skies, later with bright. On an evening of heavy anticyclonic gloom it was 70 minutes; on another dull occasion 30 minutes before the time of sunset. But there were exceptions. For example; four bright occasions when the sun was still shining in a cloudless sky, descents were made at the following times: 20 minutes, 32 minutes and six minutes before sundown, and at the moment of sunset.

The evening flight normally commenced half an hour or 20 minutes before sunset, the time variable as that of descent, and its duration was usually about 25 minutes.

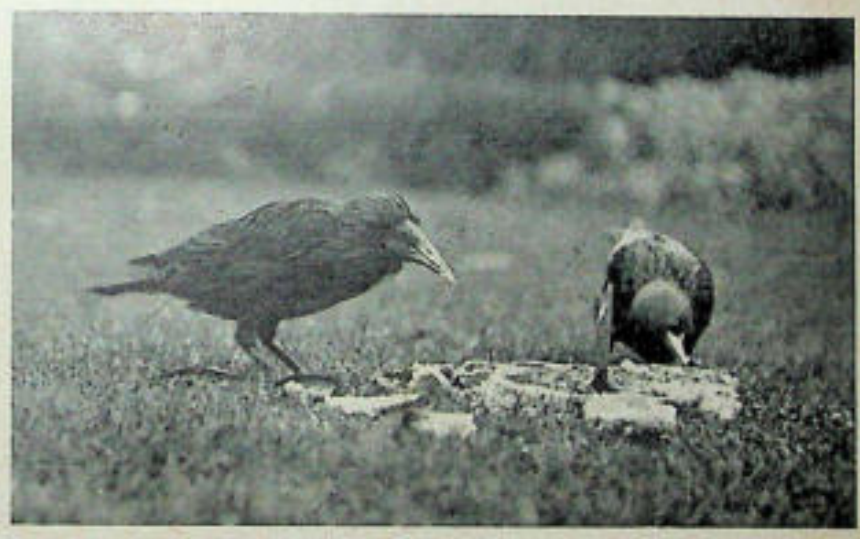
Sudden flights in the bushes were frequent, and later in the winter, when the leafless branches made observation easier, I noticed a curious phenomenon. The starlings would be at first thick in the tops of the hawthorns; suddenly the chorus would cease, and as one bird all would flutter to the lower branches; there would be an outburst of sharp clicking notes (like scissors being snapped together) and the concert would rise again. Late parties or single birds would dash into the roost at intervals, sometimes when dusk had fallen.

The concert flowed on unabated into the deep dusk, when all foliage had become velvety silhouette, although many birds were now sleeping. Then a tawny owl would often call, and it once flew close over the hawthorns. At its hoarse wail there was pandemonium of beating wings in the bushes, then a sudden agonised screaming which trailed away in the darkness as a victim was carried off. Although it was some while before the birds settled down again, the concert quickly re-arose despite the tragedy.

It was not until some three-quarters of an hour after sunset, when the dusk was deepening into night, that the concert began to moderate; then it diminished quickly, and when the darkness of night had cloaked the wood it had dwindled to moments of silence. There never was permanent silence, however, and throughout the night phrases of subdued song and fits of hoarse coughing were to be heard. In moonlight there was quite a loud concert of ghostly twitters and warbles.

With the dawn came a repetition of the concert. Departure for the day was usually made, in my experience, in intermittent flocks between first light and sunrise. Some left so early that it was scarcely light enough to see them, but most went towards the time of sunrise. Starlings were first seen flying over my garden (some four miles from the roost) as early as 30 minutes before sunrise. They were then flying high and very fast, and at intervals individuals would drop like arrows to their garden haunts below them. As they left the roost they were liable to be pursued by a kestrel who hunted in the vicinity, but I did not see a catch made.





LEFT: STARLING AT A MUTTON BONE. NOTE THE BARE BASE OF THE BILL. RIGHT: STARLINGS FEEDING. THE BIRD ON THE LEFT IS AN EXTREME EXAMPLE OF THE WEARING OF THE FEATHERS ROUND THE BILL, THE SKIN BEING BARE TO BEHIND THE EYES



THE FASHIONABLE GATHERING WHICH TOOK PLACE IN ROTTEN ROW IN 1867

ROTTEN ROW IN THE 'EIGHTIES

Memories of The Duke of Portland, K.G.

I LOOK back with great pleasure to riding in Rotten Row. For a few years after 1880 the fashionable hour was before luncheon, from twelve till two. A little later it was between five and seven. Later still, between nine and eleven in the morning became fashionable; and those who rode at an earlier hour were known, for obvious reasons, as the "Liver Brigade." Very high prices were given for Park hacks, sometimes as much as three, four or five hundred guineas. Indeed, I have heard of even a thousand guineas being asked, and given, for an exceptional animal. When polo became a popular game, its players often rode their ponies as hacks in the Park, though chiefly in the morning, and not at the evening parades.

Two of the most beautiful horses I remember belonged to Lord Calthorpe and to Mr. Poole, the Savile Row tailor. Lord Lonsdale, too, rode beautiful chestnut hacks. But of all these, I think the best was that ridden by the famous "Skittles," whose name was, I believe, Mrs. Walters. She was a very beautiful horsewoman, whether in Rotten Row or in the hunting field, possessed a perfect figure, and wore the tightest and most perfectly fitting riding-habit which showed it off to great advantage.

In her younger days, "Skittles" often hunted with the Quorn Hounds, riding horses which were lent to her by an admirer of Hebrew origin, who hunted from Melton. One day he and his horse fell into a brook. "Skittles" jumped over them both, turned round, kissed her hand and said, "Moses in the bulrushes, I see!" This is only one of the many good stories I have heard about "Skittles"; but the others are rather less suitable for publication! Many years after she had given up riding in Rotten Row, a friend of mine pointed to an old lady in a bath-chair and asked me, "Do you know who that is?" I looked at the old lady and said, "No." "Well," said my friend, "that's 'Skittles.'"

Mr. McKenzie Grieve, who lived in Paris, and was, I believe, at one time a starter of the French Jockey Club, usually came over for a few weeks during the London season. He was, taken all in all, the best exponent I ever saw of the art of *haute école* riding, an art, I fear, now nearly lost except in the Spanish Riding School at Vienna; and it was a great pleasure to watch the manner in which he handled his mounts, showing them and himself off to the best advantage. He was an exquisite horseman, with perfect hands, figure and seat. He usually wore a dark blue, tight-fitting frockcoat, beautifully cut overalls, and a voluminous bow-tie such as the French dandies affected at the time. I had the honour of lending him my hack Daisy, and it gave me great pleasure to see how well he showed it off; for Daisy had splendid action, both at the trot and at the canter, and was certainly all the better for this experience.

Lord Annaly, well known as a most successful Master of the Pytchley Hounds, was also a perfect horseman. I gave him a little thoroughbred horse by Ayrshire—Modwena, own sister to Donovan, a beautiful little animal, but an adept at kicking. I have seen Annaly ride up Rotten Row, sitting as if in an arm-chair and bowing to his friends right and left, while the horse was practically on its head, with its heels high in the air, kicking for all it was worth.

Colonel John Brocklehurst of the Blues, afterwards Lord Ranksborough, was another beautiful horseman. So was Algie Gordon-Lennox. I remember that he sometimes used a bit with a single rein, which seemed to have no leather fastenings at all. When he and his daughter Ivy, now my daughter-in-law, appeared together they made a perfect pair, both as to horsemanship and general turn-out.

A certain lady who wore an unusually large white cravat was often accompanied by a friend in white overalls, in those days called white ducks. The joke was whether the lady's ties were made of the material left over from the gentleman's overalls, or whether his overalls were made of material left over from her cravats! Whichever it was, they were both very smart and becoming.

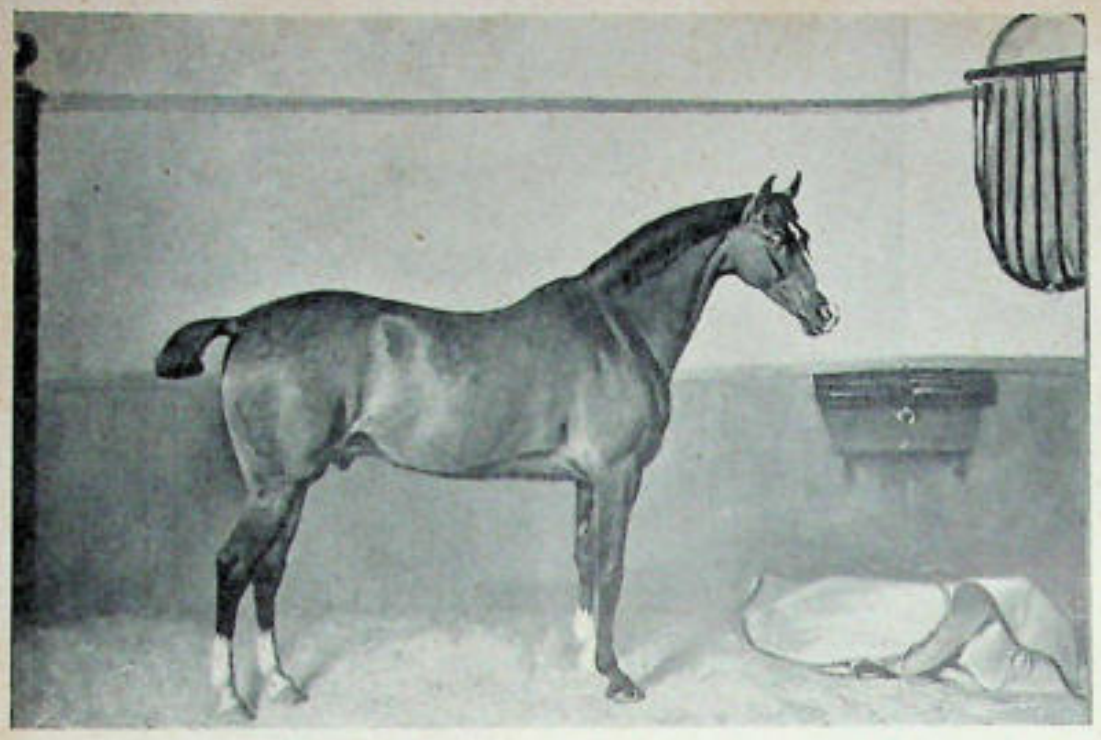
An Austrian diplomat of my acquaintance, Herr H., though not at all a good horseman, was an assiduous rider in Rotten Row—chiefly, I imagine, for the sake of exercise. It could not have been to display his horsemanship, for, unlike most Austrians and Hungarians, he was one of the worst exponents of the art I ever saw. A friend met him in Rotten Row one day, and attempted to enter into conversation; but H.'s only remark was, "Please go away, sir. Can't you see I am busy riding?" I only once saw him in the hunting field, when he fell off at the first fence and appeared no more. Though a shockingly bad horseman, I believe he had an excellent brain and was a very successful diplomat.

I never failed to put in an appearance in Rotten Row when I could, as not only was it a pleasant form of exercise, but I also found it a most enjoyable way of meeting one's friends; for many of those who did not ride sat on the chairs facing Rotten Row, and came to talk to their friends over the rails. One of my first memories is of riding there with my father and my young brother Bill, when my brother's pony threw him off opposite the Cavalry Barracks, and he was covered with mud. An officer of the Life Guards, who saw the accident—I think it was Colonel Keith Fraser—very kindly took him into the Barracks and sent for a trooper, who did his best to remove the mud with a horse-scraper. Very often one of these officers made an appearance in the Row, wearing his undress uniform and mounted on a beautiful black charger. I need hardly say that he seemed always to be a great favourite with the ladies when he did so.

During my first years in London there were still a few cabriolets to be seen in the Park during the season. For the benefit of my younger readers I should explain that a cabriolet was a two-wheeled carriage, hung on C-springs and surmounted by an elegant hood, at the back of which a tiny groom, smartly turned out in top-boots, tight leather breeches and a livery coat with a high hat and cockade, balanced himself by clinging to two straps. The best cabriolets were built by Barker. The vehicle was drawn by one horse, and really suitable animals were most difficult to find, for they were of a very rare type. Animals with hackney action were not at all suitable; nor were the ordinary Park carriage horses. The ideal animal, to my mind, was an almost if not quite thoroughbred horse or mare, with power, quality and high but light trotting action.

I remember that Lord Rosebery was the owner of one such cabriolet; but Lord Calthorpe drove, in my opinion, by far the best. His horses, hacks and cabriolets were all perfect. He lived in Grosvenor Square; and it was always a delight to me to see his cabriolet or hack waiting for him. He purchased many of his horses from G. Sheward, a well-known dealer, whose speciality it was to find and procure these animals, and also the most beautiful Park hacks. I have heard it said that Calthorpe, who was a wealthy man, would give as much as a thousand guineas for a suitable animal.

As Master of the Horse for nearly twenty years my acquaintance with the Royal Stables was pretty thorough. When Queen Victoria visited her grandson, the Grand Duke of Hesse, at Darmstadt, the carriage provided for Her Majesty was drawn by four blue-roan horses, driven from the box, and not ridden by postillions as was the custom when she drove out at home. The Queen was so pleased with these carriage horses that when she returned she ordered Sir Henry Ewart, the Crown Equerry, to tell me that she wished horses of that colour to be procured for her and a skilful four-horse whip to be engaged to drive them. It was no easy task to find four suitable blue-roans; but in due course they were procured, and a very capable four-horse driver named Burnham was engaged. H.M. was so particular about these carriage horses, and so observant, that when a lighter-coloured strawberry-roan was harnessed as leader she at once protested that it was not of the right colour. When King Edward came to the throne these horses were sold, as H.M. preferred



DAISY, THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S PARK HACK

bay horses to be used in all his carriages, with the exception of a few greys which were kept at Windsor for the State processions up the course at Ascot.

This leads me to relate a somewhat exciting incident which occurred on one of the off-days at Ascot, when we drove from Windsor Castle to the races in carriages without state liveries, and, of course, without a procession up the course. His Majesty decided to use one of the old charabancs, which had been at Windsor since the time of the Prince Consort, and had never, or hardly ever, been used since; and Burnham was ordered to drive four of the big bay harness horses from the box. He brought the carriage to the door, and I noticed that not only were there brand-new, hard, slippery reins in his hands, but that he was wearing tight, new gloves. I said to myself, "I'm afraid you're in for trouble, my man!"—but, of course, it was then too late to make any change.

In this carriage were His Majesty, M. de Soveral, Lord Pembroke and myself, and perhaps one other. We led the procession, followed by four or five other carriages with postillions. All went well, though I could see from Burnham's back that he was not altogether comfortable, until we passed the gates across the Long Walk. Then I noticed that he put his driving-whip into the socket, which is always a bad sign, and we began to go faster and faster, until H.M. said quietly to me: "Hadn't you better tell him not to drive so fast?" By this time Burnham was using both hands on the reins, and shortly afterwards the footman on the box began to pull too. All four horses had broken into a gallop, while the carriage was swaying from side to side, and we were soon on the grass at the side of the road.

By a tremendous effort, Burnham and the footman at last managed to stop the horses. The King seemed quite unperturbed, and it was with great difficulty that he was persuaded to change into another carriage. Before he did so, H.M. said: "Be sure to bring the carriage and horses on to the races, as I mean to drive home in it!"

Colonel Brocklehurst, one of the Equerries—a first-class horseman—and I then had the leaders detached, and I drove the wheelers from the box myself to the races. Being no longer excited by the leaders in front of them, they went quite quietly; and the only difficulty was that lavender kid gloves, however smart they may appear at the races, are not the best things to wear when driving rather fractious horses! However, in due course we arrived at Ascot, hot, dusty, and rather uncomfortable altogether.

I at once went to the King, who said with a laugh: "Hullo! I'm glad you've got here all right! Let's hope for better luck on the way home!" I begged H.M. not to drive home in the same carriage, but he said: "Of course I shall, or poor Burnham will feel hurt, and will think I am reflecting on his skill as a driver."

During the afternoon one of my horses beat H.M.'s horse, which had started a hot favourite. I believe that was the only time in my life I did not enjoy winning a race; for it appeared to me that, not only had my Department been found wanting, but I myself had done H.M. an ill turn as well! But other disasters were to follow.



"SKITTLES," A WELL-KNOWN RIDER IN ROTTEN ROW

After the races, Burnham appeared with the same accursed horses, carriage and tight gloves, but—thank goodness—using old reins. We had not gone a mile on the way home when a terrible thunderstorm came on, with vivid lightning and torrents of rain, which lasted all the way to Windsor. We were, of course, soaked to the skin, water from His Majesty's umbrella pouring down my neck and from my umbrella down His Majesty's neck. Thank God, we arrived home at last. The King was still in the very best of humours, making jokes and chaffing those in the carriage.

I am very glad of the opportunity to tell this little story, as it demonstrates His Majesty's coolness and the invariable kindness and consideration which he showed to all those who had the honour to serve him. It is no wonder that everybody loved him. He was particularly insistent that nothing should be said or done which Burnham could interpret as a slight upon his skill. Thank goodness, however, that was the end of the infernal carriage. It was never used again, and whenever I came across it in the Royal Mews I cursed it with all my heart, and longed to have it burned!

Before I come to the conclusion of these extracts I may, perhaps, be allowed to re-tell a few stories which have caused me some harmless amusement and will, I hope, give the same pleasure to others. After the death of Sir Algernon Peyton, Master of the Bicester Hounds, Lord Valentia bought one of his best hunters, succeeded him in the Mastership, and eventually married his widow. A year or two later, the Bicester had a first-rate day's sport, and when Valentia was riding home in the evening, a mutual friend said, "What a splendid day's sport we have had! My only regret is that dear old Algie Peyton wasn't with us—how he would have loved it!" After a moment's hesitation, Valentia replied, "Yes, it has been a wonderful day. But, perhaps, after all, it is best that Algie wasn't here for, although no doubt we have had a splendid day's sport, it might have been a little spoiled for him when he realised that I am not only the Master of his hounds and riding his best hunter, but am his wife's husband as well. Yes, on the whole, I think it is *much* better that dear old Algie wasn't here."

My friend, Lord Enniskillen, brought Billy M'Gruire, the well-known Dublin horse dealer, to Welbeck. He was a most quaint character. When Enniskillen said to him, "Mind you send the Duke good horses," he replied, "Sure, my Lord, I'll send him nothing but patent safety animals. D'ye think I'm such a fool as to send him bad horses to begin with, when I want to keep him alive and sell him many more?" He was as good as his word and sent me two or three excellent animals, bringing them over to Welbeck himself, with his son Kit to show them off. I asked him whether one of them could jump timber. "Jump timber?" he said. "He could jump a palisade. Now then, Kit, off you go over that gate!"

After seeing the underground passages built by my predecessor, he said, "It's a pity his late Grace didn't live at Holyhead." I asked him why he thought so. "Sure, then we'd have had a tunnel under St. George's Channel and travelled by train, instead of puking all the way in a bloody boat."

(Continued on third column of next page)



MR MASSEY-STANLEY IN HIS CARRIOLET

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. H. Arbuthnot



LACEY GETS OUT OF DIFFICULTIES NEAR THE 7TH GREEN AT WENTWORTH
Winner of the last of this season's tournaments, Lacey returned the excellent aggregate of 277

WENTWORTH WANDERINGS

Lacey Gives an Exhibition of Recovery Shots

By E. R. TIPPLE

As far as the professional golfers are concerned, the competitive season ended last week when the Dunlop-Metropolitan Tournament was decided at Wentworth. This event provided a fitting conclusion to an interesting if rather crowded year. Only actual winners and some leaders of the previous events, together with former open champions, were eligible to participate so that it was indeed a tournament for the masters.

Without exception we have been treated this year to a galaxy of low scoring. Rounds of below 70 have followed each other consistently, and they have generally been obtained in orthodox fashion. At Wentworth, however, the genial Arthur Lacey, playing in his own characteristic way, startled the theorists by returning a winning aggregate of 277, made up by rounds of 72, 68, 70 and 67.

Lacey rarely obtains his figures in the orthodox manner. Those who delight in watching the first-class golfer go round a course without making any serious mistakes, getting his figures with monotonous ease and regularity, may feel that Lacey is a fortunate player. Yet does it really matter how a person obtains his score, providing he does hand in a low return? It is not the execution of the shots themselves that count in tournaments but the number of strokes played.

The Berkshire professional is one of the most courageous players of to-day. A typical slasher, Lacey stands with his feet rather wide apart and without any preliminary fuss hits the ball hard. His creed seems to be: "I'll really hit it no matter where it finishes." He is never intimidated by narrow fairways. It is not surprising, then, that he is always having adventurous rounds. I do not think I have ever seen him play a complete tournament without getting into such difficulties as would ruin the cards of most players. Lacey, however, does not mind a little rough. Bracken, trees, bushes are all the same to him. In he goes armed with a heavy niblick and out comes the ball on to the green and down goes the putt. A par four. Unorthodox, perhaps, but still a four, and that counts the same as a placed drive, a perfect pitch and two putts. Lacey is indeed a modern Ray. That famous veteran's art of recovery is being continued by a young player who bids fair to outdo even this distinguished predecessor.

With one round still to play Lacey led in company with R. A. Whitcombe at 210. He missed the first green with his iron second, but chipped back and got his four. His high pitch to the second went away to the right, but again a single putt gave him a par figure. This beginning indicated what sort of a round it was going to be. Although he hit many wild shots, they only cost him two strokes. An ordinary player would have failed to beat 80. He had five single putts in each half 26 putts altogether for a round of 67 which placed him strokes ahead of his nearest rival. His aggregate might have been even better, for in the third round he was set for a record score but weakened at the finish by underclubbing himself for the long second shots. Eleven under an average of fours and 31 below the scratch score, Lacey gave a wonderful demonstration of the art of recovery allied with bold, successful putting.

Although Lacey stole the limelight from Henry Cotton, much interest was centred on the Open champion making his first appearance in a tournament since Carnoustie. Cotton, last year's winner, finished only third with an aggregate of 283. He was hitting the ball as easily and as well as ever off the tee. Indeed, I have seldom watched such a display of accurate long driving. His iron shots and pitches were just as deadly as usual, although in the second round he did stray once or twice. His real trouble was that little would go right for him on the greens. By missing 3yds. putts Cotton failed to drive home the advantage he had gained by his accurate play to the greens, where Lacey was confident and bold. It is difficult to offer constructive criticism about Cotton's green play, but I still feel that he is far from comfortable when he has his putter in his hands.

The little Irish golfer P. J. Mahon once again finished runner-up—the third time in this season's tournaments. With final rounds of 68 and 69 he beat Cotton by one stroke. Rarely leaving the fairway Mahon produced consistently sound golf without emulating Lacey's brilliancy on the greens. The two Whitcombes, Charles and Reginald, finished as usual among the leaders, though like many of the others they seemed rather tired of competitive golf.

The West Course, measuring over 6,700 yds., is a fine strategic one which last year defied most of the players, 70 only being beaten four times. Last week thirteen scores in the sixties were returned. What will happen next autumn? Perhaps by then we will have a new ball.

(*Continued from page 821*)

When Lord Cork resigned the Mastership of the Buck Hounds, a sale was held of his and the Hunt horses. Old Lord Henry Bentinck was asked whether he attended the sale and, if so, whether he made any purchases. He replied, "Yes, I attended the sale, but I did not buy any hunters, as they were nearly all Cork screws."

When Lord Zetland was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland I visited him and Lady Zetland at the Viceregal Lodge for Punchestown Races. It was the first time I had attended these races, and I was much interested and amused to see the clever way in which the Irish steeplechase horses jumped the huge banks. Between the races the "Big Double," as it was called, was covered with black-coated young priests who, from a distance, looked just like a colony of rooks. When the horses jumped, the Irish jockeys shouted at them for all they were worth. Harry Beasley was one of the most popular jockeys, and he seemed to shout louder than all the rest put together. An enthusiastic clerical admirer took me by the arm and said, "Whisper, sor! Did you hear Harry speak to his harse?" I might well have done so half a mile away!

The Irish horses were extraordinarily clever, and kicked back in the air when they jumped the huge fence, well known as the "Big Double"—a wide bank with a ditch on either side. Captain Arthur (Doggie) Smith told me Heraut d'Armes, on which he won the Conyngham Cup, pulled so hard that he could not steady him, and he "flew" the whole obstacle without touching it—the only occasion, I believe, when the winner did so.

On the way to the races I asked dear old Lord Headfort, "Why do all the parks have these great walls round them? Are they full of deer?" "Deer, my boy!" he replied. "Certainly not! We poor devils of Irish landlords have little enough to keep in. It's the blackguards we want to keep out!"

I once met Lord Headfort riding in the Park, accompanied by a child with pretty golden hair down her back, tied with a ribbon. Having greeted him, I said, "Please introduce me to your granddaughter"; and he indignantly replied, "I will not, sir. She's not me granddaughter—she's me own daughter."

At one of the crowded State balls Lady Zetland said to a very stout individual, "I'm so sorry you seem to have nothing to sit on." "Thank you, Your Excellency," was his reply, "I've plenty to sit upon, but you see I've nowhere to put it." During another ball at which Lady Zetland was present, an Irish wit said to a stranger, "Two of the greatest ladies in the room to-night are Her Ex and Her Double Ex," referring to the Vicereine and Lady Iveagh, whose husband was the head of the famous Guinness brewery.

An amusing story which went the rounds of Dublin was that, after a dinner-party, the parlour-maid stood at the end of the table and said in a loud voice, "Is it your pleasure, sor, that I should *strip* for dessert?"—meaning, of course, should she remove the tablecloth.

I was told that an Englishman, travelling from Dublin to Dundalk, became very nervous because the train went so fast and swayed from side to side. He spoke about this to an old woman who was in the same carriage, and she said, "Faith, we're all right. It's me boy Pat driving the engine; and when he's the whisky taken, sure he's the divil to make her go!"

Madame Melba sang at concerts in Belfast and Dublin, at both of which places she was received with enthusiasm. During her visit to Dublin an admirer who lived in Dundalk said to her, "Tell me, Madame Melba, which do you like best, Dublin or Belfast?" She replied, "I am so fond of them both that I should like to have one foot in each." "Indeed!" said the admirer, "then bedad, I'm glad I live in Dundalk."

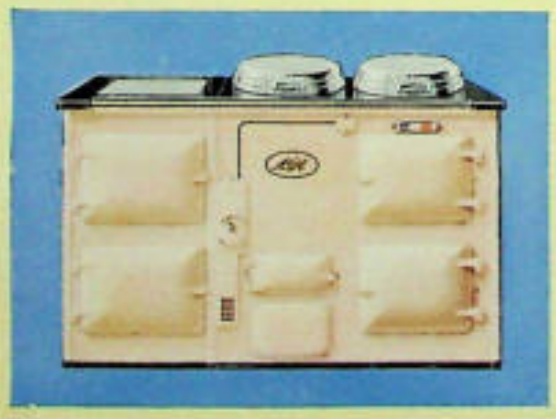
When the political disturbances prevented hunting in Ireland, several sportsmen, of whom Lord Langford was one, came to hunt in Leicestershire. A kind lady took upon herself to tell Paddy who everyone was, though most of them were his personal friends. When I came along, she pointed to me and said, "That big man is the Duke of Portland." "How kind you are!" said Paddy. "Will you introduce me?—But perhaps it is hardly worth while, after all, as I am staying with him!"

He told me he was bathing in a river, on a hot summer day, with old Lord X. who had a club-foot. Paddy was swimming about at the lower end of a pool when he heard loud shouts from above: "Paddy, me boy! *Paddy!* For goodness' sake catch me corn-plasters, or I shan't be able to walk home."

(These extracts are taken from "Men, Women and Things," to be published by Faber and Faber this month.)



MAALTUD van OFFICIEREN van den CLUVENIERS-DOELEN by FRANS HALS (1580-1666). Second only to Rembrandt in Holland as a portrait painter, Hals was even more improvident than Rembrandt in managing his private affairs. He did successfully support a family of ten children until 1652 but then, when his property was seized for debt, it consisted only of three mattresses and bolsters, a cupboard, a table and five canvases. To Hals' misfortune we owe some of his more brilliant pictures —low-life studies of fishwives, tavern heroes and itinerant players. But these are not more typical of his work than his huge portrait groups of officers and gildsmen, of which this "Banquet of the Officers of the 'Cloveniers Doelen'" is a fine example. It is reproduced, by permission, from the painting in the Haarlem Museum.



NEXT to a battle-field, as Frans Hals evidently realised, a banqueting hall is perhaps the most natural setting for a portrait group of soldiers. These Arquebusiers of St. Andrew were officers and gentlemen: and officers and gentlemen have always been amateurs of food and wine. Even to-day, when Service life offers less opportunity for festive reunions than it did three hundred years ago, you will seldom meet a professional soldier who isn't something of a gourmet. The army's reputation for good living is one of its few traditions that Mechanization of the Forces has done nothing to destroy. In fact "scientific replacement"—in the form of Aga Cookers, which have lately been installed in the kitchens of many officers' quarters—makes it easier for the modern Army and Air Force to live up to the gastronomic standards of the past. An Aga always meets its cook three-quarters of the way. Clean, compact, capacious, with its maximum fuel consumption guaranteed, this cooker stands ready for instant duty at any hour of the day or night. Every day more people are realising that cooks with records of good conduct and long service have earned their promotion—to an Aga.

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IN THE WELSH HILLS
Salmon fishing after a spate in the Cothi, Carmarthen

FLY VERSUS MINNOW

Some Sidelines on a Debatable Problem

By H. D. TURING

FROM recent correspondence in the *Field* it is evident that the old controversy on the respective merits of fly or spinning bait, especially in salmon fishing, has entered on a new lease of life. There has always been a certain undercurrent of resentment against the use of spinning tackle in streams, whether salmon or trout waters, where fly can be used effectively. Periodically this resentment rises to a blaze, then dies down again until its next "peak." It may be that the present controversy is no more than one of those periodic outbursts, and that we shall all settle down comfortably to our own method of fishing again with a shrug of pity for the other fellow.

It differs, however, from former "peaks" in one respect. As a rule, no very obvious or immediate reason can be given for it. This time its cause is apparent: the "arrival" of the fixed-spool reel. It is rather curious that this reel, which was devised expressly for trout fishing, should have caused all this trouble in salmon waters. Mr. Carter Platts, who was a personal friend of the late Holden Illingworth, and was, as the Americans say, "in on the ground floor" of the original invention, has shown in a recent article that the inventor's idea was to devise an apparatus which would "spin a minnow down the edges of shallow streams," and cast it upstream like a fly in very thin water. His object in fact was not to make casting easy but to enable an expert with the spinning rod to use his [illegible] on fly water, and under conditions which [illegible] up to that time been considered more or less useless for anything except artificial fly.

The controversy which naturally arose when the new method began to invade fly water soon died down, for it was found that in the hands of an expert the minnow did not seriously damage a fly reach, as it does it to-day in the same hands. It makes no difference whether light spinning is done with a Nottingham-type reel, a multiplier or an Illingworth-type outfit, a fisherman who really knows his job can fish down a salmon pool or a trout shallow without seriously disturbing the water for a fly fisherman who follows him, with a reasonable interval. But the trouble is that the fixed-spool reel has enabled a lot of men who are by no means experts to use minnow in such places, and the result has often been disastrous.

With the older, revolving, types of reel a fairly long apprenticeship was necessary before a novice could hope to catch fish. The difficulty of casting with them has, perhaps, been exaggerated. Nearly everyone who has been through the early stages has woeful recollections which are entertaining to look back upon once the knack has been acquired, and which lend themselves to even more entertainment in subsequent relation. The *raconteur* finds the chance difficult to avoid. Casting from the reel can be learned by any angler who possesses an average degree of manual dexterity. But it must be admitted that it takes some little time—more time probably than to learn fly casting.

And during this time it is odds he catches no fish. Indeed, a real beginner, unless he has practised considerably away from the water, will spend an appreciable part of his fishing day in straightening out tangles from overruns and not in fishing at all, and by the time he has become proficient in casting he has also, as a rule, learned a good deal about the subsequent management of his tackle. With the fixed-spool reel on the other hand, a novice can learn to cast some kind of a line in a few hours, and a bait in the water, however inefficiently it is cast, will on occasion take a fish. Probably he casts very badly, but he is not troubled with overruns to any extent, and so he fishes away happily, quite unconsciously destroying the nerve of every fish he covers, and spoiling pool after pool for the best part of a day, to the exasperation of the fly fisher, who has, perforce, to follow him, since his own method of fishing is a much slower affair than the spinner's. Add to this the number of fish pricked or which break away from these very fine thread lines, and it must be admitted, I think, that fly fishermen have some reason for resentment when the modern light spinner invades their waters.

As naturally happens, the method of fishing gets the blame whereas it is really the inefficient use of it that has caused nine-tenths of the trouble. In some cases, clubs and owners of private water have barred the use of the thread line altogether. It seems, perhaps, a little invidious, but it has the practical advantage that a certain measure of proficiency is almost assured before a spinner can fish the water, and also that there is less tendency for him to intrude on fly water since heavier tackle can be used in the deeper portions where, incidentally, the bigger fish are likely to be found.

Apart from prohibition, several other remedies have been suggested, but they all have the objection that, if they do not bar thread-line fishing in so many words, they prevent its use where it is most effective. One of our correspondents, for example, has urged the very reasonable view that spinning should be confined to those waters not suitable for fly. This in itself is sound enough, for there is plenty of salmon water where fly is comparatively ineffective and spinning the customary method of capture, but unfortunately the thread line is most attractive in the water for which it was designed, which is fly water. A suggestion that spinning should only be allowed when the water is above a certain height will be met with the same objection from thread-line fishermen, for their method is not of very much use in heavy water. If it were even reasonably useful in such conditions it is probable that an agreement on the height of water above which spinning would be considered legitimate could be arrived at.

The unvarnished truth is that these very light lines do not lend themselves to anything but very light baits. Anglers who have adopted this gear have made a virtue of necessity and extolled the merits of light baits, and the novice has been only too glad to accept the view of the man who shouts loudest. But a bigger bait is generally required for heavy water, and a spinner of, say, ½oz. does not cast well on a thread line.

Remedies for the immediate future are difficult to suggest. In a recent book *Jock Scott*, indulging the rather dangerous gift of prophecy, says that "the fixed-spool reel will not remain as a permanent method of salmon fishing." If he is thinking of the next few years I doubt its fulfilment. Once a man has acquired a liking for a certain type of gear he does not readily relinquish it. Rather he tries to "make it do"—sometimes even to make it do the impossible. And the recent history of the fixed-spool reel has illustrated that.

But if he is looking forward a decade or two I agree with him, and would even add a rider: "or for any big fish either." For the real advantage of the reel is ease in casting, and the easy path is not the one which produces the expert. Presently the more ambitious users of the fixed-spool reel will realise that, apart from the purpose for which it was originally intended (casting a light bait upstream in shallow water), it possesses no other advantage over the revolving reel, while its disadvantages both for heavy water and heavy fish will become increasingly apparent. A revolving reel, whether single ratio or multiplier, will cast light baits as well as the fixed spool provided the line is proportioned to the bait, while they can carry any thickness of line desired. And once the more expert adopt the revolving reel the majority will follow, giving this time the credit to the method which more properly belongs to the angler.

Another possible development which would enable heavier water to be fished lies in improvements in the fixed-spool reel itself. That manufacturers are alive to the faults of very fine lines is evidenced by recent introductions. Two or three have listed reels said to be capable of fishing a line of 15lb. breaking strain. I think that estimate is a little optimistic. One which I tried would fish a 10lb. b.s. line, and I fancy that is really nearer the mark. But even a 15lb. line is not enough for heavy or often medium spinning. A 20lb. line—say, No. 3 or No. 4 in Allcock's classification—is what is wanted for heavy water or heavy fish. If this can be achieved it should go some way towards solving the problem. The thread liner will not be so wedded to fly water if his apparatus can be made reasonably efficient elsewhere.

In the meantime it may be suggested that a spinner himself could ease the tension by adhering to the old sportsmanlike custom of always allowing a fly rod to fish down a pool first. If his own method is, as he believes, the more efficient, he should have no hesitation in extending to the fly fisher the courtesy of the "right of way."

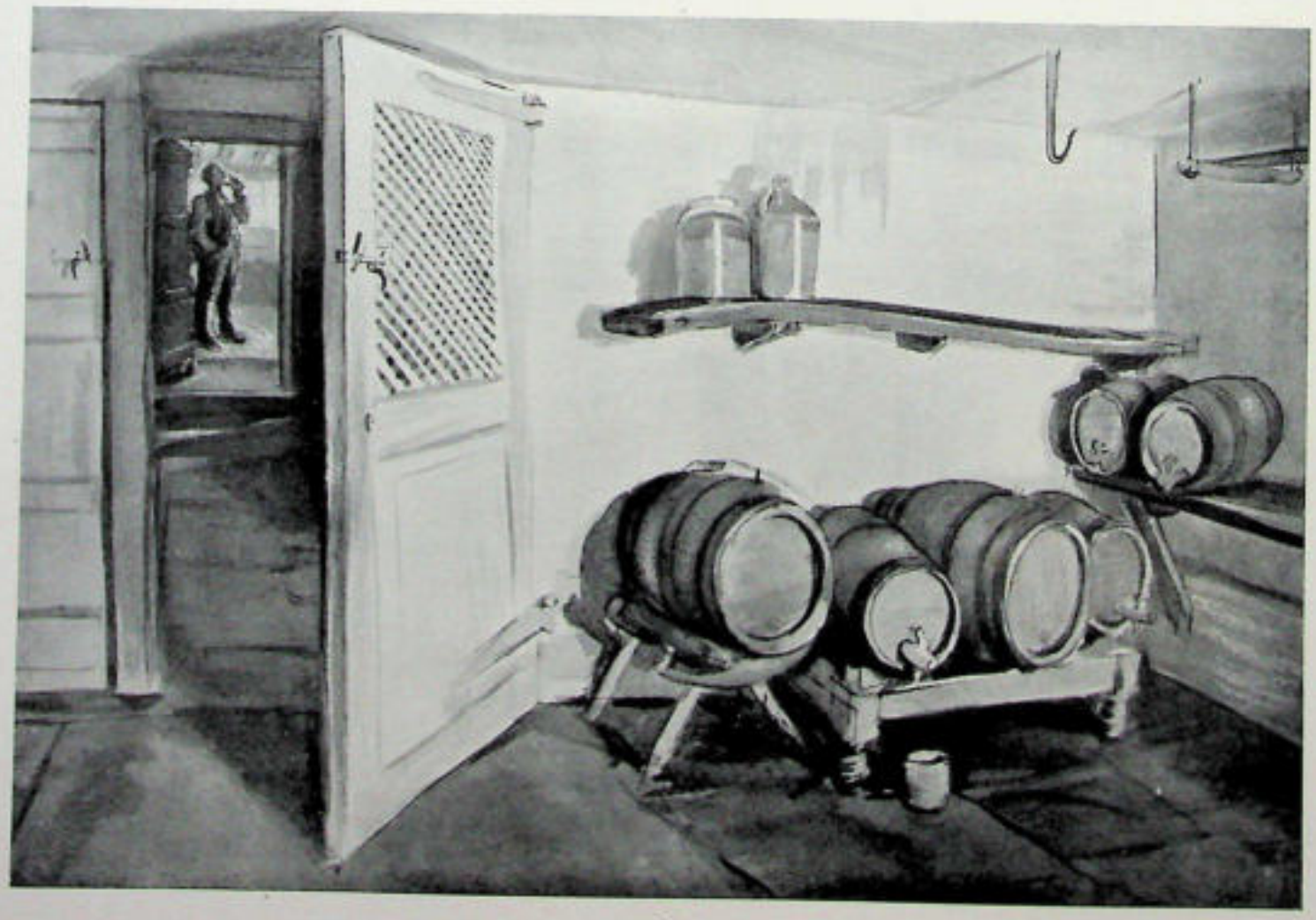
UNSPOILT ENGLAND—TWO OLD FARMSTEADS OF SUSSEX

From the Drawings by HUGH VERRALL, by courtesy of the Wigmore Art Gallery



CLOTHALLS, WEST GRINSTEAD, SEEN FROM THE BACK

Dignified old age is conveyed by a long sloping roof of Horsham slab stone, the well in the foreground and the decided cant of the timbered left wing



AN INTERIOR AT THISTLEWORTH FARM, WEST GRINSTEAD

A cellar cool, containing barrels of home-made wine. The lattice door is a feature of many old Sussex farm houses and the large ceiling hook once held home-cured hams. Both the farms are on the estate of Mr. J. P. Horning, of West Grinstead Park

A CANOE ON THE NILE

Scenic Grandeur and Friendly Folk

By MAJOR R. RAVEN-HART



DESERT SANDS, UNFRIENDLY, UNENDING, BUT EXCELLENT CAMP SITES



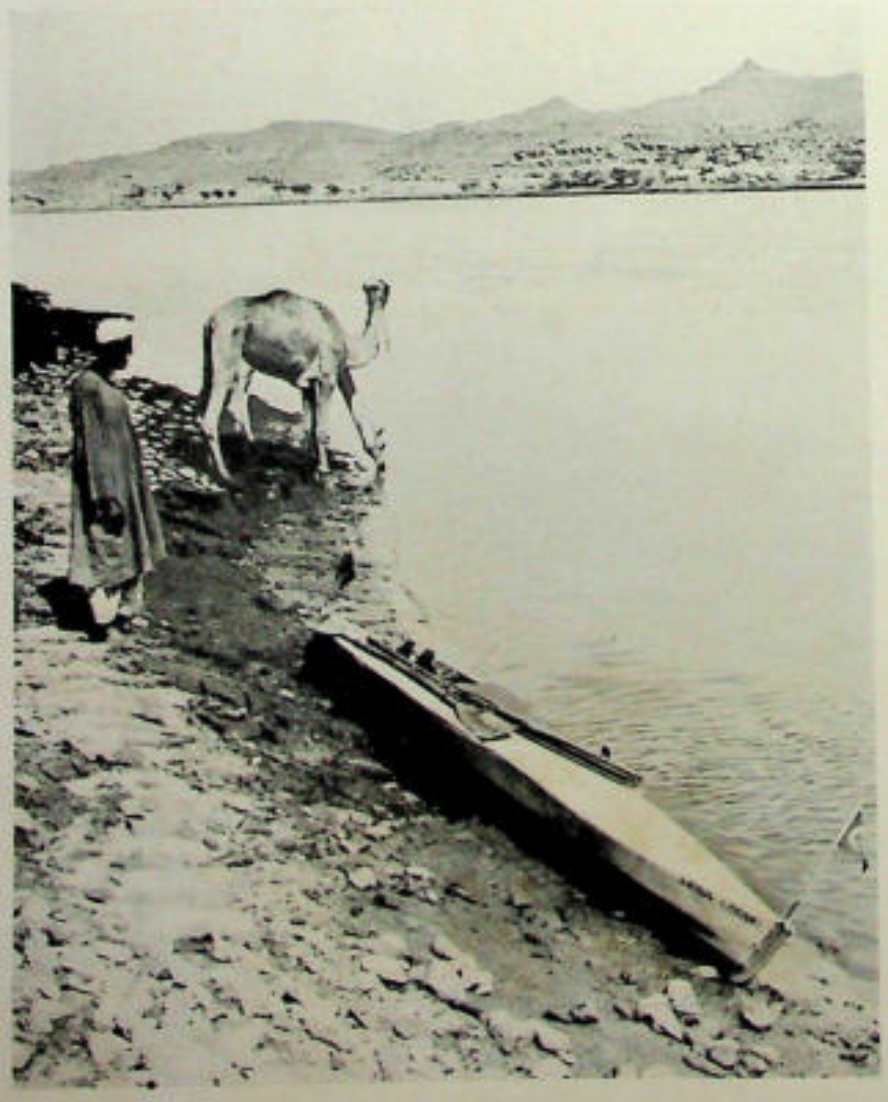
ALL BOYS LOVE BOATS

Young Nubians flocked down with yells of welcome to share my frequent bathes. The scene is at Morgus, where granite replaces the usual sandstone

IF I happened to own a steam-yacht, or could casually borrow one, no doubt I should have done the trip in her, and no doubt I should have had a far less interesting time. The Nile is not really a canoer's river: it is too wide and has too little current, and no rapids that are possible—but then I *had* a canoe.

It was the temples that interested me in the cruise, and I soon found that there is no way to visit these except in a boat of which you yourself are the master; there is no steamer service which is of any use for visiting most of them, and even for the few which can be thus reached the length of stay is not enough for more than a very "touristy" examination. What I had not realised until I got there was that, in addition to the temples, the scenery was also worth the journey, whether sandstone cliffs coming almost sheer to the water's edge, or granite blocks like heaps of pebbles seen through a giant's magnifying-glass, or wide expanses of sand, unending, unfriendly, over which sunsets had space for paintings that would have tested Turner to impotent rage.

Nor had I realised how friendly the Nubians were, nor what a race of gentlemen these people are; in fact, looking back at the cruise to-day I remember them better than I do the temples—the jolly kids who appeared from nowhere when I landed to bathe, and raced to join me in the water, shedding scanty garments as they ran; or the youths, like shadows of young Greek gods, stripped to work at the *shaduf*-water-hoists for irrigating the narrow strips of cultivable land along the shore; or the sailors and boatbuilders and carpenters, all pleased and



TWO FORMS OF TRANSPORT

Even a collapsible canoe does not worry camels



PHILÆ TEMPLE HALF SUBMERGED

My canoe at the threshold of the sanctuary

This England . . .



(*Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire*)

LET us be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue — and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls — to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

eager to show me the technique of their jobs; or the village elders who visited me at the door of my tent in the evenings did I show signs of wishing to receive guests.

Everywhere I found myself welcome, despite my lack of Arabic and total ignorance of Nubian; in practically every village someone turned up who could speak English, or French, or Italian, learnt during years of "exile" as a servant among the flesh-pots of Egypt. All this section, above the great dam at Aswân, is bitterly poor; many families are kept from starvation only by the money sent religiously home month after month by the younger sons, servants in Egypt, where their superior honesty, diligence and adaptability make them preferred for positions of trust even by Egyptian families and firms.

I launched in October, just as that dam was closing, and the water above it beginning to rise; it affects the river right up to Wâdi Halfa, my starting-place. All the way to Aswân I found the water rising, chasing the peasants off the cultivable lands they once possessed, and forcing them up to the rebuilt houses on the rocky heights. The dam has benefited Egypt incalculably, but at the expense of Nubia.

Year by year the level of the water held back has been raised; white stainings along many of the temple-pylons show the successive levels, until, in most cases to-day, the whole edifice is under water when the dam is full (and when the tourists arrive). By the time that I reached Philæ, last of the temples above the dam, it was already half covered; even the novel experience of being able to canoe into the inner halls and land on the very threshold of the sanctuary did not console me for my inability to see it properly.

It was my own fault, too. Had I kept going at the daily rate I had originally calculated I should have been there in plenty of time; but I got so fond of that scenery and of those people that I took it easier and easier, making long halts to swim and sunbathe, and finding always new pretexts for delay. Not that pretexts were often really necessary; every group of men I passed—building a boat, or sitting to chat near the bank, or singing interminable and to me tuneless songs on tied-up sailing-vessels, to the accompaniment of a rhythmic tapping on an empty paraffin-tin used as a drum—every group invited me to stop and drink tea with them, a younger member of the party often making himself a gadfly of invitation, running along the bank with his one garment kilted to the waist, insisting until I had to stop and walk back with him to the group.

I lived "on the country," eating native food, tiny eggs and vegetable stews and pigeon chiefly, with the huge wafer-thin flapjacks of just-baked Nubian bread to accompany them; sometimes I ate with the village notables, dipping fingers biblically into a common dish—oftener the meals arrived at my tent-door in a procession, from the host carrying a 3ft. flat basket-tray to the smallest son with a proudly cherished sugar-bowl. It was always difficult to get them to take payment for the food; once it proved entirely impossible, and I had to console myself by thanks at the time and by a present sent from Cairo later.

As a rule, I camped; once I slept in a temple court, hoping in vain for dreams; once in a carpenter's workshop, my boat and my belongings left confidently unguarded a full 400yds. away, down on the shore. Nubian honesty is proverbial; and for once a proverb is true in fact—there are few other countries in the world where I could so safely leave my gear unwatched.

The boat was a collapsible, of course, as shown in the photographs; although she is a two-seater I was alone in her, not having been able to find a partner for the trip. For the sake of anyone vaguely wondering about making such a cruise, I think it worth while adding here that, although a two-seater solo is one of the most unhandy of craft in a head wind, and although the prevalence of north winds on the Nile is an established fact, I myself never found the trip unduly tiring. Only on one day was this wind a nuisance, and always otherwise it came as a godsend for the coolness it brought.

I had been gloomily warned, not only of this wind, but also of crocodiles and snakes and scorpions. I saw one crocodile—perhaps; it went into the water too quickly for me to be sure. Snakes I never saw, nor scorpions; the latter could be troublesome in summer I was told. Mosquitoes were practically non-existent; sandflies troubled me occasionally when I picked a bad camp-site. Otherwise, with the best will in the world I can think of no disadvantages of the cruise even as I did it; and for someone who could go with a congenial friend as a companion, and wanted to study the temples, or collect folk-stories, or photograph, or sketch—to do in fact seriously any of the things that I did for my own amusement—I can imagine no more perfect way of spending the whole winter.

New Books

"THE BATTERED OLD MUG"

IT is particularly fitting that in this year there should appear a very full and detailed history of the racing for the America's Cup since its beginnings. This year marks perhaps the greatest expedition sent out from this country to bring back the "battered old mug"; it also marks one of our sharpest defeats. Lieutenant-Commander Kemp has done the sport good service with this carefully compiled record of what he clearly considers to be the great romance of yachting history. So long as it remains a romance all will be well; the danger to British yachting is that the quest of the cup may become a "grande passion." Of the origins of the cup and of that first race in Cowes Roads, when the schooner America came in ahead of all her competitors and a signalman in the royal yacht told Queen Victoria: "There is no second," Commander Kemp writes fascinatingly. He tells of the ups and downs of that famous yacht before she finally came to rest as a museum ship in the Dewey Basin.

Then he moves on to the much-debated Deed of Gift and to the early attempts which Mr. Ashbury made to bring the trophy home. Sir Richard Sutton's Genesta and Lieutenant Henn's unfortunate Galatea take up the quest, and then George Watson designs the unsuccessful Thistle for the task. Next come changes in the Deed of Gift, more disagreements and the Dunraven challenges, and in this chapter Commander Kemp goes fully into the Valkyrie quarrel. Then come Sir Thomas Lipton's five challenges, then Mr. Sopwith's first, and the book closes, most up-to-date, with an account of the second Endeavour's failure.

"Patience, patience, we shall win at the last," wrote Emerson, and if ever there was needed an example of patience it lies here in this record of the British attempt to bring home this yacht-racing trophy. Much of the story that Commander Kemp has to tell has been told before, but he has drawn together the threads into a compact canvas that will be appreciated as much by the layman as by the yachtsman. The latter will, perhaps, find himself at variance with the author's views over the protests in the 1934 series. He may also wish that there had been some comment on the why and the wherefore of this year's unsuccessful challenge.

Then again there is the influence of changing design upon the race and of the race upon design, which might have been discussed. Commander Kemp has, however, set out rather to tell the story of the cup races as a sequence than to deal with comment and criticism, and he has told his story remarkably well. Each race from the beginning is dealt with fully, and the illustrations are most apposite, and one which will interest many is of the schooner America under sail, a great improvement as an illustration upon the more usual lithograph. Altogether a welcome book, which will be appreciated in America as much as over here. J. I.

The America's Cup. By Lieutenant-Commander P. K. Kemp. (Hutchinson's; 12/6.)

THE ART OF SPINNING

OF recent years spinning as a serious competitor to fly fishing has come much to the fore. It is a pity that it should be considered a *competitor*. It used to be considered as a complement to the fly rod rather than an alternative method of angling, and Jock Scott's new book should help to restore the balance between these two methods of fishing, for he, himself, is a fly fisher and takes an agreeably sane view of their equality. There are at present three principal methods offering themselves for anglers' consideration: the single ratio reel; the American type multiplier; and the fixed-spool reel.

Jock Scott favours the multiplier, even going to the extent of claiming the fulfilment of a prophecy made in an earlier work: "the multiplier is coming in spite of prejudice." Whether one agrees with him or not depends very largely on the scope applied to the phrase. If he means simply that there will be some little boom in multiplying reels he is no doubt right. If there is one distinguishing feature of the rising generation it is surely a determination not to take its predecessors' wisdom on trust; everything will be tried out first.

But if he means that it will displace the Nottingham type eventually, I doubt it. Sooner or later anglers will find out the real objection to gears: that they interfere with that delicacy of touch in playing a fish, which is so valuable when it adopts slack tactics. Jock Scott argues that the necessity for this sense of touch can be avoided by the use of a slipping clutch (an abomination to a man who likes to have control of his fish); but that is hardly the point. It is the sort of "telegraphic communication" up the taut line by which an angler knows what his fish is doing that is so seriously interfered with by the intervention of gears. And, anyhow, prevention is better than cure.

It is rather curious, by the way, that American design in fishing tackle should be urged as a solution of problems in English waters. American tackle is designed to meet the conditions found in America: large waters commonly fished from a boat and comparatively uneducated fish; almost the exact opposite of most waters over here. That American tackle should be suggested for overcoming our difficulties seems an anomaly. About a hundred years ago the multiplier was finally rejected over here after many years' trial and much animated discussion. History, in angling as in other affairs, has a habit of repeating itself.

All the same Jock Scott has written an excellent book on spinning. He deals impartially with all the principal methods (except single-handed casting with the light Nottingham) and gives a well-balanced account of their strong and weak points.

Even the expert will find things in the volume from which he can profit. There is a most intriguing chapter on the use of floating baits—"wabblers"—in a salmon river which opens up new vistas for tactics in fishing a stream. There should be a future for floating baits for salmon. Baits which can be floated down one current and made to dive across into another by a judicious use of slack line obviously offer chances for ingenuity which anglers who like to use their brains in devising a method of attack will not be slow to appreciate. H. D. T.

Spinning Up-to-date. By "Jock Scott." (Seeley, Service & Co.; 12/6 net.)

COUNTRYSIDE PRESERVATION

WE "natives of Bucks" glory in our trees, and among us are amateur wood-carvers whose delight and privilege it is to visit periodically our master craftsman, Mr. Walter Rose, in his workshop at the old manor house of his native village in the Vale of Aylesbury. We regarded him as peculiarly ours, but now Mr. Rose has emerged into the limelight of literature and written *The Village Carpenter*, whereby he becomes available as a friend to all those interested in maintaining the beauty of the countryside.

"A joy to look at as well as to read."
—HOWARD SPRING (*Ev. Standard*)



SPORTING ADVENTURE

By J. WENTWORTH DAY.
Illus. by "FISH-HAWK." 12/6 net.

Limited Edition (100 copies) 42/- net.

"Delightful and illuminating commentaries on birds and animals and fishes, their habits and characteristics, and the sporting episodes of which he has so large and varied a collection. . . . It is impossible to see how the book could have been more interestingly and effectively written."
(*D. Telegraph*)

HARRAP

Written in a style almost biblical in its simplicity, it emphasises that in the making of a gate or erection of a fence, the workman can either leave a touch of beauty or disfigurement, and it is a call to every village carpenter to rise above the mentality of a mere workman and to become an artist in his craft. Particularly will his remarks appeal to *Field* readers in his detestation of the barbed wire practice and the nailing of fences to growing trees; also his commendation of landowners and sportsmen who preserve the old English character of their estates.

Mr. Rose's book is bound to take its place as a classic, along with Sturt's *Wheelwright*. D. G.

The Village Carpenter. By Walter Rose. (Cambridge University Press; 8/6.)

HOW TO MANAGE A TROUT STREAM

YOUTH and experience in the same individual is one of those impossible combinations which the French so aptly summarise in their aspiration: *Si la jeunesse savait*; but short of that desirable consummation the combination of one man's youth with another man's experience is no bad substitute. Mr. L. R. Peart's new volume is an excellent example of what can be done along these lines. The author is the son of Mr. A. R. Peart, the well-known owner of the Berkshire Trout Farm. He combines a delightful keenness in handling his subject with the knowledge gained by "picking his father's brains," as he expresses it, with most happy results.

As inquiries at the *Field* show, the question of managing a fishery is nowadays one of the most urgent problems with which both clubs and private owners are faced. "I have such and such a piece of water; do you advise stocking it, and how?" may be taken as a summary of a great many of the inquiries received. Such questions and their corollaries—increasing fly hatches, dealing with non-rising fish, and half-a-dozen more—are almost impossible to answer unless experience of the water is available. But there are certain general principles applying to all waters of the chalk-stream type which, allowing for intelligent "local variation," will generally produce results in increasing anglers' catches, or enabling more rods to get reasonable sport from a given length of water.

Mr. Peart confines his book to a study of those general principles. It differs from nearly every other book on the subject by avoiding vague generalities and getting down to facts. For example, he goes very carefully into the expense of running a fishery and shows, by actual figures, what size of bag may be expected for a given expenditure, and whether this or that form of stocking may be expected to pay.

His remarks on stocking in particular will be read with interest. There has been much too much "chuck and chance it" about stocking in these last few years. One club, let us say, finds good results from stocking with fry, so everyone else immediately starts doing the same, oblivious to the fact that their waters may be totally unsuitable for the system. Another man is impressed with the theory that "native" fish are best, breeds only from his own stock, and is surprised to find that he gets non-rising fish—though it should not surprise him since he has been breeding from non-rising parents. And so on *ad lib*. This chapter on stocking should at least obviate any very serious mistake being made in that all-important process to a modern fishery. Incidentally, it emphasises the principle which has often been urged in our own columns: "When in doubt stock with yearlings."

There are chapters on private hatcheries and stews; on the artificial spawning of trout; on weed control, destruction of vermin and all the small items which together make up good management. This book should be studied by club secretaries and owners who have water under their control; more especially by prospective owners who have in mind to develop their water. It is certainly one of the best books on practical fishery management which has yet appeared. H. D. T.

Fishing in the Making. By L. R. Peart. (A. & C. Black; 10/6 net.)

"HORSE-STINGERS"

IT is more than 30 years since a book on the British dragon-flies was published. It goes without saying, therefore, that it is quite time we had another. Miss Longfield's book, which is included in the justly famous Wayside and Woodland series, fills a large gap and since it is not over-technical, while full of information, it may be read by that very large body of people who have a keen interest in natural history but little specialised knowledge.

As a matter of fact very few people know anything about our dragon-flies. In some parts of the country they are called "horse-stingers," in others "Devil's darning-needles," in most just dragon-flies. Personally, I have never heard a popular name for any single one of them, and was quite unaware that any existed until I read Miss Longfield's book. Miss Longfield has managed to find an English name for each one of 46-odd species. I confess that not one single name strikes any responsive chord in me, and I utterly refuse to believe that any one will ever become popular.

That is the only criticism I can find to make of a really excellent book, though I confess that I miss the coloured plates that have proved so pleasant a feature of the other books in the series.

No structural descriptions are given, either of nymphs or adults. The authoress has confined herself entirely to the external points of identification, and in the case of nymphs to a somewhat superficial description of their appearance in the instar. Wisely, I think; for identification of species cannot be made from descriptions of the nymphs alone, even by an expert with life-experience. Again the biology is so complicated in this group of insects that it would require a book of its own to deal with it in any fitting manner. Miss Longfield has wisely ignored it, but she has given us an excellent chapter on classification, and a really magnificently simple key to the identification of the various species. This key and the information given as to times of appearance are alone worth the money. The book should have a wide sale. R. V.-F.

The Dragon-flies of the British Isles. By Cynthia Longfield, F.R.E.S. (Warne; 7/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

It is always difficult to find good sporting books for children not entered to adult literature. Here are two in the *Country Life* Junior Library at 3/6 each. *Golden Knight*, by Hermione Knight, for a pony club member, and *David's New World*, by Vernon Stokes and Cynthia Harnett, mainly for the young gunner.

East Anglians will be familiar with the name of Ernest Read Cooper, whose book, *Storm Warriors of the Suffolk Coast* (Heath Cranton; 3/6) has just been published. The volume, published at the request of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, tells of heroes of old time rescues and shipwrecks round the dangerously exposed Suffolk coast.



GOLDEN MOMENTS

Football

The whistle starts the first game of the season. Leading his side as he did in the Spring he takes the opposing backs by surprise and slams the ball into the net before the game is a minute old—the first goal scored in the season.

What a Golden Moment it must be for him! But even he cannot smoke a better tobacco at a shilling an ounce than Cut Golden Bar.—But it must be Wills's!



2 oz. vacuum tin.

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READY RUBBED
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1/- AN OUNCE

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HANDLERS AND OWNERS AT THE ULSTER GUNDOG LEAGUE FIELD TRIALS

Left: Mrs. E. D. Maguire, with Mr. R. Hill, who was handling for H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala and Colonel J. F. Lemon. Right: Miss D. M. Fagan with her Cocker Lick Bla Blaze. Miss R. Barton with Mrs. G. Scott-Moore's Cocker Irish Michael, and Mr. J. Scott with Miss D. Hardy's English Springer Robinhood Bustle

FIELD TRIALS IN ULSTER

Spaniels at Massereene Park

THE thirteenth field trials for spaniels were held under Kennel Club rules at Massereene Park, by kind permission of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, D.S.O., on Monday and Tuesday, September 20th and 21st. The weather on both days was splendid, and scenting conditions were excellent. Game was not numerous, but there were sufficient rabbits to test the competitors in the various stakes. A full card of eight springer spaniels competed in the Open Stake for any variety of spaniel, and the first and second dogs are eligible to go forward to the championship meeting, together with the first three in the Open Cocker Stake. Lord Dufferin, who was interested in his nomination Renrut Gin, brought a party over from Clandeboye to witness the trials, and these, in addition to Lady Dufferin, included Lord and Lady O'Neill, the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Jenkinson, Miss Dunn, Lieutenant MacDonald and Mr. Harrod.

H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's springer spaniel Busy Lad of Ware was an outstanding winner of the A.V. Spaniel Stake. He performs with great dash and drive, and under both judges (Captain N. W. Tredinnick and Mr. J. Blacklock) displayed unusual brilliancy as a gamefinder, has a good nose and was rock steady to shot and moving fur with a nice clean delivery. Miss Dorothy Hardy's Robinhood Bustle, a good-looking springer bitch, seldom failed to make good her ground and her pick-up and delivery was of a high order.

The Open Cocker Stake provided incidents of interest. It was clearly won by Dr. W. J. Dawson's Gigolo of Fews, a black and white cocker, by F.T. Ch. Rivington Quickstep ex the famous international F.T. Ch. Colleen of Fews. He is never out of range or control, and quarters his ground with care and method, is steady to all temptation and brings his game up to hand with clean delivery.

Of special note in the Novice Stake was the lemon roan cocker Nippy Blaze of Ware, owned by Mr. W. M'Causland and handled by R. Hill. This young spaniel was most spectacular in two of his retrieves, one of which, a legged rabbit which had disappeared after being shot through several patches of cover, was retrieved from a distance of 300yds. The line was followed unerringly, and the rabbit was brought back to its handler at top speed.

The awards were as follows:

STAKE No. 1 (for any variety retrieving spaniels except Cockers).—1st, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E. s. d. Busy Lad of Ware; 2nd, Miss D. Hardy's b. Robinhood Bustle; 3rd, Reps. of the late G. Clark's b. Grock of Blair; reserve, Mrs. Calvert's Bobbie Burns; certificates of merit, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava's d. Renrut Gin, Mr. E. Winter's b. Stanalogo Sportsright, Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyns Tonic and Captain J. F. Hodges's d. Glenmavel Jinks.

STAKE No. 2 (Open Stake for Cockers only).—1st, Dr. W. J. Dawson's d. Gigolo of Fews; 2nd, Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. F.T. Ch. Beat; 3rd, Reps. of late G. Clark's b. Flo of Blair; reserve and certificate of merit, Dr. W. J. Dawson's d. Flush of Fews; certificates of merit, Colonel J. F. Lemon's d. Nawn, Miss D. M. Fagan's d. Lick Bla Blaze, Miss D. Hardy's b. Carranagne Avril and Mrs. Scott-Moore's b. Blair.

STAKE No. 3 (any variety retrieving spaniel not having won a 1st prize in a single stake at any Field Trial held under K.C. rules).—1st, Dr. W. J. Dawson's C. d. Gigolo of Fews; 2nd, Mr. W. M'Causland's C. d. Nippy Blaze of Ware; 3rd, Mr. A. Byrne's E. s. b. Tedwyns Tonic; award of honour, Miss D. M. Fagan's Lick Bla Blaze; reserve and certificate of merit, Reps. of the late G. Clark's E. s. d. Buoy of Blair; certificates of merit, Mrs. Calvert's E. s. b. Eccentee Judy, Colonel J. F. Lemon's C. d. Nawn, Colonel W. D. Allen's C. d. Dan of Curran, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava's E. s. d. Renrut Gin, Mrs. Scott-Moore's C. d. Irish Michael, Captain W. F. How's E. s. b. Balmacarron Grey, Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's C. d. Brewster Billochan, Mr. E. Winter's E. s. d. Stalndrop Stopbright and Captain W. F. How's E. s. b. Balmacarron Pinkie.

STAKE No. 4 (any variety spaniel).—1st, Mr. W. M'Causland's C. d. Nippy Blaze of Blare; 2nd, Captain Hodges's Glenmavel Jinks; 3rd, Mrs. Calvert's E. s. b. Enmores Saucy Girl; reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. N. M. Clarke's C. b. Scottie's Jill; certificate of merit, Miss R. A. C. Barton's C. b. Lick Bla Breagh.

Busy Lad of Ware took the Abercorn Cup, presented by the Duke of Abercorn, Governor of Northern Ireland, for the best spaniel at the meeting, and Gigolo of Fews the *Belfast Evening Telegraph* Cup for the best cocker. Dr. Dawson's medal for the best professional handler was awarded to Mr. R. Hill, and Mrs. Maguire's medal for the best amateur handler went to Mr. A. Byrne.

ON Wednesday, September 22nd, the Ulster Spaniel Club held their second Field Trials at Massereene Park, when the judges were Mr. J. Scott and Mr. A. Dalzell. The awards were as follows:

STAKE No. 1 (Open Stake for Cocker Spaniels).—1st, Reps. of late G. Clark's b. Flo of Blair; 2nd, Colonel P. K. Wise's d. Ruthborn Stout; 3rd, Dr. W. J. Dawson's d. Gigolo of Fews. Award of honour, Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Allen's d. Dan of Curran; reserve, Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's b. Brewster Billochan. Certificates of merit to eight of the nine other dogs in the stake.

STAKE No. 2 (Any Variety Retrieving Spaniels).—1st, Mr. A. Byrne's b. Tedwyns Tonic; 2nd, Reps. of the late G. Clark's b. Crock of Blair; 3rd, H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Busy Lad of Ware; reserve, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's d. Bobbie. Certificates of merit to three of the four remaining dogs.

STAKE No. 3 (Any Variety Retrieving Spaniels).—1st, Dr. W. J. Dawson's d. Flush of Fews; 2nd, Major G. Nelson-Scott's d. Brewster Billochan; 3rd, Mr. W. McCausland's d. Nippy Blaze of Ware; reserve, Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. Scotties Jill. Certificates of merit to eight of the remaining eleven dogs in the stake.

"FIELD" PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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

RULES.—1. The latest date of entry for the next of these competitions is Saturday, Oct. 30th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The "Field" Newspaper, Field House, Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 6. Description and name and address must be written on the back of each print.

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

A WELL-KNOWN FOXMINDER

MANY sportsmen in Sussex and the Shires will be sorry to hear of the death of George Palmer, who did much to further their pleasures in a humble way.

As headkeeper to the late Mr. George Wilder he showed wonderfully high pheasants on Watergate beat and Stanstead Forest, together with a good supply of foxes. From there he went to Shopwyke, near Chichester, and became kennel huntsman to Major Guy Paget's pack of beagles, which hunted round Bognor and Arundel some thirty years ago. He then went with Major Paget to the Pytchley country. Then, first at Cottesbrooke and later at Sulby, he looked after coverts, which he boasted that for 20 years hounds had drawn blank but once, and that after Freeman's hounds had broken up a fox in Sulby Gorse.

He had a surprising knack of always having a fox in small coverts. He once said that he never allowed his dog to enter them, his rule being to leave it at the gate both when stopping and unstopping, also that any rats he killed he strewed about them.

COURSES IN NAVIGATION

ON Wednesday last the Little Ship Club opened its winter season at Beaver Hall, and from now until April seamanship and navigation classes will be held on Monday nights. Mr. Hugley Halliday, M.I.N.A., M.I.A.E., and Commander John Irving have again consented to be the hon. instructors, and Lieutenant Russell takes signals classes again on Tuesday evenings. A small charge of 5 is made for each class, but associates (those under 25) may attend any of the classes free of charge. The club is to be congratulated on leading the way in assisting our National Defence Scheme. It recently undertook the arrangement of lectures for London members of the Royal Naval Volunteer Supplementary Reserve at its headquarters, on Wednesday nights, following closely the syllabus laid down by the Admiralty experts in each subject talk to reservists. An average attendance of 250 at these instructional sessions shows there is no lack of enthusiasm.

SNIPE OF COUNTY KERRY

Big Bags at Ballinagroun

SOME of the bags recently made on the shootings of Ballinagroun, Co. Kerry, are worthy of note. No serious attempts have been made for records; the shooting rarely begins before eleven or continues after four, and all bags are made to two guns. Setters are used only where snipe are scarce. The shooting comprises four main beats, of which probably the best is that property near Dingle on which Lord Ventry made many notable bags, and which bears his name. These four main beats, then, are Ventry, Dingle, Caribashina and Feonagh, with some smaller and less productive beats which are not shot in sequence.

I will choose four consecutive days in early November of 1934:

Nov. 6, Ventry...	111 snipe, 1 woodcock, 3 wildfowl	115
Nov. 7, Dingle ...	91 snipe, ... 1 wildfowl	92
Nov. 8, Feonagh .	81 snipe	81
Nov. 9, Ventry...	106 snipe	106
Total for four days	389 snipe, 1 woodcock, 4 wildfowl	394

Potentially, 400 snipe to two guns in four days. As a general rule the birds are not driven at all, though on occasion an isolated patch of bog may be managed better in this way.

The character of the ground varies considerably with the different beats. Ventry, for example, consists of two salt marshes—often holding fabulous numbers of snipe, which, rising in enormous wisps, are quite unapproachable—and, between the sea and Mount Eagle, innumerable small rough fields, all of a boggy nature, and divided from each other by low turf dykes.

Most of these fields carry rough bog grasses growing in 2in. or 3in. of soft mud, but the typical Irish red grass is notably lacking on this beat. It is a pity that the salt marshes of Ventry should, on an average day, yield so few snipe. It is no uncommon sight to see many hundreds of snipe on the wing after the first shot is fired on the marsh, but it is difficult to see how this can be overcome. The ground vegetation is thin, and the whole marsh is intersected with deep creeks which may take one over the waist, and for this reason it would be difficult to drive satisfactorily. Some parts of Feonagh, and a great portion of Dingle, consist largely of the red bog, the fields are larger, and unenclosed areas of bog are more frequent.

Really treacherous ground is not found over large areas, though one may frequently come upon an intensely green emerald patch, usually completely circular and rarely more than a few yards across, which may provide for the unwary an unsavoury short cut to Australia. A tale is told of an unpopular sportsman, who, in reply to a question, was informed by the keeper that such a spot had a "good bottom." Half an hour later, drenched, scared and dishevelled, he stood on firm ground once more, the rescue work completed.

"I thought"—he turned furiously on Paddy—"you said that it had a good bottom?" "Sure," your honour," replied that worthy, "it is a lovely bottom that it has, but indeed yourself was not half way to it!"

As a visitor I was a little embarrassed by the fact that many of the inhabitants of the western part of the district are still incapable of speaking any language but their native Erse, but I think I should be thankful that certain Gaelic comments on my shooting remained untranslated.

We may read that on January 28th, 1867, on Lord Ventry's property near Dingle, Co. Kerry, the Hon. E. de Moleyns shot 97 snipe and, five days later, 105 snipe to his own gun. Colonel Peyton, shooting alone on the same property, on December 11th, 1901, shot 102. I quote from Captain Hugh Gladstone's work, *Record Bags and Shooting Records*.

The total for the season 1933–34 on this shoot was 1,625 snipe and about a hundred wildfowl; but I believe this figure has since been considerably exceeded. These bags may seem insignificant beside such as made by Lord Elphinstone and Mr. J. D. Cobbold on the Island of Tiree in the inner Hebrides in November, 1906. To quote again from Captain Gladstone, 1,052 snipe were killed for seven days' shooting, the best single day being 249 snipe. These bags, however, have probably never been equalled before or since, being in all likelihood dependent upon some enormous flight of foreign snipe.

I have often heard it said that the Irish bird is easier to shoot than the English or Scottish, but I can only say that I have not found him so. He is 4oz. or 5oz. of feathered dynamite with all the cunning of an Irish fox. Another statement frequently made, and with which I heartily disagree, is that the jack snipe is an easier bird to shoot than his larger cousin. I know I am in a minority. Perhaps I do not like shooting him even when I can—he is such a confiding little bird. Few people realise how very fast a jack can fly when he is really put to it—my own eyes were opened the other day.

We were walking a dry lake-bed between high mountains, with the great grey Atlantic rollers thundering half-a-mile away. I am afraid I was half asleep—it was too perfect a place to shoot in. Suddenly something whizzed past my face, heading almost straight for the ground and going literally like a bullet. It was a jack snipe, and a jack snipe *in extremis* of terror. He reached the water level, righted himself, and shot up again exactly like a rocket.

As I turned in astonishment I saw, or rather heard, the cause. His pursuer, a peregrine tiercel, was not more than 15yds. behind. A hundred mile an hour wind through those tense, half-closed wings, made a sound not unlike the supercharger of a racing car—I have never seen a peregrine or his quarry going faster. I hope the jack got away; he deserved to. But the peregrine is another bird I would not willingly shoot, at any rate, not on a snipe bog—he is a fellow hunter. On a grouse moor I am afraid he is a poacher, and must often meet with mediæval justice, but in that wild place he seemed what the Irish call "himself."

Why do one's best shots always go unpicked? The answer seems obvious but unkind. I know the best snipe I have ever killed have graced no epicurean table. I have in mind a right and left—such a one as I dream about. It was nearing the end of the day; there remained only a small but extremely snipy hole to be shot. My host decided to drive it.

We took up our places—my host 60yds. to my right. We waited, tense and expectant. The single beater entered the snipe hole. Instantly, incredibly, the air was full of snipe, twisting, dodging, "sheaping," but all coming the right way. I took the first one to come within range; he was nicely up, a little nearer to me than to my host, and accelerating hard. He crumpled beautifully, and I turned rapidly back to my front. The majority of the snipe were already right past me—the nearest was a high bird, a good 50yds. away on my left, and getting further. It was an undeniable fluke, but he fell stone dead, and he had a lovely long way to fall. A moment later my host approached.

"They all came together," he complained. "Did you get any?" "Two," I replied, with that conscious pride which, as an acquaintance of mine puts it, results on a double fall.

"Good enough," he said, and we went to pick them up. I knew I could walk right to the place where the second one fell—just over that ridge. I came to the ridge. There was a broad, fast-running river, just the other side. . . . We walked back to find the other. But we never found him—and I am afraid my day was spoilt.

My host said that it must have got up again, as snipe do in the most amazing way, but I *knew* that snipe was dead. But as we walked back to the car, with the crimson sunset behind the black ridge of Mount Eagle reflected in every desolate pool of the Irish bog, I forgot my discontent.

Not least among the fascinations of snipe shooting must rank the wild places into which it takes its devotees. Mountain and bog under a wild December sky—here a mountain in pale yellow sunshine, there the stormy contrast of its neighbours—salt marshes where a cold, dead sky merges imperceptibly into a sullen sea, and the smell of snow is in the wind—English water meadows green and lush under a hot August sky—sunny, blowy days in the Border country, with the gleam of winter sun in every puddle—and through it all the sweet rotten haunting smell of the bog.

My first snipe was a terrible disappointment. It was on a Northumbrian moor; I was fourteen, it was the beginning of the summer holidays. It was a heavy, dark day with thunder in the air. I had been missing them consistently all the morning, but as we approached that particular patch of rushes there rose a snipe which flew exactly like an owl. I suppose he was a very young one. Anyway, I killed him dead, but as I went forward to pick him up I felt bitterly disappointed—I felt myself to have been cheated—my first snipe should have flown like a snipe, not like an owl.

The snipe, in my mind, will never belong to record-breaking days, but rather to those days when he may with luck form the tenth or eleventh variety of a mixed bag, or to those days when he may afford the only variety in a day's grouse driving—taken from force of habit well out in front, and falling if one is lucky, right into the very butt. But perhaps this is because I have shot him, in numbers, but seldom; and to me he is the purple patch in many a day's shooting.

I find an entry in my game book, recording a January potter, which reads as follows: "6 cock pheasants (for the royal bird must ever be given preference), 5 mallard, 4 teal, 7 rabbits, 4 hares, 6 pigeon and 6 snipe."

Below it I read: "Hard work to get the snipe." And reading I can remember each of those six snipe as he rose and as he fell, and I can recapture the pleasure that each of those six shots gave me—each one a purple patch in itself.

H. M.



G. B. Fearne

SNIPE AT THE NEST. (BELOW) THE CLUTCH



Record Heads

THE KOPET DAGH URIAL

By SIR CLENDON DAUKES, C.I.E.

In the next few weeks the "Field" is publishing a series of articles on some of the Record Heads to be displayed in the British Section of the International Sporting Exhibition in Berlin, written by the men who shot them.

THE wild sheep which is the hero of this article proved to be what is believed to be the biggest recorded specimen of the Kopet Dagh variety of urial. Some doubt exists as to the precise classification of the variety, Mr. Lydekker (*vide* Rowland Ward's *Game Animals of India*) ascribing it to the *Ovis vignei arkar* "from the range dividing Persia and Turkestan and the Ust Yurt plateau to the west of Lake Aral," while Dr. Saturnin restricts it to the Ust Yurt sheep and proposes the name *Ovis vignei carentsouri* as a more appropriate nomenclature.

However this may be, it is certain that 25 years ago large numbers of this splendid sheep roamed the highlands near the head of the Gurgan Valley, not far distant from the south-east corner of the Caspian Sea.

This area was (and possibly still is) one of the best all-round natural hunting grounds and game preserves in Asia. It owed its comparative immunity from the fate of many other big game tracts to its proximity to certain passes for many centuries followed by invaders from the plains of Central Asia.

From the dim mists of the past emerge a succession of pictures of lean, hard-riding mounted raiders who have swept over this corner of Asia in an almost unceasing stream. The Hyrcanians and Parthians, whose system of mounted tactics has perpetuated itself in our own language and who were even a thorn in the side of the Roman Empire, are believed to have conducted their operations from or through these very regions.

In later times the Turkoman hordes were the scourge of North-East Persia, where dismantled "Turkoman towers" still bear testimony to their surprising mobility and the great extent of their activities.

It was Nadir Shah—himself a Turkoman and a raider by birth and race—who realised, as a ruler of Persia, that a buffer state for the protection of the N.E. provinces of Persia was the only solution. He it was who is believed to have imported certain Kurdish clans from Western Persia and planted them with headquarters at Bajnurd athwart the natural lines of the raiders approach. The Turkomans are Sunnis, while the Kurds belong to the Shiah sect and come, moreover, of hard-fighting hillmen stock to whom the beautiful mountain country—a combination of Scotland and Kashmir—must have made a special appeal. They had but to hold it against their redoubtable neighbours from across the watershed of the Kopet Dagh, and this they succeeded in accomplishing—within certain limits. Turkoman-raiding sensibly diminished and the immediate and natural outcome of the Kurdish "buffer" was a deadly tribal feud in which either side shot the other at sight.

Between two such warring tribes a condition of "No Man's Land" must inevitably arise, and it was thus—in broad outline—that the natural hunting grounds to which allusion has been made came into existence and to these causes that it owed its preservation. True, shooting did not cease, but it was dangerous in the extreme except for well-armed parties, and even so the hunter was frequently himself the quarry.

This possibility was, indeed, very clearly brought home to me on one occasion when lying up in the shade of some bushes during the warm hours of the day. We were then on the Kurdish side of No Man's Land, and my guide, a Kurd, was idly scrutinising a distant ridge through my field glasses. There was little hope of picking up game at this hour, and great therefore was my surprise to see him suddenly galvanised into keen attention. On inquiry he informed me, in a casual manner, that he had sighted a small sheep through the glasses, but that it had sat down again and was no longer in view owing to the undergrowth. He therefore suggested that, as there was time to spare before hope of sport in the evening, he should stalk it with my rifle for the "pot." This absurd proposal I naturally turned down on the ground that a shot would ruin all hopes of sport that day, and, finding every effort unavailing, he then disclosed the truth, namely, that he had clearly seen a Turkoman member of a hunting party who was admirably placed for being stalked, and whom he was sure he could bring to bag within an hour! It was, he pleaded, a heaven-sent opportunity to repay some recent scores arising from raids of a fiendishly cruel character on outlying Kurdish encampments. Naturally, however, this naïve proposal to take a hand in the tribal feud could not be entertained, and we were ourselves compelled to withdraw with the utmost circumspection lest the Turkomans should sight us and, perchance, feel fewer scruples in the matter.

My Kurdish guide lived to thank his stars for his enforced restraint on this occasion, as a few days later we were ourselves stalked by this (or another) Turkoman party in circumstances which might well have had serious consequences. But let us return to our sheep.

Enough has been said perhaps to convey some idea of this wonderful wild tract. It was a primitive hunting country such as might have delighted the heart of Neolithic man. Here, within the space of two or three days' march, we ourselves encountered large herds of sheep, numbers of maral stag and lesser forest game, as well as tigers, leopards, wolves—and Turkomans on the hunt!

The subject of this article was one of a herd of some fifteen large rams, most of which appeared to me to measure close upon 40in. or over. It was noticeable that at this season (September-October) the biggest rams tended to congregate together.

This particular herd was well placed for a stalk with a favourable wind across our front. With heart beating high I studied the lie of the ground and endeavoured to pick out the best head—no easy task where all were of outstanding merit, and, being on the move, tended to screen one another. There was a ram of rams, however, whose horns as he grazed with lowered head appeared to impede his vision. This was, I decided, the sheep of my dreams. He was inclined to lag behind the others, and I made a mental note of this point in case time should be short after the stalk and a snap shot unavoidable.

A parallel ridge offered a fair line of approach, and my guide and I were about to launch the stalk when we were horrified to observe indications of alarm among the hitherto tranquil herd. Some raised their heads and made short and aimless dashes from side to side, and finally the whole herd ceased grazing and made steadily off, though without stampeding.

Our first inclination was to suspect the wind, but this, we soon satisfied ourselves, remained steady. The explanation must be sought elsewhere. Then, far away on our right front and clearly outlined on the skyline, swept a line of some eight or ten animals stretched out one behind the other and absorbed in the chase of my quarry. Through the glasses they appeared to be wolves (or wild dogs). They were in sight for only a few moments and sheep and wolves then vanished alike from our ken. Bitter though my disappointment was, I could not resist a thrill of excitement as this picture of a hunt in full cry unrolled itself before my eyes.

The tautly drawn line of the hunters was aimed like an arrow at the vanishing sheep, with the big ram of my dreams lumbering along in the rear!

I saw them no more that day, but a few days' later revisited the locality, and in a ravine not far distant from the scene described above picked up the head with some flesh and skin still adhering to the skull.



Rowland Ward

ONE OF THE MOST LOVELY SHEEP HEADS EVER SHOT

Although denied the joy of bagging him myself, I have always felt that I was closely associated in this hunt and have placed him among my trophies somewhat in the spirit of a foxhunter and his "brush."

Actually the best Kopet Dagh sheep shot by me measured just over 38in., but he was a comparative youngster.

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SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

Letters to the Editor

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

THE HEART SHOT AT ELEPHANT

SIR,—In his interesting article on hunting elephant in Uganda (your issue of September 11th), Captain R. J. D. Salmon, on page 644, gives instructions to the beginner as to where to aim so as to get the heart.

As everyone knows, he is an expert at elephant hunting, and has had exceptional experience in slaying these splendid animals.

He advises getting the elephant full side on and aiming where the edge of the ear touches the body in an imaginary line along the back of the fore leg. This he says will get the heart, and he ought to know. However, none of the elephants in Northern Rhodesia and adjacent territories keep their hearts in such a position, and I know of many fine beasts being hit there and escaping wounded.

The heart of an elephant, when standing full broadside, lies one-third above the lower part of the body inside the forelegs, and to hit it the hunter should be slightly behind so as to omit hitting the leg bone. The shot Captain Salmon advises doubtless kills at times by cutting the main heart artery, and possibly the lungs, but I do not believe it will get the centre of the heart.

Had the late Major C. H. Stigand and Captain Martin Ryan been alive I am sure they would have agreed with this; and I think Major W. D. M. Bell will also consider the edge of the ear too high for the centre of the heart, as well as too far back.

Captain Salmon seems to think the heart a better spot than the brain, and he believes in large bores such as the .450 and .470. Bell, on the other hand (and he is the most expert elephant hunter who ever used modern rifles), prefers the brain shot, and small bores such as the .256 and .275. I agree with him.

There is no comparison as to which is the more satisfactory and humane, for when a bullet misses the brain the elephant suffers little and always recovers soon. On the other hand, a miss at the heart causes the animal agonies, and it often dies a lingering death.

An ineffectual body shot also infuriates an elephant much more than a bad head shot, for should the brain not be punctured the animal will usually be dazed with the shock, and may fall and get up again, if not killed with a subsequent bullet before it goes far.

When anyone shoots his first elephant he should watch the cutting-up, and note the exact position of the vital organs. He will be surprised to see that the heart is much lower in the cavity of the chest than is often mentioned in books and articles.

Yours faithfully,

Belmont, Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

THE GREENSHANK

SIR,—Your mention of the beautiful greenshank in *A Naturalist's Notebook* for August 28th reminded me that this white wader is perhaps an uncommon species to most people. Some nest in the Highlands, but to most ornithologists, the greenshank—together with green sandpiper, whimbrel, common sandpiper, skuas and golden plover—belongs especially to that scattered army of migrants whose sudden appearance in July announces each year the onset of that prolonged phenomenon, autumn migration.

Although, when they first come down from the north, some greenshank have very dark wings, autumn sees them with ashy heads, lower backs, tails and undersides, so that they are the whitest waders of their size on the mud. Best distinction is the call-note, a clear tew-tew-tewk, to be heard a mile over the flats; more rarely one hears a ringing chu-vee, chu-vee, the male's breeding note, hardly to be distinguished from that of the male roseate tern. The greenshank seems to call only when in flight.

Seashore, inland sewage-farm, fresh marsh—all are visited by greenshank on passage: but their favourite feeding grounds are the vast mud-flats of such localities as Breydon Water, behind Great Yarmouth. There I have seen as many as 20 in a morning—the greenshank is a solitary species—and their cries are sounding all the day.

Besides being distinctive in plumage, the greenshank is also an amusingly energetic bird. It has the annoying habit of feeding always in shallow mains and pools on the flats, which obscure its activities from one watching from behind the sea-wall or from some leaky punt. But, when the chance comes to observe it freely, one cannot but admire the energy with which it runs along, forcing its upturned bill through shallow pool, the half of its head immersed, what time the redshank, working the same pool, either probes deliberately in a hundred different places, or turns its body about its bill with incredible rapidity. The greenshank's mode of feeding reminds one of the remarkable turnstone, which pushes the seaweed up and away from it, unlike all (?) other birds which peck backwards.

Yours faithfully,

Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

GROUSE AND GROUSE MOORS

SIR,—I read with much interest, in your issue of August 28th, the letter written by Sir John Heathcote-Amory.

I do not think the conditions in Perthshire as regards grouse can be compared with those existing in Sutherland and Ross-shire. In the year 1929 I bought a small moor called Biricben, near Dornoch, from the Duke of Sutherland. I had it for thirteen years when, owing to ill health, I decided to sell. During the season of 1934 I leased the moor to Sir John Lloyd, who obtained a bag of nearly 500 brace. The same year, Mr. Wignall, on Cambusmore marching with Biricben, obtained a record bag, and far too many birds were left. The inevitable result came next year—disease; most of the moors in the district have not yet recovered, and at Dornoch, in July this year, my former gamekeeper, now in Lord Rothermere's employment, told me he had been all over the ground and hardly seen a bird: the birds seem to have deserted the district. I heard similar reports from the adjoining moors—Cambusmore, Ospisdale and Tressady—and several shoots near Ardgay on the Carron in Ross-shire.

Since Lord Rothermere bought Biricben I do not think 30 brace have been shot. How can this be accounted for?

In 1924 I had disease on the moor badly, but in a few years the moor recovered, and the bag increased from under 100 brace to nearly 300. The heather has been burnt regularly, and grit put down. I gather that at Glenfernate it is an average year, though not a good one. Is there, or has there been, disease there? I do not think the heather beetle is the cause, but the birds seem to have migrated.

Yours faithfully,

Strode, Ermington, S. Devon. HENRY G. HAWKER.

DECLINE OF BLACKGAME

SIR,—Various suggestions are made as to the cause of decline in the numbers of blackgame. But for some reason one finds one's theory as to this decline upset by the opposing facts coming to one's own personal observation.

Take pheasants as one. A good blackgame shoot in Northumberland went back when pheasants were introduced, yet in Argyllshire, opposite Jura, on a shoot of mixed moorlands, bogs and cultivation, 40 blackcocks were shot by October 1st, and wild pheasants existed all over the shoot in very great numbers. I note in a Scottish paper that on a moor in Roxburghshire 55 blackgame and 22 grouse were shot on one day in August. It appears that blackgame flourish there. Why?

Yours faithfully,

Caithness. M.

SIR,—We all owe a debt to the *Field* for having carried out an enquiry regarding the decrease in blackgame. Would that we could get at the real cause of the trouble. Personally I am delighted that several of your correspondents have declared against the fetish of consistently preserving all greyhens; old hens can be as big a nuisance as old cocks.

A friend of mine rented a moor on which there were a few blackgame which never seemed to increase. They were mostly on a beat which used to be driven about August 14th and 25th. We always noticed that a high percentage of birds killed on the 25th were young, and at last my host suggested the experiment of shooting at blackgame that came over the butts the first time over, and thereafter allowing no more to be shot. We all agreed to break the law and, to our shame, killed a dozen blackgame in one drive on August 13th. Every one was an old bird, for the broods were too young to come forward. For the rest of the season, except for an old cock in October, blackgame were absolutely protected.

Was it coincidence that the following year the blackgame bag was treble the average, and nearly double the previous best? Unfortunately my host died, and the experiment was carried no further.

There is obviously no moral to this story. Even more obviously am I compelled to subscribe myself

Yours faithfully,

GANGSTER.

Aberdeenshire.

SHOULD THE NYMPH BE BARRED?

SIR,—The following passage occurs in Mr. H. D. Turing's article on the above subject in your issue of August 7th:

"The practice of 'prospecting' with a nymph and casting it into likely places on the chance of a fish seeing it, which is probably the principal cause of much of the objection which is felt against it, is not nymph fishing at all; it is essentially wet-fly fishing, and is quite understandably objected to by men who reserve their water for the dry fly."

I entirely agree, but why pillory the nymph "prospector" and not include the angler who practises the same pernicious method with a floating fly? To my mind he is an even worse pest than the other, in that the undersized fish he catches are surface feeders, and it may reasonably be presumed that they would have continued to be so when they attained more portly proportions.

The whole point, of course, is not whether a fly is on, in, or an inch or two below the surface, but the method with which it is employed.

Yours faithfully,

The Sports Club, St. James's Square, S.W. 1. S. B. SKEVINGTON.

[We agree with our correspondent that prospecting is equally objectionable with a dry fly or with a wet fly. If chalk-stream fishermen confined their attention to "casting a single fly to a fish whose position is known" there would be less complaint about shy fish and less tendency to attribute their shyness (incorrectly) to "nymph fishing."—ED.]

WINTER RECORDING

SIR,—I was much interested in the remarks re the recording of "last" birds in the Naturalist's Notebook in the *Field* of September 4th, a column, if I may say so, from which I derive infinite pleasure. I entirely agree with the remarks on the above subject, but what I do think might be of interest to record would be when the birds first start to sing again. There must, I am sure, be many like myself who get almost as great a thrill from hearing the opening of the autumn orchestra—limited as it is compared with the spring—as they do from the early notes of the latter. I have, myself, but recently returned from a short three weeks' stay in West Sussex, and during August, when bird song is conspicuous chiefly by its almost entire absence, the sound of any real bird song is then pure delight when it occurs. Which bird starts it? I maintain the robin; the wren a close second. I heard both in real song between August 10th-14th, and during the third week I heard great-tit, willow wren, and, great joy, a black-cap—though this last might have been a garden warbler, as I could not see it, and the song though prolonged was so low as to be just as if the bird was singing quietly to itself. No lark, thrush or blackbird did I hear the whole three weeks, though no doubt all three will be tuning up again very soon.

Yours faithfully,

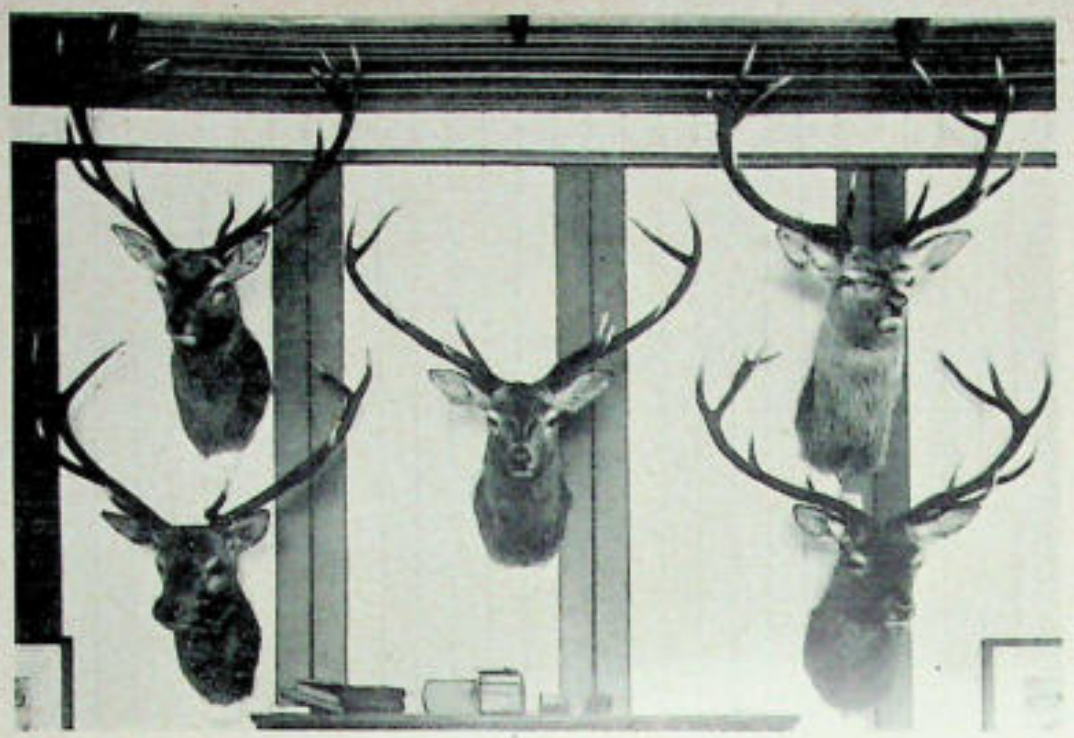
Connaught Club, 75, Seymour Street, Marble Arch, W. 2. FRANCIS VERRY.

HABITS OF BLACK-THROATED DIVER

SIR,—In the text which accompanied Mr. Niall Rankin's colour photograph of the black-throated diver in your issue of August 7th, it was stated that this species, unlike the red-throated diver, does all its fishing in fresh water. This is not entirely correct, for not so very long ago I had the pleasure of watching at close quarters two pairs of adult black-throated divers, and one immature bird, fishing for an hour or more in the sea off the west coast of Ross-shire, not many miles south of Lochinver.

Yours faithfully,

79, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1. A. B. R. VALENTINE.



FIVE FINE HEADS FROM STRATHCONAN
(See letter "The Hierarchy of the Deer")

SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR,—Does not the number of birds in any district generally depend upon their food supply?

Your correspondent, Mr. Gilchrist, tells us that there is a plague of flies in Taunton, and also mentions that swallows are plentiful. Mr. Kempe, on the other hand, says that there is a scarcity of flies in Knighton, and complains of a shortage of swallows, which is exactly what one would expect.

Swallows must also have suitable nesting-places. Wholesale repair of old barns and outhouses inside which they make their nests will cause them to leave a district. This, of course, does not apply to martins which build outside.

Yours faithfully,

Easthourne. P. G. TILLARD.



"You might almost call it Bond Street"

—said Johnnie Walker

But in this "Bond" at a Highland distillery, you walk between rows of casks, not shops. These casks—thousands of them—contain fine whisky peacefully maturing. Some is the "new make," but some has been here for very many years. Many other specially chosen whiskies are also waiting, all over Scotland, for the day when they'll be old enough to meet in the famous round blend of Johnnie Walker. *So always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*



JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong



"AND THEY LIVED IN THEIR OLD HOLLOW TREE"
(See letter "Owl Orphans")

OWL ORPHANS

SIR,—I enclose a picture of an incident in the varied life of a couple of spotted owlets which belong to Peter, a friend of mine living in South India.

Peter, who always has an assortment of tame animals about, was kept awake night after night by the screeching of a little spotted owlet. He drove it away, but it returned. He made the boys hunt it from the house whenever it came near, but all to no purpose. So one very early morning in the hot weather, when he was badly needing all the sleep he could get, he could stand it no longer and he shot it. When his boy came some hours later with the "bed tea, please sah," he was horrified to find the dead owlet. "Master," he said, "why did you kill it? It has kittens in the hollow tree." Peter was most remorseful, and sure enough there they were, two half-fledged baby owlets. So he took them carefully out and fed them with milk from a fountain pen filler, and bread soaked in milk, and, later on, on little frogs and lizards; and when he went on tour they travelled in the "what-not" box in the dash-board of his car, and they grew and thrived; and he still has them—the two orphans, Olive and Otto, and they live in their old hollow tree.

Yours faithfully,

C. CLAUDE WILSON.

c/o Imperial Bank of India,
Madras, South India.

CATCH ONE KITTIWAKE

SIR,—One of our party, fishing on Loch Frisa recently, was trailing a fly behind the boat when it was taken by a kittiwake. The bird was landed with difficulty, the hook disgorged, and the catch released apparently none the worse.

Yours faithfully,

Glenaros, ARUNDEL BEGBIE.
Isle of Mull.

THE HIERACHY OF THE DEER

SIR,—I read "M. T. S." article with pleasure. It is pleasant to find a big game hunter who affords a place to our Scottish red deer. The enclosed photograph, shown me by a friend, of five stags shot in one of the forests the author mentions—Strathconan—shows what our hierachy can do.

They are as they hang on the wall:

Twelve points 17st.	Eleven points 19st.	Thirteen points 20st. 5lb.
Nine points 17st.	42in. spread	Fourteen points 36in. spread

The left three were shot by Captain Christian Combe, the 13-pointer on the right was shot by Colonel H. C. S. Combe, and the 14-pointer below was found dead.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. OLD STALKER.

A DORMANT CROCUS

SIR,—Three or four years ago I saw in the window of Messrs. Barr & Son, the well-known firm of nurserymen in King Street, Covent Garden, some specimens of the blue Chilean crocus (*Tecophilæa cyanocrocus*). I forget the price, but I only bought one single corm, which, when it arrived at the proper season, I planted in a specially chosen corner of the rock garden. I did so with some misgivings since, on referring to Farrer's *English Rock Garden*, I found the following entry under the name of the flower: "No, no. Let salesmen say what they will, this glorious Gentian-blue crocus from Chile is quite impossible of general cultivation in England." After that I forgot all about it, but the label remained in its place.

This year, 1937, on a day in the middle of April, going down to the rock garden after an absence of three days in London, I suddenly caught sight of the crocus in full bloom. It had apparently remained dormant ever since it was planted. It is possible that the corm may have thrown up leaves in the succeeding years, but it certainly had never bloomed before last April.

Messrs. Barr & Son have informed me that they do not find difficulty themselves in growing this crocus, and that they do not agree with Farrer's remarks in his book. But they have never known a corm to remain dormant for so long a period as mine, and I gather can give no reason for the phenomenon.

It is possible that other readers of the *Field* may be encouraged to disregard Farrer's remarks and to find themselves as delighted as I was when I first saw this astonishing blue flower in my garden.

Yours faithfully,

Hambledon, Surrey. F. H. G.



A LIFE SIZE PICTURE OF THE BLUE CHILEAN CROCUS
(See letter "A Dormant Crocus")

OLD CASTLE AS LIGHTHOUSE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Kinnaird Lighthouse, Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire—a lighthouse which is built on the top of an old castle.

The date of the building of the castle is evidently not known, but in 1787—exactly 150 years ago—the Northern Lighthouse Company leased the old castle and fitted up a light. All that remains of the castle is seen in the photograph—the tower which is built in the shape of a parallelogram.

The light, which is constructed on the top of the tower, and which was altered in 1903, is 126ft. above high-water mark, and is 1,140,000 candle power. There are thousands of gallons of paraffin oil (for the light and engines) stored in the tower, and in a building to the left of the castle there are three engines, which produce compressed air for the fog-horn. Three men perform the duties of the lighthouse, taking three-hour watches. The light is revolved by a suspended weight—just like a grandfather clock—and the weight is "wound-up" every half-hour.

From the platform which is seen beneath the lantern an excellent view of the surrounding district may be obtained, for the lighthouse overlooks the town of Fraserburgh and is at the entrance of the Moray Firth. To the west the cliffs of Aberdour and Pennan are seen, and to the south Rattray Head, so often connected with wireless weather forecasts.

Yours faithfully,
R. I. M.

Lonmay.



1,140,000 CANDLE POWER
(See letter "Old Castle as Lighthouse")

MOVEMENTS OF EARTHWORMS

SIR,—I wonder whether any explanation can be given of the occasional migration *en masse* of the ordinary earthworm. I culled the following item from an Australian paper some time ago:

"PLAGUE OF EARTHWORMS."

"Travellers on the North Arm Road, Murwillumbah, after the flood were confronted by myriads of earthworms, which wriggled over practically every inch of space for a distance extending more than three miles. One man declared that the road was alive with worms."

I had a very similar experience years ago in the Chin Hill- in Burma, and looking up my diary I find the following entry under the date November 18th, 1917:

"Marched from Pine Tree Camp to Fort White. Millions of worms were migrating across the path, perhaps going lower owing to the cold. Heaps died under the strong sun. Path absolutely pink in places with them."

None of the natives that I questioned had ever seen this phenomenon before, though they are usually close observers of nature.

Yours faithfully,
W. B. T. ARBEY.

Le Pre,
St. Clement, Jersey.

COCKFIGHTING 1,600 YEARS AGO

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of one of the carved tiles found on the floor of an ancient building excavated at Harwan, near Srinagar, Kashmir. The floor is believed to have been laid down about A.D. 300, in the time of the Kushan kings and supremacy of Buddhism. Next to this tile are others showing horsemen in pursuit of deer, so that we may presume cockfighting to have been a sport of that period.

Yours faithfully,
P. LACEY.

88, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

THE SMALL BOY OF BIRDS

SIR,—The jackdaw has long had a reputation for intelligence above the ordinary and an instinctive aptitude for roguery. Certainly they are among the most entertaining visitors to a bird table, their expressions *vide* that of the bird in the photograph and their antics providing endless amusement. They remind me in no small measure of boys of preparatory school age, and they have very similar mannerisms.

Yours faithfully,
RHEIMS.

London.



"THERE AIN'T GOING TO BE NO CORE!"
(See letter "The Small Boy of Birds")

ROE DEER RING

SIR,—A few days ago, while looking for an outlying stag, in a large wood on the banks of the Royal Dee, my stalker and I found a ring made by roe deer. It was on the flat centre of a little dell, 8ft. across, 2ft. wide, perfectly round. In the middle there were two small boulders and half a dozen stems of bracken. All grass was worn away on the ring: tracks going both ways.

The stalker had never seen one before, nor had I.

Are such rings rare? I believe there is a special name for them.

Yours faithfully,
SILVER DEVON.

Deeside.

[The late J. G. Millais describes the making of these rings in *British Deer and their Horns*.—ED.]

BATH WHITE AT FOLKESTONE

SIR,—While collecting Large Whites on the Warren, Folkestone, on August 15th last, Mr. Haley captured a male Bath White (*Pontia daplidice*) on the wing. During the present century very few of this rare migrant have been captured in this country, but in the past it was much more common, as many as about three dozen were taken in the year 1872, when other species of immigrants occurred, chiefly in Kent and Sussex, along the coast.

Yours faithfully,
F. W. FROHAWK.

Sutton,
Surrey.

COCCIDIOSIS

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. J. H. Amory's letter, and am entirely in accord with his opinion, viz., coccidiosis.

On this north-coast moor of Sutherland a fine, healthy stock was left. The winter was very open but stormy. Snow fell heavily from early March on the higher ground, but had all gone by early April; the heather was unfrosted, and no beetle; nesting and hatching conditions were ideal, and good broods seen early June. There is not to be seen now one covey out of ten. Packs of old birds 12 to 30 in number were seen early August, but all the old birds, and young where they have survived, are in splendid condition.

With regard to the one odd weakling, or perhaps two, to be seen with the old pair I am sure it is a disease carrier and will never make a healthy stock bird, and should be relentlessly destroyed.

I do not think grouse, if they have coveys, ever migrate any distance early in the season.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN C. HARTLEY.

Bighouse,
Melvich,
By Thurso.



THE SPORT OF THE KUSHAN KINGS
(See letter "Cockfighting 1,600 Years Ago")

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THE SYMBOL OF THE SOLDIER-PRIESTS
(See letter "Stone Lanterns")

SPRING FISHING WANTED

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers would be so kind as to give personal information and experiences of early spring fishing in February and early March. This is required for an invalid, so must be in a warm climate, Scotland is too cold. It must be bank fishing or boat, no wading, and within a short motor run of comfortable quarters, which need not be luxurious, as long as clean and with a bathroom.

I am afraid that February is too early for the West of England, but this would be preferred to Ireland if possible. Reasonably good sport combined with moderate charges is essential. If one of our fishing authors would write a fishing calendar giving a list of places where fishing could be had, month by month throughout the season, it would be a great boon to all anglers.

Yours faithfully,

Achanuele, Argyllshire. BLUE DOCTOR.



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PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED. 10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

G.F.2. 279

STONE LANTERNS

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see the enclosed photograph of an old stone lantern, which is one of two similar erections built on the gable end of a farmhouse, at Beckfoot, Bingley, Yorks.

The lanterns are symbols of the old order of soldier-priests known as the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who used to own the farm property. The farm, which was built in 1617, stands by the side of the old road to Bradford, which is now used as a footpath and an occupation road to the farm. The notion that the lanterns were used to carry lights to guide travellers is a little doubtful.

Yours faithfully,

Bradford. F. O. STEAD.

THE LIVES OF THE OCTOPUS

SIR,—The old fishermen mentioned by Mr. Harrison were not far wrong when they said that an octopus had several lives.

The nervous system of the octopus, though the highest type among the invertebrates, is still not controlled by a brain. The brain is, so to speak, decentralised, the various parts being in touch through connecting nerves, so that although their functionings are correlated it is possible for one of them to be put out of commission without greatly affecting the others.

One of these ganglia, as these separate "brains" are called, controls the tentacles, another the body, another the eyes, and so on. Hence, in order to immobilise an octopus completely, each of these "brains" must be destroyed, which takes a long time by the method of dashing the beast against the rocks. As for biting his eyes out—well!

I have found that the best way to kill an octopus is to turn the mantle cavity (the cavity into which the "spout" leads) inside out and to pluck off the two gills which are then revealed looking like fern fronds. He then dies in the same way as most of the fish do which we eat, namely, by suffocation. It sounds unpleasant, I suppose, but if you have to eat an octopus you become hardened to things like this, and at least it is kinder than banging the wretched beast against the rocks for five minutes.

Yours faithfully,

28, Stanford Road, W. 8. ZOOLOGICUS.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Superfœtation of Hares.—I write to thank Mr. T. C. S. Morrison-Scott, through you, for his most interesting letter. With regard to the last paragraph in his letter I am only too sorry to say that I was fool enough not to dissect the doe. A great opportunity lost.—H. F. THOMAS. The Doune Elstree, Herts.

Golden Oriole in Sussex.—Not long ago I saw a very beautiful specimen of the oriole (which is usually known in Sussex as the golden thrush). This bird perched on a telephone wire for at least five minutes, and its yellow wings showed to full advantage in the sunshine. The bird was in this parish at Hammond's Place.—Rev. J. P. BACON PHILLIPS, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Marbled Whites.—I was interested in your statement (in reply to "D. B. G., Hampstead") that colonies of these butterflies often shift from one spot to another. Some years ago I came across a colony of these butterflies on the Sussex Downs, every individual of which was infested with scarlet mites. At a casual glance it looked as if the bodies of the butterflies were thickly spotted with vivid red. Is it possible that this often occurs, and that the butterflies shift ground to escape the parasites?—W. KAY ROBINSON, Hampton Wick.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask your help for an elderly woman, aged 68, who was brought up to believe she would never want. She kept house for her brother, trusting her tiny capital to him, only to discover on his death that he had spent most of this and every penny of his own. She took a situation as housekeeper to a doctor, where she stayed until her health broke and her heart became too weak to allow her to work again. Since then, life has been a grim struggle, and in despair she applied to us for help. Will someone, please, send us £13 that we may give her 5/- weekly for one year?

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IN THE CITY

SOME time ago attention was drawn to the good prospects of the coal industry and one of the companies particularly recommended was the Sheepbridge Coal & Iron Co., Ltd. Largely as a result of unfavourable market conditions the price of these shares has fallen back to 46/-, which is the price at which they stood when last mentioned in this article. In the meantime, however, the company has published its accounts for the year ended June 30th, 1937, and these show that after increasing the allocation for depreciation from £22,763 to £33,884 the amount available for dividends is £226,896 against £174,856 last year, and the directors have declared a dividend of 10 per cent. free of tax, in place of the 10 per cent. less tax, paid in 1936. At 46/- the shares now yield £5 15s. 11d. per cent. gross, and in view of the continued and increasing activity in the coal trade they appear to have some scope for capital appreciation.

Almost without exception company reports and interim statements show that trade and prosperity continue to expand, and a great many concerns, in spite of bigger allocations to reserves, have been able to increase their divends. Amongst these may be mentioned the Lancashire Dynamo and Crypto, Ltd., to which attention was drawn in a recent article. This company has now declared an interim dividend of 7½ per cent., against 5 per cent. last year, when a final of 15 per cent. was distributed. This year's payment, however, is on a capital increased by £127,000. All the company's works are now very fully employed and the total of unexecuted orders on hand considerably exceeds the record amount shown at the beginning of the year. The shares have risen to around 72/-, but they do not appear to be over-valued at that price.

A. REYROLLE & CO., LTD.—This company of electrical engineers has been established for half a century. It has a wide range of products, but specialises in electrical switchgear, which for many years has been supplied as standard apparatus to British public supply undertakings, electric railways and mines. It controls J. H. Holmes & Co., the Bushing Company, and the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co. In 1934 the Parolle Electrical Plant Co. was formed to acquire a holding in C. A. Parsons and Co., an acquisition which seems likely to be a valuable one. Now a further interest has been acquired for, together with Imperial Chemical Industries, control has been obtained of a company called Pyrotenax Ltd., which is to manufacture fireproof cables under patent rights obtained from French interests.

The head office of the company is at Hebburn-on-Tyne, supplemented by offices in London, Glasgow Cardiff, Conway, Belfast and Dublin, and by representatives throughout the world. Further large scale extensions are taking place involving heavy expenditure on plant and testing apparatus. This has been financed by an issue of 195,000 shares at 25/- made in April last and by allocations from profits to development expenditure account amounting to £90,000 in the past three years.

The financial position is very strong. Surplus liquid assets at December 31st, 1936, amounted to £408,000, while free reserves and carry forward totalled £494,000. Adequate depreciation allowances have been made. The following table shows the excellent dividend record.

Years to 31st Dec.	Total Profits.	Earned for Ord. Dividend.	Ord. shares. Earned %.	Paid %.
1929	£183,070	£94,222	22.4	12.5
1930	184,837	102,407	24.7	12.5
1931	194,252	103,779	20.0	12.5*
1932	207,265	96,110	17.7	12.5
1933	179,663	90,469	16.5	12.5
1934	178,912	75,128	12.9†	12.5
1935	182,574	76,161	13.2†	12.5
1936	204,731	83,568	14.8†	12.5

* In October, 1930, 125,000 Ordinary shares were issued at 25s.
† Earned rate before charging development expenditure was 17.4% in 1934, 19.8% in 1935 and 23.8% in 1936.

Added to this excellent record is the promise of prosperous times to come in the next few years. The policy of expansion should be amply repaid and the volume of work in hand is known to be very satisfactory. Unfortunately, these benefits may be partly offset by the rise in costs of raw materials which is particularly severe for electrical engineering firms. There is also a scarcity of skilled labour.

However, it is by no means unreasonable to anticipate an increase in profits for the current year and even though the dividend may not be increased, the shares at their present price of 61/3d. yield £4 1s. 8d. per cent. The dividend of 12½ per cent. has been paid regularly since 1919 and even in the slump years this distribution has been amply covered by earnings. The shares may be regarded as a high-class investment.

PACTOLUS II.



VERONICA SPECIOSA GLORIOSA WITH ITS VIVID PINK FLOWERS IS AMONGST THE MOST DECORATIVE OF THE SMALL AUTUMN FLOWERING SHRUBS

The Country House

AUTUMN FLOWERING SHRUBS

Keeping Gardens Beautiful During Dreary Days

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THERE is no time of year when the beauty of the garden is so dependent on flowering shrubs as when the days draw in, and fortunately many of them are small enough to grow even in gardens of moderate size. Many of these shrubs associate particularly well with late flowering herbaceous plants. For instance, a hedge of the commonest of the Fuchsias (*F. Riccartonii*) about 6ft. high with the white Japanese anemone in front of it is one of the loveliest sights in an October garden. I saw this in a cottage garden and the Fuchsia flowers looked like rubies glistening with dew hanging over the golden-anthered white Anemones. Again *Romneya Coulteri* makes a charming background for Pentstemons, and it is more effective if the Pentstemons are in mixed colours, the cherry and mauve varieties predominating.

I think most people would list as the most decorative of the smaller shrubs, apart from those already mentioned, *Indigofera Gerardiana*, the varieties of *Veronica speciosa* and *V. elliptica* Autumn Glory, *Ceratostigma Willmottianum*, *Ceanothus* Autumnal Blue and *C. Burkwoodii*, and *Perowskia atriplicifolia*.

Ceratostigma Willmottianum, though frequently described as the finest of the recent introductions from China, is not nearly so commonly grown as it might be, nor is it used for decorative effect as it deserves. The best I have seen in this respect was in a garden entrance to a library. On either side of a flagged path there were tubs with *C. Willmottianum* and Fuchsias in alternate tubs. The effect was delightful. Eight Ceratostigmas had been planted in each tub, and as they increased in size the number was reduced till only one large specimen was left in the centre, but large enough by that time to fill the whole space. Side entrances are frequently left rather dull and uninteresting, but this was as good as it was unusual. *Ceratostigma Willmottianum* is not too hardy, and it needs a well-drained soil, preferably gritty loam with leaf mould and a position in full sun. It never produces a big display of flowers at one time but in long succession, and large plants of it are always a pleasant sight from July till cut by frost. In severe winters it may be killed to the ground, but it usually throws up a mass of new shoots in spring. It should be given the protection of leafless boughs or litter except in the mildest parts. *C. larpenta* (syn. *Plumbago larpenta*) is a sub-shrub chiefly useful for its blue flowers in the autumn rock garden, but also charming as an edging plant. It needs to be grown in groups to look effective.

Indigofera Gerardiana, a Himalayan shrub, grows nearly 5ft. against a wall and about 3ft. in the open. It deserves plenty of space to show off the beauty of its foliage. A big bed of this shrub is very effective when its rosy mauve flowers are out. It does well in most well-drained soils. In March it should be pruned hard back down to the woody stems. It is easily increased by cuttings of the half ripe side shoots struck in sandy soil in heat in July.

Perowskia atriplicifolia is as graceful as *Dictamnus pulchericum* and the wand-like growth is not dissimilar. *Perowskia atriplicifolia* is sometimes called Russian Sage, but it is a native of Afghanistan and Tibet. It is not very hardy, but does admirably in most parts of the South. With its soft, silvery leaves and long spikes of blue-mauve flowers on stems 5ft. high, it is amongst the most charming of the lesser autumn flowering shrubs. The whole plant is covered with a soft down that adds to its attraction. It needs a well-drained soil and a spot sheltered from cutting winds. All the attention it needs is to cut back the growths about 9in. in late March, also any dead wood. It can be left unpruned, but the flowers will not be so fine.

The most popular blue-flowered autumn shrubs are Ceanothus, notably C. Autumnal Blue and *C. Burkwoodii*. The latter is particularly valuable, for it is perfectly hardy, its rich blue flowers are produced in profusion from July till cut by frost, it grows quickly and is evergreen. The Cory Cup was awarded to this shrub in 1930. Autumnal Blue flowers so abundantly that from a little distance the shrub looks as though it were covered with a blue haze and its scent attracts butterflies and bees continually. The late flowering Ceanothus are pruned in March, cutting back all the strong shoots made the previous summer to half their length and cutting out all weak growths.

Veronica elliptica is noted for its hardiness, and it will stand up to any winds. The most popular variety is the deep violet coloured Autumn Glory. The speciosa hybrids are unfortunately more tender. Gloriosa and La Seduisante are the most pleasing, the former having vivid pink and the latter rich crimson flowers. Silver Beauty has the added attraction of silver variegated foliage. Veronicas are often neglected in the matter of "stopping" them, with the result that they grow leggy and are anything but attractive. The young growths have to be pinched back to make bushy plants, but this "stopping" must be done in spring or the flowering that year will be spoilt. *V. Traversii* is very hardy and so is the dwarf form White Gem. They are amongst the few autumn flowering shrubs that do well in towns.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

OUR autumn fruitfulness is not limited to splendid—not now quite so splendid—crops of cereals and roots. Away in the woods the beechmast is falling, and these little triangular nuts form the harvest for mice and squirrels and other inhabitants of woodlands. We would not, I think, like to eat beechmast (though I have been told that it is edible), but we have one edible nut, only one, which in its wild state produces fruit—the hazel. Both the walnut and the almond have their origin in the East, and it is rare for them to be cultivated successfully, except in the south of England. But the hazel will ripen and produce a fine crop, even in Scotland, and there are always plenty of nuts for the nut-burning of Hallowe'en. Does anyone, by the way, know the origin of that custom? Is it a relic of some form of Beltane?

* * *

The hazel, in its wild state, very rarely attains to the dimensions of a tree, and I suppose it should really be called a shrub. And it is, I think, sadly neglected. Nature unaided has produced a food richer even than grain, and there must be possibilities—one cannot say how great—in the cultivation of nut trees. What might we not accomplish by scientific breeding in home-grown hazels? Would they not compare more than favourably with Kentish cobs, "Barcelonas," or filberts which are, after all, merely varieties of our common hazel?

* * *

Quite apart from its utility the hazel has much that is lovable. Its heart-shaped leaves in autumn assume a lovely rich gold, and sometimes we may see both the nuts and the male catkins on the same twig. And then later on, with the coming of a warmer sun, the tiny female flowers expose their crimsoned jewelled heads and bring a shy colour to the copse. Yet, too, the hazel can be dour and sulky. I know little more depressing than walking through hazels on a cold sunless day with a mist that is really rain shrouding the earth and making all things sodden. Then the hazel is as sad and as desolate as the closely planted woods of fir that are now disfiguring the land in the name of commerce.

* * *

The advent of a Naturalist's Calendar will be welcomed by a great number of people. There are naturalists' publications galore—and the majority of them of a mediocrity that is quite appalling—but this is something new and fresh and stimulating. Such a venture might very easily have failed, either through an excess of zeal or merely because the editors had stuck to the accepted. This venture cannot fail, because the editors—Miss Phyllis Barclay-Smith and Herr Rudolf Zimmerman, a scholar and a naturalist of international reputation—have allowed their imaginations to play without allowing them to run away.

* * *

There is here a wealth of illustration. We find here the work of photographers whose names are household words in England check by jowl with those famous on the Continent. Amazing illustrations, too, not only because they show such remarkable skill with the camera, but because they are so clear that they serve the purpose of coloured plates in a handbook and should provide the veriest novice with a sure means of identification, when he is in doubt. Alongside each photograph is a condensed and accurate history of the animal, plant or insect illustrated. Here, too, I am lost in admiration. I know, from bitter experience, how very difficult it is to condense without boring; how very difficult to condense and yet to retain the essential material. I have read every one of these short histories, and I found every one both interesting and informative.

* * *

In his charming foreword Mr. Eric Parker draws attention to the photographs of insects. As he so truly says, less has been done, and more remains to be done, in the photography of butterflies, moths, caterpillars, beetles and other insects than in the photography of birds and flowers. There are in this calendar some really remarkable photographs of insects, but you will notice that they are, nearly all of them, taken by Germans. In bird photography we can, perhaps, hold our own; in insect photography we have not really started. No doubt future issues of this calendar, which, incidentally, is published by M. C. Forrester, of 9, Leinster Gardens, at the very cheap price of 3/6 net, will contain further studies of insect life. I hope that the study of them will fire the ambition of some young English photographer, and that we shall, as the calendar grows older, be able to look at the insect work of an Englishman. If you know anyone who is keen on English wild life (all the creatures portrayed here occur in England), here is the ideal Christmas present. B. V.-F.



PREPARING THE LAND
Three ploughs at work on a farm at Buckie, Banffshire

THE TREK FROM THE LAND

Agriculture has Lost One Quarter of a Million Men

THE fact that there are more people in employment in this country than ever before—and that the country is enjoying once again real prosperity—has recently been blazoned across the headlines of the daily press. We might well sit back with a feeling of complacent satisfaction. We might—if some of us had not read the June 4th returns to the Ministry of Agriculture. These returns do not make altogether pleasant reading. Perhaps it is for that reason that they have received comparatively little publicity.

A country's prosperity is surely superficial when one of its major industries is depressed. Agriculture is undoubtedly one of our major industries—though few urban dwellers realise it, and the Government does not appear to be convinced of it—and equally undoubtedly it is depressed. The returns show a decrease of 91,000 acres in the area under crops and grass. In the previous two years the decrease amounted to 158,000 acres. The decline in the area of arable land, which had been checked in 1935, was continued with a fall of 102,000 acres. The total number of pigs declined by 171,500 and poultry decreased by 5,189,000, ducks by 325,000, and geese by 82,000. Against this there was an increase of 73,700 cattle and 534,800 sheep.

I have not the space to consider these returns as a whole, but it must, I think, be admitted that they paint a picture the reverse of pleasant. But by far the most important point in the returns is, to my mind, the continued decline in the number of farm workers. The returns reveal that 9,500 fewer people were at work than on the corresponding date last year. And this follows a decrease of 32,000 in 1935–36. This decline is no new thing. It has been going on for years. Statistics show that the number of workers in England and Wales has shrunk from 870,000 in 1921 to 631,000 this year. In other words agriculture has lost one-quarter of a million men. Is it any wonder that for once farmers are in agreement upon one point—namely, the great difficulty of obtaining the proper supplies of labour necessary for carrying out the routine work of the industry at the proper time and with the maximum of efficiency. And is it not in this movement from the land that the whole trouble lies?

I suppose that most farmers, if asked to account for this acute labour shortage, would say that owing to the policy adopted by local authorities (encouraged by the Government) in carrying out roads and drainage schemes, and by the Government itself in the building of aerodromes, munition factories and so forth, born of the rearmament programme, alternative employment, more remunerative and almost certainly less arduous, is provided in rural areas for the genuine agricultural worker. It is, of course, perfectly true that these reasons are the immediate cause of the present shortage. And it would seem, to one unversed in the intricacies of Government Departments, that there is something very wrong in public expenditure being the means of robbing the farms of labour, the while enormous sums of money are being spent in public relief, unemployment benefit and in the distressed areas. Something very wrong indeed; but one cannot blame the agricultural labourer. If he is offered more remunerative and less arduous work he will take it. So would you and so would I. And I do not know any farmer who would refuse a bigger income earned with less trouble.

But it would be very short-sighted to regard these reasons as the only reasons for the shortage. The movement from the land has been going on for too many years.

It is true that in this country the increased use of fertilisers, the enormous improvements made in agricultural machines and implements and the modern methods of husbandry, have made it possible to increase production and to decrease the staff employed. No doubt the same thing has happened abroad with roughly the same results. But at the same time the total population has increased, and, of course, the requirements of food and other agricultural produce has increased in proportion. The decline in the agricultural population is most marked in those counties that are most advanced, but I do not think that we can take increased mechanical efficiency as the cause, although we must make allowance for it.

We must realise, however, that farming, which is (as proved by statistics) by far the greatest industry in the world—and which is directly responsible for maintaining about two-thirds of the population of the world, while providing the food and clothing of the other third—is yet able to offer such poor conditions of employment that anybody who can escape does escape, and embraces the higher wages and shorter hours and better working conditions offered elsewhere.

It is true to say that the Wages Boards have brought about a great improvement in the position of the farm labourer—an improvement not shared by the farmer—by increasing wages and shortening hours. Generally speaking the purchasing power of the farm labourers' wages is to-day higher than that of the pre-War figure. He ought not, therefore, to have anything to grumble at, since the same applies to but few of us. But I think he has something to grumble at. I do not think that percentage figures mean much to the farm labourer—what does mean everything to him (and it means everything to most of us) is the size of his wage packet at the end of each week, the comfort of his house, the facilities for education available for his children, and the facilities for amusement. In these ways, at least, the farm labourer is not well off. If we admit that—and I think we must—we yet do not realise the very grave result of our failure to deal adequately with the situation, a failure brought about because of our refusal to realise the importance of farming and rural life generally.

The shortage of labour is already so serious that the production of certain crops is being curtailed. If it is allowed to continue, a point will be reached—sooner than we imagine—when farmers will be unable to work their farms as they are being worked at present, and rural areas will suffer proportionately. No doubt that does not worry the urban dweller unduly. But in a time of national emergency—and can we say that such a time will not come?—the production of food will be of paramount importance, and there is, therefore, every necessity for maintaining our rural population.

Obviously one cannot prevent agricultural labourers from seeking more remunerative work. Very much improved conditions of labour must, therefore, be offered to the agricultural worker. And this can only be brought about by the combined efforts of the farmer, the local authority, the National Union of Agricultural Workers and the Government.

First of all, housing. Agricultural workers desire to get married and to have houses to live in, no less than workers in other walks of life. Houses are being built, but the standard of much of the building is far too low. Economies are forced on many councils by the Ministry of Health, so that amenities are cut to the bone and houses that can only be slums in the future are put up. They offer no attraction to young men and women. Many farmers are members of local government bodies, and progress in this direction should not be very hard to make.

Secondly, education. The standard of education in rural communities is less than satisfactory. Centralisation is making some difference here—it is also creating difficulties, but surely a State educational system should treat everyone alike. At present it does not, in fact, even if it does in theory. And the young farm labourer knows it.

But as I see it the root of the trouble lies in wages. I am well aware that the present boom due to the rearmament programme will not last for ever. But the labourer will have left the farm before it ends. It is easy enough to leave—very hard to return—and we shall, if we are not careful, have a large number of unemployed labourers on our hands in the future with a corresponding drain on our pockets. On the land the labourer is doing useful and important work. Unemployed he will be just another stone around the country's neck. It would, I submit, be better to pay him to stay on the land, than to pay him to be idle; and that is the road we are now treading.

The question as to where the money is coming from is beyond the scope of such an article as this. That there is money is evident enough; much of it at the moment is going into channels in which it does little or no good. The industry is not organised—but in these days of severe international competition and no less severe competition from urban industry, organisation is an urgent necessity. Not only organisation among farmers, but also organisation among farm employees.

It is often said that the employer and the employee have the same interests. Up to a point that is undoubtedly true; beyond that point, and, of course, such a saying is always taken beyond the point, employer and employee, the while they have the success of the industry at heart, are both wanting the same thing from the land—a living. The land is large enough, and good enough, and fertile enough, to provide that living. CREAGHT.

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THE SHOWYARD AND PIG-BREEDING—I

Is a Revision of the Present System Necessary?

WITHIN the limits of a single essay so vast a subject as the value of the showyard system cannot necessarily be examined, and I do not, therefore, propose to offer criticism—either destructive or constructive—so much as to review certain points which cannot but strike any man whose interest is not confined solely to the inside of the pen.

It seems to me that in the present system there are far too many assumptions. It is, indeed, a system based upon assumptions.

Behind the whole showyard system is the fundamental assumption that function is intimately connected with conformation. That assumption, widely and rigidly held as it is, has not been proved by scientific investigation. Closely allied to this is another—it is in fact the first-born of that belief—the creed that bread character is the best indication of the prepotency of any given strain in respect of certain commercial characters.

Is it any the more sound than the assumption—very widely held—that weight for age is a sign of early maturity and therefore an economic factor of the greatest importance? It is by no means true to say that the pig which at the age of eighteen months has a good bacon conformation will have an equally sound conformation when it has attained bacon weight. It is nearer the truth to say that the animal with good weight for age is late maturing.

Allied to this is the belief that the rapidly grown pig is the pig with a good constitution. It is this belief—one that I believe to be erroneous—that has led to the present fetish for size. There are many judges who will insist on size in a six months' boar in the showyard, but who would not at the same time dream of breeding from an animal that had been so forced in its youth. There is here at least sufficient to make one think very deeply.

Is there, supposing such a thing to be necessary, any alternative to the present system? What about "recording"? Fundamentally, recording is sound. The aim is to note down just what a pig has done, not to judge what he may do in practice.

There are two obvious difficulties, which many people appear to regard as insurmountable. Firstly, selection is impossible in the case of a six months' boar or gilt, since the animal has not had time to give any production records. Secondly, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to record certain factors, such as constitution. The first difficulty can obviously be surmounted by the use of progeny records as opposed to production records, and if progeny records are used there seems to be no valid reason why they should not be connected with constitution as well as with conformation.

It has been objected that there is ever present the danger that one aspect of production may be emphasised at the expense of another—that bacon conformation may overrule fecundity, for example. But it should be remembered that that danger is ever present in the showyard system; that the size of the individual is frequently secured at the expense of the size of the litter.

I do not think that the over-stressing of any one point in production can be taken as a valid objection to "recording" as a whole. A very much more serious objection is that in the desire to obtain records (a very natural desire) a disproportionate strain may be imposed on constitution. Such a danger has been recognised by those interested in the recording movement. They have, in an endeavour to restrict production within reasonable limits, set up standards which are by no means excessive; and provided that these standards are observed there will be no danger.

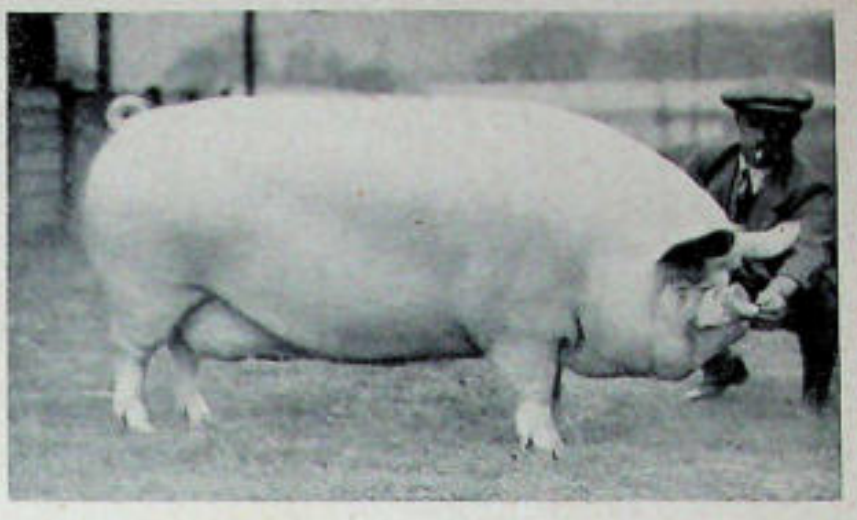
To all these criticisms—or rather musings—there is one favourite and forceful answer. With the present system England has produced and is producing the best stock in the world. That, I am afraid, is merely another example of insular superiority.

In many European countries to-day the Swedish Large White is considered a better bacon pig than its British relative. A very large part of the pork export business in New Zealand, which has during the last ten years or so shown such great increases, has been built up on the Canadian type of Berkshire, an animal which would cause the majority of our show judges acute heartburn.

The time, I think, has come for consultation in the interests of the pig industry as a whole. There is no need for sweeping changes. There is, I think, a need for judging partly on records and partly on conformation. It is true that our standards of production so far as pigs are concerned cannot be called authoritative (and might be termed ill-defined), but we do know quite a lot about fecundity and there is already an advance register for certain breeds.

That is surely enough for a start. I should like to see that made the basis of qualification for entry to every important show—indeed for every show. If every entry was from an advance register sow there would be some justification for feeling fairly happy about the commercial value of the entry. The rest would follow naturally in the course of time—the sire having to be from an advance register sow, a register for conformation and so on.

As it is, our reputation for livestock stands in danger. Reputations take years to build; they may be shattered in a minute. LANCASTER.



MR. FRANK SAINSBURY'S MIDDLE WHITE SOW, WRATTING GARLAND III

POLYGAMOUS MATING IN SILVER FOXES

THE simplest and easiest way to breed silver foxes is to run a pair together, at least until they have mated. This wants a minimum of experience, and causes little or no trouble and so has much to recommend it for beginners, or where the time wanted for other methods is difficult to find. It also reduces the danger of in-breeding. But it means that the dog has to be kept for a whole year, at a feeding cost alone of say £5, for about a couple of hours work or less. In recent years, various methods of using the same dog on a number of females have been developed, which have the advantage of getting the blood of specially good males spread over the farm quickly. The wild fox is monogamous by force of circumstances, as it takes two to hunt for the growing litter, but the male, like all males, has polygamous instincts which can be fostered by suitable treatment.

The simplest polygamous method is to run one male with two females on alternate days. If two or more females are put into a big pen with one male, the females fight and may kill each other, although it can be done fairly safely with cubs. I prefer making a connecting chute between two pens and running the dog through it daily. He very soon learns what is wanted. This method can be extended to cover four females by changing the dog twice a day; when the female is in season, the dog shows it as soon as he gets through to her, as a rule, and he can then be tried with her every day until she is mated. The essential is to see that every female is put with a dog at least once in two days, as she is only on for three days, although I have found that a female which is not mated stays in season longer than one which is. Some help can be got from the fact that a female generally comes on at about the same time year after year, or at about the same time, relative to other females, and that a daughter comes on, if well fed, about the same time as the mother; these are not invariable rules, but let one know what to look for. Also, when two females are being run with one dog they tend to come on either at about the same time—often the same day—or else with a considerable interval between. Coming on the same day does not mean the dog cannot cover both, as I have had litters from two females on the same day sired by the same dog, more than once, and in Canada there have been three litters sired by one dog on one day (*Canadian Silver Fox and Fur*, January, 1937, p. 10). It is possible to get ten or a dozen matings from one dog in the year, but it is not certain whether this does not affect him later.

The dog is thought to have some sort of "season" himself, as it is sometimes difficult to get a dog to mate a month or six weeks after his first mating, regardless of whether he has been used frequently or not in the interval. He seems to "go off." But this varies with individuals, and with treatment, and is noted as something to be watched. The best method seems to be to use a dog as often as possible over three weeks or a month and then to let him alone for the rest of the season.

The female (in spite of a statement to the contrary in the P.Z.S.) shows slight but quite definite external signs of œstrus, and this is sometimes used to cut down the number of dogs still further. With practice, it is claimed that one can tell when the female is in season by picking her up and looking at her. I have found myself that the difficulty is that some females show much less than others, although I have always found something to be seen. The way out is to try a female with a dog, as soon as there is any sign of œstrus at all, and go on trying her every day until she is mated; but this obviously entails a good deal of work. It may be worth it where one has a specially good stud dog, but I prefer to use another dog as a teaser.

I do not use cub dogs polygamously to any great extent, as, although they can mate a number of females, the quality of their progeny is unknown.

Microscopic examination of smears from the female will let one know for certain whether she has been mated, and probably whether the dog is fertile or not; it is essential if one is to avoid misses due to failure to mate, when it is not possible to have the animals under observation the whole time they are together. Some dogs almost certainly will mate only at night, and in such cases, this is the only way in which to make sure that mating has taken place. The technique is very simple and can be learnt in an hour from a competent vet. The cost of the microscope and apparatus is repaid if even two or three litters are obtained which would otherwise have been lost, and I have no doubt that a percentage is missed, even when running foxes in pairs, where litters could be obtained if one only knew that the vixen had not been mated.

It is not possible to deal fully with the subject in the space at my disposal, but the above gives the main points. J. M. D. MACKENZIE.

THE AUTUMN NUMBER OF "RURAL INDUSTRIES"

THERE is much valuable information for the woodworker, the blacksmith, the potter and other craftsmen in the autumn number of *Rural Industries*, the journal of the Rural Industries Bureau.

Sir George Courthope has contributed an article in which he describes the work which is being done on his estate in Sussex to utilise the large quantity of timber which is grown there, and suggests that other landowners might find action on the same lines profitable. An article on Ornamental Wrought Ironwork in this number instructs the smith who is undertaking this work in the making of staircase balustrades and lift enclosures. This is accompanied by a page of clear diagrams which illustrates the writer's directions. Functional and technical principles to be observed by the potter desirous of making efficient handles for his pots are set out in an article on this subject, which is supported by photographs of museum pieces which admirably illustrate the writer's points.

Part II of the series of articles entitled "Hints to Wood Machinists" appears in this number, in which the writer explains further points concerning circular saws which are important factors in the efficient performance of saw benches.

In reply to Mr. Stanley Davies's article, "Is There a Place for Hand Industry To-day?" in the summer number, there appears in this issue a letter from Mr. P. S. Beales, which is a complete statement of the case for production by hand.

Reviews of recent books, news of the progress of rural industries in the counties, and a list of exhibitions to be held during the latter months of 1937, complete this issue.



"THE END AND THE REWARD OF TOIL IS REST": A FARM CART PASSING DOWN MILL STREET, WARWICK, AT THE END OF THE DAY'S LABOUR. THE ONLY OTHER VEHICLE TO BE SEEN IS A FORD CAR

ACROSS THE CONTINENT BY CAR

London to Locarno Over the St. Gothard Pass

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

IT is some years since I last toured on the Continent, but my recent experiences make me wonder why more British motorists do not follow the example of those who make a practice of spending their vacation motoring abroad. I decided on the occasion of my visit to Switzerland that it would be cheaper and far more pleasant if we motored all the way there, instead of travelling by train.

My party consisted of two old friends besides myself, and four mechanics. The cars I used for the journey were a new 12-cylinder Lincoln Zephyr coupé and a 30 h.p. Ford V.8 Utility. The Lincoln could seat three quite easily on the front seat, and all our personal luggage was accommodated in the rear boot, which is extremely commodious. My four mechanics travelled in the Ford, and besides their luggage, it carried a certain amount of gear belonging to the Blue Bird speedboat, which we had not been able to send on in advance.

We crossed the Channel by the Newhaven—Dieppe route, arriving at the latter port at about 3.30 p.m. on Friday, August 6th. The R.A.C. representative was most helpful, and we were not long delayed in passing through the French Customs; in fact, both cars got away at 4.30, only losing about an hour, which was most satisfactory.

The distance from Dieppe to Locarno, according to the route we had chosen, was 622 miles, although our speedometer only registered 614 by the time we arrived at our destination, and that of the Ford, which followed closely on our track the whole way, showed 615 miles. We were in no hurry, since the speedboat was not due to arrive at Locarno until Saturday evening at the earliest, so I decided to drive slowly, more especially as my Lincoln was a new car.

We intended stopping the night at Rheims, where we arrived three hours later, our route being via Forges, Gournay, Beauvais, Compiegne and Soissons. Reims is approximately 130 miles distant from Dieppe, and although I never exceeded a speed of 60 m.p.h., for the most part keeping steadily at between 45 and 50, yet our average worked out at just over 43 m.p.h. for the whole distance. When motoring in France quite a high average speed can be maintained with a comparative low maximum, and this is due to the long straight roads and to the small amount of traffic usually encountered during week-days, a marked contrast to motoring in this country.

The following morning we left Rheims at 8.30 a.m., and, passing through Chalons, St. Dizier and Chaumont, we arrived at Langres at mid-day, where we stopped for lunch. The distance covered was approximately 112 miles, and our low average of 30 m.p.h. was due to repeated stops by the wayside. For example outside, Rheims we lost over half-an-hour examining the old battlefields. Langres is a quaint old garrison town, standing on a plateau which dominates the surrounding country. The American troops used this town as headquarters during the late War.

After looking round the town, we pushed on to the frontier, which is situated just outside Basle, and the 100 odd miles we covered in just over two hours. We experienced no difficulty in passing through the Customs, and the Swiss authorities were most courteous and did not even wish to examine our baggage. Motorists visiting Switzerland are now granted a rebate of sixpence-halfpenny on every gallon of petrol they buy, and as we passed through the Customs we were handed a form upon which was entered up the quantity purchased at filling stations. When returning, I handed this document back to the Swiss Customs, and received the equivalent of 50/-.



"ON ONE OR TWO OF THE MOST ACUTE BENDS BOTTOM WAS OCCASIONALLY NECESSARY"

The only difficulty we encountered during the entire trip in finding our way was when passing through Basle, as this city is badly signposted, though as a general rule throughout France and Switzerland directions are marked up most clearly even in towns, and this is particularly true of France.

At 7.30 p.m. we arrived at Olten, 20 miles from the frontier, and as it was pouring with rain we decided to stay the night there. The following morning we started off on the most difficult part of our journey, albeit the most beautiful, as our route lay via Luzern, Altdorf and the St. Gothard Pass. Then on to Biasca, Bellinzona and Locarno. Although the actual distance is only about 180 miles, it is difficult to average more than 20 m.p.h. up the mountain passes, as great care is necessary and much traffic is usually encountered during the daytime. The Lincoln negotiated the stiff climb on second gear, although on one or two of the most acute bends bottom was occasionally necessary. We stopped many times to admire the scenery and to take photographs, consequently our average speed was very low.

The summit of the St. Gothard Pass is approximately 6,800ft. above sea level, and even in the month of August much snow is still to be seen on the mountain tops. The road is a marvellous engineering feat and the surface extremely good. The "S" bends for the most part are paved with stone blocks and are considerably super-elevated. It is advisable when descending the pass to use second gear, as by doing so, the brakes are spared. This pass is usually only open to traffic for about four months in the year; in fact, I have recently heard from a friend who left for Locarno a week after we got back that he has been obliged to put his car on the train, as the road near the summit is now covered with snow. We eventually arrived at Locarno on Saturday afternoon at 4.30, having taken exactly two days for the journey.

Motoring in Switzerland is most delightful, as long as you are content to take things easily. The roads are good for the most part, and the



"THE ROAD IS A MARVELLOUS ENGINEERING FEAT AND THE SURFACE EXTREMELY GOOD"

scenery is wonderful. What must appeal to the Britisher, however, is the lack of irksome restrictions. You seem to be able to park your car where you like, with or without lights after dark, and you are not for ever wondering whether a police car is trailing you. During my entire stay I never once saw an accident, and this in a country where restrictions and speed limits were conspicuous by their absence.

I saw a large number of British cars, both in France and in Switzerland, and I can quite understand why touring on the Continent is becoming so popular. Tourists are made welcome and everything is done to make their visit happy and comfortable.

Locarno is a truly beautiful town, the people are charming, and the weather, although hot with brilliant sunshine, is not by any means oppressive. There is some very fine trout fishing to be had in the near-by rivers, and a licence, which costs 20 francs, entitles the holder to fish wherever he likes in the district. Big fish are also caught in the lake, but local knowledge is necessary. I was told that two years ago a species of trout was taken out of the lake, which turned the scale at 22lb.; apparently trout weighing 10lb. are quite common.

I will not inflict upon my readers an account of my return journey, but suffice it to say that it took exactly one-and-a-half days, or in other words nineteen hours at the wheel, which included all stops for meals.

I do most thoroughly recommend anyone who has never made the trip to Locarno to do so, as a most enjoyable holiday can be spent there. The hotels are excellent, and the scenery is magnificent.

GRAND PRIX

WHAT may prove to be the greatest motor race ever run on British soil is to take place to-day (October 2nd) on the Donington Park Road circuit, under the auspices of the Derby and District Motor Club. The entries have been selected by the club from the best racing cars available, and the winner will be the first competitor to complete 80 laps of the course—approximately 250 miles.

The race is likely to be very well attended, for some of the most famous drivers in the world are to compete in cars of equal fame. The firm of Daimler-Benz have nominated four of their cars to be driven by renowned drivers—Caracciola, Lang, von Brauchitsch and Seaman, the last of whom has, on past occasions, fully demonstrated his ability on this track. There are also three of the now almost fabulous Auto Unions to be driven by Rosemeyer, Hasse and Stuck, while England's honour is to be upheld by the E.R.A.s, under the control of such men as Lord Howe and Raymond Mays. The race begins at 1 p.m. and should finish approximately at 4.30 p.m.

PREPARING FOR THE PACIFIC AIRWAY

The Need for Britain to Look Ahead

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

Aviation Editor of the "Field"

THE report that H.M.S. Leander has hoisted the Union Jack on three small islands in the Pacific to the north of Pitcairn Islands—Henderson, Ducie and Oeno—is welcome news to all who have been watching aviation development in the Pacific area. For some time past those who realise the importance of air communications over the Pacific have felt disquiet at the steady progress of American plans while British interests have apparently remained inactive. The islands now formally announced as British are uninhabited, but they are likely air bases; and the general impression is that their annexation is an earnest of British preparations for Pacific flying.

That this move is by no means premature is seen from a brief review of what the U.S.A. have been doing among these small coral islands, without which trans-Pacific airways would be impracticable. Last year America claimed the Baker, Jarvis and Howland Islands, all of which had hitherto been considered nominally British, though their actual status had not been formally determined. In July, 1936, H.M.S. Leith sent a landing party to Canton Island; but when the British astronomical expedition arrived there last June it found the American expedition already in occupation, and no precedence was accorded the British vessel, as it would have been had British rights there been fully recognised. America already has Pacific air bases in use at Midway, Wake and Guam. France, too, is showing a lively interest in Pacific bases, and last year took possession of Clipperton, or Passion Island, for aviation purposes.

It is clear that there is a friendly "war" going on for the possession of key islands in the Pacific—islands that not long ago were considered of very little value, but are now seen to be essential if flying over the Pacific is to be established on a regular commercial basis. In this "war," America has led the way with an enterprise that is highly commendable, yet throws into sharp relief the apathy of British policy in this important sphere. For while it may be admitted that the North Pacific is a region in which America, with her special interests in Honolulu and the Philippines, has a certain priority, the South Pacific is an area in which British Empire interests are predominant.

America realised the importance of these small islands some years ago, and has steadily pursued a policy of annexation and colonisation, not only in the spheres more particularly hers, but in other directions; and the result is to be seen in the fact that to-day a regular trans-Pacific service is in operation. Without these islands this service could not be flown. It is clear, then, that if the British Empire is not to be made dependent upon American good will for her essential air communications in the Pacific a more vigorous policy is needed in order that suitable bases may be secured.

There are signs, apart from those already mentioned, that this fact is now recognised. New Zealand has announced that she is "vitally interested" in the matter, but for all that, it is America that is to provide the Dominion with her first important oversea aerial link. A recent announcement indicates that Pan-American Airways expect the route between San Francisco and Auckland, N.Z., to be in regular operation before the end of the year. Two survey flights, by way of Honolulu, Kingman Reef and Pago-Pago, have been made, and these have apparently indicated that no special difficulties need be expected.

It is not only New Zealand that is interested, however. The establishment of a British trans-Pacific route is of no less importance to Australia and Canada. It would seem as though a concerted policy between these three Dominions, with the assistance of the Imperial Government, were urgently needed.

The Atlantic experiments have so far proceeded according to plan, and the operation of a regular air mail on the North Atlantic route is now considered more than a possibility in the near future. This fact, as the result of which Canada will be linked with Great Britain, makes the consideration of the Pacific problem even more urgent. Canada has spent much time and money on the development of her transcontinental airway; it would seem no more than plain common sense to ensure its extension to the west and south across the Pacific, no less than towards the east across the Atlantic.

There can be no doubt that progress in commercial Atlantic flying has been made considerably more rapid by the close co-operation that has existed from the first between Great Britain and the United States; and it might well seem that a similar policy would be the best in the Pacific. So much is obvious. The problems of air communication are international ones; and their solution can best be found by international co-operation.

Nevertheless, it is British policy that the links of the British Empire shall be independent of the good will of other nations. A study of recent developments makes it clear that that policy has been in no way modified.

So far as the Pacific is concerned, then, it would appear that Britain must look ahead and plan for her own routes across the Pacific. Co-operation with America is not merely desirable, but essential, for the U.S.A. have unique experience and to them is due the honour accorded all pioneers. But this need not preclude the establishment of all-British bases and an all-British route.



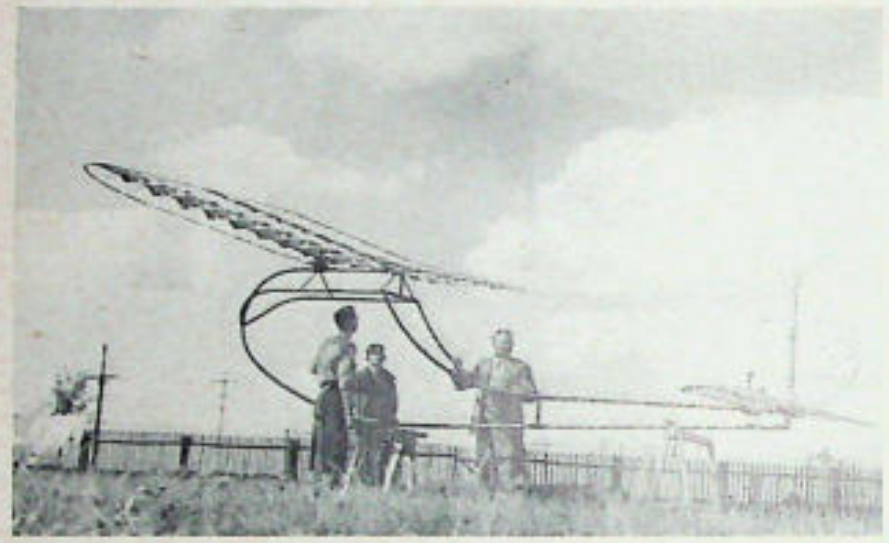
STORM CLOUDS OVER CROYDON

The Imperial Airways 'plane Hercules can be seen on the tarmac, while behind her a German machine waits to take off for the Continent

GERMAN EXPERIMENTS IN FLIGHT



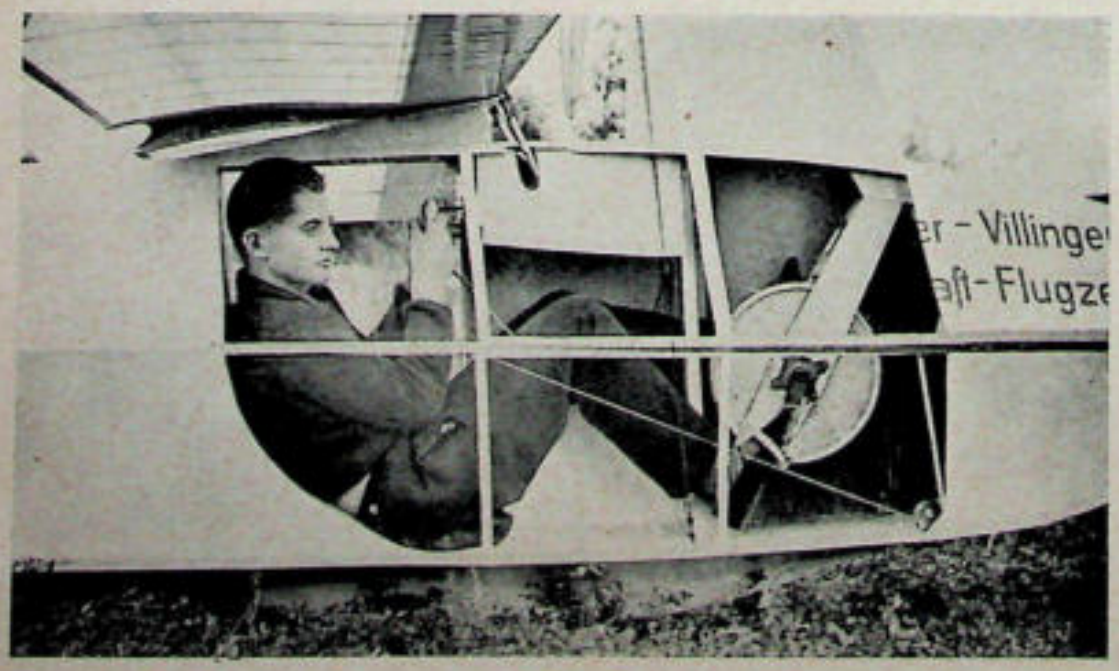
GLORIFIED GLIDING: KALTENECKER (ABOVE AND ON RIGHT) WHO HOPES TO ACHIEVE ADDITIONAL HEIGHT BY MUSCULAR POWER WHEN ONCE IN THE AIR



PAUSE ENGAGED IN CONSTRUCTING HIS AEROPLANE WHICH IS TO BE PROPELLED BY MEANS OF STEEL SPRINGS AND HINGED WINGS



INTERESTING experiments have been made in Germany recently as to the possibilities of aircraft of thoroughly revolutionary design. One of the most successful has been the work of two young engineers—Haessler and Villinger. Their motor was replaced by pedals, and, owing to the skilful reduction of weight to 100lb., the machine was able to fly for 200 metres, the pilot weighing not more than 120lb. Another idea is that of Kaltenecker, whose apparatus has wings which are pulled down by muscular effort and then go upwards by themselves. What happens, however, when the pilot gets worn out or develops cramp is not quite clear! Yet another method of progress is the hope of Herr Pause. By means of a plane suspended from a steel spring he thinks he will be able to fly, since it requires only a relatively low power to keep the plane in movement if exerted at the correct moment. Herr Goedeker has not got beyond the construction of a working model, but the "Urvogel" as it is called, is interesting since it is another effort to imitate bird flight. It has a wing span of 1.9 metres, a weight of 650 grammes and, on its best flight, reached a height of 6 metres and travelled a distance of 40 metres.



THE PILOT DUENNBEIL IN THE HAESSLER-VILLINGER MACHINE WHICH HE FLEW AT FRANKFORT OVER A DISTANCE OF 200 METRES BY MEANS OF MUSCULAR ENERGY



GOEDEKER HAS ATTEMPTED TO IMITATE BIRD FLIGHT WITH HIS "URVOGEL," WHICH FLAPS ITS WINGS UP AND DOWN 90 TIMES A MINUTE

FINNISH WOODS AND WATERS

330 Miles Along the Arctic Highway

By ROBERT COLVILLE

FOR the tourist who has had his fill of large towns, public buildings and ancient monuments there can be no more delightful experience than to travel in Finland. There are, it is true, magnificent buildings in Helsinki and ancient castles such as those at Viipuri and Savonlinna, but the great charm of the country lies in the infinite variety of its landscape.



THE ARCTIC BUS CROSSING A FERRY DURING ITS JOURNEY

In South and Central Finland there are thousands of vast lakes, and the great forests of pine, spruce and birch stretch from one lakeside to another. It would take many months to explore all these lakes and forests, but fortunately the most beautiful regions of Finland are also the most accessible.



A TYPICAL SPOT IN FINNISH LAPLAND
Virtaniemi, famous for its wonderful salmon fishing

No more lovely spot can be imagined than Punkaharju, an island in the south, where numberless pines grow to an immense height and where the ground is covered with a profusion of wild flowers and strawberries in their season. The forests are owned by the State, and are excellently preserved, so that it is possible to walk for many miles through them.

It would be easy to spend a long time among these impressive trees, but the tourist should also see something of the lakes. About two hours' journey from Punkaharju rise the stately towers of Olavinlinna Castle, and it is from here that the great eastern watercourse begins. Excellent passenger boats, with sleeping accommodation, sail from Savonlinna to Kuopio, and the journey takes nearly 24 hours. For the whole of this time the boat passes through apparently endless lakes, but so great is the variety of interest, and so wonderful the effect of the changing combinations of different greens in the forests, that there is not a moment of monotony. No one who has seen the sun setting on these Saimaa Lakes can ever forget it, for the water of the lakes turns to blackness, which fades into purple near the shores. The sun itself is almost red, and reflects a pillar of gold on to the dark lake.

The boat is tied up for a few hours during the night at Lappävirta Village, but if it is summer the light evenings induce many people to go ashore and see the wonderful old church and the quaint village itself. It is well worth while staying up all night to see the sun rise over the forests, and the blue mists rising from the waters.

The rivers in Finland are more exciting, for they nearly all contain rapids. Modern industry is gradually harnessing these waters to its own purposes, but boats still shoot the rapids on the Oulujoki River. They start from Vaala, which is easily reached in a day from Kuopio, the end of the Saimaa watercourse. The boats themselves are long and narrow, and are in charge of licensed steersmen.

It is pleasant to reflect on this fact as the boat approaches the first rapids, for one seems to be far too close to the swirling and foaming torrents. Often the speed of the boat approaches 50 miles an hour, and there is a most curious sensation, as when an aeroplane is taking off. The steersmen know every inch of the water, and without any apparent emotion approach large rocks at the speed of an express train, only to veer off suddenly when about 6yds. away.

The boats stop at Koskisaari for coffee, and after this interval the most exciting part of the journey begins. The boat enters the Pyhäkoski rapids, the most powerful in Finland, and for sixteen miles is thrown about on the foaming crests of enormous waves. The scenery is wonderful, for dark forests stretch down to the water's edge, and the white crests appear to be rushing up towards the boat. After an interval of still water the boat is once more hurled along for seven miles on the foaming torrents until the rapids end at Muhos, where a train connects with Oulu.

But unquestionably the most unusual experience in Finland is to travel along the great Arctic Highway. The Finns are justly proud of this wonderful road—the only one in the world which leads to the Arctic Ocean. For 330 miles it runs through Finnish Lapland, from Rovaniemi, two miles south of the Arctic Circle, to Liinahamari, on the Arctic coast.

A regular motor bus, which carries the mails, performs the journey in two days. The first half of the road lies through pleasantly wooded and watered country, and past such charming Lapp villages as Vuotso. In the evening, however, the bus enters the regions of naked Lapp fells, and the night is passed in the excellent inn at Ivalo. Next morning the bus continues past Virtaniemi, famous for its wonderful salmon fishing, to Salmijarvi. From here it is possible to leave the Highway and proceed by bus and mail motor boat to Kolttakongas, a charming Lapp village on the Norwegian frontier. The fishing here in the rapids is excellent, and there are some wonderful walks over the hills.

The Highway continues from Salmijarvi to Liinahamari. All the time the pines are growing more stunted, reindeer bound on to the road and there is always a chance of seeing an occasional bear, until finally the desolate Arctic coast itself is reached. During the summer months a boat sails from Liinahamari to Vaitolahti, the most northerly village in Finland, which looks out over the Russian frontier.



THE ONLY ROAD IN THE WORLD TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN
Part of the 330 miles of highway seen after leaving Virtaniemi

The popularity of Finland is increasing every year among English travellers. The ships of the Finland Line, which sail between Hull and Helsinki, provide a most pleasant method of approach, and the hotels and means of communication in Finland are excellent. During the winter the ski-ing is in pleasant contrast to Switzerland and Austria, while the memory of the midnight sun shining over the forests and the Lapp fells during the summer is one which is not easily forgotten.



A RAPIDS BOAT ARRIVING AT VAALA
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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE ENTRANCE LOUNGE AT THE BELL, MELTON MOWBRAY

MELTON MOWBRAY is one of the best centres for meets of the Belvoir, Quorn and Cottesmore, and it is, therefore, natural that the old-established and celebrated Bell Hotel, in Nottingham Street, should have been a favourite resort of sportsmen for many generations. The hotel has always had a tradition for comfort and good cuisine, and after a day following hounds these things matter a good deal. During the first half of the last century the Bell was the rendezvous of many noted sporting characters, prominent among whom was the then Marquis of Waterford. This eccentric nobleman was distinguished not only as a fine rider to hounds but as a *bon viveur* and an incorrigible practical joker.

Doubtless many local followers of the Belvoir gathered in the Bell lounge on the evening of February 13th, 1891, to discuss the remarkable run which their pack had enjoyed that day. In brief, a fast 20 minutes in the morning resulted in a fox being killed after being evicted from a chimney, but it was the afternoon's hunt, with a ten-mile point, that provided the memorable events of a good day's sport. The first fox, being hard pressed, passed through an open cottage door in Silk Willoughby Village, jumped across an infant which lay on a hearthrug in front of a fire, and went up the chimney. The alarmed mother, it is worth noting, had the presence of mind to slam the cottage door just as the hounds dashed up. While the field drew up in the lane and the villagers pressed their noses against the window pane, the whipper-in climbed on to the roof and, peering down the chimney, saw the fox sitting on a ledge. Eventually one of the followers got hold of the fox which was then taken out into the open, given a few moments grace before hounds were laid on, and bowled over as he headed back for Aswarby.

But the Bell has not only been associated with foxhunting. On occasions it has been the centre of big political meetings, and as Mr. Josiah Gill recorded in his book on *The Old Inns and Sporting Hotels of Melton*: "The Bell seems to have touched its apogee as a fashionable hotel during the years in which that gentleman-landlord, Mr. J. Money Shilling, directed its fortunes. Coming to Melton with Sir Frederick Johnston, with whom he had been a fellow-graduate at Oxford, the portly host was on intimate terms with numerous members of the nobility — a circumstance which brought to him many visitors. So sought-after was this house that the man who would secure accommodation had to take time by the forelock in engaging it."

"The Bell," he continues, "is not without its political traditions. Vivid recollections of thrilling Parliamentary contests of the Manners — Burnaby—Packe days are still cherished. From its upper windows many an actor on the stage of political life has stirred the popular sentiment amid intense excitement, and even passion. At such times, when the noble suppliant essayed to address the troubled sea of heads that filled the open space in the street below, bags of flour and rotten eggs were frequently among the arguments employed by the contentious multitude, mostly non-electors." How many scenes of triumph must the old Bell have witnessed after the election results were declared. Flushed with excitement, the local candidate—invariably a scion of the House of Belvoir—would thank his supporters from a balcony of the hotel, while much celebration went on inside the inn.

To-day, perhaps, it is quieter at the Bell, but it is still necessary "to take time by the forelock" in engaging rooms during the hunting season.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

The Suit Preference Signal

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

OFTEN it happens that the fate of a contract or game depends upon a defender's lead at a critical juncture. I am not now referring to initial leads but to those which have to be made at a later period. Sometimes with nothing to guide you it is a mere toss up which suit you choose. In order to avoid the hazard of guess the Suit Preference or Suit Return Signal has been devised. Although it will not work always it can be recommended to your notice.

The theory is this. When you have led a singleton of your partner's suit and asked for a ruff, he signals to you your next choice of lead by means of the card which he returns to you to ruff. If he returns a high card, he tells you to lead the higher of the two suits outside trumps, while if he returns a low card he instructs you to lead the lower ranking suit of the two remaining suits.

This may sound rather complicated, but it is not really so. Suppose, for example, you in the position of B, have called Hearts and have been over-called by Z in Spades and Z is playing the contract in that suit. Your partner A opens with his singleton Heart and you have ♡ A, J, 10, x, x, x. You play your Ace. If you wish him when he ruffs to lead a Diamond you return the Knave of Hearts. If, however, you wish him to lead a Club you return a small Heart.

To make this clear consider the following example:

	♠ 9, 7 ♡ 6, 5, 2 ◇ J, 10, 4, 3 ♣ Q, 8, 7, 2	
♠ 10, 4, 3 ♡ 9 ◇ 8, 7, 5, 2 ♣ J, 9, 6, 5, 3	Y A B Z	♠ 6, 2 ♡ A, J, 10, 8, 7, 3 ◇ A, 9 ♣ K, 10, 4
	♠ A, K, Q, J, 8, 5 ♡ K, Q, 4 ◇ K, Q, 6 ♣ A	

Here at score game all, after an opening bid of One Heart by B, Z is playing a contract of Four Spades. A leads the 9 of Hearts and when Y's hand is disclosed, Z would appear to have an easy ride and to expect to make five by cards with the loss of two tricks. But by the use of this lead directing convention Z is defeated. B winning with the Ace of Hearts returns the Knave—an unnecessarily high card. A ruffing now knows, not guesses, that he must return a Diamond. B plays his Ace, returns another Heart and A getting his second ruff the contract is defeated and the rubber is saved.

Note the points. If B had returned 3 of Hearts and not the Knave he would have asked A to lead a Club. A player not knowing or not using this device would in A's position have been left in doubt. After making his ruff he would not know what to lead and he might have chosen a Club. If he does so Z makes ten tricks!

Subtle and ingenious as this may seem I am not prepared to say that it will work in all cases, and in this particular example I think Z possibly might have avoided it. Foreseeing the possibility of a ruff he might have thrown his Queen of Hearts on B's Ace. This leaves B in doubt as to whether A had led from a singleton or doubleton and might influence his next play. Z can afford to lose two tricks in Hearts and a Diamond. But he cannot afford to lose a Heart trick, a Diamond and two ruffs.

Whether the throw of the Queen of Hearts at trick one would have altered the play, however, is a matter of speculation. Provided B continues with the Knave of Hearts the game is saved if A understands the signal and leads a Diamond. Nor is this lead-directing signal confined to cases when you hold only one of your partner's suit. A doubleton may offer like opportunities.

Here is an example:

	♠ 8, 6, 2 ♡ 10, 5, 3 ◇ K, J, 10, 7 ♣ K, J, 10	
♠ 7, 5 ♡ 9, 4, 2 ◇ 8, 4, 3 ♣ 9, 7, 6, 4, 2	Y A B Z	♠ A, K, J, 9, 4 ♡ 8 ◇ 9, 6, 5, 2 ♣ A, Q, 3
	♠ Q, 10, 3 ♡ A, K, Q, J, 7, 6 ◇ A, Q ♣ 8, 5	

Score game all. B opens with One Spade and Z reaches a contract of Four Hearts. A leads the 7 of Spades and B wins the first two tricks with King and Ace of Spades. He knows that Z has the Queen and that he can probably defeat the contract by playing his Ace of Clubs and then giving his partner a ruff in Spades. But he can see the probability of more if he can be assured that A, after making his ruff, will lead a Club and not a Diamond. So at trick three he leads his 4 of Spades. This tells A that he wants him to return the lower ranking of the two suits outside trumps, a Club instead of a Diamond. If B had led the Knave of Spades the message to A would have been lead a Diamond, not a Club.

Now I need not emphasise the importance of this signal. If A after his ruff leads a Diamond Z makes the rest, as he can after drawing trumps get rid of his two losing Clubs on Y's Diamonds. From his opening bid when vulnerable A knows that B has a trick outside his Knave. But he is not sure in what suit. By his play B indicates the next lead and so succeeds in getting Z two down on his contract.

Note that if A had been left to guess he might have led a Diamond, in which event Z makes game and rubber.

BUXTON BRIDGE CONGRESS

Readers are reminded that the *Field* is presenting a valuable Trophy for competition at the Congress to be held at Buxton, October 8th to 11th. It is open to teams of four—men and women—and it is not too late to enter now. In addition to the contest for the *Field* Cup there are daily events for Open Pairs Competitions, for which entries can be received up to October 8th.

Full particulars, programmes and entry forms can be obtained from Mr. J. K. Boddington, Thermal Baths, Buxton. The sum of 10/- admits competitors to all open events, and the programme has been arranged so that play will be available for all at each session. There are no money stakes and the numerous prizes and trophies will be presented by the Mayor of Buxton on Monday, October 11th.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN GERMANY

An interesting game played at Stuttgart in the fourth round of the recent four-masters tournament.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Sämisch.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Sämisch.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	22. Q to K sq (i)	Kt to B 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	24. Q to R 4, ch	P to B 3
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	25. Kt to B 3	K R to Q sq
4. Q to B 2	P to B 4 (a)	26. P to B 5 (j)	Q to K 4
5. P takes P	Kt to B 3	27. P takes P	R takes R, ch
6. Kt to B 3	B takes P	28. R takes R	Kt takes P
7. B to Kt 5	P to Q Kt 3 (b)	29. Kt to Q 5, ch	K to B sq
8. P to K 3	B to Kt 2	30. B to Kt 4 (k)	R to B 5
9. B to K 2	B to K 2	31. B takes Kt	R takes B
10. Castles (K R)	B to Q B sq	32. Q takes P (l)	Q to Kt 4 (m)
11. K R to Q sq	P to Q R 3 (c)	33. R to B sq	K to B 2 (n)
12. Q R to B sq (d)	Kt to Q R 4	34. P to K 4	R to B 3
13. Kt to K 5	Q to B 2	35. R to B 5	Q to R 3, ch (o)
14. P to Q Kt 4 (e)	B tks Q Kt P (f)	36. Q takes Q	R takes Q
15. B takes Kt	P takes B	37. P to K 5 (p)	R takes P
16. Kt takes Q P	B to Q 3 (g)	38. R takes P, ch	K to Kt 2
17. Kt takes P, ch	K to K 2	39. R takes P	R to R 5
18. Q Kt to K 4	B takes Kt	40. P to K 6	R takes P
19. Kt takes B	B takes P, ch	41. P to K 7	R to K 7
20. K to R sq	B to K 4	42. R takes P	R to Kt 4
21. P to R 4	R to Kt 2	43. R to R 8	R takes P
22. Q to Q 2 (h)	Kt to Kt 2	44. R to R 7	Resigns (q)

(a) Some of the authorities, e.g., Dr. Euwe and Kmoch, are of opinion that Kt to B 3 is probably the best move here. The other alternative, P to Q 4, is at present under a cloud.

(b) An alternative—and, perhaps, preferable—move here is 7. . . . B to K 2, e.g., 8. P to K 4, Q to R 4; 9. B to Q 2, Q to B 2; 10. B to K 2, Castles; 11. Castles (K R), P to Q 3 (Rubinstein v. Dr. Tartasch, Kissingen tournament, 1928).

(c) Preventing Kt to Kt 5 followed by Kt to Q 6.

(d) This prevents Black from playing Q to B 2, e.g., 12. . . . Q to B 2; 13. Kt to Q 5, Kt takes Kt (if P takes Kt, then P takes P); 14. P takes Kt, P takes P; 15. B takes B, K takes B; 16. R takes P with advantage to White.

(e) Not 14. B takes Kt because after 14. . . . P takes B White cannot play 15. Kt takes Q P on account of 15. . . . B to B 3, which wins the Knight. With the text-move White plays to draw White's Bishop away from K 2 after which he can safely win the Queen's pawn since his Knight has a way of escape via K B 6.

(f) If 14. . . . Q takes Kt, then 15. B to B 4, Q to K B 4; 16. Q takes Q, P takes Q; 17. P takes Kt, P takes P; 18. Kt to Q 5 and White's great advantage in position is more than sufficient compensation for the pawn.

(g) If B to K 2 (cutting off the Knight's retreat and threatening R to Q sq), then Kt to R 4. If, instead, K to K 2 (with the same purpose), then Q to Kt 2, attacking the Bishop and threatening Kt takes B P, Black being unable to reply with K takes Kt because of the deadly Kt to Q 5, ch.

(h) Threatening Q to Kt 4, ch followed by Kt to Q 6, ch and so gaining time to bring his Queen over to an attacking position on the King's side.

(i) If Q to Kt 4, ch, then Kt to B 4.

(j) A good move as a result of which White gets a good post at Q 5 for his Knight.

(k) Better than either Q takes P or Kt takes Kt P (see next note).

(l) Threatening Kt to B 4 which would win the exchange.

(m) If 32. . . . P to B 4, then 33. Kt to B 4 since Black cannot play 33. . . . R to K 3, ch because of 34. Q takes R followed, if 34. . . . B takes Q, by 35. Kt to Kt 6, ch.

(n) Black's only chance is Q to B 3, ch. After the exchange of Queens he would be a pawn down but winning would not be an easy matter for White on account of his scattered pawns.

(o) Black has nothing better. If, instead, 35. . . . Q to B 8, ch; 36. K to R 2, Q takes P, then 37. R to B 3 (threatening R to K Kt 3) and Black has no adequate defence, e.g. (1) 37. . . . Q to R 4; 38. R to K Kt 3, Q to B sq; 39. Q to Kt 6, ch, K to Kt sq 40. P to K 5; (2) 37. . . . Q to Q 5; 38. R to K Kt 3, P to B 4; 39. Q takes P, ch; (3) 37. . . . Q to Q B 8; 38. Kt to K 3 (threatening Kt to B 5 followed, if Q to Kt 4, by R to K Kt 3), R to B sq; 39. R to Kt 3, R to K Kt sq; 40. Kt to R 4, ch; (4) 37. . . . R to B sq; 38. R to K Kt 3, R to K Kt sq; 39. Q to Kt 6, ch followed by 40. Kt takes P.

(p) Winning a second pawn.

(q) If 44. . . . K to B sq, then 45. R takes B, R takes R; 46. Kt takes R, K takes Kt; 47. K to R 2, K to B 2; 48. K to R 3 with an easily won pawn-ending.

LESSONS IN END-GAME PLAY

In our issue of July 24th we reviewed the first two numbers, and on August 7th the third, of a series of type-duplicated brochures on the end-game, the work of Mr. F. Reinfeld, of New York. The fourth number of the series is now to hand. It deals with the handling of Bishop and Knight end-games in which the position of the pawns makes the Knight superior to the Bishop. It contains 22 well-chosen and carefully annotated examples from master-play, nine dealing with the conversion of a material advantage into a win and thirteen in which the advantage leading to a win is positional. This number is, like the other three, excellent, and we strongly recommend the series, the careful study of which cannot fail to improve very considerably the average player's conduct of the end-game.

Instructive and Practical Endings from Master Chess. By F. Reinfeld. (To be obtained from Frank Hollings, 7, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1. Price per number, 2/-, post free.)

PROBLEM No. 3929

By R. B. COOKE.*

WHITE (13 pieces): King at K B 4, Queen at Q sq, Rooks at K R 3 and Q 5, Bishops at K B sq and Q 6, Knights at Q 3 and Q B 7, Pawns at K B 2, K Kt 2, Q Kt 2, Q 4 and K Kt 5.

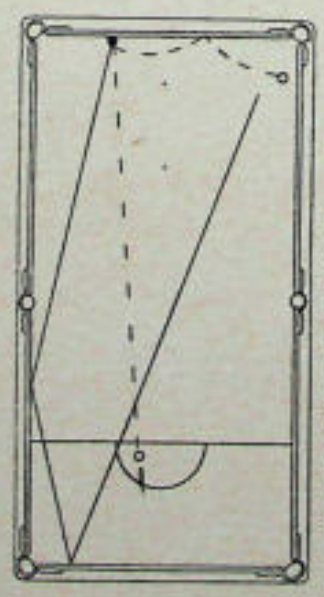
BLACK (6 pieces): King at K 5, Bishop at K B 6, Knights at K 4 and K 7, Pawns at Q 2 and K Kt 3.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *British Chess Magazine*, 1935.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3928

1. Q to Kt 8, Any move; 2. Q, R or B mates.



HOLDING A CUE

What is the Correct Grip?

THERE can be few questions so difficult to answer as the one concerning the correct way to hold a cue. Nowhere, however, can we discern an average cue-hold, if the term is permissible, which can be commended for general use. This may be too much to expect for natural reasons. Cue-hold must be responsive to every requirement of strength and precision; no two hands are alike, sense of touch differs greatly between individuals, from which it follows that correct cue-hold is almost exclusively an individual problem.

The exception is the general rule that cue-hold must be light and lissom; get this, and, roughly speaking, it does not matter a great deal what the "make and shape" of cue-hold may be. Muscular effort evidenced by gripping the cue-butt is fatal. Such cue-holding is very common and helps largely to explain why so many get "in a twenty-break rut" and stop there. Stodgy cueing, due to hardness in cue-hold, ruins the mechanics of their game, they can never improve no matter how much they play. The remedy is to practise "lobbing the cue at the ball," actually poising the butt in the fingers and releasing it completely just before cue-ball-contact. Obviously, this is for instructional purposes only. You cannot play like that, but practising it quietly for a while will give modification of cue-hold.

When playing "stun" and "stab" shots, a decided grip of the cue-butt is essential. This requirement for specialised shots is met quite easily; the difficulty is to avoid "stabbing" every shot you play to a varying extent owing to stiffness in cue-hold. Potting a ball, considered absolutely as such, may be almost left out. For some unknown reason plenty of men hold a cue anyhow and pot a ball quite well, which accounts for a good deal of the popularity of snooker. But they cannot play billiards, and never will play it.

My diagram shows a good positional ricochet cannon. Strike cue-ball high and to the right, but red about three-quarter ball, and the cannon with a good leave is sure to result. W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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

Weed for Identification.—The specimen of weed you sent was *Potamogeton perfoliatus*, one of the commonest pond weeds which grows to a considerable length in some streams. This weed seldom seems to have very much food on it but, of course, it aerates the water and is good for this purpose as the leaves are mostly below the surface. It is always very difficult to advise about weed, because in effect weed has a habit of establishing itself in suitable water for its growth and it is often difficult to get other weed to take its place unless the character and particularly the speed of the water is altered. This weed is not prolific in all parts of the Kennet, and could probably be kept in check by judicious cutting.—*H. C. B. V., Wilts.*

Cleaning a Pond.—It will be very necessary to remove the fish while doing the cleaning out of the pond as this always stirs up the bottom very badly and it is very bad for the fish, leading in many cases to their death. The only practical method is to put them temporarily into a barrel or some other small pond while the main water is being cleaned out, and not replace them until the water has settled down again. It should not be necessary to introduce insect life as such waters naturally produce sufficient for the fish unless there are a great many of them. Goldfish usually spawn in the spring or early summer and their eggs adhere to the water plants. If the eggs are not removed there is some risk that they may be eaten by the adult fish.—*E. N., Surrey.*

Garden

Heather Sent for Inspection.—The white part of the heather you sent for inspection is not due to a parasite. These freak growths are not uncommon, and it is rarely possible to find any cause for them.—*E. M., Godalming.*

Weed Killer.—The creosote, if in sufficient concentration to need gloves for the protection of the hands while using it, would be liable to burn the paws of either cats or dogs, and these animals should be kept off the paths until the creosote has been further diluted and washed in by the rain.—*A. V. P., Weston-super-Mare.*

Daffodils Failing to Flower.—After fifteen years the failure to flower is probably due to the daffodils being too crowded, in which case they should be lifted and divided in early autumn. On the other hand, they may need feeding. Phytobroma, obtainable from Messrs. Barr, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 2, should be given as a surface dressing in autumn and spring.—*J. P. C., Meonstoke.*

Kennel

Labrador Puppy.—If you were to write to Mr. H. Scott, Meriden, Manor Road, Taunton, he might be able to give you the name of a man in your district who would take your Labrador puppy for training. Other trainers further away are Mr. T. Gowing, Horse Race, Sissinghurst, Kent; Mr. J. T. Greatorex, Corndean, Welshpool, Mont.—*A. C. S., Somerset.*

Ear Mange.—A dressing composed of one part nitrate of mercury ointment, nineteen parts almond oil, will kill the ear mange parasites, and to apply it, fill the ear up with the dressing, and, holding a swab of cotton wool to the opening, massage the base of the ear with the fingers; wipe away any surplus dressing and dirt that has been worked out. Dress as above every other day upon three or four occasions.—*L. A. B., Newdigate.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Trichostrongylosis of Grouse.—The samples of grouse from two different moors were suffering from the contagious thread-worm infection of the bowels known as Trichostrongylosis.—*H. W. Yorks; R. H. C., Yorks.*

Tuberculosis of a Fowl.—The Leghorn hen died of a contagious germ infection of the internal organs known as tuberculosis. Second and third year laying stock are more commonly infected with the disease than pullets. You should invite your veterinary surgeon to apply the avian tuberculin test to your stock; this test will determine which of your birds have contracted the disease. The reactors to the test should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned since there is no known cure of the disease. Tuberculosis is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking water by the germ-containing droppings of tuberculous birds; thus move the birds which pass the test on to clean ground; burn the litter and droppings from their house and scrub out its interior with hot soda water and soft soap. Dress the ground of the infected pen with 2 tons of quicklime per acre and keep it free of poultry for at least twelve months.—*W. N., York.*

Stable

Diet for a Motherless Foal.—The best diet for a foal whose mother has died is milk from a tuberculin-tested cow and one whose milk has a low fat-content. Dissolve a tablespoonful of sugar in warm water and add three to five tablespoonfuls of lime-water and enough fresh milk to make a pint. Warm this to blood heat and give a quarter of a pint every hour for the first few days, and then until three weeks old, six feeds a day of, say, a pint, which should be sufficient. After three to four weeks the sugar may be left out, but the lime-water continued. In five to six weeks, skim milk may be gradually substituted for whole milk, and after three months the foal may be given all it can drink three times a day. Lactose or milk sugar is the best kind of sugar to add to the milk, but it is very expensive; failing this, glucose is the next best thing. Scrupulous cleanliness of utensils used for feeding must be observed, all vessels being rinsed out with cold water immediately after use and scalded subsequently. It is very advisable to provide a companion for an orphan foal being reared by hand. Probably a young calf is best, although a quiet old ewe will serve instead. The foal will begin to nibble grass at about three weeks, and will eat corn at about two months.—*M. H. S. A., Armagh.*

Game Market Prices

English Rabbits (trapped), 8d. to 1/2. English Rabbits (shot), 6d. to 10d. Hares, 2/- to 3/6. Partridges (young), 2/- to 3/6. Partridges (old), 10d. to 1/9. Grouse (young), 3/6 to 5/6. Grouse (old), 1/3 to 1/9.

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

THERE was quite a good attendance at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester sale on Saturday, September 18th, when nearly every horse was sold. The top figure of 110gs. was given for Lord Dormer's grey mare. Others realising 30gs. or more were as follows:

Property of Dr. M. H. Barton: Sherry, ch g., 30gs. Property of Mr. J. R. Blachliffe: Willow, ch m., 55gs. Property of Mrs. R. H. Roberts, Belinda, ch m., 31gs. Property of the Countess of Ancaster: Rylstone, b g., 77gs.; Victor, b g., 51gs. Property of Mr. G. T. Cunningham: Mariner, b g., 91gs.; ch. f., four years, 50gs.; ch f., two years, 31gs. Property of Lord Dormer and the Hon. Rosamund Dormer, gr m., 110gs.; dk b g., 75gs.; b g., 81gs. Property of Mrs. L. A. H. Wright: ch g., 30gs. Property of Captain G. E. Braithwaite: Justice, ch g., 32gs. Property of Mr. J. B. Chester, May Day, b g., 40gs. Property of Mr. W. A. Bennett: Peppercorn II, b m., 68gs. Property of Mr. N. Nuttall, Jock, b g., 90gs. Property of Mr. S. Arrowsmith: Gallant Girl, br m., 31gs.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCT. 9th

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

STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Shallowford: M., Lawton Cross; Tu., Winsford Hill; Th., Chetsham; S., Hawkridge—11.

NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Monday (Oct. 4th), Royal Oak, Fritham; F., Wilverley Corner—12.

QUANTOCK.—Monday (Oct. 4th), Park End, Cothelstone; Th., Bowling Green, Holford—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ATHERSTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Clubbesley Corbett: M., Tringley Green; W., Stewponey; S., Frankly Cross Roads—8.

ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Chapel Green—7.30.

ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Twelve O'clock Riding—7.30.

BICESTER.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Bourton Brake—8.

BURTON.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Fenwood—8.30.

CARRIDGESHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Toseland: M., Eltisley; W., Ogden Green; F., Eversden Wood—7.

CATTISTOCK.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), South Perrott: M., Kennels; Tu., Nether Compton; W., Wynford Gate; Th., Ridge; F., Boddon; S., Red House Key—8.

COWDRAY.—Monday (Oct. 4th), Sutton Poor House; F., Ebsted Wayside—8.30.

CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Warninghurst Gorse—8.30.

DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Primer Hall Bridge—10.30; Tu., Cornwood Common; W., Fowlescombe Gate—10; F., Two Bridges—10.30; S., Brent Station—10.

DULVERTON.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Brushford—9; M., Bentwitchen; W., South Hill, Whitechapel, Five Cross Ways; F., Bolthrasm Mill; S., Exebridge—10.

ERIDGE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Cowfold Bridge—8; W., Eridge Station; S., Owlsbury Farm—8.45.

FERNIE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Glendon Wood—8; M., Moreden Corner; W., John Ball; Th., Thimsby Corner; S., Alvaston Wood—8.30.

GROVE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Bede Guide Post—8.

HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Serge Hill Green—7.30.

HEYTHROP.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), New Barn—7.30.

LEDBURY.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Forthampton Cottage—8.30.

MENDIP.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Priddy Hill; M., Ebbor Wood; W., Cross Roads, Fernhill—8; S., Ston Easton—9.

MEYNELL.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Repton—8.

NEW FOREST.—Tuesday (Oct. 5th), Mather Bridge: Th., Addey Lawn; S., Wootton Bridge—7.30.

PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Addington Thorn—7.30.

SOMERSET, WEST.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Kingsbrompton—8.30; M., Combe Florey; Tu., Kevinhorne; W., Treborough Lodge; F., Brymore Lodge; S., Ryden Lodge—8.

SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (October 2nd), Adlington—7.

TEDWORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Danebury—7.15; Tu., Milkhouse Water, Pewsey; Th., Wilcot Cross Roads; S., Netheravon—8.

TIVERTON.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Butworthy Knap—9; M., Petton Cross; W., Rora Hill; S., Maiden Ash—9.30.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Wellesbourne Wood—7.30.

WEST SURREY.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Updown; Tu., Chilliendon; S., West Street—9.

WYLYE VALLEY.—Tuesday (Oct. 5th), Bishopstrow; F., Imber—8.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

ASHLEY.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Updown House; Th., Little Ramsdale—2; F., Beagle Dairy, Biddy's Cafe, Tadleston.

BLEDDOW.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Cromhall-ham, Kenesing scrap for R.A.B.L.; W., Ashurst Station; S., Chequers, Bough Beech—11.

BRIGHTON.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), The Kennels (for The Dyke)—11.30; Tu., King's Head, Reeding; S., Royal Oak, Barcombe—12.

BUXTON AND CHAPEL.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Duke of York, Burbage—7; S., The Kennels, Chapel—1.

CUMBERLAND, WEST.—Monday (Oct. 4th), Thornthwaite; W., Brown Cow, Wathesthwaite—10.30; S., Wasdale Head Hotel—9.30.

DOWN HOUSE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Exeat; Tu., Ottinglean; S., Southease—1.

FURNESS AND DISTRICT.—Tuesday (Oct. 5th), Beckside, Urswick; F., Gascow—10.30.

HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), King Sterndale—8.30; W., George Hotel, Taddington—8; S., Flagg (opening meet)—11.30.

HOLCOMBE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Rifle Range, Eastwick; W., Edenfield—8; S., Black Horse, Limbrick—10.30.

NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Godshill; W., Sway; S., Norley Farm—11.30.

PENDLE FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Trawden; W., Wigglesworth; S., Anna Lane Head—11.

PIPEWELL.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Pipewell Hall (opening meet) (Presentation to Mr. Tom Walls—1.30; Tu., Geddington Station; S., Bythorn—1.45.

R.A.—Monday (Oct. 4th), Milston Pond; F., Larkhill Post Office—7.

R.E.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Abbey Farm, Highams; W., Uralite Works; S., Queen's Farm, Shorne—2.

STORRINGTON.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), White Horse, Storrington (opening meet)—11.30; W., Queen's Head, West Chiltington; S., Marquis of Granby, Sompting—11.

SURREY, WEST, AND HORSELL.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Ramnor Common Post Office—7.

WOLVERSTON.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Black Bush Farm—6.30; Tu., Cabin Plain—7; S., Grange Farm, Chigwell—1.30.

DRAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

R.A. (BORDON).—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Deers Hut, Liphook—7.30; M., Bramshott Church; W., Flexcombe Cross Roads; F., Passfield Oak—8.

TRING AND DISTRICT FARMERS'.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Black Horse, Great Missenden—9.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

BORDER COUNTIES (N.W.).—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Pont Quay Village (to finish the season)—10.30.

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Wylye (River Wylye); Tu., Stour Provost Mill (River Stour); Th., Wilton Station (River Wylye)—10; S., Wilton, for River Nadder (to finish the season)—9.30.

CROWHURST.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Sussex Pad, Lancing; W., Halfway Bridge; S., Berwick Station—10.30.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Hazel End Mill, near Bishop's Stortford; W., Loughton Bridge; S., White Bear Inn, Ongar (to finish the season)—10.30.

HOLME VALLEY.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Victoria Inn, Holmfirth—2.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Dallam Tower (cap for Hunt Staff)—10.

BULLERBORE.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Cromhall-ham, Kenesing scrap for R.A.B.L.; W., Ashurst Station; S., Chequers, Bough Beech—11.

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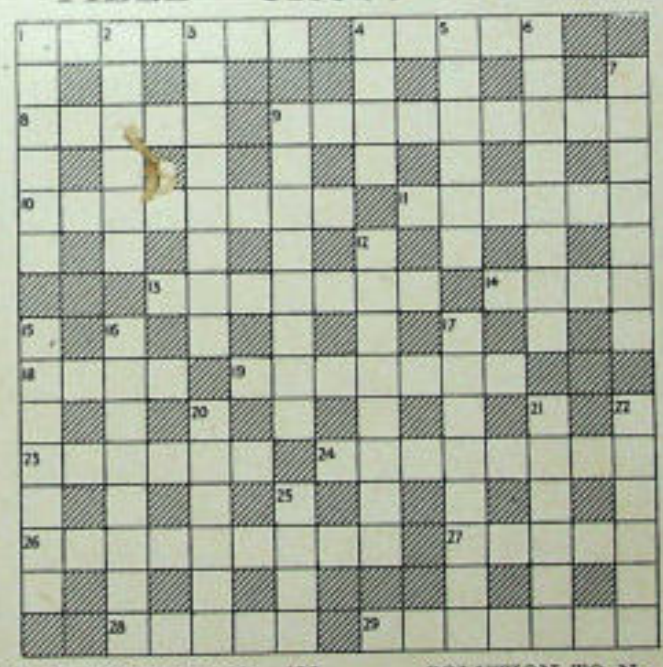
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HOLME VALLEY.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Victoria Inn, Holmfirth—2.

KENDAL AND DISTRICT.—Saturday (Oct. 2nd), Dallam Tower (cap for Hunt Staff)—10.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 432

ACROSS.—1, A bearded Hunt? 4, To Rolf this is a Hunt race meeting. 8, Harden in confused pity. 9, Nib please for the proletariat. 10, Better rare late than cut up like this. 11, No one minds spotting this. 13, Top of Bottom. 14, Does this girl start her dinner with the savoury and finish with the soup? 18, Bush in a Welsh valley that supplies Birmingham with water. 19, Red rose used for a screen. 23, This half of a famous Hunt might be a Scottish pig's own home. 24, Sound timber for a race course. 26, Shoe shine boy. 27, Spring mush fancied in political language. 28, Literate grasses? 29, Essential to well-groomed men and cricket pitches.

DOWN.—1, Pertaining to horses not weddings. 2, A lunch makes a nautical start. 3, Opposite of sub rosa? 4, Skin of a famous huntsman? 5, I be followed by a back draught in a distressful country. 6, Railway travelling is not usually part of this racing preparation. 7, A long step seems one way to mount a horse. 9, The white-collared. 12, A fighting bird. 15, About some pretty bad painting. 16, The target is supposed to be large enough for anyone to hit. 17, This claim to wealth can seldom be made since the introduction of paper currency. 20, This term is not often found in the City. 21, Animals found within our shores. 22, Mathematical reptiles. 25, Popular obstructions.

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

SOLUTION TO No. 431

Published September 25th

■	T	H	O	R	S	E	M	A	N	S	H	I
S	■	O	F	■	A	■	T	■	U	■	R	■
T	H	U	N	D	E	R	B	O	L	T	■	R
O	■	N	■	B	■	U	■	R	■	I	■	L
C	I	D	E	R	■	O	■	D	R	O	U	G
K	■	■	■	E	■	B	E	E	■	■	A	■
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■	■	E	■	S	■	■	■	V	■	E	■	■
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G	■	E	■	■	U	■	N	■	E	■	S	■
■	G	R	A	S	S	H	O	P	P	E	R	S

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXX. No. 4424. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1937 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE—INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 4D.



CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL VISITS THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES

The North-West Territories lie beyond the upper boundaries of Canada's prairie and Pacific Coast provinces, a vast sub-Arctic and Arctic area, containing two-fifths of all Canada. Coming almost 1,700 miles up to the Arctic coast by boat, His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, flew in an R.C.A.F. 'plane to this northernmost outpost of Empire industry, the silver-radium camp now six years old. During a stay of several days, he went underground to see radium ore in its natural state and studied the processes of concentrating radium, uranium, silver and copper in a mill 26 miles from the Arctic Circle. He made a flight over the ice-fields off the mouth of the Coppermine River and as guest of the Canadian naturalist and big-game hunter, Mr. Harry Snyder, flew to an unnamed lake in the Barren Lands for an Arctic picnic in the open. Lord Tweedsmuir was visiting some sections of the Empire never before seen by a representative of the King and making a journey which, a few years ago, would have been impossible. He is seen in a "snowshoe" chair, taking a lunch of steak in the open air at a spot in the Barren Lands, which is at least 1,500 miles from the railroad.

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 4684 Holborn — *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

GOLF AND ITS GUARDIANS

SINCE 1919 the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews has been the ruling authority on all matters concerning the British Amateur and Open Championships and, indeed, the game itself. The work that has been accomplished has been carried out efficiently and in keeping with the traditions of the game by those who had its best interests at heart. But golf, in common with other recreations, has grown tremendously during the last few years, and the opinion that the management of vital matters appertaining not only to the championships but to the rules of golf should be vested in a more representative body than one club has been accepted by many interested in the future welfare of the game.

It was felt that progress could not be made or maintained if the same authorities continued in office year after year, and the annual business meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club last week was one of great importance, exciting general rather than merely domestic interest. The Drafting Committee under the chairmanship of Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and captain of the R. and A. last year, recommended certain proposals to the meeting, proposals which were made only after careful and lengthy research, regarding rules of the club which had not been revised for many years. These proposals were accepted with absolute unanimity and the changes of chief public interest concern the two important committees—the Rules of Golf and Championship Committees. In future the former committee will be made up partly by members elected by the club and partly by additional representatives. Twelve members will be chosen by the club and they will be authorised to invite three additional members who need not necessarily be members of the R. and A. The Championship Committee will also consist of twelve members of the club, one-fourth the number to retire annually, and four additional members whether members of the club or not.

The effect of these alterations will mean that the Royal and Ancient Club will have the benefit of the opinions and assistance of outside organisations, such as possibly the Joint National Golfing Unions. In the past the professional golfers have had no say in matters relative to the Open Championship. In future it is probable that they will have at least a representative on the committee to air their views and opinions and offer sound advice. Such an addition would be a very wise move, as it would make for a better general understanding and more harmonious conditions.

It was also decided that a new General Committee be formed which will supervise the interests of the club, and through which new members will be elected, and not by ballot as formerly. One of the first duties of this committee will be to appoint a sub-committee, who will have the responsibility of choosing the next British Walker Cup team.

In view of the disastrous record in the matches with America, and the former slack and last-minute arrangements made concerning the Walker Cup team, this decision is also in keeping with the times. It promises an efficiency in organisation that has long been desired.

Two other matters of vital interest to golfers generally—the proposed alteration in the size of the ball, and the limiting of the number of clubs to be carried—were not proceeded with, and the postponing of such discussions was a diplomatic action. Enough has been done to show that the future management of the game will be established on lines satisfactory to everyone. Sir John Simon, during his year of office, has done a great deal not only for the club but for the game, and his skilful and diplomatic control of the meeting and committee is to be admired. In moving slowly the Royal and Ancient may progress the quicker, and the guardians of golf have shown that they are far from blind to modern needs.

SENSATIONAL MOTOR RACING

DONINGTON PARK is a name which will recall wartime memories to many, for here it was that German officers had the misfortune—or the good fortune, just as one cares to look at it—of residing as prisoners of war. Last Saturday, Donington again came into its own, for in the Grand Prix motor race which took place there, Germany swept the board while England took a back seat. Such a race was seen as had never been witnessed before, or will be seen again for a very long time on this circuit, and an enormous crowd, estimated to be well over 50,000, from all parts of the country, were treated to a magnificent display of driving at speeds far in advance of anything that had before been achieved on the course. The real attraction to the crowd was the presence of the two teams of German cars—the Mercedes-Benz and the Auto-Union, both of which were being driven by men of international fame. After a gruelling race—the speed was over 100 m.p.h. on the long straight at times—the palm of victory went to B. Rosemeyer, No. 1 driver of the Auto-Union team, who completed the 250 miles of the race at an average speed of 82.86 m.p.h. M. von Brauchitsch (Mercedes-Benz) ran him a close second, finishing 37½ seconds later, while R. Carracciola (Mercedes-Benz) took third place at a speed of 82.28 m.p.h. The only two other cars finishing within fifteen minutes of the leader, as stipulated in the regulations, were Auto-Unions, whose drivers, H. Muller and R. Hasse, thus took fourth and fifth places respectively.

SUPERB PIT WORK

Right from the start it was quite obvious, even to the uninitiated, that the British entries were hopelessly outclassed by their Continental rivals, for they were of very much smaller horse-power, and the Germans, driving wonderfully well, seemed, with their colossal acceleration, to be able to pass practically when and where they pleased, and by the fourteenth lap the leaders had lapped all the British cars. Let it not be thought however that the smaller cars failed to distinguish themselves, for they put up a magnificent effort, and "B. Bira," in his Maserati, is to be commiserated with in that he failed to qualify for sixth place by the margin of only one lap. It must be admitted, however, that the Germans had something to teach us as to organisation and pit work, for they were changing both rear tyres and refuelling in under 30 seconds, while at Muller's pit (Auto-Union) the perfectly incredible time of 26½ seconds was returned for this job. A tribute must be paid to both these foreign teams for the sporting way in which they treated the smaller cars, for although every split second was of infinite importance to them, never once did they cut it fine on the corners, &c., but would hang behind until the way was clear rather than cramp the other's style. It was a magnificent race and a fine victory.

RUGBY AND ITS CRITICS

In an article on the opposite page a correspondent criticises the charges of unfair play brought against Rugby players. The present situation has doubtless arisen from the time-honoured custom, almost amounting to an article of faith among Rugby men, to suffer the unfair player in silence rather than admit publicly that he exists. Allusion is made to the part played by Finance. Paying spectators admittedly are necessary to help maintain grounds that are much more expensive than they used to be, and that is really an added reason why the game must be kept free from any suggestion of unfair methods. Partisanship among spectators is growing; it is not harmful so long as it is not distorted by unsporting play. Interest in the game this season will be stimulated by the prospect of a tour in South Africa next summer. A South African team has just completed an exceptionally triumphant tour in New Zealand, and it is evident that the best will be required of our players to offer serious challenge to the South Africans in their own country. To that end we want a season undisturbed by any more talk of unfair play.

EARLY RUGBY

P. Cranmer, the international Rugby three-quarter back, has been moved to speak some reasoned words about the length of the Rugby season and practice of many provincial clubs of beginning play in September. The *Field* has often pointed out the folly of starting the game before grounds have lost their summer hardness and players are not properly in shape to absorb the severe knocks that must ensue. This year's long dry summer left the ground unusually hard and many players are consequently now nursing injuries that may keep them out of the game for several weeks. Suffering from an injured knee sustained in a North Midland Counties trial match, Mr. Cranmer emphasised another point. By starting the season so early, players become thoroughly tired long before it ends. "If we began a month later we would be keener at the end of the season," he said. Will this common-sense lesson never be learned?

MR. GEORGE WHITEHEAD

It is a lucky man who retains his vigour and his faculties to the advanced age of 92. Mr. George Whitehead, who died last Sunday at that age, was one of the fortunate few. He had a long and vigorous life; last month to celebrate his 92nd birthday he drove his four-in-hand from Biggleswade to Cockayne Hatley, where he had luncheon with his son George, who is 62. For many years he drove his coaches between London and St. Albans, and Folkestone and Canterbury. He went out regularly with the Whaddon Chase until he was 87. His love of music was almost as great as his love of horses, and he was one of the keenest attenders of Promenade Concerts. Can there be sadness even in the close of such a long, vigorous and manly life?

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a cutting from the *Field* sent by a reader: "And Leviticus, and other people, have declared that a hare chews the cud."

PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' AVERAGES

No more popular golfer than Charles Whitcombe could have been the first winner of the Harry Vardon Memorial Trophy—a bronze statuette of the peerless golfer. It is awarded to the player heading the list of professional averages for the competitive season, and the qualification is a minimum of 18 rounds in seven of the major events—the Open and Irish Open Championships, the *Daily Mail*, Silver King, Southend, *News-Chronicle* and Dunlop Southport events.

For 24 rounds C. A. Whitcombe had a total of 1,719 strokes, giving an average of 71.62 per round. The little Irish golfer, P. J. Mahon, was second with an average of 71.90, playing 22 rounds for a total number of 1,582 strokes. Cotton, the Open Champion, came third with an average of exactly 72. He played only 18 rounds for a total of 1,296 strokes. But for his poor showing at Southend and non-appearance at Brighton he would have finished even higher. Although Padgham has had a disappointing season in contrast to 1936 it is interesting to note that his average is 72.95 for 24 rounds and a total of 1,751 strokes. This can hardly be termed poor or inconsistent golf! Indeed, only 1.59 strokes per round separate the first fifteen players in the official list issued by the Professional Golfers' Association, which proves—if any proof were needed—just how keen competition is nowadays.

ENTANGLED FISH

Correspondence in *The Times* about the curious quiescence of a fish entangled by gut caught in an obstruction (which it could easily have broken) has brought a suggestion that a "new technique" might be adopted by fitting an "optional" check to fly reels such as are customarily found on Nottinghams, thus enabling an angler to let his reel run "free" in the hope of deceiving a fish into believing itself free also, and thus ceasing to struggle when a continuance of its efforts might lead it to safety. It is an old and well-established device. Izaak Walton practised it by throwing his rod into the water, and the modern angler does the same by lowering his rod point suddenly. The suggestion to perform the feat by freeing the reel is not very sound; in nine cases out of ten it would result in a bad tangle due to overrun, but the device itself, as usually practised, has saved many a fisherman from disaster.

AUTUMN AT BLAGDON

When October arrives, as it did this year, bringing days borrowed from summer's overplus, trout rods will be put away with more regret than usual, and the desire for a "last fling" should take many of them to the shores of Blagdon this week; for that delectable lake "keeps going when all the others have stopped"—till mid-month. Like October, she has also borrowed days for her season, though she pays them back in the spring. And the rods which make the journey to Somersetshire will be right, for the very end of the season has before now made angling history at Blagdon. It is not only the boats which take toll. When the sun sets behind the great dam the bank angler comes into his own. The bays on the Cheddar side will each have its silhouettes standing knee-deep as the twilight creeps across the water, waiting eagerly for that V-shaped ripple which precedes a Blagdon monster that has, for once, deserted its holt in the deeps and steers shorewards for a feast among the reed stems; and the silhouettes start into sudden action with a vision of stupendous girth as their flies drive forward to meet that advancing wave.

OLD LAMPS

Let lamps be lit. . . .
Turn, then, the pitiless, electric ray,
And relegate the shade to yesterday,
That knew deep darkness, being one with it.

October night
Is rolling down a valley, chill with rime,
Where lamps wink through the lattices of time,
And clothe our memories in a mellow light.

Ah . . . lamps of oil,
With carven stands that quiet minds once shaped,
Old china owls, and gods discreetly draped,
What gifts they made—and what eternal toil!

But gathering dew
Drives us within, and draws us to the fire,
And soon, too soon, our lives are back on hire
For good or ill, to change old lamps for new.

G. D. Martineau.



The game can be as good as it ever was when both sides are in accord over the rules and the spirit of their application

UNFAIR PLAY IN RUGBY

Co-operation Which is Needed Between the Unions, Clubs, Captains, Players and Referees

By F. I. WATSON

As long as thirteen years ago the *Field*, in a leading article, called attention strongly to the fact that unfair play was on the increase in Rugby football. In the rapid development of the game that followed the War the old spirit of play was not, perhaps, as jealously guarded as it should have been and a sprinkling of players were allowed to indulge in the infectious practice of trying to beat the referee and override the laws. In spite of warnings, only too plain to be missed by those who followed the game closely, nothing was done to nip this evil in the bud.

In consequence the Rugby Union has at last been forced to issue a strongly-worded edict to clubs, players and referees, while an equally severe manifesto has been sent from the International Board to the panel of referees for international matches.

It might be imagined from these pronouncements that the game has become riddled with cheats and that referees have sadly neglected their duties. Quite plainly, most blame is put upon the shoulders of the referees. But have the ruling bodies really gauged the situation aright? The number of players who are unfair by intent and malice aforethought is comparatively small; they are no more popular among their fellows to-day than they ever were—and every game under the sun has its few black sheep. Where unfair play has developed in recent years is in the tendency to regard rules and regulations too lightly and to look upon infringements of the laws as just incidents in the play necessitating scrummages and now and then conceding a penalty kick. If the average player were asked "What is an infringement?" he might well reply, "When the referee thinks it is."

The Rugby laws have become something of a joke. There are 28 pages of them in the *Rugby Football Annual*. In the 36 separate laws there are definitions and subsections almost innumerable. The scrummage law alone has fourteen subsections, culminating in this reminder of the vigilance expected from referees: "In the event of the infringement of any one of (*e*), (*f*), (*g*), (*j*), (*k*), (1), (2) or (3) a penalty kick shall be awarded at that place." Most players, learning the game at school, as they usually do, have never bothered to study the intricacies of the rules. They merely play the game as they have been shown how to play it. How many players, I wonder, realise that the laws have been altered in seventeen different places this season?

Is it surprising that, with the game speeding up more and more, players are apt to think less of the laws and their complications than of the referee's whistle? The remedy laid down by the Rugby Union and the International Board is ordering off players who persistently offend. That the Rugby game should have come to this is, indeed, a sad reflection on its traditions and status as a purely amateur sport. We are told that referees have been too lenient. Well, maybe they have been on many occasions, but there is this to be considered. They are amateurs no less than the players. They give up afternoons to an onerous task and are out to make the game as enjoyable as possible all round. To order off a player is, of course, the most disagreeable task that can fall to a referee. For some years the laws have stated that for persistent infringement of the laws the referee *must* order the player off. But it has seldom been done because referees shrink naturally from such drastic action, and because they know that the laws as they stand are capable of differing interpretations and are, in fact, differently interpreted in various parts of the country.

The supply of good Rugby referees is not unlimited, and if ordering-off is to be enforced many of them may come to the conclusion that they may spend their time more agreeably in some other pursuit. Last week the Rugby Union instigated a conference of English referees, at which Admiral Percy Royds explained the alterations made this season in the laws. This is, I believe, the first time that the Union has offered direct co-operation with referees, who have hitherto had contact only through their various societies. It is a move in the right direction, for refereeing is as much the concern of the ruling body as playing.

What is wanted now is similar action by the International Board, as a medium for securing uniform rulings in the four countries, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Varying interpretations have been at the bottom of a lot of the trouble about unfair play. That the game can be as good as it ever was when both sides are in accord over the rules and the spirit of their application was shown conclusively by the match between England and Ireland last season—one of the finest and most sporting contests seen in recent years.

The onus of ensuring fair play rests at least as much upon selection committees, whether club or international, as upon referees. International selection committees have not always been as particular as they should be in their choice of players and clubs have naturally never posed as missionaries. Stricter control is now clearly called for and the Unions must give an honest lead, even to the extent of declining to select players who cannot keep within the spirit as well as the letter of the law. Clubs have not forgotten that the Rugby Union once exhorted them to discourage specialisation among forwards, and yet when the national side was chosen the pack were selected on the same old specialist lines that the Union had affected to disfavour.

To sum up, such unfair play as exists in the game can only be eradicated by proper and whole-hearted co-operation between the Unions, clubs, captains, players and referees. It really needs simplification of the laws, too. The game may have suffered from too much popularity and the artificially keen competition which it engenders; "gate money" has assumed an importance which puzzles many old players who got along very well without it in their day. If anything can ever threaten the purely amateur status of the Rugby Union game it is this growing tendency to develop the game as a popular spectacle.



DAN BULGER, WHO WON THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE LAST YEAR, AND RUNS AGAIN UNDER 9st.



W. A. Rouch

HAULFRYN, WHO IS LIKELY TO BE A PROMINENT RUNNER IN THE CESAREWITCH

THE LURE OF THE DOUBLE EVENT

Two Autumn Handicaps in Which Ante-Post Betting Survives

WHAT is the special significance of the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch and why are those races so popular with the public? Perhaps the right answer to the second of these questions is that these events have been associated with ante-post betting since their early days, and, like the Lincoln and the Grand National, are discussed many weeks before the dates of running.

For a reason not easy to find the annual volume of ante-post betting has materially declined during the past twenty or thirty years. Races dealt with largely in this respect in the old days are nowadays hardly ever mentioned in a betting sense until very close to the date of running. Apart from the Derby and the two spring handicaps we have mentioned, the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch are the only remaining races in which ante-post betting runs into substantial figures.

Is this because most people to-day prefer to wait until the day of the race before making their wagers? Or is it because the bookmakers find the public so well informed by the newspapers that it is no longer profitable to open their books a long time ahead? In the old times it would have been possible to lay against so-called "stiff 'uns" long before the public realised that there was a screw loose, and some of the bookies were able to prosper on what has been rather vulgarly but expressively described as "dead meat."

All that is supremely difficult to-day. In most cases the public knows as much as the layers, and should there be any "if" about a horse it is difficult to keep him in a tolerably firm place in the betting. In this direction racing people find themselves well served. The lure of the "double event," too, is assuredly one of the reasons for the continued popularity of the two big Newmarket handicaps.

Few racing people can resist the temptation of endeavouring to win a large sum for a small outlay, and the fascination of odds of 1,000 to 1 or more to be derived from the coupling of two horses is irresistible to many followers of the sport. Thus the bookmakers do a thriving business in double event wagers. And we may be sure that when a popular favourite wins the "first leg" there will be a shortening of prices among prominent horses in the second half of the double.

An important experiment is being made this year in transposing the dates of the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch. To old-timers it seems strange that the shorter of these races should now be first. So far as we can tell at present the change is not likely to have a detrimental effect on either race. Both events were instituted in 1839 and soon became successful because of the high-class characters of their entries.

For many years the Cambridgeshire was run over a course finishing at the "top of the town." This involved a gruelling uphill finish, and unquestionably it was a much more severe course than that over which the race is now run. This helps to explain why so long an interval has elapsed since the same horse won the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch. One of the arguments advanced when the change in the dates of these races was recommended was that a horse has a better chance of bringing off the double now that the shorter of the handicaps comes before the longer race.

In these days you want a horse with a good turn of speed in the Cambridgeshire; yet speed is not everything, because the last of the nine furlongs is on rising ground, which calls for a certain amount of stamina. The ideal Cambridgeshire horse, there-





A NOTABLE DOUBLE

Mr. A. K. Macomber's Masked Marvel (left) and Foresti, who brought off a wonderful double for their owner in 1925 of £50,000 to £100



FOIGH-A-BALLAGH

Winner of the St. Leger (1844), Grand Duke Michael and Cesarewitch Stakes, own brother to Irish Birdcatcher, by Sir Hercules out of Guiccioli, back to Herod. Bred by G. Knox, Esq., and afterwards the property of Mr. Irwin. This picture is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Arthur Jefferson, 157, New Bond Street, W. 1

fore, is one which could be described as an all-round performer.

Some of the most famous winners of the race were in the early "eighties." In 1881 the American colt, Foxhall, won the Cambridgeshire as well as the Cesarewitch, this being the first time the double had been accomplished. That three-year-old carried no less than 9st. to victory in the second of the handicaps. This still ranks as a record for a horse of that age, yet if we take the weight-for-sex scale into account we have to give the French filly Plaisanterie the credit of having achieved an even more remarkable performance than Foxhall's. 8st. 12lb. being the weight with which she carried off the Cambridgeshire. Another brilliant winner of this race was the redoubtable La Flèche, who carried 8st. 10lb. to victory at three years old. The public would not be stalled off her by the fear that she had too much weight. They made her a raging favourite, so it can well be imagined that La Flèche's success was one of the most popular in the history of the race.

Another fine weight-carrier was Florence. As a four-year-old she won the Cambridgeshire with no less than 9st. 11lb., and as her owner, Mr. John Hammond, had won the Cesarewitch a fortnight previously with St. Gatien, a huge amount was taken out of the ring by him. A memorable Cambridgeshire coup was that brought off by Winkfield's Pride. A notable example of a good autumn double successfully landed in modern times was the bet of £50,000 to £100 laid by a London firm of bookmakers to Mr. A. K. Macomber about his horses, Forseti and Masked Marvel, in 1925.

A coincidence is that the only horses which have twice won the Cambridgeshire, Hackler's Pride and Christmas Daisy, came from the same stable. This year Dan Bulger is thought to have an excellent prospect of becoming a dual Cambridgeshire winner. Last season he was unfortunately well handicapped with 7st. 13lb., and was scratched. On Wednesday next Sir Abe Bailey's colt has to carry 6st. 7lb. Allowing 7lb. for normal weight-for-age improvement, this means that Dan Bulger is penalised 6lb. for his success last year, which is not an excessive addition, especially in view of the fact that he was the winner of the only race he has contested since last year's Cambridgeshire.

It is, perhaps, not in his favour that no horse has ever won this race under so much weight excepting Florence. All the same, stable confidence in Dan Bulger is decidedly strong, and he became a clear favourite as soon as the ante-post betting settled down. Visitors to Newmarket last week had hoped to have a glimpse of him in the Norwich Handicap, but his trainer, Mr. H. L. Cottrill, advised his owner not to run him owing to the firm ground. Thus the colt will go to the post on Wednesday untried in public since the Ascot meeting.

The severity of his weight-carrying task cannot be ignored. Last year in the corresponding race he gave 3lb. to Esquemeling, but next week he is set to concede no less than 28lb. to that colt. There is exactly the same difference between Dan Bulger and that good three-year-old filly Nafushka, a recent winner at Stockton and Doncaster. Even a larger allowance is received by the well-fancied Artist's Prince.

To make a definite selection we place faith in Esquemeling, who has only to return to his form of a year ago to show that he is the pick of the handicap. Nafushka, too, we expect to give a good account of herself.

The prospects of the Cesarewitch can be much more fittingly discussed closer to the time of running. In the meantime we are favourably inclined towards Haulfryn, a colt of singular versatility and courage. Although the Cesarewitch appears to demand greater stamina than the Doncaster Cup—the two races are of the same distance—Haulfryn's performance on the Town Moor a month ago suggests that he will not be lacking the necessary staying powers at Newmarket on the 27th.

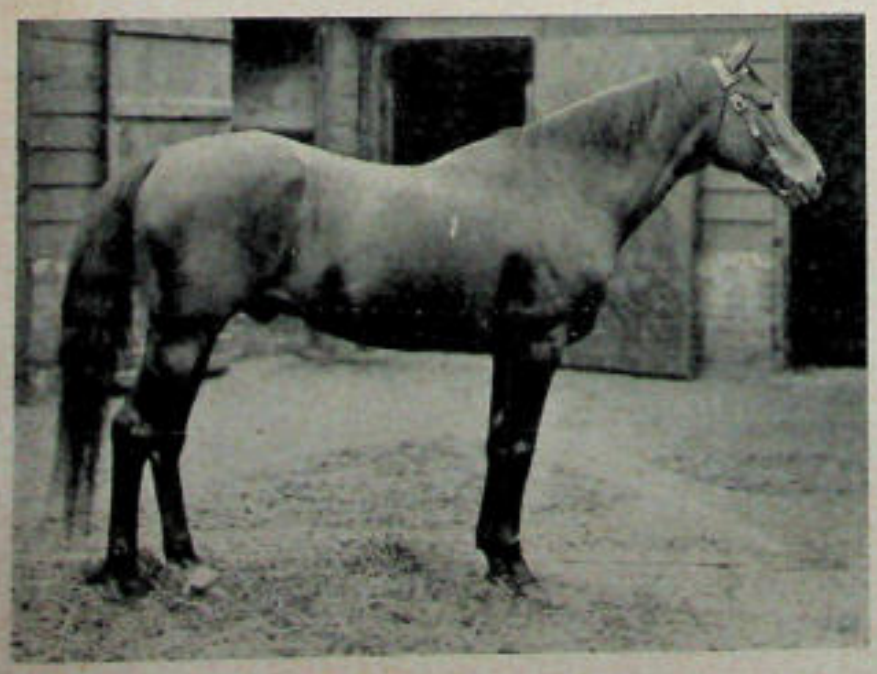
Another highly interesting race next week will be the Middle Park Stakes, which has frequently been won by a future classic winner. At the time of writing it was still uncertain whether Mirza II will run in an endeavour to make amends for his failure in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. Many believe that the six furlongs at Newmarket will be too far for this brilliant youngster, and if his trainer arrives at the same conclusion then Khan Bahadur will be called on to carry the Aga Khan's colours on Thursday. There is the further possibility that both this owner's colts will be in the field.

Portmarnock having finished his activities for the season with his triumph on the Town Moor, it is expected that Captain Boyd-Rochfort's stable will be represented in the Middle Park by Mr. J. E. Wallner's Unbreakable, who has won his three latest races in fine style. Nobody can be sure how he compares with his stable companion Portmarnock, but Unbreakable is one of the best of the year. Although he was bred in the U.S.A., his pedigree is entirely English.

Another probable runner of importance is Sir Abe Bailey's Manton-trained colt Rantapa, who has not been out since his unexpected success at Ascot. His trainer has been careful not to take any risks with him so long as the ground has remained hard. Should there be a change in the state of the going next week, Rantapa will be well suited. If Khan Bahadur runs we expect him to win.

The big two-year-old race last week-end, the Imperial Produce Stakes, was won in attractive fashion by a colt from the Boyd-Rochfort stable, which is now at the head of the winning list. Glen Loan is a stylish colt, and no doubt a pretty good one; but in view of the advantage he enjoyed in the weights it would be easy to exaggerate the importance of his Kempton success. Bred at the Sledmere Stud and purchased as a yearling at Doncaster for 2,000 guineas, Glen Loan is a great credit to his sire Loamingdale, who is doing exceedingly well with his first crop. The chances are that this young stallion will fill the place at the stud filled by his own sire Colorado, whose early death was a genuine loss to breeding.

Earlier last week we had seen fine racing at the first of the autumn meetings at Newmarket. Merry Mathew is back to form, as he evidenced in no uncertain fashion when easily vanquishing the opposition in the Newmarket St. Leger. He is now likely to go on and win the newly instituted Aintree Derby at Liverpool next month. Solfo gave of his best when beating Flares, Fair Copy and the others in the Jockey Club Stakes. It was the last outing this year for the handsome son of Solario, for whom the Ascot Gold Cup will be the main objective next season.



FOXHALL

A winner of both the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch in 1881, under 9st. in the second handicap. This feat was then unique



• *W. A. Rouch*

LA FLÈCHE AS A BROOD MARE

"Another brilliant winner of this race was the redoubtable La Flèche, who carried 8st. 10lb. to victory at three years old."



FORGETTING WORRIES AND TROUBLES IN A WORLD OF STRIVING, IS A JOLLY DIVERSION WHICH HAS NO MATERIAL REWARD TO OFFER EXCEPT GOOD HEALTH

A DEFENCE FOR THE FOXHUNTER

That Is, If He Needs It!

DR. JOHNSON once said that the paucity of human pleasures to be enjoyed on this earth must indeed be marked if hunting was to be numbered among them. Dr. Johnson may have believed what he said, and what he said may have been true, but that does not prove that hunting, in his time, was not one of the major pleasures of life in a world barren of joys.

Indeed, a light is shed on Johnson's personal experiences of hunting by a remark made that "Johnson rides as well, for aught I see, as the most illiterate fellow in England." This compliment, if it can be so called, pleased the Doctor hugely, so that he evidently had some joy from the sport which, while practising, he affected to despise.

This affectation of the Doctor's was perhaps the dawn of a tradition of surprising silliness, a tradition which has grown and flowered ever since, that a hunting man must be a boor, a bore, a sadist, and a loud-mouthed nincompoop of embracing imbecility. Nothing could be further from the truth. There have been such men numbered among the ranks of foxhunters; but who will deny that there have been and are such men in the croquet world or the sewing-machine making world, or the theatrical world, or even among that army of snow-white saints, the journalists. A man is what he is, and this modern craze to labelling and classifying unsavoury aspects of character will not change a truth as old as the earth.

Men hunt for a variety of reasons. Some to forget their worries and troubles in a world of striving, in a jolly diversion in a world which has no material reward to offer except good health. Others hunt because they have that most powerful of all microbes in their system, the "hunting bug," and feel thwarted and unhappy unless from time to time they can find a safety valve for it in a day with hounds. This desire, by certain superior people, is considered to be low and bestial; if so, it finds some strange hosts, men of honour and kindliness, two out-of-fashion virtues. And they certainly do less harm than those people, who, by the way, are lauded by the modern world, who *must* hunt money, or notoriety or power.

Those who wish to make hunting illegal appear to be rather muddled about their actual motives and methods. Why do they want to stop hunting? They say that it is because it is cruel to hunt an animal to death. Yet it is an acknowledged truism that wild animals must be kept within bounds which enable men to be their masters and not their servants. However, there are other ways of keeping animals within reasonable limits. One could shoot them, one could trap them, or one could poison them. Who is to decide whether these methods are crueller or more humane than the hunting method? Shall the anti-blood sport section of society decide? Surely it is a gross impertinence for people who avowedly do not practice any of these methods to attempt to make a decision which *must* rest on practical experience.

It seems to me that as long as animals remain dumb it is impossible to reach a decision, with benefit to the *animals*. And it also seems to me that the best way out of such an impasse is to make a virtue out of a necessity, and to hunt them to death. And this is the hub of the argument and the true reason of my own lack of respect for the anti-hunting section of society. They say that hunting must cease because it is cruel to the hunted animal, but they are unable either to make a better case for an alternative method of destruction, or if such a case were made, to practise it. To me their outlook is fantastically muddled, if one accepts the *bona fides* of their profession that their object is to protect animals from cruelty. In this case, any method of destruction is barred, *ipso facto*.



MR. CHESTERTON SAID A TURKEY WAS AN ENIGMA; A FOX IS A GREATER ONE

If, however, one assumes that the main object is not to protect the fox from the foxhunter, but the foxhunter from himself, the whole matter becomes much clearer, and can be argued on a different basis altogether.

And on this basis, I ask myself what shadow of right has one section of a community to enforce a prohibition on the pleasure of another section of the community which does the community as a whole no harm whatever; "rather the contrary in fact," as Mr. Jorrocks said.

It would be thought very strange, surely, if the Masters of Foxhounds Association agitated for a decree to forbid herring fishing, not on the true grounds that it is cruel to the herrings, but on the false grounds that it unfits the herring fishers for a progressive social community. The herring fishers might well retort that *their* comments met with their fullest approval, and as far as they could see did no harm to the general weal.

Again, the question of preserving to kill cannot be answered on a cruelty basis. It is just as cruel to kill a preserved fox as an unpreserved fox; a fox is killed in either case. It is possible to say that God considers a man who preserves to kill depraved, but, if freedom is to exist at all, it is surely inconceivable that one should be able by law, to enforce one's own moral concepts on a fellow human being whose supposed moral delinquencies are doing nobody any harm but, supposedly, himself. Surely that is his affair.

If it is a man's firm conviction that foxhunting is a sport with implications of unmeasurable moral evil, let him attack it on that ground; he would at least be respected. But this appeal to muddled sentimentalities, and woolly hysteria, does no good to anyone and fogs the issue. Mr. Chesterton, talking of Christmas and the killing of turkeys, said that a turkey is one of the world's greatest enigmas; a fox is a greater one.

A. H. V. L.

NEXT WEEK'S HUNTING NUMBER

This issue will contain the list of changes in Mastership and Hunt staffs of Staghounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, Otterhounds and Draghounds.

Among other features there will be: Three full page coloured plates, a reproduction in colour of a painting by J. Dalby, on the cover, cubbing reports from the "Field" readers, and many amusing and instructive articles concerning various aspects of hunting written by leading authorities in the hunting world.

VANISHING BRIDLE-PATHS

Modern Needs which Call for their Restoration



AN OLD PACK ROAD WHICH IS NOW ALMOST IMPASSABLE

CRISS-CROSSED, like a veritable network of wrinkles over the face of England, run innumerable bridle-paths and pack-roads, many of which are of vast antiquity, dating back in some cases to the days of the Saxons. The one in Dorset pictured here is probably even older than that, for archæologists tell us that it was made by the ancient Britons to get from one of their camps to another about the year 2000 B.C., and many flint arrow-heads and other ancient implements of war have been dug up near this high ridgeway which runs north from Dorchester towards Ilchester.

There is something extraordinarily enchanting about these quiet bridle-ways—a sense of romance and peace after the rush and noise and hurly-burly of the crowded roads—to walk or ride along them on a still autumn day is to recapture a little of that feeling of security and leisure which was once our heritage, but which we appear to have lost for ever.

Up to about 40 years ago these bridle-ways were in constant use, for in most cases they were the main connecting link—or at least a short cut—between one village and another; used alike by squire, parson, pedlar, farmer and farm-labourer on their various occasions.

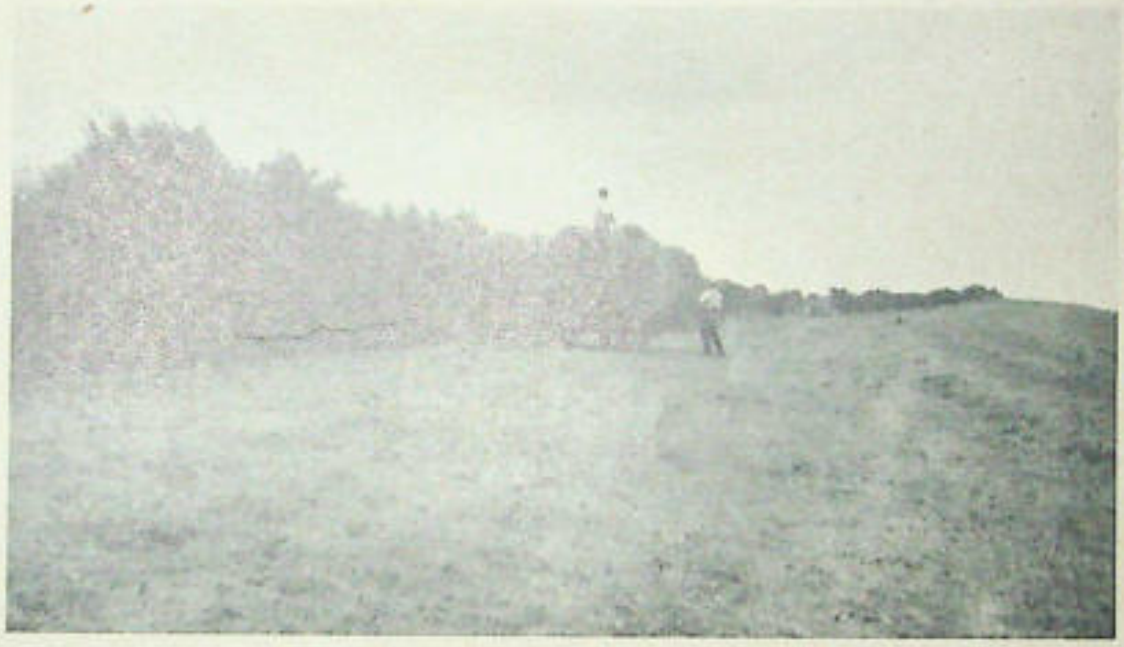
But with the coming into general use of the bicycle and the improvement of modern roads, the by-paths gradually lapsed from use, save as a short cut to covert by the hunting-man, or a pleasant and sequestered stroll for the bucolic swain and his lass on Sunday afternoons. And so it comes about that it is principally in the hunting districts that these bridle-ways have survived in good order up to the present day.

In other parts of the country many, alas! have disappeared for ever, have been incorporated into private property, or allowed to lapse by default from their original purpose, becoming so overgrown with brambles, blackthorn, &c., that they are practically impassable. These latter could in most cases be restored to use at a comparatively trifling cost, and would make a valuable by-pass for both riders and pedestrians now that practically all roads are so congested with motor traffic that it is dangerous to walk, and suicidal to ride on them.

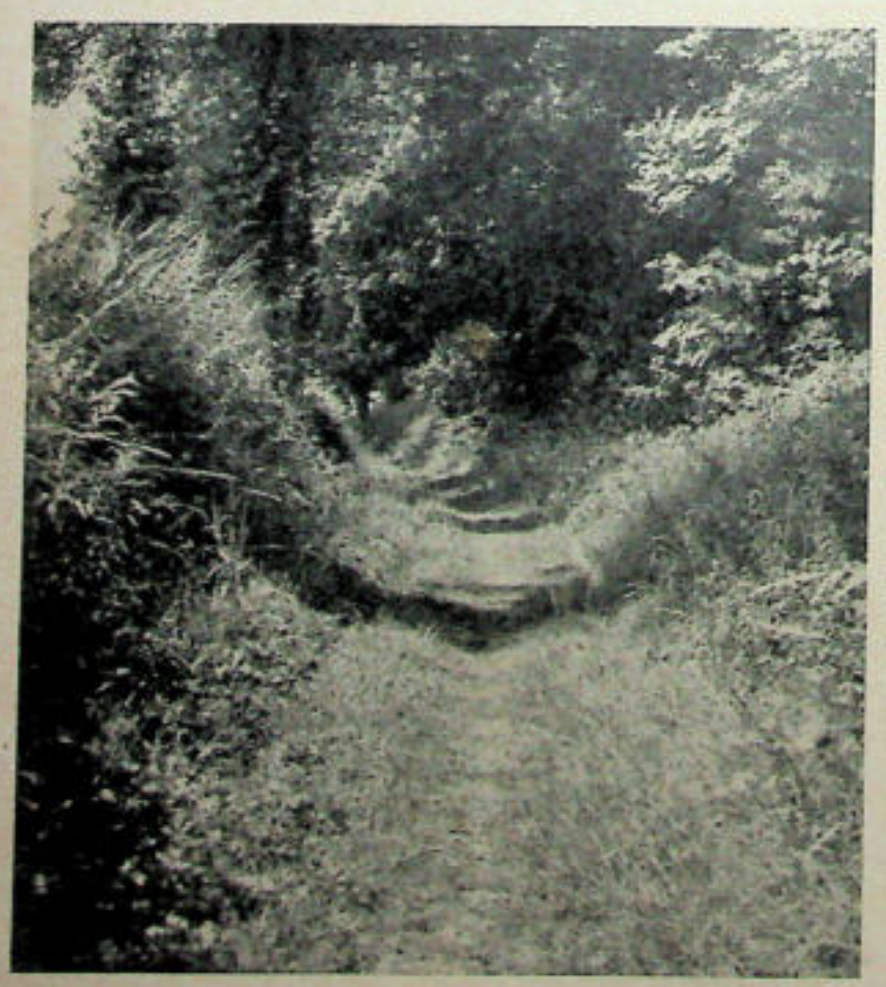
It has been computed that little more than a million pounds would suffice to recondition the bridle-paths throughout England; and this amount—a mere drop in the ocean compared with the 130 millions we annually expend on our roads?—would be amply repaid by the added safety and comfort of all concerned.

Now that riding for riding's sake is being indulged in by all classes of the community there is an additional incentive for this expenditure, which would not only provide work but be of direct benefit to horse breeders.

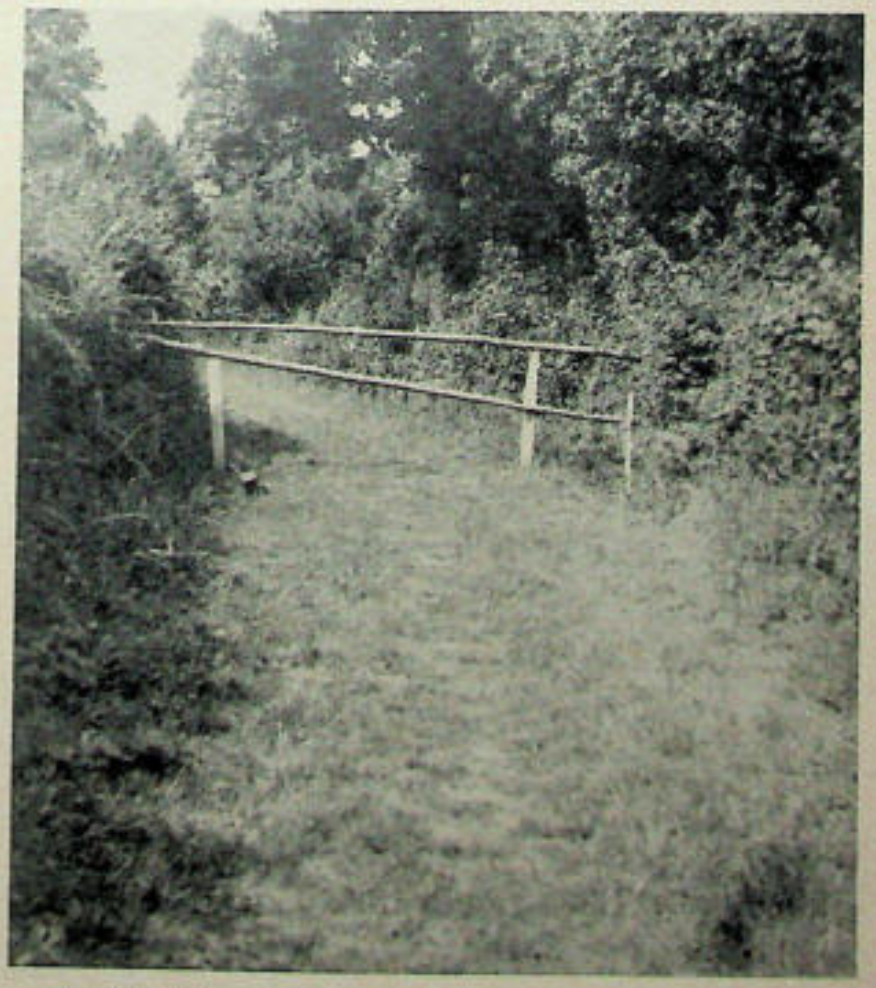
EVA DUNBAR.



AN OLD TRACKWAY RUNNING FROM DORCHESTER TOWARDS ILCHESTER
Probably made by the Ancient Britons to get from one camp to another. Here many flint arrow-heads have been found



"TO WALK OR RIDE ALONG A BRIDLE-PATH ON A STILL AUTUMN DAY IS TO RECAPTURE A LITTLE OF THAT FEELING OF SECURITY AND LEISURE WHICH WAS ONCE OUR HERITAGE"



"BARRED FOR PASSAGE" IN MANY PARTS OF THE COUNTRY BRIDLE-PATHS HAVE DISAPPEARED FOR EVER, SOME HAVING BEEN INCORPORATED INTO PRIVATE PROPERTY

PARTRIDGE STOCKS AND MORTALITIES

Percentage of Survival in Young Broods



We print below a Summary of Advisory Leaflet No. 13, about to be issued by I.C.I., and of great value to shooting men.

THE question is often asked: "What bag of partridges might we expect in an average season if we had so many nests on our ground?"; "What stock ought we to leave so as to be sure of getting so many nests on so many acres?" The facts and figures in this article, which are derived from a study of game bags and keepers' records, as well as from actual counts on many estates, are put forward in the hope that they may help to answer such questions, and give a picture of the production that may be anticipated from a partridge manor in different seasons.

If every egg hatched and every young bird survived till shooting started, we should get about 1,460 young birds from 100 nests in a normal season, since the average clutch size taken from a large series of records is 14.6. That is the potential production, which never is nor can be realised in fact. The keeper's task is to try to reduce to a minimum the losses that are bound to occur in every season. This is at all times a difficult and often a disheartening job, because at any moment throughout its life the partridge is threatened with destruction from one cause or another, many of them quite outside the keeper's control.

The destruction or disturbance of nests is the first loss the partridge keeper has to face. Out of 12,736 nests, recorded on various estates over a period of years, 2,569 did not hatch. This is an average loss of 20 per cent. (one-fifth) of all nests, due to foxes, cats, stoats, human and domestic animal disturbances, rats, grass-cutting, and so forth. Naturally the loss varies a great deal on different estates, according to the character of the ground, the number of keepers, and the goodwill of farm workers. On the very best estates, and with beats of not more than a thousand acres, the keepers are to be congratulated if they lose no more than 10 per cent. or 12 per cent. of their nests. But the keeper who has to manage, say, 1,500 acres of mixed ground, tolerate or preserve foxes, and rear a thousand or more pheasants, does extremely well if his losses of partridge nests average less than 25 per cent. or 30 per cent.

Provided that she is allowed to "carry on" undisturbed, the hen partridge is the most reliable incubator we know. Records for nearly a hundred thousand eggs incubated naturally by wild partridges show an average hatch of 93 per cent. In some cases the average figure for a whole partridge beat works out as high as 97 per cent., and it is very rarely that it falls below 80 per cent.

To the partridge keeper who has had a successful hatch and has seen, say, 85 per cent. of his pairs go off with good broods, the most trying period is from about June 20th till the end of July. The young birds may grow so fast and thrive and survive so well that one knows of fine coveys in practically every field by the end of July; or they may die like flies, leaving "barren" pairs everywhere and only a few little lots of young ones here and there. At this time, when the heaviest losses of the whole year are liable to occur, the keeper can do little beyond keeping vermin right down and preventing disturbance of the young broods. The heavy losses among young birds due to bad weather conditions and disease are at present very difficult to control, but research and experiments about to be undertaken in fresh directions at a new game research station will, it is hoped, bring to light means of reducing this continued phase of mortality.

Sample counts of young and old partridges made on many estates over a period of years show that, even on the best-managed partridge manors, the average number of young partridges surviving up to mid-August is about five young per pair of old; so that from 100 nesting pairs there would be on an average 500 young birds. In very exceptionally good years the number may be double the above figure; but in unfavourable summers it is found to be very much less—sometimes not 100 young reared by 100 pairs of old birds.

This large drop from the original 1,460 eggs laid is, of course, partly due to the number of nests lost and the few eggs left unhatched in nests; but most of it is the result of mortality among the chicks soon after hatching. The actual chick mortality averaged out from counts, made on one of the *best* partridge preserves in Norfolk over a period of 30 years, amounts to 52 per cent. of all chicks hatched.

Incidentally, sample counts of young and old partridges on any partridge beat in early August give a great deal of useful information about the stock of birds then surviving and the prospects for the shooting season. The method is very simple and can be used better by the keeper than by anyone. All the birds seen in a series of walks over different parts of the beat are counted, all the old ones (whether barren pairs or trios or birds with coveys) being recorded separately from the young. When a reasonable sample has been counted, the proportion of young to old actually recorded gives a reliably accurate figure showing the survival of the young over the critical period of juvenile mortality. Suppose, as a typical example, you get a count showing 100 old and 300 young. That means that the average survival is three young to one old, or six young to a pair. The keeper can always make a very close estimate of the total number of old birds on his beat, since, even if he has not found most of his nests, he knows where there were nesting pairs; and, supposing this to have been 100 pairs, then with the above proportion of three young to one old, the total number of *young* surviving will be $200 \times 3 = 600$. Adding the 200 old birds, the total stock will be about 800, assuming that there have been no heavy losses among the old birds since nesting time.

The number of birds that should be left on a beat for next season's breeding stock is always a difficult question to decide, especially in the case of syndicates who wish to give their members as many days' shooting as possible and yet provide for next season. The stock to be left depends mainly on the type of land on the shoot itself and the country surrounding it. Light mixed arable land split up into fields of 15 acres to 20 acres with good nesting banks and hedges will always provide accommodation for more partridges than farms with a lot of pasture, or open downland country where nesting cover is scarce. The highest known density of nests (on the very best partridge ground in Norfolk) is about one nest to 5 acres averaged over large areas, and it is probably futile to expect more than that, except, perhaps, under quite exceptional conditions on small areas. Even on really good natural partridge land a more reasonable figure to aim at as a maximum is a nest to 8 acres.

From practically all well-preserved partridge beats there is a considerable loss of stock during the late winter and early spring, partly due to local movements when the coveys are breaking up. This "wastage" varies a great deal according to local conditions, but in many cases it amounts to 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. of the stock. It is a safe rule, therefore, to leave about 40 per cent. more birds than you hope will remain to nest; and a good way of deciding upon the actual figure is to find out the maximum number of nests that have been found on the beat in any year, and leave that stock plus about 40 per cent. This, of course, is assuming that partridges on that beat have in the past been properly keepered; otherwise, take the figure from a neighbouring and similar beat where the birds *have* been tended. It is useless to leave more than 40 per cent. over the limit which the partridges themselves have shown the ground to be capable of holding, unless considerable improvements in the environment have been made.

The following table is of considerable interest. The losses that have *actually* occurred on a large number of *preserved* estates, in each case over a period of years and in some cases over very long periods, under conditions of good, fair, and bad environments, and in bad, normal, and good seasons, have here been summarised to show the average losses (from nesting-time one season to pairing-time the following season) that have been recorded.

Nature of loss	Average losses in very bad seasons on estates with unfavourable conditions	Average losses in normal seasons on estates with favourable conditions	Average losses in very good seasons on estates with very favourable conditions
Nests lost	36%	20%	7%
Eggs left unhatched in nests	15%	7%	4%
Young birds lost after hatching	90%	52%	20%
Number of young birds reared to maturity per 100 nests	80	320	1,100
Winter wastage of stock left after shooting was stopped	60%	30%	12%

It is illuminating to consider the figures given in the above table and translate them from percentages into birds, assuming any stated stock to begin with, and remembering that one is thinking of "averages" and in such vague terms as "bad seasons," "favourable conditions," and the like. Let us consider what the middle column of the table would mean to a population of partridges on a beat on which there were 50 nests, supposing that the various mortality percentages exactly agreed with the averages given.

The average clutch size being 14.6, the number of eggs produced in these 50 nests would be	730 eggs.
Less 20 per cent. loss of nests	146 eggs.
Leaves	584 eggs.
Less 7 per cent. of eggs not hatched	41 eggs.
Leaves	543 chicks hatched.
Less 52 per cent. chick mortality	282
Leaves	261 young birds.
Plus the 50 old pairs	100 old birds.
Leaves	361 total stock in August.
To leave the same number of birds (100) as at the start, for breeding stock in the following season, add 40 per cent. for winter wastage, *i.e.*, 140 birds to be left on the beat after shooting is stopped	140 birds to be left.
Therefore, bag to be shot should not exceed 110 brace	221 birds.

The bag actually to be killed, even assuming that all the above figures "turn up," should, of course, be less, since there are other losses to be certainly anticipated that are not provided for in the table—for instance, losses between the count in August and shooting, which will probably not begin till October. (The count has to be taken before the middle of August, as otherwise the young birds will not be recognisable from the old for the purposes of determining the young-to-old ratio. The I.C.I. records show that on a 50-nest beat, under the conditions assumed above, the bag to be shot so as to leave the required breeding stock should be just under 100 brace (55 per cent. of the total stock estimated in August), instead of 110 brace (61 per cent.),



B. Fitzgerald

THE CONGREGATION COMES HOME TO ROOST

THE ROOSTING OF STARLINGS—II

Evening Flights in Winter

By B. D. MORETON

I HAVE described the roosting of starlings in a wood in Surrey during September and October of last year, and shown the regularity of their habits. But at the end of October a change took place: the larch plantation became deserted, and the bulk of the foregathering now occurred in the trees by the farmyard. From here the starlings set off again each evening, going further southwards, and I found, after many exciting chases by car about the countryside, that they had joined with an old-established roost (which I will call roost 2) in some parkland five miles distant. Here there were three roosts in three pheasant coverts a few hundred yards apart from one another. The evening flight was tremendous, distributing itself among the three coverts.

The park was further in the country, and rich in other forms of bird life. Sparrow-hawks were especially plentiful, and hunted the starlings at dawn and sunset. It was a great sight when one of the hawks would suddenly appear, dash like a brown arrow into the midst of the flock, mark and pursue a victim, overtake it in an instant and carry it away into the sky in its claws. When the hawk flashed among them with a hiss of wings, the starlings fled downwards with cries of alarm, the prey being caught close to the ground, and they rose again to mob him as he beat away.

The starlings had a journey of ten miles from the sewage farm to the park. An interesting feature of evening flights from daily feeding-grounds to roost were the foregatherings which occurred at various points en route.

One of the most important of these were the trees by the farmyard. At an hour before sunset thousands collected in the trees, raising a huge concert of voices and they were joined at intervals by birds dropping from flocks passing overhead. Part of each of these flocks, however, nearly always continued on its way, while some birds wavered between the two courses of action, finally trailing back to join those in the trees. Round about 20 minutes before sunset large flocks rose from the trees to fly to roost 2, either at the passing over of another flock, or on their own sudden initiative. At each departure the chorus ceased, to be resumed by those remaining in the trees.

It was interesting to watch these departing flocks, for many birds in the tail of each would turn and trail back to the trees. This illustrated an individual freedom of action, and showed that there was quite a wide time-period during which they might feel urged to fly to the communal roost. Further, all this while single starlings, who passed the day in the vicinity of the farmyard, sang apart from the gatherings in the tree-tops, seemingly indifferent to the periodic departures of the others. They would eventually leave, joining a passing flight, but quite often individuals would fly off on their own, showing that they were not dependent on the movements of their fellows.

In the middle of November came a further change: the larch plantations became again a place of great foregathering, and the old roost (which I will call roost 1) was reoccupied. The reoccupation was gradual, spread over some three weeks, at the end of which the roost was filled to its former size.

During this time it was most interesting to watch the birds. Every evening long black columns of starlings streamed from the larch plantation on their way to roost 2, and their route took them close by roost 1. Every now and then flocks came actually over this, when some of the lowermost birds dropped, circled hesitantly, then settled into the bushes. Their action caused others to follow them, which in turn caused more to break away to join them from the columns passing outside. As each flock passed over there would be some birds which continued resolutely on their way, some who dropped down into the roost, while others wavered uncertainly between the two, deciding eventually one way or the other. It was as if two tracks had been formed in their minds, one associated with going to the first roost, No. 1, a second associated with flying further to roost 2, and the dominance of either had to be decided. As more birds filled the roost, the quicker was the decision made, the last flocks flying straight in without hesitation. There was by then a loud concert of voices.

But even when all were settled and the sky was at last empty, some of the starlings were still not comfortable in their minds, as it were, and a surprising thing occurred quite frequently in the earlier stages of the reoccupation. Suddenly small parties would dash out and fly off towards roost 2, sometimes as late as 20 minutes after sunset, when they had then a journey of five miles in the falling dusk. Any form of disturbance, such as my passing close to them, seemed liable to prompt them into this action.

The regularity of the "evening flight," so noticeable in September and October, was now broken. There was no longer that consistent sequence of foregathering, concerted evening flight, with the roost not yet entered, then concerted descent into it. Although some flocks still dashed up and down in the enjoyment of their wings, many flew straight into the roost, and early arrivals entered it long before the main influx.

Foregathering now occurred in additional places near roost 1, but by the end of December this had ceased, and long columns of starlings no longer streamed outside roost 1 on their way to roost 2. Flocks still passed, however, actually over the reoccupied roost 1, on their way to the trees by the farmyard, whence they continued to roost 2.

Activities during the winter now became very complicated, until I came to think of *Sturnus vulgaris* not as "the familiar starling," but the "mysterious starling"!

Places of foregathering and courses of events varied greatly, but there did seem to be some sort of rhythm about it. There appeared to be one evening-procedure for a few weeks, then another for a period, then perhaps reversion to the first. I found a similar sort of rhythm in the habits of an injured starling which I had in a glasshouse: he would sleep on one perch consistently, then for some reason or other change to another for a while, then go back to the first or perhaps a third one.

To see a flock of starlings circling uncertainly over a group of trees in which they had once gathered, but since neglected, suggested conflicting urges in their minds. Then when some flew on, some dropped into the trees, and others wavered before following one or the other, it was shown in what various ways the issue was decided. The once familiar trees still exerted their familiarity, but with varying effects. The same state of affairs held during the reoccupation of roost 1. The sight of the familiar bushes below one starling coming over the roost was sufficient to cause him to re-enter it; another flying beside him might follow his lead (or "have his mind made up for him"), whereas another might follow unwaveringly his course of flying on to roost 2. Once there was a number of birds settled others joined them more readily, which is another factor. In the early stages of the reoccupation the hesitation over settling was pronounced, but decreased as days went by. What caused the starlings to resume this procedure or that?

It seems that their behaviour is more or less random, divided into periods of various procedures, each started haphazard by perhaps a few birds, and favoured for a while by the majority of the rest, tending to join one another in the gregarious manner of their kind.

In March these mysterious birds presented yet further complications. Many using roost 1 took to joining a third roost, an old-established one (I learnt) whose existence I had not till then suspected, and which lay in private grounds not far off the route from the sewage farm to roost 1. The curious phenomenon was that flocks of birds would suddenly fly out of roost 1, well after all had settled there for the night, and go off to roost 3, one and a third miles distant, often in the dusk. Here again there seemed to be some starlings who were not comfortable in their minds, as it were; they had got into the habit of using roost 3, but were likely to fly with others to roost 1, and there were liable to yield to an urge to return to the former. As before, disturbance, such as through my appearance, was enough to settle the indecision in their minds.



AMONG THE WELSH HILLS
Fishing on the Banwy, a tributary of the Vyrnwy, where grayling can be had

GRAYLING ON THE FLY

Some Useful Tips on Tackle and Method

By E. MOORE-DARLING

MY knowledge of grayling fishing is less that of the real connoisseur than of a man who runs his fly-fishing season into November, thanks to grayling obligingly being in season then, so what follows may be taken as being a sound rough-and-ready guide by one who has caught grayling in the Onny, Teme, Corve, Blythe, Monnow and Tanat.

First, it should be said that grayling fishing is by no means necessarily the cast-across-and-let-it-swing-down business that some of us make it. Grayling, I think the biggest grayling, can be caught by fishing upstream in the orthodox way when the water is right, and on a dry fly. I was amazed to hear from a farmer who got me a day from the syndicate who rented his water, that the said syndicate stoutly and unanimously denied that grayling could be caught on a dry fly. The farmer's reply was conclusive, because he had seen me do it. This is not to say that on most days you will not do better fishing wet, as grayling seem to have a liking for feeding in heavy water.

They are usually to be found in gravelly or pebbly runs, normally congregate in small shoals, and while quite as sound-shy and difficult of approach as trout, seem much less easily put down, if they rise and miss they will come again in the same spot two or three casts later. So it is that having missed a grayling (presuming you did not touch it) is a reason for persisting, and not, as is the case with trout, for moving on upstream. Again, if you catch one grayling in a swim, search every inch of that water, for there are sure to be two or three more, and if one was feeding it is likely that the others are.

There will be many days in late autumn when water conditions will make any fishing except across and down out of the question, and this is by no means the game of luck some imagine it to be. It is no good striking at a rise when your fly has swung downstream—no good, that is, unless the fish has actually got it. Even so the whole secret lies in tightening at the least check or tremor; above all strike at any underwater flash near your fly, for this usually means that a fish is going down with it, and often happens a split second before any "tug" or rise. Far more than in wet-fly fishing for trout this flash, as I have called it, happens when grayling fishing—and that is the grayling you ought to catch every time.

You will hardly need telling that the most likely place for a big grayling, if the water be a little high, is right under your own bank, so that the fly should be allowed to swing right round, being allowed to stay (some people would add "and be gently worked") there for several seconds. A well-sunk fly gently swinging in the stream under a bank must provide a very good imitation of a nymph. Certainly it is worth while fishing every cast right out and giving the fly a little grace when it has been swung round under your own bank. For this sort of fishing I always use a more limber rod than for trout, and because of the strain of a big grayling in heavy water where big grayling often lie, I like a heavyish 9ft. 6in. rod rather than my usual shorter and lighter weapon. If you can, cast right under the far bank, and if you do, expect a rise as soon as your fly goes under. If the river is too wide for this, by far the best way of fishing a beat is to cover half the river and then go back and fish the other side.

No one pretends that such fishing compares for a moment with upstream work, wet or dry, but it is excellent fun, and a man who knows the game will catch twice as many grayling as one who does not. As with all "across and down" fishing, many rises will be missed, but not nearly so many by the man who has that sixth sense which tells him when to tighten on a (possible) fish.

Most men would agree that the three most killing flies for grayling are the red tag, green insect and a fancy fly of the witch variety. I like a green insect which has a scrap of lead foil under the tinsel dressing of the body so that it will go down and keep down. Even the purist who shudders at the man who bites a shot on a foot above his fly can hardly object to this. For some reason I cannot explain, I have never done well on the red tag when fishing the Tanat, but in the days when I was privileged to catch Monnow grayling, the tag was pre-eminent.

Therein a tale may be told, digression though it be. Years ago I had a wonderful week in September on the loch which runs through Chwylog and Abererch into the sea near Pwllheli. The fly was a brown Palmer, and I used not only all the Palmers I had, but all the rather exiguous stock of the local fly merchant. Then I found an old box of red tags dating back to the Monnow days, and it only needed to cut out the tag with nail scissors, and a brown Palmer which did deadly work was the result.

Because you do not catch grayling on grayling flies, do not assume that they are not to be caught. The three best days I had last year with grayling were the result of a cast which had a loaded green insect as tail fly and a small, very lightly dressed olive nymph on the dropper. The nymph accounted for twice as many fish as the insect. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, I tried the flies reversed for half an hour, caught nothing, put them back into their right places, and began to catch fish again. The olive nymph as dropper accounted for more grayling than any fly I used, and I look on it as an essential in early autumn fishing. Why? I do not know.

If things go badly when after grayling, it is well worth while experimenting, keeping one "normal" and one unusual fly on the cast. You will catch odd fish like this, but if the grayling begin to take the normal fly, go back to your usual cast. Green insect on the tail, and a witch on the dropper need a lot of beating as a combination, but I have even caught grayling on a small Alexandra. (When I told a friend this, his comment was, "That's not a fly but a vice.")

We all know, but even the most experienced of us often forgets, that the grayling has a very tender mouth out of which the hook is much more easily pulled than is the case with trout, or, indeed, with any other fish I know. I have actually seen an enthusiastic novice strike a grayling so hard that the hook came away with the rim of the grayling's mouth attached to it.

Keep the rod working at its fullest power, but do not at first try to take in line. The fish will most likely bore and is unlikely to rush from one side of the river to the other. As soon as you can reel in, walk downstream towards it, do not try to tow it up against the current. Once you are opposite the fish it is yours; but if it is a really big fish, take your time getting there. I think more good fish are lost by attempts to lug them upstream against a heavy current, than in any other way. By leaning sideways you can usually get your fish out of the main rush of the current; usually, but not always. I once told an excited novice to turn his fish out of the stream, only to get the irritated retort: "Out of the stream? How can I when it's all stream?"



A FLIGHTER'S OUTFIT

DUCKS IN DAYLIGHT

Are Dusk and Dawn the Only Times for Duck Flighting?

By G. B. FARRAR



A PORTABLE HIDE FROM WHICH THE AUTHOR CLAIMS HE HAS HAD FIRST-CLASS RESULTS IN PRACTICE

THE errors of one generation often become the truisms of the next. Sporting authors for the last half-century have always written of dusk and dawn as being the only times suitable for duck flighting, and this error has become so established by repetition that to-day even experienced wildfowlers regard one as a harmless lunatic when a daylight duck shoot on an estuary is proposed.

Morning and evening flight sometimes yield good bags, provided the shooting reaches the high standard required for this most difficult work, but a daytime shoot on the estuary can be every bit as exciting—more so, in fact, because the approach of the birds can be actually seen—with as good, if not better, chances of success.

Estuary shooting, or tide flighting as I call it, is much akin to grouse driving. On the moors, the line of butts is the unalterable factor, the beaters varying their formation to induce the birds to cross the firing line. On the estuary, it is the beaters, the advancing line of flood-water, which cannot be altered, the butts or hides, becoming the movable factor varied to suit the conditions of the day. In tide flighting, the fowler must construct his hide in such a position that the ducks will pass within range as they flight up the estuary.

The skill displayed in making different kinds of hides plays no small part in the success of tide flighting. After taking into consideration the strength and direction of the wind, the height of the tide, and the position from which the ducks are likely to take wing, the fowler should then be able to forecast with a fair degree of accuracy their probable line of flight and wherever that line happens to cross the saltings, there the tide flighter must be.

It may cross a promontory or island of firm marshland where a comfortable sitting hide can be constructed; more likely it will traverse soft slob where a hole for the feet and a portable shield is the only practical form of concealment; or, worst of all, it may cross a sandbank where a lying hide is the sole means of obtaining a shot. The making of these hides sounds a simple matter, but in actual fact more tide flights are spoilt by badly constructed hides than by errors in forecasting the actual line of flight.

No one can shoot comfortably from a very small hide and a large one is bound to be conspicuous. In the former case many ducks will be missed, in the latter they will not even venture within range. To shoot well from a lying hide needs much preliminary practice on a bedroom floor; even in a sitting hide the arc through which the gun can be swung is very abbreviated, especially from left to right.

Various factors cause ducks to flight in an estuary during the ebb and flow of the tide. The mounting flood, naturally, carries them forward with it. They may be swept up some side channel and flight back to regain more open water. The rapidly filling gutters soon attain sufficient depth to prevent long-winged ducks from feeding, so they journey up the estuary in search of shallower feeding grounds. Lastly, a strong inshore wind will cause ducks to seek shelter in some secluded bay, or on the leeward side of a promontory.

A strong wind from the right direction is the tide flighter's best friend as it makes the ducks restless, alters their line of flight, so that they often pass within shot of the edge of the marsh, and brings them to a more lowly altitude as they struggle against it to maintain their usual flight line. Its only drawback is the possibility of it raising the height of the tide too much and so flooding the fowler out of his place of concealment. Once this happens, all shooting is over, unless time allows of another hide being made on higher ground.

Successful tide flighting requires keen observation combined with an ability to judge to a nicety the climatic conditions. 3in. may mean the difference between a good bag and a submerged hide. It calls for a high degree of skill in the art of concealment, and an ability to shoot well under most unfavourable circumstances.

The days on which tide flighting can be indulged in are, of course, limited by the height of the tide which must be high enough to cover the sandbanks without inundating the gunner. Generally, something between 27ft. and 29ft. will be found to be suitable according to the height of the marsh over which the line of flight is expected. A moderate wind is essential, otherwise the ducks will be disinclined to move and may sit out the whole tide in the middle of the estuary.

On the west coast, the bag is likely to consist of pintail, wigeon, mallard and teal. The first two, being more maritime in habit, will supply the bulk of the sport, but on one estuary I know of teal are numerous throughout the winter. The pintail is the tide flighter's particular quarry, however, and what a grand duck he is, the aristocrat of the family, a fast and high flier, and a difficult bird to bag.

The number of ducks that are likely to be killed by a single gun on one tide naturally varies with the skill of the fowler and the ground on which he works. Half-a-dozen is a good flight on most saltings, but in one particular spot which I discovered some years ago, 20 ducks may easily be obtained on one tide provided the wind is from the right quarter.

Besides its unique opportunities of sport, tide flighting gives the gunner a wonderful chance of observing the many species of ducks and waders that frequent an estuary, a delight denied to those who only shoot at dusk and dawn. Its success depends entirely on one's own personal ability. No amount of money can ensure a good tide flight.



FIRING FROM A LYING HIDE



RUNNING FREE DOWN THE LAKE AT NAINI TAL



THERE ARE NINE OF THESE ONE-DESIGNS

WHERE ALL THE HELMSMAN'S SKILL IS NEEDED

Yachting in the Himalayas

By B. E. SMYTHIES

IN the foothills of the Kumaon Himalayas, surrounded by mountains nearly 9,000ft. in height, there lies a small lake about two-and-a-half miles in circumference. Its existence was for long a secret, carefully guarded by the natives for religious reasons. The early pioneers who first discovered it were not slow to realise that they had found an ideal site for a hill station, and since that date Naini Tal has grown rapidly and is now one of the chief summer resorts in India. The lake was very popular for rowing and swimming, but it was not until the beginning of the century that some enthusiasts ordered a fleet of yachts from England and founded a yacht club, which must surely be the highest in the world!

There are now nine of these yachts, all one-design, of the type shown in the photographs, and in spite of their age it would be difficult to improve on them, except perhaps for changes indicated by aerodynamical principles: they are light, with adjustable centre-boards, and sensitive to the moderate breezes which prevail on the lake.

The yachting season lasts during the hot weather and rains, namely, from May to October. Before the break of the monsoon, which usually occurs in the middle of June, the wind is very variable and fluky. This encourages the beginners, for they can sometimes defeat the more experienced skippers by getting a slant of wind which carries them right up the lake and leaves all the others becalmed, a situation which is infuriating for the latter, who can but whistle for the wind and smoke like chimneys in an endeavour to detect the faintest zephyr.

Fortunately for the temper of all concerned, the arrival of the monsoon brings a strong, steady breeze, which gives full scope to the experienced helmsman to exploit his skill and his local knowledge. The yacht club is a good school in which to learn the finer points of racing tactics and racing rules, because nine yachts manœuvring in the restricted space of the lake very soon produce all possible and impossible situations.

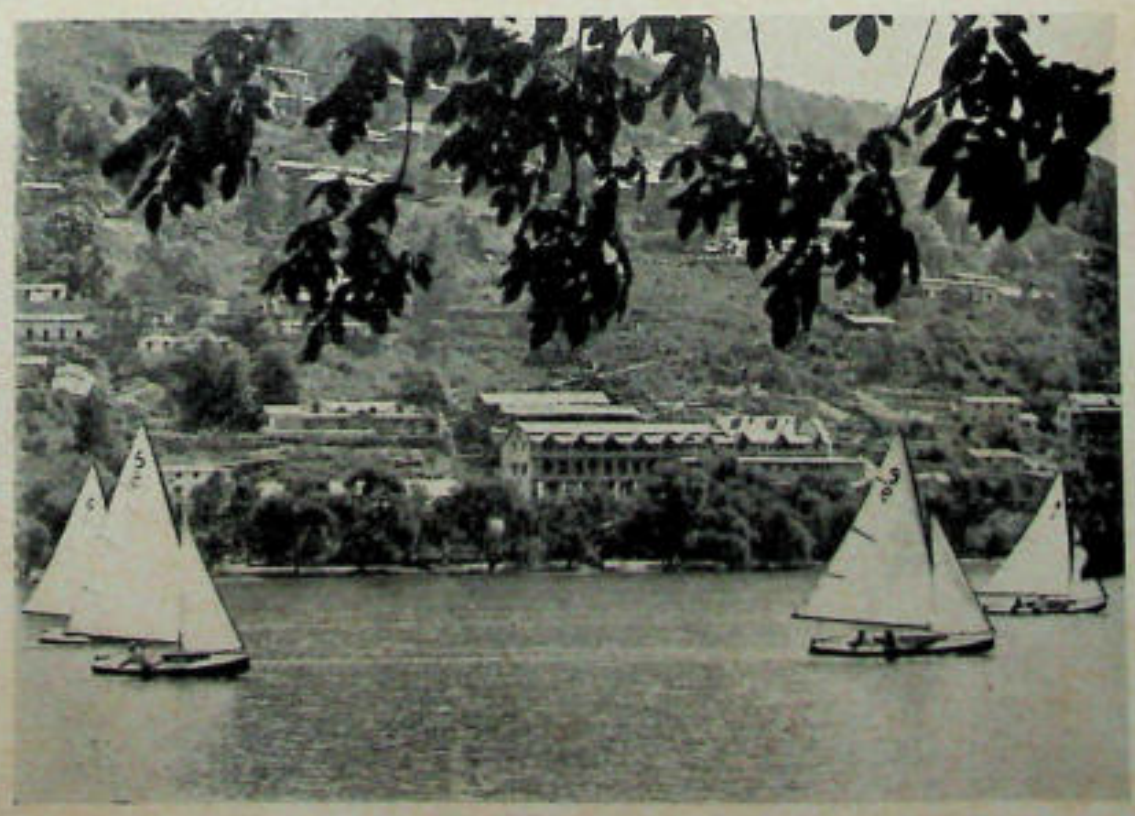
Thus, when the wind blows up the lake, the first leg of the course is a straight run of about a mile, followed by a turn of 180 deg. at the far end, and as the turn usually involves a gybe, the despairing shrieks for water which arise, the crashing of booms as they swing over, the banging of hosts, and the strange nautical oaths combine to awake unwonted echoes in the surrounding hills.

To take an example of an impossible situation arising in a freakish wind, I have seen two yachts going in opposite directions (both running free) meet, and even pass one another, before the wind died away. In the event of a collision the committee would be faced with a pretty problem, which, I believe, is insoluble, assuming that the booms were either both to starboard or both to port.

Along one side of the lake an almost vertical cliff rises for several hundred feet, and at times a strong current of air blows down the cliff face; any yachts tacking underneath are immediately capsized, as it is almost impossible to cope with a vertical wind. Fortunately this is a rare event.

The club's most coveted distinction is the Helmsman's Cup, which is raced for throughout the season, percentages being calculated for each skipper in a manner analagous to the county cricket averages. There are two race weeks, one in June and one in September; and the All-India Cup, open to members of any recognised yacht club at home or abroad, is raced for in the second week. Skippers from the Solent or Burnham, who find themselves in India are invited to try their skill against the local experts. They will find that on the lake, perhaps more than elsewhere, the start is of paramount importance, and the fate of the race is usually decided in the first few minutes. The yacht which secures the windward berth and also crosses the line within 5 seconds of the gun, is in a very strong position, and should win the race, that is, under normal wind conditions.

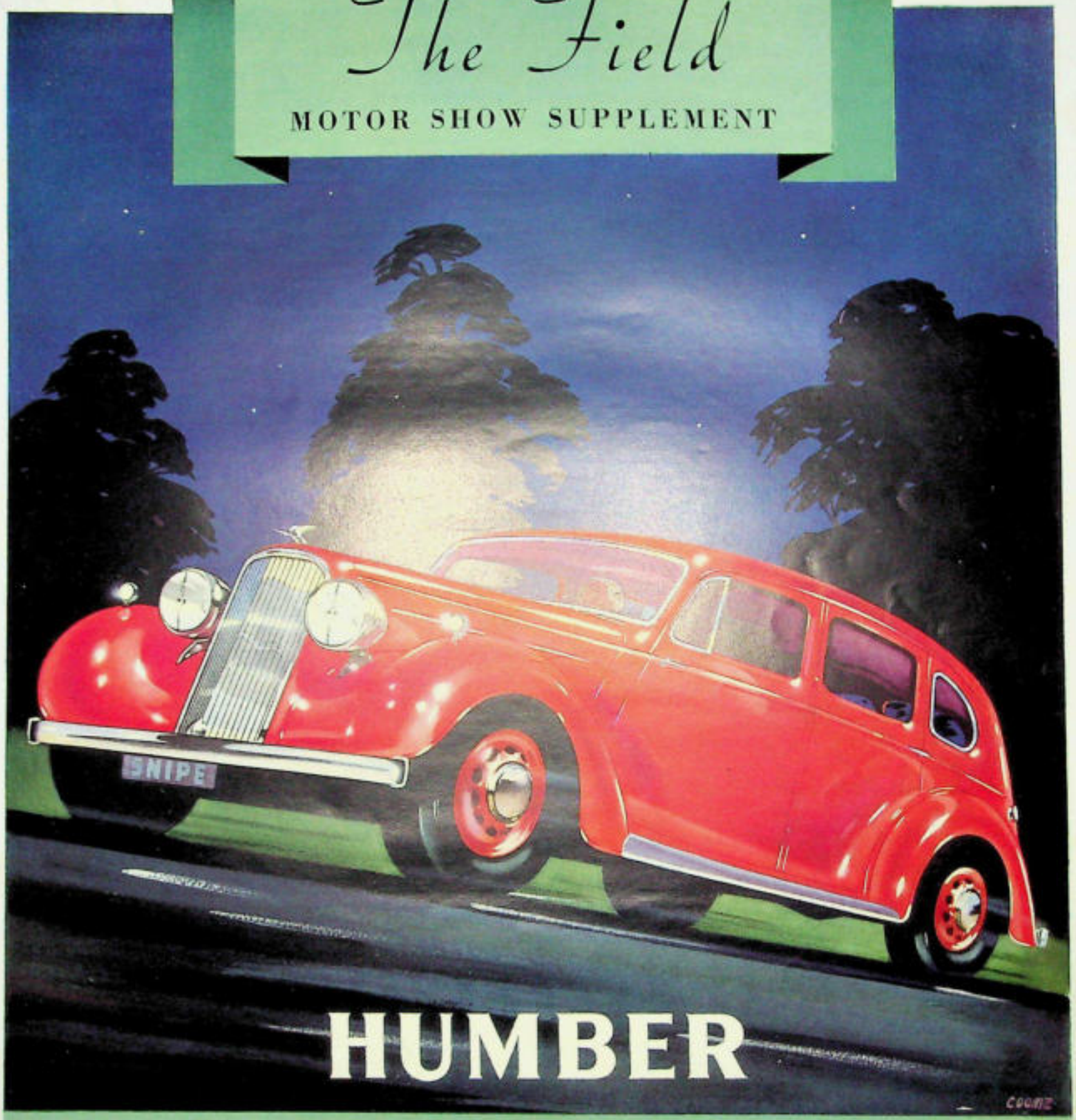
Once the beginner has mastered the elementary part of sailing, a race becomes largely a battle of wits, and, apart from the pleasure of being out in the fresh air in such attractive surroundings, it is the intellectual enjoyment which endows Naini Tal's yachting with its peculiar charm.



TACKING UP THE LAKE

The Field

MOTOR SHOW SUPPLEMENT



A NEW 'SIXTEEN' £330
16.9 H.P: £12.15s. TAX: WITH "EVENKEEL" SUSPENSION

A NEW SNIPE - £345
20.9 H.P: £15.15s. TAX: WITH "EVENKEEL" SUSPENSION

A NEW SNIPE IMPERIAL £495
26.8 H.P: £20.5s. TAX: SIX BODY STYLES

A NEW PULLMAN - £735
26.8 H.P: £20.5s. TAX: FIVE BODY STYLES

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DEPT.: ROOTES LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

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SEE THEM ON STAND NUMBER 81

THIRTY YEARS OF MOTORING PROGRESS

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



THE MODERN PRODUCT

Captain Victor Sheperd, Sales Director of the Triplex Safety Glass Co., in his new 25 h.p. Vauxhall Saloon which has independent front wheel springing and, of course, Triplex all round.

PROGRESS is the keynote of modern times, and by its move from Olympia to Earl's Court the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, the authority which promotes the annual Motor Show, is undoubtedly progressing with the times. Nevertheless, although the new venue is far and away more suitable from every point of view, there will be many who regret the passing of a tradition of more than 30 years of motoring progress.

It was in 1905 that the first of the Olympian exhibitions was staged. In the two previous years, the Society had run its own exhibition at the Crystal Palace, but the inaccessibility of the Sydenham building and the growing needs of the industry, led to the move to Kensington, which succeeded so well that from being a purely business show, the annual Motor Exhibition became, before very long, one of the great social events of the year.

What an interesting show that first Olympian affair was! Looking back upon it, one realises that it really marked the full establishment of the motor car in its rightful place as the "new transport." Even though the car of the day was still almost laughably crude, judged by the standards of to-day, it had nevertheless emerged from its teething troubles and made its principal appeal to the public on the ground of its reliability. True, that was still a relative term, and very much remained to be done before it reached that degree of dependability which to-day is synonymous with the very name of motor car.

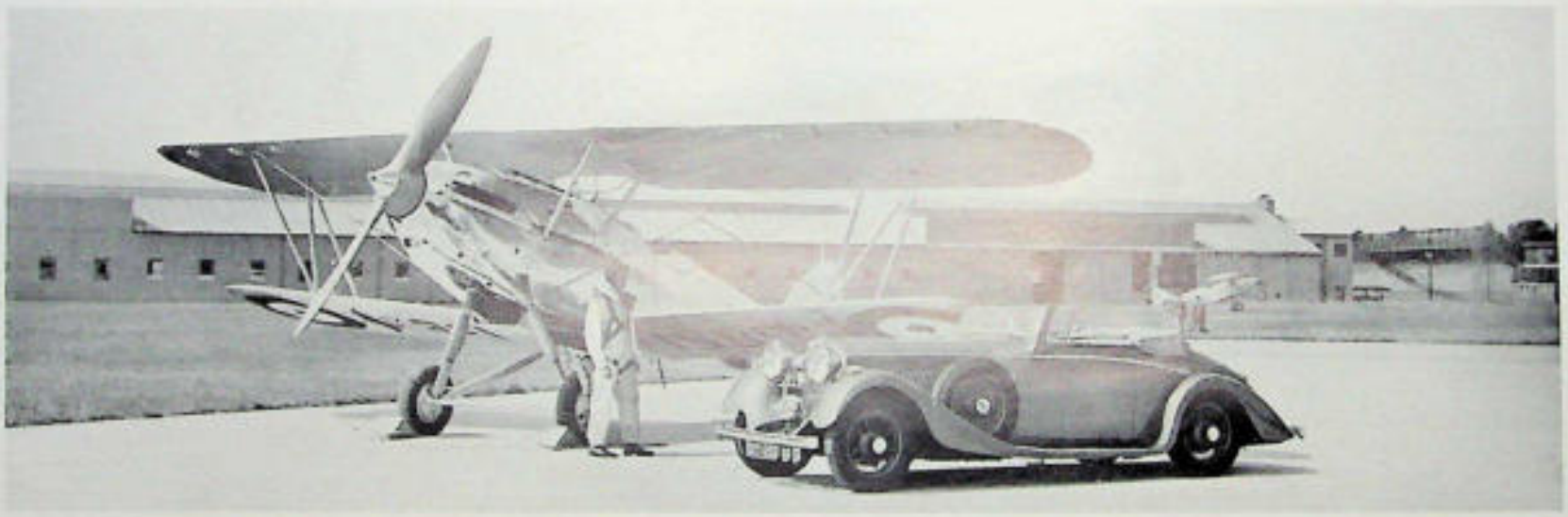
Furthermore, it may be said that the 1905 Motor Show demonstrated the car in that settled basic design which has never since been departed from and upon which the modern vehicle has been built. The freak designs had well-nigh disappeared; the traditions of the old carriage builders had been departed from, and no longer was the car a "horseless carriage." The vertical engine, housed under a bonnet, transmitting its power through a clutch and gearbox, and either by chains or a propellor-shaft to the rear axle, had become accepted practice, and remains so to-day, with the exception that in the case of the passenger car, the chain drive is as extinct as the great auk.

To look back through the catalogue this first Olympia is both amusing and instructive. The illustrations of cars that existed at that remote period—remote as we write motoring history—make one marvel that they could have been thought the last word in luxury travel. Nine out of ten were open touring vehicles, with much emphasis on the open. The "side-entrance" body was supplanting the old tonneau type, entered by a single door from the rear, but doors to the driving compartment were as yet unthought of. Even the windscreen was only just becoming accepted as an aid to travelling comfort, though some genius had evolved the "Opposum hood" as a means of protecting the passengers from the worst of the elements.

But at their best the cars of the time look, to the modern eye, mere skeletons of the cars that ultimately were to be built upon the foundations which had been laid by the early designers. There were, it is true, a few efforts at enclosing the bodywork but they mainly looked as though a hansom cab body had been dumped on the chassis to take its chance!

One of the first things that takes the eye on opening this ancient catalogue is the advertisement of a well-known Scottish firm of manufacturers, still surviving as makers of commercial vehicles, trumpeting the merits of its make as "the solid-tyred car." Owing to its wonderful system of springing, there was no need for its owners to be troubled by the notoriously unreliable pneumatic—they could be trouble-free on solid tyres! Imagine such an appeal to-day!

Then another founds its main appeal on the fact that it is equipped with "the new patented magneto ignition." Be it observed that we had long emerged from the era of tube ignition, and depended upon the coil and battery, the latter having to be charged periodically at the local electric light station. The really wise motorist carried a set of dry batteries against the inevitable failure of the battery miles from anywhere. And so dawned the day of the self-contained ignition unit, though truth to tell it gave as much trouble of one kind and another as its predecessor, the coil and battery, to which, under very different conditions, we have once more returned.



MODERN STREAMLINING FOR AIR AND LAND

A 4½-litre Bentley Tourer, with an attractive bodywork by Hooper, beside a Hawker 'plane at Brooklands Aerodrome



"ALMOST LAUGHABLY CRUDE, JUDGED BY THE STANDARDS OF TO-DAY"

A 5-h.p. Vauxhall which left the factory over 30 years ago, when 400 men were employed in the works as compared with 7,000 to-day

Not the least interesting feature of this harking back to old times, though it is not without a pathetic side, is to note the names of cars which in their day were famous, but have now no place save in history. There was the Gobron-Brillie, which in the previous year had been the first to pass a speed of over a hundred miles an hour. There were several steam cars, the White, the Locomobile, the Serpollet, and the Clarkson, all now but memories.

Then among the petrol cars which are known no more were the Arrol-Johnston, Leon Bollee—a pioneer of the pioneers—the Royal Enfield, the Germain, the Gladiator, Speedwell, Phoenix, Belsize—later one of the most popular of British makes—the C.G.V., James and Browne, and many another well-known and highly appreciated in its time.

On the other side of the picture—a more pleasant one—there were shown at this first Olympia a long list of cars which to-day still make their appeal, and successfully, to the motor-wise public. The Standard, the Rover, Darracq, Humber, Wolseley, Mercedes, Bugatti, Daimler, Vauxhall, Singer, Sunbeam, Talbot and others, all were there. And last, but by no means least, it was, I believe, at this 1905 Show that the Rolls-Royce made its real public debut as a luxury car.

And now for 1937 and Earl's Court.



FAMOUS FORTS

CONWAY CASTLE
Built by Edward I as a Royal Castle to help quell uprisings by the troublesome Welsh of that period.

The fair face of Britain was studded in former days with forts, dominant and impregnable. Today an overwhelming majority of British motorists wisely put their cars, their comfort, their comrades of the road and their sense of economy in the safe keeping and dependable stronghold of



DUNLOP Fort TYRES

C.F.H.

THE COACHBUILDERS' ART

Problems in Refinement and their Solution

By W. G. McMINNIES

I WAS once talking to the manager of a high-grade body-building plant, and noticed how again and again in the course of his conversation on coachwork he referred to what Barkers or Hoopers did. To him as a coachbuilding expert those names were almost holy. They stood as a model for quality, style, taste and craftsmanship in his particular line of business.

There are other names, too, that bring credit to a chassis and pride to its owner. Thrupp and Maberly, Park Ward and Owen, to name a few whose fine productions figure so frequently on Rolls Royce, Bentley and other cars of international name and fame.

To coachbuilders of this class the design and construction of a motor car body is a highly skilled art. When complete they ask and receive anything from £700 to £1,000 for their work. Each body is a separate creation, designed round its owner's particular requirements. May be it started life as an imposing picture in full colour, the dream of an artist. Perhaps its colouring and contour found favour in the eyes of a rich man or his wife. Working drawings giving exact measurements follow, and the body gradually assumes shape. From time to time its future owner may pay a visit to watch its progress through the shops, suggest further refinements or alterations he may need. And then, in the end, he will have trimming, decor, appointments and finishing carried out to the very smallest detail to suit his wishes.

In this kind of coachwork fashions do not change too quickly. A man who can afford several thousand pounds for a car is not influenced by flashy and meaningless motifs, chromium clap-trap and innovations in lines without any obvious advantage. Instead, progress proceeds in many unseen ways. One of the most important is weight reduction. Every carriage-builder is always studying this problem. And its solution is no easy matter when owners demand more and more passenger and luggage room. The latter is a particularly pressing affair for the following reasons: Owing to traffic density, especially in cities, ease of manœuvring is becoming more and more essential. The tendency, therefore, is to shorten wheelbases. This reduces the space available for passengers and luggage. At the moment the best compromise appears to be a boot at the back to accommodate, say, four cases. If there is more luggage, then the lid lets down to form a platform but the luggage in the boot remains protected and enclosed by a second lid. This is a method used successfully on the latest Barker & Hooper bodies. Time was when luggage accommodation was reduced by the petrol-filler chimney passing through the boot. Nowadays the filler, with its neatly concealed cap, is fitted so as to avoid the boot.

This form of luggage accommodation forces the spare wheel on to the wing and running board, but as it is deeply sunk it does not spoil the line of the bonnet when the car is viewed from the other side.

A point in modern carriage design, with which I entirely disagree from a practical driving standpoint, is the tendency to reduce the width and depth of the back light. I am told that owners often specify a small back light so as to retain interior privacy. If they drove their cars much in London they might perhaps prefer a greater degree of safety and ease of manœuvre.

The driving view has been improved by adopting slender metal pillars for the windscreen and by eliminating too greatly sloped steering columns, which, by enforcing a low sitting position, restrict the view ahead. As regards windscreens, the Wingham design is a really notable advance.

Ventilation is another point that is always receiving attention. One of the most successful devices for extracting used air without creating undesirable draught is the pivoted or sliding quarter light. Some coachbuilders favour a louvre over the side windows which can then be opened an inch or two without letting in rain. Some of these louvres are so neatly contrived as almost to escape attention.

Seating accommodation, arrangement and control follow well-tried lines. There is a strong tendency to fit seats with Dunlopillo or pneumatic upholstery, or some form of rubber compound in place of the old-fashioned arrangement of coiled springs and horsehair.

Another problem that is receiving investigation is that of eliminating exterior (*i.e.*, wind) noise, which occurs at the high speeds of which the modern car is capable. Some say wind noises are governed by the slope and contour of the screen and absence or presence of the roof peak above it. Others, that air leaks into the body and causes the roar; and others, that the construction of the roof calms or irritates the passing of wind across it.

Another branch of coachbuilding is that in which an outside coachbuilder supplies special bodies for standard cars of popular make. The Tickford body, built by Salmons & Sons, is an excellent example. In the saloon type the hood is operated by patent mechanism, the door windows are controlled by winders and the quarter lights hinge outwards. Another interesting Tickford model is the Foursome Coupé. Here again the hood is operated by patent mechanism and enables the car to be quickly converted from a coupé to a coupé de ville or fully-open body.

Another ingenious and extremely useful convertible type of body is the Wingham Cabriolet, made by Martin Walter and fitted to Rolls Royce, Bentley, Daimler and Vauxhall chassis. This body combines the advantages of a smart closed town carriage with those of an open car with unimpeded vision. It has survived the test of several years' use in the hands of the public in different parts of the world, and both in its closed and open form is of really handsome appearance. Points of interest in the design are that the head can be operated with the windows in any position, the wide range of vision through no-draught, three section windscreen, the particularly generous amount of accommodation for personal luggage and sporting gear, and the comfy-poise seating with its horizontal body-supporting pleating.



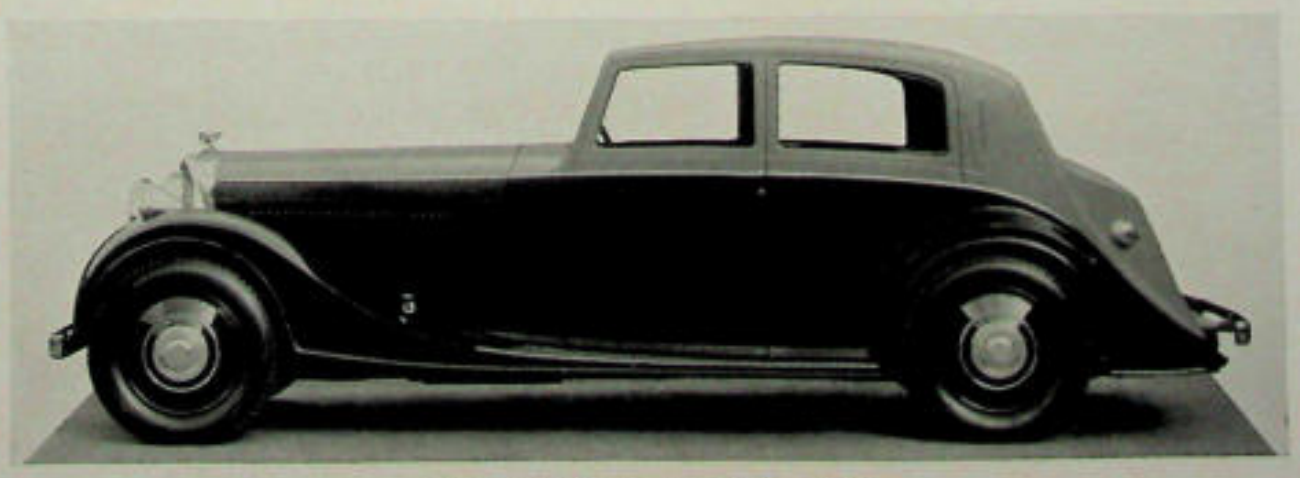
SLEEK BEAUTY IN DESIGN

A 4½-litre Bentley with Drophead Foursome Coupé, as is to be exhibited on Windsorer's Stand



AN UNUSUAL AND ATTRACTIVE COACHWORK ON A BENTLEY

This new 4½-litre car has been supplied by the Car Mart, Ltd., to Mrs. E. L. Payton, wife of the deputy chairman of the Austin Motor Co., Ltd.

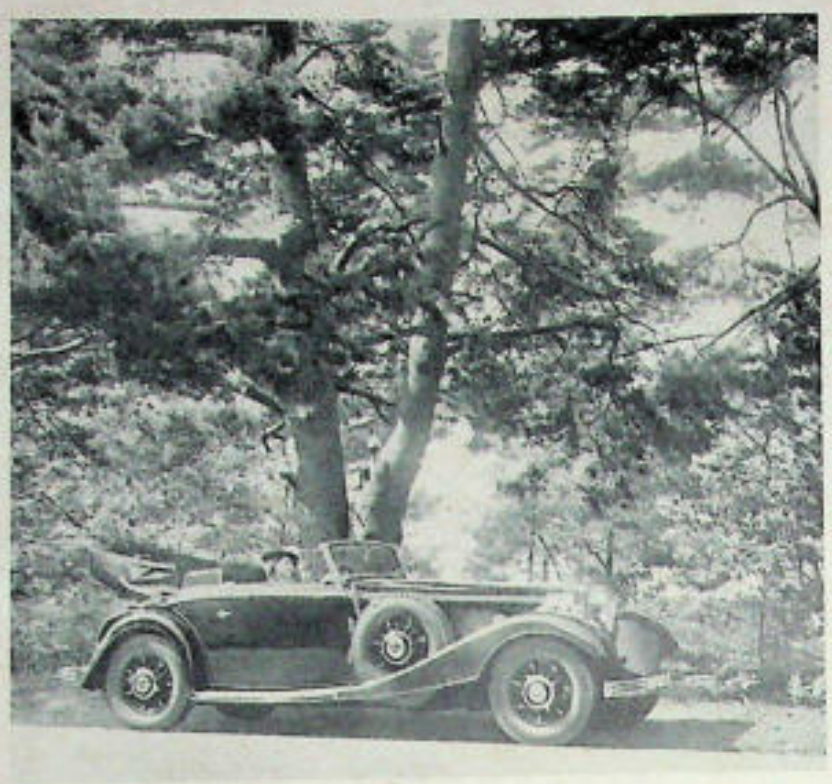


WELL-PROPORTIONED PILLARLESS SALOON

The bodywork on this 4½-litre Bentley is a fine example of modern coachbuilding by Park Ward

CARS FOR THE SPORTING OWNER

Speed, Acceleration and Road Holding



A GRACEFUL SUPERCHARGED MERCEDES AMID THE TREES NEAR HINDHEAD

ONE of the reasons why there continues to exist in England such a large variety of makes of car is because the sporting tendencies of the nation find expression in the enjoyment of a car which is above the average in performance. The owners of sporting cars enjoy motoring for its own sake, and would rapidly become bored at the wheel of the typical family saloon built for transportation alone.

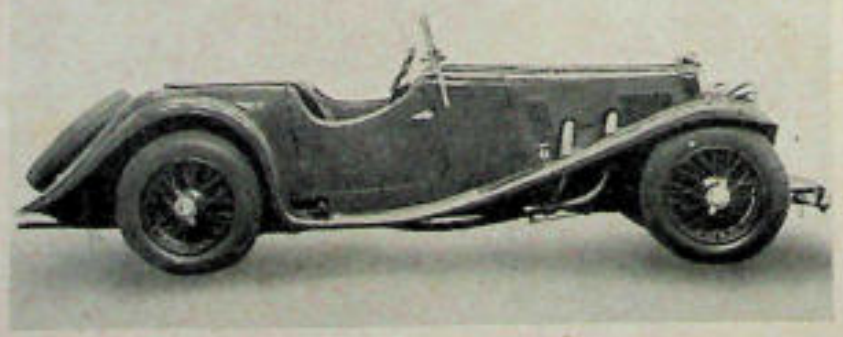
The name of Alvis has always been associated with sports cars, and it is interesting to observe that an entirely new four-cylinder sports model, known as the "12/70," has just been introduced. Those who have followed motor racing since the War will remember the way in which the then unknown Alvis Company sprang to fame in 1923 by winning the first J.C.C. 200-miles race. Two of the most famous European firms, Fiat and Talbot-Darracq, were expected to be at grips in this race, but the Talbot-Darracqs were scratched at the last moment, and the Fiat drivers, with no track experience, wrecked their engines within the first few laps. Although a large field of sports cars still remained, it was left to a standard Alvis car, which had been almost destroyed by fire the night before and hastily rebuilt during the night, to carry off the trophy at an amazingly high average speed.

The new 12/70 Alvis has a four-cylinder engine of 1,842 c.c. and is taxed at £10 per annum. It has a push-rod-operated overhead valve engine, and is mounted on rubber in such a way that it is almost impossible for the average person to detect that it is not a six-cylinder unit. The transmission consists of a single-plate clutch and four-speed gear-box, with synchro-mesh on second, third and top. Ortheelox type springing is used front and rear, and the necessary stopping power for so fast and lively a car is provided by Bendix-Cowdray brakes.

The "12/70" Alvis has been built to suit modern traffic conditions, and is, so to speak, "sub-standard" in regard to wheelbase and track. With its compact dimensions it is easy to park and to handle in traffic, but tremendous acceleration, high speed and perfect road holding make it a splendid car for the open road.

Other outstanding Alvis sports models are the Speed Twenty and the 4.3-litre.

Beautiful lines and a superlative finish have always characterised the S.S. Jaguar. These characteristics are enhanced in the 1938 models, for the spare wheel, which was formerly carried in a smart metal cover recessed into the near-side wing, is now cleverly concealed in the lid of the luggage locker, giving a smooth, unbroken sweep to the bonnet and wings. The lid of the rear boot still lets down to form a luggage platform and the tools are neatly fitted around the spare wheel inside it. Without in any way spoiling their lines the new bodies have been widened to seat five, greater leg room has been provided, the doors are wider and the luggage accommodation increased.



THE ASTON MARTIN 15/98 H.P. SHORT CHASSIS 2/4 SEATER, WHICH SELLS AT £575

One of the most interesting cars of the year is undoubtedly the new 3½-litre S.S. Jaguar at £445. It is capable of 95 m.p.h., yet is completely smooth and silent. The 3½-litre differs scarcely at all in appearance from the improved 2½-litre except that the radiator badge on the larger car is black, while that on the 2½-litre is cream. The chassis, however, differs considerably, for the 3½-litre engine develops over 120 b.h.p. and the whole of the transmission system, suspension and layout have had to be designed to cope with its enormous power.

A particularly handsome new S.S. model is the drophead coupé, available on the 1½-litre, 2½-litre and 3½-litre chassis. It has a large amount of luggage accommodation and neat folding hood, and comfortable seating for four.

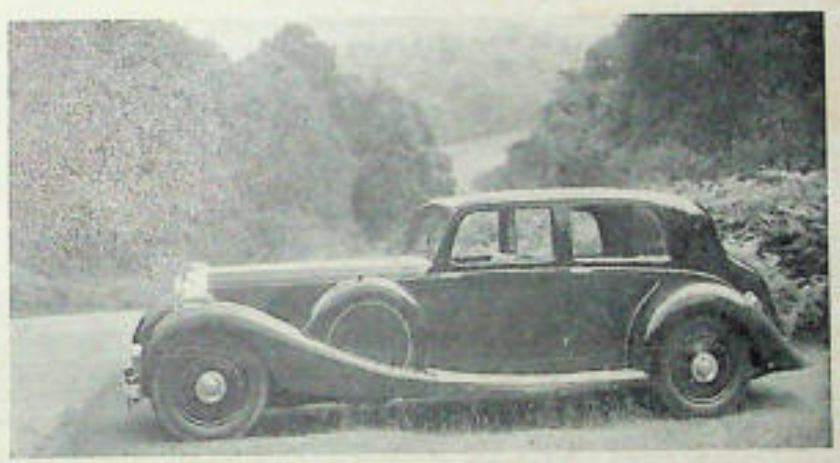
The chief novelty on Stand No. 98 is the M.G. 2-litre four-seater open tourer, finished in cream with red leather upholstery. This new model is priced at £399. Apart from this no changes have been made in the M.G. models. The well-known series "T" M.G. Midget, the 1½-litre and the closed 2-litre models are being carried on as before. It is interesting to note that sales during the last twelve months have constituted a record both at home and overseas. Although the M.G. Car Co. has not entered cars in races for some considerable time, enthusiastic owners still continue to take part in speed events with considerable success. The new 1½-litre has only been available to the public for the last few months, but it has proved extremely popular, and provision has had to be made at the works at Abingdon to increase production to cope with greater demands. A special sectioned working model of the chassis will be a feature on the M.G. stand.

The Dolomite and Vitesse models of the famous Triumph range have been developed as a result of strenuous public trials. The wonderful achievements of Triumph cars in the Monte Carlo Rally and International Alpine Trial will long be remembered, while enthusiastic Triumph owners have successfully raced Triumph cars on road and track. A Dolomite, capable of 70–80 m.p.h., gives the driver the impression that he can never ask too much of the willing engine. There is a firmness about the suspension which gives confidence on corners, the steering is accurate to a hair and the brakes extremely powerful.

The Triumph Vitesse 14/60 h.p. car has a 2-litre four-cylinder engine, and has an excellent performance. It is, however, easy to drive, and is consequently favoured by women drivers. There is also a 2-litre six-cylinder car priced at £338—£40 more than the "14/60" model.

The Triumph Dolomites are distinguished by their clever cast aluminium alloy radiator grille of streamlined design. The lowest-priced Dolomite is the 1½-litre four-window saloon at £328. The 14/60 Dolomite saloon costs £348 and the 2-litre six-cylinder car £388.

Among the most successful sports cars to have taken part in British and Continental trials is the 20/90 h.p. six-cylinder British Salmson. It is available both as a two-door sports saloon and as a sports two-seater on distinctly handsome lines. The front wheels are independently sprung and six pressed-steel, spoked-disc wheels and tyres, of which two are spares, are included in the specification. The engine has a bore and stroke of 75 mm. and 98 mm. and has overhead valves and a four-bearing crankshaft. The brakes are of the Lockheed hydraulic type. The turning circle is particularly small for a car of such a size, being only 29ft., while the large petrol tank, holding 15 gallons, enables long journeys to be made without stopping to fill-up. The coachwork is attractively finished, and the two-door sports saloon sells at £698. The open sports model with concealed hood and side screens sells at £645.



A LAGONDA DE VILLE, FITTED WITH A PARTITION, IN THE FOREST OF DEAN

In addition to the sporting models there are 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. cars, both of these having four-cylinder engines with overhead valves. They are equipped with Andre shock-absorbers, front and rear, and D.W.S. four-wheel jacks. The 12 h.p. four-seater drophead coupé costs £345.

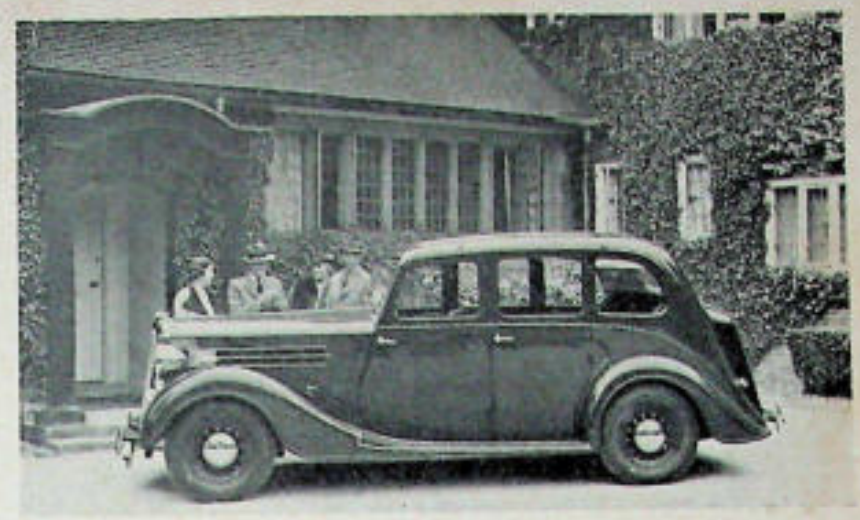
Bentley Motors, Ltd., announce that no change is being made in the design of the famous 4½-litre car which they manufacture at Derby. Known as the "Silent Sports Car," it combines an almost uncanny silence of operation with an exceptional performance. Needless to say, the finish of the chassis is of the high standard set by the Derby works, and so thoroughly tested is every part that enormous mileages can be covered without spending anything on maintenance, except for the usual lubrication and cleaning.

The large army of Lagonda enthusiasts will display especial interest in the new 4½-litre six-cylinder and twelve-cylinder models. The former has won its spurs during the last few years in scores of important motor races, and is reckoned as one of the finest sports cars on the British market. At Earls Court, however, will be seen the latest type, with torsion-bar front-wheel suspension. While the engine, at any rate of the six-cylinder car, remains unchanged, the chassis is, of course, entirely new, and there will be many other interesting features well worth examining. The coachwork, too, is handsome and dignified, representing all that is best in the British automobile industry.

TURN LEFT.



THE NEW HUMBER SIXTEEN SALOON IS A CAR OF GOOD APPEARANCE, LISTED AT THE ATTRACTIVE PRICE OF £350



THE WOLSELEY SUPER-SIX SALOON IS MADE IN 16 H.P., 21 H.P. AND 25 H.P. RATINGS. THE 16 H.P. COSTS £380, AND THE OTHER TWO £395

THE PERFECT CAR FOR INDIA

"I Had a Dream which was Not All a Dream"

SLEEPING in a lonely, dark bungalow at the end of a long drive through Central India, there glided into my dreams my ideal car for India.

It was a four-seater saloon car of about 14 h.p. of British make with independent springing. For the past four years I had been driving a powerful American car, and my monthly garage bills dealt me such severe blows that my pleasure in driving at high speed had vanished entirely. Yes, a 14 h.p. car with a light body would cut down my petrol and tyre bill, and still give me sufficient speed. And, like so many others, the greater part of my mileage was done on the smooth tarmac roads of my station, where the lightest of cars held the road admirably. On depreciation, also, I should gain considerably, as the demand for large used cars was shrinking rapidly.

A four-seater saloon body would suit admirably. In my bachelor days I owned a car with a truck body which was the envy of my pig-sticking friends. It carried fodder, syces, saddlery and, on one occasion, a dead tiger, with greater ease than any other car in the station. But only once did it carry my wife to Government House for an official ball. Next day, with many regrets, I sold my bachelor's car and bought a saloon, while my wife wrote away for another ball dress from England to replace the one ruined by driving rain. Also, there had been some difficulty in persuading the traffic police to pass my truck into the main queue for the front porch.

My dream car possessed a windscreen that was entirely of a special ply of Crook's "A" glass to save me from the brilliant glare of the Indian road. I felt glad that the "B" glass had not been used, as "B" glass is not suited for night driving, although it is the best for daylight work in sunny weather. As "A" glass is not tinted, night visibility is equal to plain glass, with the enormous advantage that head-light glare is almost entirely eliminated.

The seats were all reversible. One side was of cloth, removable for washing; the other was of open fibre, to give an air-cooled seat for really hot weather. The horrors of "night starvation" are nothing to the distress of "hot seat" during a long drive in the hot weather.

There was, I remember, only one horn, but it had two switches, one on the steering column and one on the footboard. The switch on the steering column controlled a polite, pleasant warning; but when I touched the footboard switch, a raging screech burst forth, some plaster fell off the bungalow wall, and my syce, a keen family man, shot out from his 90-down hot-foot in search of a doctor.

I then realised that at last I had a horn capable of rousing the sleeping bullock-cart drivers, who block all roads in India both day and night.

The roof was solid and sunproof, permitting one to drive without a topi in the hottest weather. I once met a man who had used his sunshine roof in India. While his wife drove the car he had used the sunshine roof as a rifle pit from which to shoot an unwary panther which had appeared in the road ahead of him. He always caps the panther story with one about the recklessness of driving about the jungle roads in an open car. Because once, he and a friend were driving in the front seat of one, when a really hungry tiger sprang into the back seat and, somewhat nervously started to kill the upholstery. His passenger frightened it off with a shrewd blow from the foot pump, which, on that car, was always kept close to the passenger. Personally, I feel he should not mention the bit about the foot pump, a shriek from the horn would sound more probable. But the fact remains that in India one is heartily sick of sun and sunshine.



THE BUSINESS-LIKE BODY OF THE JENSEN 3½-LITRE CONTINENTAL TOURER WHICH SELLS AT £615

There were two spare wheels, and they were both on the back, leaving the front wings clear for cases and bedding rolls. I do not mind my spare wheel getting all the mud and dust flung up behind the car; but I strongly dislike my luggage and bedding getting it. In India one travels with bedding and mosquito nets on nearly all visits and long journeys.

Each running board had beneath it a swinging flap designed to fling off to the side any nails thrown up by the front tyres. The normal car in India punctures its rear tyres twice as often as its front. Good flaps will trim off this difference, and save a number of bad gashes in addition.

It had coil ignition with a hidden switch which disconnected the battery entirely and prevented even the self-starter being used.

The large boy of India is just as curious as the small boy of England, and has a far greater capacity for damaging batteries. The batteries had funnel-type fillers, and there was a notice on the battery: "Top up with clean water; distilled water not necessary." In any case, many garages give clean water for battery use in India, even though they may pour it out of a bottle labelled "Distilled Water."

The tank carried petrol for 250 miles. The filler cap had a special air strainer to exclude dust and cut down evaporation, while the petrol tap was of the push-pull type, worked from the dashboard. In hot weather the float chamber of many cars will evaporate to dryness in under an hour, so that the careful driver has to turn off the petrol at all long stops.

A reserve tank taking exactly 2 gallons was fitted so that it could be used for checking m.p.g. and, more important, the haphazard deliveries of certain petrol pumps.

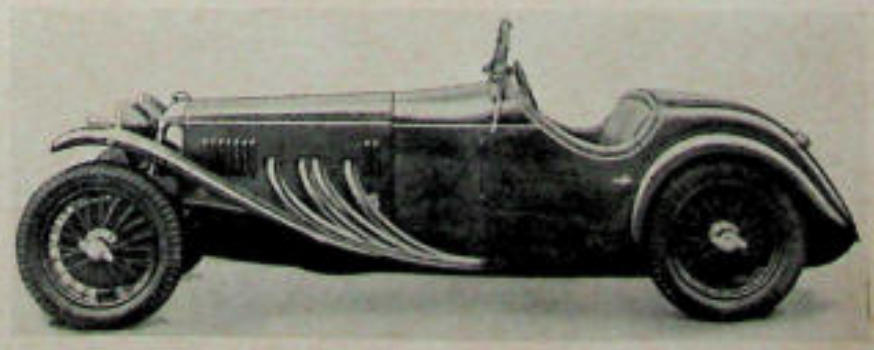
There were foot ventilators. There was a change of fan pulley ratio to give a choice of fan speeds according to the season of the year. In some hot weathers cooling systems need all the help that can be given them.

There was even a portable ice-box fitted to the side of the car. Its drain pipe led just clear so that the waste water was available for hand-washing after repairs or before meals.

I think my dream car had shock absorbers adjustable from the dash; but I am not sure. For as I looked, the dream dissolved, and I was left with an uneasy feeling that my ideal car would remain a dream and was made with my own fair hands.

O. S. YODEL.





TWO FINE SPORTS CARS

Left, the 20/90 h.p. 6-cylinder British Salmson 2-door Sports Saloon, priced at £695, and right, the clean cut Frazer-Nash—a machine worthy of any motorist who takes pride in his car

BRITISH CARS ARE THE BETTER BUILT



The 25 h.p. Town and Country Saloon £595 ex Works

WHEN PEOPLE SAY "WHAT IS BALANCED DRIVE?" CAN YOU TELL THEM?

If you wish to be *au fait* with the latest advance in motoring design you must try one of the new Armstrong Siddeley cars. Then you will be able to explain the even flow of power, how you glide forward on the mere pressure of the accelerator, or change gear without a falter with a light movement of the clutch pedal. There is an absence of noise or vibration, with a smooth end-to-end drive. The car will pick up from walking pace to maximum speed without tremor—a truly effortless performance.



You are invited to write for a free copy of this interesting booklet explaining the new Balanced Drive. Please mention The "Field"

BALANCED DRIVE

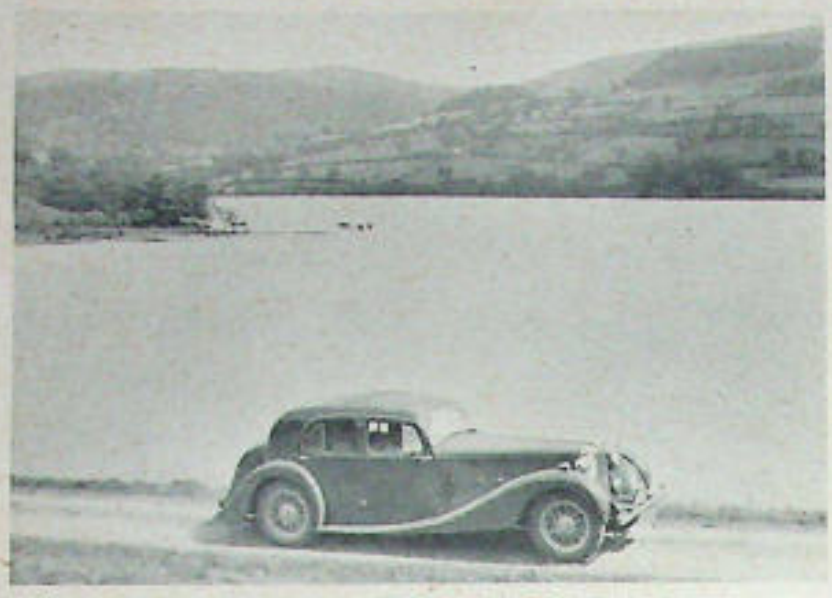
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AROUND THE STANDS

Cars Which Should Not Be Missed by Prospective Owners



THE M.G. IS AN EVER POPULAR CAR. HERE IS SEEN THE 2-LITRE FOUR-DOOR SALOON PRICED AT £389

LOOKING round the Motor Show at Earl's Court should be considerably less tiring than was trailing round Olympia in the years when the exhibition was held there. The Earl's Court building is brand new and incorporates all the latest ideas for the convenience of visitors. A covered car park is provided, from which the Show can be entered without going into the open.

All the same, the Motor Show will be tiring to visitors unless a little commonsense is exercised beforehand. The best plan is to make a list of the cars you particularly wish to examine and mark the stands on the plan of the exhibition which you will find in the catalogue. It is then quite easy to draw a line joining up the stands in such a way that you do not have to cover the same ground twice.

There are bound to be certain "high spots" which you will feel it essential to look at, but owing to the extreme secrecy with which many manufacturers are this year keeping last-minute surprises up their sleeves it is not possible to give a full list of everything new.

The average visitor to the Motor Show makes a point of examining both the lowest-priced and the most costly vehicles. He will marvel at the way Morris cars are produced at the price, and he will gaze enviously at a 12-cylinder Phantom III Rolls-Royce, unless he is so fortunate as to be able to buy one. After that he visits the stands of the makers of cars which he may previously have owned, for it is always interesting to note the progress made in the past year. It is only when he has studied those cars which appeal to him and which come within his price category that he feels free to wander round to see the scores of other interesting automobiles.

The Morris stand is specially interesting this year, because there is an entirely new "Twelve-Four" and various practical improvements have been made to other models. The Series III Twelve-Four has an overhead-valve engine and four-speed silent gear with synchromesh on second, third and top. A floating oil intake, which enables the pure oil to be sucked from the top of the reservoir before being pumped to the bearings, and compensated voltage control are notable features. The body is of an entirely new design, and has luggage accommodation with a capacity of over 10 cu. ft., reached by letting down the lid in the back panel, which when so dropped provided an additional luggage grid. A large tray for parcels runs the whole width of the body and the windscreen wiper motor is under the bonnet and now drives the blades in complete silence.

Two attractive models on show are an Orient blue fixed-head saloon, selling at £205, and a Birch grey sliding-head saloon, selling at £215. Jackall built-in jacks are £5 extra. The centre of the Morris stand will be occupied by a 12 h.p. chassis, which will enable visitors to examine the layout of the various components.

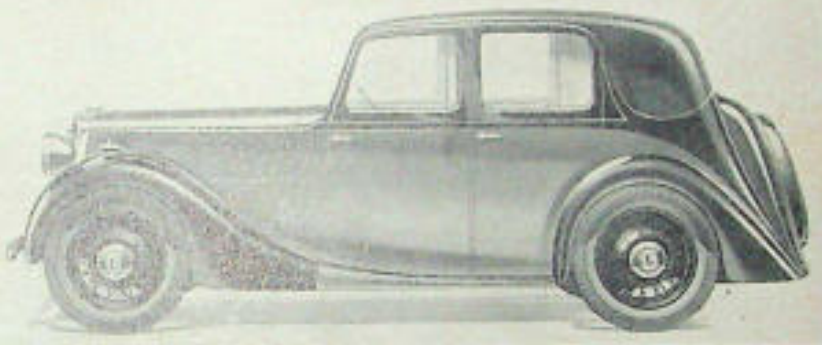
The Fourteen-Six Series III is now available only as a sliding-head saloon at £248 10s. This also has an overhead-valve engine, four-speed synchromesh gearbox, an improved instrument panel and larger tyres, as well as a windscreen wiper with remote drive and an independently controlled arm on the passenger side. The bodywork of the Morris Twenty-Five (Series III) has been considerably improved. A folding centre arm rest for the rear seat passengers, easy access to a large luggage container with the spare wheel mounted on the cover of the compartment, and an adjustable steering column are interesting features.

While mentioning the Morris exhibits, those interested in motor boats should make a point of visiting Stand No. 142, where the various Morris marine engines are on view. The famous Vedette four-cylinder 6/12 h.p. engine is available for running both on petrol and on paraffin. This small engine has a large 12-volt dynamo and self-starter as well as a Lucas waterproof magneto. A four-cylinder 13/24 h.p. Navigator unit and a six-cylinder Morris Commodore engine are also shown, and run on either petrol or paraffin.

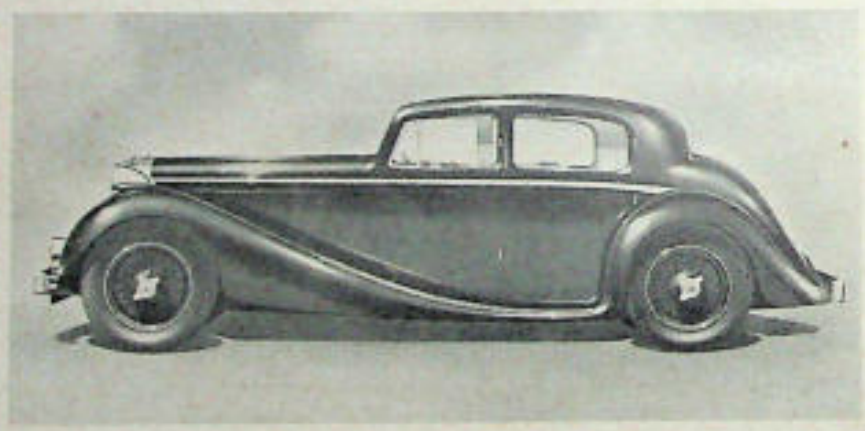
A new Super Ten at £189 is one of the most interesting of the seven models shown on the Singer stand. It has a roomy, four-door, all-steel body with wide doors and sleep, luxurious upholstery. The adjustable bucket seats are specially designed to obviate fatigue on long journeys, while their tubular frames allow additional leg room for those in the rear compartment. This, incidentally, is the first low-priced Ten to be fitted with Vesmol real hide upholstery, hitherto only found on expensive cars.

The engine, although developing 33 b.h.p., has a capacity of only 1,188 c.c. In conjunction with a four-speed synchromesh gearbox, excellent hill-climbing and liveliness in traffic is provided, while the springing admirably combines the qualities of comfort and good road-holding.

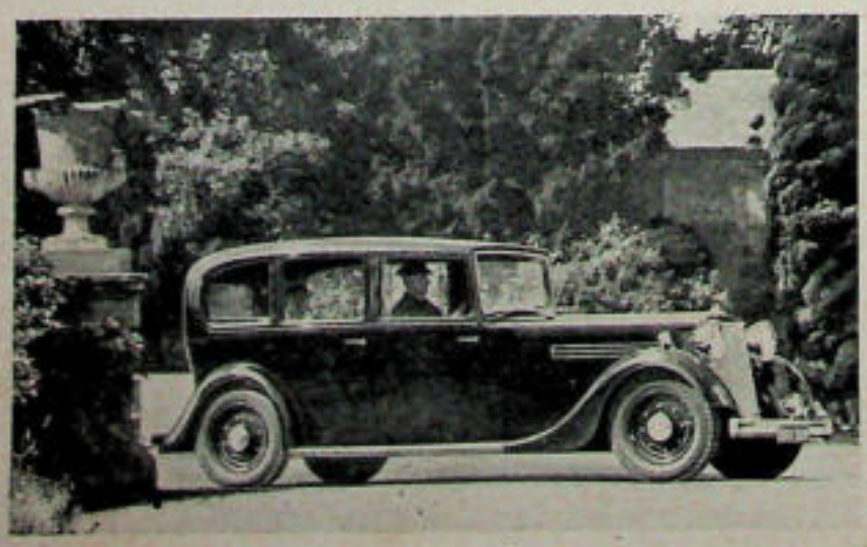
The other models in the Singer range include the well-known Singer Bantam in two-door and four-door



THE LANCHESTER "11" SPORTS SALOON IS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF MODERN CAR MANUFACTURE



ITS SLEEK BEAUTY ADDS GREATLY TO THE ATTRACTION OF THE 3½-LITRE S.S. JAGUAR



THE 25 H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY LIMOUSINE MAKES A VERY DIGNIFIED TOWN CARRIAGE



COMFORT IS AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE ROVER 16 H.P. SPORTS SALOON SELLING AT £355

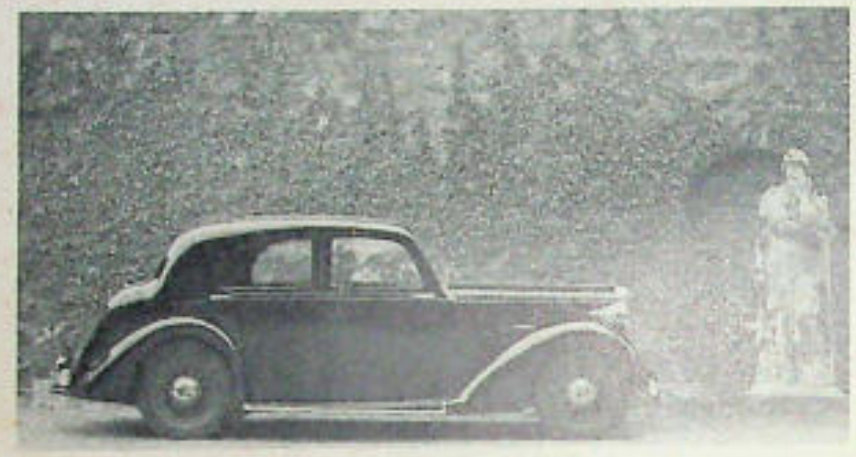
forms, selling respectively at £139 10s. and £149 10s., and the 12 h.p. model sells at prices varying from £229 to £279. An unusual method of carrying luggage is provided on the Super Twelve saloon. Instead of the lid of the luggage locker in the rear panel folding down horizontally to form a luggage platform, it opens out upwards, thus providing weather protection for any additional suitcases, &c. carried on a separate luggage grid which can then be opened out. The spare wheel and tools are carried at the rear in a special locker behind the bumper. The Singer Twelve is taxed at only £9, and gives a petrol consumption of 28 m.p.g. to 30 m.p.g. Four-speed synchromesh gearboxes and Lockheed hydraulic brakes are other notable features.

Talbot enthusiasts will find a surprise on Stand No. 59 at Earl's Court, for a new car in the medium-sized class is shown as a saloon, a sports saloon and a drophead foursome coupé. Particulars have not been released at the time of writing, but it is obvious that they will arouse considerable interest.

A feature of the Talbot stand is that all seven cars exhibited are in gun-finish jewelessence. The Talbot Ten, which during the last two years has obtained an enviable degree of popularity, is displayed as a sports saloon, a sports tourer, and as a drophead foursome coupé; while the largest car in the range is an attractive 3½-litre model.

The Talbot chassis lend themselves to the fitting of special coachwork, and it is not surprising that many famous coachbuilders are showing striking bodies behind the Talbot radiator. E. D. Abbott, Ltd., for instance, show a large Talbot 3½-litre sports saloon with division, and two Talbot Tens finished respectively in Lapis-blue jewelessence and steel-dust jewelessence. Whittingham & Mitchell, Ltd., display a red sports tourer on the 10 h.p. chassis, and a sports tourer in Talbot gun-finish on the new model. Offord & Sons, Ltd., show a 3½-litre Talbot with four-door convertible sports saloon, and the Carlton Carriage Co., Ltd., a Talbot Ten drophead foursome coupé.

At the last Shelsley Walsh Hillclimb a new record for the famous hill was set up by A. P. F. Fane on a Frazer-Nash of the classic chain-drive type. This model has been in production since 1925, and is, I believe, the only car in the world which still has final drive by chains. An entirely new model Frazer-Nash is being sold at £425, this being an 11.9 h.p. four-cylinder Boulogne II short chassis model. This has a push-rod operated overhead-valve engine with separately detachable cylinder head and block. It is being shown at Earl's Court painted ivory and upholstered in blue leather, so should be readily identifiable.



A 2-LITRE DAIMLER SPORTS SALOON—A CAR OF NOBLE ANCESTRY



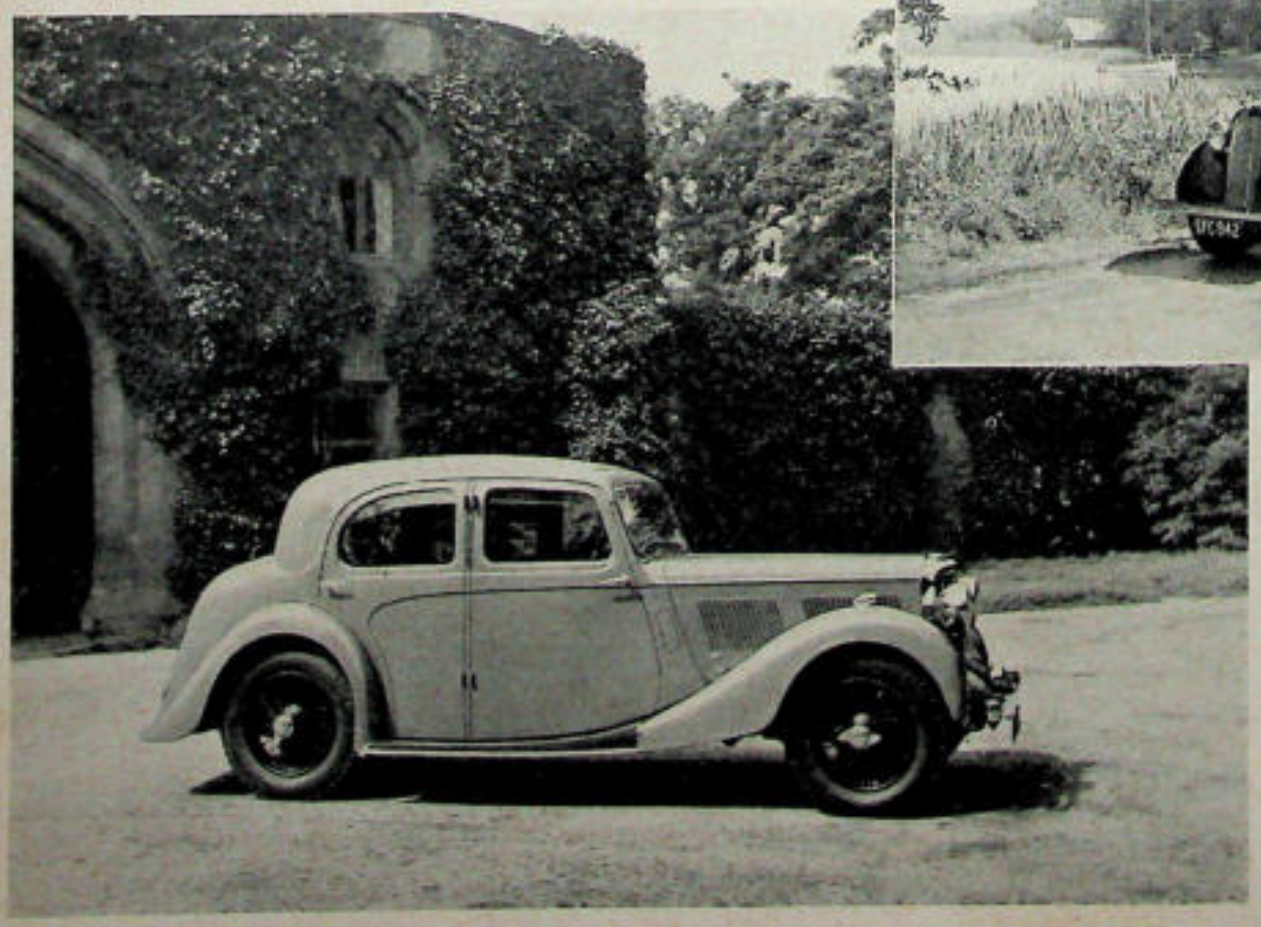
DR. DOUGLAS LITTLE AND HIS WIFE, FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY ROUND, BESIDE THEIR NEW 19.8 CHRYSLER "KEW" SALOON

The Frazer Nash-B.M.W. cars need no introduction, for they have put up excellent performances in the past year. An entirely new model is the Type 320, 2-litre car, which has a box-section frame, a 9ft. wheelbase and hydraulic brakes with automatic adjustment. It has a coachbuilt four-door saloon body. A 2-litre sports model, the prototype of the cars which have done so well in competitions, will also be shown. It will be recalled that this model set up a new sports car record for the Nurburg Ring in Germany and made the fastest time of the day in many important Continental events, such as the Grand Prix des Frontieres, the Grand Prix of Roumania, &c., and finished third in the recent Tourist Trophy race. This car also did over 100 miles in one hour with full touring equipment.

On the Frazer Nash-B.M.W. stand, too, are interesting examples of coachwork of the cabriolet type, which is becoming increasingly popular in this country. It is considered that these will be among the finest examples of convertible coachwork on show. Those interested in technical matters will find one of the most successful solutions of the problem of independent wheel suspension on the B.M.W. chassis. This springing system contributes towards the amazing cornering and road-holding capabilities of this car, while the long-wheelbase models have an interesting system of torsion-bar springing at the rear.

The reduction in motor car taxation, which took place a few years ago, together with the general trend towards higher-powered cars, has brought the large transatlantic automobile once more into favour. The Chevrolet cars, sold in this country by Pass & Joyce, Ltd., of Orchard Street, W.1, are of Canadian build, and may therefore be regarded as Empire products. Their design, of course, is dictated by U.S.A. standards, and is intended to provide satisfactory transport anywhere in the world. The Chevrolet is a fine, upstanding motor car with immensely strong monopiece steel body. Independent front wheel suspension by enclosed coil springs, and powerful overhead-valve engines are outstanding chassis features. The prices, which are not available at the time of writing, are, I believe, decidedly moderate.

THE ALVIS (BELOW) HAS HELD AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THE RANKS OF THE SPORTS CAR FOR MANY YEARS, AND THIS 4-CYLINDER 12/70 FOUR LIGHT SALOON (£435) IS WORTHY OF ITS FINE TRADITION





THE NEW SERIES III MORRIS "TWELVE-FOUR" SALOON IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY

On Stand 103 at Earl's Court the various Hudson models are sure to attract interest. They are all high-powered cars on typical American lines, and many original features are to be found in their specifications.

The name of Buick is honoured wherever cars are known. Some of the larger models of this firm's make represent the last word in silence and luxurious comfort. The chassis are long enough to carry extremely roomy coachwork, and comfortable riding over the worst surfaces is ensured by the Buick system of independent front wheel suspension and large balloon tyres.

BARKER Coachwork

ACKNOWLEDGED THE WORLD'S BEST

MOTOR SHOW EARLS COURT *Stand* 23
Also on ROLLS-ROYCE *Stand* 83

Barker Limousine de Ville on 40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce Phantom III Chassis.



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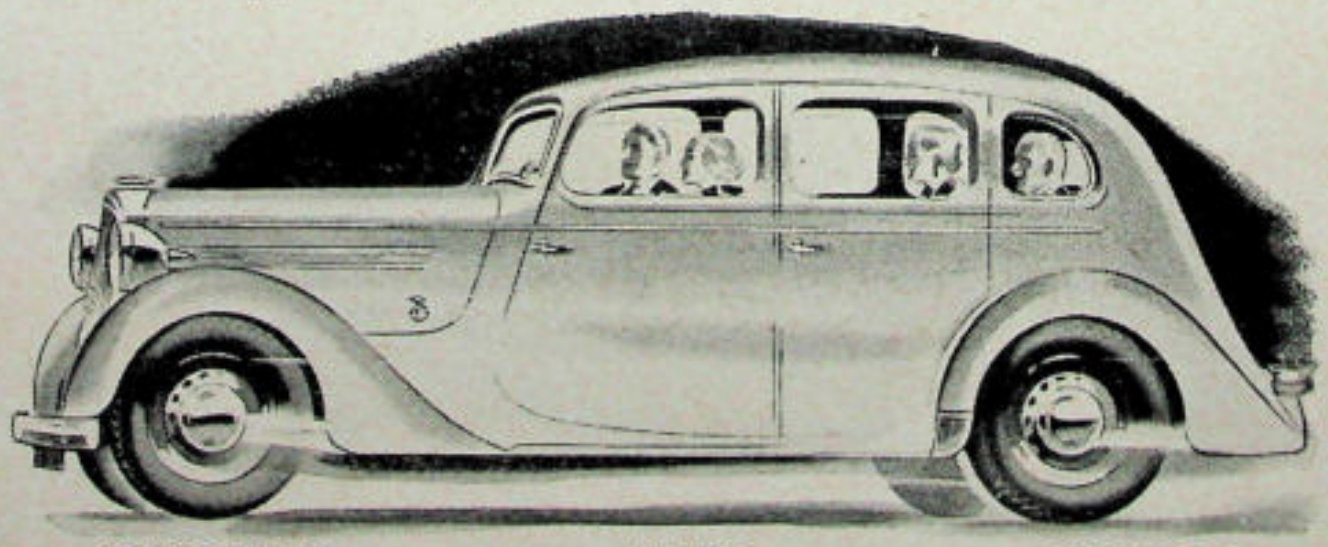
SEE THE NEW SINGER AND YOU WILL DECIDE TO BUY ONE

SINGER

STAND No. 91 EARL'S COURT

The first "luxury" car at a popular price

THE new Singer models make possible the ownership of a car of remarkable distinction in appearance, comfort and performance hitherto unobtainable except at much higher initial outlay and upkeep. For their unprecedented luxury of equipment and exceptional efficiency they prove an outstanding attraction at Earl's Court.



THE NEW TWELVE SALOONS

The British Twelve with the amazing performance. Two models—Twelve h.p. Saloon and Super Twelve Saloon. Super Twelve Saloon is complete with every item of equipment for the discriminating motorist. Expensive VAUMOL hide seating. Ample luggage accommodation. New imposing frontal appearance. Super Twelve Saloon, price £224. Twelve h.p. Drophead Coupé, price £279.

FROM **£229**

THE NEW TEN SALOONS

Britain's most comfortable 10 h.p. Saloon. Entirely new production. Two models—the Ten h.p. Saloon and the Super Ten Saloon. The Super Ten is the most luxurious car in its class. Spacious four-door body. Ample room for four. First low-priced "Ten" to have the expensive VAUMOL real hide seating. Super Ten Saloon, price £159.

FROM **£169 10s.**

THE NEW BANTAM SALOONS

The car of great reputation with many new and important features. Entirely new 9 h.p. engine with three-bearing crankshaft for greater smoothness and acceleration. More imposing radiator and bonnet. Ample room for four persons. The extra space, extra power, extra safety and powerful lighting of a much more expensive car. Bantam two-door De Luxe Saloon, price £149 10s.

FROM **£139 10s.**

You are cordially invited to arrange a trial run with your local Singer Dealer, the Singer London Showrooms at 56-59, Park Lane (Grosvenor 2705) or Singer Motors, Ltd., Coventry

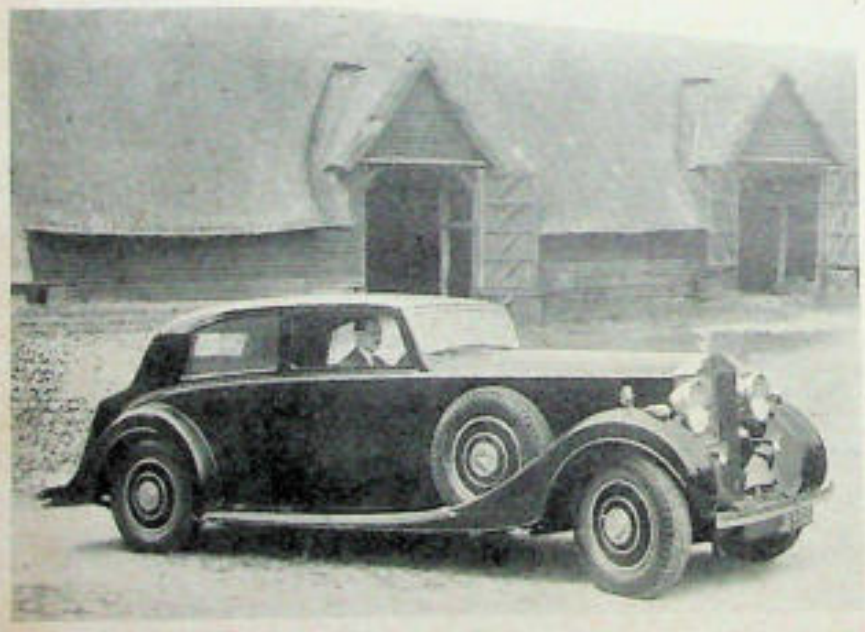
"THE FORM, THE FORM ALONE IS ELOQUENT"

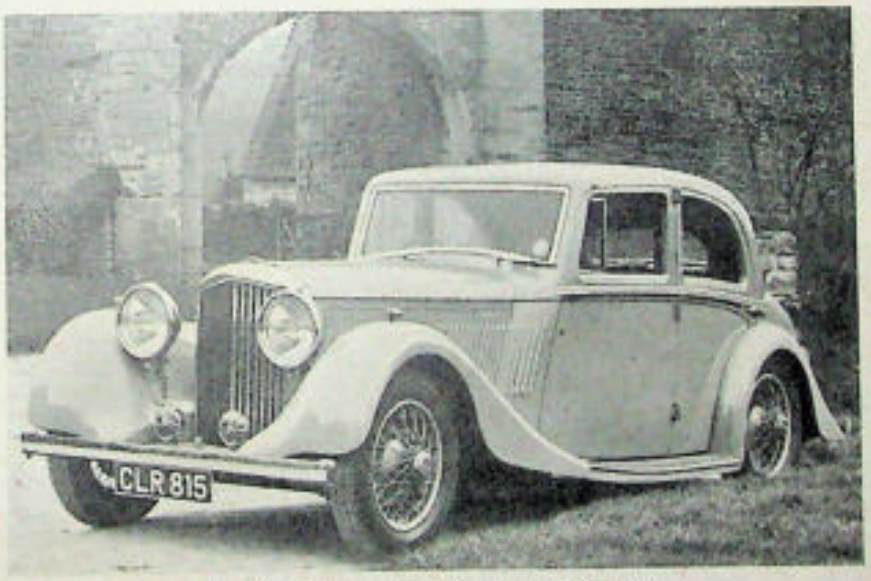




COACHWORK BY THREE FAMOUS FIRMS

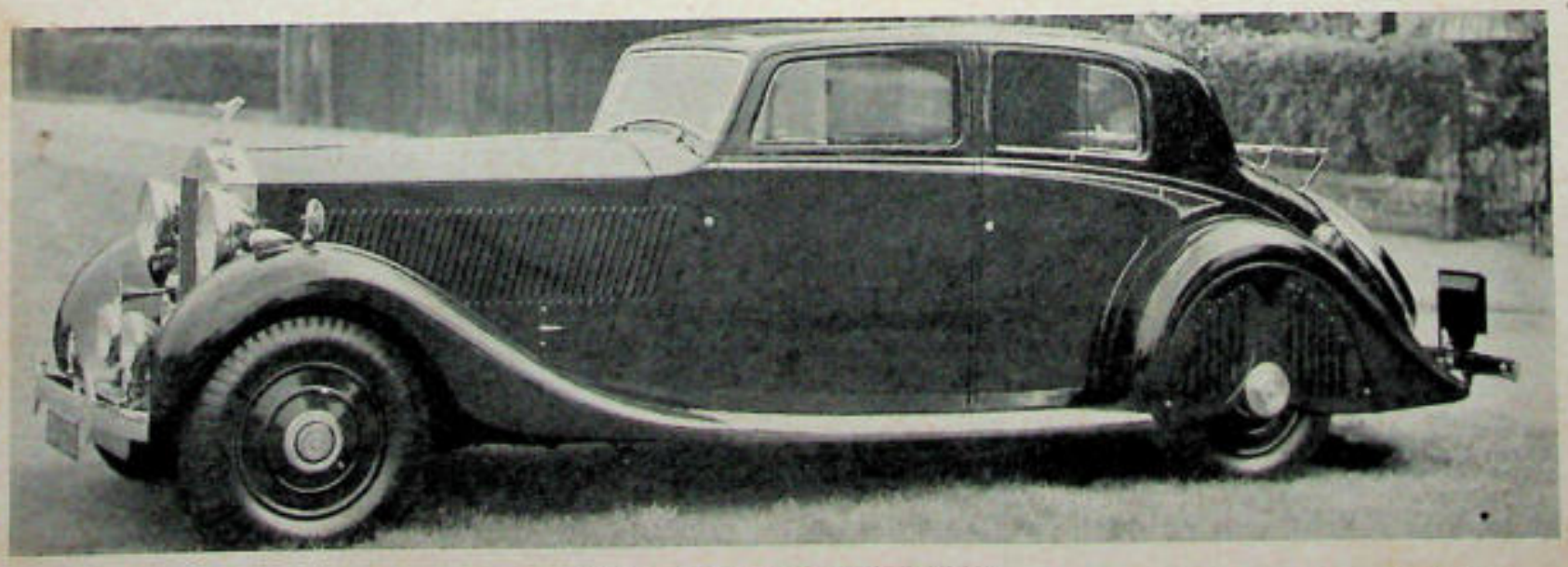
Above is a well-planned Sedanca Coupé body on a Bentley chassis. It has a fixed rear quarter and is the work of H. R. Owen. The 40/50 h.p. Rolls Royce seen on the right has recently been supplied to H.H. the Aga Khan by Hooper. It is a Saloon de Ville seating six (including driver). Another fine example of coach building is seen below. It is Jack Barclay's own Phantom III Rolls Royce, the body-work being by Mulliner. The photo-graph was taken outside the fine old Tithe Barn at Wendens Ambo in Essex





A BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL-LOOKING CAR

The attractive coachwork on this 4½-litre Bentley is by the famous firm of Barker



A VERY SUCCESSFUL COACHWORK DESIGN

Stylish dignity characterises this very handsome and luxurious four-five seater Sporting Limousine by Thrupp & Maberley on a 30-50 h.p. Rolls Royce Phantom III chassis recently supplied to Countess Hungwitz-Reventlow



yes! I've bought a

TRIUMPH

I'm hard on cars — expect a lot from them — drive every day — business and pleasure — long distances, too. My car must be a good looker as well as one that I can drive as hard as I like for as long as I like. Oh yes! Very definitely the car for me is a TRIUMPH



The 14/60 Triumph-Dolomite Saloon - £348

Other Triumph models are:

Triumph-Dolomite 1½-litre Saloon - **£318** Triumph-Vitesse 14/60 Sports Saloon - £298
Triumph-Dolomite 2-litre Saloon - **£388** Triumph-Vitesse 2-litre Sports Saloon - £338
Triumph-Gloria Fourteen Six window Saloon £288

"THE SMARTEST CARS IN THE LAND"

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Patrons: Their Majesties The King and Queen

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MOTOR EXHIBITION

Private Cars and Carriage Work; Boats and Marine Engines; Caravans and Trailers; Service and Garage Equipment; Components, Accessories and Tyres; Working Exhibits; Sir Malcolm Campbell's Speed Boat "Blue Bird."

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Official Catalogue 1/6 post free.
EXTENSIVE CAR PARK, controlled by the R.A.C. adjoins the Exhibition.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 14
The customary charge for admission on the opening day conveys the privilege of free admission for a lady accompanied by a gentleman.

New Venue



EARLS COURT

LONDON, S.W. C.D.C.

To be followed by The COMMERCIAL MOTOR TRANSPORT EXHIBITION, NOV. 4-13



THE 2-LITRE TRIUMPH DOLOMITE SELLING AT £288

SMART CARS FOR THE INDIVIDUAL TASTE

Something a Little Out of the Ordinary

THERE is undoubtedly a market for cars that are unusual and offer either in performance, appearance, furnishing or finish something that is different and appeals to individual taste.

Of course, the price of a "fancy" as opposed to a "utility" car is higher. But some of us will pay quite a lot more to be out of the rut.

When considering the kind of motor car that meets the demand of the man and woman of strong individual taste, such names as Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Daimler, Lagonda, Armstrong Siddeley and Autovia suggest themselves in the larger class. In the medium class Rover, Lanchester, Packard, A.C. and the smaller Armstrong Siddeley and Daimler models are typical examples.

I have driven all except one of these cars considerable distances during the last twelve months, and the fact that without referring to notes I retain a vivid impression of their various characteristics proves they possess a very definite individuality.

The Phantom III Rolls-Royce with a close-coupled Barker body is notable for its amazing steadiness and control at any speed. Though it is a big car, it handles almost as lightly and certainly responds to the controls as instantaneously as a small car. You can drive it at express speed across a continent in a day without fear or fatigue. Its individual front wheel suspension affords unparalleled comfort in front and rear seats, while its powers of acceleration and braking are of the very highest order.

The Bentley, of course, is a more compact sort of car, of almost equivalent performance to that of the Phantom III and appealing to those who want individuality and quality in a rather different sphere of activity.

Another exceptionally fine car is the Straight Eight Daimler. It is capable in some body forms of speeds of approximately 90 miles an hour and is in every respect a highly refined piece of mechanism. Like all Daimler and Lanchester models its design incorporates the famous fluid flywheel transmission, which personally I think has few rivals on the score of convenience and certainty of operation. With the fluid flywheel, which also serves as an automatic clutch, idling is dead silent and the pick-up from a standstill on any gear is smooth and progressive. Furthermore, traffic driving is reduced to a two-pedal control, the driver operating brake and accelerator alone. Gear pre-selection is controlled by a lever placed conveniently on the off-side of the steering column so that there is scarcely need even to let go of the wheel when choosing the next gear.

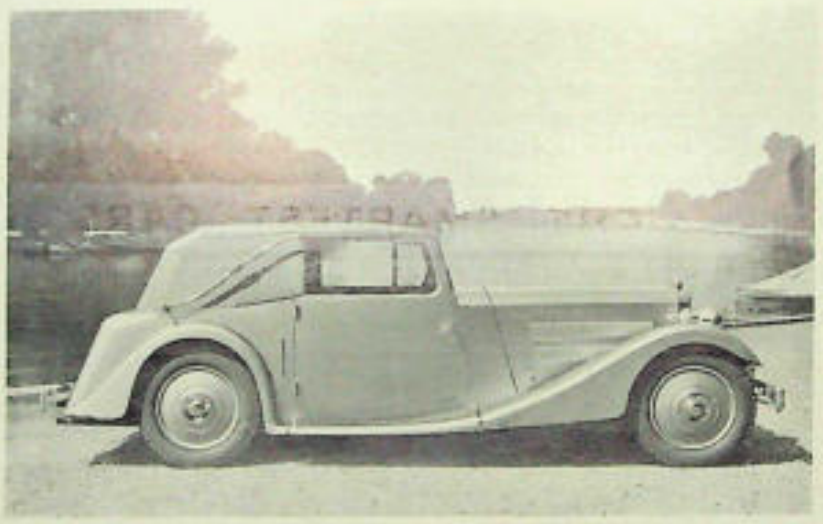
Of particular interest this year is the new Daimler 15 which recently made its appearance with individual front wheel suspension. Knowledgeable experts state that this model is one of the sweetest running they have ever driven. For those requiring a rather less expensive car built by the same company, I commend the Lanchester 14 Roadrider. This, too, has the fluid flywheel transmission and, as its name infers, is noted for its splendid stability on the road.

A car that has made a tremendous reputation among experienced motorists is the Packard. A friend of mine wanted to buy a car of about £500 and, after trying practically everything on the market in this class, decided on a Packard. One of the foremost and certainly most reliable motoring critics, a man, mark you, who sticks to facts and hardly ever praises, recently wrote of this Packard that it was a car that any maker in England would be proud to sell for £1,000. That it cost in England about half that amount and was sold in America for about one-fifth. I have driven my friend's car and noted the precision with which all the controls work, the rock-steady smoothness of the engine and its generally pleasant manners on the road.

One of the technical topics at this year's exhibition will be the pros and cons of individual suspension. There are two schools of thought on this subject. One says the new suspension gives greater safety, control and riding comfort in front and back seats. The other that equal qualities can be provided by the correct design based on orthodox lines. And that in any case roads are so good in this country that the added complication of individual wheel springing is not worth it.

A stout supporter of "individualism" in this respect is the Humber Company, who have still further perfected their even-keel suspension and standardised it on the larger Hillman cars as well. Having tried these cars, I can state that rear seat comfort is enormously increased. The system eliminates sick-making undulations and seems to pin the car to the road.

But apart from this both the large and smaller Humbers are noted for their absolutely first-class finish, fittings and furnishing. It is hard to say exactly what it is, but you have only got to open a Humber door and look inside the car to be impressed with the quality and comfort of every detail. The depth of the seats, resilience of the cushions, perfect taste and practical utility of the fittings, the roominess of the interior, the restful and refined treatment of colour schemes and decor appeal simultaneously to mind and body. They are certainly cars for people of taste.



AN A.C. "ACE" 4-SEATER DROPHEAD COUPÉ SELLING AT £520
This car won two first-class awards at the Eastbourne Concours d'Elegance

Several other cars deserve mention on account of their individualism. Armstrong Siddeley, for instance, have come out with a new "balanced drive" which is claimed to give the most refined running. In short, they now build their famous self-changing gearbox in one unit with the engine, and dispensing with a flywheel in favour of an automatic clutch, use the gear in its place. Their new Town and Country Saloon, in which a division is combined with an adjustable front seat, is an innovation well worth seeing.

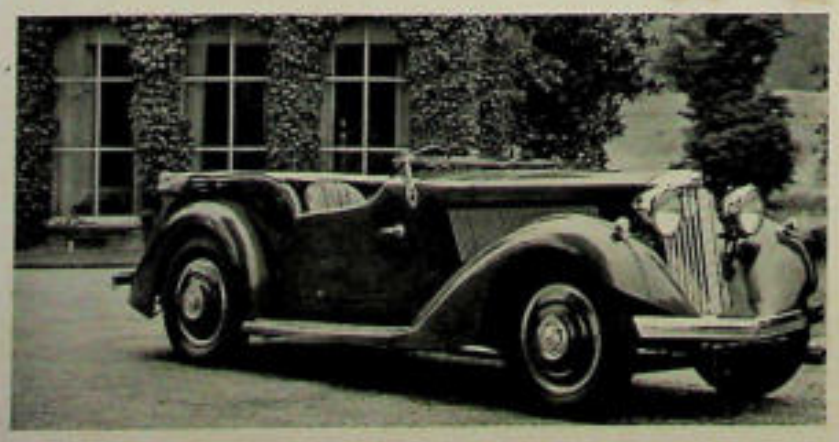
Another fine car that sticks in my mind is the Lagonda. I have not tried W. O. Bentley's new 12-cylinder, but the 4¼ litre six-cylinder's immense flow of power, exceptional steadiness aided by controllable shock absorbers, and instant and accurate response to steering and brakes impressed me immensely.

Another car that conveyed a similar sort of impression is the Alvis. I have tried two different models recently and hear excellent reports of their latest type which I have not tried. On one model I remember the limpet grip of the road produced by individual suspension, silent and snappy gear change and fine control. Maximum speed was in the region of 90 m.p.h. and was available without any anxiety on the part of driver or passengers.

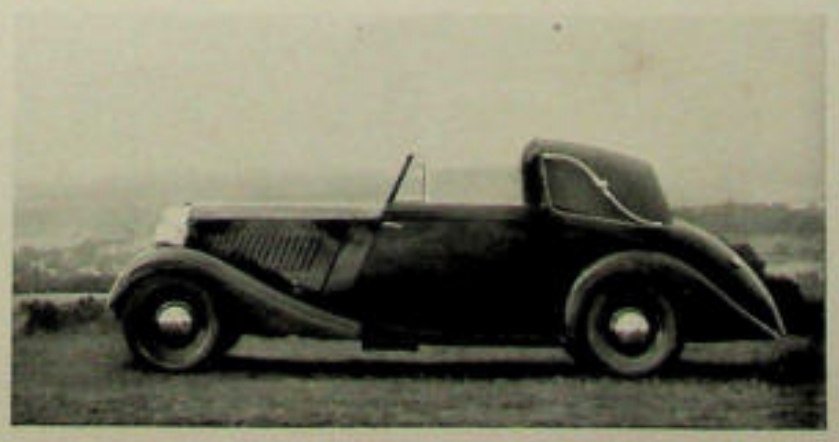
Two medium-powered cars of note are the Rover and A.C. Both are built to a high standard of excellence and intended to appeal to the man who appreciates something a little bit better than the ordinary. Rover have had another extraordinarily successful season and in this class in many people's opinion represent the best. A.C.s also make a special appeal to those who want individuality in style and performance.

One other car deserving mention is the new V.8 cylinder Autovia. It costs just under £1,000, does 80–85 m.p.h. on fourth and 65 m.p.h. on third. Made in a special factory in limited quantities by highly trained specialised craftsmen, it is sponsored by Mr. Victor Riley, one of the oldest and most experienced pioneers in the British motor industry. The latest model is available with a four-speed synchromesh gear or self-changing box.

CAMSHAFT.



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THE POPULAR RAILTON COUPÉ, A CAR OF SMART DESIGN



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BY

H. J. MULLINER

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THE "GOODWOOD," LIKE ALL AUSTIN PRODUCTS, IS NOTABLE FOR COMFORT AND RELIABILITY

A RANGE OF MEDIUM-PRICED CARS

Attractive Propositions for the Family Man

THOSE manufacturers who cater for motorists who want something rather better than the lowest-priced vehicles have set out this year to give more room and greater comfort, together with absolute dependability. Two outstanding examples of the new trend are to be found in the new Eighteen and "Big Seven" Austins.

The former has an extremely large body mounted on a chassis of 10ft. 3in. wheelbase, so that seven people can really be carried in comfort. By advancing the engine mounting, the Austin designers have found it possible to seat the driver and front passengers 9in. further forward than in previous models, with the result that all passengers are seated well within the wheelbase and greater comfort is ensured. No attempt has been made to provide an unnecessarily long and imposing bonnet, so visibility from the driving seat is greatly improved, a wider and longer and more foot room has thus been given. This new model is a little larger than the Austin Seven, but smaller than the popular Austin Ten, while the tax—£6 per annum—is the same as that of the previous model. In appearance the "Big Seven" is attractive; the spare wheel is concealed behind the rear panel of the body, which lets down to provide a useful luggage grid. Large balloon tyres and easy-clean spoked steel wheels simplify maintenance, and all the instruments are grouped in front of the driver, while the sun visor and sliding roof can be manipulated with one hand. Visibility from the driving seat also is excellent. As a sliding-head saloon the "Big Seven" Austin sells at £161.

One of the reasons for the popularity of Rover cars is their unfailing reliability and long-wearing qualities. This is in large measure attributable to the fact that, despite the increasing demand for their products, the Rover Company firmly keep to their policy of quality production, in which every car receives equal individual attention at each stage of its construction. In consequence the output is limited, and, although many would-be purchasers have been disappointed, it is not proposed to change over to quantity production. It is also part of the Rover policy to avoid making any changes in design merely for the sake of change. The result is that, fundamentally, Rover models remain as they were last year, although several worth-while minor improvements have been incorporated. The main difference between the 1937 and 1938 models is in the altered bonnets. The 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. models now have plain bonnet-sides, while small door-type ventilators are provided on the 16 h.p. and 20 h.p. cars. D.W.S. hydraulic jacks have been added to the specifications of the 16 h.p. and 20 h.p. models and Avon Duo-tread tyres, which reveal a new non-skid tread when the old one has worn away, are standard. Rover cars on show include a green Ten saloon, priced at £255, a 12 h.p. sports saloon finished in grey at £310, and several other attractive models.

The six main types of Standard cars cover all the most popular classes. Nine cars are on view, at prices ranging from £152 10s. for the Flying Standard Nine to £325 for the 20 h.p. V-8. The frontal appearance of all models has been made similar by the standardising of the distinctive radiator grille, the shell and central bar of which are finished in colour, while the vertical slats are chromium-plated. The all-steel saloon bodies are of one-piece construction, tremendously strong and made silent by the extensive use of sound-insulating substances throughout. The floors are flat, the entrances wide and the running boards have been eliminated, simplifying getting in and out.

On the Twelve and the V-8, pistol-grip parking-brake handles are provided below the dash, and on all models from the Twelve upwards there are telescopic steering columns enabling the steering wheel to be raised or lowered to suit individual tastes.

The new season's Rileys are particularly interesting in many respects. For one thing there is an entirely new model built in response to the demand for big four-cylinder cars similar to those popular a few years ago. This is a 16 h.p. car with dual overdrive transmission, which provides five forward speeds with only three gear-lever positions. The overdrive on what would normally be the middle and top gears on a three-speed box is obtained automatically when the accelerator pedal is released. Four types of saloon bodywork are available on the 16 h.p. chassis, of which typical examples are the touring saloon at £385 and the Kestrel at £415.

The well-known Riley Nine is now no more, its place being taken by the increasingly popular 1½-litre four-cylinder car. The lowest-priced model is now £345 and takes the form of a roomy four-seater saloon with exceptional luggage accommodation. The coachwork has been considerably improved, higher quality leather being used throughout, even on the door panels. The chassis remains practically unaltered, but considerably more power has been obtained as a result of modifying the cylinder head and induction system. A new form of engine mounting damps out what little vibration the power unit may develop and special efforts have been made to render the body absolutely silent. The frontal appearance of the Rileys has been altered by the addition of chromium slats to the radiator, the use of straight bumpers and regrouping the horns and fog-lamps. Purchasers have the option of an epicyclic pre-selective transmission or the new dual overdrive. The eight-cylinder 18 h.p. car has not been altered in design and sells at £475.

JEHU.



THE SINGER SALOON—A CAR WHICH HAS MANY DEVOTEES



THE HILLMAN FOURTEEN, A STURDY CAR, SELLING AT £248



ONE OF THE POPULAR FLYING STANDARD V-8s



THE LODGE C.3—A PLUG THAT HAS MADE HISTORY IN THE MOTORING WORLD

ACCESSORIES CAN MAKE OR MAR A CAR

World-Famous Names in the Motor Industry

ENGINE, transmission, frame, body, wheels. But a car is much more than that, for woven into its construction are scores of fittings and accessories by the success or failure of which the reputation of a car largely stands or falls.

Instruments come to mind at once as an example. To-day we rely on the petrol gauge down to the last drop and are seldom let down. Time was when they used to fail, as did wipers, horns and bulbs. But to-day the instrument and accessory makers have attained very nearly the standard of reliability set by the petrol engine itself.

Thus the reputation of a car largely depends on the service its accessories give. And as the manufacturer cannot make specialised parts he has to rely for his lighting, ignition, glass, tyres, &c., on other makers. World famous names such as Lucas, Lodge, Exide, Triplex, Dunlop, instantly spring to the mind in this connection. If you wander round the accessory stands at Earl's Court you will find them there, and in their own particular sphere their exhibits are just as interesting as the cars themselves. Talk to the attendants and you will realise in their first few sentences what an amount of patient research, expense and skill has been expended on those gadgets you take so much for granted. For behind each one of those stands is a great factory filled with modern and intensely accurate machinery, staffed with skilled engineers, chemists and experts in many different departments of engineering.

Why, even the petrol and oil you use so thoughtlessly, are being constantly improved in specification in order to give your engine a better performance, longer life, and still more freedom from deposit. Even to-day I wonder if we pay as much attention as we should to the diet we give our cars. Go to a firm like Shell or Wakefield, tell them something about your car's performance and ten to one the expert on the stand can give you advice that will materially improve things. There is nothing unusual about this, for it is only natural that a man whose whole life is devoted to studying petrol or oil should know far more about it than you do.

Then, of course, there are accessories that, while not essential to the running of a car, are valuable additions to pleasanter motoring. The exhibition is full of them—a wonderful tribute to man's ingenuity in discovering and then fulfilling new needs. With the advent of winter thoughts naturally turn to things like rugs, non-skid devices for use on snow and ice, radiator cosies, fog-piercing lamps, anti-frosting preparations for the windscreen, and so on. And mention of non-skid devices reminds me of our old and trusted friend, the Parsons chain, now improved and simplified in comparison with the models we used to wrestle with in the old days. Rugs naturally suggest the Motoluxe pattern, a boon when icy blasts come shooting in through doors that don't quite fit. Let us have a look at some of these things in detail. On the Triplex stand there are sun vizors, louvre lights and dazzleproof back lights, all made of this famous safety glass, a standard equipment on practically every British car. When smashed toughened Triplex crushes harmlessly into tiny fragments, and by so doing must have saved thousands upon thousands of lives on land, sea and in the air.

Plugs have improved enormously during the past few years. Unfairly, I ran a set 18,500 miles without removal. Of course it was foolish, because I should have got better results by setting the gap occasionally. If you want a plug gauge, the Lodge people are giving them away to early callers at their stand where experts are ready to discuss all kinds of ignition problems with you. An interesting novelty on this stand is the new C.12 plug, a size smaller even than the baby C.14, and one used on the 500 Fiat.

A new idea in non-skid chains is shown on the Parsons stand. Instead of the chain being made in one piece as on the zig-zag pattern, the improved tyre grip consists of a number of units, each of which, complete with two chains that lie across the tread of the tyre, can be quickly, easily and safely attached to the wheel. This new idea strikes me as being far simpler and more convenient to operate than its predecessors.

An extremely interesting demonstration is found on the Shell Mex and B.P. stand. It consists of a wear and lubricant testing machine which actually shows through a microscope the degree of wear which takes place under exactly similar conditions of heat, pressure and speed. It is called the Smith machine, and is the only one of its kind in existence.

Another interesting demonstration is a film which explains the features of the winter grades of patent Castrol oil. And another film showing Sir Malcolm Campbell's record-breaking water speed dash is worth seeing. Visitors to the Wakefield stand will also receive a lubrication chart for their cars, showing at a glance the exact amount of the correct lubricant to use as well as how often to apply it to each working part.



THE LUCAS FOG LAMP AND PASS LIGHT WHICH IS DESIGNED TO MEET THE NEW ANTI-DAZZLE REGULATIONS

A battery with a two years' unconditional guarantee is the principal feature of the Exide stand. This double life battery largely owes its longevity to the principle of double separation, which almost entirely obviates the possibility of the plates short-circuiting internally.

In the tyre section the new Dunlop Fort now has sharp serrated edges and fine slots on the outer ribs with the object of giving a better road grip forwards and sideways. The casing, too, has been improved to resist the strain of modern high speeds. This new Fort tyre gives quiet running, longer life and greater resistance to skidding. In the Dunlop Company's garage equipment stand there is a gadget that every garage should have. Called the Air Control, it combines in one unit a connection, pressure gauge and deflator. The instrument is calibrated in 2lb. intervals from 10lb. to 140lb., and costs 2 gns. So you, who religiously have your tyres tested every week, need wait no longer while the mechanic removes the connection and runs round to the pump to read the pressure. This waste of time and effort always annoys me, and now there is no excuse for it.

Some years ago a friend introduced me to the Motoluxe clip-on rug made by Lee Brothers (Overwear) Ltd. There is a spring on the top of the rug which clips the waist, so that even when you stand up the rug stays put. It is an excellent thing for a passenger sitting beside the driver, and is equally useful when travelling by train, boat or 'plane. Models are made with pockets and zip fastenings. Another gadget made by the same people is a combined foot muff and hot water bottle.

MERCURIUS.



A LANCIA SALOON PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF BLEWBURY



A FOUR-SEATER OPEN TOURER FRAZER-NASH B.M.W.—AN ATTRACTIVE LIGHT CAR

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EARLS COURT STAND 291

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Ask your local Garage for full details, or write for full list of Agents and Battery literature.

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LUCAS C.A.V. ROTAX BATTERY SERVICE

JOSEPH LUCAS LIMITED BIRMINGHAM 19

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This England . . .



Naunton, in a fold of the Cotswolds—Glos.

THERE was a great American who wrote this of England: "There is only one England. Now that I have sampled the globe, I am not in doubt . . . That beauty which is England alone — it has no duplicate. It is made up of very simple details — just grass and trees, and roads and hedges . . . and churches and castles — and over it all a mellow dream haze of history." Thus Mark Twain. And he might rightly have added to his simple catalogue "and hop vines and barley and the brewing of Worthington," for these last are as English as any ivy'd church or moated castle—and, in their humble way, just as historic.

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AFTER THE "BALLYHOO"

Quiet Seamanship Brings Endeavour I Home Again

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING



ON HER WAY TO GOSPORT

IN what marked contrast to the utterly forced excitement in the Press which surrounded the return to our shores of Endeavour I stands the quiet competent seamanship of her master and crew. As one looks back over the sensational handling of the story, a sensation which was permitted to run a three-weeks' course instead of the more normal one of nine days, one cannot fail to be amazed at its details. First there was news of a broken tow-rope and a furious gale, the latter not an unusual incident of a September Atlantic crossing. Then the gale became a hurricane, again well within the bounds of probability to those whose sea experience had taught them to remember the old hurricane warning:

"June, too soon;
July, stand by;
August, look out you must;
September, remember;
October, all over."

September, remember?—There was always the strong chance of the tail-end of a West Indies "special" coming sweeping up the Atlantic coast, expending itself as it went but still keeping sufficient kick to be dangerous, especially in its wind-shifts. Then one heard that the towing ship Viva II could not find her tow, and after that the American coastguard service flashed on to the screen. Their ships searched and searched: the western part of the Atlantic was quartered and quartered again, but all without trace of Endeavour I.

The next stage in the story was tragic if its exploitation had not made it brutally cruel—the U.S. coastguard cutters were giving up the search and returning to their bases. We were told that there was a "slender" chance that the yacht, presumed to be dismasted by this time, would have been driven many, many miles from her course. We were told that *perhaps*—and it was always a big *perhaps*—she had been jury-rigged and was "limping" away to a calmer southern track for home; we were told that she might even be running back for Newport. Then silence descended upon the scene—just such a silence, let it be remembered, however, as invariably does descend upon the sea scene where as yet the word "ballyhoo" has found no place in a glossary of sea terms. The days passed without news, the voice of the announcer became more and more lugubrious. It must have reminded many an "old sweat" of the tones employed by the "ser'major" or the "C.I." when describing the movements of a funeral firing party.

Suddenly into this growing land-gloom burst the amazing Azores report that the missing yacht had been seen, had been found, was on her way on those southern tracks for home recommended for her from out of the armchairs. Everywhere there was a spontaneous jubilation and a very rightful expression of relief that a gallant ship that was tired should be returning in the Old Way.

The next phase: the Lutine Bell at Lloyd's is tolled and then to an astonished floor news is broken that almost for the first time in its history that House has been the victim of an unfounded report. How such a thing had come about still requires an effective explanation, for beneath this misadventure lay the cruellest of blows struck at homes as far apart as Looe and Tollesbury.

Once again gloom descended, and with every vessel in the Western Ocean keeping a good look-out for a ketch's canvas the announcers grew more and more funereal. Then, a couple of hundred miles or so west of the Fastnet, the master of the Cheyenne sights a ketch hull-down. He closes her and sees Endeavour I in fine fettle, bowling along unconcerned at a nice eight knots, and looking well nigh as spick and span as when she had dropped the port of Newport over her taffrail. "Aboard her all are well and unconcerned except for the worries of their folk at home. And, after all, this is the normal state of the real seaman's mind. The ship's company of the pacemaker had listened to a U.S. announcer giving them up for lost and because they could not give him a right royal piece of their forthright Looe and Tollesbury minds they had laughed at the joke. They knew, even if others did not, that as in Mark Twain's case the announcement was premature.

The Cheyenne's news was flashed home—and then the fun began. The poor ship ploughing her steady furrow with head winds on the last lap is thereafter pestered by aeroplanes, by movie-planes, by tugs proffering interviews, by tugs carrying photographers, by mobile broadcasting units, and the like. Here at home, in the absence of anything more sensational in the way of headlines, ink and newsprint dance a wild fandango. Fleets of craft put out to escort Endeavour on her last lap; like Nelson's Victory, and with every bit as much worship, she returns to Spithead and Portsmouth Harbour. Bunting waves; sirens split the air; more headlines, more interviews, more exclusive stories: Endeavour is home—and her captain and crew are obliged to decline the honour of a civic welcome. Could anything have put the whole matter more clearly into its right perspective? One can almost picture that grand Tollesbury skipper, Captain Heard, saying to himself, "What on earth is all this about?"

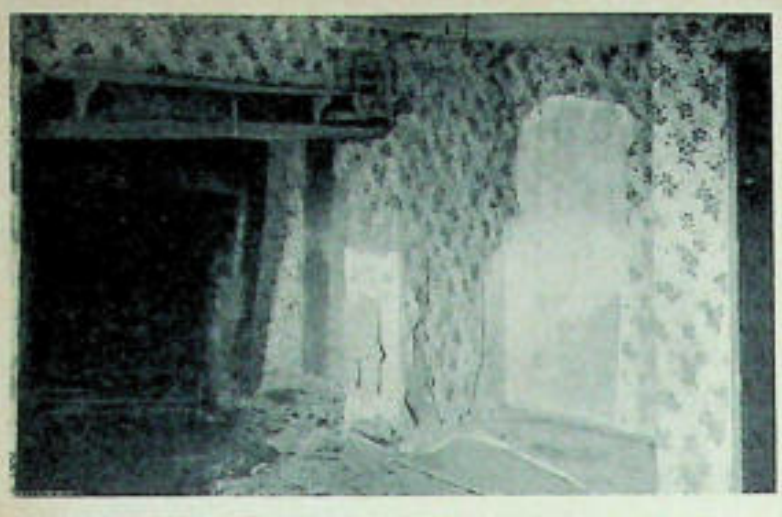
And well he might, and well might we all say the same. From such men as he one would *expect* the quiet, orderly seamanship of such a passage. Besides, much the same sort of thing had happened to him when outward bound, on that occasion also he had been obliged to finish the passage under his own sail. The homeward run had been a little longer, that was all. When that hurricane hit Viva and her tow and the tow-rope parted there would have been a slight time lag, maybe, before the accident was noted, but a long hawser such as was used would not flake back, it would drop into the sea forward, some hundred fathoms of it, maybe, and for a while would act as a drogue keeping Endeavour's head up to wind and sea while the regular sea anchor could be got up from below, and while steadying canvas was being bent.

Those who know the western ocean in its wild moments can picture well the great grey backs racing down, and those who know Endeavour and her type can picture her riding to them—wet without a doubt but very safe in the capable hands of her master. For a day she rides to her sea anchor and the tremendous task of getting the parted hawser aboard is taken in hand. It was recovered by a splendid sea effort, the water that had got below was pumped clear; during the continuance of the gale the ship was battened down and the watch below were below as is ever the case. Then the winds let up and course was laid for home. Within 48 hours she was apparently logging her seven knots; within ten days her speed was nearer ten. She had six weeks' stores and water aboard; if her rubber mast wedges were a little soft—chock them up with wooden wedges—and the log sings away at its own song astern.

She was making a voyage which 7-tonners have made in safety, which since the War countless yachts have made, which last year was used as a yachts' race course, which Mr. Lambert's Yankee also made under sail in 1935. She was doing just the same job which every America's Cup challenger has had to do in the past. And to those who knew the Atlantic, who knew the ship and who knew her skipper there was never the slightest doubt but that on the appointed day she would turn up off the Lizard—more than surprised at the doubting Thomases here at home. And of course that is what she did—a strenuous voyage carried through with quiet and efficient seamanship. To Captain Heard must go the seamen's credit, to Endeavour's builders and designers the credit for well and truly building their ship, to the "ballyhoo" dealers who exploited the adventure—!!!

In the end one sees again the age-old maxim proved that a fine, well-found ship in good hands does all that can be expected of her no more and no less. One is also reminded that in these days of steam the chances of a sailing vessel being sighted *on the ocean tracks of sail* are slender, and that in this affair of Endeavour's return the dealers in sensation perhaps owe much more to the passing of the tall sailing ships than they care to admit.

We regret that by an error, Mr. K. Adlard Coles's book, *Sailing and Cruising* (Batsford; 7/6) was referred to as *Cruising and Sailing* in our issue of July 10th, and are glad to make the correction.



A CORNER OF THE LIVING ROOM BEFORE STARTING OPERATIONS AND (BELOW) THE PORTION OF THE BIG LIVING ROOM TO-DAY WHICH WAS FORMERLY THE OLD CIDER CELLAR

CONDEMNED AND REPRIEVED

The Renovation of an Old Somerset Farmhouse

Considering the fate which awaits some of the most picturesque old country cottages and farm dwellings which are condemned by local authorities as unfit for habitation, the experiment here described is of interest. There are many dwellings of character and beauty which could be saved by renovation which would turn them into permanent or week-end country residences

WE wanted an old house of character, but we also wanted modern conveniences. Our little farmhouse was old enough; for 300 or 400 years its thick stone walls and thatched roof had housed succeeding generations. But of conveniences there were none, not even adequate light and fresh air.

Its owner decided that its usefulness had been outlived; he gave orders for its demolition, so that the stone might be put to better use. We found it just in time, fell in love with the mellow roof-line and the simplicity of proportion and, to the bewilderment of the village, we bought it in all its disrepair.

Even our optimism quailed at first before the problem of modern conveniences. The downstairs floors were of rough, uneven stone; there was no sink, and water was pumped up from a well in the backyard—no taps, of course. Naturally there was neither indoor sanitation nor any kind of a bath, and we simply had to have both.

But after we had sketched out the existing plan and studied it we began to see our way. On the opposite page is shown the original plan, except that in the drawing walls are straight, instead of waved, as they should be.

There were three main rooms on the ground-floor—a kitchen, with open hearth fire and a wonderful old roasting jack suspended from the chimney over it; a living room with a narrow stairway leading from it, and out of this room a third, almost too dark to see across, which had been used as a cider cellar. An interesting old stone stairway, long unused and blocked with rubbish, led to the room above. At the back of the house there was a dairy with a lean-to passage-way leading to a wash-house which projected beyond the other end of the house. On the first floor were three good bedrooms and one small one.

All the walls were of stone, varying from 2ft. to 2ft. 6in. in thickness. There were no foundations in the modern sense of the word, the base of the walls being very little below ground level. But experience has taught us that such walls compare very favourably with newer brick and damp-coursed walls.

The second plan shows the house as altered. As we needed all the bedroom accommodation and also had to cut plumbing costs to a minimum, we decided on a downstairs bathroom. To get this we raised the outer wall of the lean-to passage (7ft. 6in. wide), and divided this passage into a small kitchen and a most convenient bathroom. A separate w.c. was built into the wash-house (see plan) and approached through the bathroom.

The bathroom took easily a full-sized porcelain-finished bath, lavatory basin and roomy airing cupboard; all sanitary fittings were of best quality. It will be noticed that the bathroom is mentioned as the first of all our alterations, because we looked upon it as the most important. There is no reason why sanitary arrangements, even right out in the country away from company's water, should not be as convenient and up to date as in any town house.

A 100-gallon tank was installed in the roof of the lean-to and the well water conveyed to it by an easily-worked semi-rotary pump. This supplied water to the cooker-heater range which gave constant hot water for sink and bathroom, and it fed the lavatory cistern.

The kitchen was small (by country standards), but for modest needs it gave all the room required. A serving-hatch through to the living room was wide enough, thanks to the thickness of the wall, to allow a shelf for storing cruets, sauces, sugars and so on, and there was room on the lower part for silver and cutlery trays. The kitchen was fitted with a portable range and a sink with hot and cold water, chromium-tapped.

The old kitchen, with new metal casement windows, was transformed into a light and pleasant study. Living room and cider cellar were thrown into one and the staircase shut away, as shown in the plan. Again new windows were put in, and a long, low and gracious room was the result. The ancient stone stairway was cleared and brought into use as an approach to the bedrooms above.





THE DERELICT AND THE FARM NINE MONTHS AFTER THE ALTERATIONS WERE STARTED

The garden has been grassed over and rose beds, tulip beds and herbaceous borders laid out. To the right is the sun room built over the garage, its further side faces the sea





THE ORIGINAL BACK OR ROAD FRONTAGE AND THE SAME SHOWING THE LEAN-TO WHICH HOUSES KITCHEN AND BATHROOM. LATER THE SUN ROOM WAS BUILT ABOVE THE GARAGE

A wooden floor, laid on breeze and pitch, was substituted for the ancient flag-stones and these paved the courtyard admirably.

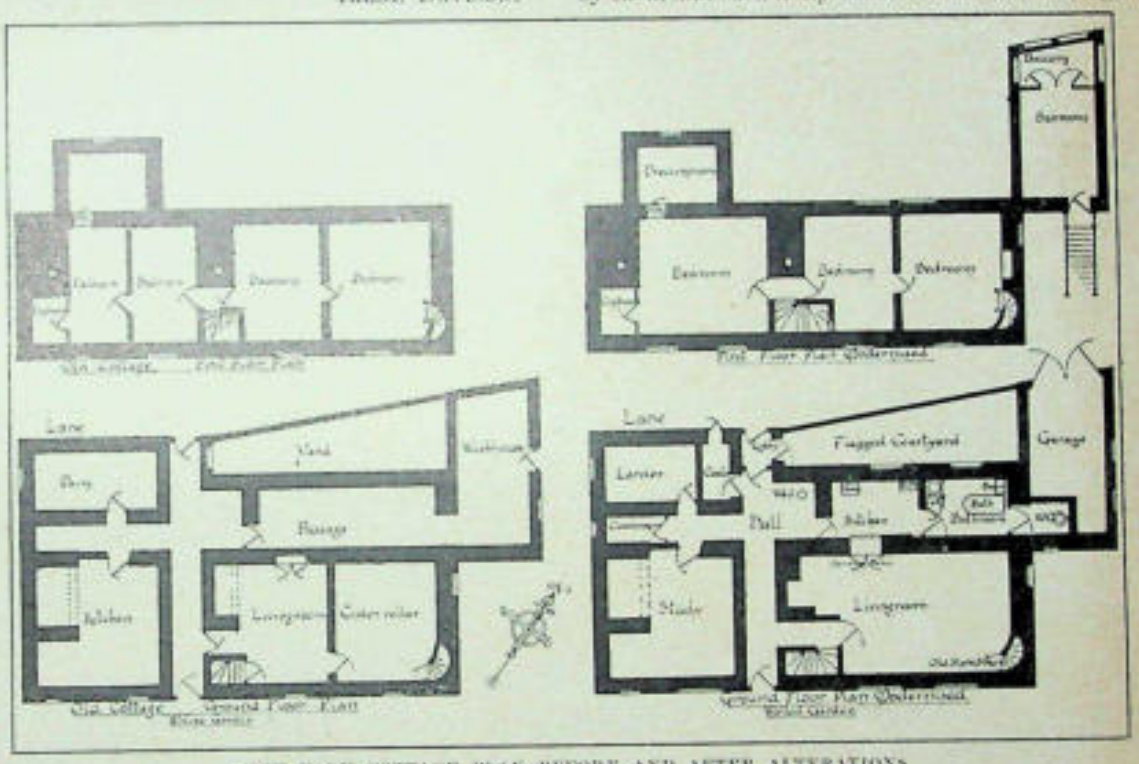
Upstairs there was little change, except for the removal of the partition from the west bedroom and the building-in of a new dormer window. The staircase was rebuilt so that its steepness was eased considerably.

The wash-house, now separated from the house by the building of the w.c., became a garage big enough for a large car and to allow storage space as well. Later, a sun-room was built over this garage, with a wide balcony looking over the Bristol Channel to the Welsh coast in the blue distance. The interior walls of the house were distempered throughout in a sunny cream-buff, with dark paint. A covering of roughcast, washed in the deep, rich cream characteristic of Somerset, protected the exterior walls from the weather.

We were sorry to lose the soft line of the thatched roof, but the only remaining thatcher within many miles was not available until "come next spring, seems like." Furthermore, renewals are costly and frequent—the old roof was just a starling colony. So tiles appeared the wiser choice, but they were genuinely old tiles, mellow in colour and lovely in texture.

Everything finished, we counted the cost; so different, always, from the estimate with which one starts light-heartedly. The total outlay, including, of course, the purchase price and the preliminary clearing of the pleasant walled garden, was within a few shillings of £850. For this we had a house which could not have been built for anything like that sum. It is cool in summer, warm in winter, easy to run and possesses that personality which seems to belong especially to very old houses.

IRENE DAVISON.



THE FARM COTTAGE PLAN BEFORE AND AFTER ALTERATIONS

WHERE POLO IS CHEAP

Play and Conditions in West Africa

By S. C. MASON

PROBABLY the cheapest polo in the world is now to be enjoyed in our West African colonies. Country-bred ponies can be bought amazingly cheaply, and there is a general understanding that the animals shall not be sold at a profit. This unwritten law is reinforced by many clubs, which have a system whereby funds are advanced for the purchase of ponies, on condition that they do not afterwards change hands at a higher figure.

Second-hand saddlery is usually to be obtained from club mates who are going on leave or retiring. Thus the novice's outlay need not be large. There are other economies. Fodder is cheap; groom's wages are low; and there is no shoeing-smith's bill, for the stallions are ridden unshod.

At most stations the game can be enjoyed nearly all the year round. The break caused by the rainy season is not a long one, and even then some schooling is possible.

The only fly in the ointment is the tsetse fly, but much research is taking place to combat this insect. Tsetse belts are very small in proportion to the area of the colonies, and already some districts that were once deadly for horses have been opened up. Enugu, the capital of Southern Nigeria, for instance, is completely surrounded by tsetse country, but the station itself is safe. Therefore ponies are now brought in by rail in insect-proof horse-boxes, and the local polo club is flourishing.

The keen club player, even though his handicap be zero, is the backbone of the game. In West Africa he has his problems, especially in starting his modest stable, but a general spirit of helpfulness and co-operation helps him to overcome them.

Horse-breeding is a monopoly of the native Emir, and is very carefully preserved. One can live on the "Coast" for years without setting eyes on a mare. It is seldom possible for a newcomer to the country to make the long journey to the horse-markets. But the secretary of a club will collect requisitions for ponies until he has six or eight on order. Then he writes to some kind friend far inland, asking him to select some likely animals and rail them down. On their arrival lots are drawn for their ownership. The cost of purchase and freight is pooled and seldom amounts to more than £12 or £13 per animal. Thus some welcome fresh blood is introduced to the club. Experienced players help willingly by schooling the new ponies.

A horse-boy's wages are about 30/- a month, and a corn ration is only about 6d. a day. Stables are simple affairs of mud and thatch. Thus the novice, after a few months, finds himself with three mounts, playing six chukkers on three days a week, and riding at the station races. All for about £7 per month!

Grounds in West Africa are unboarded. The white ants would make short work of wood. In districts far inland, near the edge of the desert, there is a great deal of dust towards the end of the dry season. Most of the vegetation is worn away by then, and each hotly-contested chukker is fought out in a realistic "fog of war." In the damper regions grass is much more luxuriant. The ground at Ibadan, in Southern Nigeria, when the writer last saw it, was a credit to the local committee. Beautifully green and nicely mown, it lies in the centre of a little racecourse with a background of palms and tree-covered hills. No more delightful situation could be imagined.

It is not surprising that several well-known polo players graduated in West Africa. The most famous is Captain P. B. Sanger, who served with the Royal West African Frontier Force, before he transferred from a British Army unit to an Indian Cavalry regiment. Most members of the "Waff" are keen players. The teams that represent Nigeria and the Gold Coast in the annual inter-colonial match are both largely military in composition. The organisation of tournaments is usually in the hands of the army headquarters staff of the colony.

But many Government officials and members of commercial firms take up the game. The work of the Hon. Harry B. Hermon-Hodge was famous in this connection. For many years he kept polo going at Ilorin, the capital of the province of which he was Resident. Lately, too, the game has found keen supporters among the native Hausa horsemen. The Emir of Sokoto, in Nigeria, has given every encouragement to a "Sokoto" team. It is composed of members of his family and court. After several attempts this team won the open tournament and was the first African combination to achieve this feat.

The Nigerian tournaments take place at Kaduna each autumn. There are some events confined to units of the Nigeria Regiment, and others open to all clubs in the protectorate. The popularity of these tournaments is evidence of the hold which the game has now obtained in the country.



THE 33¾-INCH LESSER KUDU

Record Heads

THE LESSER KUDU

By MANNLICHER

HAVING been asked to send a few of my African trophies to the Big Game Exhibition that is to be held in Berlin, I decided to send only what I consider my three finest specimens: a lesser kudu, shot in Somaliland over 40 years ago; a sable antelope, shot in North-west Rhodesia 32 years ago; and a white oryx, shot in Western Kordofan 27 years ago. The lesser kudu, so far as I know, has not been beaten, though the Natural History Museum contains one of similar length, though with much thinner and less massive horns, which I bought at a native store of horns, &c., in Aden 37 years ago for a few rupees and gave to the late Sir Guy Chetwynd, as I do not keep what I have not shot myself; while he, for similar reasons, presented it to the museum.

I have now been asked by the *Field* to give an account of the locality and circumstances in which I was fortunate enough to kill this fine specimen, the lesser kudu being chosen rather than the sable or white oryx because it is still about the best known, while the other two are only close up to the best. Each of these is a far more impressive head than a lesser kudu, being two of the most spectacular varieties in Africa. Yet the lesser kudu is one of the most beautiful of the medium-sized antelopes, and I have seen it described in two books as the most beautiful African antelope. They are also numerous in parts of Kenya, and, I believe, Tanganyika; but the heads are inferior to those from Somaliland. I landed at Berbera in February, 1896, with my friend the late George Darby, the best of companions imaginable on a long trip in the wilds. In a previous Somali expedition we crossed the Haud, a waterless, but far from barren tract, by the then little known Jam-s's route, ten days' march, with no water except what our camels carried.

On this trip I took the shortest route, via Hargeisa, only five days' march to the native wells at Milmil. From there we gradually worked our way to the Burka region, near the Shebeyli river, and not far south of the then Abyssinian border. Game was not so plentiful as on the previous trip farther south, but quality more than made up for quantity. Rhino were fairly common, also a few elephants, while in a wild hilly district called Daghato I killed one of the largest and best-maned lions I have seen, after some eight hours' spooring, ending in a most exciting finish. I intentionally visited Daghato, as some three months earlier, Captain R. had his gun-bearer killed at his elbow, so to speak, by, I believe, this lion, whose spoor was identified from a broken toe in a hind foot by a Somali with me who had been with Captain R. Lesser kudu were fairly plentiful, and I shot one with a 33¾in. head, equalling the then record. This was most satisfactory, but still better was in store. One morning, not long after, I started at 6 a.m. and soon found spoor of a small herd of elephants, which I proceeded to follow with my two Somali shikaris. In about two hours a tropical thunder-storm, lasting about ten minutes, drenched us to the skin; and then bright sun again, in which we soon dried our clothes. Starting again, we soon were on the spoor, deeply cut after the rain, and proving the elephants were not far ahead. About 10 a.m. I spotted a single lesser kudu buck about 400yds. away, which looked a real topper. Geli, my excellent first shikari, referred to in Swayne's book on Somaliland, was dead against my trying for the kudu and probably scaring the elephants right away.

However, I decided for the stalk, as such a head looked more desirable than a Somali elephant, as their tusks are small. After a careful stalk I killed the buck stone dead, and was delighted to find the head measured 35¼in., with exceptionally thick horns, 7¼in. at base; curiously enough, the same measure at base as the 33¾in. head, both being old bucks. This was the last lesser kudu I have ever fired at, never having seen or being likely to see his equal again. I am inclined to think that finer lesser kudu were to be found in this district, apart from my successes, than in the Golis range near the coast or in the Ogaden and other districts I visited in the previous trip. After skinning this fine head we took half an hour to have some lunch we had brought with us, and then took up the elephant spoor again. They were evidently travelling slowly, and about 2 p.m. I came up with the herd in rather wooded country with high grass. There seemed to be two bulls, and, so far as I could see, perhaps seven or eight cows.

I killed the two bulls; and after cutting off their tails I rested for half an hour, and then started for the long tramp back to camp, which we did not reach till 10 p.m., guided in the last hour by signal shots fired by George Darby, as, of course, we left the tusks to be fetched next day. I was too tired to face dinner, so had a tot of brandy, and lay on my bed for half an hour, resting and recounting to George the doings of this the longest day's hunting I ever did in Africa.

I think the 50in. sable gave me more satisfaction than any other head I have shot. Hearing that very fine sable were said to exist in the Mashikolumbwe country, some 150 miles north of Livingstone, I trekked north with a bullock waggon in June 1905, a first-class sable head my main objective. A head of 50¼in. in the Tring Museum was, I think, then the best, the giant sable of Angola, of course, excepted. I got a fine head of 47¾in. after two weeks' hard work, which pleased me greatly. About a week later, leaving camp at 5.30 a.m., in about an hour I spotted a small herd of sable, including two bulls. One bull, standing in profile, showed a really grand pair of horns, beautifully arched. Leaving my two boys behind me, I did a most careful crawl, and took my shot at about 140yds. Mortally wounded, he ran round in a circle, and as he passed about 80yds. away, I dropped him.

Carefully taping the head, I was delighted when it showed 50¾in., which had shrunk to 50in. when it reached Rowland Ward three months later.

The white oryx was the reward of perseverance. I returned a year later, and soon after reaching the oryx country, killed a nice head of 39in.

Later I came on a small herd with one exceptionally fine head. A misfire followed the stalk! They bolted, and taking up the spoor I came up with them again about five miles on. I knew this head was a topper. Rarely have I done a stalk with such extreme care, and getting up to about 130yds. I killed it instantaneously with my faithful .256. The head measured 43¼in.; the 1909 blank was, indeed, redeemed.

It is some consolation, when nearing the end of one's days, to be able to look back to such glorious times and the fine sport I enjoyed in many other parts of Africa before the inroads of civilisation so greatly changed everything. It was hard work in those days of long marches; nowadays motor cars, or even aeroplanes, take the sportsmen to and from their hunting grounds. I hope the Berlin Exhibition will prove a great success. I wish our Government would realise that really friendly relations between England and Germany would prove the surest bulwark to peace in Europe.



HORSE-SENSE IN THE ROW

"So you didn't go to the party last night?"

"*On the contrary, my dear Peter. I had a whale of a time — stepped a pretty measure with some of the lovelier lovelies, threw myself heart and soul into the fun and games and withdrew to my mossy cell at 2 a.m.*"

"Well — I certainly didn't expect to see you in the ring at this early hour — what did you drink — lemonade?"

"*If you must know, Peter — gin and Rose's. Got the tip from an Indian Chief whose life I saved. 'Patrick, me boy,' he said, as he lay dying. . .*"

"Thought you saved his life? Seriously, Pat, is there something in this lime juice story. . . .?"

"*There is. It neutralizes the after-effects of C_2H_5OH. Prevents mornings-after.*"

"That's worth knowing. *Stand, Silver! Stand still boy.* Silver's anxious to be off. See you later. Cheero!"

SHORT DRINK — *2 parts Rose's, 3 parts gin*
LONG DRINK — *add soda*

Letters to the Editor

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

ECLIPSE PLUMAGE IN DRAKES

SIR,—I see that Lord William Percy in a letter of September 18th challenges my statement in a brief study of "Eclipse Plumage in Drakes" that the eider drake can fly at every stage of its eclipse.

Whereas the theory of an article such as this is always open to criticism, its field observations are on the firm ground of a man's own eyes—and it may perhaps be noted here that my acquaintance with eider ducks is not that of scattered weeks and week-ends, but of living among them day in and day out over the year through.

Strangely enough, my interest in the eclipse was first aroused some years ago by a brochure of Lord William Percy's on this phenomenon. In this, if my memory does not fail me (and I stand open to correction), the writer stated that, to offset the conspicuousness of their dark plumages, the eclipsing drake eiders are in the habit of retreating far out to sea for the period of the eclipse. If this was stated, then clearly Lord William Percy is not concerned with the same species of eider as I am, for my observations in the Hebrides and Northumberland show that eclipsing drake eiders, mixed up with ducks and ducklings, pack on the reefs and sandbanks, sticking more closely to the shore than ever. I imagine that observers in other parts of the British Isles will bear me out here. Since the eider feeds only over a rocky floor it would, in any case, be unable to survive during the period of the eclipse on the open sea (unless it is held that the eider does not feed at this time).

And now, *re* this question of flight, it must first be noted that the eider's normal manner of flying is to paddle-plash over the surface of the sea for some distance before rising into flight, which is usually fast and direct a foot or two above the waves—indeed, I never recall seeing eider fly at any greater height than a couple of hundred feet, and that is very exceptional. In short, to achieve flight, the eider relies mainly on the impetus gained from the preliminary paddle-plash—after the manner of small divers. It is also a tame and not very agile duck. If, then, a pack of eclipsing drakes is ringed by a number of boats, it will be easy to drive these enfeebled birds ashore, as the Esquimaux do. To run down an eclipsing drake on the rocks is also easy, since even when in full plumage the eider has considerable difficulty in rising into flight from a rocky surface, where it can get no unimpeded preliminary run. In eclipse plumage such a feat is impossible.

If, however, any of those ornithologists, who have been "occasioned some astonishment" by my article, care to charter a fishing smack or a motor boat next August and, getting between a pack of drake eider and the shore, head them out to sea, they should find that, after much diving and shooting through the surface of the sea, the eider will eventually, after a long preliminary paddle-plashing and bouncing off the waves like a puffin, go whirring off, skimming the waves, on ridiculous little stumps of wing—unfeathered quills, white shafts at either extremity.

This question of flight or no flight is, after all, comparatively unimportant to my theme. I should be much more interested to hear some of the other "number of statements," if they are relative to my tenets of eclipse as a natural organic reversion of plumage rather than a protective device; and, though possibly I did not make this clear in my article, I was asking how many museums had eclipse skins of such ducks as mallard, not eider, which, of course, are very easily obtained.

Yours faithfully,
Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

SAVING THE IMPLACABLE

SIR,—I am writing in the hope that the *Field* may use its influence to help a cause which must greatly appeal to the hearts of its readers. Moored in Portsmouth Harbour lie the 74-gun ship of the line Implacable and the frigate Foudroyant. These two ships offer a floating holiday home to the sea-conscious youth of the nation, who are not well-off. Three hundred young people can be berthed at one time and taught the arts of rowing and sailing, together with the principles of seamanship. They sleep in hammocks and live in messes as in a man-o'-war. A large number of boats with qualified instructors are available for their use. They spend a holiday in a man-o'-war atmosphere, afloat in the premier port of the British Navy, amidst surroundings that are saturated with the sea history of the nation. These boys and girls enjoy every moment of this holiday, they develop a real love of the sea, and they gather memories which they will never lose.

One thousand five hundred boys and girls will have spent holidays on board the ships during the present year. They come from all parts of the United Kingdom, and when they return to their homes, which may be far inland, they carry with them and spread among their friends an understanding of what the sea means to Great Britain. The upkeep of these ships with staff and boats costs £3,000 a year, most of which has to be raised by subscriptions and donations. The boys and girls pay for their food, but they cannot afford to contribute towards the overhead expenses and salaries. The whole establishment lives from hand to mouth, and at the present moment is so hard up that unless help is forthcoming during the next few months the ships will have to be scrapped and the whole scheme must come to an end. The ships are fit to last for a very long time, and every year they give great happiness and unique experience to an increasing number of young people. Surely the British public will not let them perish for want of money. Will those who can spare any help, however small, kindly send it to the hon. treasurer, Implacable Fund, c/o The Society for Nautical Research, Greenwich, S.E. 10.

Yours faithfully,
HUMPHREY HUGH SMITH
(Vice Admiral, retired), Chairman of Implacable Committee.

Crown House,
Portchester,
Hampshire.

LADYBIRDS AT SEA

SIR,—In an interesting letter on "The Mystery of Migrating Insects," in your July 24th number, Mr. C. Nicholson mentions "the astonishing record of ladybirds in America that habitually fly 300 miles north to the orchards . . . their descendants hibernating in mass 300 miles south," &c. This prompted me to look up an intriguing account of a phenomenon witnessed off the English coast by a nineteenth century observer, which I quote for what it is worth. While it does not appear strictly relevant to the matter under discussion, it may be of interest to Mr. Nicholson and other readers; and it would be interesting to hear how their comments agree with, or differ from, as the case may be, those of the author concerned. He was, at the time, fishing "near the West buoy of the Brambles, not far from the mouth of the Southampton river." A strong tide was running.

It is worthy of note that this observation was probably made nearly a hundred years ago. The excerpt—from Cornwall Simeon's *Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History*, published in 1860—reads as follows:

"On that day I noticed vast numbers of ladybirds drifting along by us with the tide to the eastward as we lay at anchor. Where they had come from, or where they were going to when they fell into the water, it is not very easy to conjecture. There was no wind where we were, and the actual surface of the sea was of an oily stillness: a long swell was, however, plainly discernible, proving that at no great distance there had been a good deal of wind, which might have driven them off shore, or, what is more probable, caught them whilst in the act of changing their quarters *en masse* and beaten them down into the sea."

Yours faithfully,
Aldershot, Hants. PETER MICHAEL.

BUTTERFLIES IN 1937

SIR,—The season of 1937 will remain in the memory of all nature lovers as one of the poorest years respecting the appearance of butterflies that has been known. From observations made in different parts of the British Isles, and the reports on entomology, there has been a great scarcity of butterflies generally throughout the country.

Certain species in their local habitations, have either been extremely scarce or altogether absent, and during the last few weeks our gardens, with one of the most attractive of flowering shrubs, viz., buddleias, with their great purple blossoms, have failed in most instances to attract the usual swarms of Tortoiseshells, Peacocks, Red Admirals, Brimstones and other visitors to the feast. Mr. Eric Parker, writing to me on September 6th, says: "I have only seen two Red Admirals and one Brimstone during the whole of August, and there are no butterflies at all on my buddleias." (It may be mentioned that his attractive garden is in the heart of beautiful Surrey country.) This statement is a fair sample of the visitation of butterflies everywhere.

As is usual during a bad year, there has been an exception regarding certain migratory kinds, also one or two indigenous species, such as the Common Blue (*Polyommatus icarus*), which has been excessively abundant in places; there have occurred all over the country an extraordinary number of white butterflies, both the Large White (*Pieris brassicæ*) and Small White (*P. rapæ*). Their great abundance has been due to immigration during the end of May and onwards, when immense numbers continued arriving along the eastern and southern coasts. Great clouds of whites, mostly the Large White, swept over the Norfolk coast (flying against a strong south-west wind on June 5th), especially during the first week of June, and were noticed by fishermen miles out at sea. A correspondent writing from Aberdeenshire on September 1st, says: "There are hundreds of white butterflies; they were flying everywhere for about a week and are still about."

Although large numbers of immigrants of both the Red Admiral and Painted Lady were seen at places on the south coast, a very few of their progeny have been seen yet.

In the August number of the *Entomologist* it states that at Brighton on June 5th a dense swarm of Red Admirals, estimated at 20,000, appeared suddenly along a two-mile stretch of Dyke Road, running inland. There were none present at 2.45 p.m., but at 6.45 p.m. Mr. H. F. Brazenor had to stop his car for them alighting on the road in hundreds and extending upwards to the tree-tops. There was a hot sun and gentle south-west wind. On June 8th they had all gone. A few, mostly single, specimens of other migratory insects have been observed this season so far. Of the rarities seen was a Queen of Spain Fritillary (*Argynnis lathonia*) at Brighton on July 29th and a Bath White (*Pontia daplidice*) at Folkestone in August captured by a beginner. Very few of either of these rare butterflies have been seen in this country for over half a century. The comma, which has of late years been so plentiful, has been but comparatively rarely met with this season.

Yours truly,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

GROUSE DISEASE IN ISLAY

SIR,—It is reported in the *Oban Times* of September 4th that "the grouse shooting over some of the moors in Islay has been disappointing, and that prospects are not good. . . . It is feared that the disease prevalent in Kintyre is now spreading to Islay. . . . Evidence of the heather beetle has been found in various parts of the island."

The above report is especially interesting to me, as when writing my book *Wild Life of the Highlands*, I had a letter from Islay stating that both grouse and blackgame had done and were doing exceedingly well in Islay.

It was our old idea about Islay that there was no grouse disease in that island, and while my Islay correspondent claimed efficient vermin killing as the cause of better game production in Islay than in Kintyre, it is my idea (also expressed in my book) that grouse disease is the sole cause for grouse and blackgame decrease in Kintyre.

Now that red grouse disease has reached Islay it can be known whether blackgame also stop breeding at an outbreak of red grouse disease. If the Islay blackgame (previously numerous and doing well) failed to breed last spring, or fail to breed in the coming and subsequent ones, that ought to be proof enough that blackgame decrease is everywhere a result of disease, and not of defective management. Fifty years' observation of blackgame and grouse in Kintyre and elsewhere has convinced me that disease alone reduces their number in spite of preservation to a level where shooting becomes impossible; the bad effects of much shooting or of vermin are local affairs, while that of disease is general.

Knowing blackgame as I do it would surprise me much to hear that the birds continue to breed well in Islay for the next year or two. In my Kintyre experience red grouse had disease in one year, and blackgame in the following one, and I have something more than a suspicion that partridges also contract red grouse disease from packs which visit the stubbles.

Yours faithfully,
Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.





"IT MAKES A CURIOUS SUCKING SOUND DISTINCTLY AUDIBLE ABOVE GROUND"
(See letter "The World's Largest Worm")

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WORM

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the accompanying two pictures of specimens of the giant Gippsland earthworm, which, as a species, is the largest worm known in the world.

The giant worms (*Megascoloides Australis*) have been found in lengths up to 12ft., though such a size is rare; 5ft. to 7ft. would be a more average measurement. The longer of the two specimens in the photo was taped at just a trifle over 6ft.; the one the duck is eating is shorter, though its unusual thickness indicates that it is retracted to the limit.

Megascoloides can be dug up in great numbers during the wet winter months—July to September—but its habitat is astonishingly limited. It is, in fact, confined to a single district in South Gippsland (Victoria), the valley of the Bass river. It is probably further unique, in that as it passes through its underground burrows it makes a curious sucking sound distinctly audible above ground.

Yours faithfully,
Melbourne, Australia. S. A. PEARL.

BRIDGE OF SPITE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which shows a remarkable bridge at Linton, near Grassington, in Wharfedale. It spans a pretty little beck, and was built about 250 years ago by a Mrs. Rednayne, the village benefactress. She had asked the local farmers to share with her the cost of erecting it, but they refused. Consequently she built the bridge in such a way that the niggardly farmers could not use it for their carts; it is invitingly wide at both ends and narrow in the middle!

Yours faithfully,
10, Grange Park Terrace, Easterly Road, Leeds 8. G. B. WOOD.

LABRADOR AND GAZELLE

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows my friend Miz, a Labrador, with his inseparable companion, a Persian Gazelle. Unfortunately, ten days after this photograph was taken, Miz was set upon by a pack of fierce village dogs and was killed. His grave may be seen in the frontier post of Hindubagh, Zhob, where an almond tree has been planted to mark it.



A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP
(See letter "Labrador and Gazelle")

Yours faithfully,
1/10th Gurkha Rifles, Fort Sandeman, Zhob, India. M. B. SHTER.

KESTREL AND PHEASANT

SIR,—Mr. H. A. Bridgwater asks if it is not somewhat unusual for a half-grown pheasant to be killed by a kestrel. I have only heard of one case before, and funnily enough that was quite recently. One of my keepers found a half-eaten thirteen-weeks-old poult. Thinking it to have been killed by a sparrow hawk, he set a trap to the pheasant, and much to his surprise within a few hours there was a kestrel in the trap. As the kill had been made in a sheltered and unexposed spot, there is little doubt but what the kestrel was the bird that made the kill. No other hawk came back to the partly-eaten bird.

Yours faithfully,
Stroud Club, Stroud, Glos. J. R. SYMONDS.

SIR,—I saw a question in a recent issue as to whether it is unusual for a kestrel to kill a half-grown pheasant. I should say that no kestrel has either the inclination or the ability to kill a bird of this size. What no doubt has happened was that the pheasant became stuck in the mud and was suffocated, and the kestrel was attracted by its struggles and went to see what was taking place.

Whilst I am on the subject, might I add a few words on the habits of kestrels and sparrow hawks; we always have a nest of sparrow hawks on our 500 acres, and sometimes a nest of kestrels. We rear no tame pheasants, but usually shoot something over 100 wild pheasants. Our kestrels are entirely mouse-eaters. The sparrow hawks live on small birds, which are easy to catch. Besides the quarry named, I have known them attack jays and magpies. What people forget is that hawks are individual as much as dogs. I know that kestrels will sometimes raid the rearing field, but for a pair of kestrels or sparrow hawks that take to this evil practice there are very many pairs that do not. Also some hawks go for birds and animals for the fun of seeing them run. I had a peregrine that used to stoop hard at stray dogs and heifers;



IT LEFT THEM "IN THE CART"
(See letter "Bridge of Spite")

these ran all right, but it would be going rather far to come to the conclusion that this hawk lived on cows.

I venture to hope that those interesting birds—kestrels and sparrow hawks—will not be convicted till the particular individual has offended. If keepers want to make a bag of vermin, let them deal with the far more mischievous magpies and crows. I would add that we examine the remains of the birds killed by our home sparrow hawks and have never found a trace of a game bird. Hawks have very definite likes and dislikes as to what they eat, and do not like the white flesh of partridges and pheasants.

Yours faithfully,
Duckmead, Bradford-on-Avon. E. C. PINCKNEY.

ULAWS

SIR,—Some time ago you published a correspondence on the subject of rabbit-proof plants. Through the kindness of one of your correspondents, Mr. E. Nicholson, we have been able to compile a long list in which a number of published lists are combined. While no plants appear to be really rabbit-proof, and rabbits will in particular eat almost any plant that has been introduced into a locality, nevertheless this list of relatively immune herbs and shrubs may be of interest to some of your readers. It is embodied in our new edition of Ulaws monograph 4 E, *Instructions for dealing with Rabbits*, and will be sent gratis on receipt of a stamped envelope measuring 6in. by 9in. If applicants care to make a small contribution to our funds it would not be indignantly refused, but that is a point which we do not press.

Yours faithfully,
C. W. HUME (Hon. Secretary),
The University of London Animal Welfare Society.
42, Torrington Square, W.C. 1.



"You might almost call it Bond Street"

—said Johnnie Walker

But in this "Bond" at a Highland distillery, you walk between rows of casks, not shops. These casks—thousands of them—contain fine whisky peacefully maturing. Some is the "new make," but some has been here for very many years. Many other specially chosen whiskies are also waiting, all over Scotland, for the day when they'll be old enough to meet in the famous round blend of Johnnie Walker. *So always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*



JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong



"PRAGUE IS, FOR THE STRANGER, A HUGE MUSEUM OF ARCHITECTURE AND ANTIQUITY"
(See letter "Old Prague")



OLD PRAGUE

SIR,—I enclose two photographs illustrating old Prague which I feel may interest your readers.

Prague lies about 600ft. above the level of the Adriatic, in a depression of the Valley of the Vltava, and on the hills flanking both banks of the Vltava. It is a beautiful and well-built city, of largely mediæval character in its architecture, and is crowned by an acropolis, which gives the impression of a magnificent Gothic citadel. Prague is, for the stranger, a huge museum of architecture and antiquity—a Rome of the north.

The Castle of Prague (Hradcany) is, at the present day, one of the most important architectural monuments of its kind in the whole of Europe, and the oldest discoveries date, I believe, from the tenth century, and in addition there are a number of other finds dating from the early middle ages.

Looking at these photographs it is hard to realise that on the other side of the river is a modern town. I found it a wonderful contrast to walk across the river from the ancient Prague to the modern Prague, where there are up-to-date hotels, cafés, cinemas and boulevards to be found.

Yours faithfully,
London, E.C. 4. W. O. I.

MARINE MASCOTS

SIR,—The peoples of the West African countries are strongly animistic in their beliefs. Particularly where they are out of touch with Christian influences, charms and mascots are to be seen in every house.

Particularly is this the case with the fishing communities which inhabit the coast line. The accompanying photograph, taken in a village on the coast of what was German Togoland, shows a charm designed to invoke the aid of the gods on behalf of the fishermen working in dug-out canoes in the African surf off the coast. A small model of a dug-out canoe, containing two occupants, with their fishing impedimenta, was suspended under the eaves of a fisherman's hut. There is considerable reluctance on the part of the owners to parting with these "ju-ju" figures. A terrible storm occurred, many years ago, on a Tuesday, and which extended for hundreds of miles along the Guinea Coast, in which large numbers of fishing canoes, with their occupants were lost. Ever since that time hardly a boat will venture out to sea, however fine the weather, on a Tuesday, and the mascots are exhibited in the hope of averting similar catastrophes. Fishing, in West Africa, is the privilege of a very close corporation of fishermen, and any attempt to introduce more modern methods of fishing is considerably resented by the community, who still adhere to their primitive methods of using dug-out canoes, in the manœuvring of which they exhibit remarkable skill.

Yours faithfully,
Sedgewell House, H. BROOKS.
Sonning Common,
Oxon.

PEACOCK BUTTERFLY IN DUMFRIESSHIRE

SIR,—It may interest entomologists to know that on August 25th, my wife and I saw an exceptionally fine specimen of this beautiful butterfly here. It settled twice on flowers of the buddleia shrub and was quiescent for some time. This is the first specimen of its kind I have seen in Scotland, although I believe it is occasionally found in the southern counties.

Belmont, Yours faithfully,
Moffat. DENIS D. LYELL.

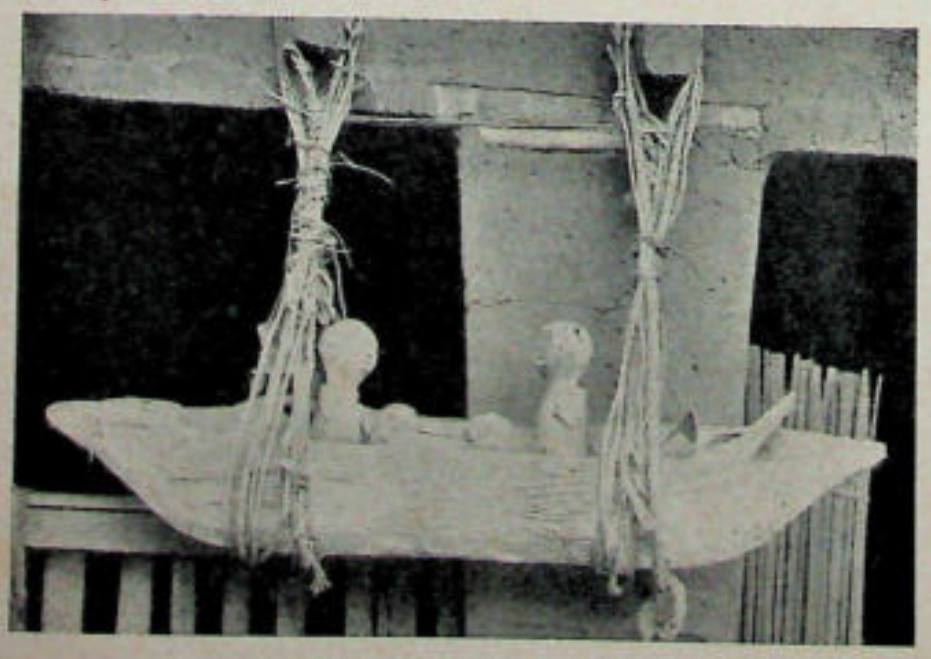
PLAGUE OF SPARROWS

SIR,—Some weeks ago one of your correspondents complained of a plague of sparrows, and asked for a remedy.

We suffer here the same nuisance. The birds nest in, and block up, pipes and gutters, and make a general mess with straw and feathers, to say nothing of spoiling early primrose and polyanthus bloom, young lettuce, and other plants, &c. We find nothing better than the wire sparrow trap sold by most ironmongers for a few shillings. With this we have caught some hundreds of sparrows, the majority young ones, during the summer months.

Without one sparrow trap we should, as with your correspondent, have been almost "driven from home."

Yours faithfully,
A. P. A. CHURCH.
Start Hill House,
Bishop's Stortford.



"WHERE SUPERSTITION WEAVES HER AIRY DREAMS"
(See letter "Marine Mascots")

IN DEFIANCE OF GRAVITY

SIR,—About three years ago I was in the company of a Scotch friend at Croy Brae.

We took surface levels and were able to ascertain where the change in gradient began and ended. According to my recollection, however, in spite of knowing this, the illusion appeared to continue beyond where the figures proved that it did not exist. A plotted outline on a longitudinal section of the roadway would show the true surface. Personally I certainly never took notice of the telegraph wires, though both of us, being trained surveyors, looked round the site to find some reason for the deception, but were not able to discern one with any degree of certainty.

Yours faithfully,
Stevenage, Herts. T. J. YOUNG.

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STONES IN HORSES

SIR,—I have been very interested in several letters which have appeared in the *Field* from time to time in connection with stones found in the stomach of a polo pony. It was my father who shipped the pony to India and sold it to Raja Nazargunj. The stones are known in Australia as calculi, and are formed through something foreign or undigested in the stomach, which forms a nucleus, and around which deposits of calcium salts are gradually laid until the stone is formed. Cases similar are discovered in Australia, although they are not common. However, it is natural to presume that many cases would remain undiscovered here as post mortems are not done a great deal, and one would naturally think that death was due to severe colic. Dr. Baines mentioning wood pulp being present is suggestive that trouble may arise through horses biting and chewing wood. During a voyage from Australia to India it is very difficult to prevent horses from eating right through the chest bars of the stalls. These bars are made from Australian stringy bark, and are about 12in. by 2in.—quite a lot of wood for a horse to digest. In Australia many yards have all of the rails tarred to prevent horses eating through them.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. ROBB.

Glenelg,
South Australia.

AN 11½LB. LOBSTER

SIR,—I enclose a small photograph which may interest *Field* readers. It shows the 11½lb. lobster which was caught in Osborne Bay, Isle of Wight, a week or two ago.

It weighed 11½lb. and was 2ft. 6in. in length, while one of its claws measured 5½in. across.

It was caught by Mr. A. Burt, of Clarence Road, East Cowes, in an ordinary push net while he was prawning in the bay, and it had balanced itself over the top of the woodwork of the net.

The catch was quite unexpected, and as Mr. Burt carried it ashore he could hear the click, click, click of its huge pincers.

It is the largest lobster recorded for the Isle of Wight.

Yours faithfully,
W. WHITE.

Cowes.

THE MEADOW HARE

SIR,—Mr. Chalmers's interesting article on the meadow hare, with which most, if not all, your readers will agree, suggests that the following may be of general interest.

On September 8th a hare was unfortunately shot on the Cotswolds. In her form were found three newly-dropped leverets. At the end of the day I took them home. A cat that had lately kittened was luckily found that evening. She took at once to the leverets, but in spite of her blandishments they would not suck. However, they soon were got to take milk readily from a thin rubber tube connected with a pipette, and now will nibble clover. Strictly nocturnal, they lie during the day in the cat's basket, but run about the room at night, whether it is lit up or not. They grow fast.

The only unusual feature of this little story is, I think, the refusal of the leverets to suck their would-be foster-mother. I should like to know if any of your readers have had the same experience.

Yours faithfully,
M. D. HILL.

Travellers' Club,
Pall Mall, S.W. 1.



"AN UNEXPECTED CATCH"
(See letter "An 11½ lb. Lobster")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

An Early Snipe.—I have received a jack snipe which was shot on September 20th, a few miles from Ballymena, Co. Antrim. This is considered an early date for this part of the country. Another was seen on September 22nd.—HERBERT. T. MALCOMSON, Glenorchy, 59, Hawthornden Road, Knock, Belfast.

Black-winged Stilt.—On August 30th I was lucky enough to both see and hear a black-winged stilt on the marshland between Lewes and the sea. It stood in some shallow water on extraordinarily long, thin red legs. As Coward says in his *Birds of the British Isles*, "a novice could identify it."—M. PARSONS, Mousehole, Forest Row, Sussex.

Birds in London.—Perhaps the following notes may be of interest: Round Pond, September 5th, pair of dabchicks; last year September 2nd. Serpentine, great crested grebe September 6th; last year September 4th. Round Pond, September 11th, Sandwich tern. I have never seen one in London before. Richmond Park, September 4th, cuckoo—rather late? September 13th a kingfisher, the Long Water, Kensington Gardens, near the bridge. September 13th, at 3 p.m., swimming between the boathouse and the island in the Serpentine, busily catching flies, was a tiny gull, which I estimated to be only 8in. long as he sat. His plumage was superficially that of a black-headed gull in full winter, and as Thorburn gives its length as 11in.—stretched out—this was obviously a little gull.—H. DE SALES LA TERRIERE, Kensington, W.

FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1. We have been helping a very poor old widow, aged 73, whose sole income is the Old Age Pension. She lives in a squalid part of London with her son who, through no fault of his own, has been out of work for some time. This brave old woman is in the frailest health, having nursed her husband through a trying illness lasting many years, and the strain has set its mark upon her. The weekly 5/- we have been sending has eased her desperate struggle with life a little. Will someone send us £13 that we may promise to continue this allowance for another year?

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Pembroke Castle, Pembrokeshire.

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W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

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IN THE CITY

CHANGING YIELDS

THE heavy fall in security values which has taken place on the New York Stock Exchange in the past few weeks has had a depressing influence on the London markets. Combined with the uncertainties surrounding the political outlook in Europe and the Far East, the effect has been to reduce prices of the best industrial securities in this country to levels well below those ruling as recently as last August. Until the market takes a turn for the better in New York and the political situation improves considerably, there seems little likelihood that security prices in our markets will show any great recovery.

As will be seen from the list given below, many good class industrials now give yields which appear attractive when the yield on gilt-edged investments is taken into consideration.

	August 10th. Price.	Yield %. £ s. d.	End September. Price.	Yield %. £ s. d.
2½% Consolidated Loan ..	74¾	3 7 2	73¾	3 7 10
3½% War Loan	100¼	3 9 10	100¼	3 9 6
Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., ord.	91/3	4 18 7	87 -	5 3 5
British American Tobacco Company, Ltd., ordinary	125/-	4 5 4	111 -	4 16 1
Burmah Oil Company, Ltd., ordinary	133/-	4 2 8	125 -	4 8 0
Cable and Wireless, Ltd., ordinary stock.....	86	4 13 0	71½	5 11 11
Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Ltd., ord...	78/9	5 1 7	77 -	5 3 11
Courtaulds, Ltd., ordinary .	51/6	3 15 10	52 -	3 19 6
Distillers, Ltd., ordinary ..	131/6	4 0 9	108/6	4 2 11
Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland, Ltd., ordinary	7¾	4 6 0	149 -	4 9 6
Morris Motors, Ltd., ord. ..	37/3	6 0 10	34 -	6 12 4
Rubber Plantations Investment Trust, Ltd., ordinary	39/3	3 16 5	34/9	4 0 4
Shell Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., ordinary	113/-	4 14 5	106/3	5 0 5
Turner & Newall, Ltd., ord.	36/9	4 1 1	33 -	4 10 11
Vickers, Ltd., ordinary ...	32/6	3 1 6	29/6	3 7 10
Woolworth (F. W.) & Co., Ltd., ordinary	73/6	4 1 8	65 -	4 12 4

It will be noted that the gilt-edged market has shown strength throughout this period, and indeed there seems no reason why it should not continue to maintain its position. The finances of the country are sound, and the Treasury should have little difficulty in maintaining cheap money rates for an almost indefinite period.

There seems no reason to expect any recession in trade in this country for some considerable time to come, and it may be worth repeating once again that very large profits are now being made in the shipping and coal industries, and substantially larger dividends than any paid during the last ten years can be expected from companies engaged in these industries.

To the investor who is prepared to ignore temporary fluctuations the present time appears to offer a good opportunity for buying high-class securities at reasonable prices.

A SOUND INVESTMENT

For the reader who is in a position to invest some money now and who is prepared to accept a yield comparable with that obtainable on gilt-edged stocks, the writer believes that few sounder investments can be found than the shares of the London and Lancashire Insurance Company, Ltd. This company was founded in 1862 and since then it has acquired a large number of other insurance businesses in this country, the United States and the Colonies. Issued capital consists of 727,862 shares of £5 each. In 1919 these shares were only 10/- paid, but in that year and again in 1930 the company capitalised a proportion of its reserves so that now £2 per share is paid up. In accordance with the practice of leading insurance companies, the London and Lancashire has always adopted a very conservative policy, and its dividend is paid almost entirely out of investment income, profits from underwriting being added back to reserves each year. Large reserves have thus been built up, in addition to which no less than £2,504,228 has been written off investments and shares in subsidiary companies. At this year's meeting the Governor, Sir F. Pascoe Rutter, said that at the end of 1936 the investments showed an appreciation of 21 per cent. over their book value. The subsequent heavy fall in security markets will no doubt have reduced this margin considerably, but the higher interest rates now prevailing should, over a period, enable the company to invest new money on more favourable terms.

The shares now stand at around £30½, at which price they yield 3½ per cent. on the basis of the dividend of 20/- per share which has been paid in each of the last seven years.

The company has an excellent record of conservative progress and expansion, and its shares should certainly reach considerably higher levels in the course of the next few years.

PACTOLUS II.

New Books

A COUNTRY JOURNAL

The Diary of a Year

I THINK the hardest task that can fall to a journalist is that of writing a review about a book he really likes. If you can damn with faint praise, you can annihilate with over-praise. (And if you do not believe that, go out and try to buy any one of the four hundred or so epoch-making novels that were published last year.) Well, that is just the position I find myself in. I really like this book. I like it so much that I am almost afraid to write anything about it at all.

There is, happily, no need to say anything about the author. Mr. Eric Parker is much too well-known for that. He is pre-eminently *the* writer of the countryside. And in these days of slip-shod diction and slang-ridden prose, he writes English prose of a purity that is, perhaps, a hundred years or more behind its time. Readers of *English Wild Life* will know the truth of that statement. There are passages in that book that approach the beauty and rhythm of biblical prose. Yet I do not think Mr. Parker has ever written anything so good as this journal of a country year.

It is simply that—a diary of a year. The sights and sounds of the countryside, and the thoughts inspired by them, set down on the day they were seen and thought. I suppose most of us would like to live in the country the year through, to have our days governed by the seasons and not the tubes, to tend one's garden just when it needs tending, and not in the half hour after supper; to be able to watch the brown trout in the dark pools; to see the salmon leap; to watch the pheasant stalk with dignity across the ride. Most of us can't. But if we read this book we can, at least in memory or imagination. For the country is here in these pages—the real country, very simple, and very fresh and clean.

It is a simple book, and very beautiful. Here are the things of the countryside seen through the eyes of a true countryman and a true poet. Shadows, for example: shadows are every whit as beautiful as sunshine—indeed, without shadows sunshine would be hard and cruel. "Shadows among the trees are dark as the eyes of deer." None but a poet would so see shadows and the truth of them, soft and gentle and easily startled. There are many such sentences in the book—on every page there is some such thought, on every page there is some sight or sound or smell that we know well and have, maybe, forgotten, brought suddenly back to us, vivid and strong. It is a rare mastery that can do that, and again, and with never a false note.

And it is a happy book. The author loves the country, and love has gone into the writing of these pages. It proved a tonic to me: I am sure it will prove so to everyone else.

B. V-F.

The Country Year. By Eric Parker. (Seeley Service; 10/6).

THE INNKEEPERS' "COLLINS"

IN his entertaining preamble to *The Visitors' Book* Mr. Fitzwater Wray ("Kuklos") claims to be the sole historian of "a British Social Institution"—"British" in spite of the fact that the earliest book from which he quotes is from modern Greece, and with no less a person than Byron making the now familiar caustic commentary on the efforts of earlier visitors.

In the chapter on Scotland he gives us Robert Burns as the originator of that type of visitors' book, for at all the inns and taverns that he visited he left a rhyme of praise or blame, sometimes scratched on the window pane, pencilled on chimneypieces and probably on scraps of paper. It was over thirty years ago that Mr. Wray, while casually turning over the visitors' book in some obscure inn, found an entry which he felt was deserving of wider fame, and he then and there resolved to examine the books come across during the course of his many wanderings. These, one gathers, were chiefly made on a bicycle, though he does not apparently belong to the brotherhood of anglers or mountaineers, the groans and ecstasies of whom provide many pearls of great price. The final selection has resulted in this amusing and original book, and are taken only from his journeyings in the British Isles. They range from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and it was at the former in 1902 there was a *cri du coeur* which will assure sympathy in the hearts of anyone who has visited a "beauty spot." "I offer thanks to God for a safe delivery from the Cradle."

While at John o' Groat's a gentleman in 1877 left this legacy: "Be it observed I never travel without knickerbockers, as I have a good leg."

The drawing accompanying this remark is perfectly delightful, as indeed are all the illustrations by Stanley Herbert.

The books at Tibbie Shiels are rich in treasures. This famous inn between St. Mary's Loch and Loch of the Lowes found favour with anglers before it became associated with James Hogg, the shepherd-poet, with Sir Walter Scott, and with John Lilson who wrote in *Blackwood's Magazine*, none of whom, alas! except Wilson, left poetic reminder of their visits. Here there are many angling visitors, who as usual find solace for their empty creels in poetry. Hence:

> "'Tis nice to sit and think and fish,
> And fish and sit and think,
> And sit and fish and think and wish
> That you could get a drink."

Mr. Wray did not find Yorkshire a very rich vein, chiefly, he thinks, because tourists have not even yet discovered it. Consequently the books are mainly filled by natives, who, like the Scots, are reserved and not prone to rush into print! At Kettlewell there was an original entry left behind:

> "April 25th William Illingworth
> Alice Maud daughter of above
> Also S. Charlotte Bowring cousin of
> above niece of above but one
> Henry Illingworth Bowring brother
> of a above cousin of above but one
> and nephew of topmost."

Wales, with its mountains to climb and its fishing, has always been a Mecca for holiday-makers, and the inn at Pen-y-gwsyd, renowned for 85 years, possesses books, of which the earliest are now brass bound and padlocked. In 1856, Charles Kingsley, Tom Hughes (author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*), and Tom Taylor, of *Punch*, stayed there, but the weather was unkind, and the visitors' book profited to the extent of fourteen verses written by all three alternately. There are other famous names, but it is also refreshing to find: "Mr. and Mrs. Clumperbump and family, Whitechapel. Quite a delightful change for us," and (author unknown)

> "Father and me
> Have enjoyed our tea."

The rain, whether from boredom or rage, has inspired many like the gentleman from Lichfield who wrote: "Visited the Devil's Kitchen, found the old man at home and in good form. Very wet reception. Sat down in the Devil's Soup Tureen." Dartmoor and Devon naturally provide a host of "finds." The book kept in the zinc box at Cranmere, in the heart of Dartmoor, has this written in 1923 by an enterprising insurance agent: "Insure yourselves against all accidents before coming here again. Beware of bogs. Call and see prospectus." While that at Coombe Mill, near Bude, has the following tragic entry:

> "Twelve ladies came from Bude one day,
> Coombe's famous tea to taste;
> Their thirst was quenched, their hunger stayed.
> They went away unlaced."

Ireland, as might be expected, has reached a very high level, and the story of St. Kevin and Kathleen with "eyes of unholy blue" provides many an ode too long to repeat. There are many others, including the Pink and Lily on the Chilterns, made famous by the Masefields and Rupert Brooke. Of this in 1921 C. G. Belle wrote "Consider the Lily? Can't in May. But we've considered the Pink and Lily, and Solomon in all his glory has missed one of the best things in life."

Altogether this is definitely a book to have "by" to pick up at odd moments. As I have already said, the drawings are delightful, and there are eight photographs.

J. S.

The Visitors' Book. By F. F. Wray. (Dent; 6/-)

LITTLE WATERS—AND THE BIGGEST OF ALL

HERE is a book which will be enjoyed by fishermen who love rapid streams and reminiscences of days spent on their banks, or more usually perhaps on their beds. Mr. D'Oyly Hemingway in the days of his youth spent his winter in hard labour on a windjammer plying between Australia and England, and his summer, when his ship was laid up, in haunting the merry English brooks after trout—and in the very best time of the year for their capture.

Probably the contrast between the hard living aboard and the comfort and leisure of his long "leaves" has left an even more vivid impression of halcyon days chasing trout and encountering those queer adventures which every angler in out-of-the-way parts meets from time to time, than would be achieved by most of us whose youth was passed in some kind of indoor occupation, with only an occasional hurried week-end in which to gather memories of sport and its often queer setting.

However that may be, he has remembered many quaint and entertaining happenings and has the happy knack of obtaining and imparting enjoyment even on days when trout have converted themselves into grayling, or have otherwise defeated his well-meaning efforts to catch them.

Half-way through his book his subject, he declares, fails him (imagine fishing, as a subject, failing any angler!), but few readers will quarrel with him, for he has sailed "five times round the Horn," and a man who has done that and can tell one about it will never feel the lack of an audience.

Memories Fresh and Salt. By R. D'Oyly Hemingway ("Hafron"). (Heath Cranton; 6/- net.)

"To all who love open country and the good companionship of a horse" is the dedication of Miss Hope Hewett's book, *Through North Wales on Horseback* (Heath Cranton; 5/-). The volume gives an account of a riding tour along the narrow tracks of the Welsh mountains, and is illustrated by four photographs and twelve maps.

A READING FIRM'S SUCCESS.—Messrs. Sutton and Sons have been awarded two cups, as well as the society's gold medal, by the Royal Horticultural Society at the Great Autumn Show at Olympia for the best exhibit at the meeting. The cups are the Coronation Cup offered by the Royal Horticultural Society in commemoration of the coronation of His Majesty King George V., and an Accession Cup to commemorate the accession to the throne of His Majesty King George VI. Messrs. Sutton's exhibit consisted of a fine group of vegetables, which is described as remarkable, not only for the cultural skill displayed, but also for the exceptional quality of the produce.

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FROM AMATEUR TO PROFESSIONAL

The Lawn Tennis Ladder

By J. E. COLLETT

WEMBLEY'S annual "circus" show continues to raise the question of Amateurism v. Professionalism. It is talked and written about, but little is done. The special committee which has been set up by the International Federation tinkers with minor points, but avoids the main issue.

D. Budge, the reigning Wimbledon champion, has had various tempting offers to join the circus, which he appears to be in the position, like his predecessors, temporarily to refuse. It is rumoured that there is to be a combined raid on Great Britain's gate money next year by the professional interests represented on the one hand by W. T. Tilden and, on the other, by F. J. Perry and E. Vines.

Meanwhile amateur governing bodies on both sides of the Atlantic combine complacently to place their unrivalled nursery facilities at the disposal of the professional organisers in order that "artistes" may be provided for the constant change of programme which is essential to the business.

An attitude of complacent superiority would seem no longer possible. In France this has been recognised, and a ministerial scheme is afoot there to arrest the general tendency towards professionalism in sport. Methods, however, which might succeed in France or in other Continental countries would be inoperative either here or in the United States, where the persons concerned insist on being free agents. Our inherent desire to decide for ourselves does not assist such a body as the L.T.A. Indeed, we are inclined to judge it by the label an antagonistic Press has put on it instead of seeing it in its true light as a somewhat harassed institution, aware of what may be a drift but not potent to arrest it if it is.

Much more courage than is possessed by the existing L.T.A. council would be required, and very much more evidence of thorough backing by its constituents before any drastic measures could be adopted.

Alternatively, it is arguable that there is no drift, but merely a passing phase. The professional circus, as a theatrical proposition entirely, is subject to the changing character of popular support. Wimbledon, an established international event, fills whether the play is good or bad; Wembley must be wonderful to be filled. Wimbledon is Wimbledon, and Wembley is not yet—Wembley.

If a match like that spirited two hours' affair between Tilden and Nusslein last Friday could be relied on every day, Wembley would progress rapidly. It cannot, because the necessary personnel is too limited and too expensive, and the sporting urge too obscure apart from the cash involved.

Teams of footballers represent towns or clubs, and the several coincident ambitions and rivalries. Lawn tennis professionals represent themselves, plus the box office takings, entirely a matter of self-interest on the part of the players and promoters. Wimbledon does not suffer from this deterrent. Sports crowds do not follow a show run for self-interest for long. Budge won at Wimbledon *qua* Budge and beat Baron G. von Cramm *qua* von Cramm, but neither could the former be divorced from the underlying idea of the United States, nor the latter from Germany.

There was no pervading or underlying sense of an international clash in the meeting between Tilden and Nusslein. Fine though it was, the match only appealed in an "exhibitionary" sense, and even as that it had significant limitations when considered from the modern all-court standard.

The position becomes clearer. Either the impresarios of professional lawn tennis must continually get new blood, or they must eventually fail in business. At the best they are only putting up side shows; the main theatres are at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and Auteuil. The impresarios are barred from use of these stadia; they would be barred also from predatory business if these stadia were opened to their performers by the Associations concerned.

The adoption by the International Federation of the principle of permission for holding open championships under approved conditions would hasten the end of the circus; it is not enough to assert that the circus will die for lack of food.

The least desirable effect of exhibition play by professional ex-amateur champions is to be found in the way it may appeal to the imagination of young players. The vision of a Wimbledon crown negotiable for a large sum of money is the apotheosis of pot-hunting. To have such a negotiation as an ultimate ambition is to pawn the amateur spirit. Unfortunately the existing system for the supply of players to tournaments points that way. Somewhere between these two opposites the ways part, and as yet there are no reliable signposts.

MISS WANDA MORGAN SUPREME

English Ladies' Golf Championship Retained

By E. R. TIPPLE

IT is not easy to win an important tournament these days, but it is infinitely more difficult to defend a title successfully.

Anyone attempting to win a championship is one among many others all having the same ambition. But the defender knows, before the first round is played, that everyone is anxious to snatch away the crown. In each match he or she has everything to lose, and the opponents everything to gain. Is it any wonder then that we see champions beaten by players with lesser ability?

Last week Miss Wanda Morgan surmounted this handicap, and retained her title as English woman champion when the final championship of the year was played at St. Enodoc, North Cornwall. Only Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Joyce Wethered had previously won this event in successive years, the latter actually having five successive victories to her credit between 1920 and 1924.

Although only 27, Miss Morgan has been among the best half-dozen women golfers in this country for several years. A former British champion, she has participated in many international matches, invariably with distinction. She is one of the longest hitters in the ladies' game, though perhaps to describe her as a "hitter" is hardly correct, for she possesses an excellent swing which is always a model of compactness, and something few women players possess. Despite the fact that she does not play as much first-class golf as other of her contemporaries, she manages to be consistent. Her game is based on sound principles, and she does not indulge in any pretty but ineffective mannerisms.

Whilst other fancied competitors were being beaten by players with less brilliant reputations, Miss Morgan accounted for her opponents in devastating fashion. She had, however, one very narrow escape. She was taken to the 21st hole in the third round by Miss K. Garnham, the well-known Essex player. Having established a lead of three holes at the thirteenth, Miss Morgan appeared certain of victory, but then made two successive mistakes. The game underwent a rapid change and Miss Garnham seized her chances. Bravely taking a putter to get out of a shallow bunker guarding the home green, Miss Garnham laid the ball dead and squared the match. But at the 21st Miss Morgan made no mistake about an awkward length putt; down it went and she could breathe safely once again.

One game which focussed attention was the meeting between Miss Morgan and Miss Phyllis Wade. The latter was anxious to avenge her defeat in the final last year, but could make no impression on the champion, and was completely outplayed.

The final was a mixture of good, bad and sometimes astonishingly brilliant play. Miss M. Fyshe was obviously a trifle nervous, but put up a brave fight. It was in the second round that the more experienced player gradually exerted her superiority. At the sixth both were trapped in the "Himalayas"—a huge range of sandhills. Here Miss Morgan recovered brilliantly, in the manner of A. J. Lacey, and won the hole. A stymie came to the aid of the Kent girl at the twelfth and the game was virtually over.

Both Miss Fyshe and Miss Brenda Norris, who reached the semi-final, added to their reputations. The latter defeated Miss D. Fishwick in the first round by steady golf helped by the former champion's unusually bad putting.

The championship played on the lovely St. Enodoc links, one of the finest imaginable for holiday golfers, attracted few spectators. Matches were decided under quite a friendly holiday atmosphere in distinct contrast to the masculine events.

FIELD TRIALS

YELLOW LABRADORS AT MIDLOTHIAN

ON September 27th and 28th the Yellow Labrador Field Trials, Junior and Non-winner Stakes, were held at Preston Hall, Midlothian, by invitation of Major W. H. Callander who, with Lord Middleton and Mr. J. Bell acted as judges. A frost over night and a bright sunny day made scenting conditions very difficult on the opening day when the Junior Stake was run. The winner was Mr. W. Lightfoot's Wee Fly, who, working well all day, succeeded in wiping the eyes of several other dogs. Captain Heymann's Badgery Shot was a good second and should become a really good dog. He can be got well out, and has perseverance. Dr. Stanton's Folkingham Sara was third. She has a good nose and also persevered well. At one time she took little notice of her handler. Mr. A. Wormald's Knaith Barnk was fourth and Mrs. Macpherson's Braeroy Peggoty fifth, both of which showed themselves as very promising puppies. Captain Orlebar's Folkingham Sally was awarded a certificate of merit.

The Non-winners' Stake was held the following day, when scenting conditions were a little better, except in the afternoon, and was won by Dr. Stanton's Folkingham Sara, who was well under control and improved on her previous day's performance. Mr. A. Wormald's Muntham Pepper was second. She got the only good runner of the meeting and worked well and quickly. Both she and the winner wiped the eyes of other dogs, but both failed later on in the afternoon when second and third dogs down on two runners. Colonel Yates's Ardhuncourt Scout was third. He worked well after rather an unsteady start. Reserve, Mrs. Somervell's Borrans Barney, and Dr. Dewhurst Thomas's Wasdale Sam gained a certificate of merit. Major and Mrs. Callander most hospitably provided lunch on both days, and their hospitality was greatly appreciated.

RETRIEVERS AT CONDOVER

By kind permission of Mr. R. A. L. Cohen, the Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society held their retriever trials at Condover, near Shrewsbury, on October 1st and 2nd. The judges were Mr. Hugh Peacock, Major R. Benson and Viscount Southwell. The awards were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Ecclestone's B. d., Hadstone Barck; 2nd, Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's L. b., Jennajerome; 3rd, Mr. H. Reginald Cooke's F.-c. d., Quick of Riverside. Reserve, Sir George Cutler's L. d., Togo of Clun. Certificates of merit: Major C. F. Corbett's L. d., Adderley Taff; Sir Edmund Sprigge's L. d., Coed Rob; Mr. R. Muir Wilson's F.-c. b., Windle Pergie; Mr. J. Price's F.-c. b., Brymaugh Daphne.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale's L. b., Shavington Tess; 2nd, Miss A. M. Evans's L. b., Jubilee Jane; reserve, Dr. R. H. Congreve Deul's L. b., Sally of Tonge Fold. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. Corbet's L. d., Adderley Tab; Mr. W. G. Jones's L. b., Towyriver Barack.

FIELD TRIAL REPORTS

We shall be much obliged if secretaries of field trial societies would send marked cards, announcing the results as soon as possible after the trials. Field trials have increased in number and our space is limited, but we shall endeavour to find room for statements of results.

REPORTS FROM MOORS

SCOTLAND

Aberdeenshire

ATHERNACH.—Total to September 18th, 158½ brace of grouse (closed during the last 30½ brace). Never less than 30 of snow for over three months from January 28th, over the whole estate; birds emigrated; only began to come back about August 1st. Finished shooting season on September 18th, leaving a good healthy stock for next season. Birds very healthy and in good condition. Weather on the whole was poor, although not much rain.

DELNADAMPH AND ALARGUE.—Mr. C. L. Baillieu and party, consisting of, from September 7th to 13th, Mr. C. L. Baillieu, Mr. W. L. Baillieu, Mr. E. L. Baillieu, Mr. M. L. Baillieu, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Harcourt-Gobl. Colonel F. Allhusen was present on the 10th and 11th, Mr. Michael Gadd on the 12th and 14th, Mr. R. Allhusen on the 14th, and Mr. E. C. Wilson on the 15th and 16th. Bags: September 7th: Alargue, 101 brace; strong gale from west. September 8th: Delnadamph, 51½ brace; heavy westerly gale. September 10th: Delnadamph, 38 brace; Alargue, 43½ brace; strong N.W. wind. September 11th: Alargue, 92½ brace; strong N.W. wind. September 13th: Delnadamph (Ca-the Flat beats), 117 brace; favourable wind. September 14th: Delnadamph (Brown hen beats), 101½ brace; good driving day. September 15th: Delnadamph and Alargue, 82½ brace; variable wind. September 16th: Alargue, 70 brace.

Perthshire

ARGATY AND THE KING'S NEWLIES.—Birds are very scarce and wild, and few young birds appear to be about. After 12½ brace shot by three guns on the opening day, only a further 23 brace have been shot.

GARROWS, GLENQUAICH.—Grouse below average, but not much; to account for this one need not look for any reason beyond the snow-bound conditions which obtained throughout the late winter till mid-April. Nests were therefore seriously reduced in numbers and much retarded; the average weight of 21 young grouse killed on August 20th was 11¼oz.; by September 2nd it was almost 20oz., and 21¼oz. on September 20th. Grouse very healthy. Heather, both young shoots and bloom, extremely good. Hill partridges exceptionally numerous and strong.

WALES

Merionethshire

NANNAU AND PART OF GLENELYN.—Season, 335 brace of grouse. Coveys small, average five or six; lame probably weak owing to snow. Northern part of moors suffered from foxes. Average bag about 500 brace. Drove three beats once only, two beats twice. Killed 1,000 head vermin last year. Country around unkempt.

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JAPANESE DWARF MAPLES AND FUNKIAS AT THE FOOT OF AN OLD PINE

The Country House

AUTUMN COLOUR

Popular Small Trees and Shrubs

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THIS year the leaves began turning early, presumably on account of the drought in August. Many trees, noted for the splendour of their autumn colouring, are too stately for any save the largest gardens. Most of them are natives of America, the Red Maple, for instance, which even in this country grows over 80ft. high and in America is the chief splendour of their far-famed autumn colouring; the Sweet Gum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*), which has been valued in this country since the seventeenth century for its magnificent foliage and the wood of which is the "satin walnut" of commerce; the Shell-Bark Hickory (*Carya alba*), also introduced in the seventeenth century, the leaves of which turn a peculiarly lovely yellow; the Honey Locust (*Gleditschia triacanthos*) with foliage rather suggestive of Robinia and turning in autumn a very clear yellow; the Tulip Tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*), introduced by John Tradescant the Younger, and known to have been grown by Bishop Compton, who crowned William and Mary in his famous garden at Fulham. A tall-growing Asiatic tree which has beautiful autumn colouring is the Maidenhair Tree (*Gingko biloba*), introduced into this country in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Amongst lesser trees, *Parrotia persica* is a flaming splendour of crimson and gold in autumn. But I think it is even finer on a frosty day, when the conspicuous red anthered stamens of the tiny flowers make the tree look as though enshrouded in a crimson mist. The old tree at Kew is one of the most interesting sights in the garden in late January.

The most popular trees and shrubs noted for their autumn colouring are those of moderate size. *Rhus typhina*, the Stags-Horn Sumach, is grown in every suburban garden and would probably be more appreciated if it were not so common. *Var. laciniata* has particularly attractive foliage. This small tree, a native of North America, which has been grown in our gardens since the reign of James I, succeeds in any garden soil, and in good soil the leaves are quite 3ft. long. Few small trees can compare with *Rhus cotinoides* for autumn colouring, the leaves turning every shade, from the richest claret to crimson and gold. It has to be planted in very poor soil, however, or the colouring will be poor. This is also an American species, and was introduced in the latter years of the nineteenth century. *Rhus trichocarpa*, a native of Japan, was introduced about the same time, and also has gorgeous autumn colouring.

Fothergilla major, a native of the Allegheny mountains, is a charming shrub at all times, and particularly attractive when its leaves turn gold in the autumn. It needs a lime-free soil. *Fothergilla monticola* is not so attractive, but the leaves turn a beautiful red in autumn.

The American Black Currant (*Ribes americanum*) is devoid of attraction except in autumn, when its foliage is gorgeous. It figures prominently at autumn shows, for it is used in quantities to serve as a foil for berried shrubs. This Ribes was introduced in the first half of the eighteenth century. It succeeds in any garden soil, but it should not be too rich. Of the Thorns those with the richest autumn colouring are the Cockspur Thorn *C. crus-galli*, *C. Prunifolia* and *C. pinnatifida*. The two first named are American and the last a native of China. The Cockspur Thorn has been grown in our gardens for well over 200 years, and is striking at all times with its conspicuous thorns, the vivid scarlet of its autumn tints, and its red fruits which persist till spring. In common with all the Thorns, it does well in almost any soil. *C. pinnatifida* also has beautiful foliage, but unlike *C. crus-galli*, it loses its berries very soon.

The American Chokeberry (*Pyrus arbutifolia*), which has been cultivated in this country since 1700, turns a brilliant red in autumn and is chiefly grown for its beauty at that season. The rare *P. crataegifolia* also colours well in autumn, but not so conspicuously as *P. arbutifolia*.

Berberis Thunbergii is almost distressingly popular both in this country and in the States. Personally I dislike it for the autumn colouring of the leaves is so crude and metallic that it associates well with nothing else. This small shrub, so commonly planted as a low hedge in the States, was introduced from Japan in the latter years of the nineteenth century.

Amongst climbers certain vines are pre-eminent for their autumn colouring, notably *Vitis Coignetiæ*. This rampant grower turns gorgeous shades of red and scarlet. *V. amurensis* is almost as fine. It is as vigorous a grower and the leaves in good soil are sometimes nearly a foot long. The true Virginia Creeper (*V. quinquefolia*) introduced in Charles I's reign, is very lovely in autumn, with its rich crimson leaves. For long it has been replaced by the Common Virginia Creeper (*V. vitacea*). *V. inconstans*, the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* of gardens, swiftly won popularity when introduced about 70 years ago, and is now unduly despised. It has at least smothered many ugly buildings.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

ANY man or woman who is not utterly devoid of feeling, cannot but be moved by the beauty of sun on green fields, the clear cut lovelness of white clouds moving slowly across the blue of an August sky, the charm of birds singing unseen in the greenery of a hedgerow or copse. There is beauty in rain, in fog, in mist. There is beauty in the copper menace of an approaching storm, in the soft cold light of a January dawn, in the hard brilliance of a night of full moon, in a storm-wracked February sky, in the many-coloured vastness of an evening sky in June. Most of us, I think, appreciate that beauty—even if only as a background to the drabness of our lives. Very few of us have the ability to transfer that beauty either to canvas or to paper. Nature has inspired many a painter. Yet few naturalists are artists, and few artists naturalists. I do not think that I have ever seen a nature painting that has entirely satisfied me. Nature and poetry, too, are very closely allied. Very few naturalists are poets. But quite a number of poets are good naturalists. And their work is satisfying as no picture can ever be.

* * *

I have just received *The Bird-Lover's Book of Verse*, published by Witherby at 6/- net. This anthology, collected by Christina Chapin (rather grotesquely illustrated with lino-cuts by Raphael Nelson), proves beyond any question what a wealth of inspired poetry has been written about birds. The publisher's puff—this one does not merit the title of blurb, for it is remarkably restrained—describes the book as "a most complete, varied and discriminating selection," and Mr. Arthur Waugh in a short foreword congratulates the author heartily for what he describes as "a lovely piece of work." Both the publisher and Mr. Waugh are right up to a point. The selection is varied and discriminating, and it is certainly a lovely piece of work. But it is not complete. I suppose it is impossible to compile an anthology that will satisfy everybody, and it must be very difficult to compile a representative anthology at all. I admit I have never tried, and I should not perhaps criticise a book that contains the work of Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Meredith, Yeats, de la Mare, Swinburne, Bridges, Blunden, Davies, Whitman, Webb, Housman, Vaughan, Clare, McLeod and O'Sullivan amongst others. But I say again that the work is not complete.

* * *

No anthology of poetry about birds can be complete that makes no mention of Francis Ledwidge. To my mind the death in France of that Irish foreman of a road gang in County Meath robbed the world of a very great, because very simple, poet. His work is not well known, and it is not included in this book. And the book is the poorer. If you are a countryman you know briars. Here is one line of a poem of Francis Ledwidge, which is astonishing in the brilliance of its vision:

"Where briars make semi-circles on the way."

Do you know anything more about briars? Do you want to know anything more?

* * *

There are five poems about blackbirds in this book. But the best poetry yet written about the blackbird is not included. Miss Chapin cannot have read anything of Francis Ledwidge, or she must have included:

"And wond'rous impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street."

But there is yet a greater poem about the blackbird, and that, too, she has not read. For if she had, she must have included "Sussex Woods," by Eric Parker. Nothing finer has ever been written about the blackbird. I have not the space to quote the poem in full. But here is perfection:

"The song filled all the wood about
An alleluia song, a shout
Of praise, of love, of hearts that fill
Each other's life with single will."

You will not find anywhere in the poetry of England anything about the blackbird that can compare with that poem. Yet there is nothing in this book to show you that Eric Parker ever had a thought about a bird.

* * *

"At dawn a bird will waken me
Unto my place among the kings."

Francis Ledwidge wrote that. I have always hoped there was something prophetic about those lines. Yet he has not found even a single place in this anthology—and the anthology seems to me almost humdrum. For all that, it is a good book, and a beautiful book, and it should be on the shelf of every bird-lover. It will perform a great service, I have no doubt, and if it can penetrate the minds of those who now see birds only as things to be shot on the offchance that they may prove to be a sub-sub-geographical-sub-species, it will have performed a service long overdue. B. V. F.



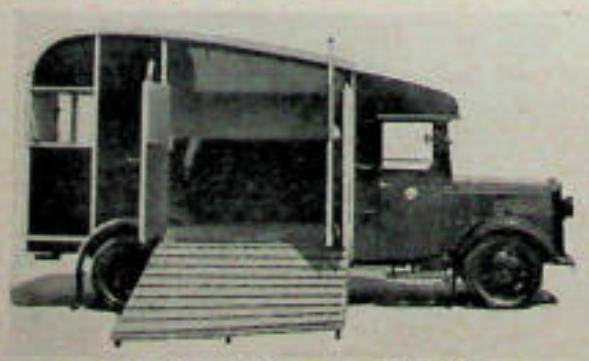
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WINTER sheep feeding has not yet recovered the popularity it possessed when arable predominated over grass. When the change-over occurred and large areas were put down to permanent grass flockmasters were faced with a situation which lacked a compromise. Not many of them were prepared to run grass flocks when milk appeared to be the best investment, and few of them retained sufficient arable to justify a "flying flock." Since those days sheep have gradually taken a more prominent part in mixed farming, partly because the introduction of subsidised sugar-beet brought more land under the plough, and partly because the demand for wool forced prices to an attractive level.

To an equal but later degree the fat lamb trade withstood the general depression better than the remainder of the livestock trade, and as more and more land was broken up to plant for wheat when the commission's report was adopted, sheep became the necessity of the light and medium soil farms. Where the greatest alteration has occurred is in the production of lamb at the expense of mutton. The public, it seems, have a distinct preference for lamb, and although colonial and foreign imports of lamb tend to lengthen the season during which this is available, there is still a noticeable prejudice in favour of home-produced lamb.

In the last year or so the desire to meet this new demand has been reflected in the buying of breeding ewes of breeds which have a natural propensity to turn out small quarters with a comparatively short feeding period. First and second crosses with the Down breeds have tended to reduce the number of flockmasters who pinned their faith to pedigree stock, but the well-bred ram or ewe remains an all-important factor in maintaining a type which possess the right marketable qualities. Much the same parallel is to be found in the dairy trade, where the importance of type and breeding has become evident in herds which are carefully recorded and their progeny tested.

Similar changes have not occurred so widely in the Midlands and North, where mutton is still in great demand, and where winter feeding is better suited to the rotations employed on the heavier soils. It is, therefore, to be expected that no appreciable alteration should have occurred in the popularity of breeds and cross-breeds. New blood is still recruited from Scottish or Border sales, and much the same acreage of roots remain in the rotation for autumn and winter sheep-fattening. Even when the depression was at its worst these farmers still retained their belief that sheep pay their way even if the price of lamb and mutton is unbelievably low. It was common then, when the conversation became defensive, to hear repeated the adage that "sheep are the farmer's cheapest muck-cart." True it was, too, when the fattening yards were empty of bullocks, and no dung went on to the land except that which was deposited by the sheep.

Consolidation of the soil is not an important matter to these Midland and Northern farmers, and they have a certain difficulty in appreciating the physical use of a flock in maintaining the fertile condition of a farm. Perhaps they would smile in disbelief at the memory which some of us possess of the times when a flock was driven over a piece of ground which was to be drilled with corn. In that way we obtained a firm seed bed. To-day the Press follows the plough and the flock does not compete against an implement.

In looking to the future for sheep there is no difficulty in finding for them a very important part on the average mixed farm. Gone, maybe, are the times when sheep and corn were relied upon to the exclusion of all else. Rather do they now play a contributory part in a more specialised scheme of farming. First and foremost are they to be considered as producers of lamb and mutton, and it matters little if grass and concentrates are the feeding ingredients or particular arable crops which are folded off in the spring and autumn. The tendency has been for sheep to take the place of beef on the larger farms, while the smaller farmers have displayed an increasing interest in flying flocks. On a limited acreage it would be impossible to retain the flock throughout the year, but being introduced at a time when the dairy cows are being brought in for the winter, and retained either until the lambs are fat or sold before weaning time, enables the turn-over to be increased without the attendant risks of overstocking.

This system had much to recommend it, and the fact that it has become more popular is clear evidence that farmers appreciate not only the extra revenue, but the increased fertility which results from the presence of a number of sheep. In their grazing sheep are more selective than cows, and pastures benefit very considerably when more than one type of stock is kept.

Commercially there appears to be every reason for sheep to remain one of the best all-round propositions. Mutton and lamb are seasonal and popular with the public, who are prepared to pay higher prices for this kind of meat as opposed to beef. The market is not sheltered or controlled, but it shows no signs of being undermined by excessive imports, and while this state of affairs exists there is no reason to anticipate anything happening which will cause a fall in prices. Rather would it seem that prices will harden as the area of arable extends, and judging from recent sales this is already occurring. Flock masters may in consequence be tempted to cater for the store rather than the fat trade, a policy which suits them better and leaves more scope for those farmers who are catering for the early lamb or the later mutton market.

J. C. L.

SALAD SOWING AND GROWING

Some Hints for October

THE consumption of salads is increasing year by year in Great Britain. The peak prices are always during the months of March, April and May, when lettuces are required, and when the supply is at its lowest ebb.

The market gardener is able to produce extensive crops by means of frames, Dutch lights and Continuous Cloches. Cloches are used often in preference to frames for protecting lettuce during the winter, because plants are liable under damp conditions to be attacked by mildew. When this disease gets amongst plants it can be very destructive, often sweeping away an entire batch. When cloches are used, however, the area of the attack is always kept within narrower limits than if the plants are in a frame.

It is about the end of October that young lettuce plants may be put out 1ft. apart into a sheltered and well-drained position. Many growers try to plant out on slightly raised beds, and they either do this by just putting the land up into ridges or by having, say, five rows, and then a shallow "ditch," another five rows and so on.

(Continued on page 896)

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Birds and slugs are apt to do damage during the winter months, but if cloches are used the birds are kept away, and for slugs there is nothing better than equal parts of powdered copper sulphate and hydrated lime forked into the land at 2cwt. per acre before planting time. Powdered Meta fuel and bran has proved useful also when applied in between the rows.

Both cos and cabbage lettuce may be planted out in this way, the cabbage lettuce being ready in April and the cos early in May.

A certain number of the lettuce plants might be placed in cold frames in order to come in earlier than those which stand outside during the winter.

FRENCH GARDEN.—Turning to the pure French gardening, the lettuce seed, Gotte à forcer should be sown immediately so as to be ready to plant out into the frames during the third week of January. The soil or "terreau" as it is called, should be ridged up during November, and during this time soot should be worked into this material at the rate of 40 bags to the acre, and naphthalene at the rate of 3cwt. to the acre. The terreau should be dug up and put into wide ridges before the third week of December.

Gotte à forcer lettuce should be sown in rows 3in. apart, the drills being only ½in. or so deep. Directly the lettuces are fit to handle they should be transplanted immediately 2in. apart either in a cold frame or under a cloche. Some growers prefer to broadcast the seed in a frame and then to prick the plants out when they are less than ½in. high. The main thing is to keep such plants hard and not to allow them to receive any rain.

OCTOBER SOWING FOR OUTSIDE.—In order to raise plants for dibbling out of doors in February, it is necessary to make a sowing in frames. The frames should run east and west, and when filling them the soil should slope to the front, and there should be a space of about 4in. between the soil and the glass right through. Hydrated lime should be worked into the soil at the rate of about 4oz. to the square yard when the frames are actually being prepared.

Should the soil be dry it should be well soaked, and then when the surface has just dried out the lettuce seed may be broadcast thinly over the top. After sowing the land should be raked lightly, keeping the rake head parallel to the level of the soil, or it is possible to sift some more soil over through a ½in. sieve—giving ½in. covering also.

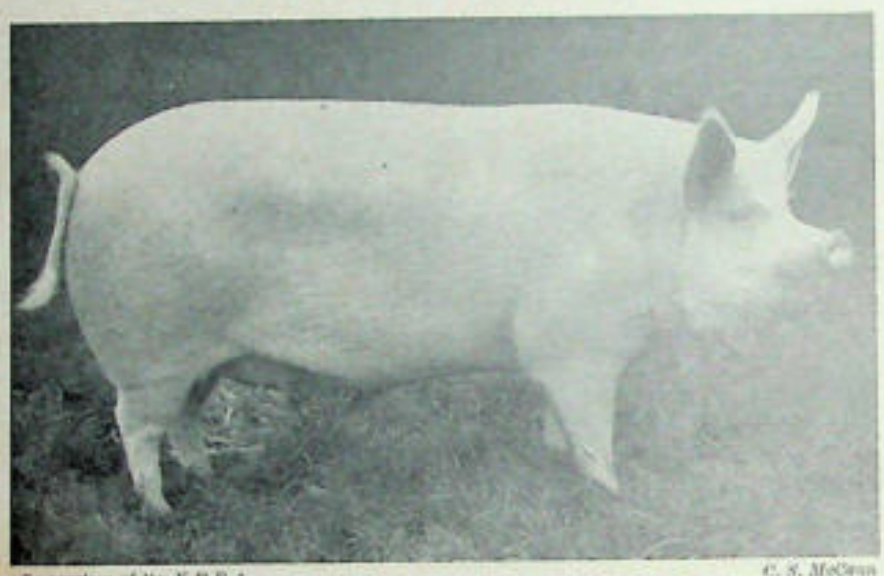
It seems to be good modern practice to add to the soil before sowing the seed what the market grower calls "three good handfuls of bonemeal and one handful of sulphate of potash per 6 by 4 light." This is stirred in well to the top 3in. or 4in. before the lime is added.

After sowing, the frames should be kept closed until germination takes place, but when the seedlings are through lights are removed so that black cotton may be fastened into position. Birds can ruin lettuce in frames at this time of the year, and the only method of keeping them at bay is to stretch black cotton from side to side of the frame on nails.

Later on, it always pays the grower to thin the plants out to 2in. apart, there is less mildew and better plants result. Talking of mildew in frames a new product known as Folosan proved very useful last year in controlling this disease.

After this the light should be kept off whenever possible when there is no sign of rain. The frame should always be covered up at night time and straw mats should be put on in addition should the weather be severe. The best varieties for sowing in October are Feltham King and Market Favourite.

JOHNSON MUKRO.



By courtesy of the N.P.B.A. *C. S. McCann*

SEALE JUBILEE MAPLE 254160

PIG BREEDING AND THE SHOW-YARD SYSTEM

II—Some Pros and Cons

By E. W. BROOKS

DURING the past decade there has been a deal of criticism on showyard system and the condition in which the pigs are shown. The trouble is that those who are the greatest offenders put up criticism which is purely destructive. What is there to-day that is much wrong with our showyard system or judging? My contention is that there is very little. The fact that, with the exception of the purely bacon or pork classes, the classes are for breeding pigs, is lost sight of by those critics, most of whom have what one might term the recording and fecundity complex. Primarily the showyard is the "shop-front" of the pedigree breeder to show the world what sort of pig he breeds and to compare it with the other breeders' productions.

One great improvement to the system this year is the introduction of the pig parade. These parades are excellent, as they give an opportunity for those who are interested in any breeds to see the pigs out and actually handle them, which they are not able to do whilst judging is taking place. This will do much to destroy the criticism that pigs are shown too fat, for they will find that these animals are firm and hard to the touch. To-day the capable judge does not award prizes to the over-fat pig, however good its conformation may be. It is the rarest thing now to see an efficient judge, who does not handle his pigs whilst judging, and the inefficient judge is equally as big a rarity to be found at the more important summer shows.

As to criticism on the way these pig parades are carried out—and I think that this applies to all shows where they were held this year—firstly, very few people even know that there was a parade; much more publicity should be given to the times the parade takes place. After all, the cattle parade is given the honour of a place in the time-table in the catalogue. Why not the pig parade?

Secondly, the parade of the different breeds should not all take place at one time. This would mean more trouble, but (taking one case), I wanted to see three or four different breeds out, but after half-seeing a couple of them the others were back in their pens. This did not so much matter in my case, but had I been a rather shy foreigner without much knowledge of the language and a buyer of, say, Large Whites, Saddlebacks and another breed (I almost said Middle Whites), the case would be different—a sale missed in all probability. This could have been obviated had the parade been arranged so that breed followed breed. As the parade takes place (and rightly so) in the lines between the pig pens it is not easy to run from one to another to look at various breeds. I am a great believer in making these parades as informal as possible, and if any responsible person wishes to handle a pig he should be allowed to do so providing he does not get in the way of others who want to see the pigs.

This criticism may be a bit previous, as this year is the first in which these parades have taken place, but I do hope that every show secretary and director will bear in mind the almost vital importance of these parades. There are, I know, a few herdsmen who ridicule them, so I should like to see it made a condition of acceptance of entry that pigs are paraded as and when advertised in the catalogue.

There are critics who have a deal to say about the classification of the ages at which pigs are shown. Surely there can be nothing wrong with this? To the layman who does not understand pigs, but has his mind fixed on bacon specifications, even if he goes so far as to think in these terms, there may be a certain amount of perplexity when looking at a mature sow or boar. Also they are shown in what I still maintain, in the face of the critics, is good fresh condition of fleshing and that this condition of fitness and not fatness is the right condition in which a pig of any age should be shown. Unless a pig is well fleshed it is impossible to tell how that pig will put on flesh. There is many a sow when in lean and almost poor condition which looks clean in the jowl and collar and at the same time fine in the shoulder, but when fleshed up a different tale is told, for she develops a jowl, collar and coarse shoulders and by no means even fleshing; and so it will be with her progeny unless their sire is more than usually prepotent and is of the best type procurable. The same applies to the condition that the boars are shown in.

I certainly do think it is a pity that the classes for pigs born in the year of the show have been dropped by some of the earlier shows. It is in these young classes that the commercial breeder and feeder can see the type of baconer which the pedigree breeder is producing. Admittedly these gilts will not be baconed, but they are of baconing age and weight, and if the judge has done his job well the prizewinners are ideal bacon pigs in those classes for the purely baconing breeds. Here again I have heard criticism that many of the prizewinners are on the deep side to make a perfect baconer. Very likely: the pig which we slaughter may be narrow round the heart girth, not too well let down in the flanks, and without a big spread of ribs, and still be graded "A." But these deep-bodied, well-ribbed youngsters we look at in the summer shows are future breeders, and where are we going if we start cutting down heart girth and room for the youngsters to grow in the in-pig sow? This cutting down has been carried quite far enough in some breeds already, and it has already shown itself in lack of stamina and a lowering of resistance to disease in many of the commercial herds.

I am proud to say that I count many of the large commercial producers as my best friends, but I cannot help saying that it would be in their best interests not to condemn the present day showyard system, but to leave the pedigree man to get on with his job; and his job is to breed the type of sow which will produce a healthy early maturing baconer or porker capable of putting on the right sort of flesh on an economic amount of food in the commercial man's herd, and the type of boar which gets a similar result in his progeny.

Taking a few of this year's winners, can there be much wrong with the showyard system when such pigs as Wall Jubilee Maple 254160, Wall Red Star 97709, Burnham Prim President 4123, Brandon Sunbeam 11th 18227, and Wratting Garland 3rd 241930 were placed supreme at the head of their respective breeds to take those breeds under the care of the N.P.B.A.? I have before me as I write photographs of these pigs and representing as they do all that is best of the Large White, Tamworth, Berkshire, Wessex Saddleback and Middle White breeds they are hard to fault in their respective jobs as breeders of the baconer or porker. One photograph that I have of Wall Jubilee Maple shows her as a young pig (and a winner at this age, for she was never beaten), an example of a perfect bacon pig producer, and one can picture from this photograph what she must have been like at six or seven months of age—a perfect baconer herself. As long as this type of pig goes to the top of the class in the summer shows there cannot be much wrong either with the pigs or the system of judging. There is one point in the system that I do think is wrong. That is that the same judge is used too much throughout a season. One sees the same judge adjudicating at show after show. The selection of judges committee should see to this important point.

Classes for bacon and pork pigs should be made more numerous and as attractive as possible, and the judges of these classes selected with great care. How often do we see the live pigs in the class placed by the judge agree with the carcass placings? All too seldom, I fear. The main cause of this is that the judge does his job—or tries to—mainly by eye, whereas all he need do is to have one look at his pig. He should be able to do the rest of his judging blindfold with his hands alone.

Perhaps one day we may see sow and progeny classes, in which fecundity and bacon or pork performance are taken into consideration, included in the schedule.

And perhaps one day that dream of mine, the Great Pig Show—for pigs alone, both breeding, and alive and carcass classes for pork and bacon, and then there would be room for all those recorded, fecundity, early maturity classes to be staged which at the moment is not practical policy at the summer shows—will materialise.



A glance at the accompanying illustration will give you an idea of the distinctive appearance of habits by Bernard Weatherill. The dignity of the side-saddle habit speaks for itself, but its comfort must be tested to be believed. Though slightly less formal, the second habit—for the woman who rides astride—concedes nothing in style, and makes equally light work of the hardest riding. As with all Bernard Weatherill clothes, these habits are made only in the finest and best-wearing materials, and their finish is, likewise, perfection itself.

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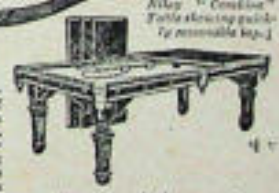
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THE FORD EXHIBITION

THE Ford Exhibition, which will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, from October 14th to 23rd, covers an extremely wide field, from the latest cars and commercial vehicles to farm machinery, industrial power units, trailers and accessories. It is an exhibition which has features of interest to practically everybody, and the exhibits are to be shown against a highly spectacular background, with first-class music and other diversions to provide entertainment.

Visitors will be able to watch men at work in departments similar to those in the Ford factory itself. The workers will be carrying out assembly and other production processes. Actual demonstrations of many of the tests employed in a modern motor factory will also be of interest. These, for instance, will show how every gearbox assembly is checked by ear on a "listening machine"; how the wearing qualities of upholstery material are determined by the "rub test," and how brakes are tested to ensure their perfect operation.

A "New Motorist's Section" will be an original feature. Here will be staged "cut-away" models explaining the operation of the engine, transmission and other parts, and special exhibits will give hints on driving, road safety and other matters of interest to those anxious to add to their experience. Another practical idea will be an Information Bureau for the road transport operator, to answer questions of licensing and other problems introduced by recent legislation.

The Ford Motor Exhibition will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily, and the admission is 1/3, including tax.

BRITISH SOARING MAKES PROGRESS

What the National Competitions Revealed

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

SOARING is a branch of sporting flying that receives little publicity in this country, and the recent national competitions, held at Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, during the last week of August and the first week of September, received practically no attention in the daily Press. Yet these competitions were in many ways remarkable, for they revealed steady progress in the British movement—progress that seems to justify the Government's subsidy of £5,000 a year paid to the gliding clubs.

These competitions are a yearly index of the status of British motorless flying, and they can be judged on two bases: first, on the total amount of gliding and soaring done during the period; and, second, by the quality and nature of the performances. The first, by itself, is not really a reliable guide; the effect of a subsidy might well be to induce more people to practise soaring without doing anything very much to stimulate its art and technique. The second, however, is a sound criterion, deserving of far closer attention than the other.

When, as at Great Hucklow this year, there is a marked advance in both the hours flown and the standard of performance, it may be claimed with confidence that British soaring is making good progress. Actually the total time spent by competitors in the air during the course of the meeting amounted to 270 hours, which compares very favourably indeed with the 150 hours recorded at last year's competitions—an increase of some 80 per cent. The amount of cross-country flying done was extraordinarily large, since the aggregate for the meeting was no less than 1,488 miles. This figure is the more impressive in that the weather was largely calm, and there were no continuous winds to help the pilots.

These facts alone indicate that the standard of British motorless flying is steadily improving. Another development that gives the same indication was the inclusion this year of "goal flying" competitions, in which the entrant had to name a specific destination for a cross-country flight. Thus his ability not only to remain in the air but to navigate towards a desired objective was tested; and this competition had extremely praiseworthy results.

Another satisfactory feature of the competitions was that of the 23 machines entered only three were of foreign construction, and it was notable that the all-British designs were most strongly represented. Here, again, is evidence of growing strength and independence in the British gliding movement.

It is interesting to compare the achievements of British pilots with the performances of entrants at the International Soaring Competitions held last July in the Wasserkuppe, Germany. Germany has for so long been the leader of the gliding and soaring movement that the Wasserkuppe figures may be taken to represent the best attainable in the light of modern knowledge.

At Great Hucklow, then, the duration prize was awarded to L. R. Robertson, who remained in the air for seven-and-a-half hours, while at the Wasserkuppe, the corresponding prize went to Frena, of Austria, with nineteen hours one minute. At the British meeting the height trophy was secured by P. B. N. Davis, who attained 5,100ft.; in the German event, Zabski, of Poland, secured the altitude prize with 9,298ft.

From this it would appear as though British soaring is still very inferior to the international standards set at the Wasserkuppe; but this does not necessarily follow. A very great deal depends, in these performances, on the weather encountered, and on the formation of the country; and it is generally admitted that the Wasserkuppe is practically ideal. This influence of local and temporal conditions is illustrated by the fact that at the Great Hucklow meeting, Wills actually attained a height of more than 6,000ft. above his starting-point, but was disqualified on account of a failure to his barograph; while at the Wasserkuppe the second best altitude was established by a British entrant, Flight-Lieutenant Watt, who returned 7,644ft.

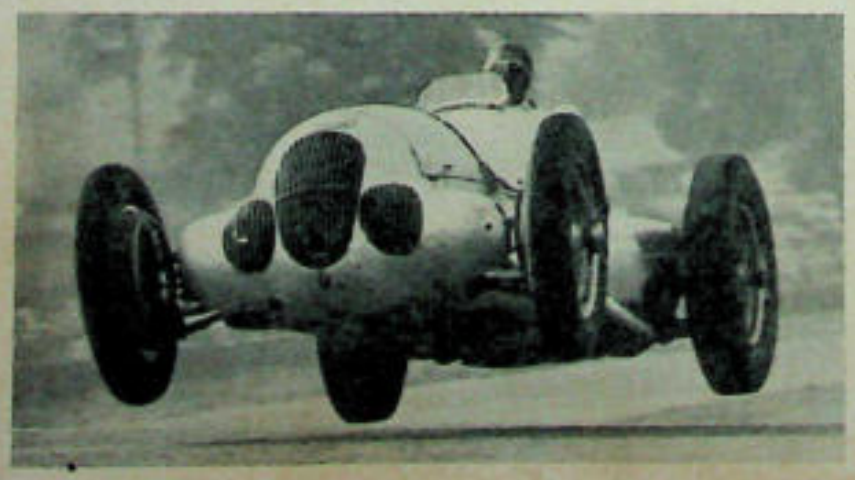
The questions of "records" and "individual performances" is one that does not admit of immediate comparisons between flights in different parts of the world made at different times—as must be evident when it is remembered that the sailplane is entirely dependent on natural forces for both its lift and propulsion. What is important is that there emerges from the events of the past year a clear indication that British gliding is not merely becoming established, but making steady progress. This is proved not only by comparing statistical results of this year's National competitions with previous years', but by the performance of British entrants in international contests. Although British pilots were not among the major prizewinners at the Wasserkuppe, there is general agreement that they performed exceedingly well especially when unfamiliarity with the ground is taken into account.

There is, then, ample evidence that the subsidy (which has not remained uncriticised) has given the movement that stability which will enable it to advance, and, it may be, make significant contributions to the science of soaring in general. British sailplane designs are now of great merit; pilots are showing a steadily improving standard of skill; and the general standard is rising. What is now needed is more widespread publicity for the movement.



THE RUNNER-UP GLIDING IN THE WASSERKUPPE

"The second best altitude was established by a British entrant, Flight-Lieutenant Watt, who returned 7,644 feet"



A WONDERFUL PICTURE OF M. VON BRAUCHITSCH IN HIS MERCEDES-BENZ WITH ALL FOUR WHEELS OFF THE GROUND DURING THE GRAND PRIX AT DONINGTON PARK LAST SATURDAY. HE GAINED SECOND PLACE AFTER A MAGNIFICENT RACE

BIG-GAME FISHING AT LOBITO

Attractive Sport on the Coast of Angola

By H. F. VARIAN



A CATCH OF A DIFFERENT KIND

The author, well-known as the man who discovered the Giant Sable, most splendid of all antelopes, with a 42lb. Barracuda killed at Lobito this year

As far as my memory serves, the first attempt made in the sport of trying for the larger game sea fish at Lobito, was towards the end of 1924. At that time Captain Hugh Buxton, and Captain Louis Hamilton, R.N., came out to stay with me in Angola, in pursuit of the giant sable. They had with them some light spinning tackle, so during the few days' delay while rifles and kit were being cleared in the Customs, part of the time was spent fishing in the bay and lagoons at its head.

At that time there was no motor boat available, so the first attempt was made in the lagoons of the mangrove swamps, in a Canadian canoe. Several fish of weights up to 10lb. were hooked, but it meant landing to play them from the shore.

Personally, I had had very little experience in spinning, or fishing at all for that matter, but these attempts rather fired me with the zeal to start trying, with the result that I had some tackle sent out from England. Thus equipped, I made several attempts, but possibly from lack of experience I was not at all successful. The construction of the Benguella Railway, of which I was then chief engineer, was in full swing, the work of which kept me constantly up-country for several years, so I did not have the chance of fishing on the coast.

During recent years, I had heard accounts of this sport being very successful, initiated principally by Messrs. P. R. Pittard and Leal Davies; possibilities, that I thought that sport under such easy and comfortable conditions should be better known. These notes are, therefore, for those who may be interested.

The actual fishing is principally done in the calm waters near the entrance of the bay. Lobito Bay itself is formed by a sand-spit running S.W. to N.E. roughly parallel to the limestone cliffs which form the main coastline; the bay is about two-and-a-half miles long, with an entrance of one mile wide, widening to two miles inside opposite the new wharves.

The boats, of which there are several, locally built and privately owned, are 14ft. and fitted with 1½ h.p. Johnston outboard motors. They are fitted with a zinc tank for fish, which is moulded to the hull of the boat, forward of the thwarts and made detachable. Arrangements could be made for the use of these boats for about 10/- a day, and petrol, which is not a large item.

The best times for fishing are from 6 to 8 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m. in the afternoon. The latter time is the more popular. The party in a boat generally consists of two rods and a native for general purposes. As soon as a fish is hooked the second rod is reeled in, and the motor stopped for playing the fish; it rather adds to excitement, when, on occasions, two fish are struck at the same time, which is not infrequent.

The tackle used principally is a medium weight spinning rod. Some are made of local "male" bamboo, bound and served for extra strength, but these are somewhat heavy. The lines are of 70lb. to 90lb. breaking strain, with spoons of 4½in. and 5in. on steel swivel traces.

Of the various fish, the principal, as regards sport, are barracuda, jack and red snapper. Garoupa up to 50lb. are occasionally taken, but they do not put up much fight. On one or two occasions Mr. G. E. Jones has killed shark with a comparatively light rod, while others have hooked them and let them go, as they are not popular. Sometimes a shark will take the whole or part of a fish that is being played.

Amongst the larger sporting fish taken in recent years, the record red snapper was killed by Mr. T. B. F. Davies, owner of the racing yacht Westward, who was at Lobito on a visit. The fish weighed 89lb. Eventually there were three taking turns at the rod, without harness, and it took 35 minutes to gaff. The largest barracuda was killed by Mr. Leal Davies, and had a length of just 6ft.; while the largest jack was killed by Mr. D. L. Neverovski, with a weight of 79lb.

The jack is considered locally as the most sporting of the larger fish. On one occasion 20 jack were taken by Captain F. B. R. Renouf, but by line only, from his six-metre yacht. On another occasion, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Jones killed seven barracuda, all over 5ft. in length, in less than two hours. They also brought in 27 fish of various sorts and sizes from 8lb. to 49lb. in weight as the result of two hours' fishing in the afternoon. With my small experience, amongst other fish I was successful in landing a barracuda of 5ft. 1in., weight 41lb., during the short time that I was there; several got away I fear. From our boat I witnessed Renouf and Wood struggling for over 20 minutes with a fish, which, when landed, we could not name, but it looked like a cross between a jack and a small tunny. It put up a really good fight, and at times it took the two of them on the rod.

The actual time for the best fishing is only two hours in the afternoon, but while it lasts, it is fairly intensive; blank days are practically unknown. Although fishing is possible all the year round, the best months are from December to April; but March to May are somewhat warm with a moist heat rising to 85 degrees or so. The warmer the weather, which is more or less dependent on the temperature of the sea, the better the fishing.

Lobito, being as it is on the West Coast of Africa, is rather apt to be confused with the West Coast proper, in days gone by of ill repute, which is 1,000 miles to the north; it has nothing in common as regards climate, &c., with the northern countries. Lobito, itself, is more than 12 degrees south of the Equator, and as its shores are washed by the southern Antarctic currents, it is generally cooler than parts of Eastern Africa that are 1,000 miles further south; in fact, I have known times in July and August when it has been too cold to swim in the sea. It is situated on a sandspit averaging 200yds. to 300yds. in width, and so has the Atlantic on one side and the bay on the other.

Lobito is the terminus of the Benguella Railway, which connects with the whole of the Central and South African railway systems. It has an excellent modern hotel, in which every room has its own bathroom and private verandah facing the sea; the sea is only 30yds. away across a sand beach, so one can have the best of sea bathing at any time. The hotel is managed by the Cie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, who also manage the dining and sleeping cars on the railway between Lobito and Elisabethville, so one is well catered for. The terms are about £1 a day, but less for longer periods by arrangement.

At Lobito it will be found that both the Portuguese and local British communities are most hospitable and helpful. Apart from fishing there is excellent sea bathing on both sides of the spit, the bay side being the calmer; tennis and sailing are also to be had. There is a nine-hole golf course being developed on the mainland.

There are several means of getting to Lobito, but the simplest is by ship, either Union Castle or German Line. The former run a monthly service out only, but do not call on the homeward journey, so one would have to take a through ticket to the Cape, and go on by the following month's boat to Capetown, and so home. The U.C. allow a break in the journey of one or two months, without extra charge. Instead of staying for a month, there is the weekly train on the Benguella Railway which connects with the whole of the Central and South African systems via Elisabethville and Victoria Falls—three and four days' journey, respectively.

If time should be a matter of consideration, one can go by train to Elisabethville, and from there by the weekly air service, either on the Sabena Airways (Belgian) or Air Afrique (French), which run from Madagascar to Paris and Brussels on alternate weeks. The 'planes are well equipped and comfortable, with a speed of 160 miles an hour. They carry two pilots, a wireless operator and a steward; a really cold whisky and soda while over the heart of Africa is cheaper than is possible in England, which is rather apt to impress one. From Elisabethville to Paris or London takes about five days, but this is to be reduced shortly, I believe. The route is via Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, Sahara and Algeria. If one wishes to see these lesser known and very interesting countries of Africa, which are not so easily accessible otherwise, in comfort, as I did recently, I think that it will be found that the whole trip, and more especially the experience of flying over the equatorial forest and the Sahara, which is not only sand, is both unique and memorable.

As I have previously mentioned in my own case, it does not need much experience to enjoy the sport at Lobito that I have described, and should there be any who require any sort of information, I will do what I can, or I should recommend them to get in communication with Mr. A. E. Williams, H.B.M. Vice-Consul at Lobito, Captain F. B. R. Renouf of the Lobito Stevedoring Company, or any of those mentioned in the notes.



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I was so impressed with the pleasant ten days that I spent there, and the

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE TUDOR ROOM AT THE GEORGE HOTEL.

IN the year that Henry VIII lay dying the George Hotel at Odiham obtained its licence. It may not appear to be so old from its bright, cheerful exterior, but inside, and especially in the dining-room, beautiful oak panelling speaks of 1547 and not 1937. There is, too, in this dining-room, a richly carved chimney-piece which is said to have come from Old Basing House, the last place to hold out against Cromwell, who besieged it for nearly three years. This chimney-piece has square panels above the shelf and round panels below.

The dining-room was once used for the manorial court and, grim though it may sound, many death sentences were pronounced there. Other sentences included whipping, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find in another part of the house a whipping post, where the criminals received their punishment. It is also claimed that the hotel cellars were once used as a prison for French prisoners of war and others. Another point of interest concerning the hotel and past centuries is that when Odiham market was still in existence two ploughs were always placed outside the George on market day. Doubtless much of the market business was transacted inside and outside the building, for the inn has ever been a gathering place for locals and travellers alike.

How tongues must have wagged at the old George following a scene which took place in Odiham church. Of this a local chronicler recorded: "The good people of Odiham were sadly disturbed whilst in church on the 11th of February, 1644. Some of the garrison of Farnham Castle rode into church during service and presented their pistols at Master Holmes, the Minister, saying with a loud impudence, 'Sir, you must come down, for we do not allow of such kind preaching.' One trooper fired his pistol in the church, a number of women fainted, and one, Bushell's wife, fell down dead."

A more amusing incident in the local church's history concerns an entry in the baptismal registry which reads: "There will come a time when people will search in this book for the names of their children, and in regard that they cannot find their names here written let them not blame me for it, but look upon their ownselves, for since the wars began in this land there have been many that have been baptized that I never knew of, neither have I had timely notice of them—nevertheless I know the blame will be laid upon me." The entry was signed "Thomas Hooker, Parish Clerk, 1652." These failures were due, in point of fact, not to Thomas Hooker's slackness but to the general confusion which ensued during the Civil War.

There is much of historical interest about the castle remains at Odiham as well as the church, which is in good condition even to-day. In 1225 Henry III visited the castle, where enormous quantities of food were eaten during banquets. At one such gathering, provided for the poor of the district, 2,000 pints of cider passed into thirsty mouths!

But to-day the castle is in ruins while the George stands proudly and invitingly in the broad High Street. It has an attractive sign portraying St. George, astride a white horse, despatching the dragon. The hotel is only a short distance off the main road going from London to the West, and Southampton and Portsmouth, and on the road from Reading to Alton. It has a pleasant little garden in which apple trees blossom in the spring, while there is something very magnetic about the old white-washed building as you approach it along the road. You will not be disappointed if you halt here.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

Some Elementary Errors

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER
(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

AMONGST the mistakes in defensive play which I have noticed frequently is failure to kill a winning card in Dummy. The position is this. You or Declarer have established a winner in Dummy's hand. You are in the lead. You know that if you lead the suit your partner can ruff, but that he will be overruffed by Declarer. You therefore refuse to lead it because, in common parlance, it will put him "under the hammer." Perhaps it may cause him to part with a potential winning trump.

Now although to lead a card which may cause your partner to ruff and be overruffed may appear at first sight bad play, it is often absolutely the reverse. He may have one or two small trumps, and what better use can one of them be put to than in killing an otherwise winning trick? Two points have to be remembered. First, if your partner is wise he will not ruff when he knows he is going to be overruffed if he has a certain winning trump. Further, he will not in this position have asked for a ruff by discarding high, low.

Here is a simple example:

	♠ 10, 9, 2 ♡ A, 6, 3 ◇ 8, 5, 4, 2 ♣ Q, 7, 4	
♠ 5 ♡ 10, 8, 4 ◇ K, 9, 7 ♣ A, K, J, 6, 5, 3	Y A B Z	♠ 8, 7, 3 ♡ Q, J, 9, 2 ◇ J, 10, 6, 3 ♣ 9, 2
	♠ A, K, Q, J, 6, 4 ♡ K, 7, 5 ◇ A, Q ♣ 10, 8	

Score game all, love all. Z is playing a contract of Four Spades.

A led out King and Ace of Clubs, on which B played the 9 and the 2. Instead of continuing the Clubs, A at trick 3 led a Heart. Z winning with the King took three round of trumps, put Dummy in with the Ace of Hearts and discarded a losing Heart on the Queen of Clubs, thereby making game and rubber, losing two tricks in Clubs and a Diamond.

If A had led a third round of Clubs B would have ruffed and the game would have been saved, as A B must make, in addition to the two Clubs, a trick in Hearts and in Diamonds. You may say that seeing the Queen of Clubs in Dummy, A should not have continued the suit, but have switched. Actually, however, this would not have been helpful as Z could himself have made the Queen of Clubs good in Dummy whatever A leads at trick 2. The issue depends upon A forcing B to "kill" the Queen of Clubs so that Z cannot subsequently get rid of a Heart.

Another example:

	♠ Q, 6, 4, 3 ♡ 9, 5 ◇ Q, 8, 7 ♣ J, 9, 3, 2	
♠ A, K, J, 8, 5 ♡ 10, 7, 6 ◇ 9, 3, 2 ♣ Q, 8	Y A B Z	♠ 10, 7 ♡ J, 2 ◇ A, 10, 5, 4 ♣ K, 10, 7, 6, 4
	♠ 9, 2 ♡ A, K, Q, 8, 4, 3 ◇ K, J, 6 ♣ A, 5	

Score game all. Z is playing a contract of Four Hearts, A having opened the bidding with One Spade. A led the King of Spades, B played the 7 and Z the 2.

Seeing the Queen of Spades on the table, A now shifted to Diamonds. B won with his Ace and returned his 10 of Spades. A made his Ace, but did not continue the suit because he knew that B and Z had no more.

He led his Queen of Clubs, but it was too late. Z won with the Ace, drew trumps and was able to discard his losing Club on Dummy's Queen of Spades.

As you will see, the game could and should have been saved. At the first trick B should have played the 10, not the 7 of Spades, inviting his partner to continue the suit. In this event A should have made his Ace and led a third Spade, which B must ruff with the *Knave of Hearts*. Mark this all-important point; B, having invited a ruff, must ruff with his highest trump. This is the winning factor.

Thereafter Z must lose, in addition to two Spades, trick in Clubs, in Diamonds and in trumps. Even played initially A had the saving of the game rubber provided he continued Spades when ed the suit.

CHESS

TOURNAMENT IN AUSTRIA

THE tournament came to its conclusion on Monday, September 27th. The first prize was won by the talented young Estonian master, Paul Keres. He has accomplished some fine performances in the last two years, but this is undoubtedly his greatest. Fine (U.S.A.), who was second, a point behind Keres, had the satisfaction of being the only player to go through the contest without defeat. The third and fourth prizes were shared by Capablanca (Cuba) and Reshewsky (U.S.A.). The players who failed to win a prize were Flohr (Czechoslovakia), who does not seem to be playing as well as he did a few years ago, Eliskases (Austria), Ragozin (Russia) and Petrow (Latvia).

No fewer than 33 of the 56 games played were drawn. Keres won 6 games, Reshewsky 4, Eliskases 3, and the other competitors 2 each.

The following table shows the results of all the games played in the contest.

	Keres	Fine	Capablanca	Reshewsky	Flohr	Eliskases	Ragozin	Petrow	Total
Keres	—	½ ½	½ ½	1 0	½ ½	1 0	½ ½	½ ½	6
Fine	½ ½	—	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	5
Capablanca	½ ½	½ ½	—	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	5
Reshewsky	0 1	½ ½	½ ½	—	½ ½	1 0	½ ½	½ ½	5
Flohr	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	—	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	4
Eliskases	0 1	½ ½	½ ½	0 1	½ ½	—	½ ½	1 0	4
Ragozin	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	—	½ ½	4
Petrow	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	½ ½	0 1	½ ½	—	3

LIVELY PLAY

THE following lively game was played in a recent German Championship Tournament at Bad Oeynhausen.

(Centre Counter Game.)

WHITE. G. Kieninger.	BLACK. K. Richter.	WHITE. G. Kieninger.	BLACK. K. Richter.
1. P to K 4	P to Q 4	18. P takes P	R takes P (j)
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3 (a)	19. K takes R	Q to R 2, ch
3. B to Kt 5, ch (b)	P to B 3 (c)	20. K to K 2 (g)	R to Kt 5, ch
4. P takes P	P takes P	21. K to K sq	B takes Q
5. B to K 2	P to K 4	22. K takes R	R to Q sq
6. P to Q 3	B to Q 3	23. K to B 2	Q to K 2 (l)
7. Kt to K B 3	Q Kt to Q 2	24. K R to K Kt sq	R to K B sq
8. Kt to B 3	Castles	25. Q R to K B sq	B to B 4
9. Kt to K 4 (d)	Kt takes Kt	26. R to Kt 5	B to Q 5
10. P takes Kt	Kt to B 4	27. P to B 3	Q to K 3
11. B to Q 3	K to R sq (e)	28. R to Kt 5	P to B 6
12. B to K 3	Q to R 4, ch (f)	29. B to B 3	Q to K R 3
13. Kt to Q 2 (g)	Kt takes B, ch	30. B takes B	R P takes B
14. P takes Kt	P to K B 4	31. R to B 2	Q to K 3
15. K to K 2 (h)	P to B 5	32. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 3
16. Kt to B 4	Q to B 2	33. R to B 2 (m)	Q to K B 3
17. B to Q 2	P to B 6, ch (i)	34. R to B 2	Drawn.

(a) The alternative continuation is 2. . . . Q takes P; 3. Kt to Q B 3, Q to Q R 4.

(b) 3. P to Q B 4 is not good as Black gets an advantage in development, *e.g.* 3. . . . P to B 3; 4. P takes P, Kt takes P; 5. P to Q 3, P to K 4; 6. Kt to Q B 3, B to K B 4; 7. Kt to B 5, B to B 4.

(c) Black offers a gambit. The alternative is B to Q 2 after which he soon recovers the pawn.

(d) An inferior move. He should, instead, play 9. Castles.

(e) Threatening P to B 4, in reply to which White cannot play P takes P because of P to K 5 which wins a piece. If at once P to B 4, then White can play P takes P and then B to B 4, ch.

(f) A strong move. If, instead, P to B 4, then R takes Kt.

(g) If 13. Q to Q 2, then 13. . . . Kt takes B, ch, followed, if 14. P takes Kt, by 14. . . . B to Q Kt 5 and wins. If 13. P to B 3, then 13. . . . Kt takes B, ch; 14. Q takes Kt, B to B 2, threatening B to R 3. If 13. B to Q 2, then 13. . . . Kt takes B, ch; 14. P takes Kt, Q to Kt 4; 15. B to B 3, B to R 3; 16. Castles, Q R to Q sq (not Q takes Q P because of Q takes Q followed by K R to Q sq) with a very good game for Black.

(h) If 15. P takes P, then 15. . . . B takes P. If 15. P to B 3, then 15. . . . P takes P; 16. Q P takes P, B to R 3. If 15. Castles, then 15. . . . P to B 5; 16. Kt to B 4, Q to B 2; 17. B to Q 2, P to B 6. In each case Black has a very promising position.

(i) If Black does not make this move, White will consolidate his position by P to B 3.

(j) A strong move. Black now threatens B to K Kt 5 and White has, we think, nothing better than capturing the Rook.

(k) White finds the best move. Either K to Kt 2 or K to K 3 would lose, *e.g.* (1) 29. K to Kt 2, Q to Kt 3, ch; 24. K to B sq, R to R 6, ch; 22. K to K 2 (if K to K sq, then Q to Kt 7), B to Kt 5, ch; 23. P to B 3, B takes P, ch; 24. K takes B, R to B sq, ch; 25. K to K 3, Q to R 3, ch; 26. K to B 2, Q to R 4, ch and mate in a few more moves. (2) 29. K to K 3, B to B 4, ch; 24. P to Q 4, B takes P, ch; 22. K to Q 3, B to R 3; 23. P to Kt 3 (if Q to R 4, then B to Kt 4 followed by R to Q sq; if, instead, R to Q B sq, then B takes Kt P followed by R to Q sq, ch), R to Q sq; 24. K to B 2, B takes Kt with a winning attack.

(l) Not 23. . . . Q takes P because of 24. Q R to K B sq (threatening not only R takes Q but also Kt takes R), Q to Q B 4; 25. P to Kt 4, winning a piece, Black being unable to play 25. . . . Q to Q 5 because of 26. B to B 3 which wins the Queen.

(m) Not 33. Kt takes P because of the winning reply 33. . . . Q to R 4, threatening not only Q takes Kt but also Q to K 8, ch. (34. Kt to Kt 4 is answered with 34. . . . P to R 4; 35. R to K 3, K to Kt 2.)

A FATAL MISTAKE

IN the following game, played in a tournament at Bochum, Black won a pawn in the 12th move—but with disastrous effect. He was forced to resign six moves later.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. L. Hermann.	BLACK. G. Rogmann.	WHITE. L. Hermann.	BLACK. G. Rogmann.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	10. Q to K 2 (e)	Q P takes P
2. Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	11. Kt P takes P	P takes P
3. P to B 4	P to Q Kt 3	12. P takes P	Kt takes P (f)
4. P to K 3	B to Kt 2	13. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
5. B to Q 3	B to K 2	14. Kt to Q 5	Q to B 4
6. Castles	Castles	15. B takes Kt	P takes B (g)
7. Kt to B 3	P to Q 4	16. Kt takes B, ch	Q takes Kt (d)
8. P to Q Kt 3	P to B 4	17. Q to Kt 4, ch	K to R sq
9. B to Kt 2	Kt to B 3	18. Q to R 4 (e)	Resigns (f)

(a) A well-known position in the Queen's Gambit Declined has been reached by transposition of moves.

(b) A fatal mistake which enables White to unmask his Queen's Bishop with deadly effect.

(c) If 15. . . . B takes B, then 16. Q to K 4, P to Kt 3; 17. Kt takes B, ch followed by 18. Q takes B and wins. If, instead, 15. . . . P takes Kt, then 16. B takes B and wins.

(d) If 16. . . . K to R sq, then 17. Kt to Q 5, P takes Kt, 18. Q to R 5, P to B 4; 19. B takes P, K to Kt 2; 20. Q to Kt 5, ch, K to R sq; 21. Q to R 6 and wins. If, instead, 16. . . . K to Kt 2, then 17. Kt to Q 5, P takes Kt; 18. Q to Kt 4, ch, K to R sq (if K to R 3, then Q to R 4, ch and mate next move); 19. Q to B 5 and wins.

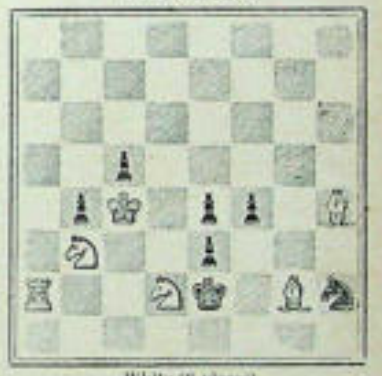
(e) Now Black loses his Queen.

(f) A similar mistake to that made by Black in this game has frequently occurred, for example in the following off-hand game, Arvid Burn v. W. Gooding, played at the City of London Chess Club in 1920: 1. P to Q 4, P to Q 4; 2. P to Q B 4, P to K 3; 3. Kt to Q B 3, Kt to K B 3; 4. Kt to B 3, B to K 2; 5. P to K 3, Castles; 6. B to Q 3, P to B 4; 7. Castles, Kt to B 3; 8. P to Q Kt 3, P to Q Kt 3; 9. B to Kt 2, B to Kt 2; 10. Q to K 2, K to B sq; 11. Q R to B sq, Q P takes P; 12. Kt P takes P, P takes P; 13. P takes P, Kt takes P; 14. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 15. Kt to Q 5, Q to B 4; 16. B takes Kt, P takes B; 17. B takes P, ch, K takes B; 18. Q to R 5, ch, K to Kt sq; 19. Q to Kt 4, ch, K to R sq; 20. R to B 3, Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 3930

By F. G. L. F.

Black (7 pieces).



White (6 pieces).

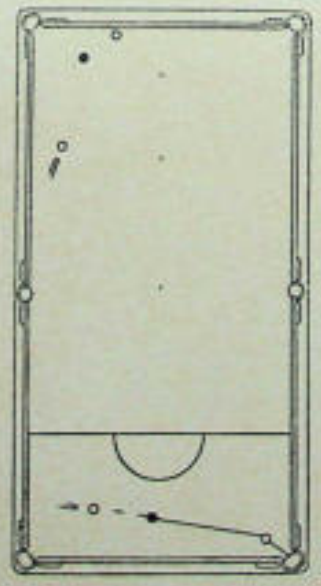
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3929

1. Q to R 4, Any move; 2. R, Kt or P mates.

THE FREE-BALL RULE

Difficulties When Applied to Snooker



CONSIDERING the many rule amendments and special rulings, it is scarcely to be wondered that the "free-ball" rule at snooker causes plenty of billiard room arguments. The real wonder, to my mind, is that we played snooker for so long without a "free-ball" rule troubling us. Only when the 22-ball game began to draw to the front was a snooker left by a foul shot penalised. A player so left had a free-ball to do as he pleased with; too often he preferred to roll cue-ball against the intervening colour, thus presenting his opponent with a cast-iron "snooker" with little or no trouble.

Further legislation, comparatively recent, remedied this abuse by making it a foul shot to snooker behind the intervening colour when presented with a "free-ball" leave. Although this all sounds plain enough, on the table it is apt to be very different. To begin with, plenty of people do not know a "free-ball" when they see it; even markers are deceived at times. For example, at the spot-end of my diagram I show what is actually a "free-ball," but it does not look at all like one. Pink, the ball against top cushion, is the ball on. Black, nearest cue-ball, is the only other ball on the table. The leave occurred after fouling pink when playing with the rest. At first glance it looks as if you can hit pink anywhere, but by taking a second look and a careful line it is clear that black intervenes so far that you cannot strike the extreme left of pink, which makes an undoubted free-ball leave of it because you cannot hit any part of the ball on by means of a direct ball-to-ball shot. The position also illustrates another point. You can play pink, the ball on to leave a snooker behind black; but if you elect to play black instead as a free-ball you cannot use it as the snookering ball. This always applies; after a foul the same ball can never be both the nominated ball and available for snookering.

But the nominated ball, although barred for snookering, can always be used to "plant" the ball on. This is shown at baulk-end of my diagram. Black and pink are the only balls left and the leave is a "free-ball." You can then play black on pink to pot that ball; if, in addition, you pot black by the same stroke, the pink counts and black comes up and is spotted for your next shot.

Cannons, too, are legitimately playable from a free-ball leave, either to pot the ball on, or to snooker an opponent. W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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

Secretaries' Addresses Wanted.—The joint hon. secretaries of the British Tunny Club are: Mr. Harold Hardy and Mr. Eric Cooper, and the Club's address is Sandside, Scarborough; London address, 4, Fetter Lane, E.C. 4.—*A. C. R., Dorset.*

Pike Fishing Wanted.—Frensham Pond if not too far away from you would perhaps fit your requirements. It lies in the neighbourhood of Haslemere and Farnham in Surrey. Boats are available at the Frensham Pond Hotel at 5/- per rod per day.—*F. W. S., Kent.*

Netting a Trout Stream.—An owner has the right to net his own water, and another owner above or below has no grounds of objection. Your only practical solution would seem to be to approach the other owner in a friendly spirit and see if some arrangement cannot be arrived at for developing his reach and your own as angling waters.—*C. R. W., Wilts.*

What is pH Value?—It is a method of reckoning the degree of hardness of a water based on its hydrogenion concentration. The neutral point is 7. If the value is over 7 the water is hard and suitable for trout (other features being favourable); if under 7 it is soft, and in this case trout, as a rule, will not grow very big as happens, for example, in peaty water.—*C. R. B., London.*

Kennel

Kennel Management.—Your client's daughter would get a thorough training at the Bell Mead Kennels, Haslemere, where the teaching is of a comprehensive nature.—*C. G. A., London.*

Training a Cocker Spaniel.—You had better wait until the puppy is about nine months. A very helpful book may be had from this office. Write to Mr. H. S. Lloyd, Swakeley's Farm, Ickenham, Middlesex. If his own trainer is full up, he will tell you where to go.—*Mrs. C. P., Glos.*

Retriever Training.—Unfortunately, Smith's book on the subject is out of print. A useful work by R. Sharpe is published by *Country Life*. We should advise you to try Spratts' Patent, 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 3 for a clip lead.—*F. R. R. B., Odiham.*

Excision of Gland.—It reads as if an operation was needed for the excision of the offending gland, as expectant treatment has failed to have any effect. (2) It is not known why males should be the more susceptible, but the possible causes are shock, haemorrhage, or the persistence of the thymus gland. In the latter condition, any operation, however slight, is apt to be followed with fatal results.—*E. M. K. B., Barnsley.*

Shooting

Safety of Old Guns.—The advice given by your gunmaker was perfectly sound; it is always advisable to have old guns reproved, and more particularly so those proved for black powder. Apart from the fact of increased breech pressure developed by smokeless powders there is always a possibility of hidden weakness, notwithstanding the fact that your guns to all appearance are perfectly sound after 20 years' wear. The fact that 375 guns reproved at the Birmingham Proof House, out of 2,258 submitted during the last three years, failed to stand the test, speaks for itself.—*Mac M., Dashp.*

Game Market Prices

Rabbits (English, trapped), 6d. to 1/6. Rabbits (English, shot), 6d. to 11d. Hares, 2/- to 3/6. Pheasants, 4/- to 5/6. Partridges (young), 2/3 to 3/6. Partridges (old), 8d. to 1/-. Grouse (young), 3/6 to 5/9. Grouse (old), 1/4 to 1/9.

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

MESSRS. WARNER, SHEPPARD & WADE held their usual weekly sale at Leicester, on Saturday last, when a good number of horses changed hands. The top figure, 170gs., was paid for Mr. P. Williams-Powlett's bay mare Erehwon. Two of the trio sent up by Mr. and Lady Mary Strickland, Mickey and Pageant, made 140gs. and 150gs. respectively; and Mr. G. Bryant accepted 150gs. for his brown mare Bridget. Bidding was brisk for Mr. Pierre Symmott's chestnut gelding Moses III, which went for 120gs. Mr. Hugh Morrison of Aghadowey sent up a stud of six, all of which were sold. The principal prices were as follows:

Property of Mr. T. Taylor: Heaton Lassie, b m, 76gs. Property of Mr. and Lady Mary Strickland: Mickey, b g, 140gs.; Pageant, gr g, 150gs. Property of Mr. Geo. Bryant: Jack, b g, 50gs.; Bridget, br m, 150gs. Property of Mr. P. Symnott: Moses III, ch g, 120gs. Property of Sir James Roberts: Ch g, 33gs.; Denton, ch m, 54gs.; Rosie, ch g, 31gs. Property of Mr. Hugh Morrison: Faithful Lass, br m, 74gs.; Septimus, b g, 97gs.; Tuppence, b g, 60gs.; Garrow Hill, ch g, 30gs. Property of Mr. P. Williams-Powlett: Erehwon, b m, 170gs. Property of Sir G. S. Church: Bobster, br g, 32gs.; Contretemps, b f, 36gs.; Sanction, b g, 46gs. Property of Mrs. Fairweather: Br g, 35gs. Property of Dr. Frank Carson: Gr m, 50gs. Property of Dr. H. Levinstein: Ch g, 82gs. Property of Mrs. Corbett: Br g, 34gs. Property of the Meredith Riding School: Double Scotch, piebald g, 39gs.

MEYSEL.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Byrkley—8.
NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Wootton Bridge: Tu, Swan Green—7.30; Th, Royal Oak, Fritham; S., Aldridge Hill—8.
PYTCHLEY, WOODLAND.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Slipton—8.
SEAVINGTON.—Saturday (8th), 9th), Stoke sub Hamdon—9.
SOMERSET, WEST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Rydon Lodge—9; Tu., Otterhampton; W., Pitleigh; Th., Hunter Trish, Nether Stowey; F., Monksilver; S., Cutdon—10.
SOUTHDOWN.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Ivifield Mill—9.30; Tu., High Park Corner; W., Wheatsheaf, Albourne; F., Hadlow Down; S., Rye—9.
SUSSEX, EAST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Jevington; Tu., Beaufort Park; Th., The Plough, Westfield; S., Magham Down—8.
TAUNTON VALE.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Drake's Arms; Tu., Greenway; Th., White Cross; F., Milverton Station—9.
TEDWORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Netheravon—8.
TIVERTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Mulford Gate—9.30; M., Venn Cross; W., Knutsbeare; S., Washford Pyne—10.
WARWICKSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Alveston Pastures—8.
WEST STREET.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), West Street—8.

HARRIERS AND BEAGLES—ENGLAND AND WALES

AIREDALE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Hermit Inn, Burley Wood Head—12.30; W., Chelker Reservoir, Addingham—12.
ALDENHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Cranor's Farm; S., Bower's Heath—8.30.
ASHLEY.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Ham Farm, Exeter; Th., Sutton—2.
BLEASDALE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Derby Arms, Thornley—12.45; W., Cantley—12.30; S., Beetham Hall, Milnthorpe—12.45.
BOLEBROKE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Chequers, Bough Beech; W., New Inn, Fosthall, Bellting; S., Hartfield Station—11.
BRIGHTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Royal Oak, Battersea; Tu., King's Head, Albourne; S., Hare and Hounds, Kingmer—12.
BUCKHURST.—Tuesday (Oct. 12th), The Mill House, Milton Ernest (opening meet); F., The Grey Ange Inn, Birchanger—12.
BUXTON AND CHAPEL.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), The Kennels, Chapel—1; Tu., Perryfoot—12; S., The Church, King Sterndale—1.
CROFT.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Royal Oak; W., Barningham; S., Farrydale—2.
CUMBERLAND, WEST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Wasdale Head Hotel—9.30; Tuesday, Distressed Sailor, Braystones; F., Farnside, Distington—10.30.
DEVON HOUSE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Southrowe; Tu., Tarring Neville—1.
EXCALIBUR.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Norfolk Arms, Gipsyhill—1; Th., Horse Shoe Inn, Harley—12; S., Crown Inn, Wortley Road—1.
FARLEY HILL.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Woodcray Manor Farm, Wokingham (opening meet); Tu., White Hart, Wokingham; S., Shoulder of Mutton, Hazeley Heath—12.
FURNESS AND DISTRICT.—Tuesday (Oct. 12th), Greenhead, Cartmel; S., The Cop, Penmington—10.30.
GUILDFORD AND SHERE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Burwood Farm, Warren Road, Guildford—8; S., White Horse, Shere (opening meet) (annual meeting—11.30)—12.
HIGH PEAK.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Flagg (opening meet)—11.30.
HOLCOMBE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Black Horse, Limbrick—10.30; W., Turn Village—8; S., Crown Inn, Rittle—12.
HOLME VALLEY.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), New Inn, Hinchcliffe Mill—10.30 and 2; W., Rose and Crown, Meltham—2; S., Royal Oak, Upperthong—10.30 and 2.
NEW FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Norley Farm; W., Thorney Hill; S., Blacks Wood, near Stones Cross—11.30.
PENDLE FOREST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Aana Lane Head; W., Pendleton Hall; S., Grimsagill—11.
PENISTONE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Ox-spring—1; Th., The Kennels—2; S., Langsett Inn—1.
PIPEWELL.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Rythorn; Tu., Lower Lodge, Pipewell; S., Lamport—1.45.
R.A.—Monday (Oct. 11th), R.A. Mess, Bulford (opening meet); S., Knighton Down—2.
R.E.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Queen's Farm, Shottle; W., West Court, Cliffe; S., Cliffe Church (for the Marshes)—2.
SENIOR OFFICERS' SCHOOL.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Three Squirrels, Sterkbury; Tu., Robbing Place; Th., Lord Nelson, King's Ferry—2.
STAFFORDSHIRE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Bunster P.O., near Stafford (opening meet)—12.30.
STORRINGTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Marquis of Granby, Sompting; W., Lee Place, Wiborough Green; S., Timberlye, Bury—11.
SURREY, WEST, AND HORSELL.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Holmwood Farm, Holmwood, Dorking—1; W., The White Hart, Chobham—12; S., The Harrow, Chevington—1.
VALE OF LUNE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Fenwick Arms, Tunstall (opening meet) (general meeting—10.30); W., Redwell; S., Robert Hall—11.15.
WESTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Brent Knoll Inn, East Brent—12.
WOLVERTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Grange Farm, Chigwell—1.30.

HARRIERS—IRELAND

NEWRY.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Drumlesnagher House (opening meet); F., Stevenson's Brake—12.30.

OTTER HOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

COURTENAY TRACY.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Willon, Ice River Nadder (to finish the season)—9.30.
CROWHURST.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Berwick Station; M., Bines Bridge; W., Floodgates, West Grinstead; S., Ashurst Station—10.30.
EASTERN COUNTIES.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), White Bear Inn, Ongar (to finish the season); Monday Spaughton (bye day)—10.30; Th., Snape (bye day)—10; S., Earsham Brick, near Bartleston (bye day)—10.30.

DRAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

TRING AND DISTRICT FARMERS'.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Black Horse, Great Missenden; S., Royal Oak, Little Missenden—9.

THE "FIELD" LIST OF HUNTING APPOINTMENTS

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 16th

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

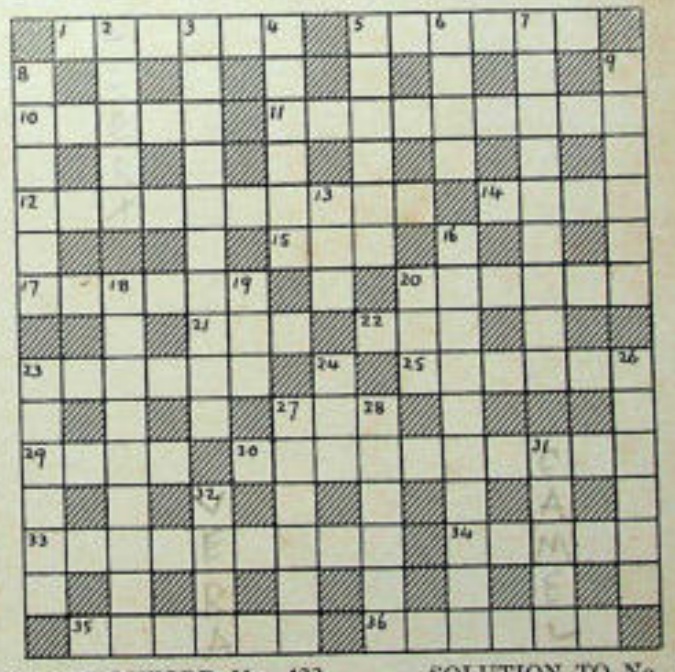
STAGHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

DEVON AND SOMERSET.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Hawkridge—11.
NEW FOREST BUCKHOUNDS.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Janesmoor Pond (to finish the autumn hunting)—12.
QUANTOCK.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Triscombe Stone (to finish staghunting)—11.

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND AND WALES

ALBRIGHTON WOODLAND.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Frankley Cross Roads—8; S., Harvington—9.
ATHERSTONE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Horse and Jockey, Corley—8.*
ATHERSTONE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Cross-in-Hand—7.30.
BICESTER.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Southern Gate—8.
BURTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Kingsley—6.30.
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Hailey Wood; Tu., Grafham Station; F., Boxworth—8.
CATTISTOCK.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Red House Key—9; M., Compton Barn; Tu., Haydon Gate; W., Martinstown; Th., Holt Mill; F., Tatton Cross; S., Chaworth—10.
CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM.—Saturday (Oct. 9th) Caffin's Farm; M., Broadbridge Farm; Tu. Springhead; Th., Cobden Farm; S., Great Thorndean Farm—9.30.
DARTMOOR.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Brent Station—10; Tu., Brimpts Gate; W., Rattlebone Cross; F., Scarrition; S., Tolchetmoor Gate—10.30.
DULVERTON.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Exebridge; M., Brendidge Farm; W., Bury; F., Hawkridge; S., Woodburn Cross—10.
ERIDGE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Oshsbury Farm—8.45.
FERNIE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Alexton Wood—8.30.
GARTH.—Monday (Oct. 11th), Tally Ho, Winkfield; W., Mole, Arborfield; F., Rickey Mill; S., Easthampstead Gate—9.30.
GROVE.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Markham Top—*.
HERTFORDSHIRE, NORTH.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Caddington—8.30.
HERTFORDSHIRE, SOUTH.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Hadnall Common—8.30.
HEYTHROP.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Taynton Quarries—8.
MENDIP.—Saturday (Oct. 9th), Stone Easton; W., Hinton Blewett—9; S., The Kennels—7.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 433

ACROSS.—1, Two sailors make an unpleasant cadet. 5, A female graduate? 10, Another female graduate? 11, Stole. 12, Abhorrent. 14, "Let observation with extensive view Survey mankind from China to ——" (Dr. Johnson). 15, Small heap of sand. 17, Models are rarely thus. 20, Rose and the doctor are gloomy and uncertain. 21, This time is farcical. 22, Tins may be hot and cross. 23, Irritable or pi? 25, Used to sweeten their tea by the fair sex. 27, Middle of the spine. 29, He was terrible. 30, Move all ten (anag.). 33, Previously mentioned. 34, The opposite of 17. 35, Revolve. 36, This is almost eremite.

DOWN.—2, Watchful. 3, Very emotional conveyances. 4, Do again. 5, The messenger asked us if Ted could have either rum or ale (hidden). 6, Plunder. 7, "All delays are —— in war" (Dryden). 8, These are not meant to be heard by all. 9, Cite as example. 13, "The chest, contrived a double debt to pay, A —— by night, a chest of drawers by day" (Goldsmith). 16, Wearisome. 18, A famous archbishop was an outrated-out Conservative. 19, A London fair. 20, You are if you drink from it backwards. 24, Max is the 152nd. 24, Put nothing here. 26, Obvious. 27, Father not in time? 28, 88 is necessary to make this unnecessary. 31, The teen sent Eric a melon on his birthday (hidden). 32, Mother, may we have radishes for tea? (hidden).

SOLUTION TO No. 432

Published October 2nd

B	E	L	V	O	I	R		P	O	I	N	T
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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings

MAJOR R. W. SHARPE

If continuity of management and knowledge of the country counts for anything in foxhunting, the Lauderdale are lucky in their Master. Major Sharpe was secretary of the Hunt from 1927. In 1934 he became Deputy-Master and secretary to Colonel Alexander Mitchell, who had been Master since 1910. In 1935 Colonel Sharpe became sole Master. It is a wall country, mostly grass and moorland. It was first hunted in the first part of the nineteenth century by Mr. Baillie, of Mellerstain. Since then it has been hunted by the Duke of Buccleuch, the extinct Lothian Hunt, Messrs. C. and J. Scott Plummer, and Mr. C. Scott Plummer. From 1910 to 1919, Major A. C. Paton was Joint-Master with Colonel Mitchell

ROVER

Quality of Detail

". . . Among such a wealth of really practical features I find it difficult to say which is the most valuable. Personally, however, I find the Automatic Chassis lubrication a particular boon . . ."



The Rover Company Ltd., Coventry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 1682 Holborn. *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

ADVERTISING FITNESS

"EAT More Fruit" or "Drink More Milk" are simple injunctions which, on the showing of the leading advertising experts, actually persuade the public to consume more of these commodities. This being so, how much more effective should be the results of the poster campaign of the National Fitness movement. The posters show jolly-looking people of both sexes who variously proclaim that keeping fit enables them to stay young, keep attractive, look better, feel fresher, play harder, do a good job and enjoy life more. There is a compelling power about these posters that instinctively persuades the reader that to have a really good time it pays to look after his physical well-being. And all this leads him or her to take an interest in the National Fitness programme. The council has started its work well, and throughout the country has established area committees to find out what facilities for physical recreation exist in their particular counties, to interest the public in the scheme, and to examine and report on all applications from their areas for grant-aid under the Physical Training and Recreation Act. A glance at the list of names of those serving on the county area committees is sufficient to indicate that there will be plenty of punch behind them.

It remains for business houses and employers in town and country to back up their efforts, and signs are not wanting here to prove that help will be forthcoming. It is all to the interest of industries that the whole of the personnel should be given time and opportunity to keep in form, a fact which many of our leading industrialists have long since discovered for themselves.

In many instances it may be a case of preaching to the converted, but there is a vast stratum of the population known only to those people who have devoted their energies to social service in poor districts, and who have been carrying on their work with very little backing. Naturally this work has had to do with the town rather than the countryside. A few years ago we recorded in the columns of the *Field* the results of one of these small experiments. A lady had founded a social club for unemployed and her efforts met with unbounded success when she had the brainwave to introduce badminton. One thing she discovered immediately—these men had no means for equipping themselves, and the outlay was too much for one purse. An appeal to friends and *Field* readers brought clothes and shoes. The players were obliged to pay a trifling sum weekly to the club funds for new materials and, clothed in fine raiment, they sallied forth to play with quite good performers of regular badminton clubs. The moral uplift was astounding. This experiment was extended to another district, and men and women were introduced to pleasures and recreations which had never come into their scheme of existence.

These are the people who should be brought into any national scheme, but the difficulty is to find volunteers who are able to give the matter their personal attention. And this is where the area committees should come in, for, as a rule, these very important personal efforts cannot be embraced in any of the wider social movements. The pity of it is that once the leading spirit goes such clubs cannot carry on long with their own members to run them.

Lack of personnel and lack of funds handicap many a scheme which would thrive with only a little encouragement. As an example, a parish in North Woolwich may be cited where the vicar, keen on administering to the physical as well as spiritual needs of the community, took over four derelict halls, two of them of a fair size. Here is material to hand at a place where there is not even a local cinema as counter-attraction to healthy recreation. In a case like this the Kent Area Committee might take a hand and have some sub-committee whose duty it would be to link up, supervise and assist the smaller fry through the medium of the local borough or council. Doubtless the area committees will deal with all these matters, but we stress the point of roping in and encouraging all such willing helpers, as it is an all-important one.

GAME RESEARCH

IN our correspondence columns will be found a letter from Mr. W. J. Barry, of Great Witchingham Hall, Norwich, on the subject of research into the various problems of game birds. No one can speak with greater authority than Mr. Barry on questions of partridge natural history and game seasons in East Anglia. It will be seen that it is proposed to extend research into problems of partridges and other game birds, now that the first five years of research carried out by the Oxford University Bureau of Animal Population have come to an end. During the last five years Mr. A. D. Middleton has been associated with Imperial Chemical Industries in the study of the food of partridges and their diseases, and other factors in their life history, and funds are now needed for the extension over another five years of research. Mr. Barry appeals for subscriptions to enable this extension to be carried out, and we are sure that his appeal will commend itself to all who are interested in the shooting or natural history of partridges.

THE SQUASH RACKETS SEASON

For the ordinary club player the squash rackets season has been in full swing for some weeks, but no matches of importance took place until Tuesday last (October 19th), when a start was made with the annual competition for the Bath Club Cup. Bath Club Cup teams are the same as last year, three divisions of six teams each, except that the Bachelors now play in the first division instead of the Royal Aero, while the United Service take the place of the Naval and Military in division two. The other London club competition begins next week and is to be a much bigger affair. Roving club teams like the Rump and the Escorts are no longer competing, but in place of the eighteen teams divided into three divisions there are now 24 clubs in four divisions. As each club plays a team of five and teams vary from week to week, it is likely that 200 players will take part in this competition in the course of the season. Teams in the first division of this competition are now St. Thomas's Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, Bank of England, Cumberland L.T.C., Kensington Country Club and Purley Cricket Club. F. D. Amr Bey, the open and amateur champion, will again be called upon to defend his open title against J. Dear, the professional champion. Dear has come very near to beating Amr Bey without ever appearing to have much chance of really doing so. There is as yet no reason to suppose that he will do so this season, but if he has improved at all it should be a very fine match to watch. The first part of the match will take place at the R.A.C. on November 22nd, and the second at the Bath Club on November 29th.

WOMEN'S SQUASH IN AMERICA

In the women's game the most important piece of news is the decision of the American National Association not to send a team to England this year to defend the Wolfe-Noel Cup. Since the season 1932-33 these matches have taken place regularly and the break in sequence is therefore unexpected. However much we may regret the decision, it must be admitted that no American team has yet been able to do itself justice in this country, and as long as the games remain so dissimilar it is hardly likely that they ever will. American courts are smaller, which is one of the reasons why English teams in the United States find it less difficult to settle down than Americans in England. Even so, an English team finds it very difficult to excel.

THE WINNING TWELVE-METRE

In summing up the yacht-racing season, Mr. MacAndrew's Trivia was recorded as the leading Twelve-metre yacht in a very closely contested series of races among the class. At the time there was a protest to be decided as a result of the racing at Harwich, which was given in favour of Evaine. Both yachts were fighting hard for the lead, and in taking a line on their performances on the basis of Y.R.A. fixtures, it has to be remembered that Havre and Deauville figure on the list. The season's showing actually places Mr. Fairey's Evaine in the lead.

'VARSITY RUGBY

University teams often reveal a curious habit of conforming to a style over periods of years, despite the inevitable changes of players. In Rugby, Oxford and Cambridge have in turn had their eras of superiority in some particular phase of the game. Since the War, Cambridge seem more often to have produced the better backs, though results reflect no big advantage, for each side has won eight times during that period. This season the teams show promise of developing along lines similar to last year's, when Cambridge again produced the better backs and Oxford the better forwards. Last Saturday the Harlequins gave Cambridge a stiff testing and it was only the University back ability to seize chances that gave them victory in the last few minutes. A looseness in scrummaging by the forwards was generally remarked, whereas against the Old Merchant Taylors, Oxford's scrummaging earned much praise and their back play much criticism. There is plenty of evidence, though, that the teams will be well up to standard when they meet at Twickenham.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a well-known daily newspaper: "The peregrine, flying at 180 miles an hour, stooping at his victim at above 200 miles an hour, makes a meal of birds large and small. I have seen a golden eagle scudding at top speed and screeching in dismay as this winged thunderbolt whizzed towards his broad back."

AN EPIC FIGHT

In one class at least British boxing is supreme. We have certainly the three leading fly-weights of the world—possibly the leading five. The champion, Benny Lynch, defended his title last week against Peter Kane, a young man of very great promise. Lynch won; he won easily and in so doing he proved himself not only the best fly-weight in the world, but also as good as any fly-weight of any time, including Jimmy Wilde. Kane is unlucky. At any other time in the last fifteen years a boxer of his ability would have been champion of the world. He put up a great fight against a superb fighting machine, and managed to avoid for twelve rounds the knock-out blow that might well have come in the first few minutes. Lynch may not have the uncanny anticipation of a Wilde, but he has—that rarest of all assets—a body-swerve, and in every other respect he is certainly the equal of the great little Welshman in his prime. This fight with Kane will go down in boxing history as an epic.

ENGLISH GOLF REGULATIONS

In future there will be a stricter qualification for the English Amateur Golf Championship. Only players with handicaps of three or better will be allowed to compete. Although this event is held primarily to encourage young golfers this new rule is necessary because of the number of competitors who, having no chances of reaching the closing stages, only cause the entry to become unwieldly. The English Golf Union also decided to carry out the county championship by teams of three instead of four. This was made necessary by the increased number of counties participating in the event. A third and welcome decision was also reached at the recent meeting, and that was to abandon trial matches for the English international team. These matches have never been a real success simply because many players who were asked to take part were unable to find the time to do so. Representative sides for the home international matches can be chosen without having an extra fixture in an already much over-crowded competitive calendar.

DISEASES OF FISH ACT

In another week, on November 1st, the much discussed "Diseases of Fish Act," which received the Royal Assent on June 10th, comes into operation. The Act as finally passed was practically a non-contentious measure, though many owners of private fisheries regard the powers of inspectors under the Act with some suspicion. However, it may reasonably be supposed that the Ministry will see that inspection of private premises will be undertaken in such a way as to cause as little annoyance as possible. In any event we have the prohibition of importation of live *salmonidæ* from outside the kingdom, which will be universally welcomed and, what is more to the point, fish farmers in this country will be able to obtain certificates of freedom from disease for their stock, which will shield them from the accusation (in most cases quite unjustly made) of introducing disease into new waters. Whether it will have the effect of reducing outbreaks of furunculosis remains to be seen, but at all events it makes a step in the right direction by cutting out one suspected though not necessarily proved—source of infection.

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER

It is not often that the third week in October has brought us—or the South of England at all events—a finer spell of weather. Morning mist, cloudless skies at noon, and glowing light at sunset have followed day after day. And the third week in October this year came in without frost, so that the leaves have hung longer on the trees, and with brighter colouring than for years past. Hardly have the beeches turned from summer green to russet and copper, and yellow has only sparsely touched the elms. But in the gardens viburnum, azalea and enkianthus have never shone more fully in crimson and scarlet, nor have the Canadian poplars chattered more happily in ochre and chrome. Never has St. Luke been kinder with sunshine.

FIREFLIES

The stars have left this southern sky to call
A season of masked dance and carnival.
Doffing and donning visibility
In golden arabesque, bewilderingly.

The darkening stands at Twickenham when the play
Draws to an end on a midwinter day,
And every instant, stabbing tiers of grey,
Thousands of matches flare and fade away.

R. N. C.



REFORMS IN FIGURE SKATING

Enforcing Rules for Style and Correct Tracing

By T. D. RICHARDSON

ALTHOUGH a number of the rinks in England remain open practically the whole year, for a vast number of people the skating season may be said to begin with the opening of the Westminster Ice Rink.

There seems to be no decline in the popularity of skating—on the contrary, the immense publicity that the sport has received from the films of Miss Sonja Henie and the spectacular shows at the Coliseum and at rinks in Bournemouth, Brighton and other resorts, has done a great deal to stimulate interest in what has been hitherto a comparatively unknown sport.

At the meeting of the Congress of the International Skating Union at St. Moritz this year, some important changes were made, one of the most important being that Mr. Salchow, who has held the position for the last fourteen years, was not re-elected President. The delegates chose in his place, Mr. van Laer, a Dutchman, for many years a member of the council, whose primary interest is in speed skating. The presidency of the I.S.U. is probably the most autocratic position in the whole sporting world, and Mr. Salchow exercised his prerogative to the full, so that it will be interesting to see what effect the change of president may have.

It was very gratifying to note that a new ruling was passed in regard to the relative values of correct tracing and style, and superimposition and size of figure. Much emphasis was laid upon the fact that first and foremost in importance come correct tracing (sometimes confused with superimposition), then style, and only if these two are properly carried out shall any marks be awarded for either superimposition (that bogy that has been the destroyer of beauty of movement, and against which I have written so often, deploring the insistence upon it by both judges and competitors alike) or size of figure.

If this rule *is* strictly adhered to, then the majority of the young skaters and teachers of the day will have to alter their methods considerably, and, what is more, they will be obliged to read the rules concerning style which, short and simple though they are, have quite obviously never even been glanced at by the majority. Of course this rule may suffer the fate of others that those who have the best interests of skating at heart have tried to enforce (such as that concerning the strike from the flat of the blade), and be, in actual practice, completely ignored, particularly if the leading skaters of the day choose to flout them.

If, however, the judges have the courage to insist that this new rule concerning style be observed, what an improvement we shall see in school skating. The actual drawing on the ice may perhaps be fractionally less accurate, for it is more difficult to superimpose, &c., with the deadly exactitude to which we have become accustomed when keeping the head erect and maintaining an easy flowing movement, but let us hope that something of the beauty, that we of the older generation have so sadly missed these latter years, will return to school figure skating.

There is one prominent member of the N.S.A., who is, alas, this year retiring from judging owing to ill-health, who will welcome this new ruling with doubtless no little quiet amusement, for no one has fought harder for the observance of the rules concerning style, or suffered more contradiction and even abuse on the matter than Mr. H. R. Yglesias, who has given of his valuable time and vast experience unstintingly to skating for many years. It is pleasant to think that after so many hard-fought battles in the cause of purity of style, Mr. Yglesias has the satisfaction of seeing this rule passed. Let us hope it will be strictly enforced.

Another new ruling was sanctioned which should have a very beneficial effect on competitive skating. It insists that in the triple repetition, *i.e.*, the skating of each figure three times on each foot, for which the total possible mark is six; if one fault, such as a fall or missed turn be made, the total possible shall be considered as five; if there are two failures, only as four; and if three mistakes are made, no marks shall be awarded at all.

After the success of the Ladies' Junior Championship last year, the N.S.A. have decided to hold a similar competition for men which should encourage the many boys who skate to take up serious figure skating.

As I have been advocating for a long time, this year, the British Championships will be held in December, as is customary on the Continent, and before the international competitions take place, and not as has been the case hitherto, after them. Thus we shall be able to choose our representatives in the World and European events on their form for the current season, and not, as formerly, on that of the preceding one.

The dates and places of the forthcoming World and European Championships are as follows: The European for men, and ladies, at St. Moritz from January 26th to 29th, 1938, and for pairs at Troppau (Czechoslovakia) on February 6th. The World's Championship for ladies will be held at Stockholm on February 12th and 13th, and for men and pairs in Berlin from February 18th to 20th.

The compulsory figures for the Ladies' European Championship are as follows: No. 18 a : b : Bracket R F O; No. 21 a : b : Rocker R F I; No. 22 a : b : Counter R F O; No. 35 a : b : Three-change-Three R B O; No. 39 a : b : Loop-change-loop R B O. A not very interesting collection, any more than are the men's, with the exception of the backward bracket-change-bracket. The latter are as follows: No. 13, Double-Three, R B I; No. 21 a : b : Rocker R F I; No. 22 a : b : Counter R F O; No. 38 a : b : Loop-change-Loop R F O; No. 41 a : b : Bracket-change-Bracket R F O.

I have always maintained that the figures for all championships should be drawn the night before the competition; anyone incapable of skating any figure in the schedule at 24 hours' notice has no business to be taking part in championships. The practice of setting the figures four or five months ahead is utterly outdated by modern conditions, and is far too much of a leveller to make such competitions a fair test of ability.



ROYAL ARTILLERY DRAG HUNT, WOOLWICH, MOVING OFF FROM EYNSFORD BRIDGE

HOW TO HUNT A DRAG

Methods Which Create an Illusion of Foxhunting

By CAPTAIN L. BOLTON, R.H.A.
(Master of the Royal Artillery Drag, Woolwich)



I AM tremblingly aware that the writer of an article on draghunting might be regarded as an advocate of it at the expense of foxhunting. I wish, first, to deny any such imputation. Where foxhunting can flourish, long may it continue to do so: for there is no sport to compare with it for those who love Nature in her varying seasons—the horse—the hound—endurance—skill and friendship.

In my experience I have come to learn that there are those who love all these things and who, due to the demands of civilisation in budding, small holdings, and the calls of business, are unable to indulge in foxhunting proper. Problems of expense and of time and space prohibit it. For these an afternoon's enjoyment only is available.

Faced with these facts, I had good reason to consider the extent to which draghunting could be made to approximate to foxhunting. In studying this subject, I was fortunate in having had no previous experience of draghunting. I may therefore claim, in all modesty, to have approached the various aspects of the subject from the point of view of the foxhunter, with his ideals intact.

Certain facts became clear.

Firstly, if it were possible to hunt the smell of fox, so diluted by time and texture as to make it the equivalent, to the hound, of a fox fifteen minutes gone—then a problem would be set to the hounds which, at least, would be interesting to watch.

Secondly, if the runner laying the scent could be given sufficient grace, then he would have time, if educated in fox lore, to practise some of the wiles of a fox in his course; and so make the task of the hounds, and even of the huntsman, more interesting.

Thirdly, if it were possible to vary the strength of the scent during the run, the following set of circumstances could be produced. It would keep the pack together, which would maintain the competitive instincts so important in a pack of hounds. It would maintain the interest of anticipation in the hounds, so necessary for a good cry (for a consistently strong scent "goes without saying").

It would enable the field to keep within sight of the hounds, in front of them or to either flank of the line of riding. This has proved of value where the field are compelled to go through a bottle neck and so stringing them out as to prohibit any chance of the rearmost recovering his position.

Fourthly, if it were possible for the runner to eradicate or nearly to eradicate all traces of the scent or of himself over an area of three or four fields, then a check would be instituted; a matter of interest to the hunt-man, the hounds and the foremost of the field, and of gratification to the rear rank.



TOM HOMEWOOD, KENNELMAN TO THE R.A. DRAG HUNT, WOOLWICH, FOR 56 YEARS, WITH VICKY, AGED 12

In considering these things, it was apparent that Charles James Fox was still absent and that those blessed with an eye for country and the ability to ride it, would not generally be able to give vent to their initiative. But I have already said that I prefer foxhunting, and I have noticed in doing it that, outside the ideal hunting countries and often there also, a vast majority are content to follow the leaders—of whom there are seldom more than three or four.

I lay modest claim to have established in fact the hypothesis which I have set down. So I make so bold as to put on record the methods which, after trial and error, I have used to effect them.

I do so that it may help to contribute in some small way to the pleasure of the many that there are and will be, who, in their adversity, are compelled to follow this less pure form of the sport of our ancestors—in the hope of raising it out of the rather degraded state in which it now generally exists.

After all, it is the study of scent as applied to the hound that is the leaven which raises foxhunting above the level of Point-to-Point riding. And all will agree, whether he be a bloodhound enthusiast or the owner of a cocker who possesses no gun, that it is not necessary to kill a fox to enjoy some of the interest of the science of scent.

And if the Sartorial Shires and the Proud Provinces do look sideways at us (and I do not blame them), even they may see fit to preserve these few facts against the sad day when built-up areas, roads, and aerodromes make their lot less enviable than it is at present.

THE SCENT. One or two foxes must be kept to provide the liquid scent. They should be fed on a regular diet, and a gallon can should be kept and topped up each day. By this means a smell of uniform persistence can generally be assured. The pure scent should then be diluted and mixed with two, three or four parts of water on the morning of hunting: a quart of this being used for a line of six miles. I shall assume lines of about this length for the purpose of future reference.

The proportion of water to smell must depend on the scenting conditions which are thought will prevail when hunting, and upon the lapse of time after the runner has "laid on." On an aver-

it has been found that a proportion of three to one and an hour's grace to the runner seldom, if ever, has made the scent too weak.

But although it is important to use a known quality of scent, it must be remembered that the drag will pick up some moisture from the grass if conditions are not very dry. Thus the scent becomes further diluted until the drag becomes saturated.

It will be realised that there is always the fear on the part of the huntsman that he may not show sport. He must steel himself against this and continue to keep the scent on the weak side until he has discerned the exact circumstances under which his hounds will hunt on, slowly and well, or not at all. This will form the basis of his future plans.

THE RUNNER.—The runner must know his country. His line must be parallel to the line of the field—a hundred yards or much more to a flank. He must seldom lead the hounds over fences where they will be jumped by the field; and when it is necessary to cross their line, then he must do so between fences which are well separated. The Field Master will then be able to hold up the field without confusion and hounds will not be jumped on or over-ridden. The runner should know the parts of a fence which the pack can negotiate without becoming strung out; for should this happen the tail hound will lose so much ground that he may get over-ridden before the next check. Moreover, should the field stop for a hound, then a concertina effect will be produced among them which may cause congestion and more than ordinary danger at narrow fences.

The runner should always wear clean shoes with rubber soles, and thick, clean, woollen socks. By this means he will be more likely to escape being hunted by his own scent.

In making his point and including the time that the runner takes to elude the hounds, he should aim at a speed of six miles per hour—though this may be sacrificed in order to lay the drag to perfection.

I have already said that he should be educated in the means and methods of eluding hounds, so as to make parts of the line slow or fast. These devices must be made the subject of a separate paragraph.

DEVICES OF THE RUNNER.—Normally the runner will lay the scent with a woollen sock on the end of a cord 8ft. long. He will damp this occasionally, making very sure that he does not spill any on his feet. Where it is decided that a part of the line should be hunted slowly, either for the benefit of the hounds or the convenience of the field, he may resort to any of the following methods:

(1) He may arrange that his drag shall then be nearly dry, or if he has just moistened it, he may wring it out or dilute it by wetting it in a ditch.

(2) He may lift his drag and put it down only occasionally, either on a straight line or on a zig-zag course of, say, 50yds. each leg.

(3) He may take the hounds across plough or thick or bad going.

(4) He may run along a fence for 100yds. before crossing it.

(5) He may run the bed of a stream or ditch.

All these methods will be found to be effective more or less in the order in which they are set down.

Great care and a careful plan are necessary on the part of the runner in establishing a check. On arriving at the spot where he proposes to do so, he must first turn hounds away from the general direction of the line, then lift up his drag and retrace his steps for at least 100yds. Then he will go off at a tangent; preferably along a ditch, a stream, or on bad scenting ground where the minimum trace of his own footsteps will be detected. He must continue to try to eradicate this for several hundred yards before making for the place where he intends to put down his drag again.

The line can be run with any number of checks desired, according to the distance, to the fitness of hounds and horses, and to various other conditions of time and terrain. These may be pre-arranged, but it is clear that where the country permits it, and where the runner knows his business, the less the huntsman knows the better.

The scope and nature of the cast should be as unrestricted as possible if the pack is biddable. Only a few mind hounds on their land; it is the field to whom they mostly object. It is true that the huntsman knows within limits where the line is likely to be, if the country is confined; but in more open country this need not so much be the case.

A hound who gets to know the line must be drafted at once, or the labours of the runner are in vain, as indeed are those of the whole hunt establishment. For then the pack will forge ahead after him, and the field are left to pursue the huntsman. And though this is no unusual feature of many hunting fields, it would lack in this case the ideals which in the case of foxhunting might be thought to place it beyond the need of justification.

LINES.—A line of country should be selected which can be safely ridden by the average man on the average horse. Wire in fences should be flagged. Several small places are preferable to a fence 10yds. wide: and the Hunt staff should show the way over as many of them as possible.

Jumps in "bottle necks" should be avoided at all costs or anywhere where it would be necessary to jump one by one. They are better removed. Such a place results in queueing up, refusing and kicking: and the field lose both their temper and their place in the chase.

It is of great benefit to all concerned if a line can be ridden both ways. The hounds will be less likely to remember their whereabouts, and in the riding of the line reversed, will be found the variety of a new bit of country.

Many followers may not wish or may not be able to jump all the fences. It therefore should not be regarded by any as a disgraceful act to go through a gate or a gap, and unnecessary jumping should not, at any time, be encouraged.

A good Field Master remains an invaluable asset to his field.

THE "LAY ON" AND THE WORRY.—A pack can very easily be spoiled by being laid on to the line too hastily. Hounds at this stage will always be exuberant and will dash off in any direction when allowed to do so; if they are in the habit of being given the line without any effort on their part to find it. Control over the pack should be removed almost imperceptibly, and the hounds should often be compelled to search over a large area before they can find the scent. If this area contains disused coverts, rough fields, &c., then so much the better, as they will have to work harder to find.



FOXHUNTING SHOULD BE THE MODEL TO COPY FOR SUCCESSFUL SPORT WITH THE DRAG

The worry should be a piece of flesh easily broken up. It should be very faintly tainted with the scent.

It is not necessary always to have a worry. The search for it is important, and an occasional disappointment will whet the appetite for another day. The worry should often be placed where it cannot easily be found and so the hound will be rewarded after a diligent search. This will also make him more industrious at a check—for who knows where the quarry will be "killed"?

REALISM. I am quite certain that in order to get the greatest amusement out of draghunting, realism must be aimed at in the minutest detail, even though it may seem, in some, rather childish to do so. The combined effect of such detail will add some of the glamour and remembrance of our better days to the modest pleasure of our debased sport. To this end the "fox" should be found in a realistic fashion and pursued throughout in that spirit. Combine this with the methods I have described and I believe that much of the pleasure of foxhunting may be enjoyed, with many of its attendant attractions.

The sport is short lived, it is true; but apart from this, wherein lies the chief difference for the majority? Simply that in foxhunting a man has the choice of riding his own line; and how few—how very few—choose to do this. In hunting a drag this option is denied.



RACING AT NEWMARKET
Warren Hill going into the lead, half-way, to win the Maiden Three-Year-Old Stakes

ONLY FIVE WEEKS LEFT!

But Horses Kick Up the Dust Over the Rowley Mile

ONLY five weeks remain for flat racing, though up to the beginning of the present week there was little in the weather conditions to indicate the approaching closure. At the Second October Meeting at Newmarket we had the almost unique experience for that fixture of seeing the horses kick up the dust as they galloped over the Rowley Mile. All this has been pleasant enough for the racing public, but many trainers found themselves tremendously handicapped by the prolonged spell without rain.

The experiment of changing the dates of the chief autumn handicaps at Newmarket, together with those of the Jockey Club Cup and the Champion Stakes, does not look like being unsuccessful, though there has been nothing to show so far that the move has been of striking value. The crowd for the Cambridgeshire last week was certainly immense, but probably hardly any larger than the muster we were accustomed to see for the Cesarewitch on the corresponding date. The Jockey Club Cup, hitherto run in the Houghton week, produced four competitors, which is about the average for this race.

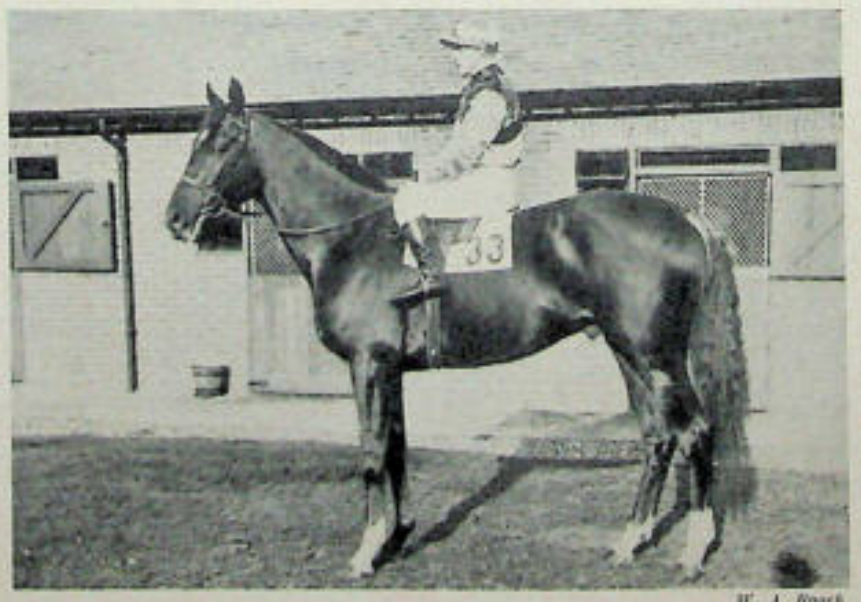
When the change in the Newmarket dates was decided on it was hoped that owners would run their horses for the Cup in their preparations for the Cesarewitch. This hope might have been more completely fulfilled this time had the ground been less firm. At all events the Cesarewitch horses Haulfryn and Buckleigh were in action. The result was rather dramatic. Buckleigh, the outsider of the small part, won in handsome style, whereas Haulfryn gave a bewilderingly poor display.

So feeble and lifeless was his effort that it was feared at first that something was physically amiss with him. The subsequent veterinary examination had a negative result, and we were left to wonder at the difference between this colt's form in the Jockey Club Cup and the Doncaster Cup. Until this unfortunate race Haulfryn had been substantially backed for the Cesarewitch, but after the Newmarket fiasco he became a 20 to 1 chance for the handicap and has now been scratched.

It had not been seriously contemplated to run Buckleigh for the Cesarewitch before his success in the Cup, his performance in the handicap last season having been disappointing. Now he is to take his chance in next week's race, and at 8st. 12lb. he will probably have the distinction of carrying top weight. The field will be large on Wednesday and will include two previous winners of the race—Near Relation and Fet. The first of these has shown himself essentially a Cesarewitch horse, and has lately been favourite in the ante-post betting. It can be counted against him and Fet that no horse has ever twice won the Cesarewitch.

Sir Abe Bailey has three survivors in the entry, and it is fair to assume that Maranta will carry his chief hopes. This three-year-old caused some disappointment when failing to win the Lowther Stakes. His defeat by Flares must be taken as another indication of the moderate calibre of the three-year-olds. In the ordinary way any colt who finished fourth in the St. Leger ought to beat a four-year-old at a difference of 30lb., which is no less than 18lb. more than the regulation weight-for-age allowance. Still, his trainer does not take a pessimistic view of Maranta's defeat and expects him to do better over the longer journey. Weston will not find it easy to get down to 7st. 6lb. and may have to declare about 2lb. overweight.

Incidentally, that was precisely the amount of overweight carried in the Cambridgeshire by Artist's Prince. It was well worth allowing the extra poundage for him to secure the services of so strong and experienced a light-weight rider as



W. A. Rouch
ARTIST'S PRINCE, A. RICHARDSON UP, WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

A. Richardson. It seems almost incredible that a jockey of Richardson's high standing should run up a sequence of 84 losing mounts. That was his unenviable position before he stopped the rot by his triumph on Artist's Prince.

Everybody was delighted to congratulate Johnny Dines on the signal triumph he had achieved in winning so important a race as the Cambridgeshire in his first year as trainer. In his handling of this colt the ex-jockey has certainly shown himself to be a worthy member of his new profession. Among the many interesting features in the history of the Cambridgeshire winner is the fact that he was given to his trainer by Captain W. P. Ahern, the colt being now owned in partnership by Mrs. Dines and Major Glover, a newcomer this season to racing ownership.

Dan Bulger did nothing to justify his position of favourite, which he retained until the last. It is a pity the ground was too hard for him to run at the First October Meeting, as he gave us the impression in the Cambridgeshire of being short of a gallop. Daytona's reputation did not suffer. While he was placed only fifth he was not more than half a length behind the winner.

Epigram won the Goodwood Stakes in such convincing manner that we cannot possibly leave him out of the reckoning for the Cesarewitch. It is true his display in the Ebor Handicap was disappointing, but perhaps too much use of him was made in that race. His staying powers are unquestionable. We take him as the probable winner on Wednesday, and Maranta should at least run into the first three.

Epigram's stable companion, Scottish Union, brought off one of the surprises of the season when winning the Middle Park Stakes. The general view was that if Mirza II was to be beaten in that race it would be by Unbreakable, but it is questionable whether that American colt was quite at the top of his form last week, and it was left to Scottish Union to find out the weak spot of Mirza II. That son of Blenheim was ridden in accordance with plan, and his speed was such that he seemed assured of victory until the last hundred yards. Then Mirza II died away almost to nothing and Scottish Union was able to achieve a handsome triumph in his last outing of the season.

This was a pleasing incident for Sledmere, where the winner of the Middle Park Stakes was bred; though it was only a small consolation for the loss the stud had sustained a few days previously by the death of Silversol. This valuable young mare smashed a shoulder through running into a fence in the paddock. This misfortune for the famous stud followed the death of Chatelaine, another grand young mare, earlier in the year.

Probably the best of the two-year-old fillies seen out so far is Prince Aly Khan's Stafaralla, the impressive winner of the Cheveley Park Stakes. This daughter of Solario stays so well that very few of the colts could be expected to beat her over six or seven furlongs. All being well we are to see Stafaralla in the Dewhurst Stakes next week, and the chances are that she will vanquish the colts in that genuine test of stamina.

If the going is suitable Rantapa will be brought out against her, but even in the face of the tall reputation possessed by Sir Abe Bailey's Manton-bred colt we expect Stafaralla to prevail. Not only is there a bright prospect for the filly in the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, but, providing all goes well with her, she will have to be seriously considered in connection with the St. Leger.

THE "FIELD" HUNT MAP.—The Hunting Map formerly sold at 5/6 is now out of print. In its place we publish a Hunting Map of Great Britain at 2/6 (post free), of a scale of sixteen miles to the inch, showing boundaries of Hunts, situations of Kennels, also Aerodromes landing grounds, Seaplane Stations and Main and Secondary Roads.



IN ICELAND IN THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST

WHEN THE GEESE ARRIVE

A Rescue from the Gun

By DAVID HAIG THOMAS

WITH the last few days of September the geese begin to arrive from the north, and how thrilling it is to hear their call again after the long hot lazy days of summer.

When we arrived at Gretna we were just in time to put on our waders and go down for the evening flight. How I wished I could get a boat and go across to the mud flats on the other side of the river for I was sure the geese were there though I could not hear them. However, we would have to be content with the chance of a shot at a stray duck or curlew.

I dropped on one knee and waited. How nice to hear the water lapping against the mud again, and to feel the keen wind on my face. The evening was too cloudy for the moon to show, and soon it was too dark to see, but I knelt on enjoying the solitude. Suddenly I heard a call, faint yet unmistakable. A pinkfoot. I called, there was an answering call closer, and a small party of geese flew high over my head. I could scarcely see them, but I heard the magic whistling of their wings, and I promised myself that I should see more of them in the morning.

A cold mist greeted us when we woke, but by the time we were safely across the river the sky was lightening and soon the sun showed in a pink glow. We walked a mile or so across the mud, and then hid in a creek. Slowly the sun rose, scattering the mist before him and revealing the blue Solway hills in all their beauty. Several times I had heard the geese talking as they do when they are all sitting together, and now that it was lighter I could see them in a bunch far out on the mud.

I watched them through my glasses. Some were preening and tidying themselves, others slept. A solitary goose flew out from the marsh behind us and settled on the edge of the flock. The five or six geese nearest to him ran at him with their necks stretched out, and 20 or 30 others stopped what they were doing to comment on his arrival. He stretched his neck towards them, his head low, and in a second the whole incident was forgotten and the geese as peaceful as before.

They did not stay quiet for long, for little parties kept getting up from the main body to fly down to the river or to come in to the marsh to feed. I was very much struck by the restlessness of the geese when they first arrive on our shores. To anyone who has only known the geese on the Wash these sudden flights by small parties, or even single birds, would seem quite incomprehensible. They seem to have no settled habits but fly to and fro as they feel inclined.

Suddenly I heard a noise, the noise of excited geese, and looking up I saw a little party of six, high above the big flock on the sand. They set their wings, and literally fell from the sky twisting and turning and all the time calling to their friends that mad excited call. The geese below answered, and a few got up off the sand, flew a little way and settled again. There was a little more talking, then quiet. Another family had arrived from the north.

As I lay on the sand in the hot sun I thought about the journey that these geese had just completed. So little is known of their long flight. These geese from Spitzbergen rest at Bear Island for a day or two on their way south, and as far as it is known this is their only resting place. On one occasion, after they had landed, the weather changed, and for nearly a month they were unable to continue their migration. Every green shoot on the island was devoured, and a family that lived there were in serious danger of starvation.

The wild geese that breed in Greenland congregate on the northern shores of Iceland in the middle of August. They feel their way slowly across the island following the rivers from coast to coast, travelling barely a mile a day. They spend some time on the grassy oases near the ice caps, and there they meet the geese that have bred in the lava deserts, and together they make their way to the southern shores. Here they take longer flights, for the goslings must harden their muscles before their long journey south across the open sea.

Bird watchers in Iceland usually see the geese start for the south on September 15th, and yet the first geese do not usually arrive on the Solway



WILD GEESE ARRIVING AT SOLWAY



A HAND-REARED PINKFOOT

until the 19th. Nothing more is known of their journey south. They have never been seen roosting on the sea, but unless they do it is difficult to see why the journey should take so long.

All the morning little parties of migrating geese kept arriving to join the ever-increasing flock on the sand, and I know of no more wonderful sight than to see them suddenly set their wings and come tumbling from the sky.

So far I had not had a shot, though single birds and small parties of geese had been flying to and from the marsh all the morning. There was no definite line of flight, and in spite of a lot of crawling I never seemed to be in the right place.

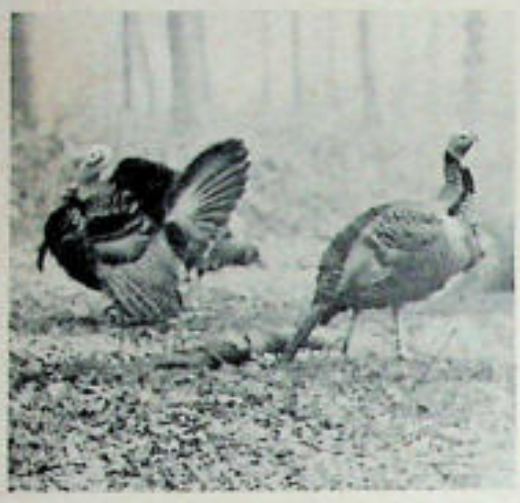
At last I saw a single goose flying in my direction. Would he pass over my head or not? No, he was going a little to the right. It was obviously a bird looking for some friends to feed with.

I called. He answered and turned towards me. He looked so beautiful with the sun on him that I did not want to shoot. I wondered why he did not see me, for I was not very well hidden.

I raised my gun. It seemed murder to kill him here in the bright sunlight, and I aimed at the extreme tip of his wing. Down he fell and immediately started to run. I ran after him, but my heavy waders made me slow and he gained on me. I took them off and soon succeeded in heading him off and catching him. His wing was hardly damaged at all, and I was pleased to have him alive and well under my arm instead of a limp bundle of grey feathers.

He was a young bird, and I wondered how many of these baby geese fall victims to the fowler before they learn the wariness of their parents. How should they know that a dark patch in a creek spells danger? They have met no danger but the Arctic fox and the snow-white falcon, and to a weary gosling a fowler in a creek must look very like a grey seal sleeping on a floe.

As we drove home the goose on my knees nibbled my buttons, he wanted to see what they were made of. I was so delighted that I had not killed him and that I should be able to take him home to join my hand-reared pinkfeet on the lawn.



WILD TURKEYS IN ARGYLLSHIRE

By G. I. MALCOLM

"SHOOT a wild turkey if you see one!" With these words my grandfather, the late Colonel Edward Malcolm, C.B., of Poltalloch, placed one of his guns for a certain stand at his Christmas covert shoot in 1912. Thus admonished, the sportsman occupied his shooting-stick and conjured up visions equal to the wildest tales of the Baron Munchausen whilst awaiting further developments.

Meanwhile he was joined by another gun, who said: "What are the orders about shooting turkeys here?" To which the first gun truthfully replied that his host had told him to take one. Whereupon this permission, individually granted, was universally applied; and in the resulting "battue" each of the seven guns brought down one of these rare birds.

Thus perished the last of the Canadian Wild Turkeys at Poltalloch, for all the casualties were hens. My grandfather's comment on this occasion has not been recorded, but as the Game Book shows that some of the 1912 party shot there again the following year, I can only conclude that "his wrath endured but the twinkling of an eye."

Having thus described their deplorable demise, I must now retrace my steps and explain how the Canadian Wild Turkey (*Meleagris gallipavo*) originated in Argyllshire.

The story is quite short, and is simply that Major Malcolm (as he then was), on concluding a tour of duty with the Royal Engineers in Canada, returned home in 1869, bringing with him six couple of these handsome wild birds. They were introduced into Argyllshire, where they bred reasonably well, though it is difficult to understand how birds which were accustomed to the severe winters of Canada and North America could accommodate themselves to a warm, damp climate such as the West Coast of Scotland provides. Nevertheless, they survived this change of climate satisfactorily, and I can remember as a boy seeing broods of eight or nine of them feeding on the fields below Poltalloch. A well-trained observer, writing about them in 1900,* says:

> "Never were there birds of more regular habits. The city clerk watching for his daily omnibus does not appear on the same place at the same time with more certainty. Unless something startling has happened to alarm them, you might safely set your watch by their movements, as they stroll along in line, morning and evening, picking the grass seeds as they go, with a rapid motion of head and neck which I have timed to take place a little more than a hundred times in a minute."

Although they bred in all the scattered woods on the estate, they were usually to be found in greater numbers within the actual "policies," probably because their ordinary fare could then be supplemented with the pheasant food. During the winter months they used to be collected and fed in the big wood near the keeper's house at the Kennels, and used to congregate in large flocks on the adjoining fields. When the spring came the cocks could be seen and heard noisily fighting and showing off in front of the hens for two or three days before pairing took place, and the suddenness with which the birds would migrate for nesting purposes was quite remarkable. I have been told that about 200 of them could be counted on the fields at sunset one evening, but that by sunrise the following day they would all have disappeared. They would normally fly distances of three or four miles to nest, but they have also been known to fly across Loch Craignish and nest on Eilean Righ in the middle of the loch, from whence they refused to be dislodged. Some four or five pairs once reported themselves at Minard, on Loch Fyne, a direct flight of ten miles.

They used to nest in the woods, scraping a hole under a log or an old tree root or in a tuft of grass, and lining it with dry leaves. The hens would normally lay from ten to twelve eggs of a yellowish-white colour with red-brown spots, although as many as eighteen eggs have occasionally been found in a nest.

The birds themselves were very handsome creatures, with metallic black plumage and cinnamon-tipped wings and tails. They were somewhat larger than the domestic turkey (with whom they were sometimes known to breed), and the cocks weighed as much as 15lb. or 16lb., while the hens averaged some 3lb. or 4lb. less. It is on record that Colonel Malcolm shot an exceptionally large cock in 1908 weighing 19½lb.

The keeper who saw him do so told me that the bird was sitting up in a tree and refusing to fly! (This violation of the laws of sport must here be justified on the grounds of economic necessity, since Christmas was at hand, the house was full, and these birds were extremely good eating. Spurred by the melancholy thought of an empty larder, I have done almost the same thing myself in India when shooting peafowl, which preferred running to flying!)

As a matter of fact, this aversion to flying on the part of the wild turkey was noted by the author I have already quoted, who says:

> "It is almost impossible to persuade them to fly; but when they do, they look grand, swooping over your head from some woody bank above you, with hardly a motion of their great wings. It is, however, rather amusing to stalk them and shoot them with a pea rifle through the head or neck. Once fairly alarmed, they seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion, and it is no easy matter to get a second tolerably easy shot."

The Poltalloch Game Book is not very informative about the number of turkeys that were shot, and after the year 1902 does not even allot them a separate column. In that particular year the total number shot was 21, and since only three of them are "featured" in the December covert shoot bag, I imagine the others were stalked and shot, although there is no note to this effect.

There is no mention of turkeys between 1902 and 1907, but in the latter year the totals of all varieties have been carried forward from the keeper's book, and include two turkeys. Between 1908 and 1913 there were only nineteen killed, and the three that were shot in 1913 must have been cross-bred creatures, as the "last of the Mohicans" had perished in the Christmas shoot of 1912, as I have described. Unfortunately, I have been unable to find the pre-1902 Game Book which might have shed some light on the early days of turkey shooting, and I cannot, therefore, give any comparative figures.

Ichabod! Ichabod! I am sorry that they have finally disappeared from our coverts, as they were certainly picturesque (if not particularly sporting) birds. Their habits do not seem to have changed as a result of their translation from Canada to Argyll as witness this extract from the Comte de Buffon's famous *Natural History of Birds* (1793). He compares them with the domestic turkey, and says they have

> "the same stupidity. They perch in the woods on the dry branches, and when one falls by a shot, the rest are not intimidated by the report, but continue secure in the same position. When surprised they run with prodigious speed: but if hotly pursued, they take wing and perch on the summit of the next tall tree."

And finally, lest it be thought that I am claiming for my family the original distinction of introducing these birds, let me quote once more the same veracious Frenchman:

> "Albin tells us that many English gentlemen amuse themselves in breeding Wild Turkeys, and that these birds thrive very well in small woods, parks, or other inclosures."

Not being a Scottish Nationalist, I will not quarrel with his use of the word "English."



WOODS WHERE THE WILD TURKEYS NESTED
The big wood near the keeper's house at Poltalloch

* *Autumns in Argyllshire with Rod and Gun*, by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy.



AUTUMN ON THE CHALK STREAM
Netting out the all-too-prolific grayling

FISHERY MANAGEMENT

New Ideas for Chalk Stream Conservation

By C. G. SWAYNE

IN an article in the *Field* of August 7th, Mr. H. D. Turing puts forward a plea for a more generous limit of catch in chalk streams, and advocates a rule that all fish caught should be killed and counted in the limit. This rule as to retaining and killing fish caught is already in force on some waters, and so far as can be seen at present the result has not been to the detriment of the fisheries. The psychological effect of this rule on the fisherman is to make him careful not to catch immature fish but to concentrate all his attention on the larger fish. His limit should be a generous one, for it will not be possible to avoid occasionally catching a sprat when he is casting for a whale.

Owners of fisheries are slowly coming to the conclusion that the conventional regulations usually enforced in clubs as to sizes and limits, and the prejudice that is shown to some methods of fishing, are not conducive to healthy conditions in the river. In his book *Trout Waters*, written about 30 years ago, the late Wilson Armistead, a man of great practical experience, stated that rivers with a plentiful food supply produce more females than males, and that rivers where the food supply is scanty produce more males than females. This is nature's way of regulating numbers. He further stated that 75 per cent. of the fish caught on the fly are the adventurous young males, essential for fertilisation.

These significant statements have not, so far as I know, been challenged, and if they are generally accepted it is easy to see why the trout in our chalk streams are not more plentiful. If we start with more females than males, and if we catch on the fly more males than females, it is obvious that the ova of the surplus females will not be fertilised. Trout are monogamous in the sense that one male is necessary in a state of nature for the fertilisation of the ova of one female, and if we want to raise the greatest possible number of young fish per annum, we must preserve as far as we can the numerical balance of the sexes.

The present custom of fishing with the artificial fly only is in itself a method of birth control, so man and nature seem to be working together to stop a supply for which there is a demand. So long as those in authority on our chalk streams frame their regulations in order to prevent overcrowding, one can understand their reluctance to make any change, but if they want to increase the numbers and size of young, active fish, some change in the conventional regulations seems called for.

The practice of retaining and killing all fish caught, and giving a more generous limit of numbers, probably has the effect of reducing the numbers of young fish and increasing the size of the survivors. If the river is over-populated the arrangement is all to the good, but if it is desired to provide a larger number of sizeable fish for the ever-increasing numbers of would-be fishermen, some effort must be made to balance the males and females in the water.

With this object in view it might be advisable to get fishermen to return to the water all fish that are clearly males, or in the alternative to use methods in certain parts of the rivers, allocated for the purpose, which are designed to catch a larger number of females. The use of the nymph, the worm and the spinner will probably take more females than males. On these premises it is difficult to understand how sentiment or reason can condemn the use of nymph on a chalk stream, for this is one of the ways of securing surplus females.

The problem of how to balance the numbers of males and females is not the only problem that has to be faced. Under present conditions we do not catch a proper proportion of the older fish. What happens to them it is not easy to say. Possibly they die at an earlier age than we think, but it is more probable that most of them drop down the river to deeper water, where they become underwater feeders, or cannibals, and are only seen to rise on those great feast days when the mayfly or the B.W.O. hatch out in great quantities. Too many of these older fish in a river are a great menace.

Scale reading goes to show that few fish are caught on the fly of a greater age than three years, and still fewer are caught older than four. The fish above this age are surplus to our requirements. The females may be useful for the production of ova, but the males which mostly become cannibals can be dispensed with, if there are sufficient young males to ensure fertilisation.



ON A GLOUCESTERSHIRE CHALK STREAM
Fishing a famous reach of the Coln at Bibury

I have had the privilege of discussing these problems with a country squire who in his younger days was a keen fisherman, and in his later years was a fish culturist. He claimed that he had helped to bring into the world more fish than he had killed. He always asserted that it was unnecessary to stock any river with trout if there was a scientific system of preservation in force and due attention was paid to spawning beds.

Trout are very prolific. A female produces about 800 eggs to the lb. weight. The figures of possible production seem almost fantastic. Let us assume that you have in your river 100 pairs of fish per mile, of the average weight of 1lb. The females produce 80,000 eggs. If half of these are fertilised and hatch out, you have 40,000 alevins. If one-quarter of these survive you have 10,000 young fish per annum per mile. These figures look rather like the prospectus of the cat and rat farm, but who can say that they are impossible to attain? We end on a paradox, namely, that to rise more fish we must kill more fish; but the fish we kill must be of the right age and the right sex.

LOAVES AND FISHES ON THE SMALL SHOOT—II

One Day a Week Through the Season

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

As has been remarked, those whose daydreams are subject to indecent interruption by their bankers must make the best of whatever they can get. But, for argument's sake, let us pre-suppose a long lease of the 1,600 acres suggested last week in the *Field*. Let us assume that one-quarter roughly of the acreage is marshland, and that the shoot harbours in an average year 800 pheasants, 400 partridges and a variable congregation of snipe and wildfowl. We have also reared about a hundred duck, but as hares are a negligible quantity we will not consider ground game in debating how this property could be shot at every week-end in the season in order to leave an adequate stock upon the ground? The answer, as I conceive it briefly, is that, unless we are content to be unorthodox, it cannot be done at all. That is to say, if driving is to be the only method of procedure it will not be many days before six good guns have made that head of game look pretty ragged. But it may be done, I think, or very nearly, if we are satisfied that a maximum of four or five "big" days with partridges and pheasants shall combine with more energetic explorations of the marshes and the merings. The former alone should give us six full days in any good snipe year, and although such excursions may fill the bag less amply, they will usually provide that type of entertainment which, if I remember rightly, inspired Mr. Jorrock's declaration, in another sphere of sport, that "he liked his bydays best."

At any rate we cannot have it both ways. Nothing is easier, nothing, perhaps, more tempting, than to down 300 pheasants and 80 brace of partridges the first time over, but it does not leave much margin for the remainder of the season. I do not suggest the shoot will suffer if pheasants, cocks especially, are reduced to a minimum, provided one is financially equal to almost complete restocking year by year. Otherwise, to provide sufficient eggs for the maintenance of a level stock (800 birds) it will be advisable to catch up 50 hens and ten cocks after the first or second shoots. And it will be cutting things too fine to shoot more than 600 birds all told, because, allowing for a 30 per cent. winter wastage due to various causes, barely 40 hens will remain to do their duty under natural conditions.

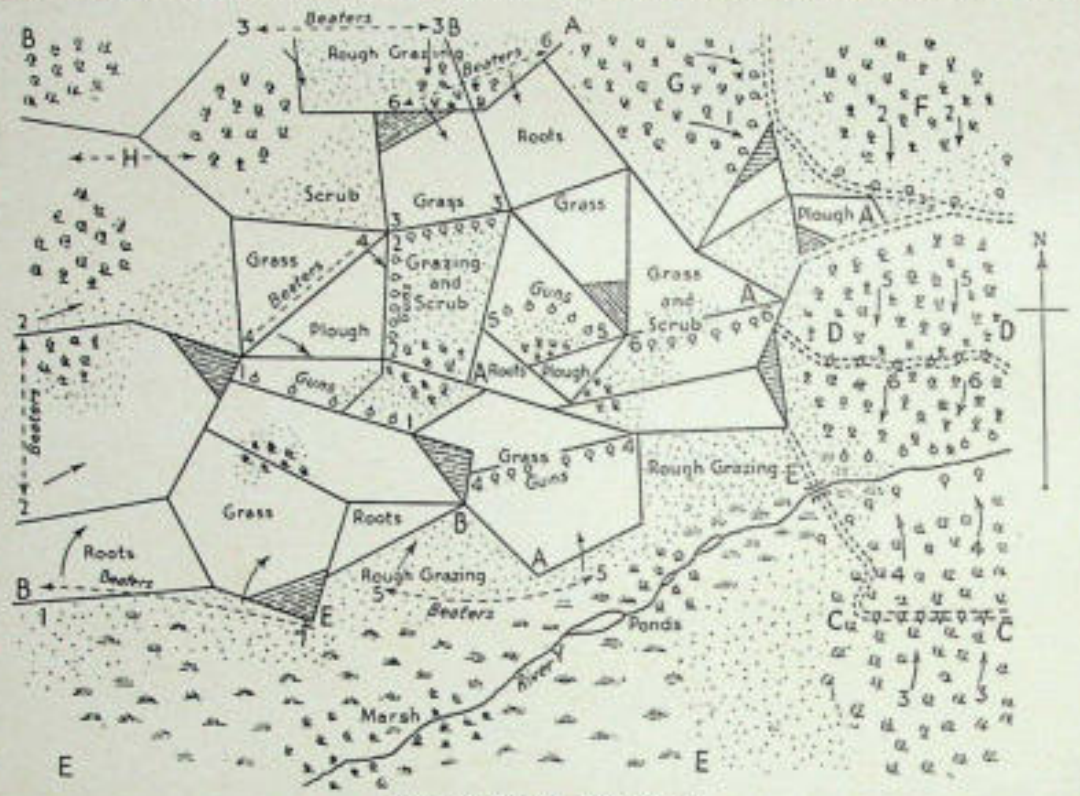
With partridges it is even more essential to think some way ahead. For, taking one shoot with another, an all over average of six or seven youngsters to every true pair at the opening of a season is a pretty high one even under favourable conditions. To maintain the existing stock at the same level, therefore, let alone increase it, it would be unwise to leave less than 150 birds upon the ground. For similarly, providing for winter casualties and sex disproportion, we shall be lucky if they provide us with 50 nests. Which means in other words that 125 brace represent the seasonal limit to which with safety we can shoot.

Wherefore our fixture list can only be increased by a corresponding limitation of the bag on each occasion. But arbitrary curtailment of shooting is undesirable save in one respect. There are few shoots of medium size that would not benefit by shorter days. Last drives, which take place often in a failing light, may with great advantage be forbidden. Apart from the fact that they add 50 per cent. to the chances of human error as well as the number of "pricked birds," they are disastrous where partridges are concerned. For the coveys' dinner hour is in late afternoon, and to disturb them at it is simply to invite them to depart and remain permanently in places where they may eat in peace. Otherwise, the best methods of regulating shooting are, I think, by restricting the numbers both of guns and beaters, and forbidding the use of two guns by an individual. Then probably our first "big" days would yield something like half the bags aforesaid, and four capable guns (with guests occasionally) would be sufficient for successive shoots.

It may be admitted that keepers are apt to cast jaundiced eyes on this kind of glorified pot-hunting. Because pheasants stray and constant driving in is a wearisome and sometimes thankless task, they like coverts shot thoroughly and as soon as maybe once the leaf is off, so that the birds may settle down peaceably again before the second shoots. In fact the keeper who does not prefer the "set piece" decently and in order once a month to trailing round for "various" once a week is yet unborn. It is not surprising. For undoubtedly the spectacular results of the former are a more faithful reflection of the hard work he puts in than the more meagre bags from the latter.

None the less from year to year the aggregated columns of the game book will not, I fancy, differ very widely whether we cram our sport into ten days or spread it over 26. And, although the point is not perhaps highly relevant, one wonders sometimes whether the mathematically planned covert shoot with its perpetual banging and big bags, is not like the speed craze, a trifle overdone these days. At any rate the foot slog picnic with its occasional impromptu drive, arranged on the spur of the moment without formality or fuss, may be a welcome contrast now and then to toujours reliance on a beating line, and although the pot-hunter's bird may not be so high a flyer, he usually contrives the unexpected. While the driven partridge may test one's skill more highly, one's fieldcraft may profit quite as much by the lessons that wildfowl and cock pheasants of experience at the back end have to teach.

(Concluded.)



PLAN OF MIXED SHOOT AT X

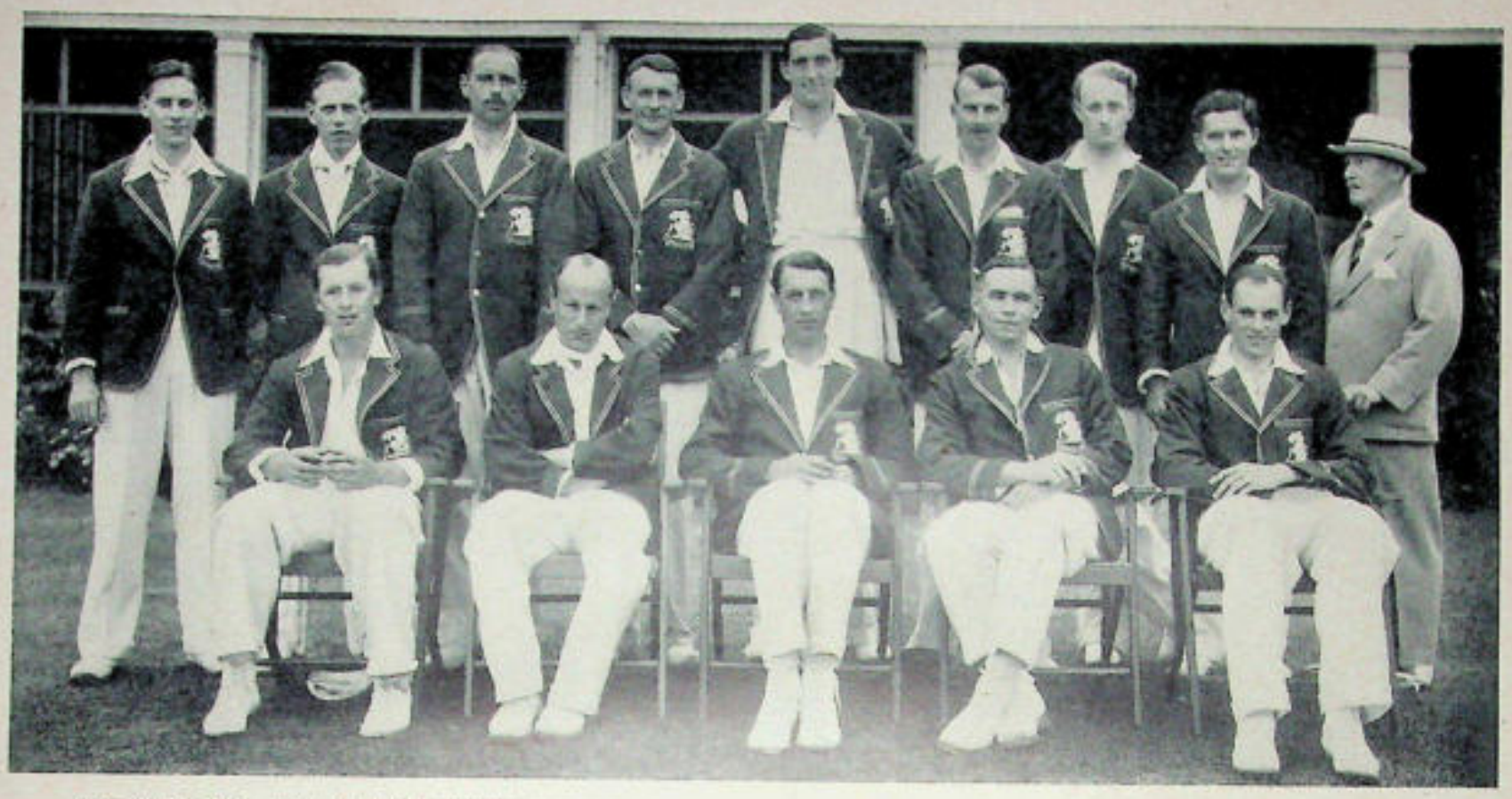
Approximate area of beats: A–A, 350 acres; B–B, 600 acres; E–E, marsh and rough grazing, 440 acres. Coverts: C and D are hanging woods rising to 120ft. above the river level. F and G and copses at H vary from 3 acres to 15 acres. Shaded patches denote in all about 6 acres of cultivation sown with mixed crops of cereals, clover and rye grass, the first being reaped and the latter left standing through the winter. Dusting and grit shelters are improvised in these partridge sanctuaries. Drives: When the guns are at stands 1-1 beaters follow the lines 1-1 indicated by arrows and so on to 6-6 in order. But alternative beats hinge on one another, and as the best holding cover lies in the centre of the ground the order of drives can be easily altered to suit circumstances of weather. The sanctuaries are not shot into or walked up early in the season, being blanked in as far as possible. Coverts 1 to 6 are driven as shown, the cultivated patches and rough grazings abutting on the woods being driven in first. D is the largest covert as well as the highest ground, which dips steeply at its northern and southern fringes, and the object of concentration therein is to drive the birds back to their home woods over the valley.

"THE LIMITATIONS OF THE MEDIUM-SIZED SHOOT"

GAME REGISTER 19—.

Date	Beats	Partridges	Pheasants	Hares	Rabbits	Woodcock	Snipe	Duck	Various	Total	Remarks
Sept. 6	*B*	15	—	—	7	—	—	—	1	23	*2 guns, walking (short day)*
,, 13	4	19	—	—	11	—	—	—	—	30	*4 guns, walking*
,, 29	*Marsh and rough grazings*	2	—	2	24	—	7	4	7	46	*4 guns, walking, occasional drive*
Oct. 3	*A and B*	72	—	2	4	—	—	—	—	78	*6 guns, driving*
,, 4	*A and B*	35	—	—	8	—	—	—	2	45	*6 guns, driving*
,, 10	*Marsh*	2	3	1	4	—	7	—	1	18	*3 guns, walking*
,, 17	*River beat and rough grazing*	1	6	—	4	—	12	1	—	24	*4 guns, walking, occasional drive*
,, 29	*B and outlying copse*	37	4	—	6	—	2	1	5	55	*6 guns, driving*
,, 30	*B and outlying copse*	22	11	—	3	—	—	—	—	36	*6 guns, driving*
Nov. 7	*Rough grazing, part of A*	11	4	1	2	—	6	—	1	25	*4 guns, walking*
,, 14	*Coverts C and F*	—	149	—	5	3	—	14	6	177	*6 guns*
,, 15	*Coverts D and G and ponds*	—	92	—	14	—	—	9	7	122	*6 guns*
,, 20	*River, copses and marsh*	—	24	1	11	—	7	—	—	43	*4 guns, walking and driving*
,, 21	*River, copses and marsh*	2	26	—	7	1	12	—	2	50	*4 guns, walking and driving*
Dec. 4	*Rough grazings, part of marsh*	3	12	—	29	—	11	—	—	55	*4 guns, walking, occasional drive*
,, 10	*B and outlying copses*	17	16	3	3	—	—	—	—	39	*6 guns, driving*
,, 11	*B and outlying copses*	14	15	—	5	—	—	—	—	34	*6 guns, driving*
,, 17	*River beats, ponds and copses*	2	8	2	7	—	17	24	5	65	*4 guns, walking and driving*
,, 26	*Coverts C, D, F and G, river beats*	2	82	—	21	2	3	11	9	130	*6 guns*
,, 27	*Coverts C, D, F and G, river beats*	—	65	—	10	4	3	17	—	99	*6 guns*
Jan. 7	*Marsh and river copses*	1	9	1	22	—	17	4	8	62	*6 guns, walking and driving*
,, 14	*Coverts all*	—	27	—	6	6	—	—	3	42	*6 guns*
,, 15	*Coverts all*	—	19	—	4	1	—	—	5	29	*6 guns*
,, 21	*Various*	2	11	2	12	—	15	7	2	51	*5 guns, walking and driving*
,, 22	*Various*	—	6	1	9	—	24	9	1	50	*4 guns, walking and driving*
,, 25	*Marsh and river beats*	—	4	—	11	1	18	8	5	47	*6 guns, walking and driving*
		259	593	16	249	18	161	109	70	1475*	

**Wildfowl and snipe shot after February 1st bring total to 1,531.*



THIS YEAR'S M.C.C. TEAM AT ARMOUR HEIGHTS CRICKET GROUND, WHERE THEY WERE DEFEATED BY THE HON. R. C. MATTHEWS'S ELEVEN
Seated, from left to right: A. P. Singleton (Oxford and Worcester), R. J. Enthoven (Middlesex), G. C. Newman (Captain, Middlesex), K. A. Sellar (Sussex) and N. G. Wykes (Essex). Standing: C. H. Taylor (Leicester), A. G. Powell (Essex), J. T. Neve (Kent II), J. C. Masterman (Oxford Authentics), N. M. Ford (Middlesex), D. W. A. Forbes (Eton Ramblers and Household Brigade), J. M. Brocklebank (Cambridge), J. F. Mendl (Oxford Authentics), and Captain T. H. Carlton Levick (honorary Manager)

ON TOUR WITH THE M.C.C. TEAM IN CANADA

With the M.C.C. off to India cricket reviews its winter interest. To-day we play Test matches against Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and the West Indies. Will the time come when we will have to face a challenge from Canada? Very little has been heard of cricket in the Dominion, and in this article Mr. Reyburn tells of the enthusiasts, led by the Hon. R. C. Matthews, who are fostering the game, and the opposition the M.C.C. side encountered during the tour from which they recently returned

BY WALLACE REYBURN

A MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB team of thirteen players returned to England recently from a month's tour of Canada, and I had the pleasure of accompanying the team as a Press representative. Nineteen matches were played, all of them one-day games save two, and of these the M.C.C. won twelve, drew six and lost one—against the Hon. R. C. Matthews's XI at Toronto.

Quite frankly, I had not expected to find cricket very strong in Canada. But I was soon agreeably surprised to learn that in certain parts of the country the game flourishes, has a keen following and has produced some fine cricketers. Generalising, however, it may be said that cricket in Canada is carried on by little groups of "transplanted" Englishmen.

There is a tradition that whenever Englishmen find themselves grouped together, whether it be in a distant Dominion, on foreign soil, or even a desert



G. C. NEWMAN WITH THE HON. R. C. MATTHEWS AT ARMOUR HEIGHTS

island, one of the first things they do is get up a game of cricket. This is well borne out in Canada, and it is a tribute to cricket to see the way little groups of Englishmen and their families are fighting hard to keep the game going in face of the great difficulties with which they are confronted.

First, there is the competition of baseball, which found its way over the border from the United States and is firmly established as Canada's national summer sport. In England, Australia, South Africa and the other British Dominions, fathers present their sons with a cricket bat and ball just as soon as they are old enough to know what they are for. In Canada, as in the States, "Junior" is not very old before he is asking for a baseball bat and ball.

The "American influence," of which one hears so much in Canada, is strong in the matter of sports, and those who have hopes of seeing cricket firmly established throughout Canada find it hard to interest the youngsters of the country in the English game when they are "out on the diamond smacking home runs" or have their heads buried in the papers, looking up the latest baseball scores from New York.

Then there is the difficulty of climate. In such places as Regina on the prairies, where there has



W. E. N. BELL
Captain of the Hon. R. C. Matthews's XI, a solid bat and fine fieldsman. Clark Bell, his brother, is a batsman who goes out for runs, and just fell short of his century when the M.C.C. were beaten



E. F. LONEY AND L. A. PERCIVAL
Loney, who formerly played for Derbyshire, is the outstanding Canadian left-hand spin bowler. Percival, of Toronto, is Canada's best opening batsman

been no rain to speak of for several years, and the whole countryside is dried up, it is all that the cricket enthusiasts can do to find a ground anything like suitable. As far as climatic conditions are concerned, Regina was the worst off of all the centres we visited. Blades of grass are at a premium on the ground there, and the M.C.C. found themselves having to solve the problem of fielding in an outfield that was just barely one up on a dustheap.

That the cricketers of Regina have fought on against the problems of lack of rain, terrific heat, and the swarms of grasshoppers which invade their playing area, to mention only three of their difficulties, speaks volumes for their enthusiasm.

As well as the opposition of baseball and other summer sports and the difficulty of making and maintaining good grounds, there is the drawback of lack of coaching. If a game is to thrive it must be instilled into the younger generation. There are hundreds of younger players in the various centres who would develop speedily into very useful cricketers if they could have the advice and teaching of older players who possess a thorough knowledge of the game and know how to pass that knowledge on.

If a greater number of Canadian schoolboys could be coached and games organised among them, cricket would progress by leaps and bounds. But unfortunately just at the time when conditions are best for playing, the schools are empty and the boys away on the lengthy summer vacation which the schools have in the Dominion.

Canadian cricket finds its strongest support in Toronto, and it was there that the M.C.C. team underwent the only defeat of their tour. The team which beat them by ten wickets in a two-day match was the Hon. R. C. Matthews's XI, made up mainly of Toronto players, with two members of the side from British Columbia and two from Montreal. As English cricket followers know, the Hon. R. C. Matthews's XI toured England last year and made very creditable showings against second-class counties, the Services, and school elevens.

Cricket in Canada owes a lot to the enthusiasm of Mr. Matthews and if—Mr. George Newman, captain of the touring side, expressed the hope at the conclusion of the tour—we do see an All-Canadian side over here within the next few years much of the credit must go to Mr. Matthews. Not only did he equip and finance the tour of his eleven in England, but he continually furnishes schools and boys' clubs with cricket material, and fosters the game in every way possible.

Mr. Matthews's XI in their match against the M.C.C. team batted first and knocked up 288 runs. The M.C.C. replied with 157 and were forced to follow on, recording 137 in their second venture. The Canadian eleven got the five runs required with the loss of one wicket, coming out with a well-earned victory by ten wickets.

An outstanding feature of the game was the performance of the Navy and Sussex batsman, K. A. Sellar, in the M.C.C.'s second innings. Of the total of 137 his tally was 111, a brilliant fighting innings which will surely go down as one of the best performances put up on a Canadian cricket field. There were six extras in the total, so that while his team mates could only put together 20 runs, Sellar was knocking up a forceful century.

Though Sellar was the only member of the visiting side to shine in this match, four of the local eleven put up outstanding performances. In the Englishmen's first innings, E. A. Jemmott took six wickets for 39 runs. Jemmott is a West Indian and was the only really fast bowler the M.C.C. encountered on their tour. On his day Jemmott can get a lot of pace off the matting, and is an effective bowler, although he is liable to become erratic.

Clark Bell was the batting star of the home side, and he was unlucky to fall four short of his century. The tourists played against him in several matches, and in each game he showed a decided inclination to go for runs. Although not a very stylish bat, he is very forceful, and is never content to let the ball hit the bat.

The two bowlers who helped Jemmott bring about the collapse of the Englishmen in each innings were E. A. Loney and E. Carlton. They both hail from England, and both were with Mr. Matthews's XI on the English tour last year. "Derby" Loney, as he is called, has played for Derbyshire, and when the Canadian team was on tour over here he did so well that I believe the county wanted him to stay on in England and turn out for them again.

A left-hand spin bowler, Loney can turn the ball both ways effectively and, save for Sellar, none of the Englishmen were at home with his deliveries in this match. The M.C.C. encountered Loney and Carlton in an earlier game, against All Toronto, and these two had the tourists absolutely at sea. Loney took five wickets and Carlton four, and it was only time that saved the visitors from defeat. Carlton is a right arm medium pace bowler.

Except for the games at St. Catherines, Calgary and Duncan (Vancouver Island), all matches were played on matting wickets, and the Toronto ground was probably the best. The matting wicket was just as good as a matting wicket can be, and the outfield was level and true. In two places, Waterloo and Montreal, the games were played on baseball grounds. The Montreal ground must surely be the most "un-cricket-like" ground in existence. It consists of a small oval of turf surrounded by a quarter-mile cinder running track. It is marked out in heavy white lines for baseball, softball, soccer, basketball, Canadian Rugby and, oh yes, I almost forgot, cricket.

By far the most beautiful ground was that at Brockton Point, Vancouver. When Arthur Mailey's Australian side visited Vancouver on their tour of Canada and the United States a few years back, Don Bradman, Stan McCabe and the other stars were of the opinion that the Brockton Point ground was the most beautiful they had ever played on. It is situated in Vancouver's 1,000-acre park, Stanley Park, and is bordered on two sides by the harbour. Giant liners steam by as play is in progress, and the game is watched from deck chairs under the shelter of trees. The actual playing area is a little on the small side, but the situation of the ground is truly beautiful.

As this M.C.C. tour of Canada was in the nature of a good will tour, the visitors were not out to set up any records, and they turned on attractive cricket. N. G. Wykes, of Essex, a left-hand opening bat, finished up the tour with well over 600 runs, and topped the batting list with an average of just under 40 runs per innings.

K. A. Sellar, who did some prodigious hitting in several matches as well as his fine century in Toronto, was perhaps the most popular batsman with the spectators. A. G. Powell, the Essex wicket-keeper, J. C. Masterman, of Oxford Authentics, and C. H. Taylor, an opening batsman who has turned out for Leicester, were, with Wykes and Sellar, the leading batsmen of the tour. H. J. Enthoven, of Middlesex, opened the tour with a century, but failed to reproduce the form of his first innings on Canadian soil in later matches.

The team's batting was far stronger than their bowling, and Canadian cricket enthusiasts were rather disappointed that a real speed merchant had not made the trip. J. M. Brocklebank, the medium pace Cambridge University bowler with a rather strange delivery, netted 50 wickets, and in one game took ten wickets in an innings. That was in the match against the Montreal Juniors, but perhaps I should mention that the local side batted fifteen men.

A. P. Singleton, this year's Oxford University captain, J. T. Neve, of Kent II, and D. W. A. Forbes, an Army player, shared the bowling honours, G. C. Newman, of Middlesex, who captained the side, had a brief spell of bowling brilliance when he bowled five Winnipeg batsmen in seven consecutive balls.

Before most of the matches the M.C.C. players offered their services to any young players who cared to come along to the nets for some coaching and a word of praise must go to young J. F. Mendl, of Oxford, who did untiring work at the nets in every spare moment he had. At Calgary Mendl discovered a youngster whom he feels is going to shine in the world of cricket in days to come.

Watching Mendl and others of the M.C.C. side coaching these youngsters at the nets, I could not help but feel that a good English coach could do wonders with the material that is offered in Canada. Let us hope that this Marylebone tour bears fruit, and that an All-Canadian team soon pays us a visit. Such a tour would stimulate interest in the game in the Dominion and help greatly to firmly establish cricket as one of Canada's main summer sports.

FIELD TRIALS

GOLDEN RETRIEVERS AT STAGENHOE

ONCE again the weather favoured the spectators rather than the dogs and their handlers, and the meet for the Novice Stake, at Stagenhoe Park on October 9th, was held in brilliant sunshine. In the absence in America of our host, Mr. M. B. U. Dewar, Mrs. Dewar and Mr. John Dewar entertained the judges to luncheon, which was held in the open in real summer weather. Mr. R. Dawson, ably abetted by Harper, the headkeeper, showed a wonderful head of game of all kinds, and all dogs had their fair share and were thoroughly tested.

Mr. H. Wentworth Smith was able to handle his Grasper of Yelme into the leading position, and everyone was pleased to see him so far restored to health as to be able to do so. Grasper showed up from the first. He is a very stylish youngster and goes out well, quarters his ground naturally, and has a real good nose and perfect mouth and delivery. He keeps his pace, and is very persevering. Mr. Wentworth Smith also won the Ch. Nonnaby Dutiful Perpetual Challenge Cup, and the special given by Miss Newton-Deakin for the dog requiring least assistance from his handler.

Mr. Venables-Kyrke's Anningsley Frost, who misses being a puppy by one week, ran second. He is bold and fast, and with experience will make a very useful dog, though I doubt his being as good a trial dog in the future as the winner.

Third prize went to Mrs. Smedley's well-known bench winner Sedate, who worked well all day, has a good nose and mouth, and hunts on. Her handler, Mr. C. Foreman, won the special offered by Mrs. Hextall for the best novice handler. It was unlucky that Mrs. Smedley's other bitch, Scilla, got a bit out of hand towards the end of the day; so much stuff rather went to her head, for she has great pace, good style and hunts on, has a real good nose and with more experience should be a good one. Her handler won the club's special for the best *bona fide* keeper handler.

Mr. A. W. S. Aldridge's Barnfield Brandy (reserve) found a lot of stuff, but was very lucky in tumbling on to several birds, but she is quick, a hard worker, easily handled, has a good mouth and delivery, but does not quarter her ground and trusts too much to her galloping and her eyes at times.

Of runners awarded certificates of merit, Lady Tweeddale's Yester Ray is improving, but he too has yet to learn to quarter better and to get his nose in the right place, although he manages to produce his game.

Mrs. Nairn's Stubbings Golden Yorick shows promise and is fast and hunts in nice style. Mr. Venables-Kyrke's Rakelands John is a big galloping puppy who in time will make a good one, but at the moment does not show the usual Golden nose. Dr. Wolff's Crust of Bears did some really good work for a puppy, but has had hysteria slightly, and suddenly lost his nerve at the end of the day; will make a good one. Mr. Venables-Kyrke won Mr. G. H. Turner's special for the best dog bred, broken and handled by owner.

The chairman, Mr. A. W. Copeland, proposed a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Dewar for their kind hospitality and for giving us such lovely ground.

I am glad to report that the "pickers up" working behind us had very little if anything to do in spite of poor scent. W. M. C.

RETRIEVERS AT THORPE

By kind permission of Lord Lilford, the Midland Counties Field Trial Society held their eighteenth retriever trials at Thorpe, near Thrapston, Northamptonshire, on October 13th and 14th. The judges were Lord Henniker, Mr. G. H. Turner and Major J. Wormald. The awards were as follows:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. Corbet's b. Adderley Tax; 2nd, Mr. S. C. G. Gold's b. Sienna; 3rd, Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's b. Quack of Yelme; reserve and award of merit, Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's b. Saddle of Snape; award of merit, Mr. R. Corbet's d. Adderley Tizh; certificates of merit, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's b. Windle Peggie; Mr. V. Routledge's d. Hallingbury Linnet.

NON-WINNER STAKE.—1st, Mr. L. Harvey's b. Race; 2nd, Mr. W. G. Heynsann's d. Rockstead Footprint; 3rd, Lord Charles Bentinck's b. Birlinghams; reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's d. Grasper of Yelme; certificates of merit, Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. B. Orlebar's d. Pompey of Hinwick; Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's b. Snapehill Brenda.

SPANIELS AT UNTHANK

By kind permission of Captain R. B. Webster, the Gamekeepers' National Association held their sixteenth field trials for spaniels at Unthank, Haltwhistle, Northumberland, on October 1st and 2nd. The judges were Mr. J. L. Marriott and Mr. J. Scott. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. A. Bryne's b. Tedwyns Toole; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's d. Sam O'Vara; 3rd, Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Paddy. Reserve, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Dene of Balcary; certificates of merit to four of the five remaining entrants.

COCKER STAKE.—Equal 1st, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's d. Brewster Bilberhan and Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. Stout O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yewdale Snipe. Reserve, Captain J. H. Rhodes's b. Dalshangan Silver. Certificate of honour, Mrs. Scott Moore's b. Golden Bill; certificates to four of the five other entrants in the stake.

GAMEKEEPERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. T. B. Laird's b. Solo Event; 2nd, Mr. G. Curle's d. Breckonhill Bisco; 3rd, Mr. G. Blacklock's d. Corky Lorkie. Reserve, Mr. W. Melrose's b. Little Lady; certificate of merit, Mr. G. Curle's b. Breckonhill Babs.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's Sam O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. G. Curle's Breckonhill Bisco; 3rd, Mr. G. L. Q. Henriques's b. Chenal Wendy; 4th, Captain J. H. Rhodes's d. Dalshangan Pomme de Terre. Reserve, Mr. G. Curle's Breckonhill Babs; certificates of merit to six others.

THE WORLD'S FINEST BIG-GAME TROPHIES ARRIVE IN BERLIN



A STUDY IN SYMMETRY IN A COLLECTION OF IBEX FOR THE BRITISH SECTION



VARIOUS CONTINENTAL EXHIBITS, MAINLY MOUFFLON, READY FOR HANGING



SOME OF THE HEAVYWEIGHTS, A BLACK RHINOCEROS HEAD AND CAPE BUFFALO IN THE FOREGROUND

On November 3rd an Exhibition of the World's Finest Big-Game and Sporting Trophies will be opened in the Kaiserdamm, Berlin. Leading sportsmen from all over Europe have sent the cream of their collections, and the British section, organised by the "Field," will contain many record heads. Nothing like this has been staged since the Vienna Exhibition of 1910, which Berlin, 1937, should surpass. In addition to big-game trophies there will be a selection of the world's best sporting photographs on view, and it is anticipated that, with the tourist mark in their favour, and a reduction of 60 per cent. in fares on the German railways, many sportsmen will make the journey an occasion for an extended visit to Germany.



JUST A FEW OF THE NUMEROUS EXHIBITS OF CONTINENTAL RED DEER ANTLERS



THE FEMALE LITTLE GREBE HAS JUST RISEN TO THE SURFACE AND IS ABOUT TO SPRING ON TO THE NEST. THE EGGS HAVE BEEN LEFT PARTLY UNCOVERED

THE LITTLE GREBE

Behaviour During Incubation

By W. W. NICHOLAS

ALTHOUGH the most numerous member of the grebe family found in this country, the little grebe is by no means the most often seen.

Its larger relation, the great-crested grebe, may be observed much more readily. On more than one occasion, I believe, it has even been photographed at its nest without the photographer being concealed in any way.

Not so the little grebe, which as a rule may be observed for a brief moment only, as it dives beneath the surface of the water; if it has not already disappeared before an intruder comes in sight.

Even the nest may be mistaken for one of the many floating platforms used by waterfowl; at least, this is so during its earlier stages. As, however, material is added from time to time during incubation, the nest eventually assumes such bulk as to leave little room for doubt in the mind of an experienced observer.

In appearance the sexes of the little grebe are described as being alike, but an appreciable variation in hue between individual birds may be observed at times. This is accounted for, perhaps, by a difference in the age of the birds in question.

In the case of the grebes under observation, the male was the darker of the two, and presented a much "better groomed" appearance than the female. The difference in colour was noticeable, not only in the plumage of the back and breast, but in the under part of the flanks.

The nest at which my photographs were taken was situated in a quiet backwater, not far from a trout stream. It was first observed on April 25th, 1937, at which time it was but a shallow floating platform, slightly hollowed in the centre. Four days later it contained a full clutch of four chalky white eggs, as yet unstained. The eggs were covered lightly with aquatic weeds, a precaution usually, but not always, taken by grebes when leaving their nests.

Some observers hold the opinion that the covering of the eggs is to assist incubation during the absence of the parent bird. Others incline to the view that the covering is protective.

My own opinion is in favour of the latter explanation; for although it must be admitted that the fermenting weeds do assist incubation in some measure, it is equally true that the eggs are not always so covered.

Careful observation of the circumstances under which the covering takes place seems to show that it is invariably associated with alarm, the protection of the eggs being an instinctive reaction to such alarm.

Moreover, the grebes are fairly close sitters, and the need for artificial incubation hardly seems to arise.

Further support for the protection theory is to be found in the fact that the grebes, when sitting, frequently pull quantities of weeds around

(Continued on page 1048)





LEFT: MALE AT THE NEST AND ABOUT TO BROOD. RIGHT: FEMALE ABOUT TO BROOD AFTER HAVING JUST UNCOVERED THE EGGS. NOTE THE DROPS OF WATER ADHERING TO HER PLUMAGE



THE MALE LITTLE GREBE WITH WINGS RAISED READY TO DIVE OVERBOARD



THE MOTHER BIRD RETURNING TO THE NEST WITH A SMALL FISH AND THE YOUNG GREBE ABOUT TO BE FED



THE WINNING PARTNERSHIP AT WORPLESDON
L. G. Crawley and Mrs. R. M. Heppel, who is seen below driving in the final

CHAMPIONS IN FOURSOME GOLF

Worplesdon's Test for Partnerships

By E. R. TIPPLE

OF all the many tournaments that are held each year none is so popular as the Worplesdon Foursomes. This event always attracts such a huge entry of famous players that several have to be left out, and a long waiting list is necessary in case any entrants scratch.

It may seem rather strange to those who have not played in this competition or who have not made the journey to watch the various matches that a mixed foursome tournament should stimulate such interest. But it has earned its popularity simply because it provides keen competitive golf quite different from the usual kind. The game becomes a less serious business, and the light atmosphere prevailing turns the meeting into an enjoyable affair.

Miss Joyce Wethered and Worplesdon have been coupled together for a long time, and when that great lady golfer is competing she becomes the central figure and chief interest is directed towards her progress to the final. Having been successful on eight occasions with seven different partners, everyone wondered if she and Sir John Heathcoat Amory would set up another record and be the first winning husband and wife pair. In this we were disappointed, for Lady Amory, it must be said, makes so few appearances in competitive golf that she cannot be expected to reproduce her best form without practice. Sir John, too, had an unenviable task in following up his wife's more famous golfing partners, but he produced steady golf, and though at times rather destructive, at others he could bring out a noble stroke-saving shot.

Their first match against Mrs. Stodall and G. L. Adams developed into a desperate affair. For once the calm, unhurried, rhythmic "Wethered swing" gave place to a shorter and a quicker motion. So the heather and the bushes were visited and the penalty for wayward strokes was paid in full. Then at the crisis Lady Amory, in her old characteristic fashion, played the match-winning stroke—a superb brassie hit straight over the diagonal bunkers guarding the home green, the ball finishing a few yards past the flag. This more than made up for all the bad shots of the round.



After this escape the partnership settled down and played consistently—much too much so for their opponents. But in the fifth round, after many adventures, they were defeated by a sound international pair consisting of Miss K. Garnham and A. S. G. Thompson. It was a game in which both sides made astonishing mistakes and neither could take real advantage of them. At the seventeenth Lady Amory bunkered her drive, whilst Miss Garnham's iron second backed off the bank on to the right of the green, and that meant the end.

Miss Pam Barton, Miss Anderson, Miss Fishwick, R. Sweeny and J. J. F. Pennink were among those quickly defeated. In contrast L. G. Crawley and Mrs. Heppel, better known perhaps by her maiden name of Miss Molly Griffiths, formed an ideal alliance. They earned their first victory by displays of courageous golf. Crawley contributed the powerful shots and his partner finished them off by putting like a wizard.

Crawley, always a most studious player, has cut out practically all the usual preliminaries of the address. He now goes up to the ball, takes his stance and hits it before you really are prepared for it. By this method he prevents himself getting rigid and set—a frequent ailment common even with first-class players. He inspired his partner with his own fighting capabilities in their match with Miss Barton and Francis. They turned four down at the seventh into all square at the twelfth, and won on the last green.

In the final against Miss Garnham and Thompson they always appeared to have just that extra something in reserve, and won comfortably.

THE LITTLE GREBE (*Continued from page 1046*)

themselves and over their backs. Particularly was this so in the case of the male, who was observed to be more sensitive than his mate.

Although so very alert to the presence of intruders when openly approached, these little grebes were remarkably at ease when observed from my hiding place among the reeds.

True, the noise of the shutter at the first exposure of my camera caused a little alarm, the hurried, but efficient, covering of the eggs, and the departure of the sitting bird. Subsequently, however, not only the action of my still camera, but that of my ciné also, was entirely disregarded. Nor did the appearance of the lens (so fruitful a source of trouble) seem to engage the attention of the grebe at any time.

Human voices were noted from afar, and the grebes showed remarkable discrimination in correctly appraising those likely to disturb them. In this they may have been assisted by the beat of the footsteps.

The duty of incubation was shared by both parents, but no particular time appeared to be assigned to each. Some days the male bird would sit for two or three hours during the morning or afternoon, as the case might be; on other days the female would take either of those "watches."

Not infrequently the periods of incubation were of much shorter duration, and as call notes were exchanged from time to time, it would appear that neither parent journeyed very far from the nest as a rule.

The calls varied considerably; at times a distant note was heard sounding not unlike the "woogh" of the red-throated diver, but rather higher in pitch. When both parents were at the nest together, soft guttural notes would be exchanged. The call most frequently heard, however, was a rather high-pitched wut, wut, wut, wut, wut, not unlike a modification of the farmyard hen's cackle when she has laid an egg.

This call was uttered by each of the grebes when alone at the nest, and usually was followed by the appearance of the absent bird, when a "change of the watch" would take place.

On one occasion, when the male bird was brooding, he uttered a long, high-pitched trilling note, cher-r-r-r-r-r-r; the female grebe returned soon afterwards and took over duty.

During the period of incubation, the approach to the nest invariably was made beneath the surface of the water, the first appearance being that of the yellow-tipped beak and the head. If, after careful observation, all seemed well, then the neck and finally the body would emerge, and with a smart leap the grebe would land upon the edge of the nest. It often happened, however, that a further inspection was considered desirable, in which case the grebe would dive under the nest and reappear on the other side.

Only after the first eggs were hatched (at which time the water level had fallen considerably) was an approach made upon the surface.

The grebes appeared to make most of their local journeys beneath the surface of the water, not only when they were approaching the nest, but whenever an open space had to be traversed. This secrecy of movement no doubt accounts in some measure for the comparatively few occasions upon which the little grebe may be observed.

On May 16th, after incubation lasting seventeen days, the first egg was hatched. The second one followed a few hours later.

The third and fourth eggs were hatched on May 17th and May 18th respectively, giving an interval of 24 hours between each.

As with incubation, so with regard to the care of the young; the duty was shared by both parents. Upon arrival on May 17th I found the female grebe sitting upon two eggs, but no young were present.

Some time later the male parent appeared upon the surface of the water, distant about 20yds. and sheltered by reeds. Upon his back reposed one of the young grebes, held securely in position by means of his crossed wings. From time to time the parent bird would feed the youngster as it rode in this position.

After a while the female grebe uttered the usual call note, whereupon her mate began a rather halting approach towards the nest, diving from time to time, but swimming upon the surface when the shallows were reached.

Instead of leaping out of the water as usual, he made a somewhat laboured scramble up the side of the nest, where he deposited the young grebe. The movements of the youngster were rather amusing; it progressed by means of frog-like jumps, using its legs to give impulse and its wings to afford balance. Meanwhile, the female parent left the nest and the male brooded the remaining eggs. When next the female returned, she brought with her a small fish with which she fed the young grebe.

The hatching period of any species usually is associated with a certain amount of anxiety, dependent no doubt upon the state of development of the young when they emerge from the shell.

Little grebes are remarkably advanced, and appear to receive scant, if any, attention from the parent birds.

In the present case, one of the eggs hatched while both parents were absent from the nest. The chick at once began to move about with frog-like jumps already described. When the mother bird arrived, ignoring the chick, she at once settled down to brood the remaining eggs. Meanwhile the chick climbed upon her back and was brooded under her wing.

As the water continued to recede, it became very shallow indeed by the time the last chick arrived. In the circumstances the grebes vacated the nest and established themselves upon a platform in deep water.

The last that I saw of the little family was one solitary chick alone in the nest; he immediately dived overboard at my approach and speeded away beneath the surface, using his feet and legs as paddles and his outstretched wings as stabilisers.

This England . . .



Salisbury Plain, in the hollow, Longstock

WHEN we hear men that are wise in these matters speak of the rotation of crops, we may not know exactly what this is, but we realize that it is some kind of plan for keeping the land in good heart. (And with it goes another four-year cycle—crop, stock, manure, soil—that we, too, may be kept in good heart.) Slow, but no true maturity was ever attained without a "fullness of time." So when men, in the making of things, do borrow (as their fathers taught) some of nature's own unhurried ways, the outcome is an enrichment of us all. An every-day example? . . the ancient craft of the brew-house and its mellow heir, your Worthington.

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M. P. LONNON

FINDING A CREW FOR SYDNEY

Selections for the Empire Regatta

BY DENIS GUYE

WITH poignant memories of the English rowing debacle at last year's Olympiad, and with the hope for better things to come, it must be refreshing to rowing enthusiasts that the task of choosing the eight to represent this country in the Empire Game Regatta, to be held at Sydney in February, is being undertaken with all the zeal and care that it deserves. More so particularly, as the Empire Eights is one of the few open events that we at present hold, the London Rowing Club having won at Toronto in 1930, the last time that there has been Empire rowing.

Whereas the selectors' task is made easier by the fact that the race takes place early in the year, and therefore have not the problem that arises during the Olympic Games of avoiding interference with club arrangements at Henley, they are confronted with an even greater one of finding a representative crew who are able to be absent from the calls of business for a period of four months.

With the exception of men now up at the Universities, and who of course would be unable to undertake the journey, the selectors have invited men from all the principal clubs to take part in trials, and on Saturday, October 9th, there were two eights practising. It is not intended to have a race, as no useful purpose would be served, and the racing form of the competitors is well known.

At the moment the ultimate composition of the crew is largely a matter of conjecture, as it is impossible for the selectors to complete their task until it is known who, if required, would be able to travel.

From the eighteen men asked to hold themselves in readiness it would seem, with judicious coaching and an adequate training, possible to produce a crew capable of holding its own in any company.

From Leander, J. D. Sturrock, M. P. Lonnon, D. G. Kingsford and G. M. Lewis are included. Sturrock would seem to be the ideal six, although he appears at his best over a four-mile course rather than one of 2,000 metres. It must be said, however, he rowed uncommonly well in the London four at Berlin last year.

It seems almost paradoxical to find the name of Lonnon as a likely contender for a seat in the boat, as he has only just resigned the presidency of the C.U.B.C. on the grounds of not having time. But on reflection it is readily understood that if he continues to superintend Cambridge rowing, and take part in the Boat Race, he would be unable to attend to the more serious side of his University career until the Summer Term of 1938, whereas the trip to Australia would only keep him away until March. As he is one of the best oars in training, it is to be hoped that it will be possible for him to assist the English crew.

Kingsford and Lewis are the old Pembroke Blues who have vast winning experience, but it is surprising to find the name of Edgar Howitt amongst the probables as, firstly, he has been out of serious rowing this season; and, secondly, the ties of business prevented him from competing in the London Olympic Four last year. He would be a valuable asset to the crew, as he is experienced with Australian rowing, as is T. D. M. Boyland, both having rowed in the London eight at the Melbourne Centenary Regatta in 1934. The latter is an ideal two, and is also a first-class stroke.

Others from London are J. H. Pinches, a sculler of some distinction; M. P. Lee; G. C. Wells, a winner of the Grand; and B. S. Beazley, who stroked the Grand Eight at Henley this year.

P. H. Jackson, who may be asked to scull, is also under consideration for the eight. In view of the fact that he is now undergoing treatment from an osteopath for his wrist, which has given out twice in recent races, it might seem better to include him in the eight, where at five his great power would be a tremendous asset.

Three men have been invited from Thames—A. P. Brown, R. C. Harman and J. H. Burrough—all of whom are first-class oarsmen, the first-named being a particularly good stroke. It would be an honour well deserved if either of the Offer brothers from Kingston were included, as they have been rowing consistently well in eights and pairs for some years, and, of course, were the winners of the Goblets last year. E. Wingate, from Vesta, who won this year's Goblets with D. Baddeley, is also rowing in trials.

As nearly all these likely candidates are familiar with each other's rowing, and as there will be no rig controversy, swivel rowlocks being used by all the clubs concerned, it should not be difficult to select a really first-class eight. Especially as nearly all the men are super-watermen, having rowed in pairs, fours and sculls.

A success at Sydney should encourage our selectors to continue this policy when they have to find a crew capable of retrieving the Olympic Eights, last won by us in 1912, and now as elusive as the Walker Cup is to our golfers.

ACTIVE AUSTIN

His Triumph in the Covered Courts Championships

BY J. E. COLLETT



K. SCHRÖDER WHO WAS DEFEATED BY H. W. AUSTIN IN THE MEN'S SINGLES FINAL



H. W. AUSTIN WHO WAS BRILLIANT, BOTH ATHLETICALLY AND INTELLECTUALLY, IN ALL HIS MATCHES

LAST week's National Covered Court Championships at the Queen's Club were a singles triumph for H. W. Austin, who recovered the title he won in 1934 in a thoroughly decisive fashion. In the semi-final he beat J. Borotra, 6/1, 6/1, 6/1, and in the final, K. Schröder, the holder, 6/3, 3/6, 7/5, 6/2.

I have been thinking for days about the so-called debacle of Borotra, but have not yet made up my mind completely on the correct reading of the match. I saw it through and watched it carefully, not from the gallery but from a seat at the court floor level. I am inclined to think that a surer reading is to be obtained from the gallery; the court is seen lengthwise, and not from the side. On the other hand, the ball is seen from the floor more as the player sees it. I take it that the evidence, as I gathered it, should prove practically that Austin was in superlative form, and Borotra no better or worse than he had been the previous week, when he was beaten in two closely-fought sets. The match was over in about 50 minutes, and Borotra won only 46 points—13 in the first, 16 in the second and 17 in the third set. There were six love games, of which Austin won five.

Any suggestion that Borotra was not all out to win may be dismissed as ridiculous. He has won the title eight times since 1926, and he was ambitious to set up an astonishing record of nine successes. Wood is his favourite surface, and on it he has been at his best. It may be that on account of a certain lack of his old stamina he had to win the first set in order to beat Austin, and having failed to do so was playing the other two under an inhibition of failure.

He won the first game of the first set, and at 15 down played rather heartlessly while losing the sixth and the set. Thereafter, as before, he played as well as a temporarily unbeatable Austin let him, but with absolute effort. A detailed description of Austin's strokes is unnecessary. The plain statement suffices that he did every stroke perfectly at exactly the right moment, kept an impeccable length, and obtained an extraordinary pace off the bounce of his drives. This last militated against Borotra as much as anything else, because it kept him back or slightly short on coming up. The gem of the match was a love-game which Austin won on his own service, the second of the third set; short as the game was, Austin managed to exhibit during it every basic stroke beautifully executed. The last game of the match went several times to deuce, a great dying effort of Borotra which he spoilt by missing an easy smash at one advantage, and serving a double fault at another. While these errors might be adduced to show how thoroughly he had been demoralised, the effort proved that his spirit was unbroken.

Austin's confidence must have been increased for his task of breaking through the brilliance of Schröder. The name is pronounced "Skroeder," by the way. The type of game the big Swede plays has little relation to the recognised rules of stroke production and tactics. He swings short and close to the body, comes up on anything and everything, picks up passes after, to the ordinary sight of spectator and opponent, they have got past him, and flings his huge bulk almost off his feet incredibly to the correct stance when recovering lost position. He is not to be anticipated, he must be guessed. This factor alone, to a player of Austin's mentality and method, represented a severe strain and a potential fracture of essential rhythm.

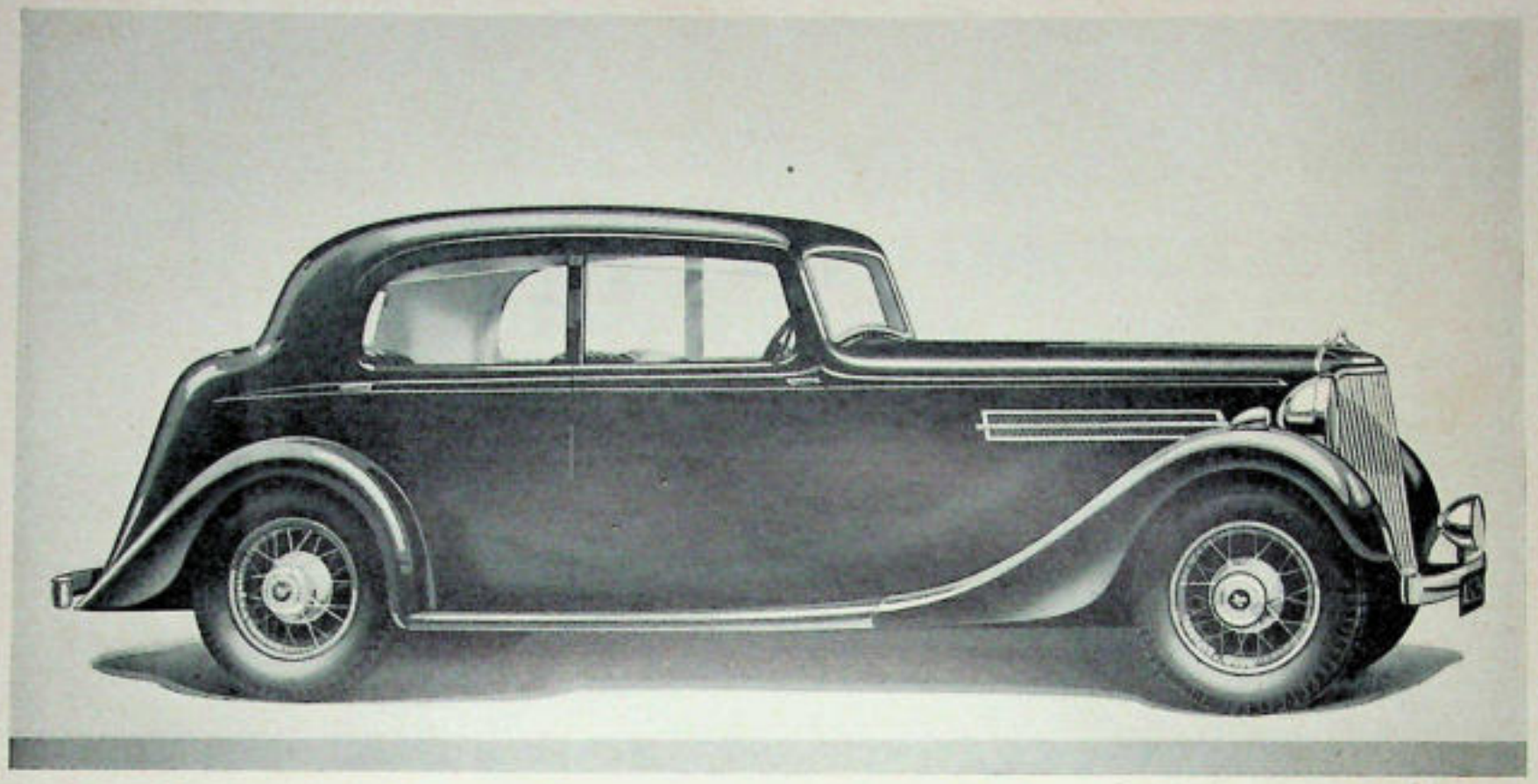
The only fracture observable in the first set was of Schröder's self-confidence. No one so far had been able to hold him, except Sharpe, who, despite his exceptional ability on wood could only do it for a few games and was unable to win a set. It was this disturbance of morale which won Austin the match. After the fine first set effort he settled down into rather conventional tactics.

Probably they represented a half-conscious refuge in technique to cover a slight mental reaction. The technique was so good that Schröder, although he won the second set, did not feel himself a winner of the match. He has himself no technique to fall back on; his particular brand of athletic lawn tennis has to succeed or fail on its own sole support, unswerving attack. In the third set Austin was at 4/1, and then 4/4 before he realised that he in his turn must attack unreservedly. He changed his game shrewdly and successfully, got out at 7/5, and afterwards had Schröder safely tamed. This achievement of Austin's was excellent both athletically and intellectually, and the match as a whole was of the kind which raises the character of lawn tennis.

Miss M. C. Scriven won the ladies' singles title for the third time by beating Mrs. M. R. King, 6/1, 6/2.

D. W. Butler increased his reputation in the doubles events, and the ladies' doubles winners, Miss J. Saunders and Miss V. E. Scott, were a "surprise"; they are a young and promising pair.

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FROM 1880 ONWARDS DRIVEN GAME SHOOTING BEGAN TO GAIN FAVOUR AND TO EXERT ITS INFLUENCE ON THE MANUFACTURE OF SPORTING POWDERS

SPORTING POWDERS—THEIR HISTORY AND NATURE—II

Changes and Influences in the New Century

IN the first part of this article we followed Black powder from its beginning to the beginning of of its end, and saw the usurper, Smokeless powder, overcoming its early constitutional troubles, and reaching the point where it was ready for the expansion and consolidation of its empire.

The reader will remember that 1900 found the shooting man with just one Smokeless powder (always excepting Ballistite). There were several brands—Schultze, E.C., Amberite, and so on, but they were all essentially the same in constituents and behaviour, inasmuch as they were what were later to be known as 42 grain bulk fibrous granular powders, surface hardened. That is to say, they drove the same shot loads as Black powder, they *bulked* the same, charge for charge (although their standard charge *weighed* 42 grains against 82 grains of Black) and their essential constituent was nitro-cotton of which the fibres had only been superficially broken down with solvents (or gelatinised).

But outside forces were working to turn Smokeless Sporting powder from a single unit in the range of explosives into a group of its own. From 1890 onwards driven game shooting had been gaining favour at the expense of "walking-up" and shooting men were beginning to find that the shoulders which could stand the occasional blow from a 1¼oz. load did not take so kindly to the more rapid and intensive knocking about that driven game shooting entailed.

Now recoil, or "kick" if you prefer it, is just a physical expression of the fact that the forward momentum of the ejected charge equals the backward momentum of the gun. More scientifically, $w \times v = W \times V$, w being the weight of the ejected charge (shot, wads, with half the weight of the powder charge) v its forward velocity at the muzzle, W the weight of the gun and V its backward velocity. The kick is the $W \times V$ part and to reduce it w or v must be reduced (although increasing W, the gun weight, helps to reduce the physical effect). That explains why the Smokeless powders gave less recoil than Black—their charge weight was 42 grains against 82, and w was accordingly reduced.

The powder and cartridge makers' problem, towards the end of the nineteenth century was to reduce w still further—they wanted to leave v untouched, velocity being something of a fetish then as it is now. It looks easy enough to reduce shot weight and adjust the powder charge suitably, but the 42 grain powders of those days were not as flexible as they are now, and would have none of it. For the sake of progressive burning they all had reserves of power which got out of hand when the resistance of the shot charge was reduced by lightening it.

The makers of Schultze left it at that, preferring to cater for the 1¼oz. loads, although later they were able to make their powder more flexible. The makers of Amberite followed the same course for a time, although they were shortly to produce something entirely new in "Smokeless Diamond." It was W. D. Borland, of the E.C. Company, who was to take sporting powders just the next milestone.

Schultze's original method of slowing down his explosive with inert substances as moderators had been followed by later manufacturers, with the addition of some tentative efforts at gelatinisation. The E.C. people had been particularly interested in this latter, and it occurred to Borland that an elaboration of their efforts with solvents might allow a reduction in the proportion of inert substances and close control of burning. He was right: by this means he reduced the weight of the 12 bore charge of E.C. to 33 grains and the first offspring of the original powders appeared—E.C. No. 3. By 1900 this powder had firmly established itself.

The first result of Borland's work was a slight recoil reduction, with the reduction of powder charge weight. The next was a much bigger recoil reduction because E.C. No. 3 was faster burning and could handle a 1⅛oz. charge as to the manner born—as indeed it was. Thirdly, gun weight came down, first from 7lb. to 6¾lb. and as E.C. No. 3 and its imitators improved, the modern 5¾lb. to 6lb. featherweight became practicable. The shooting man soon satisfied himself that the lighter loads were quite heavy enough for the majority of shooting occasions, so that to-day 1⅛oz. is the accepted standard game load.

Next, it was the turn of Curtis's and Harvey to do some pioneering. Borland had gone farther than most in gelatinising nitro-cotton, but he held back from completely gelatinising E.C. No. 3 because it was to be a bulk powder like its predecessors, E.C. Nos. 1 and 2. For complete gelatinisation meant reduced bulk—witness Ballistite, which was so dense as to require special cases.

Completely gelatinised nitro-cotton appealed to Curtis's and Harvey as likely to give a more regular and moisture-proof product than fibrous nitro-cotton, but the idea of a bulk powder appealed also, as it was the cartridge makers who called the tune and they were unlikely to welcome a new powder whose low charge volume meant making special cases. So Curtis's and Harvey *did* gelatinise their new powder completely, but they added to it a high proportion of soluble salts in the process. Then after extruding it in rods and cutting these into circular flakes, they washed the flakes until the salts dissolved and left behind a completely gelatinised 33 grain powder, bulking the same as the others and full of small pores to let the cap flame penetrate. This was Smokeless Diamond.

When the War intervened, the range of powders available (apart from Ballistite) was this:

(1) The 42 grain bulk fibrous progressive burning granular powders, like Schultze.

(2) The 33 grain bulk fibrous fast-burning granular powders, like E.C. No. 3.

(3) The 33 grain bulk fibrous fast-burning gelatinised powders, like Smokeless Diamond.

Types (2) and (3) did the same job—driving the light loads of 1oz. and 1⅛oz., and type (1) was for the heavier 1¼oz. loads. But there had always been occasions—wildfowling at home and much of the shooting abroad—which had called for more shot than even Schultze's and Amberite's 1¼oz. The demand had been met by using bigger guns like 10 bores, or long chambered 12 bores, but the effort to meet it in another way for the man who could ill-afford an extensive armoury was leading to the major post-War development in shotgun powders.

What was wanted was a method of loading a 12 2½in. load of 1¼oz. into a 12 bore 2¾in. case effectively and safely, and now the despised "denseness" which had been the bugbear of Ballistite powder was to come into its own. A dense nitro-cellulose powder could provide the space for an extra supply of shot, and in the twenties and thirties of this century a lot more was known about rates of burning than had been known when Curtis's and Harvey produced Smokeless Diamond. In England Neoflak appeared, and on the Continent and the United States similar powders—to be known as semi-dense gelatinised nitrocellulose progressive flake powders and to equip the 12 bore 2½in. gun with the ranging power of a 12 bore 2¾in. (with proportionate increase in other bores), but without excess of pressure over that given by ordinary powders with ordinary loads.

So 1937 finds three types of powder in the field, the fast burning light load powders, for 1oz. and 1⅛oz. loads (Diamond, E.C., Empire, &c.), the medium burning, medium load ones (Schultze and Amberite) and the new-comer, the slow-burning, semi-dense Neoflak with its special heavy wild-fowling loads. What 1947, '57, '67 have to offer is hard to say—advances certainly, and perhaps in the direction of all purpose powder, unless the development of other explosives has by then turned to man's own final undoing.



"The post has just arrived, Sir."

"Anything interesting?"

"The — ahem — usual crop of rather urgently worded communications from tradesmen, Sir, and a little booklet, Sir, which I took the liberty of writing for — in your name."

"The dickens you did!"

*"It's called * 'The Pathology of the Hangover,' Sir."*

"Tupper — if I were a mediæval baron I'd have you hanged from the portcullis. Skim through it, Tupper, and read me the more vital parts."

"It's published by the Rose's Lime Juice people, Sir, and explains how a hangover can be anticipated and prevented without affecting in any way the pleasure derived from a social evening — or, might I add, Sir — a regimental dinner. It gives actual results of tests on living people."

"H'm. Is the lime juice consumed during — or after?"

"Either, Sir."

"H'm. Send out for some Rose's Lime Juice, Tupper — and — er — pass me the booklet will you. I'd like to study it. And — Tupper —"

"Sir?"

"See that my respected father gets a copy."

*The low-down on the hangover. Amazing little booklet post free — send postcard with name and address to: L. Rose & Co. Ltd., Dept. AS, 49 Worship Street, E.C.2.

SHORT DRINK — 2 *parts Rose's*, 3 *parts gin.*
LONG DRINK — *add soda*

Letters to the Editor

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

GAME RESEARCH

SIR,—This year brings to an end the first five years of research on game carried out in the Oxford University Bureau of Animal Population with the aid of a grant from Imperial Chemical Industries. Throughout this period the bureau has been closely associated with the experimental work carried out by I.C.I. on their game research estate at Knebworth.

For the past two years shooting men have subscribed to a fund for additional research at Oxford, and I am sure that many readers of the *Field* will be interested in the plans now being arranged for the future development of research on game in the bureau.

Many estate owners and others interested in game management will have followed the progress of this preliminary period of research and, although much is yet unfinished, will appreciate the valuable knowledge which is being gained by a scientific study of such subjects as the food of partridges, their diseases and many other complex factors affecting the survival of game birds. We may confidently expect that the programme of the bureau for the next five years, outlined below, will go far towards elucidating many of the problems in modern game management.

I understand that I.C.I. are establishing another research station to deal with problems of nutrition and disease in game birds, of which details will be published shortly. Mr. A. D. Middleton will be leaving Oxford at the end of the year to conduct the research at this new station, with which the bureau will maintain close contact. The bureau will continue to give special attention to the "population problems" of game, analysing and mapping bags and other records of game in relation to climate, soils, agricultural practices and other environmental factors.

It is obvious that the bureau cannot carry out this work without expenditure. About £200 per annum is required, additional to the funds from other sources, for the next five years. During the past two years a smaller sum has been collected privately by a few interested people, but we now feel that the importance of ensuring more permanent and continued support makes it advisable to invite all estate owners and shooting men to subscribe.

Major Wormald, who has acted as hon. treasurer for the above fund during the past two years, will be glad to receive donations and the money collected by him will be forwarded to Oxford University for this special purpose. Cheques should be made out to Major J. Wormald, crossed "Partridge Research Fund," and sent to him at Gorgate Hall, East Dereham, Norfolk. Reports of the progress of the work and accounts will be issued periodically.

In conclusion, I hope that shooting men and gamekeepers will continue to take an active interest in these researches and help by supplying records and information. It is gratifying to know that the many interesting problems concerning game are at last receiving attention from scientists qualified to tackle them in an impartial manner.

Yours faithfully,
Great Witchingham Hall, Norwich. W. J. BARRY.

THE HURRY ON LINE

SIR,—I notice in your interesting article on that very good horse indeed, Precipitation, in your issue of October 2nd, you use the words: "His sire, Hurry On, is dead, and other sons of that great horse have failed to achieve any signal distinction" (referring to at stud). I do not think this statement will bear examination for a moment. On the contrary, some of Hurry On's sons have been remarkably successful sires, and I doubt if there is any other sire line, including even Phalaris, which has met with greater success the world over.

In Australia, Hunting Song is siring £20,000 worth of winners yearly, whilst Roger de Bush now holds a leading place in their list of sires of winners also. In South Africa, Sereth is near the top of the tree. In the Argentine, Hunter's Moon was, I think, champion sire last year. In France, Town Guard is a remarkably successful and consistent sire and always figures in the leading half dozen successful sires of winners. In Denmark, Runnymede is their champion sire. In Italy, Captain Cuttle, in spite of his very short life, was highly successful.

What other countries remain where both bloodstock breeding and racing are carried out to any important extent? Only England and Ireland and U.S.A. No Hurry On horse with sufficient racing merit to anticipate that he was likely to be a good sire was sent to U.S.A.

At home Captain Cuttle was sold to go abroad the very first year he had runners so had little chance, added to which he stood at the same stud and was rather overshadowed by his sire, Hurry On. Captain Cuttle, however, got a very good classic winner in Seattle and a Derby second in Walter Gay. Seattle was one of his very first crop, and surely any stallion who gets such a good classic winner in his first season is fulfilling expectations to the limit? Even horses like Colorado, Blandford, Fairway, &c. could not accomplish that feat.

Coronach, it is generally agreed, has not got full credit for some of his produce. Montrose has won over £10,000, and any horse who wins over £10,000 is a credit to his sire. Perhaps it may be objected he was not racing in classic class company, but equally it must be remembered he did not just win one or two big races, but has thirteen victories to his credit, thus proving himself to be possessed of outstanding hardiness and gameness—characteristics which are only too frequently absent in the modern thoroughbred. Coronach's daughter, Corrida, has won the equivalent to over £47,000, and is one of the greatest race mares of all time. La Flèche won only £34,703, Pretty Polly £38,557 and Sceptre £40,401. If Corrida had been racing in England I have little doubt Coronach would be proclaimed a great sire—he would certainly have headed the list of sires of winners. Another daughter of Coronach's Jacopo del Sallian won the Italian Derby, St. Leger, Oaks, One Thousand Guineas and Two Thousand Guineas! I do not think ever before any filly has ever won all five classics in any country in the world. When we remember Donatello, Apelle, &c., there can be no doubts that the "class" of Italian racing is extremely high.

Now there are certain sons of Hurry On who have stood at stud at home who have not been great successes. In bloodstock breeding no sire has ever produced every son of his to be a stud success. Practically every sire line is carried on through one horse, and one horse only. That great sire Polymelus only "lives" to-day through Phalaris (by no means his best racehorse). Bayardo only "lives" through Gainsborough, Isinglass only "lives" through John o' Gaunt and Swynford, Carbine through Spearmint, &c., &c., so it is only to be expected that not every single son of Hurry On will be a stud success. It is totally impossible to say who will carry on the line. Will Coronach yet achieve the distinction or will it fall on the younger sires, Precipitation, who starts next season, or Rolling Rock, standing in Ireland, whose eldest stock are but yearlings?

As the Hurry On line has been maintained since bloodstock breeding started there is no reason to believe it is going to die out now, and so far as one can predict the future in such an uncertain thing as bloodstock breeding it looks as if one at least of these three sires will have the honour to mark his name indelibly on the history of breeding.

Yours faithfully,
Ireland. FAIRPLAY.

LESSONS OF THE ST. LEGER

SIR,—In giving every credit to clever racing journalists for their forecasts on handicaps and form, they however, when it comes to the classic races, put too much reliance on the influence of the sire, which they insist in their argument and narrative to peculiarly describe as "on breeding," to the exclusion of the influence of the dam.

Ever since the days of Eclipse, Herod and Matchem has this preference for the sire been handed down in Turf tradition, even as a tradition of the Elders. Thus fallacies endure in spite of scientific facts explained by biologists and University Professors of Animal Husbandry. We have been informed by them how it is only partially true that "like begets like," *variation* being inevitable, and that in result, it is immaterial whether the dominant character belongs to the male or the female parent.

It is difficult to follow that the "one-pace" Solfo should have been even placed in the great Town Moor classic. His credentials would appear to suggest that a Queen Alexandra Stakes might be more to his liking; yet he was given by more than one to win. Or that Perifox, said by one writer to be the best of the three-year-olds, should have proved the actual whipper-in, which is surely some evidence of his being tired of racing.

May it not be regarded as a disappointing St. Leger, seeing that Sultan Mahomed would have upheld his credentials as "certain to stay" but for having incurred the worst of the bumping, and Mid-day Sun, in coming with a belated burst of speed to secure third place was unlucky in similar bumping. A front page critic tells us that excuses may be made for Mid-day Sun and Sultan Mahomed, but consoles us that the prize went to the best stayer and the best-bred colt, adding "that so much is heard of horses bred on the Continent that it is refreshing to write of a classic winner who is a true specimen of English bloodstock."

Granted, with the modification that the whole of the present-day critics ignore the one thoroughbred which has kept English bloodstock on top for the past 50 years, and the proviso, that Chulmleigh possesses at least two strains of French outcross blood.

In sum and total, however, it would appear to have been an unsatisfactory St. Leger unless we accept the result as the dual factor and lesson which breeders have too long failed to visualise, namely:

(*a*) The value of the outcross strain or line of foreign blood necessary in present-day pedigrees.

(*b*) That the potency of the same taproot *female* family line is exploited in all this year's classics, bar one—the One Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks and St. Leger (and the family is No. 8).

That additional proof of this female prepotency is supplied in the Grand National "hat-trick" of the past three years, to the credit of the neglected sire My Prince of the same female family line No. 8.

There is yet further support of the potency of the No. 8 family, which has (as a recurring cycle) so emphatically asserted itself this year, namely Haulfryn, winner of this year's Doncaster Cup. Haulfryn is not only of the No. 8 family, but traces directly to Lily of the Valley, Valais's dam. Now it is not a little significant that No. 8 Valais, similarly bred as No. 8 My Prince, was also a neglected sire, standing at a fifth-rate covering fee at Bingham Lodge, Chard, Somerset; but when shipped to Australia in 1919 he eventuated at the "ultra-fashionable" fee of 500 guineas.

The breeding of Haulfryn's dam, in the important third remove is an *actual* attribute and testimony to English bloodstock.

Yours faithfully,
Oxshott, Surrey. E. W. B.

"SAILING AND CRUISING"

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the review of my book, *Sailing and Cruising*, which recently appeared in the *Field*, and I should be glad if you would allow me to reply to the following points which your reviewer, "A. M. K. S.," raises:

1. Your reviewer objects to the very title on the grounds that cruising may be confined to what many people insist on calling "motor cruises." Personally, I do not know of any other word which adequately describes cruising in small yachts.

2. Your reviewer objects to the term "shoulder-level" in relation to navigation lights, which he says can hardly be considered helpful. I think the term is familiar to most people of normal intelligence.

3. It is noted that I have made the error of describing ship's gear as being "on" a yacht instead of "in," and further that I have somewhere referred to the direction in which a ship is "moving," instead of "heading." Whilst these grievous errors are regretted, I do not think the normal reader would misunderstand what was meant.

4. But what appears to upset your reviewer more than anything else is that I should class a fog-horn with those things required for bad times. We who are so foolish as occasionally to go to sea are sufficiently "soft" to regard a fog as a bad time.

Yours faithfully,
The Yachtsman, 2, Albion Terrace, Southampton. K. ADLARD COLES.

LONG-NET RABBITING

SIR, Would any reader of the *Field* who has trouble with rabbits be willing to give a chance to a discharged prisoner who is trying to make a fresh start by rabbiting with the long net? If so, I should be glad to give details privately.

Yours faithfully,
C. W. HUME,
Hon. Secretary, The University of London Animal Welfare Society.
42, Torrington Square, W.C. 1.





"A LARGE COSMOPOLITAN CROWD (LEFT) DRAWN TOGETHER WITH THE PURPOSE OF ENJOYING THEMSELVES," AND (RIGHT) PART OF THE FARMERS' TEA TENT
(See letter "A Race Meeting in the Khyber")

A RACE MEETING IN THE KHYBER

SIR,—A race meeting was held at Landi Kotal, on September 4th, under the patronage of Brigadier H. T. D. Hickman, O.B.E., M.C., and Major C. S. Searle, M.C. (Political Agent, Khyber).

The main interest in a meeting such as this lies in the fact that it took place in the historic Khyber Pass, well within independent tribal territory, and only five miles from the Afghan Border. By agreement with the local tribesmen, who own the land outside the Perimeter Camp occupied by the Landi Kotal Garrison, mounted paper-chases were held once a week during the hot weather, and a khassadar had to accompany the officer laying the line, and the races corresponded to the Point-to-Point meetings held at the end of our hunting season at home.

The course for the horse races, about two-and-a-half miles long, was set over a small stretch of plain to the east of Landi Kotal. This plain is surrounded by the Khyber Hills, and is mostly under crops during the winter months. Consequently many of the obstacles encountered are small banks which mark the boundaries of fields, and there are parts having a terraced effect, which means a considerable amount of jumping up or down from one level to another. Some of these banks are sudden and steep, and are apt to cause the downfall of the unwary or of anyone who is a stranger to the country. There are very few small nullahs—only wide, comparatively shallow, crossings. The actual ground is, of course, very hard, and just before the meeting some ploughing had commenced which broke up the ground and made the going heavier. Except for those in front, the dust is exceedingly bad, and has the effect of blinding both horse and rider.

The finish, paddock, totalisators, bookies and tea tents were all laid out on an ideal piece of ground—the R.A.F. Landing Ground, just outside the Camp Perimeter.

The large attendance not only included the Landi Kotal Garrison, but several officers from Peshawar and a considerable gathering of the local tribesmen. This resulted in a large cosmopolitan crowd, drawn together with the purpose of enjoying themselves (and winning money), and British, Punjabi and Gurkha soldiers were to be seen rubbing shoulders with Shinwari and Afridi tribesmen and a motley collection from Landi Kotal Bazaar—a somewhat unusual sight. The "Farmers' Tea Tent" was well patronised by an assembly of the local landowners over whose land the paper-chases had taken place.

Yours faithfully,
Landi Kotal, N.W.F.P. CONSIDINE.

KESTRELS AND SPARROWHAWKS

SIR,—I see in a recent issue of the *Field* a correspondent ranks these two hawks together as comparatively harmless to game.

I must say that I entirely disagree as to the last named.

The sparrowhawk, I have found in 45 years of observation, habitually preys on small birds—partridge and pheasant chicks included.

The kestrel is essentially a feeder on mice, voles and beetle, but he will, if once he discovers a rearing field, be equally ready to take chicks, but I consider his occasional ill-deeds are far outweighed by his good.

Yours faithfully,
Naval and Military Club, 94, Piccadilly, W. 1. R. P. VARWELL.

GELDING ADOPTS CALF

SIR,—I think the following may interest you. A horse here, a gelding, was in the same field as a calving cow. The cow apparently calved down during the night, and in the morning we found the horse had completely adopted the calf to the exclusion of its own mother, who was wandering disconsolately round the field. Whenever she approached her offspring, she was driven firmly away by the gelding. Indeed, all comers were chased away and it took the efforts of three men to part the horse and calf.

Yours faithfully,
Woodbury, Devon. M. MELVILLE.

A BOAR'S TUSK

SIR,—I enclose a photo of a boar's tusk. The boar was shot by Mr. R. Howie, of Chundavurrai Estate, the High Range, Travancore. It had no tusk on one side, and this complete circle on the other, measuring 13½in. round.

Yours faithfully,
Chundavurrai, Ellapatti P.O., Travancore, S. India. C. MITCHELL.

A GIANT CAMPANULA

SIR,—An article appeared some time ago in the *Field* on campanulas, saying that *Campanula lactiflora* grew only 3ft. or 4ft. I enclose a photograph of one of 11ft. 6in., which has been about this height for several years, showing my gardener (Mr. Kinnear) standing beside it. We have several about 9ft. The garden is 900ft. above sea level.

Yours faithfully,
Brewlands, Glenisla, Angus. ERIC J. IVORY.



PROOF POSITIVE
(See letter "A Giant Campanula")



A DENTAL DILEMMA
(See letter "A Boar's Tusk")

"They're not out of the wood yet"

said Johnnie Walker

"In other words, the whiskies represented by the samples in these testing glasses have not yet been long enough maturing in the wood to be ready for blending into Johnnie Walker. Another few years in the cask will develop their fine qualities to perfection. It will also give them the mellowness and 'roundness' which is demanded of every whisky before it is considered good enough for Johnnie Walker.

"So these whiskies must wait—but you need not. For other, even older whiskies have passed the test and been blended and are now ready for you in the familiar square bottle. *Ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"



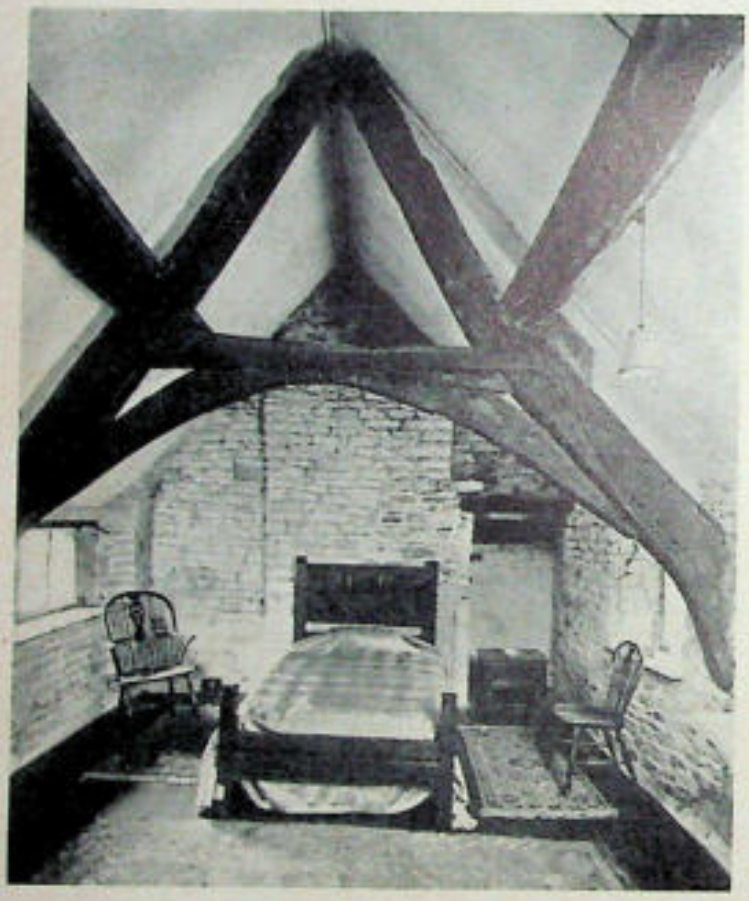
JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong





THE COURTYARD OF THE BULL AT BURFORD, AND WHAT WAS ONCE THE COURTYARD OF ITS RIVAL, THE GEORGE, ACROSS THE ROAD



ON LEFT, ROOF BEAMS OF THE 13TH CENTURY COTTAGE BEDROOM, FORMERLY USED AS THE BULL'S HARNESS ROOM

ARCHITECT AND INNKEEPER

An Experiment in Restoring and Reviving an Old English Inn

EVERY fine week-end in spring, summer and autumn the roads leading from London to the coast are filled with cars taking the town-dwellers to the sea. This may be a good thing for the town-dweller, but it is not such a good thing for the counties such as Sussex, Surrey and Kent that this popularity has descended upon them. There are inhabitants further inland who must consider good comes out of evil in that the traffic stream to a great extent escapes them and their villages, so that their roads and byways have been spared the vulgarities which follow inevitably in its train. And in no place can this feeling be stronger than in the valley where the Windrush winds through vilages of mellow Cotswold stone on its way to join the Thames.

Here is England still restful and unspoilt, its houses and its atmosphere unchanged throughout the ages and its inhabitants resentful of the so-called progress heralded by the motor car. But in the Cotswolds, as in other parts of Britain, a change is making itself felt which is directly inspired by the motor car. And as that change concerns the restoration of our old inns it is in the nature of re-establishing an old order of things.

A new type of landlord is taking our old inns in hand; a man of understanding, with sympathy for their architectural beauty and historical value. One bent not on revolution, but on bringing back their original purpose of providing material comfort for the traveller with an added aesthetic pleasure which the age-long association of an old building with hospitality should stimulate. It is not intended by these new hosts that the meals provided should be on an elaborate gastronomical scale, but just plain well-cooked and wholesome English fare, such as no foreigner will ever despise, plus warm rooms and good beds. And the guests expected and to be encouraged are those the neighbourhood will welcome; those who come to pay tribute to its beauty, to venerate its antiquities or to seek the sport it provides.

In the series "Mine Ease at Mine Inn," which has been a popular feature of the *Field*, mention has already been made of the Bull at Burford in the Cotswolds. It may be taken as an example of what may be done with our old inns, as it has features of special interest. Its owner for one thing is an architect, and the fact that he came into possession of the "Bull" has been the means of revealing some of its most remarkable features.

The day he bought the inn, Mr. Cecil M. Quilter had no idea of acquiring it. He may have been intrigued by the fact that it stands out conspicuously as the only Jacobean brick building in a street of Cotswold stone houses; or he may have sensed what he was going to find. Burford is full of surprises, and to walk along its main street or along Sheep Street is to make a sort of tee-to-tum progress owing to the diversity of its architectural wealth. Judge of the effect on an architect of Wren façades on Tudor and pre-Tudor buildings!



REVEALED IN ALL ITS FORMER GLORY

Walls which formerly faced the Bull courtyard seen after the plaster covering had been removed

In the nineteenth century it must have been just as fashionable to plaster over the old beams as it is to-day to stick battens on the front of suburban houses and label it "Tudor." If you look at the fronts of some Burford buildings you may feel that, as sure as slate has desecrated roofs which should be of Cotswold stone, plaster conceals timberwork.

Such was the case when plaster stripping started at the Bull. Old Cotswold stone Tudor fireplaces were revealed and beam supports laid bare. The most exciting moment occurred when the original side of the house looking on to the courtyard came to light. This is now an interior wall on the first floor, and it seems obvious that it faced on to the type of gallery which is a feature of the old coaching inns. In the illustration of the courtyard itself a



A NECESSARY MODERN TOUCH IN ANCIENT SURROUNDINGS



ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN THE 13th CENTURY COTTAGE

projecting addition which encloses this gallery can be seen which restricts its width on the one side as a wall does on the other.

When clearing away the plaster from the old front wall, a room was opened out which, formerly used as a dark hole for storing dirty linen, now makes one of the attractive lounges of the inn. A powder cupboard in its corner shows something of the width of the old walls, which were some 6ft. thick. Pass along the corridor and you come to bedrooms with windows *facing* the corridor, windows which formerly opened on to the yard.

It is interesting to cross the road and inspect the courtyard of what was formerly the George Inn, to which the Bull was a rival. The inn has disappeared, but in form and lay-out of the houses under the archway the plan of the bedrooms and the gallery can be traced. Its present owner surmises that when the Jacobean façade was added to the Bull the proprietor of the George entered into possession and closed down that establishment.

For an architect the Bull provided a mine of material for restoration. At the end of the corridor taking the place of the old gallery is an immense room for receptions, agricultural dinners and the like, and beyond this further bedrooms with wonderful beam roofs, one fitted with a Dutch eighteenth-century bed. But the most extraordinary finds were in the small cottage included in the property at the bottom of the courtyard. Here under the old paperings, &c., was unbuitable thirteenth-century ecclesiastical work, arches and carvings such as would befit a monastery or hospice.

The cottage bedroom, with a similar span of timber roofing to the one in the inn, has been fashioned out of an old harness room which was formerly approached by steps from the yard. While cutting an entrance to this room from the cottage interior it was discovered that a doorway had once existed, and on turning round the stones which formed the sides they were found to be ornamented on the edges. The Bull cottage must be one of the most curious residences in England.

Having restored the old atmosphere of his hostelry, Mr. Quilter at once set about furnishing it in such a way that it looks as though the many quaint pieces had grown up with the building. The oak tables, dressers, chairs, prints, coaching horns, whips, copper vessels, a black jack (to show you what "more power to your elbow" means) and a hundred and one antiques fascinate the visitor at every turn without giving him the idea that he is visiting a museum.

There are in the inn and cottage a couple of old bacon-curing settles which may be peculiar to this part of the country. Behind a box seat with side arms there is a long back which opens from the rear to reveal hooks upon which sides of bacon were hung. These settles went beside the fire and it is said that the sitter's back aided the process of curing. If this is so one can imagine a remark to the effect that "George's bacon tastes better nor Fred's."

Fitting up an old inn it can be seen is no small matter. The Bull's courtyard had to be flagged, the garages and stabling seen to (an inn in such a country naturally provides for man and beast), a brick fireplace had to be built for the dining room, hot and cold water supplied for bedrooms and baths and sanitary fittings installed. These things represent the essential modern side to which beds and mattresses were added—the best that Hamptons could provide. Old beds can be quaint but unpleasant.

While this provision was being made for newcomers the old patrons of the bar parlour were not neglected. They gather round a massive table made from an old pig-sticking board in cosy surroundings for their drink and their darts. I was promised an interview here with a gentleman "who knows as much about farming as any man in England." And one day I am going back to the Bull to meet him.

R. N. Rose.

HUNTER TRIALS IN THE CATTISTOCK COUNTRY

Good Weather and a Successful Day

THE Cattistock Hunter Trials were held on Thursday, October 21st, at Higher Coombe and West Hill Farms, which lie about midway between the villages of Evershot and Rampisham, some six miles from the kennels, which are situated in the village of Cattistock.

Thanks to the kindness of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ilchester, the Misses Martin and Messrs. E. J. Hansford and F. R. Cousins, the committee, which consisted of Mr. W. V. C. Ruxton, M.F.H., Captain W. Halswell, and Miss Mary Crossley, had been able to lay out an excellent course, as fair a test for hunters as one could wish for; and, with a goodly entry, all that was necessary for success was the co-operation of the weather clerk. For the past two years this has been lacking, and the efforts of the committee only have been crowned with partial success; but this year it would have been impossible to have ordered better weather conditions, and the meeting was undoubtedly one of the best in the West Country. To be sure, the ground was rather hard, but the committee had taken every precaution to eradicate any unevenness in the course, and tan-bark had been liberally used wherever it could do good. At any rate, there were practically no accidents, and no horses seemed to be going lame at the end of the day, so one cannot well complain.

A description of the course would seem to be in order. Starting in the middle of a large field close to the collecting ring, the competitors were asked to jump a bank, and then bear to the right over another bank, both typical of the country. A hundred yards gallop brought them to a post-and-rails about 3ft. 6in. in height; after which a sharp swing to the left found them facing a fly fence, beyond which, across the next field, was the most formidable obstacle in the course, a flight of rails standing solidly four feet in height. Once over this, the obstacle to be encountered was three rails leading into a lane, and at this obstacle, competitors were expected to slip out the top rail and jump over the remaining two, turning sharp right-handed in the lane for 50yds. and then jumping out left-handed over a bank, into the adjoining field. A good gallop across this field brought them to another fly fence with a considerable drop on the landing side, and beyond this came a flight of sheep hurdles. The sheep hurdles, in themselves, were nothing; but just beyond one was expected to turn sharp right-handed and jump out over one of three hurdles placed at intervals in an imitation of a wire fence before bearing right-handed again over a stone wall. Two gates, one of which had to be opened and shut, and the other jumped, brought one to the final fence in the course, a bank with a ditch on the far side, which ended in the same field in which it had started.

There were judges stationed at each fence, and two in a "crow's nest," which had been erected in a field in the centre, who scored each horse as he went round, and they had been asked to pay particular attention to the style of jumping, handiness and general comfort that horses gave to their riders. Competitors were told, however, that they should assume that hounds were running and regulate the pace of their horses accordingly.

The 1st Class—for horses the property of subscribers to the Cattistock Hunt—was won by Mr. George Dennis's six-year-old Granite, by Cock Horse out of Denis d'Or. He was beautifully ridden by Miss Tatham-Warter, and made an almost faultless performance, taking the fences in his stride and going at a steady hunting pace throughout. Mr. P. Rawlins's Cis was second, and Mr W. V. C. Ruxton's br. m. V.12 third.

Class 2—a farmers' open class—was won by Mr. E. G. Dorse's ch. m. Pontoon, ridden by her owner, who hunts with the Taunton Vale; Mr. Arthur Brake's br. g. Eclipse being placed second; and Mr. H. W. Bishop's br. m. Confidence third, she also being awarded the special cup for the best performance by a horse the property of a farmer residing in the Cattistock country.

The Open Class (3) brought out the largest entry, 63 horses facing the judges. It was won by Mr. Dennis's Granite, which had won the first class, with Mr. Brake's br. g. Eclipse second and Miss Spooner's Amy Johnson third. Seventeen teams of three competed for a class open to subscribers or farmers residing in the country of any one Hunt; first going to Miss Tatham-Warter's team from the Blackmore Vale, and second to Mr. F. W. Bishop's team from the Cattistock.

The Championship Class for horses placed first, second or third in Classes 1, 2 and 3, and the winning team in Class 4, was won by Mr. Ruxton's V.12, who, under a faultless ride by Mrs. Ruxton, made a practically perfect performance over the course, just beating Mr. G. Dennis's Granite, who was awarded the reserve.

Tuser.

HUNTING AND HUNTER TRIALS IN THE WEST COUNTRY



Photo: Mrs. Higginson



Photo: Mr. Ruston

WINNERS AT THE CATTISTOCK HUNTER TRIALS

Left: Granite, six years, by Cock Horse—Denis d'Or, owned by Mr. G. Dennis, ridden by Miss K. Tatham-Warter, winner of two classes and Reserve Champion, and also one of the winning Hunt team. Right: Mr. V. W. C. Ruston's V.V.2, ridden by Mrs. Ruston, winner of the Championship. Mr. Ruston is Joint-Master, with Mr. A. H. Higginson, of the Cattistock





IN PAMBER FOREST WITH THE VINE

Some of the Vine field waiting whilst hounds draw

ABOVE: THE CRAVEN PASS A PLOUGHING TEAM OUTSIDE NUTHANGER WOOD; AND (BELOW) THE VINE HUNTSMAN BLOWING HOUNDS ON TO THE LINE OF A VIEWED CUB



WHAT HAPPENS IN THE SHOT TOWER

The Manufacture of Cartridge Pellets



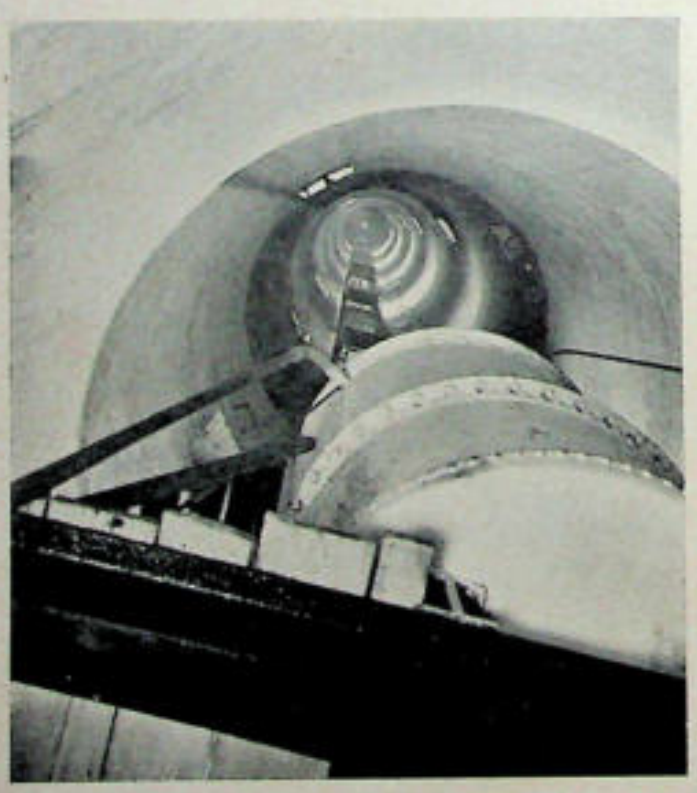
"PICTURE A TAPERING TOWER 280 FEET HIGH"

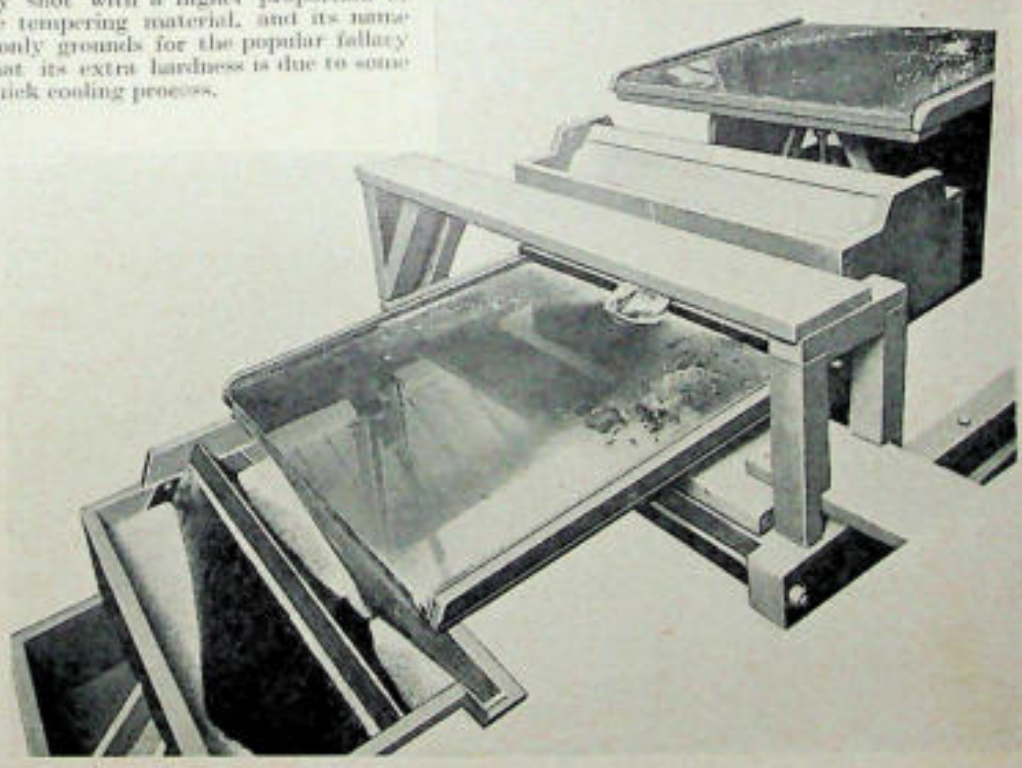
instruction about how, if a job is worth doing, it is worth doing well, but by the time he had scaled the heights he had his doubts about the practical value of the adage.

Picture a tapering tower, 200ft. high, like a chimney-stack, but with small embrasures here and there and a metal superstructure at the top. Inside at the foot is a metal water tank into which the shot drops, and stretching away into the heights is a metal rung ladder—180 rungs of it—with a comforting protective outer cage, so that at least the climber cannot fall backwards. The falling shot pours into its water tank with an unexpectedly loud noise which diminishes as the climber passes out of sight of those below until, as he nears the top, all he knows of the shot is that the stream continues behind him, looking so like silvery rain that he is almost tempted to bathe his heated brow in it.

The chamber at the top seems spacious after the gradually increasing confinement of the tapering tower, but it is hot, hotter than all expectation, and the first move is to loosen the boiler suit that a kindly management provides, go to a window and take in the fine view and cool air that it offers.

The lead, and with it the temper bars, reach the top in the luxury of a small lift. These temper bars play a very important part. Lead shot is by no means pure lead, but an alloy of lead, antimony and arsenic, the antimony providing hardness and the arsenic assisting in the prevention of oxidation and in the forming of true circular pellets. The temper bar is an alloy of the three constituents, the quantities being so regulated that one temper bar with a certain number of "pigs" of pure lead will make the alloy finally required. "Chilled" shot is simply shot with a higher proportion of antimony, the tempering material, and its name provides the only grounds for the popular fallacy that its extra hardness is due to some quick cooling process.





LEFT: "INSIDE THE TOWER STRETCHING AWAY INTO THE HEIGHTS"
ABOVE: THE ELIMINATION OF THE UNFIT

WHAT goes up must come down, be it an aeroplane, or a shell or a piece of lead shot. The life of a shot pellet is full of ups and downs from the beginning, when it is still part of a lead "pig," to the end, when it leaves the gun and falls finally to earth.

Full of ups and downs, too, is the life of a shot factory worker. The difference between shot and man, is that shot is helped on its climbs and, being of tough fibre, can take bigger risks in its descents, whereas man has to climb under his own steam and moderate the rate of his descents with his own muscular efforts.

DROP TO THE WATER TANK.—Shot starts its career with a drop of 180ft. down a tower. The enquiring soul can either stand at the foot and watch it coming down while he is told what is going on at the top, or he can climb to the top and see for himself. This conscientious enquirer chose the latter course, influenced by his childhood's

"PIGS" INTO PELLETS.—The "pigs" with their temper bars are melted in gas-heated furnaces, and the molten result runs through a shot "card"—the card being a sort of rectangular ladle, about 4in. deep, and with a flat base pierced with holes. The correct size of hole for any given size of shot is a great deal smaller than the final diameter of the pellet and, in fact, for the smaller sizes, the holes seem scarcely more than pin holes, but they are accurate in size to the narrowest of dimensions.

In the "card," covering the holes, is a layer of what is called, with a simplicity that belies its nature, "scum." It is on this "scum" that the success of shot making largely depends, and this is the result of a complicated melting and remelting of lead ore and lead. It is hard, but of a spongy nature, and nothing else performs quite so well the duty of breaking the flow of molten lead through the "card" so that it finally forms the perfect globules on the under side which drop off and start on the 180ft. journey. These globules solidify into pellets in the first 12ft. or 15ft. of fall, and arrive practically cold in the water tank beneath.

The tank holds 1,000 gallons of water, and is connected by a valve to a pear-shaped vessel underneath called a "bottle." Periodically, as the flow of shot continues, that in the tank is released into the "bottle," and from there to a conveyor sloping steeply to drain the shot on its way to the final drier.

The shot at this stage looks very like those "silver balls" which ornament cakes and jar the teeth, but when it has passed through the drier it looks very different. Each pellet is greyed over with a film of oxide and scarcely looks like metal at all. The film must be removed, so the shot is run into a polishing drum, where it is rolled in graphite until it comes out a little darker in complexion, but bright and shining again. Then on to the running tables, the most simple and yet the most ingenious exploitation of gravity's force in the whole process, and a means of eliminating the unfit so neat as to be the envy of any budding dictator.

RUNNING TABLES.—These tables consist of two glass sheets set at a slope which can be varied in angle according to the size of the shot being made. The shot is released in a stream like water down the first plate, runs 3ft. or 4ft. and comes to a gap. The width of the gap is nicely adjusted so that a truly round pellet gets up enough steam to jump it: the "ovals" and "flats" are too slow to jump, and are trapped. Occasionally a squad of several round and active pellets carry a laggard across the first gap, so a second table follows immediately after to catch the cheats.

These pellets—and the percentage is very high—which survive this drastic weeding out, pass to the final test of their fitness to be loaded into cartridges. They are fed into rotating sieves with holes of the diameter of the shot size being made. It says much for the clever use that human ingenuity makes of the natural phenomenon of surface tension, which is the basis of the shot-dropping process, that only a tiny percentage is found to vary even so far as the next half-size of shot.

From these sieves the good shot passes into hoppers, from which it is drawn into 28lb. lots for bagging.

SHOT BY THE TON.—The two most immediately striking impressions in a shot factory are the fluidity and weight of the product. Full use is made of the fluidity in simplifying the process all through by enlisting the aid of gravity. As far as weight is concerned, the spectator is continually being surprised with the information that this or that small vessel contains a ton or half a ton of shot. To many people the word "ton" conjures up a vision of a coal cart with ten 2cwt. coal bags on it, and goodness knows that coal seems heavy enough. But the 28lb. measure in which the shot is drawn for bagging is only about the size of a 2lb. jam jar, and the visitor is shown a stack of bags of shot weighing 50 tons that would go comfortably into a small railway carriage.

"Heavy as lead," in fact, really does mean something. At the price per ton lead is the cheapest of all metals, but with over an ounce of it in every cartridge it is not to be wondered that when lead gets dearer the cartridge gets dearer, too. ASVIL.

AN ANCIENT SPORT REVIVED

Training is the Most Interesting Part of Falconry

By FRANK ILLINGWORTH



A GYR-FALCON FROM ICELAND

THE tinkle of the bell around the neck of a falcon as it flies swiftly by will remind one that the ancient sport of falconry, practised by the Khan of the Mongols 2,000 years ago, and by our conquerors of 1066, who matched the strength of their falcons against the duck and heron of the Romney Marshes, is still practised in England to-day. And it is gaining in popularity, witness the existence of the British Falconers' Club, and the formation of the Eton Public School Falconry Club and the Downhouse School (Brighton) Club. This growing popularity is understandable, for falconry is a sport that offers an almost unlimited thrill from the time one goes over the cliff-edge to take the down-clad but fully-grown eyas from their eyrie (a thing I have often done), right through the training of the birds to the first flight, when the worth of one's training is to be proved, till the day when one's bird either escapes or dies after years of faithful service.

The training of the hawk is perhaps the most interesting part of falconry. There are some falconers who think that it is essential to train a bird to fly only one species of prey and never to fly it at any other, whilst others allow their birds to fly several species of prey. It depends largely on the bird to be trained. One has the merlin, smallest British hawk, for flying lark—and though the latter bird appears so helpless it is surprising the flight it will put up and the number of times it eludes the winged fury after it—and the short-winged sparrow hawk. In the larger class is the British peregrine falcon, which nests on the coastal cliffs of the isles as well as in the mountainous districts, and the American goshawk, both of which are capable of accounting for grouse, duck, rook, partridge, &c. And in the largest class comes the Iceland gyr-falcon and the eagle. However, it is now difficult to procure the former species owing to the fact that the Danish Government has introduced legislation to prevent the bird's extermination.

Whatever the breed of bird the training is, to a very great extent, identical.

It starts from the day the eyas fails to return to the "hack board" for its daily quota of meat. The eyas is fed on the board, and when old enough to fly it is permitted to take to the air. But at feeding-time, to the tick, one will hear the tinkle of the bell as the bird returns. If one of them fails to return it is a sure sign that it has become strong enough to kill for itself, that it has, in fact, had its fill and has no intention of returning to the hack board till it is once more hungry. Thereupon the falconer catches up the free birds, and the missing one should it return, with a most ingenious trap composed of a feather and a noose.

Now comes the real training. The birds must be taught to sit still on the "fist" and to return should the prey escape. The time taken varies to a very great extent according to the mental capabilities of the bird.

At first the bird is kept in the dark and even fed in the dark. In a few days it becomes more tractable, and as the days pass and the bird becomes used to its hood and the handling of the falconer it is taken into the semi-light and then the bright daylight.

The next step is to teach the bird to fly to the falconer. With some birds it will take a matter of a few days, with others it is not so easy to teach them to alight on one's "fist" for the food.

At first the food (meat) is thrown on to the ground a few feet away and the bird allowed to fly to it. Gradually the distance is increased. The next stage is to introduce the "lure." This is an imitation bird on a string and with the daily rations attached to it. When the falcon is used to taking the food off the lure it is persuaded to hop up from the ground on to the falconer's fist to take the food.

Again the distance is increased till the bird will fly to him from a distance of a hundred yards or more at the very sight of the lure. Incidentally, the lure is made to represent the species of bird at which it is intended to fly the falcon. Naturally, the bird is not entirely free till it will respond immediately to the sight of the lure. Once it will, the training is practically over. It only remains to get the bird "into wind."

Wild birds are particularly hardy, and an old rook can be relied upon to elude a young falcon unless the latter is in the pink of condition, and often when it is! I know of one falcon, one which was taken from my local cliffs, which has only accounted for 38 out of the 134 rooks at which it was flown. So it is essential to get the bird into wind. This is done by making it chase the lure round the falconer's head as he swings it in the air. It is also necessary to teach the bird to rise into the air to hunt its prey, and to do this the falconer will swing the lure and hide it behind him as the bird pounces upon it. The falcon rises into the air by instinct, whereupon the lure is once more brought into play, the bird "stoops" at it, and the "getting into wind" process starts. Each day the period of this physical training is increased till the falconer judges that the bird is powerful enough to fly a rook, or a partridge, or grouse as the case may be.

Then comes the day when the worth of the falconer's training is to be put to the test.

With the hooded bird on his fist he goes into the open spaces. Perhaps he is after game, in which case he will have a couple of dogs to put it up. But perhaps he's after rook—to me a much more exciting prey. Suddenly an old rook lumbers into view. The hood is removed from the falcon and the bird "slipped." Instantly it rises into the air, up and up, so that it can gain the advantage of height over the rook and the advantage of wind. With a harsh caw the rook makes for the first tree, but the falcon heads it off.

Suddenly it stoops. Like a bullet the falcon plunges through the air to strike the rook with its toe-talon, but the rook is too smart, and as the pursuer swishes past the wily old bird sideslips and again makes for the trees. Again and again the falcon will rise into the air to stoop. And the stoop is a terrifying sight. I have no idea of the speed gained. It has been described as anything from a 90 to 150 m.p.h. dive.

But even this speed is not enough to intimidate or beat the rook. Lumberer though the rook is, it possesses extraordinary powers of flight, and, as I said before, it very often escapes to the security of a tree, from which it can scream harsh abuse at its pursuer.



A BRITISH PEREGRINE TAKEN FROM THE DOVER CLIFFS



A VERY FINE SNAPSHOT OF A WILD GOSHAWK

BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS ON VIEW AT THE BERLIN BIG-GAME EXHIBITION



FRINGE-EARED ORYX. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN NUGENT HOPE

Unlike the more northern Oryx Beisa, the fringe-eared oryx is seldom photographed



RED LECHWE. A BEAST RARELY PHOTOGRAPHED. TAKEN BY MR. L. E. VAUGHAN IN NORTHERN RHODESIA



ELK BY THE KURISCHE NEHRUNG ON THE EAST PRUSSIAN COAST. PHOTOGRAPH BY M. KAKIES, MEMEL



MOUFFLON IN GERMANY, PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. LUTZ HECK. THESE BEASTS WERE ORIGINALLY IMPORTED FROM SARDINIA

A CURTAIN-RAISER TO TRIAL EIGHTS

Form of the 'Varsity Fours

By E. E. D. TOMLIN



CANDIDATES FOR TRIAL EIGHTS AT OXFORD

ON Saturday next the final of the four-oared races at Oxford and Cambridge will be rowed, and as these events are the first of any importance in the rowing year at the Universities, they are likely to attract particular interest. The form of the crews taking part in these races gives each of the respective presidents an indication of the ability of the men he may be choosing for the Trial Eights later in the term, and, looking further ahead still, to the choice of the crews to row in the Boat Race next year.

At Oxford the resounding win achieved over the Cambridge crew last March has not been forgotten; and it is true to say that the general spirit of oarsmanship on the Isis is reflecting the added confidence which was already noticeable at Henley this summer.

Of the fours at Oxford, Magdalen, Brasenose, St. Edmund Hall and Worcester are probably the most outstanding, though Trinity and Oriel, who rowed such a magnificent race in the dead-heat final last year, especially the latter, showed up well in practice. But by the time these words are printed some of these boats will have been put to the test of racing.

Garton was seen stroking Magdalen with great dash, and giving them the really long finish that is so essential to real pace through the water. Burrell at "3" was backing him up most ably and rowing better than he has ever done. He has lost the slight weakness he used to show at the end of the stroke, and it is a real pleasure to watch his blade come through the water. With Stewart, the "old Blue," at "3," and a promising St. Paul's freshman at bow, this four were outstanding.

The new Oxford president, J. C. Cherry, was the making of an otherwise relatively undistinguished Brasenose four, which, better together than most, could produce an excellent turn of speed but did not look like matching Magdalen over a full course. St. Edmund Hall seemed to waste a good deal of effort in propelling their boat through—rather than along—the water. I make this point more particularly because that was the general impression I got from watching their rowing. They seemed to lack the lightness of touch that should characterise a really fast four, though there is little fundamentally wrong with their rowing. Burrough, who had been stroking them for some time, but afterwards rowed at "3," is an almost tireless worker and with the support of three neat oarsmen made up the best four that St. Edmund Hall have produced for many years.

Worcester, under the tireless coaching of Mr. A. N. Pazolt, were light but very neat, while Trinity, although not so good as last year, had in Young, Waldron and Rowe three of the more outstanding of Oxford oarsmen in the same boat. Oriel, it seemed, might prove a distinct surprise to their critics as they had returned some excellent times recently. Hodgson is proving a great asset to them.

AT Cambridge there were seventeen fours entered for the races—a larger number than has been seen for many years—but save for a nucleus of particularly outstanding crews, the general standard was no higher than it is at Oxford.

It is most appropriate that the Jesus boat—with the president, Langton, at stroke, and the secretary, Burrough, behind him at "3"—should be easily the best of the fours at Cambridge. To an orthodox oarsman their rowing may have seemed uninspired almost to the extent of being "lazy," but a glance at their blades told another story. They showed they possessed the great secret of "catching their boat" before the way has run off to such an extent as to make the next stroke an obvious effort; and although their rowing was inclined to be rushed (possibly because Langton has a habit—which he did not seem to show earlier in the year—of looking down at his feet on the swing forward) yet their pace was evident. Burrough makes an almost ideal "3," where his smooth action can be made to show to great advantage.

Trinity Hall, after their success in the Visitors' Cup at Henley last summer, could have been counted upon to produce a good four. They had Pertitt, this year's Cambridge stroke, to lead them, while in Keppel, at "3," they could claim one of the best oarsmen rowing at Cambridge. For the two bow oars they possessed experienced men, Sanford in particular having already made his mark as a sculler.

First Trinity produced a good four, but slightly reminiscent of St. Edmund Hall at Oxford, in that they were liable to waste effort though light, but taken individually each man was thoroughly worth his place. Clare could boast a fast boat which was reputed to be capable of extending anything to be found on the Cam, while Lady Margaret looked as if they might develop "over night."

To my mind the obvious difference that still exists between the rowing to be seen on the Cam and on the Isis lies in the way the men swing forward. At Cambridge all the more competent oarsmen seem to be aware of their stretchers, whereas at Oxford one is tempted to wonder if the serene confidence sometimes displayed on the faces of a crew would be shaken in the least degree were all the stretchers in a boat to be miraculously spirited away by some unseen yet discerning agency. How many elaborate schemes for "putting Oxford rowing on its feet again" have somehow omitted to see the seeds of recovery in those very words?

Cambridge men row from their stretchers, while Oxford men still rely too much for support upon their slides, and this fact is well revealed when the work of the fours at both the Universities is examined. Naturally there are exceptions. Indeed, I consider that the Magdalen four is far better balanced on its stretchers then the Jesus crew at Cambridge.

Taken generally, the standard of four-oared rowing does not seem to have declined in the least, when one remembers the short period of practice available at this time of year, but one interesting fact is already becoming apparent; and that is that Cherry at Oxford appears to have a far greater wealth of competent oarsmen from whom to choose his Trial Eights than does Langton at Cambridge, where talent seems to be confined to a few good crews, while at Oxford it seems spread over a greater number of moderate boats. Next week the Trial Eights will start serious training, for, with the inclusion of the men rowing in the fours at present, the ultimate shape of the crews will be more easily determined.

ASSISTANTS AGAINST CHAMPIONS

A Welcome Golf Event at Goring Hall

By E. R. TIPPLE

HENRY COTTON gave a real champion's display over the Goring Hall Club's course, near Worthing, last Saturday when partnered by R. A. Whitcombe, who finished second at Carnoustie, he beat the two young assistants, Chevalier and E. E. Whitcombe by the overwhelming margin of 7 and 6. This challenge match aroused great interest, for it was the first time two members of the young school of professionals have played against two of the leading "seniors."

Such an entertaining exhibition deserved better weather. The appalling conditions accounted for the decisive winning margin. Young professionals cannot be expected to possess the ball control such as Cotton has acquired after years of studious practice. The howling wind, which reached gale force at times, and the torrential rain made no difference to his play.

Holding the club rather shorter than usual—hands lower down the grip for obtaining increased control and with a wider stance to ensure balance in the wind, Cotton keeping the ball low drove it like a bullet from a gun.

For the 30 holes played Cotton was himself five under fours—a score which speaks for itself. He began in quite sensational style by holing a 10-yard putt on the first green for an "eagle" 3. A similar long putt at the second gave him a "birdie" 3, and at the long fifth into the wind Cotton not only reached the green with two magnificent wooden club shots, but he laid his second almost by the flag, easily getting another "eagle" 3.

Whitcombe laid his pitch dead at the sixth for a 3, and that made the side four up. Out in a best ball score of 30—three over 3's!—they were still holding that lead and the assistants' task was hopeless.

In Cotton's opinion E. E. Whitcombe is a certain future Ryder Cup player. If that is so it will nearly be a case of the Whitcombe family versus America! This young player is a strong sturdy type who, with further help from his famous father, will develop into a really first-class golfer. Already he has realised that accuracy pays better than mere length. Chevalier, on the other hand, does not possess quite such promising prospects. A good swinger and an accurate short-game player, he would be more impressive under better conditions.

Earlier in the week Cotton played a different rôle—that of a speaker at a Foyle literary luncheon in London. He told an interested audience how he had begun his career. Knowing how successful were the Americans he decided to copy them. His first step then was to buy a pair of black and white shoes! He studied their methods and progressed. After explaining just how important it is for the crowds at tournaments to appreciate the difficulties which beset the players he related an unusual but highly entertaining experience.

Taking part in an exhibition match in Scotland partnered by a famous amateur international he was uncertain at one blind hole as to the required club. Before the large gallery he asked his partner who replied: "Can you play a No. 1 iron?"

Not wishing to appear too optimistic the champion modestly said: "Well, I think so."

Then he received this astonishing answer, "You'd better take a spoon."



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FEEDING UNDER COMPULSION

SIR,—The enclosed photographs of springer pups, at five weeks old, might be of interest to some of your readers. The mother died when they were fourteen days old, and they have been reared with two goats as foster mothers. After a time the pups liked it: the goats, however, never ceased to resent the outrage and had to be held by five or six natives during the operation! I enclose a photograph of this performance.

Yours faithfully,
Zomba, C. C. METCALFE.
Nyasaland.



"THE GOATS, HOWEVER, NEVER CEASED TO RESENT THE OUTRAGE"
(See letter "Feeding Under Compulsion")

A HEAVY STAG

SIR,—It will no doubt interest some of your readers to hear of a remarkably heavy stag shot here on Monday, September 20th. My youngest son, aged fifteen, the last day of his holidays, was out with Ian Fraser, the stalker here, and shot a big 11-pointer near the far march. The stag had to be left out for the night and when he was got home the next afternoon at about 2 p.m. weighed 29st. 11lb., clean. For my own satisfaction I had him weighed a second time by the Excise officer in Bowmore with official witnesses. This stag had fine thick horns and good points, but the head was rather too narrow to be a really good one. This seems the heaviest stag known for years in this island and is certainly the biggest I have any experience of.

Laggan Lodge, Yours faithfully,
Bowmore, H. C. PILKINGTON.
Isle of Islay, Argyll.

A NEW LILY

SIR,—It may be of interest to readers of the *Field* to learn of a new lily which has lately been introduced to this country, and one which is likely to become very popular when it is better known.

As its importation is in its early stages the bulbs are at present only in the hands of three retailing bulb merchants.

It is the *St. Helena lilium longiflorum Harrisii*. These beautiful lilies have the unique advantage of arriving in England at a time of year which permits of their being grown entirely out of doors, or of being grown more slowly for indoor flowering during late summer and autumn. Hitherto it has been necessary to use bulbs for these purposes which have been retarded for several months, which naturally give progressively poorer results as the period of keeping is extended.

The lilies illustrated in the photograph, taken on September 14th, were grown in pots out of doors, but they will grow equally well if planted in the garden.

Incidentally, buyers of these St. Helena lilies will have the added satisfaction of knowing that they are helping to establish a new industry which will greatly help the impoverished inhabitants of that almost forgotten but beautiful island, St. Helena.

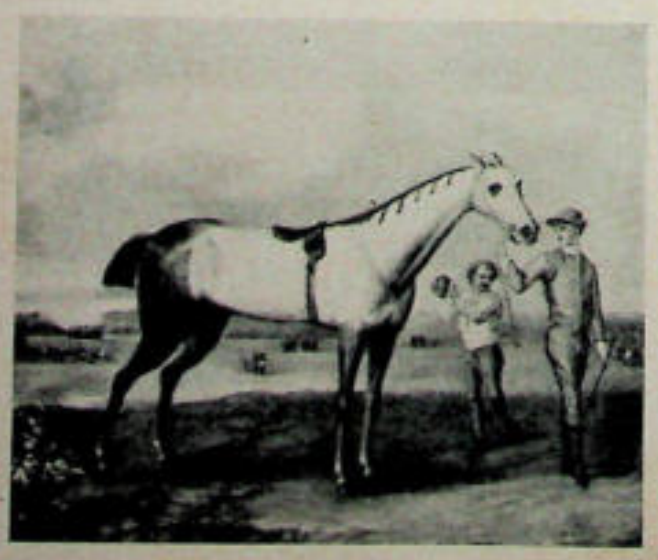
Bulbs may be procured from Sutton & Sons, Reading; W. A. Constable, of Tunbridge Wells; or Alfred Dawkins, of King's Road, Chelsea.

Yours faithfully,
Weppons, PHILIP GOSSE.
Steyning,
Sussex.





BULBS FROM ST. HELENA
(See letter "A New Lily")



A RACING PICTURE BY WOTTON
(See letter "What's the Horse?")

WHAT'S THE HORSE?

SIR,—I should be very grateful if any of your readers could help me to trace the name, owner and history of the horse in the accompanying photograph, and the name of the jockey.

The picture is by Wotton. The jockey's colours are dark blue. The lad is holding a gold cup. The background seems to be Newmarket Heath, and portrays the horse itself leading a small field, with spectators riding along-side.

Yours faithfully,
Twyning Manor, J. WILDER.
Tewkesbury.

FALL OF BEECH TREES

SIR,—A somewhat remarkable incident occurred here one Saturday recently.

About 2 p.m. on that day a group of beech trees, six in number, standing on a slight slope in a meadow, suddenly opened out like a fan and fell—one to the north, one to the south, two to the east, and two to the west.

There was no wind, and the trees were in full leaf, and were about 80 to 90 years old.

They all ripped up the surrounding ground, leaving great chasms from 4ft. to 6ft. deep. The ground was hard and dry. I think the explanation of this may be that the trees were originally planted too close, and the lateral branches were only on the outer side.

Possibly the dry weather had something to do with the simultaneous fall of these trees. The curious part of the matter is that the trees should all have fallen at the same time. The ground at the roots was hard and stony, and the roots were very dry, and in some cases rotten, but the foliage looked quite healthy.

Yours faithfully,
Warleigh Manor, C. P. CRASE.
Bath.

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"UNITED, YET DIVIDED, TWAIN AT ONCE"
(See letter "A Freak Marrow")

A FREAK MARROW

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a freak vegetable marrow grown in my garden this year, which may be of interest to your readers.

The marrows are exact "twins" in marking, and although I have not cut and weighed them, I know they are within a few ounces of each other. As you can see from the picture, they issue from the same stalk. They are of the "long green" variety.

Yours faithfully,
Newbury. M. C. M.

HORSES SAVAGING SHEEP

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, "J. B.," some years ago I saw a Shetland pony chase and run down a Border Leicester ram, and when the latter fell down from exhaustion he was proceeding to tear at it with his teeth, kneeling on it, when I arrived and drove him off.

He was also seen on one occasion to seize up a lamb in his teeth and shake it like a terrier with a rat, breaking its back.

Yours faithfully,
Harden, Hawick. WALTER H. SCOTT.

SIR,—I know of no actual case, but the following may have some bearing on the question. Some 30 years ago, when I was on holiday near Crowborough, I was crossing a field one day in which sheep were feeding, and also a horse, and I was very surprised to see the latter chase one of the sheep, pounding with his forefeet in such a way as to give the impression that he was trying to beat the sheep down, possibly with the intention of savaging it. But he did not catch it, mainly because he turned his attention to me on getting near; but I was able to reach the stile in time to disappoint him!

Yours faithfully,
Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

FURTHER HUNT CHANGES

FOXHOUNDS—ENGLAND.

DUKE OF RUTLAND'S (BELVOIR).—R. Perkins has taken the place of R. Lemen as second whipper-in. Other details as before.

MID-DEVON.—This new pack consists of 35 couple of hounds and hunts on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The Master is Major R. C. Arden Cyhone, Chagford 651. The kennels are at Higher Stinsil, Chagford. Mrs. R. C. Arden whips-in. The joint hon. secretaries are Miss M. Ryan, Whiddon Park, Chagford, and Mr. F. G. Underhill, Rushford Barton, Chagford.

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE.—No change is reported from this Hunt.

SOUTH SHROPSHIRE.—Errors have been made in the report concerning this Hunt. There are 25 couple of hounds. The huntsman is the Master. The whipper-in and kennel huntsman is C. Cousins. We apologise for these mistakes.

HARRIERS—ENGLAND.

THE ARLE COURT.—Mr. Latham replaces Captain Best as hon. whipper-in. Other details as before.

CLIFTON FIELD.—Subscription £3 3s. family, £5 5s. individual. D. M. Wills replaces K. George as hon. whipper-in.

FEATHILL.—This newly-formed pack consists of eleven couple of 18in. harriers. The Master and secretary is Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. A. Roberts, Mus W. B. Roberts hunts hounds. The kennels are at Tretbill, Torpoint, Cornwall. These hounds hunt the southwest corner of the Cornish moors.

BEAGLES—ENGLAND.

CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.—These hounds now hunt on Tuesdays at twelve o'clock and Saturdays at 1 p.m. Mr. O. Gould has relinquished his post as one of the hon. whippers-in. Other details as before.

SPRINGFIELD.—The secretary's address is now: Mr. B. Wright, 25, Temple Row, Birmingham, 2. The kennel huntsman is Fred Taylor. Members of the field whips-in. Other details as before.

BEAGLES—SCOTLAND.

FIFE.—Nine-and-a-half couple of 15in. S.B. beagles. The whippers-in are Mr. R. W. B. Parris and Mr. G. V. Stenson. Other details as before.

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS AND FORESTS

SCOTLAND

Inverness-shire

ARDVERIKIE.—The following are the weight of stags at Ardverikie: One woodland beast weighing 24st.; three stags—4 by 5 points, 21st. 4lb.; 4 by 4 points, 20st.; 6 by 6 points, 21st.; all 50in. heads. One stag 18st., 35in., 15-pointer.

Perthshire

INVERWICK AND ROSS.—Season 1937: 561 brace of grouse, 119 brace of ptarmigan, 21 stags, 8 salmon and 152 trout were killed by Captain R. A. Oldham and party. Grouse healthy and as plentiful as last year, but indifferent weather in September made birds very wild, thus reducing the bag. Good many deer about, but weights were below average, the heaviest beast killed being just under 16st. clean. One Royal, an old beast and "going back," was killed by Mrs. R. A. Oldham: not a first-class head. Heather and berry crop excellent.

ENGLAND

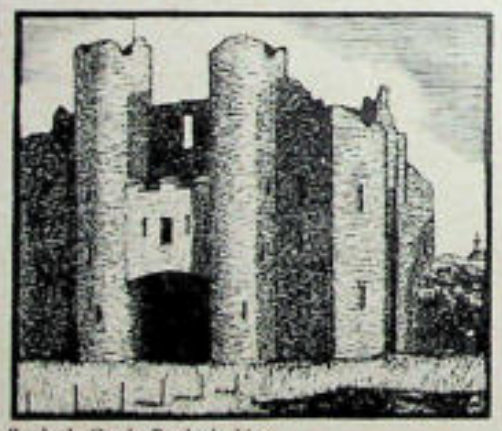
Cumberland

BRACKEN BANK.—On October 6th, 42 brace of grouse and 2 couple of snipe were killed by seven guns on Crossgill Moor: Major Paget, Mr. Langdale-Smith, Captain Romilly, Princess Zeaieb Halem, Abbas Djilal Bey, Mr. H. Myers, and Mrs. Pope. There was a very good stock of strong and healthy birds on the moor.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask your help for a crippled lad aged sixteen. Born in South Wales he is one of a family of twelve, his father being a road-mender. Five years ago the poor boy injured his leg whilst playing football; this resulted in months of hospital and finally an amputation. He is a nice boy, anxious to overcome this handicap, but if he is to be self-supporting he must have special training. A vacancy has been found in a school for crippled boys and his fees of £15 per annum have been promised by a local benefactor. There he will be well cared for and equipped for life. It only remains to raise £10 for his outfit and it is for this sum we appeal. Please help us to give him a chance.

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W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

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IN THE CITY

GENERAL CONDITIONS

WITH markets behaving almost hysterically, the time has, perhaps, come to take stock, as far as possible, of conditions of trade on which stock exchange prices must basically depend.

It is impossible to attempt any detailed review, as that would involve some description, not only of trade in this country and in America, but also of economic conditions in France and Germany, and the political questions now being fought over in Spain and in China.

As far as this country is concerned, business conditions appear to remain on very satisfactory levels. In fact, it is only in the building industry that any important decline is shown. This applies not only to private houses, but also to factories and other commercial buildings. It is said that this latter feature is probably to a considerable extent due to the shortage of steel, and in part no doubt to the very greatly increased expense of building.

The textile industry, although still busy, has undoubtedly been hit heavily by the drastic fall in the price of the commodity; but the present low price, once it is stabilised, may in the long run prove of advantage to manufacturers. The wool and rayon industries, however, both seem to be doing very well.

Of the heavy industries nothing but good news has been published. Iron and steel companies seem to be booked up for probably six months ahead, and the demand for coal and coke is at a high level. Early delivery in the shipyards is now out of the question, and although the high cost of construction will militate against new ships running economically, improving freight rates should encourage shipowners to continue their policy of fleet improvement.

In short, the industrial stage seems set for a period of sustained activity, during which any falling-off in some directions is likely to be made good by Government expenditure on armaments and roads.

Such conditions surely cannot justify the recent very substantial falls which have been seen in the prices of all leading industrials. A recovery has taken place, which appears to be on rather sounder foundations than the many short-lived bouts of optimism which have been witnessed in the market, even during the worst days; but even so, the adjustment downwards in prices seems to have more than discounted the fact that no very great increase in industrial activity can now be expected.

In America the position is very much more difficult to assess. Prices there, fed on excellent earnings for the first quarter of the year, had probably reached excessive levels in relation to a reasonable estimate of industrial activity. The heavy fall can, perhaps, be put down to three completely separate factors. The original influence was Government interference with technical conditions of the stock market, combined with a very definite display of anti-capitalist policies, a typical example being their attitude during the great strikes proceeding earlier in the year.

The legislation against the Stock Exchange involved a very great reduction in margin dealings, and this undoubtedly had a seriously restricting influence on the freedom and resilience of the market.

On top of these two factors, and perhaps to some extent caused by them, came a reduction in the industrial indices for steel production. These figures, coming on a market already unnaturally thin and with the majority of investors and speculators perturbed at the outlook, resulted immediately in heavy sales of stock which, in turn, brought in forced liquidation, disclosing a very much more serious speculative account than had been expected.

How much the recession in business is due to psychological factors and how much to the fact that production and orders have been at an artificial high level, it is difficult to judge. The fact remains that the boom in America started in the same way as our own boom in consumers' industries, but never reached the stage of great activity in building and capital construction industries witnessed over here.

It appears that the disastrous falls, in many cases as much as 50 per cent., which have taken place now fully discount the reduction in business and the reduced level of industrial activity, even should no business recovery take place before the end of the year.

Taking all things into consideration, it seems that this slump in a time of plenty has been carried far beyond a reasonable readjustment of prices from the boom levels, and has assumed proportions only justifiable in a world not only worried by wars, but also on the verge of a serious recession in trade.

PACTOLUS II.

New Books

"SILVER IN THE BLUE-BLACK"

A Journalist's Career

MR. ERIC PARKER'S reminiscences are, in the main, those of a working journalist. But here are memories also of holidays by flood and field and sea. The memoirs commence in 1899 when the author joined the staff of the *St. James's Gazette* under the editorship of Theodore Cook. Theodore Cook (who was destined to be, for many years, Eric Parker's chief on the *Field*) did not, perhaps, welcome the young Etonian who had been pitchforked into an assistant editorship by the paper's proprietor, Edward Steinkopf. Mr. Parker modestly assures us that no journalist ever deserved a post less than he. Steinkopf had never seen him, but wished to please the young lady to whom the "journalistic novice" (so the contemporary *Pink 'Un* would have described E. P.) was engaged to be married. So the thing was done and, as it is not often that an editor can afford to disagree with his proprietor, Theodore Cook accepted the situation "with what grace he could."

Cook did not occupy the editorial chair long enough to see personally how good the newcomer was to make, but he saw enough in four months to be sure, ten years later, that this was the very man he would have under him on the *Field*, whither he had lately arrived as editor. During those ten years the author of these reminiscences had continued to advance in Grub Street, and in the profession of letters. He had made a name for himself as a leader writer and reviewer on *The Spectator*. He had written at least one successful novel, and he had edited at the same time the *County Gentleman* which, had it survived, would have been, it seems, a serious rival to the *Field* itself. The *County Gentleman* did not, however, live, and E. V. Lucas, one of its contributors, thereupon suggested to Macmillans that his late editor might undertake the writing of what was to become the best-known of that firm's well-known "open road" sequence—*Highways and Byways in Surrey*.

Those were busy days but they were surely happy ones, and full, as readers of Mr. Parker's book will find, of incident of all sorts—mostly amusing. There is, for instance, a vivid description of the scenes at Osborne where Queen Victoria lay a-dying, and where a pair of irreverent young pressmen (sent to the Island on behalf of their respective papers) employed themselves, for want of any news at all, in composing various sensational "last words." At Osborne, Eric Parker met that eccentric genius T. W. H. Crosland, who was later, for a day or two, his colleague on the *St. James's*. Crosland, a humorist, was required to write a daily column of smart wit. But he failed to respond to the tectotal atmosphere of the *St. James's* office, and was dismissed by W. D. Ross, a Fleet Street Scot, in these words: "How is it that ye can't be humorous? Ye're big enough and black enough, and ugly enough to be humorous; why can't ye be?" Crosland listened in silence. Next year he produced one of the most savage of his books of satire, *The Unspeakable Scot*.

Mr. Parker, as I have implied, came to the *Field* under Cook in the proprietorship of the Coxes in 1910. There, with an interval for War service, he has been ever since. His activities have been manifold; best known of all is his defence of English wild birds against the rogues and half-wits who would trap and abuse them. It was largely owing to the *Field* that Lord Bucknaster's Bill was passed in 1933, doing away for ever with the iniquities of the trapped-bird market of Club Row.

This finely-written book, revealing as it does a personality than which none in contemporary letters is more vivid, is sure of a public. The other day an Italian author and diplomat said to me that an autobiography depended entirely on how it was written, that the most uneventful life could be made by the power of the pen more entertaining than the life of an Ulysses. In these memories the material (though it naturally lacks the "surge and thunder" of the Odyssey) is almost as plentiful as the pen is potent.

It is not my intention to do more than touch on the last few chapters of the book. They are nevertheless those which will, I fancy, find a wide public for this rather costly work. They are the testimony to what is commonly called "spiritualism" of a scholar, a countryman and a practical journalist who edits a paper which stands most of all for Nature and Sanity. They describe what the author calls with truth "the most wonderful experience of my life." They tell how, by a mediumship of the independent, or direct, voice, Mr. Parker has been enabled to communicate by word of mouth with his wife who passed on in 1933, and with other relations and friends. Science, so I understand, takes no cognizance of such widely-accepted and evidential occurrences. Many of us who profess and call ourselves Christians, resenting, or so it would seem, any suggestion that our creed's basic contention is of practical proof, dismiss facts known to a multitude as questions of guile and gullibility. Surely it would be better to be content that the simplicities to which Mr. Parker testifies are indeed the fringes of a tremendous possibility, of a linking together anew, under natural, if not completely understood, conditions, of the quick and the so-called dead?

P. R. C.

Memory Looks Forward (Seeley Service; 18/-)

DOWN TO THE SEA

SAID Kenneth Grahame's Mr. Water Rat "solemnly" . . . "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. . . ." And here we have the Misses Elizabeth Fairholme and Pamela Powell—the attractive Liz and Poo of the adventure—telling us just how they took his admirable advice, and how well it all turned out—for us all. I say "for us all" for if they had not gone a-voyaging down the bosom of London's river in the fourteen-foot sailing dinghy *Is* we should not have had this most attractive tale.

The two sea-authoresses were working, so they tell us, in London "daily, if not basily, from ten till six," when the idea came to them to have that boat. She was discovered for them by an amiable character who lurks beneath the name of "George," and she was kept, or, rather, cherished, at Hammersmith. Here above bridges their sea apprenticeship started and was well and truly served in all its misadventures. Gradually appetite came with eating, and there was a voyage to Purfleet made on a Guy Fawkes's night. Afterwards we find them cruising down river, navigating the tortuous Havengore Creek into the Roach, and getting aground on the Maplins.

Their joyous adventures are in great part the adventures of all those who go a-seafaring in sail ships. But their ship was very small and light-hearted, and by that much are their doings all the more intriguing. And a light-hearted and intriguing story well told is a precious rarity in these days and "Liz" and "Poo" must be thanked for giving us just this precious rarity.

J. I.

A Dinghy on the London River. By Elizabeth Fairholme and Pamela Powell. (Peter Davies; 7/6.)

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

"RED sky in the morning." We have had many such skies recently but very little rain. Yet that ancient rule is not a bad one; it has one exception—an invariable one so I believe—and that exception does not appear to be generally known. It is this: that when the morning red is followed by a clear golden sunrise then the day will be fine. And so it has proved this past week.

* * *

I have come out on to the hillside in the first light of dawn, looked eastward over the marsh lying below me and a grey sea mist with just an occasional tree-top showing as a black rock. A great bank of dark grey cloud in the east formed a somewhat forbidding curtain to the scene. Slowly the light strengthened. A shaft or two of palest pink cleaving the cloud, and suddenly the whole eastern horizon was a vivid red, and the mist reflected rose. Just for a moment, and the sky paled to sombre grey upon white. Then a fleck of amber on the grey, and another, and another, and the grey was a multitude of little golden feathers. And as this glory grew the mist was caught up in its fever, and ice-blue warmed into azure through the grey. A wren greeted day behind me. A shaft of sunlight struck the tree-tops. Another fine October day had dawned.

* * *

Marshes, to those who do not know them, are dull, rather forbidding. And marsh-dwellers hard, uncommunicative and surly. I confess find the marshmen depressing. But the are so full of interest that the humans they grudgingly may well be forgotten. I returned from spending a week-end on a d I am amazed again at the wealth of bird- do not mean the birds one associates with nd mud-flat—redshank, curlew, dunlin. Preoccupation with the waders—the lovely urlew, the ceaseless alarm of redshank, the eauty of dunlin—causes us, I think, to over- the more humdrum everyday birds. The magpie, for example; how many of us associate that gay gallant with marsh? Yet I have never before seen so many magpies as I did on this week-end, nor have I seen so many kestrels, and the starling is apparently as much at home on the dyke as he is on the chimney-pot.

But the bird that pleased me most was the grey wagtail. I can never look on the grey wagtails without a thrill—partly owing to their beauty, but more particularly because of their associations. Grey wagtails belong to the places I love best. Our appreciation of anything is largely governed by association. One may see a magnificent sunrise in some foreign country—and it may well be a finer sunrise than any we have ever seen before—but it is never so beautiful or so intimate as those sunrises we see from our own home. So it is with birds. I like grey wagtails particularly; I dislike pigeons. Grey wagtails mean so many things; pigeons mean London.

* * *

There are not now so many places where one can observe wild nature and know that it is protected, not only from the hunter, but from the marauder either with gun or collecting-box. And such places are getting fewer year by year. Yet the number of people interested in nature—and particularly in birds—increases year by year. There are societies galore for the protection of our wild life, some of them good and some of them, I regret to say, remarkably inefficient. It has struck me from time to time that some of the really good societies have very inadequate memberships. And one of them, I think, is the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves, whose handbook I have just received. If ever a society deserved the support of everyone interested in wild life, this one does.

* * *

It is unfortunately true that the majority of nature-lovers dislike joining any society except, perhaps, their local field club, if such an organisation exists. They fear that they do not know enough or that they will be tying themselves down to something they do not quite understand. Well, here is a society which does not stress scientific accomplishment on the part of its associates, that does not impose any tie, that does nothing but encourage and help. It deserves a very much wider support than it is receiving, for its work is one of national importance. The 1937 handbook just published is beautifully produced and makes very interesting reading. It may be obtained from the hon. secretary G. F. Herbert Smith, at the British Museum (Natural History). If you love your own little bit of wild country you will certainly be interested in the attempts to save for others country which is in danger of that terrible disease—bungaloidosis.

B. V.-F.

The Moon and Sixpence

When you've danced and danced to a perfect band on a perfect floor, in the smartest restaurant, after a divine dinner and cabaret, it's pleasant to wander out into the night where the enormous Autumn moon and the floodlights have turned the palms and the pines into utterly fantastic shapes. Pleasant to review the day's doings—tennis, golf, bathing, riding, squash or whatever other of the usual Branksome amusements have been your choice. Pleasant to feel that you are merely two hours' journey from London. And the sixpence? Well, surely your thoughts on such a night are well worth sixpence!

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL

Write to Manager for illustrated brochure

BOURNEMOUTH

The Country House

PLANNING THE EARLY SUMMER HERBACEOUS BORDER

One of the Chief Difficulties

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE chief difficulty in planning early summer borders is due to the fact that there are comparatively few plants of medium height good enough to associate with the almost overpowering magnificence of the modern varieties of the queens of the June border—Peonies, Delphiniums, Oriental Poppies, Anchusas, Lupins and Irises.

Where there is space I think it is a good plan to have a separate border for the tallest-growing of these plants. For instance, a good collection of Delphiniums associated with Oriental Poppies and Anchusas with groups of Irises and Lupins in front makes a gorgeous border. The Irises and Lupins flower first, but if interplanted with the old-fashioned Belladonna Delphiniums, which attain only about 3½ft. and flower all through the summer, the latter make the interest of the front of the border when the Irises and Lupins are beginning to fade and the Delphiniums and Oriental Poppies are at their best.

The older Oriental Poppies are not very attractive for their colours are rather harsh though indisputably showy, but there are very fine modern kinds with lovely colourings. The tallest hybrid is Leviathan, with large mauve flowers on 4ft. stems. The most attractive varieties are, I think, the pure white with conspicuous black centres, notably Perry's White and Black and White. Big groups of these amongst early flowering Delphiniums are very striking. The other tallest kinds are Crimson Brocade (deep maroon), Mrs. Stobart (cherry red), Wunderkind (cherry pink), Mogul (rich crimson), Grossfurst (a particularly striking variety with immense carmine pink flowers), Mrs. Perry and Jenny Mawson (both apricot).

The varieties to avoid are the scarlet and orange, for the crude colours are nearly all amongst these. Some of the low-growing kinds are useful for the front row, especially those that grow barely 2ft. high, such as Cerise Bedder and Peter Pan. Both are cherry coloured and go well with the Belladonna Delphiniums.

Oriental Poppies are very greedy feeders, and cannot do themselves justice on poor fare. They are best planted in autumn, and once planted should never be unnecessarily disturbed. If large plants are moved it takes them quite two years to recover. Oriental Poppies should be associated with the earliest Delphiniums.

The following are amongst the earliest Delphiniums: Glory of the Garden, Monarch of All, Kelway's Lovely, King of Delphiniums, Wedding Bells, Smoke of War, Perfect Joy, Mrs. Philip Runciman, Belle of Somerset, Beauty Spot, Dusky Monarch, Happiness, Lady Barbara and Lady Faire.

The trouble with both Delphiniums and Oriental Poppies is that after flowering they leave untidy gaps in the border, the foliage of the Poppies being particularly unattractive. The best method is to plant Gladioli round the plants as soon as the foliage of the Delphiniums and Poppies is tall enough to see how near the Gladioli can be put. This is usually possible in early March.

Erigerons are universally popular, the finest being Quakeress (lavender pink), Shirley and Beauty of Hale. *Nepeta grandiflora* is first rate, flowering continuously from May to the end of September, and each plant makes a cloud of blue 3ft. and 4ft. across, continually haunted by butterflies. Campanulas are always lovely, especially first-rate varieties of *C. persicifolia* such as Telham Beauty and Pride of Exmouth. Other plants to be found in almost every border are Achillea Cerise Queen, Heucheras (the pick being Pluie de Feu, Edge Hall, Pink Pearls and the striking new coral red Petworth), Columbines, the giant Thrift, *Papaver nudicaule*, Geums, Potentillas, *Veronica longifolia*, Galegas, Centaureas, *Centranthus coccineus*, Campions (despised by the highbrows but useful for their continual flowering, though the poor magenta-coloured kind should be avoided), Gypsophilas, Lythrums, Potentillas (the most popular being *P. recta macrantha* and the showiest Etna, Don Quixote and Carnival), *Malva moschata* and Pyrethrums, the last-named being invaluable for picking.

Certain flowers are not so commonly grown as they might be. *Dictamnus fraxinella* has almost disappeared, yet formerly this pleasant, old-fashioned plant was to be found in most gardens. It is not easy to establish, but worth the trouble. The old double Geranium is charming and, like the False Dittany, has a pleasant, old-fashioned look. Jacob's Ladder (*Polemonium caeruleum*), with its bright blue flowers, is another old favourite. The Betonies, too, deserve a place, particularly the lovely *B. grandiflora alba*; St. Bernard's Lily (*Anthericum liliago*) and St. Bruno's Lily (*Anthericum liliastrum*) are both charming old plants that were commonly grown in Victorian times, but not often now. St. Bruno's Lily is sweetly scented and owes its other name, Paradisea, to the fancy that so lovely a lily was worthy of Paradise. Both these Antheriums require a light, loamy soil with plenty of leaf mould in it. March is the best time for planting, as these lilies are not too hardy, and in winter they should have the protection of leafless boughs.

Amongst edging plants for the early summer border *Nepeta mussini* is still almost too popular, but it is too attractive to be omitted. Aubrietias are usually still flowering, and other useful plants for this purpose are Alyssums, *Iberis sempervirens*, the variegated *Glechoma hederacea*, *Inula acaulis* (this needs good rich soil), Ajugas, *Carlina acaulis* and the showy *Lychnis haageana*.



THE HERBACEOUS BORDER AT CHARLTON PARK

TAR DISTILLATE WASH

Its All-Round Advantages

AGAIN the time has come when winter washes should be ordered for the fruit trees—and rose bushes too for that matter. For spraying should be done directly the leaves have fallen. For some reason or another the idea has got about that it is better to delay winter washing until February. This is a definite mistake, and all fruit trees should be given a good winter washing during the months of November and December.

There is no doubt about it that the standard tar distillate wash has revolutionised pest control in this country. The old-fashioned caustic alkali wash has been supplanted. All this winter wash did was to clean the trees of moss and lichen, but it did not smother and kill the insect eggs.

The tar distillate wash does everything that the old-fashioned caustic soda spray attempted to do, but, in addition, it definitely controls the eggs of insects laid on the branches and twigs.

The tar oil is essentially a wash that should be used during the dormant season. It should be applied as a matter of routine. No grower can risk omitting its use, and though gardeners often inquire whether it would not be a practical proposition to omit the tar distillate in some seasons, the answer is always, "No, definitely no."

In the general way this tar wash should be used at a strength of 5 per cent., but where there are evidences of woolly aphis attacks it is always better to use a 10 per cent. solution. Such a wash should always be applied with as much force as possible. It is not sufficient to see that it reaches the branches like the "gentle dew of Heaven," it should impinge on the branches at a pressure of, say, 60–75lb. per sq. in., and commercial growers even use pressures up to 300lb.

In the small garden such a pressure may be achieved by the use of an efficient hand-spraying machine. There are many on the market to-day that cost no more than £3 or so, while there is at least one that does its job well at a price round about 27/6.

The tar distillate wash should be applied on a dry day when there is little wind about. The whole of the tree should be covered and soaked, for insect eggs are often laid on the little twigs and in the cracks of branches.

In the case of apples, a guaranteed efficient tar oil will destroy the eggs of the apple sucker, an insect that ruins hundreds of blossoms every year, as well as the eggs of the aphides, and a great percentage of the eggs of the tortrix and winter moth caterpillars. In the case of plums and roses it is the aphis eggs that are killed, and, as a result, very little spraying is necessary the following spring and summer.

The same kind of thing holds good in the case of gooseberries, redcurrants, whitecurrants, blackcurrants, blackberries, loganberries, damsons, cherries and peaches. Spraying should be done before the end of the year, and in such a way [illegible] give perfect coverage. It may not be necessary [illegible] spray pears every year, but it is advisable [illegible] them every third or fourth year in order [illegible] moss, lichen and other foreign growths. [illegible] should never be sprayed with a tar [illegible] should strawberries.

Fortunately the modern tar distillate [illegible] difficult to dissolve in water. It arrives [illegible] fluid and when poured into water and stirred [illegible] it turns a pure white like milk. The advantage [illegible] having such a white spray is that it is easy [illegible] whether part of the tree has been missed during [illegible] washing or no. As the liquid dries on the tree the [illegible] white "colour" disappears.

At the present time the tar distillate washes are bought under various proprietary names and the following may be recommended: Ridovit, Mortegg, Abolene, McDougall's Tar Oil, &c. S.-C.

THE ESHOTT PEDIGREE STOCK FARMS

Meeting the Demands of Commercialised Agriculture

COVERING some 2,000 acres and lying midway between the sea and the bracing air of the Cheviot Hills, the Eshott Pedigree Stock Farms occupy an ideal situation for the rearing of hardy, healthy stock. Organised and equipped to meet the modern demands of commercialised agriculture in all its branches, the farms specialise in the production of Ayrshire cattle and high-class pedigree poultry. Three farms combine to form one estate and these are linked by well-surfaced roads which render communication by mechanical transport a swift and sure method.

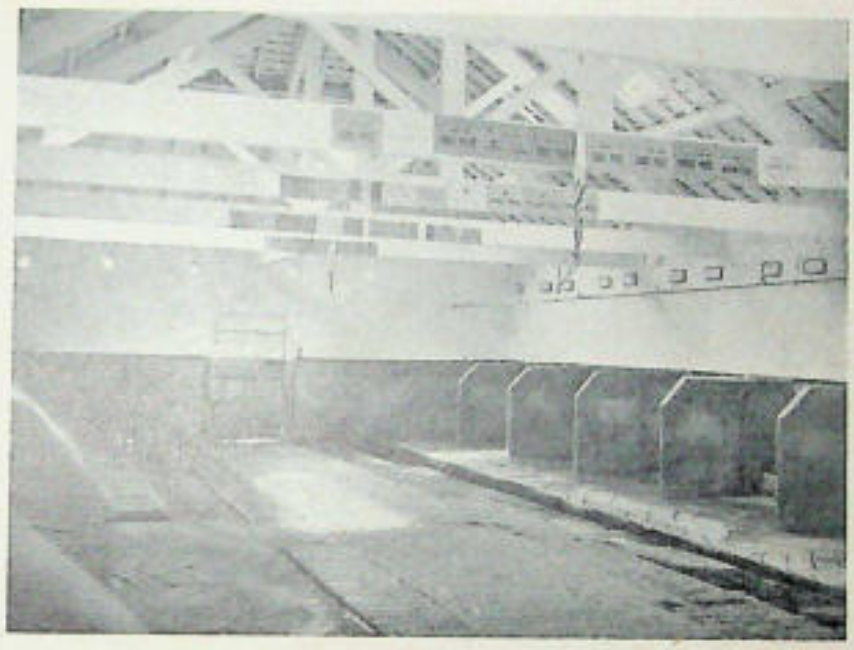
The name of Eshott has for many years been synonymous with all that is best in the breeding country are attended, invariably with outstanding success, while animals that have been exported carry on the good work overseas: both in the show ring and commercial circles. To enumerate the many awards gained by Eshott-bred stock would be superfluous, for they are always in the forefront of the "red ticket" line, not only at home and in our own colonies, but also at many of the leading foreign shows and in America.

To-day, the herd numbers some 300 head in all, including about 120 milking cows, but some very considerable increase in numbers is contemplated in the near future. Stock bulls at present in use include Chalfont Knut (whose first nine heifers of the best of their kind and breed. While breeding for egg production is, naturally, aimed at to some considerable extent, this alone is regarded as rather of secondary importance, much more attention being given to breeding for health and stamina in order to reduce the increasing mortality among poultry that is threatening to ruin the poultry-keepers of this country. With birds of hardy constitution, good stamina and breeding, it is claimed that the ability to produce eggs of good size and in profitable numbers, can well be left to take care of itself. Other points aimed at are the production of Rhode Island Reds of good, lasting colour, and White Leghorns of large size. In order to achieve these aims every effort is made to purchase the best cockerels which Britain can offer, and, in addition, birds are imported from Holland and from the U.S.A. Negotiations are in hand at the present time for the purchase of a number of outstanding White Leghorns from Australia, in order to increase the size of the individual birds of the flock.

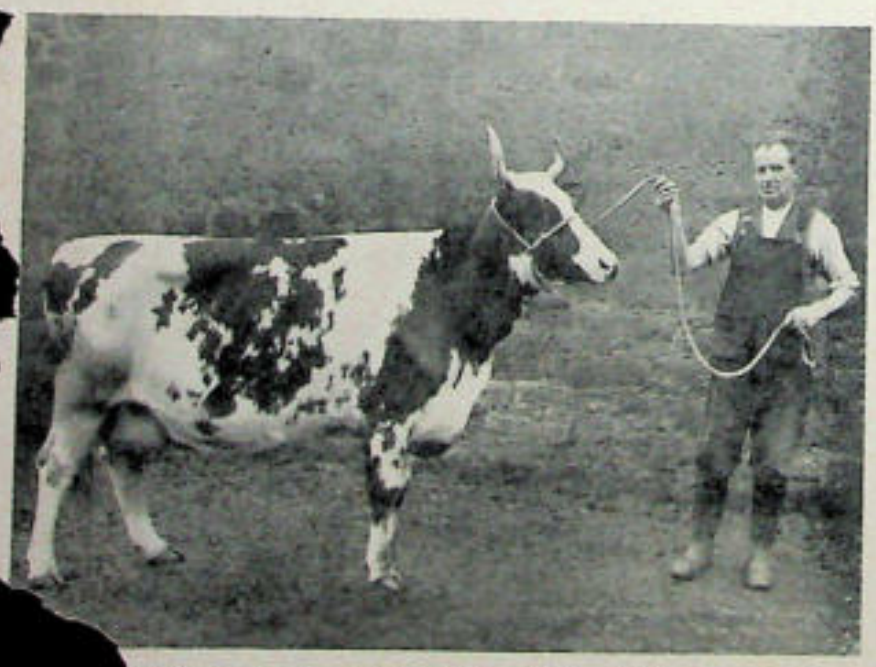
Every newcomer to the farm is isolated for several weeks before being introduced to the breeding pens, while every bird is blood-tested and all pullets trap-nested. Two mammoth Gloucester incubators, each of 3,500-egg capacity, handle the hatching arrangements and are at work all the year round in order to fulfil the many orders for day-old



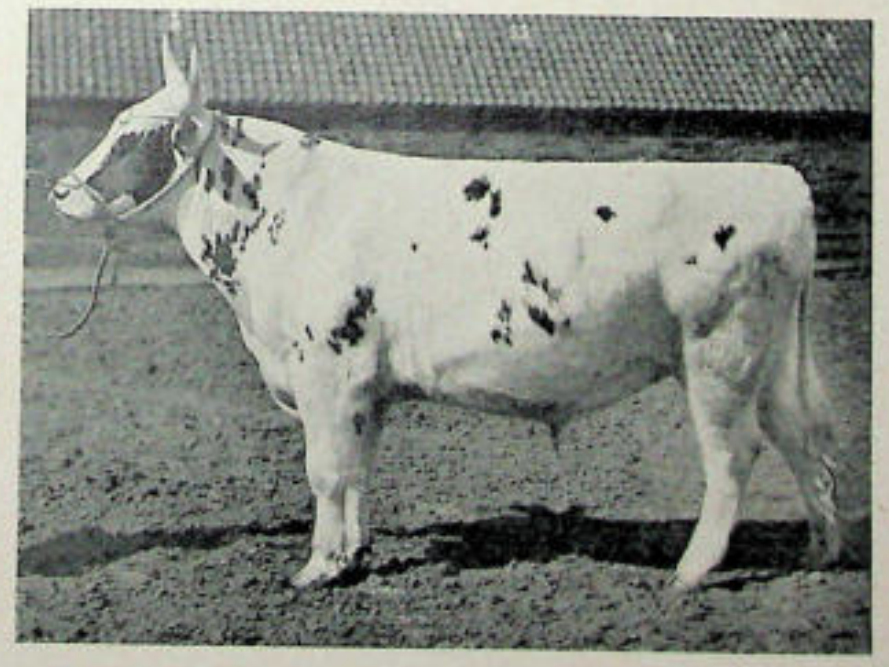
THE INCUBATOR ROOMS: THESE SELF-TURNING MACHINES HAVE A CAPACITY OF 7,200 EGGS



THIS COW BYRE WAS ADAPTED FROM AN OLD BUILDING



JOYOUS: AS A HEIFER, FIRST, ROYAL SHOW, 1934; SECOND, SHOW, 1936; AND FIRST, GREAT YORKSHIRE SHOW, 1936



LESSNESSOCK NAPTHA, A FINE BULL RECENTLY EXPORTED TO AUSTRALIA

and when Mr. F. H. Sanderson (now son Mr. T. P. H. Sanderson) com- rm the present herd he determined to sound a foundation as possible. The of Scotland were ransacked for the pick breeding stock, and during the ensuing careful breeding and severe weeding of all sirable features has succeeded in bringing the herd up to its present high standing. In retrospective mood, Mr. Sanderson holds that much of his success in breeding is due to the influence of those two great bulls, Howie's Eminent and Howie's Blockade.

Usually only three of the principal shows of this averaged 1,156lb. at 4.04 per cent. butter fat, and whose first daughter won her class at the dairy show of 1936 with 66.15lb. at 5.2 per cent. butter fat), Eshott Cæsar, Eshott Cheerleader and Lessnessock Life Guard.

In addition to the herd of Ayrshires, poultry form another outstanding feature. Again, only the pick of well-known stocks were good enough to build up the Eshott flocks, which to-day number some 3,500 head. Actually the largest pedigree poultry farm in Northumberland, it embraces flocks of Rhode Island Reds, White Leghorns and Light Sussex; all the birds being representative chicks received from all over the country, and in addition, keep the needs of the farm supplied. Chicks spend the first seven days of their lives in giant hovers, being then transferred to outdoor grass runs, where, it is contended, they either build up into strong, healthy birds, or the rigorous conditions of such a life proves too much for them, and they are then removed and destroyed. A somewhat drastic procedure, but one which must prove successful where only the fittest birds are suitable for carrying on the work of breeding for stamina.

The marketing of Grade "A" T.T. milk and

poultry produce has reached a high standard at Eshott; a standard which might well be followed by other British producers. Cleanliness is the watchword in the handling of milk. The cows are groomed and, if necessary, washed, before entering the specially constructed milking byres, where white-smocked and hatted attendants take them in hand. Alfa Laval milking machines are in use, and it is a stringent rule that the udders of the cows must be washed in a mild disinfectant solution before the suction tubes are fitted. In addition, the tubes are washed in the solution, as are the hands of the attendants, before the machine is transferred to the next animal; the hands of the stripping attendant receiving the same attention. After sterilising and cooling the milk is packed into specially manufactured, sterilised bottles and sealed with metal caps bearing a guarantee of cleanliness and purity.

Eggs are gathered many times a day, cleaned, if necessary, in a Summit-Midwinter washing machine, candled, weighed and sorted for misshapen or cracked shells and then packed into cartons supplied by Egg Safety Cartons, Ltd., sealed and dated with the day of production. Table birds are dressed ready for use by experts, wrapped in Cellophane bags and sealed with the weight legibly marked on the distinctive sealing label.

Of the staff of some 50 employees, their recreation rooms, football and cricket teams, little can be said; but the fact that they seldom leave Eshott for other employment speaks for itself. Mechanisation has made its effect felt within the past few years, and Fordson tractors now take the place of the many teams of horses once in use. An efficient maintenance staff take care of all repairs and the erection of new buildings as required, while the estate sawmill speedily converts the standing timber about the place into dressed planks and posts ready for use.

The estate is open for inspection by the public on any day during the week, and while it is impossible for this short article to do more than merely touch upon a few of its many activities, the interested reader may do well to pay a visit to the farms at Felton, and see for himself how a modern farm with high ideals should be run.

J. M.



A CORDON TREE OF LAXTON'S EPICURE

BUYING NEW VARIETIES OF APPLES

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S., N.D.H.

ONE of the problems that the fruit-grower has to face every year is that of the new variety. Should he be satisfied with the types of apples and pears that he is growing at the present time or should he attempt to change? Now that stub grafting and porcupine grafting have come into vogue it is comparatively easy in the space of two or three years to change one variety in full crop to another in full crop. At the East Malling Research Station this year some Newton Wonder trees that were stub grafted with Laxton's Superb in 1935 have borne nearly three bushels per tree. But there may be, of course, in the case of old-established fruit farms, orchards that need grubbing, the trees being too old to top graft.

If this takes place, what varieties should be planted in their stead? Farmers may be wanting to extend their orchards and to plant up 10, 20, 30 40, or even 100 acres. What varieties should be purchased?

It is obvious that the grower to-day ought to concentrate on a few varieties. What is needed in the British market is a big bulk of three or four varieties, so that an almost continuous supply may be kept up. This is the only way that the British farmer will be able to compete with the American and Canadian, for with a variety like Jonathan, for instance, the greengrocer is able to purchase ten boxes this week, 20 boxes the week after, 30 boxes the week after that, and so on, and even if he wanted 1,000 boxes of the same type he could easily get them. There ought to be some kind of central committee which should decide what the fruit-growers are to plant, so that in a few years' time the acreage of a particular variety would be high, and bulk quantities to satisfy the market demands would be forthcoming.

It will be as well to examine the large number of new varieties that have been introduced during the last few years. Fortunately the Ministry of Agriculture, in conjunction with the R.H.S., have established commercial fruit trials. There is the central trial ground at Wisley—which, by the way, is always worth visiting—and the various sub-centres dotted about in different counties of England. It is here that it is possible to see the trees growing under natural conditions and to gauge from their growth and from the fruits they produce whether they are likely to be a commercial proposition or no.

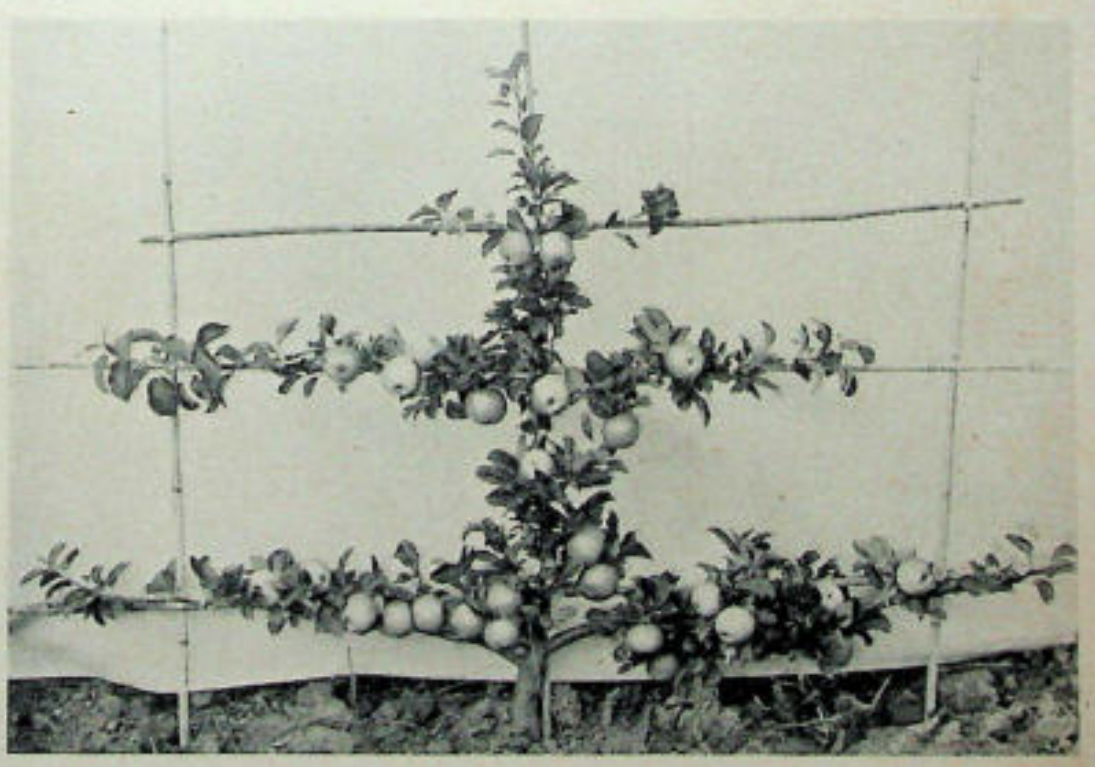
It may be as well to give the list of possible new varieties in order of ripening.

Perhaps the first one that is worth considering is Melba. It is a seedling from Mackintosh Red, and is an apple with plenty of red colour. It is very juicy and sweet, and is very much like the American types of apples in that it is soft and rather mealy. On the other hand, as the British public seems to like these types, it may sell well. It crops heavily, and it will keep until September without the flavour deteriorating, but it will be probably better to market it about the second or third week of August.

Then there is Epicure, raised by crossing Cox's Orange with Wealthy. It was awarded the Bunyard Cup for the best new seedling of its year. It is certainly a prolific bearer, and ripens at the beginning of September. Curiously enough it has an extremely long stalk, which may be a nuisance when packing in boxes. It evidently wants marketing at the right time, for by the middle of September the good flavour is gone.

An apple to follow Epicure is Laxton's Fortune. This has Cox's Orange as a parent, and ripens about the middle of September. The fruit is of a bright colour, flushed and streaked with red, and it is very juicy. It is said by some epicures to have a slight banana-like flavour. It seems to be a healthy grower and a regular cropper. It is certainly self-fertile.

Then there is Millicent Barnes. It was raised in Cheshire. It is a bright conical-shaped apple, and quite firm. It is a variety which should do well in the north of England as an October apple. It will in fact keep well until November. Millicent Barnes when well grown should be able to oust the imported Jonathan, but whether or no it would be worth while having a gamble on this variety must be left to the individual grower.



A TRAINED TREE OF LAXTON'S SUPERB

Varieties such as Lord Lambourne which can be marketed before Cox's Orange Pippin and Laxton's Superb which may follow this variety are now quite well known, and have been planted on quite large acreages.

To follow them there is St. Cecilia, which is an especially good late keeper. The only two faults it has are that it does not throw a large enough apple, and that it will not stand being lime-sulphur sprayed.

Winter King is considered by some to be the variety to follow Laxton's Superb and the apples are certainly conical in shape and pack well. They look most attractive, being covered with a red flush. Another variety which has cropped well in the R.H.S. trials is Woolbrook Russet. This is certainly a late keeper, and under quite ordinary storage conditions can be sold in April. It is a green apple with a slight brown flush and is known as the dual purpose apple.

An excellent early cooking apple is Arthur Turner. It is a consistent cropper and it can be picked at the beginning of August and marketed then. If the smaller fruits are left on they grow to be a very large size by the beginning of September, and even after harvesting the fruit will keep until October. It is an upright grower and seems to be quite rust resistant. Garden-lovers are very fond of this variety because the blossoms are of a dee and very brightly coloured. There shou fear of choosing this variety.

Then there is Sowman's Seedling a apple. Apples can be picked at the end and the fruit is regular, round, flat a green. As women folk always prefer a cooking apple, it should sell well.

For those who want to plant in frosty situ there is little to beat Crawley Beauty. The fr are striped with red, and they are firm and keep we It is a variety that crops heavily and the fruitlets must be thinned with the size of a walnut if good-sized cookers are to be produced. The descriptions are quite fair—the decision must inevitably be left to the reader.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



A MEMORY OF SUMMER: AN AUSTIN TEN PASSING THROUGH THE PRETTY ESSEX COUNTRY TOWN OF GREAT BARDFIELD

A CAR WITH A GREAT FUTURE

Driving the 12-Cylinder Lincoln Zephyr

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

THERE is without doubt a satisfaction difficult to define which is derived from the possession of a 12-cylinder car. Whether that satisfaction arises because we like to own a car that is materially different from the rest, or whether it is due to the outstanding merits of a power unit of this nature, it is difficult to say; possibly it may be a combination of both. For my own part, I will frankly admit that it gives me particular joy to own a car that is full of life and that can show a clean pair of heels to any other car that is likely to be encountered on the road.

To be able to conform to the latter requirement it should differ from the rest. Of course, we all view matters of this kind from a different angle, but the advantages possessed by a really good 12-cylinder engine are so evident that the impression gained after a demonstration run is not likely to be forgotten for some time.

Now, these remarks apply in particular to the 12-cylinder Lincoln Zephyr, which first made its début early last year. When I was asked to take out one of these cars for a test run at that time I was so impressed with the smooth and silky running of the engine that I immediately placed an order for one for myself that car for nearly twelve months using it for short journeys up to town as well as for long runs into the country, and whether in congested traffic or on the open road it showed up well on all points equally well.

Finally, in a weak moment, I decided to sell the car to a friend, but immediately after parting with it I regretted that I had done so. And now I have bought another Lincoln Zephyr, but this time I have chosen one fitted with the fixed head two-three seater coupé, as in my opinion this type of coachwork, apart from being very attractive, is practical at the same time and suits my purpose admirably.

The performance of the Lincoln Zephyr on the road is really surprising, as it will virtually crawl along on its top gear and accelerate rapidly to over 90 m.p.h., but what pleases me so much is the fact that although the engine has a Treasury rating of 36.3 h.p., the petrol consumption works out at about seventeen miles per gallon. I have done as much as 19 m.p.g. on one long run, which is really extraordinary.



A LINCOLN ZEPHYR IN FRONT OF THE RUINS OF RHUDDLAN CASTLE WHERE EDWARD I's PARLIAMENT PASSED THE STATUTE OF RHUDDLAN IN 1282

Then again, there is nothing tawdry about any part of the car. The coachwork is of all-steel and of special construction, since the body and frame are welded together, thus affording the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight. Other important points include almost equal distribution of weight between front and rear axles and a very low proportion of unsprung to sprung weight; both features materially assisting towards comfort and roadworthiness. The interior of the car is particularly well finished, and great attention has been paid to details. The upholstery is of high-grade cloth and the seats and backs are deeply cushioned. In the coupé the back of the seat is divided and both sides tilt forward to give access to the space behind, which can be used for stowing luggage.

The spare wheel is carried in the rear boot and this spacious compartment, access to which is gained from outside, can accommodate several large trunks as well, so there is abundant luggage space. The instrument panel is, I think, the neatest affair I have seen on any car. On either side is a large glove and map compartment, with spring-loaded doors, the one on the near side being fitted with a lock. A large dialed speedometer is fitted in the centre of the panel, the electric clock being situated immediately beneath it. Grouped around these two instruments are the oil and petrol gauge, the ampmetre, and water temperature indicator. There are four neat plugs let into the panel, one operating the choke, and one the throttle setting. The third is an electric cigar lighter, and the fourth the dashlight. The radio controls are situated on the right side of the board, and on the left is a disappearing ashtray.

The radio and the loud speaker are carried in an enclosed panel beneath the facia board and form an extremely neat affair. The dual windscreen wipers are out of sight when not in use, and are of the improved suction type; the handbrake lever is situated immediately beneath the instrument panel, and although in a very convenient position is completely out of the way.

The body has been designed on aerodynamic lines, and offers the minimum amount of wind resistance. This fact must account to a certain extent for the abnormally low consumption of petrol and also contributes to the high top speed performance of the car. The front seat of the saloon and coupé is 57in. long, and therefore there is ample space for three adult passengers. The seats themselves are inclined at an angle to give a natural seating position which consequently provides great comfort to the occupants.

Although the car is low-built and the roof considerably curved, the forward vision is good and there is ample headroom. The four-door saloon seats six—three on the front seat and three on the rear—but the coupé, since it has no dickey seat, accommodates three only—two alongside the driver. I have dealt at some length with the coachwork, since it is so well finished, both internally and externally and so much thought has been paid to detail, but the principal feature of the car is its road performance, which is outstanding.

The engine, as I have already mentioned, runs so smoothly and quietly



"BE WISE WITH SPEED"

He is a daring motorist who will exceed 30 m.p.h. on this stretch of road near Llandudno—even in a Lincoln Zephyr

that it seems as if the car is merely gliding along. It is a wonderful car to drive in traffic, as it gets off the mark so quickly. The brakes are very powerful and the steering is light and positive to handle. The gear lever is in just the right position, and second and top are synchromesh. All gears, however, are helical and silent. The suspension is particularly good, and is of the transverse cantilever type.

The V-type engine has a bore of 2¾in., the stroke being 3⅞in., and the cubic capacity is 4,379 c.c. Although rated at 36.3 h.p. the motor actually gives off 110 brake horse power.

The weight of the complete car, with coupé body, is 3,335lb., and with a saloon the car scales 3,490lb. Another outstanding feature of this remarkable car is its comparative low prime cost. The price of the coupé is £455, and that of the four-door saloon, £480.

Although the road-holding on the earlier models at really high speeds was not as good as it might have been, this defect has now been remedied, and the car is as steady as the proverbial rock when being driven on full throttle.

The headlamps are not as powerful as one would like on such a fast car as this, but I have had mine changed, and one does not mind spending a few pounds extra on an item of this nature, seeing that the car represents such value for money.

DO DESIGN COMPETITIONS ASSIST PROGRESS?

The Revival of an Old Question

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

FOR some little time past it has been obvious that the needs of British airline operators are not being fully met by British designs of commercial aircraft. There has been an increasing tendency towards the use of foreign—principally American—machines, and it is noteworthy that these are, in the main, of the medium-size class. In the field of large commercial aircraft there is less cause for disquiet concerning British progress: the Short Empire boats are recognised as being among the leaders in their field, and there is every hope that the new Ensign class of land plane will be no less noteworthy. In smaller commercial types there has been considerable progress.

Various explanations of the British industry's neglect of the medium-class air liner are forthcoming, all of which have a certain plausibility. It is urged, for example, that there has been, at least until recently, very little demand for this type of aircraft, certainly not sufficient to justify a constructor in the large expenditure involved in designing and producing a new machine. Not only have Imperial Airways been concerned recently almost exclusively with the evolution of large types and flying boats, but there has been no general agreement among operators on what constitutes an ideal design for their needs. Furthermore, internal air services are still not stabilised. There is, therefore, little encouragement for designers to take a long view and produce for the future rather than to-day.

In conjunction with these factors, all of which have probably operated to a greater or less extent, even though they cannot be said to constitute a complete and convincing argument, there has been the R.A.F. expansion scheme, which came at a time when commercial demand was beginning to increase. Factories are concerned to-day mainly on the carrying out of Government orders: and even if the will be present there is little enough opportunity to produce for the independent commercial operator, whose demands are neither large nor continuous.

None the less, it is clear that British backwardness in this respect is hardly to be tolerated. And that this is coming to be the official view seems to be indicated by the persistent reports that the Air Ministry is seeking some means of encouraging the British industry to counter foreign competition in this field. In this connection the proposal for a design competition has been raised, the contention being that, if the prizes were sufficiently large and were offered for a type likely to command the market, British efforts would be stimulated.

This proposal (which has not, of course, been officially made) is one that, on past experience, seems little likely to achieve the desired end. The history of such prize competitions, at any rate in this country, does little to establish their usefulness. Since 1920 a number of such contests have been held; none have had outstandingly successful results. Perhaps the most notable instance is the prizes offered for light aeroplanes. None of the winning machines achieved any real practical success, and the foundations of the light aeroplane movement were laid by designs, produced at the same time, that were in no way eligible for the competitions.

The idea underlying such suggestions is that the offer of a large prize would induce manufacturers to undertake the cost of designing new machines. That is hardly the point at issue. If the market was large enough and there was a chance of securing sufficient orders to justify quantity production, any reputable manufacturer would take the risk involved. In a competition he may win the prize and possibly recoup himself for initial expenditure, but there is no certainty he will sell his machine; and if he does not win the prize he has expended a considerable sum to little purpose.

Another suggestion is that operators should endeavour to agree on a standard specification, the assumption being that this one design could then be produced in numbers for the whole of the air lines. While this is perhaps more attractive than the prize scheme, it seems more a counsel of perfection than anything else. Development on these lines would be slow, and by the time the standardised machine was in production it might well be out of date. Moreover, the needs of air lines are by no means identical, and the difficulty of securing an agreed specification is too obvious to need stressing.

America provides to-day the outstanding example of progress in commercial aircraft design. Machines originating from the United States are being bought not only by British lines but by many Continental ones. Why is this? In the first place, America is favourably placed for development. Competition, not competitions, has been the driving force. The internal market is comparatively large, and, in meeting it, her industry has been able to proceed on a quantity basis that enables her to manufacture a surplus for selling abroad. Here we have the methods of the American automobile industry repeated no less successfully.

There is a lesson here for British aviation. The market at home may not have anything approaching the possibilities of the American one; but in the British Empire there is such a potential market, and that market is to-day being served largely by American and other manufacturers. Air development is likely to be accelerated in the Dominions and Colonies during the next few years. An obvious suggestion is that British manufacturers should concentrate on catering for the Empire overseas. If the Empire market could be captured—and there seems no valid reason why, if the problem is properly attacked, it should not be—the British industry might become as strong as that of the United States. And if American types are equally suitable for service in Empire and on our own intern Continental routes, British could be too.

If the Government is c ways and means of pro commercial aircraft design stimulus as R.A.F. orders military branch, this seems the most earnest attention. suggested that many problem exist; but problems exist to be And progress on these lines would the merit of being basically sou While a competition or some similar plan might provide a temporary alleviation of existing difficulties, a scheme of Empire development has a rich future before it.



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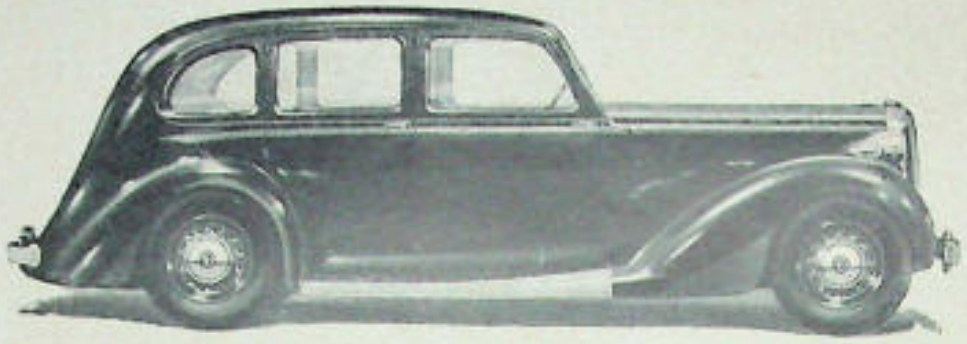


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A BROAD SMILE FROM AN OLD SIAMESE WOMAN

ROUND ASIA'S TAIL—II

Bangkok and the Wat of the Emerald Buddha

By Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. STOCKLEY



EXTRACTING VENOM FROM A 12ft. KING COBRA

TRAVELLING from Malacca, Singapore is reached early in the morning, and the bustle of its streets give little sign of its being affected by the world slump. Yet the Europe Hotel, one of the old landmarks of the traveller in the East has recently closed down, as have two others. Yet the prices in the shops are exorbitant as ever, nor has the notorious arrogance of the native police abated one whit.

The commercial part of Singapore has many fine buildings and broad streets, while the residential part, some three miles inland, is situated on low and swelling hills, where many small and tidy bungalows have a suburban effect; even though the almost daily rain keeps them buried in greenery and beautiful flower gardens almost create themselves.

The socially-inclined like Singapore, for it is a gay place, but the soft climate and want of sport, combined with expensive living, do not commend it to others.

From Singapore onward there is a choice of several routes. The tourist will usually plump for Bali and other towns of the Dutch East Indies, while the traveller on business, or with an appointment in the Far East, will be going on direct to Hongkong or Shanghai. But the traveller with a real zest for travel should not miss Bangkok, with the further possibilities of the marvellous ruins of Angkor, and of a look at Frenchified Saigon.

The journey to Bangkok may be made by sea or by rail. The British India Line, and the Siamese Steam Navigation Company run fortnightly boats to Bangkok, and, though only about 800 tons, they are clean and comfortable. If the weather be fine the four days' trip is delightful; but if caught by the north-west monsoon it may take six days, and be very unpleasant. I have experienced both.

The railway, which runs through Kuala Lumpur and joins the line from Penang near the frontier of Siam, provides as pleasant a two-and-a-half days' train journey as one of that length can well be, for the food provided is good, the scenery well worth attention, and the carriages comfortable.

Bangkok is entered by way of the fine new bridge over the broad but shallow Menam Chao Phrya, or Mother of Waters, which does not allow of ships of more than 14ft. draught to penetrate over the bar at its mouth up to the Bangkok wharves.

Conspicuous are the numbers of Chinese to be seen, and just about half the population of the city is of that nationality, whose increasing numbers all over Siam, and acquired control of the country's principal industries, is an ever-weightier problem to its Government.



FROM THE DOOR OF THE HALL OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA

"Red roofs piled on red roofs picked out in white, giant fantastic figures clad in golden-plated armour, amongst green palms and under an intense blue sky, are almost bewildering in their disarray"

Bangkok, with its million inhabitants, its wide streets and many palatial brick buildings, can no more be called the "Venice of the East"; for the waterways which used to be the principal means of communication are no longer crowded with small boats, and, though still existent, are given over to clumsy barges and such-like utilitarian craft. There are many small canals on the north and west of the town which are used by the country folk to bring in their produce for sale, and the "Water-market" is well worth a visit one early morning, but the greater part of the population now travels in motor cars and buses, which crowd the busy streets.

The Pasteur Institute is well worth visiting, if only to inspect its collection of noxious beasts, both alive and dead; but if the visit be paid on a day when venom is being extracted for the manufacture of snake-bite serum, the attendants' skilful and fearless handling of the poisonous reptiles, up to a 13ft. hamadryad, and insertion of a glass saucer into its mouth, on which it is forced to bite, will inevitably cause respect and admiration; while the quantity of the yellow viscous fluid which flows into the saucer and is taken away into the laboratory is most remarkable. The forcible feeding of the sluggish but deadly banded krait, by pushing bits of raw meat down their gullets with a pair of forceps, is also an interesting and shuddery performance to watch.

But the greatest thing to be seen in Bangkok is undoubtedly the Wat of the Emerald Buddha, which is the principal temple of the country, and is adjacent to the royal palace.

Having obtained a permit to visit both, which is easily done through one of the excellent hotels or through the visitor's bureau at the main railway station, the visit should be made as early as possible so as to avoid the greatest heat of the day, for there is much to see and one does not want to be hurried over the seeing.

The palace is disappointing, having a considerable resemblance to a modern town hall, though the temples in the forecourt and queerly trimmed and distorted trees are typically Siamese. But once the great outer wall of the Wat is passed the riot of colour and shape is amazing. Slender pagodas taper upwards, mingling with cloisters, bell-towers, and halls with great wood and hammered metal doors. Red roofs piled on red roofs picked out in white, giant fantastic figures clad in golden-plated armour, amongst green palms and under an intense blue sky, are almost bewildering in their disarray.

The Emerald Buddha itself is a seated figure about a yard high, carved from a solid block of jade. It has three sets of robes—for the cold weather, the hot weather and the rains; and three times a year the clothes are changed by the king himself, with great ceremony.

In the hall of the Emerald Buddha are hundreds of gifts ranged in tiers, all valuable, but many incongruous in the extreme: such as a pair of amorini, and two tall and beautiful Etruscan vases of bronze.

Having seen this modern temple, if possible a visit should be paid to that ancient marvel Angkor Wat, where a building a square mile in extent of stone blocks rivalling those of the Pyramids, is not least among the wonders of the world.

The journey is easily undertaken, by rail and motor, with a good hotel as advanced base, and the traveller should thence pass on by rail to Saigon, where, as usual, the French have imported a bit of France. Damp heat, green and white iron balconies, avenues of trees, brass bands, vermouth, absinthe—except for the damp they describe Djibouti, Tunis, Port Said, the French Settlement at Shanghai—any French colonial town, but Saigon is more wicked than the rest.

And thence whither? Manilla, Honolulu, Canton? What a wonderful world is ours!



SINGAPORE AS IT IS SEEN FROM THE SEA

"The commercial part of Singapore has many fine buildings and broad streets"



THE BELL-TOWER AT THE WAT OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA



AN INFRA-RED PANORAMA TAKEN AT 2,500FT. FROM NUDLJA, LOOKING EAST

On the left is Lake Torne Träsk with the railway following its southern shore while the Abiskojokk runs beneath it and empties into the lake. The main part of the basin is covered with birch forest petering out to tundra above the tree line. Tarpporten is in the central distance and Sonnalaki on the right showing a glacier

A TRIP TO SWEDISH LAPPLAND

A Little-Known Country, with Plenty of Attraction

By H. N. SOUTHERN and W. A. S. LEWIS

IT probably would not occur to many people, when they are conning over the possibilities of places to go to off the beaten track, to try the Arctic. The very word has such a shivery sound about it that we pass over the idea without thinking about it, and leave such trips to the "he-men" who can exist on pemmican and live in igloos.

Certainly in many parts of the world to get within the Arctic Circle does need something in the way of an expedition, but in Scandinavia and Finland this does not apply. As early as the beginning of this century the Swedes with great hardihood drove a railway right up to the head of the Baltic and then on through the northernmost edge of their land over the pass to the Norwegian port of Narvik, which lies sheltered by the snow-clad masses of the Lofoten Islands on the 68th degree of north latitude.

This brave single track, winding its way through the barren tundra and along the flanks of great birch forests, which skirt the tremendous lake of Torne Träsk, was, in effect, a way of getting the country's vast supplies of iron ore down to the sea, where it could be shipped to England and Germany, and other countries. But there have been other effects, for the Swedish Touring Club, seeing the possibilities of such a roadway through the Arctic, have put up here and there tourist-stations and huts, some of which are now quite as comfortable as any modern hotel. Unlimited water power has made it possible for everything to be run by electricity, and the railway line brings supplies to the door every day.

Thus the two great difficulties facing a trip to the Arctic automatically disappear. Comfort, which many people find indispensable, is provided, and the largest turiststation at Abisko is only 26 hours' journey by rail from Stockholm, so that one may leave London on a Saturday evening and be on the shores of Lake Torne Träsk on Tuesday afternoon.

But after all this one may say, "Why go to the Arctic? What is there to recommend it?"

That naturally depends upon one's interests, but even if we pass over the peculiar joys of the zoologist, the entomologist, the botanist, the fisherman, the climber, all of whom are possibly a little mad, there is still plenty of attraction.

It is possible by climbing up a nearby mountain to get a really good look at the district and see what it is like scenically.

From the summit, which is roughly 3,500ft. above sea level, a great basin spreads out below, enclosed on three sides by mountains, on the other by the lake. The infra-red photograph shows this panorama with the birch forest below dotted with lakes, that appear black, and with swamps, which appear in a lighter tone. In the distance, about fifteen miles away, is the great U-shaped gap known as the Lapp Gate, with a 1,000ft. crag on the left and on the extreme right can be seen a glacier about the same distance away. To the left the Abiskojokk river can be seen emptying into the lake, diving underneath the railway, which snakes its way right along the shores of the lake on its long journey to the sea.



MIDNIGHT AT ABISKO IN THE MIDDLE OF JUNE

"The sun merely skates along the mountains to the north at midnight, and then leaps up again into the sky"

At Abisko sunlight is perpetual in June, for the sun merely skates along the mountains to the north at midnight, and then leaps up again into the sky. At mid-day it is unmentionably hot, and one would be only too glad to go about in a shirt and shorts, if it were not for the mosquitoes. These vary from year to year, but can be almost intolerable without a mosquito net during the last two weeks of June and the first two of July. Fortunately, outside this critical period there is no need to worry about them, so unless one wants to be there for the breeding season of birds, there is no necessity to put up with such pests.

The novelty of the midnight sun soon wears off, and drawing the curtains only makes the heat worse. In such circumstances we found the easiest thing to do was to carry on with our walking and exploring regardless of what time it was, and then go to bed when we were tired.

The greater part of the birch forest is, of course, uncharted, though there are one or two tracks for the benefit of the unadventurous. However we may go, the first walk through an Arctic birch wood in spring is a thrill not to be forgotten. Apart from the pale wax-like bark of the birches themselves and the foaming green of the foliage, the ground is carpeted with masses of flowers. Big stretches are covered with the yellow heads of globe flowers, while a lower-growing vesture of many colours is formed by masses of yellow violets, handsome purple-stamened cornus, the frail stars of Trientalis and the blue of the butterwort, while later in the season the predominating colour becomes red owing to the vast numbers of *Geranium sylvaticum*.



THE ABISKOJOKK IN FLOOD WITH THE BIRCH FOREST ALONG ITS BANKS

During most of June the snow is still melting from the higher ground, and consequently the woods are full of small rushing torrents all making their way down to the Abiskojokk, and so into the lake. At this time the river swirls down with a full-throated roar, leaping and dancing over its bed of boulders, and rushing in a white creaming fury through the ravine just by the turiststation. It is all the more remarkable that by late July or August this torrent is reduced to a small trickle, which can be forded without the trouble of removing one's boots.

Thus one of the chief charms of this Arctic scenery to the visitor, who sees it for the first time, is the rapidity of change in the landscape. Almost every day shows some change, for all living things have to hurry through their breeding cycle and get ready for the desperate cold of winter—and they have 24 hours of sunshine a day in which to do it.

Summer may seem a long way away, now that we are just launching out into the rigours of winter, but it is good to think of these things early, so that plans can be made at leisure, and thus winter becomes a period of anticipation of better things to come.

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE MAIN LOUNGE OF THE ROEBUCK HOTEL

IT was in the days of the early Georges, when coaches and not motor cars were the chariots of transport, that the Roebuck Hotel, at Forest Row, in Sussex, first opened its doors. Doubtless many of the passengers reached the old inn with feelings of relief for the roads were none too safe, and the stage coach was rather a primitive affair and badly constructed. The body of the coach was slung by massive leather braces from upright posts springing from the axle trees in front and behind. Because of this the whole body would swing like a pendulum with the jolting, so that the unfortunate passengers usually arrived at their destination suffering from an advanced form of road sickness.

Apart from the bad surface of the roads there was always the danger of highwaymen, armed with a brace of pistols and a carbine. Doubtless there was much talk of Jerry Abershaw, "the terror of the Surrey Commons," or Claud du Vall, while the horses were being changed at the old Roebuck. Red-faced ostlers rushing to and fro would have little time to listen to the prattle of the excited passengers, and even if they had their sympathies would probably have been with the highwaymen, for the Roebuck was a smuggling centre at this period. Its situation in the middle of Ashdown Forest was, of course, ideal for such a purpose. The woods formed a wonderful means of escape in the event of a visit by Excisemen. The story goes that the finest of brandy, rum and foreign wines could be obtained at the Roebuck at prices which give pretty good evidence that they had never paid duty.

These smugglers were a brutal lot, and whenever they found an Exciseman alone they would capture him and hold a "court," usually ending by torturing their unfortunate victim. Stories of the Roebuck's association with these gangs are many, and it is stated that at the famous trials of the Sussex smugglers at Chichester and East Grinstead, in 1748 and 1749, were included not a few of those men who had used the inn as a meeting-place. Before these smugglers were brought for trial a Customs officer named William Galley was captured, and subjected to most brutal torture, being finally buried before he was dead. A witness of the affair was thrown into a well and stoned to death. At the East Grinstead trials, John Mills, a colt breaker, of Trotton, whose father and brother had both been hanged, was tried with Henry Sheerman, in connection with the murders mentioned above. They and many others were sentenced to death and executed on Slinfold Common. The two original rooms at the Roebuck used by the smugglers are still intact, and may serve as a reminder of those "good old days" that were not so good.

And so from such hectic days of uncertainty and danger on the roads we have arrived at the 20th century, to find that progress has, it seems, gone a step too far and the roads are once again unsafe. There is, however, something very safe and assuring about the Roebuck Hotel, as we find it to-day. It has a wonderful situation, being surrounded by woodland which stretches away across the Sussex Downs, almost to the English Channel. It serves both those who wish to make a prolonged residence in this wonderful part of England and those who wish for merely a meal. It is probable that the hurried visitor will make a mental note that he must one day return to this old-established Sussex hotel, with its delightful Tudor lounges and attractive dining room, so that he can gain full benefit from a stay in this quiet old house.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

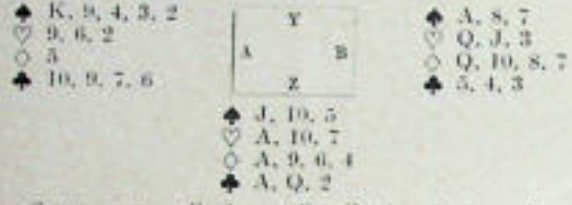
Elementary Errors

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

IN previous articles I have dealt with various points of Defensive Play and, judging from my correspondence, they have been appreciated. Several readers, however, ask me to tackle more elementary tactics especially in defence against No Trumps.

I think I can best do so by giving examples of errors which have occurred in actual cases:



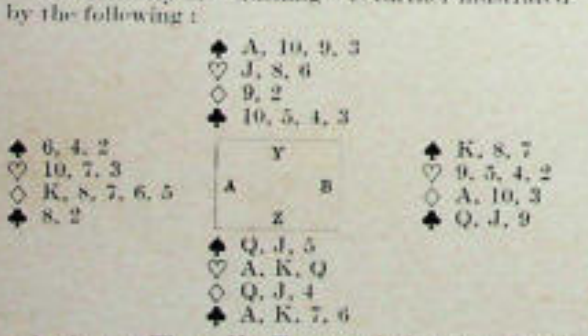
Score game all, love all. Z the dealer. The bidding was:

Z	A	Y	B
One No Trump	No bid	Three No Trumps	No bid
No bid	No bid		

A led the 3 of Spades, the 6 was played from Dummy, B winning with the Ace, returned the 8 and A made the fatal mistake of winning with the King and continuing the suit. Z won with his Knave of Spades and now led a Diamond, finessing the Knave won by B, who was then in a quandary as to what to lead. He chose the return of the Queen of Hearts—a Diamond would perhaps have been better—and Z made his contract with ease.

This was bad defence, and A is to blame. Having no possible card of re-entry he must "duck" on the return of the second Spade. While it is true that he does not know for certain that B has a third Spade, the play of the 10 by Z at trick two gives him a clue. Of course, Z might be false-carding and hold originally J, 10, 7, 5. But this was improbable, as Z would not be likely to play the 10 on the second round with the Queen in Dummy. Provided, however, that B has a third Spade and can get in A is left with three winners and the game will be saved.

The necessity of "ducking" is further illustrated by the following:



Against a Three No Trumps declaration A led the 6 of Diamonds, B put up the Ace and returned the 10. A made the fatal error of winning with his King, so Z made his contract without difficulty. Provided A had "ducked" on the second round of Diamonds the game must be saved.

Z must clear his Spades. B gets in, leads a third Diamond, and A B make altogether four tricks in the suit instead of, as they did, only two!

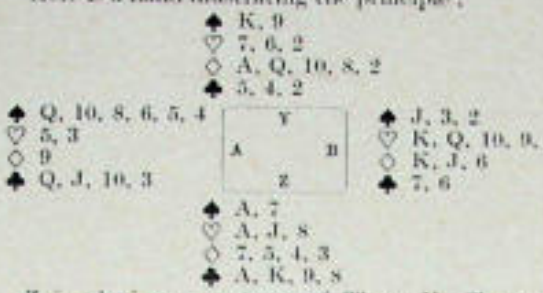
Now, in this particular example, I think B also was partially to blame. He himself, with a certainty of a card of entry in Spades, should have "ducked" and played his 10 instead of his Ace. In this event Z is defeated. But on the play as it occurred undoubtedly A should allow Z to win the second Diamond as otherwise his hand was useless.

Another precept in playing against No Trumps is: *Do not change suits.* Return your partner's suit as soon as you get in, even when it involves leading up to a tenace in Dummy. He may have two cards of re-entry. Unless, therefore, you have a suit of your own which can be established with the loss of one trick and you have a card of entry yourself, adhere to the rule of returning partner's suit although it may look inadvisable or hopeless.

Remember that any fresh suit you tackle is likely to be of greater advantage to the Declarer.

There are occasions when it appears tempting to try for your own suit. Resist that temptation unless, of course, you can see the certain or almost certain defeat of the contract.

Here is a hand illustrating the principle:



Z is playing a contract of Three No Trumps. A leads the 6 of Spades, the 9 was played from Dummy and the Knave by B and Z won with the Ace.

Z now led a Diamond and finessed the Queen, B winning with the King, and having a second guard in the suit, was now obsessed by the idea that he could establish his Hearts.

At trick three, therefore, he led his King of Hearts. Z won with the Ace, returned a Diamond and played Dummy's 10. B won with the Knave, made his Queen of Hearts and then, as the Knave did not drop, led a Spade and Z made his game with two tricks in Spades, two Hearts, three Diamonds and two Clubs.

Now, of course, this was incredibly bad play. Yet it actually occurred. B was absolutely wrong to change suits. With three of his partner's suit he must return the lead as soon as he gets in and never lead Hearts. By this play the game must be saved.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

LAST week four games—the third to the sixth of the series—were played. Dr. Euwe won the fifth, Dr. Alekhine the sixth, and the other two were drawn. The scores now are: Dr. Euwe 3 points, Dr. Alekhine 3.

The second game of the match.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	22. K R to K sq	Q to Q 7 (w)
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	23. Q takes Q	R takes Q
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	24. P to K B 4	Kt to Kt 3
4. Kt to B 3	P takes P	25. B to B 4	K R to Q sq (x)
5. P to Q R 4	B to B 4	26. R to K 6	K R to Q 3 (y)
6. Kt to K 5	P to K 3 (s)	27. Q R to K sq	K to B 2
7. B to Kt 5 (h)	B to Q Kt 5 (r)	28. R takes R	R takes R (z)
8. Kt tks P (B 4)	Q to Q 4	29. P to R 4	K to Q 2
9. B takes Kt (ch)	Q takes Kt (s)	30. K to B 2	Kt to K 2
10. Q to Q 2 (t)	P takes B	31. K to B 3	Kt to Q 4
11. P to K 4	Q to Kt 6	32. B to Q 3	P to K B 3 (q)
12. P takes B	Kt to Q 2 (u)	33. B to B 5, ch	K to Q sq
13. P takes P	P takes P	34. K to Kt 4	Kt to K 2 (r)
14. R to K 2	Castles (Q R)	35. R to Kt sq	K to K sq (s)
15. Castles	P to K 4 (h)	36. K to K 5	K to B 2
16. P takes P	Kt takes P	37. B to R 2, ch (t)	K to B sq
17. Q to B sq	B takes Kt (i)	38. K takes P	R to Q 7 (u)
18. P takes B	K R to Kt sq (j)	39. B to K 6	R to Q 6
19. Q to K 2	K to Kt sq (k)	40. P to Kt 4	R takes P
20. P to Kt 5	R to Q 2	41. P to Kt 5	Resigns (v)
21. Q R to Kt sq	Q to B 7 (l)		

(a) The usual move is Q Kt to Q 2.

(b) In the third game of his first match with Bogoljubow (1929) Dr. Alekhine played 7. P to R 3. The continuation was 7. . . . P to B 4; 8. P takes P, Q takes Q, ch; 9. K takes Q, B takes P; 10. P to K 4, B to K Kt 3; 11. B takes P, Kt to B 3; 12. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt with about an even game. In the fifth game of the same match Dr. Alekhine played the text-move. If Black now plays 7. . . . P to B 4, then 8. P to K 4 with advantage to White.

(c) Bogoljubow played 7. . . . B to K 2, the continuation being 8. P to B 2, P to K R 3; 9. P to K 4, B to B 2; 10. B to K 3, Q Kt to Q 2; 11. Kt takes P (B 4), Castles; 12. B to K 2, P to B 4; 13. P takes P, B takes B P; 14. R takes R, Kt takes R; 15. P to Q Kt 4 with a good game for White. The text-move appears to be better.

(d) If 8. Q to Kt 3, then not 9. . . . P to Q R 4 (because of 10. Q takes R, P takes Q; 11. Kt takes Q, Kt takes Kt; 12. Kt to Q 6, ch, winning a pawn) but 9. . . . Kt to R 3.

(e) P takes B is a good alternative.

(f) Not B takes P because of the winning reply B takes Kt, ch.

(g) This is much better than P takes P. It threatens P to K 4.

(h) In our opinion he should first play 15. . . . Kt to Kt 3, threatening to win a pawn by 16. . . . P to K 4.

(i) 17. . . . Kt to Q 6 is tempting, but not good. After 18. B takes Kt, R takes B; 19. Q to B 4, B takes Kt; 20. Q to R 5, ch, K to Q 2; 21. P takes B. Black cannot play 21. . . . Q takes B P since White has the following winning continuation: 22. Q R to Q sq, R to Q sq; 23. R takes R, R takes R; 24. R to Q sq.

(j) If Kt to Q 6, then Q to Q 2.

(k) 19. . . . Q to Q 4; 20. P to Kt 3, Q to Q 7 seems better.

(l) Not Q takes R P because of K to R sq followed by Q takes P, ch.

(m) This appears to be best. If, instead, K R to Q sq, then Q to R 6.

(n) If 25. . . . Kt to K 5, then not 26. B takes R (because of 26. . . . Kt to B 6, ch; 27. K to B sq, Kt takes P, ch; 28. K to Kt sq, Kt to B 6, ch, drawing by perpetual check) but 26. R to K 3.

(o) An attempt to double Rooks on the seventh rank would not do Black any good, e.g., 26. . . . R to Q B 7; 27. R takes K B P, K R to Q 7; 28. B to B sq.

(p) Not K takes R because of B to Kt 8, threatening either B takes P or R to K 6, ch.

(q) If Kt takes K B P, then B takes P. If, instead, 32. . . . Kt takes Q B P; 33. B takes P, Kt takes P, then 34. B to B 5, ch, K to B 2; 35. P to R 5, R to Q sq; 36. P to R 6, R to K R sq (there is nothing better); 37. P to R 7, Kt to B 4; 38. R to K 7, ch, K to Q 3; 39. R to Kt 7, followed by 40. R to Kt 8 and wins.

(r) If Kt takes Q B P, then K to R 5, followed by K takes P with a winning end-game for White.

(s) 35. . . . R to Q 4; 36. R to K 6, P to R 4, ch is an alternative continuation. We do not think, however, that it would save the game for Black.

(t) Better than K takes P at once.

(u) 38. . . . P to B 4, ch; 39. K to R 5, R to Q 6; 40. P to Kt 4, P takes P; 41. K takes P, R takes P would give much better chances of saving the game. If, instead, 38. . . . Kt to B 4, ch; 39. K to Kt 6, Kt takes Kt P, then 40. P to R 5 with a winning end-game for White.

(v) 41. P to Kt 5 was Dr. Alekhine's sealed move and Dr. Euwe resigned without resuming play. After 41. . . . P takes P; 42. B P takes P White wins easily by advancing his Knight's pawn.

The third game of the match.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	32. B takes P	Kt to B 5
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	33. B to B 7 (p)	K to B 2
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	34. P to R 4	P to Kt 4 (q)
4. Kt to B 3	P to K 3 (a)	35. B to R 5, ch	K to K 2 (r)
5. P to K 3	Q Kt to Q 2	36. B to Kt 4	B to Kt 2
6. B to Q 3	B to Kt 5 (b)	37. B to K 5 (s)	Kt takes B
7. Castles	Castles	38. P takes Kt	P takes P
8. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt	39. K to Kt sq	B to R 3
9. P takes B	Q to B 2 (c)	40. K to R 2	K to B 2
10. Kt to Q 2	P to K 4	41. K to R 3	B to B 8
11. B to Kt 2	P to K 5	42. B to B 5	K to K 2
12. B to K 2 (d)	P to Q Kt 4	43. K to R 2	B to K 7
13. P takes Kt P	P takes P	44. K to R 3	B to B 8
14. P to Q R 4 (e)	P takes P	45. B takes P	K to K 3
15. P to Q B 4 (f)	P takes P (g)	46. K takes P	K takes P
16. Kt takes B P	Kt to Kt 3	47. B to R 3	K to B 2
17. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt (h)	48. K to R 5	K to Kt 2
18. K takes P	B to Q 2	49. P to K 4	B to Q 6
19. R takes R (i)	K takes R	50. P to K 5	B to Kt 3, ch
20. Q to Kt sq (j)	R to K sq	51. K to Kt 4	K to B 2
21. R to B sq	Q to Q 3	52. B to Q 5, ch	K to K 2
22. Q to B 2	P to K 3 (k)	53. K to B 4	B to R 2
23. Q to B 7	Q takes Q (l)	54. P to Kt 3	K to B sq
24. K takes Q	R to Q B sq	55. B to K 4	B to Kt sq
25. R takes R, ch	B takes R	56. B to B 3	K to K 2
26. P to B 5	B to Kt 2 (m)	57. K to Kt 4	K to K 3
27. K to B 2	Kt to K sq	58. K to R 4	K to K 2
28. R to R 3	B to Q 4 (n)	59. B to Kt 4	B to Kt 6
29. R to K 7 (o)	P to B 4	60. B to B 8	K to B 2
30. P takes P	P takes P	Drawn (t)	
31. R to Q 8	Kt to Q 3		

(a) In the first game of the match Dr. Alekhine played P takes P.

(b) An unusual move. Either P takes P or B to K 2 is generally played.

(c) Preparatory to P to K 4.

(d) White now threatens to break up Black's centre by 13. P takes P, P takes P; 14. P to Q B 4.

(e) If 14. B takes P, then 14. . . . R to Kt sq; 15. B takes Kt (if P to Q R 4, then P to Q B 3) and now either (1) 15. . . . R takes B; 16. B takes R, R takes B, Black soon recovering his pawn with a good game, or (2) 15. . . . B takes B, threatening either R takes B, B to Kt 4 or Kt to Kt 5.

(f) Better than Q takes P, to which Black can reply with Kt to Kt 3.

(g) Best.

(h) If 17. . . . Q takes Kt, then 18. B to R 3, B to K sq; 19. B to B 5 with a very good game for White.

(i) If R to B 4, then Q to Q 3. If, instead, 18. R to R sq, then 19. . . . K takes R; 20. Q takes R, Q to B 7; 21. B to Q sq, Q to Q 6 with a good game for Black.

(j) White has the better position. He has two Bishops against Bishop and Knight, while Black has two isolated pawns.

(k) Not R to Q B sq because of the winning reply Q takes R, ch. The text-book move, however, is not good since White can now exchange down into an end-game in which he has the advantage. Black should, instead, play Kt to Q 4.

(l) If 23. . . . Q to K 3, then 24. B to B 4, Kt to Q 4; 25. B takes Kt, Q takes B; 26. Q takes P.

(m) Black must try to keep at his K 5 an obstacle to the advance of White's centre pawns. After 26. . . . P takes P; 27. P takes P White's winning chances would be greatly increased.

(n) Not P to B 4 at once because of R to B 4, ch, driving Black's King further away.

(o) White now threatens R to Q 8. 29. . . . B to B 3 would save the Queen's Knight's pawn, but after 30. B to B 4, Kt to B 2; 31. B to Q 8, Kt to R sq Black would have a wretched position.

(p) After 32. B takes Kt, B takes B the Bishops would be on different colours and a draw certain.

(q) He cannot allow White to play B to B 4 followed by P to R 5 and an advance of the King to the Queen's side.

(r) Not 35. . . . K to B 3 because of 36. B to Q 8, ch, K to B 4; 37. P to Kt 5, ch, K to K 3; 38. P takes P, P takes P; 39. B takes P, winning a pawn. If, instead, 35. . . . K to Kt 2, then 36. R to Q 8, P takes P; 37. B takes P, to be followed by B to Kt 5, B to B 4 and the advance of the King to the Queen's side.

(s) Threatening B to Kt 7.

(t) White cannot force home his extra pawn.

TOURNAMENT IN AUSTRIA

The following game shows a strong attack by Ragosin.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Ragosin.	BLACK. Reshewsky.	WHITE. Ragosin.	BLACK. Reshewsky.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	19. B takes P	Q takes P
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	20. B to Q 2 (h)	Q to B 2 (i)
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	21. R to B sq	Q to Kt 3 (j)
4. P to K 3 (a)	B to B 4 (b)	22. Q to R 4	Q R to Kt sq
5. B to Q 3 (c)	P to K 3	23. B to R 5	Q to Q 3 (k)
6. Kt to B 3 (d)	P takes P	24. R to B 7 (l)	Q to K 2
7. B takes P	B to Q Kt 5	25. P to Q 5	Kt to B 4 (m)
8. Q to Kt 5	Q to K 2	26. B takes K R	R takes B
9. Castles	Castles	27. Q to R 3	R takes P
10. P to Q R 3	B takes Kt	28. P to K 4	R to Q 7
11. P takes B	Q to B 2 (e)	29. Q takes Kt	Q to Kt 4
12. Kt to K 5	Q Kt to Q 2	30. R to K B 2	R to Q sq
13. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	31. P to B 4	Q to B 3
14. P to B 3	P to Q Kt 4 (f)	32. Q takes K P	Q to K 2
15. B to K 2	P to K 4	33. P to B 5	Q to K 6
16. P to Q R 4	B to K 3	34. Q to B 7	R to Q B sq
17. Q to Q sq	K R to Q sq (g)	35. Q takes R, ch	Resigns.
18. P takes P	P takes P		

(a) Rather tame. Kt to B 3 is generally preferred.

(b) A good reply to White's last move.

(c) P takes P is the usual move. Black's best reply is P takes P.

(d) B takes B would not be good as Black's pawns at Q 4 and K B 4 would give him command of White's K 4.

(e) Preparatory to Q Kt to Q 2.

(f) Probably played so that two moves later he can retreat his Bishop with an attack on White's Queen. However, the move weakens his position.

(g) P to Q R 3 is better.

(h) The inferiority of Black's plan in the last six moves is now evident. White now develops his forces very rapidly.

(i) If 20. . . . Q to Kt 7, then 21. B to B 6, Q R to B sq; 22. P to Q 5.

(j) Q to Q 3 is better, but Black has the inferior game in any case. After the text-move the exchange is lost.

(k) If 23. . . . Q takes K B, then 24. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 25. B takes R. If, instead, 23. . . . Q to Kt 2, then 24. B takes R, R takes B; 25. B to B 6, Q to Kt 3; 26. R to Kt sq followed by 27. P to Q 5.

(l) Stronger than B takes R at once as R drives the Queen to an inferior position.

(m) If 25. B takes P, then 26. B takes Kt, R takes B (if Q takes R, then Q takes Q followed by B takes R); 27. B takes R.

PROBLEM No. 3932

By J. A. J. SMITH.*

WHITE (9 pieces): King at Q R sq, Queen at Q Kt sq, Rooks at Q Kt 6 and K 8, Bishop at Q B 2, Knight at Q 4, Pawns at Q R 5, K 7 and Q Kt 7.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at Q B 2, Queen at K R sq, Bishops at Q Kt sq and K 3, Knights at K B sq and K B 3, Pawns at K B 2, K R 3, Q 4 and K 5.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* First prize, *British Chess Magazine*, 1934.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3931

1. Q to Kt 7, Any move 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.

CHRISTMAS CONGRESS AT HASTINGS.—The eighteenth annual Christmas congress of the Hastings and St. Leonards Chess Club will be held at the White Rock Pavilion, Hastings, from December 28th to January 6th. The programme will include a Premier Tournament limited to ten players by invitation), and a Premier Reserves Tournament, a Major Tournament, and First, Second and Third Class Tournaments, each in sections of ten players. Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. Allan F. Kelsey, at the Chess Club, 7, Carlisle Parade, Hastings. Entries should be sent to him not later than December 9th.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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

Rainbows for Examination.—Our biologist examined the two rainbow trout you sent from your lake. He reports that as far as he can find out both seem to have been healthy fish. The smaller one was not quite so firm in flesh as the larger, but neither had any sign of disease. He suggests, as a possibility, that the larger fish may be bullying the smaller ones, with the result that scales may be lost.—*T. B., Surrey.*

Suitability of Water for Trout.—The cloudy, green appearance of the sample of water is due to two types of blue-green algæ, the bulk of which will be found in the top 2ft. of water. Both are found in stagnant waters into which a fair amount of organic matter passes, and when one finds a great quantity of them it very often happens that sewage is the cause. This algæ indicates organic pollution, so it would not be very wise to stock with trout until you can cure this trouble.—*J. H. B., Northern Ireland.*

Short Gill Covers.—The rainbow trout sent from a small pond near St. Andrews, Fife, had short gill covers, which is a fairly well-known deformity among trout and starts in the alevin stage. The cause of this deformity is unknown, but the gill covers are turned inwards, which allows the gills to become exposed. The extended lower jaw also occurs in early life, and is due to some slight abnormality in the area where the upper and lower jaw are joined to the skull. These abnormalities, though rather unsightly, do not seem to do any serious damage to the fish. The thinness of the fish is quite probably due to the fact that they have to find food for themselves in competition with wild fish, though they have previously been artificially fed: consequently they are not as good at obtaining a food supply as the wild trout.—*N. C. L., Scotland.*

Garden

Briar for Inspection.—The disease that has attacked this is crown gall (*Bacterium tumefaciens*). The only known treatment is to cut away the affected part and to burn it. Smear the wounded surface with Stockholm tar to prevent reinfection.—*A. P. C., Cheshire.*

Black Spot on Roses.—There is no need to destroy the roses. Pick off all affected leaves and burn them. Spray with liver of sulphur or Bordeaux mixture or Bentley's anti-rust. Water ground round trees with a very pale pink solution of permanganate of potash to kill spores. In winter clear all fallen leaves and spray ground with Bentley's anti-rust. When pruning in spring cut out all wood with characteristic patches and burn. Spray with anti-rust before buds open, and occasionally to protect young foliage.—*J. C. F., Flint.*

Sloe Gin and Damson Wine.—Sloe gin: Put into a two-gallon jar a gallon of gin, three quarts of sloes, 2½lbs. of lump sugar and 4oz. of bitter almonds. Leave for three months, but shake at least three times a week. Then strain and bottle, sealing the bottles. Damson wine: Gather the damsons on a dry day, weigh and bruise them. Put them in a barrel that has a cock in it, and to every 8lb. of fruit put a gallon of water. Boil the water and put it scalding hot to the fruit. Let it stand two days, then draw off and put it in a vessel and to every gallon of liquor put 2½lb. of fine sugar. Fill up the vessel and stop it close and the longer it stands the better. You may keep it twelve months in the vessel and then bottle it, putting a lump of sugar in each bottle. The small damson is the best for making wine.—*T. W. W., Wrading.*

Rose Foliage Sent for Inspection.—This specimen is badly affected by rose rust. To prevent a recurrence of this disease it is imperative that all leaves bearing winter spores should be collected and burned. This applies equally to fallen dead leaves and to leaves remaining on bushes that have been infected. If this work is thoroughly done no infection can take place the following season. Winter spores are not formed on the wood. In cases where rust has previously existed, the bushes should be sprayed just when the leaves are expanding, with a solution of potassium sulphide. If rust spots appear on the wood the patches should be treated with a solution consisting of equal parts of methylated spirit and water. This may be thoroughly rubbed in with a piece of sponge. A solution of potassium sulphide popularly known as "liver of sulphur"—1oz. dissolved in five gallons of rain water—is an excellent fungicide against rose rust. If a tablespoonful of liquid glue is added, the fungicide adheres much longer to the foliage. If the whites of two eggs are used instead of the glue, adhesiveness is still greater.—*A. H. E., Wilmslow.*

Golf

Open Championship Conditions.—Two qualifying rounds for the British Open Golf Championship were instituted in 1914—the year Harry Vardon won at Prestwick. Eighty players qualified for the championship proper. This system of reducing the entry continued until 1926, when, after a conference between the P.G.A. and the Royal and Ancient Club, sectional qualifying rounds in different districts were played. This did not prove satisfactory, and in 1927 two qualifying rounds, one on the Championship course and one on an adjacent one with 100 players passing into the Championship itself were held, and have been ever since.—*E. S., British Columbia.*

Naturalist

Specimens Identified.—They are the caterpillars of a sawfly. The "small black creatures" are their droppings. It would be unwise to treat the foliage now, as they will not affect the crop.—*J. H. L., Taunton.*

Caterpillar Identified.—The caterpillar of the Emperor Moth (*Saturnia pavonia*), common on heaths and moors in parts of the British Islands. Although grouse eat large numbers of insects, it is apparently unusual for such large (fully grown as the specimen sent) caterpillars to be eaten by these birds.—*W. S. L., Co. Tipperary.*

Insect Identified.—The insect is an ichneumon fly. It is parasitical on caterpillars in which it lays its eggs, the resulting grubs feed on the contents of the hosts. The sting-like process is its ovipositor, which is capable of piercing the skin; it is not poisonous, but in rare cases causes inflammation and irritation. The fly is a common species (belonging to the family *Ophion*) attracted by artificial light in the late summer and early autumn.—*F. E. P., Blyth.*

Tick Identified.—The tick is common on vegetation, grass, &c., it gets attached to passing animals and sucks their blood. The specimen sent is one that has not fed long, as after doing so, it becomes much inflated, being four times larger. There are several burrowing bees, also a great number of ichneumons which we are not able to identify without seeing them. What is "said locally" about ticks probably refers to harvest bugs, which abound on dry grassland and vegetation generally; they are minute acari and cause great irritation, mostly affecting the more tender parts of the body.—*E. S. H., London.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

"Cramp" in Pheasant Chicks.—A correspondent has asked our advice on the curative and preventive treatment of cramps in pheasant chicks aged ten to fourteen days. "Cramps" or "cramp" is a symptom; it is not a specific disease. The symptom of cramps has been shown by chicks suffering from rickets due to feeding defects, and very commonly from the contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis; occasionally it is described in younger chicks dying of pneumonia due to chill.—*J. S., Devon.*

Verminous Typhlitis.—The thread-worm infection of the cæca (blind gut), known as verminous typhlitis, has been found in a fowl and in a Chinese goose. The disease is spread through contamination of the food, water and ground by the droppings of infected birds. The in-contact birds should be given the "Nicotine Compound Pill (Willows Brand)," procurable through your local chemist. The dose is one pill for a fowl and two pills for a goose. Seven days after the first dose a second dose should be given, and 48 hours later the treated birds should be moved on to clean land. The infected ground should be dressed with 2 tons of quicklime and 56lb. of copper sulphate per acre, and should be kept free of poultry for at least twelve months. During the nine days of treatment the droppings and litter from the fowl house should be burned and the interior of the house should be thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap.—*E., Norfolk; E. C., Essex.*

Gapes in Pheasants.—Infection of the windpipe by the red-coloured gapeworms proves destructive of pheasant poults either by producing pneumonia, or by asphyxia due to the worms blocking the air-tubes. The disease is spread through contamination of the ground, food and drinking water by the worm-containing droppings of birds which are suffering from gapes. Thus when poults go down with the disease in covert, individual treatment is usually out of the question; so that ailing and weakened birds should be promptly removed from the coverts; if caught they could be penned and treated; otherwise they should be destroyed and their bodies should be burned. Another factor which aids the propagation of the disease is damp clay soil, and heavy top growth preventing the sunshine penetrating the trees. Such damp coverts should be thinned out and drained, since poults require dry ground for the preservation of their health. Old birds are equally susceptible to gape-worm infection, but they are more resistant and only occasional cases are killed by the disease. Not infrequently the disease is complicated by the presence of other infections, such as coccidiosis and trichostrongylosis. Here again one main method of combating these infections is to ensure dry, airy, amply coverts, with well-drained rides. Wild bred pheasants show a preference for small copses or the edges of woods; they avoid dark interiors with heavy top and under-growth for cover during the autumn.—*W. G. M., Somerset; J. R. W., Cumberland; J., Berks; T. C. L., Suffolk; A. G., Yorks; S. C. D., Hereford.*

Riding

Near and Off Sides.—The origin of the term "near side and off side" arises from the fact that owing to the position of the sword, horsemen have always mounted from the left-hand side, that is naturally the side nearest to them, consequently "near side." The "off side" is a kind of derivation of off, meaning away, that is the side farthest away from you as you stand to mount.—*W. S., Trefrie.*

Shooting

Duck Shooting.—For long range duck shooting the Alphamax cartridge loaded with 1¼oz. No. 4 shot would no doubt be found very suitable. You are mistaken, however, in quoting the shot load as 1¼oz. Messrs. I.C.I. have never loaded such a charge in a 2¾in. Alphamax cartridge, whereas the pressure developed by the 1¼oz. shot load in this cartridge is practically normal, a load of 1¼oz. would be excessive if not dangerous. Your gun, weighing 6¾lb., is certainly light, and recoil would be most unpleasant; in fact the makers do not recommend the use of these cartridges in guns under 6¾lb. A gun bearing the 1¼oz. proof mark is suitable and safe for any make of cartridge providing the pressure developed is not above that developed by the standard 1¼oz. load. It might be as well to write to the makers of the gun (Messrs. Lewson) and act on their advice.—*M. D., India.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

THERE was a very good attendance at Messrs. Watson, Shepherd & Wade's Leicester Repository on Saturday last, the principal attraction being the stud sold by order of the executors of the late Earl of Londesborough, all of which changed hands. After spirited bidding the brown gelding Royal Scot and chestnut gelding Argo were got for 420gs. each, whilst the two bay geldings Cork and Melrose sold at 400gs. and 300gs. respectively. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam accepted 250gs. for her horse Sir Raymond and 185gs. and 110gs. for Jimmy James and Goldrush. Mr. George Dickinson got 200gs. for his chestnut gelding Cork Silver Cora. The prices of 30gs. or more were as follows: Property of Mr. George Dickinson: Cork Silver Cora, ch g, 200gs.; Cark Bright Cora, br g, 80gs. Property of Mr. J. Y. Rank: Birthday Chimes, b g, 60gs.; Salmon Run, b g, 32gs. Property of Mr. J. Y. Reed: Ch m, 52gs. Property of Sir Gerald Ranson: Maureen, ch m, 46gs. Property of Mr. G. Jackson: Wireless, br g, 80gs. Property of Miss V. Jackson: Patience, ch m, 35gs. Property of Lady Helena Fitzwilliam: Goldrush, 110gs.; Sir Raymond, 250gs.; Jimmy James, 185gs. Property of Mr. A. J. Leveson-Gower: Hullo, ch g, 82gs. Property of Mr. S. Oldham: Gr m, 50gs. Property of the late Earl of Londesborough: Cork, b g, 400gs.; Royal Scot, br g, 420gs.; Melrose, b g, 300gs.; Sandbay, b g, 175gs.; Oliver, b g, 175gs. Blankney Hunt Horses: Argo, ch g, 420gs.; Newmarket, b g, 90gs.; Thirteen, ch g, 40gs. Blankney Cubdanters: Fairway, gr g, 57gs.; Amber Jack, ch g, 41gs.; Dandy, ch g, 90gs. Property of Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Bart.: Ch g, 110gs.; ch g, 80gs.; b m, 37gs. Property of Mr. E. J. Wilkinson: Tarpeline, br m, 50gs.; Property of Mr. C. A. Muntz: Skipping By, br g, 54gs. Property of Mr. W. R. Tanner: Cork Robin, 150gs. Property of Mr. D. R. Tennant: B g, 70gs. Other horses: Ch g, 39gs.; b g, 52gs.

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Charles E. Brown

HUNT SECRETARIES FOR TWO GENERATIONS

At the opening meet of the Rockwood Harriers: Sir John Quarmby, who was Honorary Secretary for thirteen years, and his son, Mr. Alex. Quarmby, who now fills the post

ROVER

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(John Prioleau)



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FIELD
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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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MISS JEAN BATTEN'S FLIGHT

ALTHOUGH the use of superlatives is apt to be abused when we consider the recent record flight of Miss Jean Batten from Australia to England we must all admit that she has richly deserved her crown of laurels and the highest praise that we can bestow. We are becoming used to stupendous feats in the world of aviation, performed more generally by men, but when one of the gentler sex aims for the stars and reaches them it is right that our very genuine admiration should be expressed in the most enthusiastic terms. Flights of ten thousand miles are no novelty, but no mere chance can account for this success following, as it does, Miss Batten's record-breaking solo flight, the first of its kind, from Great Britain to New Zealand.

As a demonstration of physical endurance and a supreme example of air pilotage at its best in trying weather conditions, her latest flight holds to-day, and will ever hold, a very high place in the annals of civil aviation development. We know well that such a success is only within the reach of a limited number of men and women air pilots, as special qualities, physical and otherwise, are required that all do not possess. While nothing can be said which will in any way detract from the merit of this superlative achievement, it is not to be forgotten that it is people like Lord Wakefield of Hythe, who, realising the great potentialities of civil aviation in the world at large and the Empire in particular, have had the sagacity to choose well those who have received unstinted support for their great adventure. Such adventures could not have been attempted but for this far-sighted man who has enabled the Raleighs of to-day to follow in the footsteps of the great Elizabethans.

When in 1930 that greatly admired prototype of women pilot venturers, Miss Amy Johnson, made her pioneering flight to Australia in a small open cockpit machine of less than half the speed of those used to-day, the rewards in fame and fortune were definite incentives. Miss Johnson's flight, the first of a wonderful series, was an epic performance, and she deserved and received well-merited praise and financial compensation for her fine effort. The day is perhaps past when those who follow in her steps can expect to receive the same practical recognition, but none the less these well-organised and successful attempts resulting in the raising of the standard of performance in air transport deserve and will receive a warm-hearted commendation from all who realise the great future of air communications throughout the world. When Sir Ross and Keith Smith made the first air link between the Mother Country and Australia in 1919, their journey was completed in little less time than that taken by ocean liners. Now modern air liners reach this far-flung Dominion in one-fifth the time of the fastest vessel

It is out of place to make comparisons between the flights of pioneers and those most recently accomplished for record-breaking purposes. Miss Johnson's original England-Australia flight was accomplished in nineteen days on a machine with a cruising speed of but 70 miles per hour. Miss Batten's flight took no more than five-and-three-quarter days, her machine having a cruising speed of 156 m.p.h. If we are to draw a conclusion from this fact—which does not detract from the merits of either flight—it tends to prove that, not only is the spirit of adventure and the capacity for endurance as strong in the women pilots of to-day as those qualities were marked in the pioneers, but that British designers remain in the forefront of the world in their ability to improve the breed of light aircraft and aircraft engines. It is particularly interesting to note that this latest record of Miss Batten is not only the fastest solo flight from Australia to England, but is the first flight of this nature in which the designer of the aircraft and the pilot were citizens of Australia and New Zealand, Captain Percival, that most successful designer and producer of high performance light aircraft, hailing from the Commonwealth.

WILDFOWL RESEARCH AND BERLIN

THE exhibit of the Wild Fowl Inquiry Committee of the International Committee for Bird Preservation (British Section) for the International Sporting Exhibition in Berlin illustrates some of the many investigations being carried out by that committee with regard to the status of wildfowl throughout Europe, and the reasons for their decrease. It includes photographs showing the effect of draining of land and the development of the tundras, and illustrations of the working of a duck decoy. A list of the numbers and various species of duck ringed at the Orielton Ringing-Decoy is given, and two maps showing the recoveries of ringed teal and wigeon are of particular interest. A most valuable part of the exhibit is that on *Zostera* (the marine weed on which duck feed), prepared by Mr. A. J. Wilmott, of the Botanical Department, British Museum (Natural History). The exhibit should give a good idea to the representatives of other countries who attend the Berlin Exhibition of the extensive work which is being organised in Great Britain in order to secure the future welfare of wildfowl throughout Europe.

BERLIN BIG-GAME EXHIBITION

Opening on November 3rd, an exhibition of the world's finest big-game sporting trophies will be held from that date to November 21st in the Kaiserdamm, Berlin. The British section, organised by the "Field," contains more than 350 heads, many of them "records." In addition to big-game trophies there will be a section of sporting pictures and photographs, and angling and gun exhibits. It is anticipated that with the tourist mark in their favour and the reduction of 60 per cent. in fares on the German railways there will be many visitors from Great Britain.

EXCITING POLO IN AMERICA

Old Westbury's victory in the American Open Championship was recently recorded in the *Field*. Since then they have accomplished the unusual feat of adding to this triumph the Monty Waterbury tournament for Open Championship teams on a handicap basis. And, more extraordinary too, they opposed Greentree in the final, their Championship opponents. The latter were in good form, including Balding, and the match was not decided until a minute and a half had been played in a ninth chukker. Greentree led most of the way, due mostly to Hitchcock's unexcelled brilliance, but the match was always close and three times tied. The end of the eighth chukker found the teams at ten goals each. In the ninth Greentree attacked vigorously, but Balding had the misfortune to cross Iglehart, and Smith was given a free shot at the Greentree goal from 60yds. away. He did not miss, hitting an enormous shot that went high over the posts far out of reach. A fine end to a fine match.

BADMINTON BLUES

The progress made by the game of Badminton in the last few years is reflected, somewhat surprisingly, in the granting of a half Blue for Cambridge players in the annual match against Oxford. Enthusiasm out of the ordinary must have been brought to bear upon the Blues Committee, who have never granted such recognition with undue haste. Times have indeed changed since the players of Association and Rugby football at Cambridge appealed for the award of Blues and were refused—only to take the matter into their own hands and adopt the full Blue for themselves. The storm of controversy that followed and the subsequent meeting at the Union, when the footballers' action was substantiated by vote, were fully recorded in the *Field* at the time. Even in these more enlightened days, the Badminton players seem to have scored a signal triumph, and it only remains for Oxford to be equally up to date and follow suit.

CHALLENGE GOLF MATCHES

Last week a match was staged between two young assistant professional golfers, A. M. Chevalier and E. E. Whitcombe, and Henry Cotton and R. Whitcombe. Such a game should prove a great incentive to these two young players, and the question may be asked, why cannot there be more of these matches? They would not only be interesting to the golfing public but help along those who aspire to championship rank. Leading senior professionals would only be too ready to assist the younger members of their profession in this manner, and it is up to the clubs to arrange exhibition games of the kind. The publicity alone would repay them.

At the beginning of 1936 a challenge match between Essex and Surrey professionals was played. This resulted in a victory for the Essex four, much to the astonishment of the Croydon Alliance supporters. Since then practically no challenge games until last week's, have been staged.

In the old days of golf, challenge matches were a predominant feature of the game. The Morrises, the Dunns and the Parks all played in many which have now become famous history. The first recorded in the Handbook took place in 1843, when Allan Robertson played Willie Dunn a match over 20 rounds and won by two rounds with one to play. Let us have some more of them. Dates are easy to arrange for the next few months, and if the light fades early in the afternoon they can be confined to only one round. Even that would be better than none at all.

WITHOUT COMMENT

An American symphony: "At this time of the year a great many of us live especially to hear the tuneful baying of a hunting dog on a hot track. While many in the city drink in the harmony of a well-trained symphony, or the toe-tapping notes of a good jazz band, we will still vote for that melodious peal of tunefulness which rings across frosty, snow-covered hillsides. To enthusiastic rabbit hunters, few things are more stirring."

RUGBY IN THE RAIN

Who said that Rugby football was losing its appeal to spectators? Even squalls of rain could not damp the ardour of a large crowd at Richmond last Saturday to see London Scottish and Oxford University battling with the difficulties of a wet ground and wet ball. The democratic element was reflected, too, in an early cry of "Watch the game, ref.!" But where were the old joys of forward play under such conditions? The occasional cries of "Feet! Feet!" were as poor half-hearted wails compared with the stentorian shouts of a few years ago from Scottish supporters, and even when the rain was pouring down both sides persevered in trying to carry out hand-passing movements. Oxford have a big lot of forwards who scrummage well, but on this showing they have a lot to learn about wet ground tactics. The Scottish forwards were better in this respect, but only a shadow of the real Scottish article when it came to footwork.

LOOKING AHEAD IN LAWN TENNIS

The necessity for strengthening our Wightman Cup team next year has increased materially the efforts towards improvement which have been made by many of our less tried lady players. The victory of Miss V. E. Scott at Dulwich last week in the Surrey County Covered Court singles championship, following her success in the National doubles the week before in partnership with Miss J. Saunders, is significant. The Wightman Cup entails essentially a team match; in order to win it the presence of the best representative players both in singles and doubles is required. Our team this year did not meet this requirement. An influx of fresh talent which will make the older players "play for their places" and put the benefit of the doubt beyond the purview of the selection committee is the best assurance obtainable that we may next year break a discreditable run of seven successive years of failure.

END OF THE SALMON SEASON

Apart from the rods who fish the Tweed and one or two smaller streams, to-day is the last chance of a salmon this season. And a queer season it has been. Spates accompanied an opening of great promise in the North, though it was found that they, and their forebears of the winter months, had played pranks with the salmon pools, and in many cases plenty for the lower rods meant dearth for those higher up. Later came the drought, joining the dog days to St. Luke's little summer, bringing prosperity to the Spey, disillusionment to the Wye, and disaster to the rivers of the West. Though the tale of the closing days is not yet complete, it is probable that Nature's belated tears of repentance at the low level of her rivers have resulted only in making them altogether unfishable. For once, trout and salmon rods can mingle their curses: "let us all be unhappy together."

AN ARMISTICE DAY MEET

While Autumn's last reluctant leaves
Are slowly, sadly falling,
It seems the very woodland grieves,
The bitter past recalling;
And, meeting here, beneath the trees,
Once more in chill November,
We stand in groups of twos and threes
In silence—and remember.

For thoughts go flying down the years
And thrill our hearts to rapture,
Till eyes are wet with sudden tears—
We never can recapture
Those distant days with all their joys,
The jolly winter weather,
When, little more than care-free boys,
We chased the fox together.

How few of us who hunted then
Are left to tell the story;
A little bunch of grizzled men
Whose youthful dreams of glory
Are gone with those we knew so well,
And loved, as friends and brothers;
For this is all their records tell—
"They gave their lives for others."

Yet would they wish our thoughts of them
To be for ever gayer.
The robin sings a requiem
That ends our silent prayer,
And, with those cheerful, elfin notes
Our morbid dreams defying,
We pin red poppies in our coats
And keep the old flag flying.

EDRIC ROBERTS.



A KENTISH BROOK

"Like a second-rate metropolitan waterway or conduit which has not even the advantage of being straight"

MODERN RIVER CLEANING

Will Work in Progress Have Some Unfortunate and Unforeseen Results?

By A. H. V. LONGMAN

I SHOULD like to make it clear that I speak and question in this article purely as a layman. The questions which follow are asked and the tentative opinions put forward as the result of a feeling, that nothing to do with Nature could be so simple as this river-cleaning seems to be. My feeling in fact, is that "there must be a catch somewhere." So before the experts turn and rend me, I beg them to remember that "I'm a werry 'umble man."

Now for the questions and opinions. First, does cleaning a river from mouth to head waters in reality stop flooding, or does it remove the flooding from one place to another? It seems to me that if both the lower reaches and the head waters are cleaned out a greater volume of water can pass down the river in a given time without rising above the banks; but it also seems to me that the water will come down and rise so much faster and that unless the lower reaches are very appreciably enlarged as well as cleaned, floods will occur.

Conversely, if the rivers which drain a catchment area are cleaned out, what happens in time of drought? Surely, that the land is sucked stone dry of water, for there is no obstruction to conserve what little is left. Also the water level to which drainage flows is appreciably lower, and so the whole level of water above ground and underground in a countryside is lowered with it.

There is another and, perhaps, important point here. In hilly countries rivers rise fast and fall fast, and it might be said that such conditions should be manufactured by drainage engineering in countrysides of gentler contours. It should not be forgotten, however, that hilly country has a very much greater and more constant rainfall than lowland countries. Nature, as always, compensates. For although in hill countries the water runs away off the land fast, there is a constantly renewing supply which keeps the land watered. In flat countries there is no such certain supply. Nature again compensates and provides vegetation, soil and contours which tend to conserve rainfall. It is, therefore, perfectly possible for man to copy the conditions of quick drainage in hill countries, in all except one particular—but it is a very important particular, and literally the *fons et origo* of all drainage—rainfall. You cannot command rain.

Now the counties in which river cleaning has chiefly been undertaken could not by any stretch of the imagination be called mountainous. They are Sussex, Kent, Cambridgeshire, Staffordshire, Norfolk and Suffolk. There may be others, but these constitute a fair nucleus. Now, let me state several facts, without comment. I look to the experts for that comment. In Sussex the river under a certain bridge had a tidal rise and fall of just 6in. The river has now been cleaned, and with a spring tide the rise and fall is just over 4ft. What will happen when heavy rain falls just before a spring tide with a south-east wind—a very likely contingency? Also in Sussex, a brook has been cleaned bare, and the banks are in the process of falling in. They are to be boarded up. This seems wasteful, but perhaps necessary. Is it? A certain gravel-bedded river was neatly dredged. It has neatly disappeared for several years. Was that river intended to disappear, or was there a lack of that looking into the heart of things so necessary before attempting to change or improve natural conditions?

Now, to turn to things which may be considered by some to have little importance. First, fishing. A cleaned river has few or no weeds. Weeds not only help to oxygenate the water and so make it nourishing to cattle and human beings, but also constitute the food supply and habitation of the smallest creatures in the river and so on up the scale to pike or trout. Oxygen largely supplied by the weed is also the principal agent in the self-purification of waters, and so its absence affects everyone from fish to human beings. River cleaning, then, on the face of it, can do little to improve a fishery. Wild animals, also, never visit and live in a place without good reason; they forsake a place for equally good reasons. On a stretch of cleaned river there is no wild life because there is no shelter and little food. Otters, stoats, and the various water-side birds have departed elsewhere.

And now for the least important aspect of all, at least so it seems in this age and this country—appearance. The appearance of a cleaned river is past all belief. It looks arid, sterile and fantastically ugly. England departs on the dredger and leaves behind it a second-rate metropolitan waterway or conduit which has not even the advantage of being straight. If the brook had feelings one would say that she was a middle-aged lady of quality, who had been robbed of her wig by impertinent urchins, and had to walk down Bond Street as "bald as an egg," as the saying goes. Such gropings after dignity as she might essay would be pathetic and embarrassing. If one were fond of her, what joy to leather the urchins; but better still, to recover the wig.

In conclusion, I think it will be agreed by all that river cleaning does not improve the beauty and interest of the country. Let us concede that it is a minor point. But I am asking those people who know more about land drainage than I do; first, Does river cleaning stop floods? Secondly, Is river cleaning of advantage to the people affected? And, thirdly, Of what use is river cleaning in a time of drought, and, if of no use, do its other advantages compensate for this uselessness? Again I say, I have a feeling that there is a catch somewhere!



THE BEAGLES HUNTING THEIR HARE NEAR ALDERSHOT

FIFTY YEARS A KENNEL-HUNTSMAN

The Reminiscences of Eli Cranston, Fifty years the Kennel-Huntsman of the Aldershot Command Beagles and Draghounds

YES, you can say I've been running for 50 years. It's more than that really, for I was with Colonel Dubourg for six seasons before I came to Aldershot. That was in 1888, and I brought several couples of Colonel Dubourg's hounds with me. They were a useful lot of hounds, and made what was known in those days as the South Camp Beagles into a good pack. Who paid for their food I don't know, but they'd carried on somehow. Soon after I arrived subscriptions were asked for. There was a good deal of trouble about this, because they'd managed without subscriptions up till then. In the end it was settled that every regiment should pay ten shillings a month. I suppose ten shillings went a lot further in those days than it does now. Anyhow, there were no more financial difficulties that I heard of.

Soon after I came, Sir Evelyn Wood was Commander-in-Chief. I used to meet him very often out riding with the old Duke of Cambridge when I was out exercising hounds. He'd always stop, and ask about the hounds. He was very keen on the beagles, and used to come out hunting with us often. He was the first to import foxes into Aldershot. He got a lot down from Scotland and kept them in an enclosure in the Government House grounds. In the early part of the season, when the Garth Hounds were going to hold a cubbing meet anywhere near, he used to get us to bring the beagles to hunt the foxes out of the Government House grounds to spread them about the country. On one of these occasions we hunted one from Government House to ground at Fleet Pond, three-and-a-half miles away. Sir Evelyn wasn't at all pleased. He thought we ought to have stopped them.

He used to make Government House a sanctuary for hares, too. He loved watching the hares on the lawn from his windows. When he held his yearly treat for the children of the garrison, he used to get us to bring the beagles and rout out all the hares so that the children didn't disturb them. I reckon we disturbed them more than the children.

One day Mr. Moulton Barrett was just going off for week-end leave, when he was told that the Commander-in-Chief wanted him at Government House. He wondered whatever Sir Evelyn could want, and changed out of his civilian clothes into uniform. When he got there, Sir Evelyn beckoned to him most mysteriously, and led him on tiptoe to the window. All he wanted was to show him a lot of hares feeding on the lawn! Mr. Moulton Barrett didn't find it so interesting, for by the time he had got away, and changed back into civilian clothes, his train had gone.

One day when Sir Evelyn was holding his yearly inspection of the R.E.s the beagles ran right across the parade ground in full cry, and upset everything. Sir Evelyn sent his galloper, Captain Fanshawe (now General Sir Hew Fanshawe and the father of Colonel Evelyn Fanshawe, commanding officer of the Queen's Bays) to ask whether it was a fox or a hare we were hunting, and where we had found him. I told him some good story—I can't remember what, because I know he wouldn't care to hear the truth. Actually hounds had run riot after a cur dog who passed the kennels, and it was that they were hunting. They ran that cur dog for miles.

Sir Evelyn was a great old sportsman, but touchy at times, and sometimes a little unreasonable. He had Bourley Gorse—now called Garrison Gorse—wired in and kept as a sanctuary for foxes. One day the Garth were hunting near there, and drew Bourley Gorse blank. Sir Evelyn got very cross, and looked round for someone to tell off. The only person near him was the Chief Engineer. I don't know whether he knew anything about hunting or not, or whether he only came out because the Commander-in-Chief did. Anyhow he got all the blame and was held entirely responsible because the covert was blank.

One of our most regular followers in those days was Captain Owen—Roddy Owen, who was the great G.R. of that day. He killed two birds with one stone coming out with the beagles, for he loved any kind of sport and enjoyed hunting, and kept his weight down for race-riding at the same time. He was a very good boxer, too. The duns learned that when they used to come to him to collect accounts. He had only one way of dealing with them "Oh, a dun are you?" he used to say, and gave them a jolly good punch on the nose. Word soon



Gale and Polden, Ltd.

ELI CRANSTON, WHO HAS BEEN KENNEL-HUNTSMAN TO THE ALDERSHOT DRAG-HOUNDS AND BEAGLES FOR FIFTY YEARS, AND IS RETIRING



Russell, London

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD, WHO WAS VERY KEEN ON THE HOUNDS



GENERAL SIR DAVID CAMPBELL WHO "WAS THE KEENEST COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SINCE THE WAR"

spread of how he dealt with them, and he wasn't often troubled. I don't know how the people did get their money; there was no one who'd go to get it from Roddy Owen.

He was as mad as a hatter at times. One day the hounds crossed the Basingstoke Canal. Sir Evelyn shouted: "Go on Roddy. Can't you see hounds have crossed?" Captain Owen jumped straight in and swam across. Of course, as always happens in that case—when someone jumps a big brook or does something desperate—hounds turned

had to be found for the kennels. They picked on the site where the School of Farriery now stands, but at the last minute the C.R.E. objected on account of the noise. At the same time they were telling me that I ought to get married. It seems they thought I would be easier to get hold of at odd times if I was married. I got married, but there were still no kennels, and no place for me to live. After a long time we applied for the present site and were successful. Sir Evelyn was at the War Office then, and no doubt it was due to him that permission was

50 years' running with the hounds. I caught my foot in a hole which the sappers had left after taking out a post, and tore a sinew in my leg. I hunted the hounds with two sticks for a long time after that. When, during the war, Sir Redvers Buller came back to Aldershot, he took a great interest. Subscriptions were started again, and the hounds put once more on to a proper footing.

In 1902 Colonel Lindley became Master. He was a great character. He was in charge of the school for yeomanry. Instead of teaching his students skeleton drill on the Long Valley, he used to bring them to the kennels. They were nearly all lords and dukes, and were far more interested in the hounds than in drill. Colonel Lindley was very keen, but no great runner. However, he used to get to the top of the nearest hill, and didn't miss much of what was happening.

Mr. R. A. Wynn took over the hounds in 1905. He did a tremendous lot to improve the hounds, getting drafts from other packs all over England. From then on we won a lot of prizes at hound shows. Poor Mr. Wynn! He had something the matter with his spine, and was on his back for 20 years before he died.

Many of those who made great names in the Great War were keen followers of the beagles in those days. Lord Byng was beagle president, General "Jakes" Harman (then a major in the Bays) seldom missed a meet, and General Sir Charles Kavanagh, who was a brigadier-general in Aldershot just before the War, often came out with his two daughters.

When the Great War broke out, the secretary paid up all the bills, gave me the balance in hand—it was £33—and told me to carry on. He said: "That will be enough to go on with. We'll all be back in six months' time." I wrote round to all the old followers I could think of, and collected another £50. Then I discharged the kennel boy, and carried on with my daughter Connie to help me. Connie—everyone knows "Con" of the





MOVING OFF ON A PLEASANT WINTER'S DAY

night back, and hit off the line on our side. Captain Owen had to swim back again.

Another time he went in the afternoon to look at his horses in the stable. A second later he was running down the road like a madman, shouting: "Fire! Fire!" The fire brigade and everyone turned out to find the horses eating their afternoon feed quite happily. Captain Owen had seen a sunbeam shining through a cobweb just below the roof, and had thought it the beginning of a fire.

After Sir Evelyn, the Duke of Connaught was Commander-in-Chief. The kennels had been at the Ordnance stores near the military cemetery, but it was proposed to enlarge the cemetery, so a new site

granted. He it was also, I think, who assessed the rent. We paid the Government 1/— a year *in quarterly instalments of threepence!* Later, when Lord Haldane came to the War Office, the rent was put up to £5 a year.

In 1896, Captain Barry became Master. He brought a lot of hounds from Alderney, where he used to hunt a drag with beagles. These were beautiful hounds, and greatly improved our pack. The present pack are almost entirely of that blood.

Then came the South African War, and we had a bad time. There was no subscription and no Master, and we had to carry on as best we could. It was at that time I had my only accident in over

Aldershot beagles—has whipped-in, and been my right-hand man ever since. I thought the most useful person to get to act as secretary would be one of the Provost Marshal's staff. He was a great help. You see, all the London detectives who'd joined up with that corps didn't care much for army rations. I suppose they'd been fed too well by their friends in the London basement kitchens. Anyhow, I got a tremendous lot of discarded bread and rations to give to the hounds.

In 1915 two voluntary helpers took over the funds and correspondence, but at the beginning of the season of 1916 they were both ordered out to France. They told me that they had only enough

money to last out another fortnight, and that I'd better sack myself and dispose of the hounds. Things looked very black! I didn't know what to do, but in the end I went to General Sir Archibald Hunter. He and General Cowie, of the R.E.s, helped me to carry on. Later they said: "Why not hunt foxes one day a week? There are a lot of injured officers here who can't run but who can ride." I don't think Sir Archibald was very keen on running himself. I suggested using only the bigger beagles for this, as we didn't want to spoil the pack. However, Lady Dalmeny gave us some hounds, and with permission of Mr. Gosling, Master of the Garth, we started hunting foxes with seven-and-a-half couple of hounds. It was a great success. Huge fields turned out, and the reserve cavalry regiments gave us big subscriptions, and we had great sport. There were the three Anthony Brothers at the Remount depot then, and they livened things up. There were a lot of lady motor drivers who were given mounts by the officers. They livened things up, too, but always seemed to go hardest over the golf greens and fairways. They caused a lot of trouble with the golf people, to say nothing of the hounds they kicked and rode over.

One of the best hunts we had in those days was in 1917. We found a fox near Norris Bridge, and ran him fast to Minley Manor. Then we swung right-handed by the bottom of Hartford Bridge Flats, came round the Frimley side of Blackwater, and lost him in the Watchets at Frimley.

After the Armistice we had to stop foxhunting, and the pack was sold to go to France to a French countess. There was a muzzling order in force then, and when we got them to Farnborough they wouldn't allow them on the train without muzzles. However, either Aldershot was out of the area, or they had read the order differently there. They took them on the train, and off they went to France.

The draghounds were in existence before I came to Aldershot. They were maintained by the Queen's Bays, the Royals and a third cavalry regiment—I forget which. However, there had been some trouble between these regiments on their account, and the pack was disbanded soon after I came. They were revived again in 1907 by the 21st Lancers, and have been more or less under my charge ever since, and are still going strong. The chief difficulty as regards the drag to-day is that there are so few good lines close enough to Aldershot, but fields average 25 per drag line, which is not bad for these days of mechanisation. The foxhounds have now a large country lent by the Garth, H.H. and Chiddingfold, and get quite big fields.

Since the War, General Sir David Campbell was far the keenest Commander-in-Chief we've had. He never missed a Saturday with the beagles, and after the opening meet used to give tea for 200 people at Government House. We had the biggest fields then that we have ever had. Nearly every brigadier in the command used to come out. They used to puff and blow a lot, but I suppose they thought it would help their military careers if they were seen out by the Chief. Sir David was a good runner, but a very high blower. I always used to know when he was just behind me by the noise. It used to make me nervous.

Sir David used to ride most drag lines, too, and during his régime as many as 50 riders per line used to turn out. I think he preferred hunting with the beagles to the drag, and he hardly ever went out with the foxhounds. He used to say: "One might just as well sit at home and gossip with one's friends as sit about at Bourley." Once, at the opening meet of the foxhounds at Government House, he said to the Master: "I hope you'll move off punctually, because I want to get out with the beagles."



GENERAL SIR PHILIP CHETWODE

Sir Archibald Murray and Sir Archibald Hunter were both most interested in the hounds and kennels during their tenure of office as Commanders-in-Chief, but, strange to relate, the G.O.C.-in-Chief who appeared to take least interest in them was Sir Douglas Haig. It seemed most odd to me, seeing that he was a cavalryman and a great general, but he never visited the kennels or spoke to me once during the whole time he was at Aldershot.

Among our very keenest supporters was Sir Philip Chetwode, who used to hunt regularly with all the local packs. Lord Rawlinson used to visit the kennels quite often, but he never seemed very interested in the hounds. He used to talk to me a lot, but not about hunting and hounds—always about poultry and broody hens. Of course, there is a big connection between foxhunting and poultry farming, as all secretaries of foxhounds know to their cost!

I think the two best hunts we ever had with the beagles were both in March. In one we found a hare on the polo ground opposite the Wellington Hotel, went past Eversley, left-handed past Yately cricket ground, and killed outside Minley Manor lodge on the Hartford Bridge Flats. The second, we found on Cove Common, crossed the canal, over Long Valley, straight to Bourley reservoir, left-handed into Crondall, and lost there in a flock of sheep. They were both jack hares.

Of course, I suppose I have served under more Masters than any other man on earth to-day. Most of them have been very good, perhaps a few not so good, but all of them have been very kind to me. I think perhaps the older Masters are easier to get on with than the younger ones. Though I've been running for 56 years I can get along pretty much the same still. I smoke about two cigarettes a day, and drink one small Guinness, and on hunting days I carry two gingerbreads in my pocket. I'm a great one for tea after hunting though. After one of the hunts I've mentioned, I drank sixteen cups of tea!

Although I'm over seventy and still very active, in one way I'm not sorry to be giving up. It's a wonderful organisation this Aldershot Command Sport, Tattoo and Show Office. They run all the sport of the garrison, and the Tattoo and everything, and do it wonderfully well. But when they sent me a paper telling me that they were budgeting for each hound to eat so many pounds of meal, so many pounds of flesh, so many ounces of salt, and so on, I felt a bit out of my depth. I went to the secretary and said: "I've been feeding hounds for nearly 60 years, but I don't feed 'em in ounces. I feeds 'em in buckets."

Even so, it's to them and General Sir Fran Gathorne-Hardy and the officers of the comma that I want to express my gratitude for organi this appeal for funds to help me and my fami my old age, so I can't be the one to grumbl account of the progress of modern organisat I only hope that when I'm in retirement the continue to have as good sport with the hounds in the old days.

(Followers of the Aldershot Foxhounds, Beagles and Draghounds, past and present, and old friends of Eli Cranston are invited to send subscriptions to a fund organised for the benefit of his retirement to Major C. Newington, M.V.O., Secretary A.C.A.A., Steel's Road, Aldershot, Hants, who will be pleased to acknowledge all donations.)



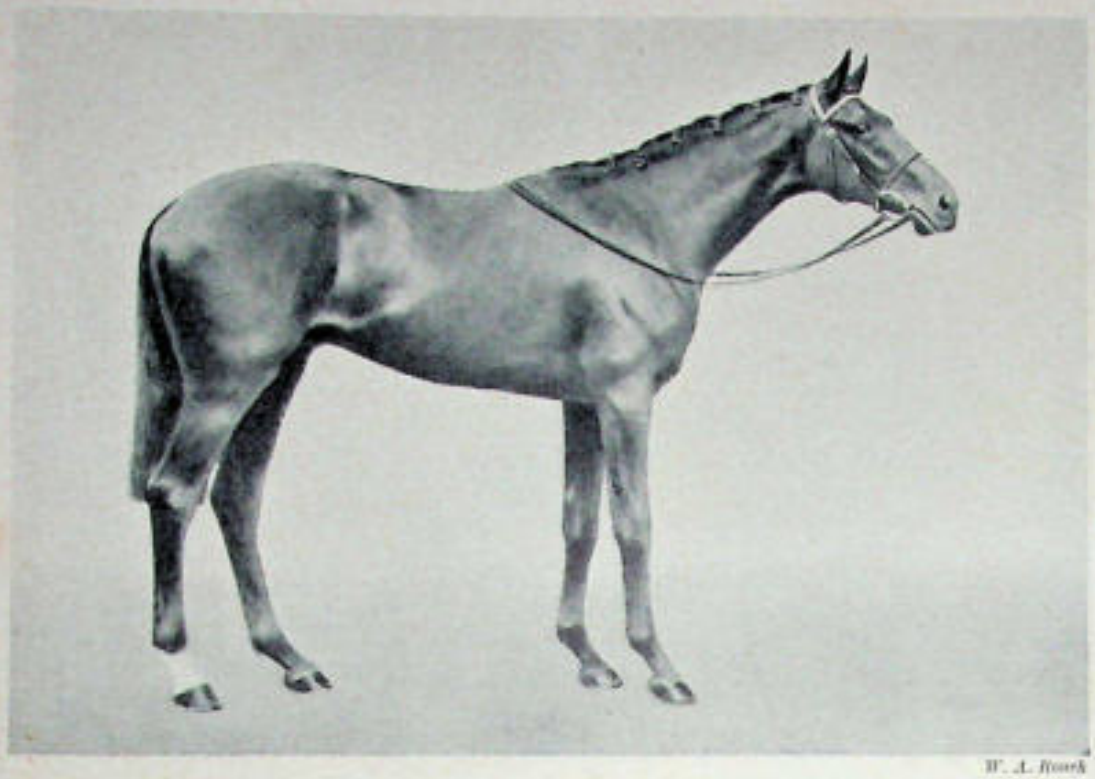
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THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND DRAGHOUNDS, SEASON 1926-27

Eli Cranston (Kennel Huntsman), Lieutenant J. Hawker, 13/18th Hussars, Lieutenant-Colonel Malise Graham, 10th Royal Hussars (Master), Captain C. F. Forestier-Walker, 3rd Hussars



GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GATHORNE-HARDY



W. A. Rouch

SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD'S PORTMARNOCK, WINNER OF THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES, DONCASTER

THE LEADING STABLE OF THE YEAR

Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort's Notable Season

UP to the end of last week's racing Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort had won for his patrons the sum of £56,926. Mr. J. Lawson came second on the list of winning trainers with £49,427, and Mr. Frank Butters was close up third with £45,939. There is every likelihood, therefore, that Boyd-Rochfort will head the table at the close of the season. This will be his first championship in his training career, though in point of cash he had a remarkably successful time in 1936, when his stable was second on the winning table with £54,265.

It was with the late Captain R. H. Dewhurst that Boyd-Rochfort served his apprenticeship as trainer, and he was also associated for a time with Mr. H. S. Persse. Then he became manager of the late Sir Ernest Cassel's horses, one of his earliest successes in this connection being the triumph of Hapsburg in the Eclipse Stakes after that colt had been second in the Derby. Later he trained that very good horse Royal Minstrel, who is now at the American stud.

Captain Boyd-Rochfort has gone from success to success during his occupancy of Freemason Lodge, one of the best appointed training establishments at Newmarket. Many of his best winners have been for American owners, including Mr. William Woodward, the chairman of the New York Jockey Club, Mr. J. H. Whitney, the president of the American Breeders' Association, Mr. Marshall Field and Mr. J. E. Widener, other notable figures in U.S.A. racing.

Among his other patrons Sir Humphrey de Trafford has been fortunate enough to find himself with one of the best two-year-olds of the present season in Portmarnock, who will probably be the winter favourite for the Derby. No doubt the best horse in the stable this year was Lady Zia Wernher's Precipitation, to whose stud prospects attention has lately been given in the *Field*.

One of the disappointments of Freemason Lodge was the comparative failure in this country of Omaha, one of the best horses bred in the U.S.A. in recent years. His splendid effort in the Ascot Cup last year was sufficient to establish this horse's high quality, but he did not train on well after that race, and has now gone back to his native country, where he will probably become a successful stallion. The shortcomings of Omaha have been made good by the excellent performances of his brother Flares, who, following his success in the Newmarket Stakes last year, has this year won the Princess of Wales's Stakes and several other races of importance. While this article is in the press it is expected that Flares will be in action at the Houghton meeting, and he is to remain in training another season.

In addition to Portmarnock the leading stable has provided a number of the leading two-year-olds of the season. Unbreakable has done well for Mr. Widener. True, his failure in the Middle Park Stakes was a disappointment, but it should be borne in mind that the colt had not long recovered from heel bug trouble. This had caused him to be stopped in his work, which was a matter of moment, since a colt of Unbreakable's great substance cannot be let down for a while with impunity.

Another brilliant two-year-old in the same yard is River Prince, the property of the Duke of Marlborough. It is not surprising that this youngster has proved himself one of the best stayers of his age, seeing that he is a son of the Cesarewitch winner, Rose Prince, whose stud value has never been sufficiently appreciated.

Two of Boyd-Rochfort's horses have signally failed to enhance their reputations this year. At the end of last season Mr. Marshall Field's Foray was placed at the head of the Free Handicap. As a son of Tetratema it was realised that he would be unlikely to make a stayer, yet it was fair to assume that he would win his share of races over short distances. So far this season Foray has been unable to add to his winning account, though it is clear he is still a very speedy colt.

Perifox has won two races, but hopes that he would make a classic colt have been shattered, and he is evidently not a colt who can be depended on to give of his best on the racecourse. For most of his owners Boyd-Rochfort has been able to win races in the course of the year. Mrs. W. Murray did well when her two-year-old Glen Loan carried off the big produce stakes at Kempton a few weeks ago, the value of that race being worth no less than £4,724 to the winner.

For Major Harold Cayzer the stable recently won the Atalanta Stakes at Sandown with Spray, who, much to the satisfaction of her owner, showed by this success that there had been no fluke about her position in the One Thousand, for which she was second to Exhibitionnist. This was Spray's last race, and her owner has taken a nomination to Trimdon for her in the coming season. Her stable companion, Black Lashes, a beautiful filly, also passes out of training, and she, too, is to be mated with Trimdon. One is glad to observe that horse securing young mares of this good type, because as a dual winner of the Ascot Gold Cup he is assuredly entitled to receive the whole-hearted support of breeders.

The colt Glen Loan is a great credit to his young sire Loaningdale, who is enjoying a remarkable successful first season. This is the source of much satisfaction to Captain Boyd-Rochfort, for he not only trained Loaningdale but he is the manager of the horse at the stud. It would seem that this sire is likely to fill the lamentable gap made at the stud by the all too early death of Colorado, though it is reasonable to expect Felicitation as well to do much towards keeping the line going.

Incidentally it has been decided to send Exhibitionnist to Mieuxcé in her first season in the paddocks. Several times we have expressed the opinion that the importation of Mieuxcé from France is certain to be of great advantage to the British stud, to which he introduces a most valuable outcross.

There remains a faint prospect that a sequence of successes in the final month of the season will enable Joseph Lawson to get in front again on the winning table or perhaps make it an interesting finish between the leading stables. At one stage of the campaign Manton looked likely to maintain the supremacy it held in 1936 and in many previous seasons, but the stable's good fortune deserted it when Rhodes Scholar met with an accident shortly before the Eclipse Stakes, which left him considerably below par in one of the richest prizes of the year.



W. A. Rouch

"LATER HE TRAINED THAT VERY GOOD HORSE ROYAL MINSTREL, WHO IS NOW AT THE AMERICAN STUD"

It was bad luck for Manton again when Early School, an undefeated two-year-old, could not be trained, though there was compensation for the stable when Exhibitionnist carried off both the One Thousand and the Oaks. Manton has not been so rich as usual in high-class two-year-olds, though probably a number of good ones in the yard have been too backward to be seen to advantage so far.

A FIRST CAPTURE BY CAMERA

Photographing *Rhinoceros sumatrensis* Under Difficulties

By THEODORE HUBBACK



AS SEEN BY THE CINEMA

IT had long been my ambition to take a photograph of *Rhinoceros sumatrensis* (the two-horned rhinoceros of Asia) in the Malayan jungle. I had hunted them, with some measure of success, for many years and fully knew the difficulty there would be to get a passable photograph. Hunting them was difficult enough.

I left home early in June, 1937, to visit a part of the jungle where I knew of a good salt lick, sometimes visited by rhinoceroses. The palmy days for the rhinoceros have gone from Malaya; they have been almost exterminated by pitting, an illustration of which is shown, and although the rhinoceros is still to be found in a few localities in ever-diminishing numbers, I believe it is doomed.

The locality which I proposed to visit was about five days' journey by river from my house, and I could only use my outboard motor for two days at the most, the rest of the journey having to be made by poling boat.

The day I left there was a small flood on, and the river being high, I was able to get along well and had almost reached my first camping place at 4 o'clock. Just below that camping place is a small rapid which is nothing at all normally, but with the river up about 6ft. there was a strong and steep current running through the narrows.

Unfortunately, when taking my big boat through with myself in it, the bow of the boat mounted a rock which was really a part of the bank but was now invisible, and almost before one could realise what was happening water started to come in over the stern of the boat. Hurried orders to slack off the towing rope resulted in the Malays letting go of the rope altogether, the boat swung round, started to fill, then rushed down-stream at the rate of knots.



MAT DRIS BY AN OLD PARTIALLY FILLED PIT DUG FOR THE CAPTURE OF RHINOCEROSES AND, RIGHT, THE SALT LICK WHERE THE RHINO WAS PHOTOGRAPHED



I could do nothing but hold on shouting to my men to come along with one of the other boats, which had not yet started to negotiate the rapid. They came along but not in time to save anything, the boat turning over just as I scrambled into the relief boat, everything else being precipitated into the water. So much for my rhinoceros photographing. Fortunately the flood went down during the next two days, and we were able to recover a good deal of my kit, but I lost valuable photographic apparatus and, of course, I had to return home to refit.

On my next attempt the river was low and navigation in the upper reaches was frequently by overland routes, but I reached my objective on the sixth day out, and having established my camp, I went to the salt lick to investigate. This lick consisted of two or three sulphur springs and was more or less kept clear by the visits of wild animals. I have seen tracks of tapir, serow, sambhur deer there, as well as those of rhinoceroses.

On arrival at the lick we immediately found fresh tracks of a rhinoceros which had been in or near to the lick for two or three days, and had, in fact, been there that very morning. This was a great stroke of luck because rhinoceroses are great wanderers, and sometimes do not come near this particular lick for months. But we had to build a hide and that would cause disturbance, so I decided to do that first, and then go farther up-river for a few days to investigate. Unfortunately the first hide I made proved to be unsuitable for photographing during the afternoon, so I had to abandon it and make another one on the other side of the lick.

This was not a very good place because it was too close to the main game trails which ran from the lick to a group of rhinoceros wallows behind us, but it was the only place I could find which would enable me to take a photograph during the afternoon and prevent the sun from looking into my lens.

The following day we left camp and went upstream with much difficulty owing to the lowness of the water. We bivouacked for two nights, and then returned to the base camp. When up the river about four miles from the salt lick we came across fresh tracks of another rhinoceros, not the one which had been in the lick but a bigger one—a very big one indeed. In fact, I think the tracks may have been made by the old beast which had so often defeated me. He had crossed the river and gone down-stream in the direction of the lick, so if the first rhinoceros had not left the locality then we had two rhinoceroses in the vicinity of the lick. I emphasise this because of what happened later on, as the behaviour of the rhinoceros I photographed may have been influenced by the presence of another one in the vicinity.

We went to the lick early the following morning and stopped there all day. We spent the next four days in the lick, putting in between eight and nine hours each day.

On the second day at 2.15 p.m. we heard a most extraordinary noise in the jungle to our right front. I had not the remotest idea what it was. Before I could solve the mystery a rhinoceros appeared from the edge of the jungle, snorting and stamping as he came across towards us, travelling at a fast walk. I had two cameras ready for him; I worked the Leica and my head boatman, who had done this before, worked my Movex ciné camera.

The rhinoceros came right over to the lick, which is shown in the photograph as a light patch of grass and rock, never stopped moving for a moment, although when actually at the lick he stopped walking for perhaps three seconds, and then crossed our front and passed to the right of the hide, getting into trees almost at once. His movements were so quick that I only got two Leica shots at him, and my man got about 8ft. of ciné; that was all. We had opportunities of photographing during a period of 20 seconds, and were actually in the hide for over 35 hours. The rhinoceros was quite unaware of our presence; his behaviour was not due to us, but it is possible that he had met the other rhinoceros—both were males—and they may not have been very fond of each other. He was certainly in a great hurry and was not behaving in a normal manner by any means. He never stopped snorting and continually threw his head from side to side and up and down. The ciné film shows his movements very well.

He had a nice front horn of about 6in., but his posterior horn was poorly developed. He was fully mature, but not old. Owing to the poor light I had to give a comparatively long exposure, an eighth of a second with a lens aperture of F5. I was using Agfa Isopan F. films. The exposure was correct, but owing to the slow shutter speed the head (shown on the cover of this issue) is slightly blurred and, owing to his rapid movements, I did not get him in critical focus. I was using a Telyt tele-photo lens, and I was not quick enough in altering the focus as he came towards me. However, I must not be too capious; I have got my photograph, and that should content me.

There was great jubilation in camp that night. The two men who had been with me in the hide and had seen the rhinoceros were looked upon with envy by the others. Very few Malays have ever seen a rhinoceros. The man shown in the photograph, of the rhinoceros pit, Mat Dris, has been with me on many a good jungle trip, but he had never seen a rhinoceros before. Now that the rhinoceros had been seen and photographed, Mat Dris expounded the significance of our previous mishap.

All Malays, who are a superstitious race, believe that wonderful magical powers are possessed by the rhinoceros. Their horns are worth their weight in gold to Chinese, who have weird ideas regarding the value thereof, and many other parts of the rhinoceros are used as medicines. This alone confers on the rhinoceros powers unknown to and unpossessed by other wild animals. Mat Dris firmly believed that my mishap on the first attempt to go after the rhinoceros was due to the rhinoceros's dislike of being photographed!

Well, he relented. But I hope he will not be in such a hurry next time.



A KURD HUNTER

IN SEARCH OF THE KOPET DAGH URIAL

In this account Lieutenant-Colonel Kennion tells of his adventures, and misadventures, when tracking the Kopet Dagh sheep. He has lent a variety of trophies to the Berlin Exhibition including Astor and Suleiman Markhor, Persian Ibex and Gazelle, Kennion's Gazelle, Tibetan Antelope and heads of the sheep mentioned in his article.

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. L. KENNION, C.I.E.

MY little camp was in surroundings lovely as Kashmir and delightful to eyes, tired as were mine, of Persia's dust and glare. This eastern corner of the Elburz Range, an uninhabited No Man's Land where Kurd and Turkoman shot one another at sight—I speak of pre-War days—was to me of interest as the supposed haunt of the maral stag, a matter demanding investigation. A small cloud on the horizon—to become a big one—was the discovery that my man had left in the Meshed Consulate my rifle, with the Lyman sight I had used for many years, and brought another he had found there with open sights.

It was with mutual curiosity that I and my wild hunters started our first morning. My thoughts may be imagined. Theirs, I think, would have been anything but complimentary: "Whose dog is this our Ilkhani has sent here to hunt? What sort of a madman wants to toil when he might be with his wives? Allah! what a rifle! Will he use it, or shall we shoot for him?"

Reaching a spying point overlooking a panorama of downs and forest, I pulled out my glasses, watched curiously by the hunters, and spotted a stag with hinds on a distant slope. But they moved out of sight before I could be certain of the stag's points. A little way on we came to a valley in which were some wild sheep. I supposed that these were none other than the wild sheep of Persia, practically identical with the Himalayan urial. Anxious not to risk losing the stag and to the disgust of the shikari, I decided not to bother about the sheep. But we saw nothing more of the deer nor indeed anything else; except in the distance a man with a dog who, the shikaris told me, was a Kurd hunter returning from a shooting trip.

On reaching camp in the evening we found there the hunter we had seen. He had shot a sheep, and its head, which he had brought with him, was an eye-opener. He was a young beast, but had horns measuring 34in. and very heavy. Now out of a great many urial shot in the Himalaya my best head was that of an old ram with horns measuring 31in. This beast had also a heavier body and a white ruff. So I had evidently chanced on something worth following up.

Next day we spied some sheep and the stalk was well carried out. In the end we had to crawl up a little spur when the herd should be below us. The first to become visible was a very easy shot which the Kurd, very excited, wanted me to take; but my desire was fixed on two big beasts now out of sight. The shikari then retired in a rage and watched me. After some moving about I got a shot at the ram I wanted and missed. The hunter's scorn was hard to bear. "If you had left it to one of us," he said, "we should each have got a ram. Why in Allah's name did you not take the ram when I said?"

After a miss one first inquires of oneself the "why." I was steady, unblown, the shot easy, no symptom of "stag fever." So the question remained. To the shikari I said that it was not the beast's *pazu* (fate)—an unanswerable argument to a Mohammedan. The question soon arose in a doubly acute form. After a long round we were returning along the top of the main ridge when I spotted three rams below us. Again a perfect stalk and lying down I had my sights on a very fine beast a bit over 100yds. away. He was surrounded by some thorn bushes and disappeared to the shot, and I did not doubt we should find him near. But the fact was otherwise. I had achieved another miss! Life had a black aspect. Jinns and enchantments were the excuses offered for the acceptance of the Kurds, but I fear with some lack of assurance.

Later on we blundered on a big herd of sheep in a ravine and I of course was the one who had shown himself on the sky-line and sent them away. We saw yet another beast that day, a ram of no great size, which I refused to stalk, only discovering a little time after that one of my companions had taken French leave and gone after it himself! He rejoined me when we were doing our evening spying for stag, and it was balm to my feelings that he also had missed! I seized the moment for a straight talk and so that black day ended.

Now as to those missed shots. The turmoil of doubt in my mind resolved itself—during the time I should have been asleep—into the belief that, not having the aperture sight with its easy, almost automatic aiming which I had used for half a life-time, I had shot *over* everything I had aimed at.

Next day we found a herd, but the stalk failed and it seemed my luck had strayed somewhere. Three days of the six I had allowed myself gone and nothing shot. The fourth day was now half spent and the Kurds had begun talking of their crops and their wives, leading up to a demand for leave to go, which if not granted would be taken.

Suddenly appeared four big rams which were almost immediately lost to sight in a ravine. I ran. Before I got to the edge they appeared on the far side, going off at their heavy canter. I sat down, and as one stopped for a look round, fired and he dropped. The shikari who had followed with shouts of joy plunged down the cliff to perform the *hallal*. The other rams were now going hard away and, taking the rearmost, I hit him on the base of the neck and he, too, went down into the greenery.

Only one who has experienced the depression in the mental barometer that accompanies such weather as I had been having, can understand with what a bound it jumps up at such a moment as this. My hunter was as extravagant in his delight as he had previously been in his disgust, and when it came to an examination of the dead rams there was no disappointment. The horns measured 38½in. and 34in. and were very heavy.

The spell was broken. Next day I got two out of a herd; and my last day, after bivouacking among the topmost crags of the range in the hope of ibex—which I did not get on this trip—I shot another big sheep as he stood dimly against the sky in the mists of the early morning.



KOPET DAGH SHEEP
The bottom head is a smaller variety of urial found all over Persia

I visited this country three years later with a good companion, Captain (now Colonel Sir Clendon) Daukes, my chief object being the maral stag at which I had not had a shot.

This time I came on a herd of the big sheep numbering, I think, exactly forty, every one a ram. This herd lay down on the steep bare side of a deep ravine, and it was impossible to get nearer than some 300yds. or more with any regard to the wind. I might have tried a little underfeature that ran down the slope the sheep were on, but it was so near them that a rifle poked over would have sent them off, and among so many on the move what chance of bagging the head of heads? For he was there, that monster. In fact there were two or three of each of whom I could confidently say, "I shall not look upon his like again!" I watched the herd all day till, disturbed by a leopard, they left in a hurry without giving me a chance. Neither did the leopard.

Our joint bag was six stags, including one fine royal, two ibex, a gazelle, a tiger, the ordinary Persian urial a (smaller beast than the sheep under notice), besides eight specimens of the big sheep now called the Kopet Dagh sheep or *ovis arkal*. In addition there was a wonderful picked-up head measuring 45in. For the shotgun there were bustards, woodcocks, the Caspian snowcock, the "Old English" pheasant and various. What a paradise!

SQUASH RACKETS

THE Bath Club Cup competition for squash rackets opened, in the first division, with easy victories for the Conservative Club, the holders, the R.A.C., and Prince's Club. The Bachelors' Club, the Queen's Club and the Bath Club were unable to score a point. Chief interest was aroused by the first appearance of Dr. J. F. Stokes, the newly-appointed hon. secretary of the Jesters' Club, as first string for the Conservative Club. Stokes, generally considered to be the third best player in the country, greatly strengthens a side which was already the strongest in the competition before he joined it.

Last season J. A. Gillies, now playing second, lost only two matches out of ten as first string, while D. M. Backhouse, playing at present No. 3, is hardly likely to find anyone to extend him unless F. M. McRae is still occupying that position for the R.A.C. when the two clubs meet. McRae played his first Bath Club Cup match for the R.A.C. against Queen's last week and beat a very useful performer in R. K. Tinkler by the somewhat astonishing score of 9—3, 9—0. McRae, who plays cricket for Somerset and Rugby football for Devonshire, is a medical student at St. Mary's Hospital, and quite the biggest squash "find" for many seasons.

JOHN ARMITAGE.



WALKING UP
Showing how an angler puts his rod over his shoulder and walks away

WALKING UP A SALMON

How is the Phenomenon to be Explained?

By A. WANLESS

A SALMON usually "runs" away from pressure. Thus, especially when fishing with light tackle, the angler, if he wishes the salmon to run up the river, gets below it. If he wants it to go downstream, he keeps above it. If a salmon "bolts" and is likely to go down the river into dangerous water, he "slackens off" and strips many yards of line from the reel by hand, allowing it to be carried away by the current. As a general rule the moment the pressure is taken off, the fish, believing that it has rid itself of its tormentor, goes to the bottom.

The line continuing to drift downstream gets below the fish, and the current, exercising pressure on the line, makes the fish think that something is trying to pull it down the river. It accordingly runs upstream and continues running upstream until the angler, shortening line, regains direct contact.

How, then, is the phenomenon of "walking up" a salmon to be explained? Whether the tackle used be light or heavy the result, nine times out of ten, is the same. The fish follows the pressure instead of going away from it. Fishing the Tay on one occasion for trout with a 2lb. line and a 3x gut trace, my wife hooked, at the bottom of a long pool immediately above a rapid, a salmon of 12lb. The river was in high flood and the situation was certainly dangerous. The fish was lying in the middle of the pool, 25yds. from the bank, with a strong deep stream on the near side of it. Yet, with very little trouble the salmon was "walked up" almost to the top of the pool, a distance of a hundred yards or so, and was there killed, being tailed, since no gaff was available. The hook, be it observed, was size 16.

Now turn to the fly rod. The illustration shows an angler "walking up" a heavy salmon which had been hooked in dangerous water on a small fly and a light cast. This fish was lying immediately above a waterfall, and if it had gone over, the chances of bringing it back, or of landing it, would have been remote. On hooking the fish, therefore, the angler, without waste of time, turned his back on it and resting his rod on his left shoulder, began walking slowly and steadily up the river. This continued with short pauses when the fish showed signs of resistance, until it was the best part of 100yds. above the falls.

During the next two hours the process was repeated many times because the fish invariably worked back to the place where it had been lying when hooked. The tale has a sad ending because, after having been played for two-and-a-quarter hours the hold of the hook gave. During this time the fish had never shown itself, but it was certainly a large one.

Does the explanation lie in the nature of the pressure applied? Normally, in playing a salmon, a fairly severe pressure is put on the fish, sometimes a very severe pressure if the tackle is strong. But the pressure necessarily varies constantly with the actions of the fish. But when "walking up" a salmon the pressure is even and is not severe, the whole object being to coax the fish up the river, not to force it. Moreover, in the "walking up" process, care should be taken to ensure that the reel is not cranked in any way. Usually the reel is covered by the angler's hand to prevent any vibration from it being carried to the fish.

Whatever the explanation may be, the result is undoubted; and many a salmon has been killed by being "walked up" out of a danger zone, whereas it would certainly have escaped if it had had the sense to stay where it was. A somewhat similar phenomenon occurs in loch fishing, whether for salmon or for trout. A hooked fish will follow the boat if it is rowed quietly away from a dangerous place. On one occasion while changing ground on a large loch, I put out a troll for trout. The line had a breaking strain of 2lb. A good trout was hooked in the middle of the loch. Now, it was blowing hard, and the boatman found it impossible to hold the boat against the wind to permit of the trout being played. I therefore told him not to mind the trout, but to row on, which he did. I merely held on to the fish, expecting it to break the line instantly. To my surprise that did not happen. The trout immediately quietened and followed the boat "like a lamb" for fully a quarter of a mile. We had then reached the bay we intended to fish, and I had no difficulty in getting the trout aboard. As it happened, there was very little fight left in it.

To those who are not familiar with the method of walking up, it may be explained in a few sentences. When a fish is hooked in dangerous water the angler immediately turns his back on it and, holding a hand over the reel, and keeping the point of his rod well up, he begins to walk slowly up the river. There is little danger in the method, because if the rod is held high, its springiness takes the strain of the fish, if it should happen to plunge. Moreover, the angler knows instantly, from the actions of the fish, whether it is coming quietly or going to resist. If it shows signs of resistance the angler pauses until the fish quietens, easing off all pressure; then, when the fish has quietened down again he resumes his upstream walk. Some fish refuse to go "according to plan," and after travelling a few yards begin resisting furiously. In such cases other tactics must be sought.

ATMOSPHERICS

How Does Thunder Affect Fish?

DOES thunder affect salmon? Suppose this question was put to a jury of anglers how would they reply? I should feel fairly certain that a unanimous verdict would not be obtained, although it is almost universally held that thundery weather is quite the worst of all conditions for trout and sea trout fishing, either by day or by night, except that while the rain is actually falling fish may take well. Possibly this is because the big drops carry air with them, and so increase the oxygen content of the river water, and have an invigorating effect.

But I cannot agree that salmon are affected, at any rate to nearly the same extent as trout, although I know more than one angler of experience who holds different views. Many years ago an old rod who had fished the streams of the south-west and in many other parts of the world during a long lifetime told me that he did not think thunder stopped salmon taking, and I have often proved the accuracy of this statement.

I have caught fish on those close, oppressive days when the flies are a veritable torment, and the first remark of everybody one meets is: "Phew, isn't it hot? Thunder about!" I have had salmon sometimes when the blue sky was studded with big "woolpack" clouds, aptly described by the old tag: "A round-topped cloud with flattened base carries thunder in its face." I cannot ever remember getting a salmon in heavy thunder rain, possibly because I generally seek shelter if any is available, although a friend affirms that fish take well while the rain is falling.

The most marked instance I have ever had that thunder does not put salmon into a dour mood was on a September day several years ago. I was fishing the Lifton Park water on the Tamar, and the morning was bright and hot with big woolpack clouds, while the river was high and fairly coloured. I was late in starting and did not reach the first pool until eleven o'clock. Soon after a man I knew came along who had a rod on both the Devon and the Cornish banks. He had done nothing, but said that several fish were showing in the run below Polson Bridge. This is only fishable from the Cornish bank, and he suggested that I crossed over and tried it.

By the time I got that far it was after midday. The sky was now overcast, and a thunderstorm was both audible and visible away to the north, but evidently coming towards me. About the third cast at the head of the run a fish followed the Devon right into the shallow water at the side, and then saw me and turned away. But a couple of minutes later, at 12.40, another took the minnow, and, in due course, a rather red cock of 10lb. was landed.

I finished the run, and then had lunch, all the while watching the thunder coming nearer. At about 1.30 I began again at the head of the run, and exactly at 1.40 hooked a salmon in the same place as the first. As I played it big rain drops started to fall, and I put on extra pressure to get out a beautiful short, thick hen fish of 12lb. before the real deluge began.

For the next three-quarters of an hour I sheltered under Polson Bridge; then the storm gradually moved away, and as soon as the rain stopped I restarted at the head of the run, and at 2.40 a third salmon came at me from the same lie as the first two. This one ran a good long way downstream where I could not follow, and in the heavy water took 20 minutes to kill, although it was only 8½lb., another reddish cock. The storm had meanwhile been working back, and hardly was this fish on the bank than the rain began anew, and I retired to the shelter of the bridge for another half-an-hour.

Directly it was fine the run was tried once more, this time blank, and then I crossed over and went back down the Devon side, not fishing until I came to the Railway Pool, my favourite cast in this stretch of the river. Here at four o'clock I killed my fourth salmon, a nice bright hen of 10lb., although the thunderstorm was still circling round.

There are three interesting features about this experience. First, doing so well on such a thundery day. Second, all the salmon were caught before or after the rain, not while it actually was raining, and the first two were hooked before any rain had fallen. Third, the first three took the bait at exactly one hour intervals, 12.40, 1.40 and 2.40.

WEST COUNTRY.

Letters to the Editor

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

HUNTING A DRAG

SIR,—I note with some surprise that the above title which I chose for my article, published in last week's *Field*, has been altered by you to "How to Hunt a Drag."

I wish to state that I submitted my subject to you simply as an informative article: but from the title chosen by you may be inferred a conceit in my subject, which I am anxious to refute.

L. BOURNE.

ECLIPSE PLUMAGE IN DRAKES

SIR,—In his letter published in the *Field* of October 9th, Mr. Perry endorses the contention which Lord William Percy and I expressed, viz., that eiders, like all ducks, moult their flight feathers simultaneously, since in his penultimate paragraph, he says: "that eiders in moult, if headed out to sea by a fishing smack will, after a long preliminary paddle-plashing and bouncing off the waves, go whirring off on ridiculous little stumps of wings." This may be so, I have not seen it myself, but I presume that Mr. Perry has: but what I am quite certain of is this, that at least seventeen days must have elapsed between the day on which the eiders dropped their primary feathers and the day on which the new ones have grown sufficiently to enable the eiders to go whirring off, and that during these seventeen days the eiders were incapable of flight.

In his letter published October 16th, Mr. Perry says that there may be some confusion over the use of the term "plumage-pattern." It certainly did confuse me, and even now I cannot see a remarkable universal similarity in the plumage pattern of ducks and drakes.

Mr. Perry says: "If the prevailing colour of a gadwall drake in breeding plumage is not brown, I should be interested to hear what its colour is." The answer is—grey.

If Mr. Perry will come here next August I shall be delighted to show him, and give him the opportunity of handling, sheldrakes in eclipse plumage.

Yours faithfully,

Heathfield, HUGH WORMALD.
Dereham, Norfolk.

"DEFENCE FOR THE FOXHUNTER"

SIR,—I dislike stirring up contention; but when one reads an article with an unfair bias one is moved to reply to it. In your issue of October 9th there is an article entitled "A Defence for the Foxhunter" over the familiar initials of A. H. V. L. Rather than being a Defence of the Foxhunter, it struck me as being a scornful tirade against non-foxhunters: the author maintaining that anti-foxhunters are impertinent and unknowledgeable. Protection societies notoriously include many interfering busybodies: they also include many who have had practical experience of their subject. I belong to no society. I was born of a hunting family, which included some Masters of Foxhounds, and I hunted in my childhood and youth.

A. H. V. L.'s article would seem to raise four points for contention:

1. That hunting is as harmless a way as any other of killing a fox.

To place oneself inside the mind of a fox is an awkward process. Despite the number of people who assure me that a fox enjoys being hunted, I have an unreasonable obsession, based on parallel examples among other wild animals, which makes me believe that—while not wishing to be either hunted or shot—a fox must suffer very much less in being callously shot (no bungling of course) providing that, in either case, the killing of foxes is necessary to the salvation of this country.

2. That non-foxhunters have no right to attempt to prohibit the harmless pleasure of the foxhunter. (The connection between foxes and herrings eludes me.)

The question is: Does "harmful to the community" imply material or moral harm? The material damage of the foxhunter does not seem great—though there may be farmers in this country who think otherwise. But the activities of the foxhunter cause a great many people real suffering: the sentimentalists (and some sentiment is worthy) who cannot endure the screaming of a rabbit in a trap, while recognising the necessity for destroying them by more humane means, and the naturalists deploring this offence against the most beautiful of England's few remaining wild beasts. And, since A. H. V. L. first raised this matter of "pleasure," why should the pleasure of the small minority be considered rather than the displeasure of the great majority?

The ethics of foxhunting are also bad advertisement for our efforts on behalf of beasts and birds in other countries.

3. To criticise the culture of another strata of society is a gross impertinence, but there does seem to be a peculiar divergence in sensibility between foxhunter and non-foxhunter. This is well illustrated by the reverence with which so many foxhunters regard an exploit by an aged general, who swam across a stream, chased a fox round and round a small island, broke its neck with his hands, and swam back again to the Hunt with the carcase in his teeth. This has always seemed to me a particularly degrading tale to be told of any human being.

4. But what must always damn the foxhunter's case to non-foxhunters—despite A. H. V. L.'s equivocal paragraph on preservation—is the foxhunter's practice of stating, in one breath, that hunting is necessary to keep down foxes, and, in the next breath, arranging for their importation from another shire because his own country is short of foxes.

The colour, the background, the motion of foxhunting, are magnificent. That its ethics are non-moral, relative to the present stage of our civilisation, is unanswerable.

Yours faithfully,

Holy Island. RICHARD PERRY.

SUPPOSED MATING OF RED AND GREY SQUIRRELS

SIR,—What an unobservant lot we are to be sure! The grey squirrel has been with us some 60 years, and at last people are beginning to notice that grey squirrels are not always grey.

From spring to late summer the coat is speckled grey and yellowish olive-buff dorsally, and the tail is the same though fringed with white. The hands, feet, cheeks and flanks are a yellowish brown. The belly is dirty white.

From late summer to spring the region of the spine is a warm ochraceous buffy-brown with a tinge of olive (a warmer, deeper colour than in the spring and early summer—often almost chestnut), the rest of the back is silvery grey. The hands and feet become chestnut during the summer, and towards October they acquire grey patches which spread so that they are entirely grey by December. The cheeks are much the same all the year round, and so is the belly. The flank marking is the same colour as the spinal area during the winter. This flank marking may be diffuse or else limited to a band about ½in. wide. The demarcation between the belly and the flanks is always clear-cut. The tail is much the same all the year round save in mid-summer, when it moults and looks very thin. The chestnut tinges of the spine and flanks are most strongly marked about this time of year (October-November).

Now what is the evidence for the alleged hybridism between the grey and red squirrels? Has anyone seen a squirrel whose colour is not to be explained on the grounds of seasonal differences? Perhaps it is the term *grey* which misleads—people expect the beast to be grey all the year round. The same sort of thing happens with seals. The common seal is often mistaken for the grey seal because the former *is* grey whereas the latter is often brown.

We are often sent grey squirrels with a query as to their being hybrids, but though hybrids occur amongst domestic animals wild hybrids are exceedingly rare. Not only is there a psychological barrier between species, but there are differences of habit, &c. Animals which are more closely related than are red and grey squirrels will not mate, so the theoretical improbability of such a cross is so high as to be almost a certainty.

But popular ideas lag sadly behind modern science as is shown by such beliefs as that any future offspring of a thoroughbred mare will be impaired if she be accidentally covered by a common stallion, and that the progeny of a thoroughbred sire are jeopardised should he be allowed to cover a common mare.

Perhaps an amusing case of tenacious belief in hybridism may retrieve this letter from the somewhat "beskish" tone it seems to have taken.

Last year a man came to see me and showed me a photo of a short-legged mongrel—it looked like a cross between a foxterrier and a sealyham. He told me that the mother was a foxterrier and the father an otter! I asked him what evidence he had for this surprising statement, and he replied that he had seen the bitch rolling about in the grass at the end of a meadow, and that an otter was either in a clinch with her or appeared to be. In due course the bitch whelped and the pup (I do not know what happened to the other pups, if any) had short legs, so surely the evidence was clear enough. I made a tentative suggestion that the bitch may have been keeping more normal company about the same time as the otter episode, but my visitor would not hear of it.

He returned on several occasions and pressed me to endorse his theory, and he was so dismayed at what he regarded as my bigoted dogmatism that in the end I scarcely had the heart to deny him.

Scientific truth is a dull and strait-laced woman and a spoil-sport withal!

Yours faithfully,

T. C. S. M-S.

British Museum (Natural History),
Cromwell Road,
London, S.W. 7.

PROTECTION AGAINST DEER

SIR,—From time to time there are reports in the Press of the damage done by red deer, so the following short account of how their depredations may be curtailed may be of interest alike to farmers, crofters and proprietors.

When in California last autumn I noticed, in the case of dairy and hog ranches, that they were using temporary fences with one or two strands of barbed or plain wire charged with electricity to restrict the movements of cows, horses, sheep and hogs. The charge is a light one derived from a 6-volt battery and is not harmful to man or beast—in the case of the latter no second experience is required.

The idea seems to have emanated from the great dairying State of Wisconsin, and the parent company has now an agency in London under the name of the Harvest Saver and Implement Co., Ltd., 77, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., where the necessary apparatus can be obtained.

About two years ago I went to the expense of cultivating and manuring with basic slag and lime, thereafter sowing with clover, about 100 acres of meadowlands on the Helmsdale between Kildonan and Kinbrace, intended for sheep feed, but unfortunately forming a perfect "salt-lick."

In my own case my problem was to keep deer from coming in at night through the river to eat my grass and to combat this I enclosed, as a trial, some 40 acres with a two-strand fence with insulators on 3 x 3 posts, together with the necessary straining posts, at a total cost for material of under £25, of which the "Unit," without battery, cost £15.

The battery attachment is in the garage, where the charge is turned on at dark and turned off at daylight.

The plain lower wire to begin with was set at 2ft. 9in. to allow the sheep to pass under, and the upper barbed wire was 4ft. from the ground. The first night, with the aid of a strong flashlight, we saw some 60 deer strung in a straight line 10ft. back from the fence looking at it. The second and third nights the same picture presented itself, save that there were one or two hinds inside who had crawled under the bottom wire. The following day the bottom wire was lowered to 2ft. 6in., and that night over 100 deer were counted at either end of the meadows with their heads down looking at the fence, and the next night there were none at all to be seen in the neighbourhood. My position is perhaps exceptional, as the deer cannot come in on every side, as on one side I am protected by the double fence of the railroad, but in cases where deer come in to eat the crops at night it would appear to be an adequate protection.

I would add that this attempt to exclude the deer in my own case is so successful that I am enclosing another 50 acres, at a further cost for wire and stakes only, as the "Unit" is sufficient to charge fifteen miles of wire.

Should the deer, however, learn to jump 4ft. of barbed devilment in the dark it will be quite easy to add a third strand 6ft. in height.

Yours faithfully,

Borrobol, JOHN LAWSON.
Kinbrace,
Sutherland.



THE IDEAL HOME AS IT IS IN AFRICA
(See letter "A Gold Coast Palace")

GEESE IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

SIR,—On Monday, September 13th, my son and daughter were driving to London from Princes Risborough when their attention was drawn to a flock of wild geese in a meadow adjoining the road at the junction of the Oxford and Princes Risborough roads at West Wycombe.

My son stopped his car and, with his sister, alighted and watched these birds for some minutes. They were about 150yds. from the road in the open field, one end of which abutted on some farm-buildings. They appeared to be barnacle geese and together they counted 57.

The birds were evidently resting, most of them sitting down with their heads turned over their backs, whilst some half a dozen were acting as sentinels, and were induced by noise to open their wings, but not to fly. My son is familiar with the appearance of barnacle geese, but might not have distinguished them at the distance from Canadian geese. It is hardly likely, however, that they belonged to the latter species, as a flock of this size must be very uncommon, even in the vicinity of Woburn, some 40 miles distance, where, of course, they breed in a wild state.

If, as I have little doubt, they were barnacles on migration it is difficult to understand what mischance can have brought them so far inland and away from their usual haunts. It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have observed them elsewhere. There was, of course, a strong northerly gale blowing all the previous Saturday and most of Sunday.

As an instance of the way in which birds at this time of the year occasionally lose themselves I would mention that I had a sheldrake which consorted with my duck on the lake here from August 29th to September 7th this year, and latterly got so tame that he would not take to the wing when my man was feeding within 30yds. of him.

Yours faithfully,
Horsenden Manor, A. SLADEN.
Princes Risborough,
Bucks.

[Since writing the above I have myself seen this flock of geese, which reappeared in the same field on September 18th. They were 57 in number and were Canadian geese, most probably from Woburn, though why they should have chosen to visit and revisit this particular meadow is a mystery.]

STRANGE CARVING

SIR,—The art of woodcarving is shown to great advantage in the pretty church of Stowlangtoft, Suffolk, where there are many unusual examples of the old craftsmen's work.

The photograph shows a remarkable carving on one of the bench-ends of a very strange creature—half bird and half man, which is of more than passing interest.

Yours faithfully,
The Cottage, J. DENTON ROBINSON.
Langholm Crescent, Darlington.

A GOLD COAST PALACE

SIR, The accompanying photograph of the "Palace" of the Omanhene, or Paramount Chief, of Anomabu, in the Gold Coast Colony, is typical of the traditional building of the Fanti peoples of the Gold Coast littoral. The building, which is over a hundred years of age, is quadrangular in shape and is thatched with grass. A central patio, where cooking and domestic offices are performed, and where, before Government forbade the practice, deceased chiefs were interred, is open to the sky. The Omanhene's herd of dwarf cattle was illustrated in a recent number of the *Field*.

Yours faithfully,
Sedgewell House, H. BROOKS.
Souning Common,
Oxon.

FOR THE LITTER LOUT

SIR, I wonder if any other of your readers have seen this rather original and interesting sign, which I noticed when I was out walking in the early spring near Otford, Kent. Sadly enough the litter lout was only too much in evidence again during this summer, and wherever one travels in the country one meets with sufficient proof to show that there are still thousands of people who cannot fully appreciate the beauty of the countryside and the consequent necessity for keeping it clean. This notice states the case very clearly, and I am sure



"RESEMBLE NOT THE SLIMY SNAILS"
(See letter "For the Litter Lout")

your many readers will agree that the author of this little work has certainly drawn a striking comparison.

Yours faithfully,
67, Herbert Road, E. P. BROAD.
S.E. 18.

BEHAVIOUR OF POPLAR HAWK CATERPILLARS

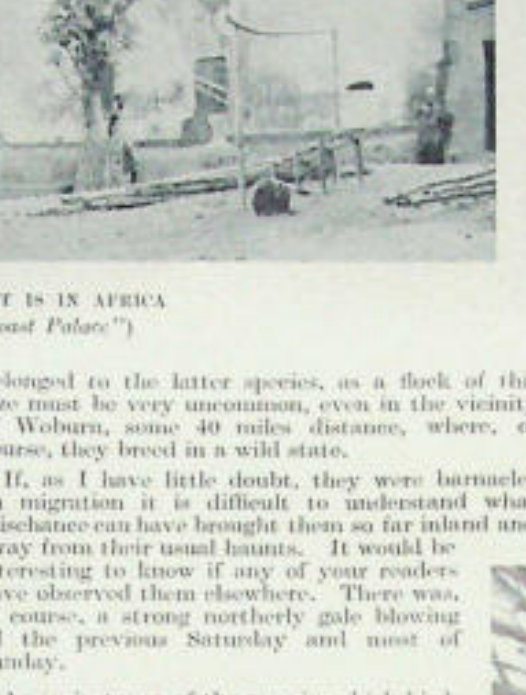
SIR,—My brother at Fairlight Cove, near Hastings, has two small apple orchards, separated and surrounded by fences of willows and poplars. During July for the last four years he has been troubled by the caterpillars of the Poplar Hawk moth, which, contrary to their usual custom, feed on his apple trees, leaving the willows and poplars quite untouched. This year they have been less numerous than usual and he has only killed 20 or 30, but in other years he thinks he must have destroyed up to 100 and he has watched the cuckoos killing and eating many more. A young apple tree has sometimes been stripped by them. It will be extremely interesting to hear if others have noticed this apparent change of diet in these caterpillars, or whether it is a special and local case, and also to have opinions as to the probable cause or reason.

Yours faithfully,
Clements, W. R. THOMPSON.
West Moors Road, Ferndown, Dorset.

WOOD FIRES IN A HOUSE

SIR,—Would some correspondent who burns wood in an open fire grate and no coal at all used, give advice as to how the chimney is kept clear of accumulation of wood soot. A sweep fails to remove it, and chimney goes on fire. Is there no chemical effective ?

Yours faithfully,
Hants. M. P.



HALF BIRD, HALF MAN
(See letter "Strange Carving")



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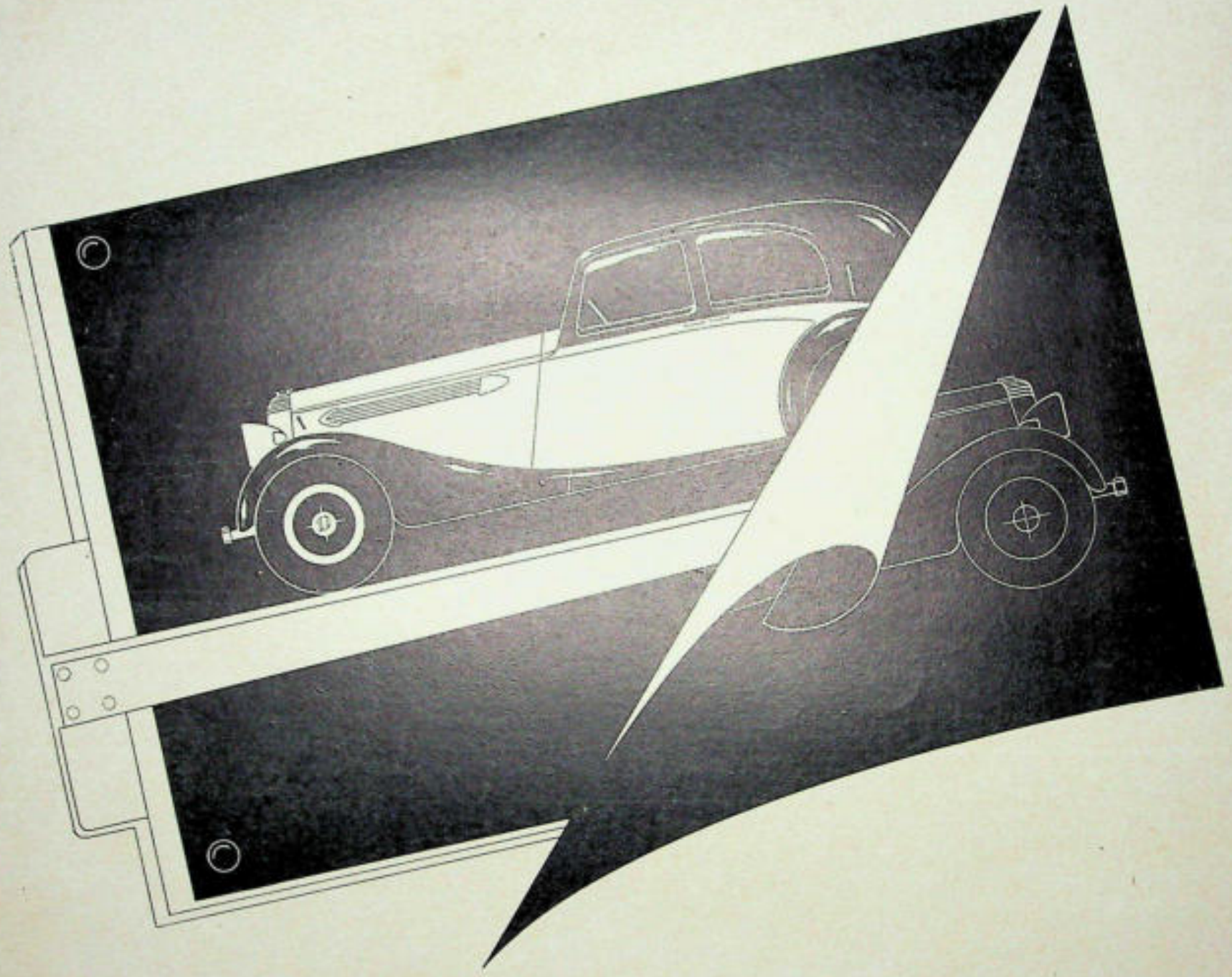
Ennerdale, High Crag, and Buttermere—from Great Gable.

THE common life of England has many comforts. Why then do men climb impossible heights in unsavoury weather, to sit in a mist and meditate upon the dangers of their return? Men climb because they must. Whether they scale the heights of a fell or a Fellowship, they are driven by a physical or a mental virility to do the difficult thing—and do it well. Uncomfortable . . . and very English. And so it follows that among the things they do well are their very comforts. To brew an ale as good as Worthington is most difficult, yet this great beer did "scale the heights" of public favour these many years gone, because it was English . . . and well done.

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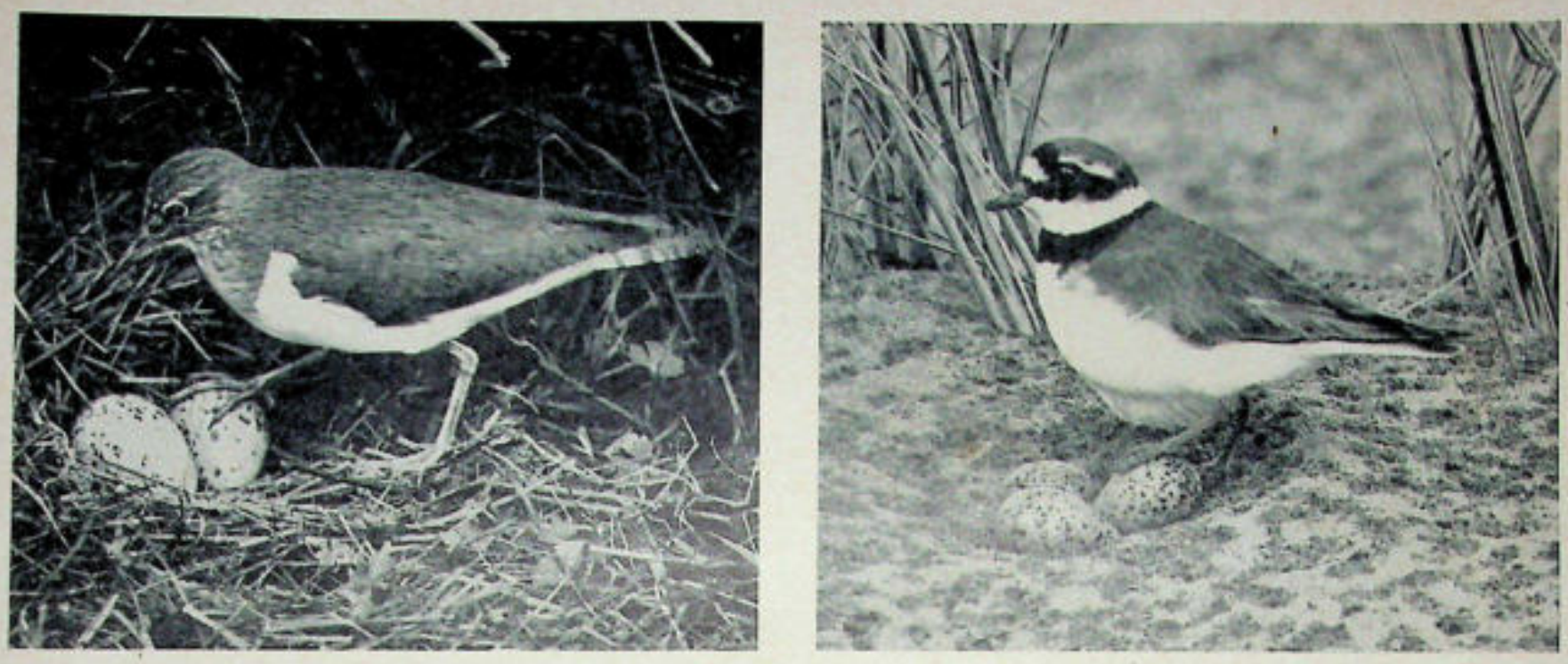
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ROLL CALL: A COMMON SANDPIPER (left) AND A RINGED PLOVER CLASPING THEIR EGGS
(See letter "Egg-Fondling")

EGG-FONDLING

SIR,—A year or two ago you published a short article of mine entitled "'Egg-Fondling' by Nesting Birds." In this account I described how sitting birds, when returning after a temporary absence, often clasp an egg with every appearance of satisfaction, before settling down on the nest. As I wrote then of the hen: "It is as though she relied on touch rather than sight to convince her that her precious eggs have not been tampered with. . . ."

Your readers may possibly care to see the enclosed photographs obtained since my article was published. They well depict the characteristic about which I then wrote.

Yours faithfully,
Orrest Foot, M. S. W.
Windermere.

LAPWINGS SETTLING ON WATER

SIR,—On October 1st I saw a large flock of lapwings, roughly estimated at about 200 birds, flying over a large mill pond near Horsham, Sussex. The water in the pond was low at the time and many of the birds were settling on the wet mud, but others, much to my surprise, settled on the water and commenced swimming.

I have never before known these birds take to water, and the incident may be worth recording.

Yours faithfully,
Hove. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

FAST ROADS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of one of the magnificent German roads which are becoming world-famous. It was taken while travelling at 50 m.p.h. along the Reich Autovahn, between Frankfurt and Brumhall. These national motor roads are over 60ft. wide, and have two broad tracks each 22ft. 6in. wide, separated from one another by a grass strip 15ft. wide; it is not surprising, therefore, that a census shows that on one stretch of road 1,800 cars pass in two hours on a Sunday evening.

Yours faithfully,
Dorset. D. F. WARD.



TAKEN AT 50 m.p.h.
(See letter "Fast Roads")

INSTINCT OR INTELLIGENCE?

SIR,—Shooting over dogs on low ground in the Great Glen a few days ago a noise on the flank made us think that one of the retrievers had caught a sitting hare.

We were in time to see a seven-year-old golden retriever (who is almost blind) lift a Cheviot lamb from a hole and carry it towards us.

The hole measured 14in. in diameter and was over 2ft. 6in. deep. The lamb from its appearance had been in the hole at least 24 hours, and the shape of the hole made escape impossible.

Yours faithfully,
Culachy, R. C. O. PARKER.
Fort Augustus,
Inverness-shire.

HORSE SAVAGING SHEEP

SIR,—Your correspondent "J. B." might be interested to hear that my daughter's hunter came to us with the reputation of being "queer" with other horses when turned out, and so his first summer he was turned out alone. Later sheep were put into his field, and he promptly killed one and tried for another; also drove young bullocks into the dykes and nearly drowned one.

Next summer he was turned out in a field already occupied by an old cob. He settled down and made friends at once. Later bullock and sheep went out, too, and all was well (he had three or four fields to roam in). Last summer he and my hunter went out together. I have a very strong idea that the fact of going out with or after the other occupant of the field is what is necessary, so that he realises that he is not the sole possessor of the field.

Yours faithfully,
Cheltenham. (Mrs.) G. SELDON-TRUSS.



RESCUE WORK BY A GOLDEN RETRIEVER
(See letter "Instinct or Intelligence?")

SPARROWS AND BUDGERIGAR

SIR,—I recently saw a green budgerigar in splendid plumage and condition feeding in the midst of a flock of some 20–30 house sparrows. They eventually all flew away together. I had always understood that it would have been mobbed by the sparrows; on the contrary, it was very much at home with them.

Yours faithfully,
Oakham, Rutland. A. F. F. S.



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A FINE LITTER

SIR,—My Golden Labrador bitch, Hiwood Linn, out of Lucy, by Hiwood Darcy, produced her first litter of thirteen puppies on May 27th, all of which are healthy and living, and there was not one smaller than the other—eight bitches and five dogs. The sire was Mr. Langton Riffe's dog.

Mr. Watchman, the Kennels, Savernake Forest, near Marlborough, at whose kennels she whelped, says that he has never had such a litter as this, and I wondered whether this is exceptional, and whether it would be of any interest to your readers?

Yours faithfully,

Lochs, EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS.
Glenlyon, Perthshire.



THIRTEEN LABRADOR PUPS
(See letter "A Fine Litter")

A FEROCIOUS POLLACK

SIR,—Captain Baugh and I were bass fishing with 7oz. trout rods and fine tackle off Hamstone Rock, between Bolt Head and Bolt Tail, on August 5th, when Captain Baugh hooked a fish which carried away his hook and 10ft. of gut cast. Within five minutes he hooked and landed a 3lb. pollack, and the boatman removed the original hook and cast lost by Captain Baugh a few minutes previously. In addition the same pollack had a third hook and gut cast of several feet in its mouth.

Harry Field, the boatman, says he knows of nothing similar happening in Salcombe.

Yours faithfully,

Taunton, F. S. DOBSON.
Somerset.

A LATE SWIFT

SIR,—I was greatly surprised to see a swift flying in the vicinity of the cathedral here on the evening of October 1st. It remained until the 5th, and between these dates I watched it frequently, usually during the morning and late evening. On the evening of the 4th, it was hawking in the company of a swallow. During the swift's stay the weather was exceptionally fine, and it was probably a bird from more northern parts whose migration was hindered and had taken advantage of the good weather to rest on its southward flight.

Yours faithfully,

D. MACDONALD.

Elmbank,
Dornoch, Sutherland.

"A CANOE ON THE NILE"

SIR,—The article in your issue of October 2nd headed "A Canoe on the Nile" interested me immensely. I am an Egyptian who has always believed in the "superior honesty, diligence and adaptability" of the poor Nubians amongst whom I have many friends. I heartily thank Major R. Raven-Hart for declaring that "Nubian honesty is proverbial."

Yours faithfully,

London. KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL.

SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR,—Here in Tresillian swallows have been in about their usual numbers, and on August 1st I saw some two dozen perched along the roof ridge of one of these bungalows and on the wireless aerial and a neighbouring oak, in which at least two were singing. It was much too early for them to be assembling for departure, and they must have consisted of several family parties meeting for social intercourse, judging from the twittering. House-martins and swifts, on the other hand, have been decidedly scarcer than usual.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

ROEDEER RING

SIR,—With reference to the "Roedeer Ring," in Letters to the Editor of October 2nd, the following statement may be trustworthy as it had been noticed several times in France.

When a doe roe thinks her fawn old enough to look after himself she tries to get rid of him, which is not an easy matter as the fawn sticks to her and objects to being abandoned. She then turns swiftly many times around a large tree, a boulder, or simply a tuft of high grass, thus making a ring, and followed by the fawn on her heels. But the youngster rapidly gets tired and exhausted, and drops to the ground perfectly dizzy. The roe then bounces off, leaving her offspring to take care of himself.

Yours faithfully,

Inor, COMTE B. D'IRECOURT.
Meuse,
France.

Ringed Woodcock.—On October 2nd last, at Great Frenches Park, Crawley Down, Sussex, I shot a woodcock. On its leg was a ring bearing the number 46. Perhaps one of your readers may have ringed the bird some previous season, and be interested to know where and when it was eventually found.—R. B. SPREAD, 54, Stanhope Gardens, S.W. 7.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W.1. It is not difficult to imagine how bleak life must be on 10/– a week, when one is over 80 years old, ailing and tired after a life of hard work; what a struggle to make ends meet over rent, food, coal, and the little medicaments that those in advanced years so often need. There are two lonely old sisters, living in one room in a poor quarter of London, under these circumstances, to whom for some years we have been giving 5/– weekly and their winter's coal. Our fund for them is now exhausted, and we appeal to someone who has never known the desperate fight with poverty to send us £15 that we may promise them this allowance for another year, and ease their burden in the evening of their days.

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IN THE CITY

AMERICAN MARKETS

A CABLE from a well-informed friend in New York confirms the views expressed in this article last week, when it was suggested that the stock market had fallen to levels far below anything justifiable by the indicated recession in trade. In justification for this belief he cites the following factors. Farm income is good; money is cheap; inventory positions are not unwieldy; there is no over-extension visible in heavy industries; building, railroad and electrical equipment are far below normal; brokers loans are low; and the credit base is ample.

He, therefore, considers that the recession has been grossly over-discounted by the market, and that the market will not only make a technical rally, but will later on start discounting business recovery. He says that owing to the amount of wreckage left over from the slump in shares, it is a matter of guesswork as to when is the right time to buy, but for the time being he would defer purchases of high-geared, high overhead stocks like steels and rails. On the other hand, he considers there are some real bargains to be had now, and particulars are given below of some of the stocks which appear to be particularly attractive at around their present prices.

SECURITY.	Approx. Price	1937 Range	Share Earnings. 1936 $	1937 $	Div. $	Yield %
Crown Zellerbach $5 Cum. Conv. Pref.	80	108½-76	9.62	13.54 (est.)	5.00	6.25
Crown Zellerbach Common.	12½	25¼-10½	1.08	2.00 (est.)	0.75	6.00
Paramount Pictures 6% 1st Cum. Conv. Pref.	95	200½-82	18.54	40.75 (est.)	6.00	6.32
Remington Rand $4½ Cum. Conv. Pref.	73	94½-64	29.63	30.00 (est.)	4.50	6.16
Remington Rand Common.	15	29½-11½	1.77	3.00 (est.)	1.25	8.33
Deere Common	83	141½-73½	9.38	12.00	2.00* +200% stock	—
Pure Oil Common	14	24½-10	1.63	†2.00	‡—	—
Texas Corporation Common.	45	65½-36½	4.10	5.75	2.75	6.11

* October 31st. † On larger capitalisation. ‡ Dividends should soon be resumed.

CROWN ZELLERBACH

One of the most favourably situated companies in the paper industry is Crown Zellerbach, the largest producer of newsprint and kraft paper products on the Pacific Coast. The company owns extensive lumber property and low cost manufacturing and converting plants in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

There was a big demand for newsprint and paper products during the first quarter beginning April, 1937. Demand has been smaller since then, because consumers have been expecting lower prices, and a business recession would be likely to keep demand in 1938 below that of 1937 during the first six months; but profits in 1938 will be helped by the higher newsprint prices which have already been announced.

Drastic price cutting is unlikely now that the financial condition of the majority of paper companies has been substantially strengthened in recent years. A revival of American business in the last half of 1938 would probably cause a big demand for paper. At present prices both the common and preferred stocks appear to have largely discounted unfavourable prospects and to provide attractive yields. The $5 preferred shares are convertible into four common shares until September, 1938, and less thereafter.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES, INC.

One of the most important concerns in the motion picture industry, Paramount Pictures, Inc., is a fully integrated company which produces, distributes and exhibits motion pictures of all descriptions. The company expanded from 1926 to 1931 on such a large scale, during a period when real estate values were inflated beyond reason, that the burden of meeting rent payments in subsequent years of the depression became too heavy and resulted in receiver-ship and bankruptcy in 1933.

Progress has been made since the reorganisation in reducing interest charges and additional re-financing is contemplated for the future. This should be helped by the company's strong cash position.

Cinema attendance figures have been rising steadily, while box office prices have been raised. If earnings in the next few months fail to reach earlier estimates, due to economising on the part of the general public as a result of the present slowing down of business, the preferred at 95, which sold at over 200 earlier this year, appears very cheap and to more than discount this possibility. Regular dividends on the first 6 per cent. preferred shares were resumed in 1936 together with $6 on account of arrears. These preferred shares are convertible into common stock at the rate of seven common for one preferred share.

PACTOLUS II.

New Books

TWO ANGLES ON AFRICA

Contrasting Experiences

MR PETER FLEMING has done for travel books what Mr. Lytton Strachey did for biography. He has founded a school. And like Mr. Strachey, his followers have not always been as successful as he is himself. The Flemingesque effect is achieved by negation. A considerable expedition to Brazil did no more than map "the tributary of a tributary of the Amazon." So said Mr. Fleming. Actually it caused a spate of books, something more than the tributary of a tributary, which set out to prove that all this pother about travel means not much, and leaves the reader with an impression that our author has done rather more than he suggests.

Mr. Gandar Dower is of the school of Fleming rather than of Kinglake, or even of Rosaleyn Gordon-Cumming. His *Spotted Lion* never fails for want of a biographer. He may not exist, but his author makes him live, and brings to the telling of his story a sense of humour and a sense of words. Mr. Gandar Dower concludes that "it is on a note of sheer futility that this story of the spotted lion ends." Yet through 300 odd pages he has hinted with a perceptible insistence that the mission was worthy, sometimes even that the missionary was himself not without worth. And though he has not Mr. Fleming's deftness of touch, his book, which does not lack for shrewdness or observation, will gain the approval of all, perhaps, except the more sophisticated.

Briefly, he tells of how he sought the mythical spotted lion of the Aberdares, and got well laughed at for his pains. There was no need to laugh. Remembering the giant pig and the okapi, why not? Of course, the spotted lion is a possibility. Of course, there was a *prima facie* case for its existence, though not an overwhelming one. And were it not for the faint suggestion that the quest was something of a "stunt" one could not possibly quarrel with the author's desire to know more: indeed, one could only laud it, and laud it loudly and at length. The latest information would perhaps suggest that possibility does not look like becoming probability, but the attempt was very well worth while.

Apart from its scientific value, there is a lot of good fun in the book, but one cannot allow the story of the "stock safari" to pass. White hunters are what their clients make them, and Mr. Gandar Dower must realise that by telling the story of his "Murder pretty foul" to a public which does not fully comprehend, he is not only doing himself an injustice, but he is being unfair to a class of men who are probably as well able to sum things up in a few words as he is himself.

Of a completely different type is Mr. Marcus Daly's book. Mr. Gandar Dower's publisher sends him out to the world with a "blurb" that even the case-hardened reader peruses with embarrassment. Mr. Daly's publisher disclaims for his author any pretensions to literary exile. There are many moments when one wishes that Mr. Daly's experiences could be set down by Mr. Gandar Dower's pen.

He is, indeed, a professional hunter of 40 years' experience, and his book is literally packed with information, observation, and escapes from death. Some of the stories that he tells, notably of his treatment by French officials, seem literally incredible. Yet despite its disjointed and difficult construction the book is really readable, and though not all experienced big game shots will go with Mr. Daly all the way they will find many of his contentions a pleasing cock-shy, and agree that at least his views are based on long experience.

NAIVASHA.

The Spotted Lion. By Kenneth Gandar Dower. (Heinemann; 8/6). *Big Game Hunting and Adventure, 1897–1936.* By Marcus Daly. (MacMillan; 10/6.)

THE BARRIER OF DREAMS

MENTION of the Great Barrier Reef calls up a vision of colours, colours which reign together in a splendour unparalleled in our knowledge of the world. Mr. Roughley spent many months living on the Reef, and he tells of his days there. It is not a book primarily intended for the accomplished naturalist. Those who like Latin names, though, can have them, for the index is fully stocked. The book is for the layman. The author's delightful style of writing presents his knowledge in such a readable form that few readers who open the book in search of one particular subject will stop there; they will read from cover to cover.

The chief interest of the Reef is, of course, the coral. It is the Reef. Coral grows quickly; there are 1,250 miles of it, and coral such as is unknown elsewhere. The different kinds and shapes, the gorgeous shades and hues are fully shown in the coloured photographs. Few gardeners can have such variance and display. Who would not crave for a border of "lavender coral"? And the Reef needs no pruning and planning.

The sea anemones are another feature of these glowing beds. We are apt to consider sea anemones with awe because of their sting. But actually few of the species have that objectionable trait, and they entirely repay as a whole any errors on the part of the few.

Drab little fishes, contrasting strangely against the brilliance of these flower-animals, live amongst them. Each derives benefits from this association, for the fish is an active hunter for its host, and drags prey within reach of the anemone in return for protective hiding. Seaweed, the background to this wealth of colour, harbours many forms of animal life.

Turtles are the great feature and industry of the Reef. Crabs are there in their masses. In spite of their hard shells they are particularly vulnerable. The hermit crab once proved a trial to the author by taking possession of one of his collected heaps of shells and walking them out to sea.

It is less fairy-like to turn to the birds: "If in the summer time you sail over the blue waters of the Barrier Reef it is not unlikely that from the distance a coral island will appear as if surmounted by a black cloud, while from its direction a peculiar faint murmuring reaches your ears. Gradually, as you approach more closely, the dark cloud resolves itself into a mass of moving specks, then into an enormous number of birds wheeling and turning as they flutter over the tree-tops, and the murmuring increases to a raucous, screeching din."

That is a call to any ornithologist. Spring brings the birds to the Reef for mating and nesting, and their numbers are countless. They, too, have their enemies, and Mr. Roughley recounts the adventures of a gull who was attacked by a frigate-bird and made to disgorge its day's food, which was being carried home.

The climate is refreshing and good. For a month no cloud was seen. It is, indeed, a Barrier of Dreams—adventurous ones sometimes, but none-the-less beautiful for that. B. V.-F.

Wonders of the Great Barrier Reef. By T. C. Roughley, B.Sc., F.R.Z.S. (A. & R., Ltd.)

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

ORNITHOLOGY is, of course, a science. It has always been a science, but to-day the trend is distinctly less blood-thirsty and avaricious than it was 50 years ago. We owe the rarity of some of our species and the absence of species formerly ours to the keen eyesight and light fingers of "naturalists" who were household names half a century ago. To-day, though the collecting of eggs has not died out (and it will never die out, since it is kept alive by money), it is, happily, comparatively uncommon. The collecting of skins is dying rapidly. But interest in ornithology is increasing: and the realisation that it is a science—and that science can be good fun—is becoming more and more widespread. Naturalists are being urged to follow up some line of study, no matter how humble. The British Trust for Ornithology has made many such suggestions, and not one of them means the disturbance of birds or the collecting of eggs. But for such field observations accuracy in recording is essential and the novice must be familiar with, at any rate, the commoner British birds.

* * *

The autumn months, October and November, are, I think, the best months for the beginner. For as the woods and hedgerows thin the birds become more visible, and their calls and songs can be learnt before the spring brings a chorus that can be bewildering. There is no need to worry about incoming visitors—rooks, starlings, crows, lapwings, fieldfares, larks, finches. They are easily recognisable when on migration, and when in the country and settled down only the fieldfares, redwings and some finches can be distinguished. The migratory rook, the migratory starling look just as his English cousin.

* * *

I have been recently on a south-coast down above the sea. And on a beautiful day—which was noteworthy, as it generally rains when I go out of town—with a cloudless sky, very little wind and a sea of every green and blue as smooth as any pond. Such wind as there was was north-westerly, and blowing straight out to sea at that particular point. It was while I was looking out to sea—and the Channel is very wide just there—that I saw the small black cloud. It very soon became a big black cloud, and then birds. They were travelling fast, and soon passed almost overhead and slightly to the left of me so that the light showed up the plumage excellently. There must have been two or three hundred of them—and they were jackdaws. It is surprising how one can watch birds for years and never see the things that really matter; and just when one does not expect to see anything the interesting thing turns up. I have watched jackdaws for years. But I did not go on to that down to see jackdaws. I went there to sleep.

* * *

With the approach of winter—and winter is coming although the days are now as mild as some days of summer—some of our animals and many of our insects are thinking of retiring, or have retired, into hibernation. The squirrel, which is popularly supposed to hibernate, rarely does so, and personally I have found the hedgehog to be moderately active throughout the winter. The dormouse and bats—excepting perhaps the pipistrelle and the whiskered—are our most confirmed hibernators among mammals. But many insects and reptiles hibernate. We know that they do; sometimes we find them in that state. How often do we see any one actually go into hibernation?

* * *

In this connection the following extract from a letter I have recently received is most interesting: "Although I have been interested in butterflies all my life I had never, until the other night, had the experience of seeing a butterfly actually go into hibernation. On the evening of October 17th I was sitting in my study writing letters at about 10 p.m. A fire had been lighted in the room about an hour previously. I left the room to fetch a book, and on my return my daughter, who was sitting in the room with me, pointed to a small tortoiseshell butterfly which was sitting on my papers fanning its wings. After a few seconds it got up and flew about near the ceiling, and I thought that I should have to catch it and put it behind a curtain for the night. However, it evidently had its own plans. The room is lined with bookshelves, and the butterfly chose a gap above a book in a top shelf and went in. It seemed, however, to find the place unfavourable and flew out again, choosing another gap a few inches away. There it remained, and possibly will sleep in the place it has chosen until the sunshine wakes it in the new year." B. V.-F.

BOLSKUMMEL

founded in Amsterdam 1575

An Entertaining Thought



Have you, as a host, ever thought which liqueur people like best? Just ask for a few opinions and you will find that Kummel is by far the most popular. This is not surprising when you realise that apart from its attractive flavour it is an exceptionally fine digestive.
When ordering Kummel it is worth bearing in mind that Bolskummel, as the original Dutch Kummel is called, is Double-Distilled from the finest caraway seeds in the world. Lucas Bols first discovered this liqueur nearly four centuries ago. To-day, Bolskummel is still made from his secret recipe.

VERY DRY TO SUIT THE ENGLISH PALATE







RETRIEVER TRIALS IN SCOTLAND AND HAMPSHIRE.

Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Dunlop-Hill and Mr. R. E. Leach at Dupplin with Chevrells Peter and Ch. Chevrells Bustle. Mr. Leach and Bustle again appear in the second picture side by side with Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale and her Shavington Tess at the I.G.L. meeting.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT SHERBORNE

ON October 19th and 20th, the Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society's trials were held at Sherborne and Farmington, by the kind permission of Lord Sherborne and Colonel Barrow. The judges were Major Benson, Colonel Heyworth Savage, and Mr. Ernest Turner. The Windrush River was the feature of the meeting, and no dog that was unable to cross and hunt out the other side had much chance of appearing in the awards on the first day, when the All-Aged Stake was taken. In spite of the early fog, quite a number of spectators watched the proceedings. The work was always interesting, quite above the standard so far seen this season, and one of the most successful meetings ever held by the Society. All kinds of questions can be asked of the dogs in that lovely Windrush valley, and some take a bit of answering. It was a pleasure to see Sir George Thursby's Bramshaw Mischief uphold her reputation, as well as her owner's.

Results :

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Sir George Thursby's b. F.T. Ch. Bramshaw Mischief; 2nd, Mr. G. Wood Homer's b. Black Drure; 3rd, Miss Birkerton's d. Shebley Mickey. Reserve, Mrs. Hextall's d. Avishays Brush; certificate of honour, Lorna Countess Howe's d. Banchory Brend; certificates of merit, Miss Newton Deakin's b. Silvare of Tone; Mr. R. Venables Kyrke's d. Anningley Fox; Miss Despencer-Robertson's b. Painted Lady of Wilbury.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. M. Dawson's d. Trail Mate; 2nd, Lorna Countess Howe's d. Banchory Vanquisher of Withington; 3rd, Major Mitchell's d. Mac. Reserve, Sir G. Thursby's d. Bramshaw Bogey; certificate of honour, Mr. G. Wood Homer's b. Burlestone Flash; certificate of merit, Miss Bickerton's b. Shebley Nymph.

ERNEST TURNER.

INTERNATIONAL GUNDOG LEAGUE

THE retriever trials of the above society were held at Sutton Scotney, in Hampshire, by the kind permission of Mr. J. Arthur Rank, on October 22nd and 23rd, the judges being Major Benson, Mr. Vincent Routledge and Mr. Ernest Turner.

If the object of the weather last Friday and Saturday was to defeat what was in the mind of Mr. Rank, it was highly unsuccessful. A deluge of rain and gusts of wind did their best, but, in spite of this, all the dogs were given a most thorough test, and in making their decisions the judges were unanimous in their placings and perfectly satisfied not only with the awards they had made but that all the dogs had been properly tried out.

Not many could have overcome the difficulties which Mr. Rank—a man so fond of any kind of sporting contest—had to meet. He has that knack of achieving the almost impossible. It can truthfully be said that this meeting was one of the best the International Gundog League has ever held, and it was more than kind and considerate of Mr. and Mrs. Rank to entertain everyone with such splendid hospitality.

What ensured success was the abundance of game, the organisation of the beats, the patience of the guns and the most praiseworthy efforts of the headkeeper, W. Loseby, in the face of such adverse circumstances. The awards were as follows :

NOMINATION STAKE.—1st, Mr. C. H. Kennard's d. Pettistree Dan; 2nd, Major D. G. Astley's d. Dander; 3rd, Miss A. M. Bickerton's d. Shebley Nicky; 4th, Mr. J. C. Rogers-Coltman's b. Jennaphone; reserve, Mrs. A. Heywood-Lonsdale's b. Shavington Tess; certificates of honour, Mrs. B. B. Hextall's d. Avishays Brush; Mr. J. A. Rank's d. Withington Nith; certificates of merit, Sir Edmund Spriggs's d. Coed Bob; Sir George Cayley's d. Togo of Clun; Mr. R. G. Beaton's b. F.T. Ch. Chevrells Bustle; Mr. R. M. Willington's b. Actress of St. Kieran; Mr. R. V. Garton's d. Langbourne Midnight; Mr. R. Corlett's b. Adderley Tax; Dr. W. Collins's b. Knaith Brat; Miss K. Despencer-Robertson's b. F.T. Ch. Painted Lady of Wilbury.

The winner is a very fast, stylish and brilliant dog; he has a sufficiency of brains to require less attention from his handler, and though he may appear to be somewhat impetuous at the beginning of the day, he is not wild by any means, and more confidence might easily be placed in him. A charming dog to watch, and one that certainly has not won out of his turn.

Major Astley's Dander (second) is another brainy dog, under nice control, and trained to obey the wishes of his handler, who seems to have every confidence in him. He quarters well, makes all the ground good and has an excellent nose.

Shebley Nicky is a cross-bred dog that always appeals to the shooting man, being attractive to watch and so intent on his work. He is very faithful to his dam with his spaniel style and seldom fails to find what he is sent for. Jennaphone is another very well-trained bitch, one of the best markers in the stake.

ERNEST TURNER.

FLATCOATS AT BEDALE

THE Flat-coated Retriever Association held their trials at Bedale, Yorkshire, by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, on October 15th and 16th. The judges were Mr. Walter Alington, Colonel R. D'Arcy Fife, and Mr. A. U. Greer. The weather was perfect from the guns' and spectators' point of view, but the ground was terribly dry and hard, and there was little or no scent.

The All-Aged Stake was won by Windle Peggy, who proved herself a really good retriever. Second, Quick of Riverside, ran a very steady trial. He is a wonderful worker on a runner. Brynasaph Quickstep put up a stylish performance, but was rather too much "on his toes."

The whole company were hospitably entertained to luncheon each day by Mrs. Oliver, who is doing so much for the working Flatcoat.

The awards were :

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's b. Windle Peggy; 2nd, Mr. H. R. Cooke's d. Quick of Riverside; 3rd, Mr. R. E. Birch's d. Brynasaph Quickstep. Reserve, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's d. Windle Don; certificates of merit, Mrs. E. G. Oliver's d. Hellingly John; Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Elwes's b. Coleshorne Jet.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Birch's d. Retep; 2nd, Mr. R. Muir Wilson's d. Windle Don; 3rd, Mr. W. D. Evans's d. Paulos.

R. E. BIRCH.

GAMEKEEPERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

ON October 19th and 20th the Gamekeepers' National Association held their 23rd field trials for retrievers at Yester, Gifford, East Lothian, by kind permission of the Marquis of Tweeddale and the shooting tenants. The judges were Captain A. C. Fraser, Mr. K. S. Dobie and Mr. J. Thompson. The awards were as follows :

CASTLE MILK STAKE (open all-aged).—1st, Mr. W. M. M'Call's d. St. Mary's Jimmie; 2nd, Mr. J. Campbell's b. Ingleston Nora; 3rd, Mr. S. H. Carruthers's d. Orchardton Donald; 4th, Mr. D. Mackay's d. Rogebridge Bob; reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. M. Watt's d. Broadhill Dawn; certificate of honour, Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Stainedrop Sportsman; certificate of merit, Mr. P. Coleman's b. Winged Princess.

NATIONAL STAKE.—1st, Mrs. M. K. Marjoribanks's b. F.T. Ch. Benroy Ruddy; 2nd, Lord Joicey's d. F.T. Ch. Feat of Flodden; 3rd, Captain R. G. Sharp's d. Punch of Clava; 4th, Mr. J. Eccles's d. Hazlestone Brock; reserve and certificate of honour, Mr. C. Walker's d. Hazlehill; certificate of honour, Mr. J. A. Rank's b. Scotney Bunty; certificates of merit, Sir C. Cayzer's d. Kinjeerne Kenny; Mrs. F. Morris's b. Ch. Lochar Nessie; Mr. W. M'Donald's b. Thistledo; the Marchioness of Tweeddale's d. Yester Beam; Captain J. F. Hodges's d. Glenravel Nimrod; Mr. R. Wentworth Smith's d. Chief of Yelme.

RETRIEVERS AT DUPPLIN

ON October 12th and 13th, the Scottish Field Trials Association held their meeting over the Dupplin Estate, Perthshire, by the kind permission of Lord Forteviot, who devoted himself wholeheartedly to the success of the meeting. The ground was all that could possibly be desired, with an abundance of game of every kind and the beats most perfectly organised. The judges were Mr. Ernest Turner, Mr. J. Eccles and Mr. J. Gaunt. The work of the dogs cannot be described as of a high class, in fact it was disappointing. This appears to have been the case at all the meetings so far held. No doubt the ground itself being so dry interferes with the scent, and this must account for the extraordinary incapacity to find what appears so easy. No doubt when rain does come, a great improvement will be seen. The support given to field trials increases each year, and I understand that for a stake of 24 dogs at the International Gundog meeting to be held at Mr. J. Arthur Rank's place in Hampshire on October 22nd and 23rd, 68 applications were made. The awards were as follows :

OPEN STAKE (FOR ALL AGES).—1st, Mr. R. G. Beaton's b. F.T. Ch. Chevrells Bustle; 2nd, Captain R. G. Sharp's d. Punch of Clava; 3rd, Mr. W. Mackie's b. Cruden Bay Lass; reserve, Mr. D. Black's d. Balmato Bandmaster; certificate of honour, the Right Hon. the Earl of Effingham's d. F.T. Ch. Mung; certificates of merit to six of the seven remaining entrants.

THE NON-WINNERS' STAKE (FOR ALL AGES).—1st, Sir W. Morrison-Low's d. Kilmaron Duke; 2nd, Mr. W. Lightfoot's b. Wee-Fly; 3rd, Mr. J. Annand's b. Glenhead Nan; 4th, Sir C. Cayzer's d. Kinpurnie Kirn; reserve, Mr. D. M'Donald's b. Lil's Fast Lady; certificate of honour, Mr. A. U. Greer's d. Michael of Beandown; certificate of merit, Mrs. A. Gilroy's d. Gilstair Sandy.

SPANIELS AT KIRKBY LONSDALE

BY kind permission of Lord Shuttleworth and Mr. Richard Kay-Shuttleworth, the North Western Counties Field Trial Association held the spaniel trials at Barbon Manor, Barbon, Kirkby Lonsdale, on October 13th and 14th. The judges were Miss J. M. Wykeham-Musgrave and Mr. W. D. Edwards.

The awards were as follows :

OPEN STAKE (for any variety Retrieving Spaniels).—1st, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. F.T. Ch. Busy Lad of Ware; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. Sally O'Vara; 3rd, Mr. A. Byrne's b. Teilwyn Tonic. Reserve, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Dene of Balcary; certificate of honour, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. Squib O'Vara; certificates of merit to five of the six remaining entrants in the stake.

OPEN NOVICE STAKE (for any variety Retrieving Spaniels).—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. Sally O'Vara; 2nd, Captain R. Jeymson's d., Johnny of Crishall; 3rd, Mr. G. Curle's d. Brackenhill Brisco. Reserve, Mr. E. A. Walker's Dene of Balcary; certificate of honour, Mr. G. Curle's b. Brackenhill Bate; certificate of merit to ten of the eleven remaining entrants.

OPEN STAKE (for Cocker Spaniels).—Equal 1st, Miss D. Hardy's b. F.T. Ch. Carramore Avril; Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. Smut O'Vara; 3rd, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Marlower Titch; reserve, Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yeordale Snipe; certificate of honour, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Spot; certificates of merit to all other entrants in the stake.

The Country House

BROAD BEANS

November Planting For an Early Crop

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE Broad Bean is amongst the oldest cultivated vegetables. It has always been popular with humble folk and unduly despised by epicures. Archæologists tell us that even pre-historic man grew Broad Beans. Our Saxon ancestors esteemed these Beans, and throughout the Middle Ages Broad Beans and Oats furnished forth the Lenten "gruellum." Broad Beans were also largely used in the making of the coarse "horse bread," which was consumed only by the poorest. Bean feasts were formerly popular, and the Broad Bean also figured conspicuously in the Twelfth Night revels. A bean was inserted in the cake, and whoever was lucky enough to get it was the "King of the Bean" and master of the ceremonies for the evening.

To secure an early crop and one free of black fly the first sowing of Broad Beans is usually made in early November in the North, and rather later in the South.

This vegetable thrives in most soils, but it is a greedy feeder, and does best in rich ground. For the early dwarf sorts a light soil and a warm spot is preferable. Seed should always be sown on a dry day, and when the ground is in a good friable condition. The finest Beans are obtainable from single rows, but it is customary to plant in double rows, sowing the seed 3in. deep and allowing 6in. between in the case of dwarf kinds and 9in. for the tall kinds. If grown in single rows the seed is put in 4in. apart.

When sowing, throw out any seeds that are conspicuously undersized or very wrinkled. Later sowings can be made from January onwards. In very bleak parts Broad Beans are sometimes sown in frames and planted out in March. This vegetable is extremely hardy, however, and the only time it is likely to be caught by a severe frost is just when the young growths are pushing through the surface soil. In cold parts it is advisable to earth up a little before the coldest weather sets in. It is not the leaves but the stems that suffer in a spell of severe frost. Hoeing is as important in winter as later, for if the ground becomes caked during the worst time of the year the plants suffer badly.

The only attention Broad Beans require throughout their growing season is hoeing and weeding. A careful look-out has to be kept for black fly in early summer, and the plants should have their tops pinched out as soon as the first flowers have set. Any side growths should be nipped off as they do not produce Beans worth picking and only weaken the plants. Broad Beans, after the crop has been gathered, should never be burnt but put on the rubbish heap, for the roots are a valuable manure. Some gardeners cut down the stems to soil level and dig in the roots.

Diseases and pests do not trouble this sturdy vegetable much. Bean Chocolate Spot is the only serious disease, and fortunately it is rare in gardens, being more common in field cultivation where the plants are grown more closely together. The disease is ascribed to *Bacillus lathyri*, but authorities are not agreed whether this is the real cause of the disease. It is easily recognisable, for chocolate-coloured spots appear on the leaves and sometimes on the stems as well. Usually they appear in early June and spread rapidly in wet weather. Nothing can be done for the affected plants, which should be taken out and burnt. Chocolate Spot usually attacks plants grown in soil that is deficient in potash. It is advisable to give before sowing a dressing of sulphate of potash, allowing about an ounce to the square yard. Brown spots frequently appear on the leaves of Broad Beans in winter, but these are quite harmless and are not Chocolate Spot.

Autumn-sown crops are usually immune from Black Fly. Directly it is observed, spray with derris. Bean and Pea Beetles attack the seeds, leaving holes in them. Seeds thus attacked should not be used either for food or sowing. Bean Rust (*Uromyces fabæ*) is very common and insignificant. It usually attacks the leaves after the crop has been gathered.

Those who prefer size to flavour avoid all giant kinds of Broad Beans. The Mazagan varieties are very early, but though they are prolific the pods are so small that they are hardly worth the space they occupy, and are only suitable for large gardens, where it is possible to have a long succession of Beans, beginning with those sown in early November and ending with those sown in April. The new white-seeded dwarf Broad Bean is an interesting novelty. It grows only a foot high and is very prolific.

Scientists tell us—but the majority of folk turn a deaf ear to the information—that immature vegetables are as unwholesome as immature fruits. Certainly people who live closest to the soil rarely wish to eat immature Carrots, Broad Beans, Peas, &c. They are perfectly content to have them in their season, and consequently at their best. Immature vegetables are, oddly enough, regarded as a luxury, but no one can pretend that young Carrots have the sweet, delicious flavour of mature Carrots, and young Broad Beans are almost lacking in the flavour of those that are fully grown. In their young state Broad Beans are an indigestible form of protein, and in their mature condition a very rich starch. Cooks frequently shell Broad Beans before cooking them, *i.e.*, they take off the outer skins of the seeds by putting them in boiling water for a few minutes. This method deprives the Beans of valuable salts, also of much of the flavour. The best method of serving these beans is the simplest, *i.e.*, with melted butter and sprinkled over with finely-chopped Parsley.

Broad Bean Soup is delicious. It is made by rubbing cooked Beans through a fine sieve, with a little cooked Onion or Shallot. When re-heated, add the yolk of an egg, a little butter and some chopped Parsley. The soup must not boil after adding the yolk of egg or it will curdle. Creamed Broad Beans is a good way of using up Beans too old to serve plainly. A purée is made as above, only very thick indeed, and with cream instead of butter. Serve on thin sippets of hot toast and butter, and garnish with finely-chopped ham heated in butter. Or the purée can be garnished with grated Parmesan cheese.



GOLDEN MOMENTS

Football

The whistle starts the first game of the season. Leading his side as he did in the Spring he takes the opposing backs by surprise and slams the ball into the net before the game is a minute old—the first goal scored in the season.

What a Golden Moment it must be for him! But even he cannot smoke a better tobacco at a shilling an ounce than Cut Golden Bar.—But it must be Wills's!



2 oz. vacuum tin.

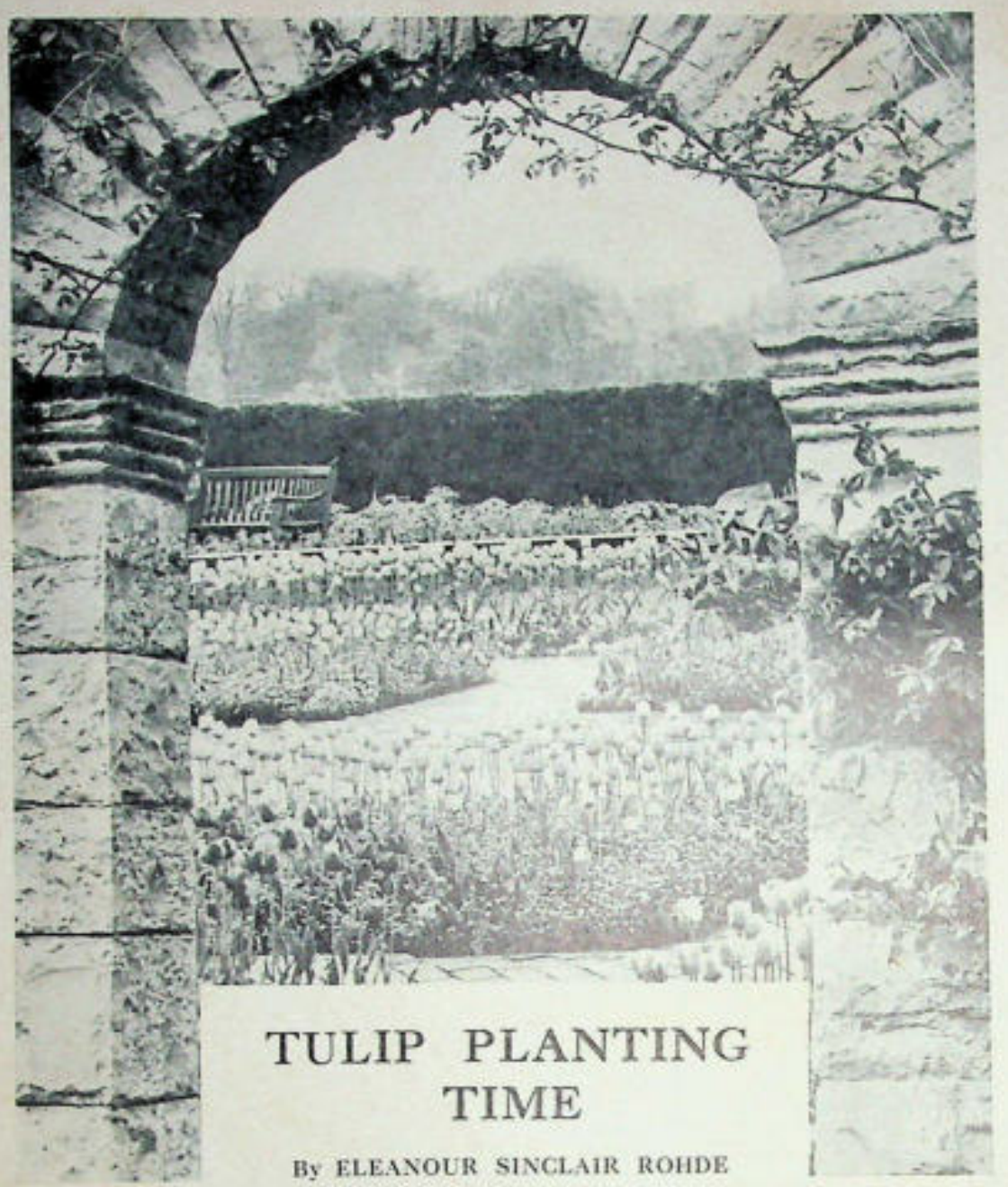
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in 2oz. Vacuum Tins
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TULIP PLANTING TIME

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN planning for effective display Tulips demand more care than any other spring-flowering bulbs. Daffodils can be strewn broadcast in the wild or semi-wild garden, and the less formally they are planted the better. Crocuses also do not take kindly to formal arrangement, and never look so well as when planted in grass, or in the case of the Crocus species, in clumps in the rock garden. But Tulips are so stately that they look their best in a formal setting. Not, however, in the fashion that prevailed up to some years ago, *i.e.*, dull serried ranks all of one colour with perhaps an edging of Forget-me-nots; but associated in mixed colours with Wallflowers, Pheasant's Eye Narcissi, Aubrietias, White Honesty, *Dicentra formosa*, and so forth. The greater the mixture of colours, the better the effect. In fact, we are rapidly returning to the old delightful posy-like way of planting spring flowers.

It is of the utmost importance in arranging for a display on these lines to remember the importance of white flowers. Gorgeous masses of colour are all very well theoretically, but without any white they are apt to look decidedly heavy. White Honesty is particularly useful, for it is one of the few tall white-flowered plants in bloom at the same time as Tulips.

The dwarf Bleeding Heart (*Dicentra formosa*) makes a very effective carpeting for Tulips and together with an edging of a good blue Viola, such as Pickering Blue, makes an unusual and very lovely display of colour. The dwarf Bleeding Heart has the merit of flowering continuously all through the summer, and even in leaf in late summer it is very dainty and pleasing and makes a good carpeting for China Asters, Gladioli, &c. Where labour is a consideration, *Dicentra formosa* is indeed useful, for it is a perennial and can be used as a good carpeting throughout the season. On heavy soils Polyanthus make a first rate edging for Tulips, for a thick border of them gives a basket-like effect that is very attractive.

April-flowering Tulips are valuable for their early flowering, but there is the serious drawback that after their first year they are rarely satisfactory, whereas May-flowering Tulips can be left undisturbed for at least three years and increase. The commonest mistakes in planting Tulips are putting them in too early and not planting them deeply enough. Cottagers who have always enjoyed feeding their plants used to trench 3ft. deep, put a layer of manure at the bottom, plant their Tulips nearly a foot deep, and then leave well alone for years. The Tulips did not flower so early as those put in only a few inches deep, but on the other hand they did not fall a prey to Tulip Fire, and the bulbs worked themselves down deeper and deeper and flowered splendidly, sometimes for as long as 20 years. The gorgeous patches of May-flowering Tulips were, indeed, an outstanding feature of cottage gardens in late Victorian times.

April-flowering Tulips should be planted in early November, but mid-November is quite early enough for the May flowering kinds. The latter should be put in 8in. deep on light soils and not quite so deep on heavy soils. The best manure for surface dressing is bone meal, allowing 2oz. to every square yard, and forking in lightly.

The earliest single Tulips to flower are the charming cherry-coloured Proserpine (in flower at the same time as Hyacinths and associates well with blue Hyacinths), Montresor (yellow), Van der Neer (rich purple), Chrysolora (yellow), and the not very attractive, but showy Kaiserskroon.

The earliest double Tulips are Azalea (pale pink), Rubra maxima (scarlet), El Toreador (scarlet with dull yellow edging), Couronne d'Or (yellow), and the striking Boule de Neige, with very large white flowers. These double Tulips flower slightly later than the early single Tulips.

The pick of the double Tulips, the old Bleu Celeste, I think the loveliest of all double Tulips. In spite of its name it is not blue, but lavender blue of a very lovely shade. It is a late flowerer, usually rather late in May. It grows about 20in. high. It is sometimes listed as Blue Flag, but it is not easy to get the true kind.

Mendel Tulips flower just after the early single and double Tulips and just before the Cottage and Darwin Tulips. Vivid with white-edged cherry-coloured flowers is one of the best. Unlike the Parrot Tulips, the Mendel varieties have strong stems and can stand up to spring winds. Parrot Tulips look very effective at shows, but they are anything but satisfactory in the garden on account of their weak stems. They look their best grown in hanging baskets and flowering drooping over the sides. The "broken" or Rembrandt Tulips, which look so effective in pictures by the old Dutch masters, are really diseased, and are never very satisfactory. The old English Tulips promise to become a cult. They need good loam, and should not be planted more than 4in. deep. The old Dutch Tulips are always delightful, especially the dark chestnut and plum purple kinds. Some of them are deliciously scented, notably Prince of Orange and Orange King.

For gorgeous effect nothing equals the Darwin and Cottage Tulips. Amongst the former one of the most satisfactory is Pride of Haarlem. This magnificent Tulip, with its huge cherry-coloured flowers on stems 30in. high, is amongst the grandest flowers in the May garden. The ideal carpeting plant for them is the Forget-me-not Royal Blue. Pride of Haarlem associates well with mauve Tulips such as Corydon and Dream, both of which flower at the same time.

CLIMBING PLANTS

The Advantages of Virginian Creeper

THERE must be numbers of ugly brick walls that need clothing. Think of the million or more houses that have been built in the last six months. There are fences that can do with a covering also, there are pergolas, archways and rustic trellis work that need to be furnished with climbers.

There are the self-clinging climbers like Ivy and Virginian Creeper, there are the quick twining climbers like the Russian Vine, and there are many shrubs that are used as wall shrubs, like the Cotoneaster and Ceanothus.

Ivies are a nuisance, for they are apt to harbour insect pests. They do damage the mortar on a wall, too, and they should only be grown where nothing else will do. Some people are very fond of the Golden Ivy or the variety known as Silver Queen, but neither of these will grow in exposed places.

The best clinger without a doubt is the Virginian Creeper. It is fast growing, it is not particular as regards the aspect or soil, and it does look very pretty both in the spring and in the autumn. The most rapid climber of all is undoubtedly the *Polygonum baldschuanicum*. It is very hardy, the stems seem to twist and cling to anything for support and the flowers like wee bunches of grapes come out in August, first of all pure white in colour and then turning to a delicate pink. It is an excellent climber for covering up an old shed, for growing at the bottom of a small suburban garden on a trellis to hide any ugly sights there may be beyond, and some prefer it to anything else for a pergola.

Two climbers that are most effective are the Wistaria and the Clematis. Both of them are very colourful, indeed, and neither of them are difficult. They are apt, if not trained properly, to grow into tangled masses, and in this case they often fail to bloom satisfactorily.

In the case of the Wistaria, the branches should be trained 6in. or so apart to start with and then spreading them out so as to cover the desired area. Once the branches are in position the young growths should be cut hard back very much like one spurs a well-trained cordon apple. This pruning should be carried out in February and as a result the Wistaria should bloom satisfactorily.

Without a doubt it prefers a rather sheltered sunny wall and will do best in well-prepared soil. The hole should be dug 2ft. deep and 4ft. across and filled with a good rich compost consisting of about one-quarter well-decayed farmyard manure.

The Clematis should be planted in deep soil, too, and likes a sunny position. It is very attractive when grown over the porch of a house or up an old tree stump. The *Jackmanni* group is a very popular one, and this should be pruned severely in February, each young growth being cut back to within a pair of buds at its base.

Among the shrubs there is much to be said for the blue-flowered Ceanothuses. There are a number of these which flower both in the spring and early summer. A favourite is *Burkwoodii*, which is a mass of blossom from July onwards.

Cotoneasters may be grown, too, and so may the Pyracantha, whose berries look so very attractive in the autumn. The Cydonia is another shrub grown as a climber often known as Japonica. It has large apple blossom-like flowers which come out very early in the spring. Perhaps the best variety in this case is *Simonii*.

W. E. S. C.





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THE GOVERNMENT ACQUIRES COMPTON

A National Centre for Research into Animal Diseases

THE Agricultural Research Council (acting under the direction of the Committee of the Privy Council for the Organisation and Development of Agricultural Research, and after consultation with the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Department of Agriculture for Scotland) have purchased from Mr. Alfred Barclay the Compton Manor Estate of about 1,500 acres, on the Berkshire Downs, about sixteen miles to the west of Reading.

The objects of the council in establishing a field station of their own are twofold, and have been adopted after a careful survey of existing facilities for agricultural research. Firstly, it is hoped to supply from Compton to agricultural research institutes for experimental purposes animals of known history and free from disease; for these there is a demand which it is becoming increasingly difficult to meet. The council are, therefore, also buying from Mr. Barclay his well-known herd of pedigree Ayrshire cattle and his smaller herds of pedigree Friesian and Guernsey cattle, which have for some years been under expert supervision by two veterinary members of one of the council's own committees. All the cattle are free from tuberculosis, and two of the three herds are free from contagious abortion and mastitis. The herd of some 300 large white pigs, which is being purchased by the council, are also free from tuberculosis. Secondly, the council desire to fill a gap in the existing facilities for research by providing opportunities for experiments on a field scale under strictly controlled conditions. Such experiments will be related, in particular, to those problems of animal health and disease which fundamental and smaller scale investigations conducted at research institutes, or initiated by the council, may indicate are at a stage requiring the use of animals in larger numbers than can be accommodated at an institute without detriment to its general programme. A section of the estate will be isolated, and cattle units will be built as soon as possible for the first series of experiments on contagious abortion in cattle. In the course of their management of the estate, the council will also undertake any experiments with pastures and crops which can usefully be done there.

With the consent of the Medical Research Council, the Agricultural Research Council have appointed Mr. G. W. Dunkin, M.R.C.V.S., D.V.H., at present superintendent of the farm laboratories of the Medical Research Council at Mill Hill, to be director of the field station at Compton. Mr. Dunkin will be assisted by a small scientific staff. A laboratory and houses for the breeding and maintenance of stocks of small laboratory animals will be built on the estate.

The need for a field station of the type now to be established arose in the first place from the requirements of the council's committee on *Brucella abortus* Infection in Animals (Contagious Abortion) and Man. Of this committee, Sir Joseph Arkwright is the chairman, and among its members are the principal workers on contagious abortion in Great Britain. The council's committee were asked to consider, in the light of the recommendations made by the committee on cattle diseases under the chairmanship of Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, how best research on contagious abortion could be advanced. The committee on *Brucella abortus* infection were of opinion that it was desirable to conduct experiments with preventive vaccines, and in regard to sources of natural infection on a herd of some 200 cattle, divided into a number of strictly isolated units, under the committee's own control. It appeared to the council and to their Animal Diseases Committee that it would be an unwise and an uneconomical step to provide at any one research institute, or at two institutes, accommodation for experiments on a single disease on so large a scale, or to divert the energies of an institute's staff to so extensive a series of large-scale experiments. The general survey of all agricultural research in progress in Great Britain made by the Agricultural Research Council had brought to light other instances in which facilities for research on a field scale, but under conditions of control which could not be maintained in ordinary farming practice, were required. Furthermore, in the course of the examination of the scheme of contagious abortion experiments, the desirability of increasing the supply of animals which could with confidence be accepted as being free from certain specified diseases, and whose history had been accurately recorded, had emerged. Agreement was therefore reached that the right course was to establish under the council's control a field station which would fulfil these requirements and, after a most careful search, the Compton Manor Estate was selected. As the examination of the policy to be adopted in using the estate proceeded it became evident that opportunities would arise for useful experimentation on crops as well as on animals.



THE POTATO HARVEST

Large crops are grown in rural lakeland where this photograph was taken

It is the desire of the Agricultural Research Council that their station should be of value to those who are engaged in agricultural research, and it is hoped that from time to time institutes will second members of their staff to work at Compton with the small resident staff upon problems for which the station's resources are most suitable. If, however, the station is to be put to the best use, the number of major experiments in progress at the same time must be strictly limited. Probably only one series of large-scale experiments upon cattle, pigs or poultry respectively should be undertaken at one time. With cattle the first group of experiments will be concerned with contagious abortion. They cannot be begun until the necessary isolation units have been built, and they may last for five or even for ten years; but the fact that animals known to be free from abortion are available at Compton will shorten the period of experiment by three or four years. With pigs it is under



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consideration, as a result of consultation with the leading workers in pig research, to limit attention in the first instance to the possibility of reducing the rate of early mortality in small pigs—an urgent problem for pig breeders—in a healthy herd run under good commercial conditions. With poultry, observations will be made to test the hypothesis that susceptibility to fowl paralysis is inherited in certain strains of birds. For this purpose birds of known pedigree, which have been under examination by Professor T. Dalling at the Wellcome Laboratories at Beckenham, will be used.

It is not the intention of the council to develop at Compton a self-contained research institute. The resident scientific staff will be small, and the laboratory will only be large enough to meet the needs of that staff and of visiting workers from the research institutes. Small animals must be bred on a considerable scale for use in connection with experiments on animal diseases at the station. The council can perform a further useful function by breeding a small surplus of healthy small animals for supply to institutes.

Although the station is to be used for field scale experiments, the fact that a primary object will be to supply large as well as small animals to research institutes is a guarantee that the need for developing work with large animals at the institutes is appreciated by the Agricultural Research Council, who are responsible for giving scientific guidance regarding all agricultural research aided by the Government. The division of functions between the council's station and the institutes has been clearly, though not too rigidly, delimited. It is for the field station to provide opportunities for experiments which are at a stage between research institute investigation with small groups of animals and ordinary farming practice. In research this stage is a crucial one.

THE FINANCE OF FARMING

Should Individual Farms be Welded into Larger Economic Units?

By A. D. COZENS

MUCH has been heard recently of the plight of the agricultural industry, and many suggestions have been made as to its rehabilitation.

All are agreed that in general, farmers in this country have insufficient capital with which to conduct their operations with the maximum efficiency. Many, moreover, are of the opinion that the capital which is available is not in every case used to its best advantage: the majority of farmers who are not in a position to employ bailiffs or agents are notoriously lax in the matter of book-keeping and cost-accountancy—an attitude into which they are, perhaps, encouraged by the existing method of taxing not the actual profits, but the arbitrary Schedule "B" value which, in theory, approximates to the profits derivable from the property so assessed. This neglect of the financial side of farming frequently results in the accumulation of an unknown volume of book-debts and recurrent crises necessitating the forced sale of stock if cash is short.

How is this financial difficulty to be surmounted? There are those who recommend further relief from taxation, or direct Government subsidies, while others propose an arbitrary control of prices or a forced reduction of the minimum wages level. In such matters it is easy to adopt a partisan attitude and to ignore the effect which any proposed changes would have upon the non-farming community. A careful examination of many of the remedies which have been suggested discloses either their ineffectiveness or secondary results which would make their application difficult if not impossible. On the assumption that the chief impediment to the prosperity of farming is lack of capital, the proposals made must be examined for their probable effectiveness to this end.

It is not the practice in this country for the capital needed in farming to be provided by others than those actively engaged in the industry. The joint stock principle has not extended to agriculture, and unless some radical change is effected, any additional capital required must be provided by the farmer himself. It is possible in the case of landed proprietors who have investments outside their farming property, that the virtual certainty of increased profits might induce them to sink more money in the industry. But the majority of tenant farmers and small owner-occupiers would be unaffected since they have in most instances invested the whole of their resources in the business. Increased profits would tend to enhance the value of farm property and might also encourage tradesmen and factors to grant more extensive credit. By this means, the shortage of capital might be mitigated to some small degree, but it would certainly not be remedied.

Failing additions to capital from outside sources, the farmer must himself set aside out of each year's profits substantial sums to be used for capital improvements, but it is difficult to see how profits can be increased to such an extent as to make the procedure possible; minimum prices, if they were enforced, must be above the general economic level if any advantage is to be derived by the farming community. A rise in the price of foodstuffs would at once arouse the antagonism of the general public, who, while they naturally have no wish to see the industry decline, would be averse from granting help in this manner unless excellent reasons for doing so were adduced. The same considerations would apply to direct subsidies.

The claim that assistance would be given by exemption from Death Duties does not bear careful analysis. It will readily be conceded that the payment of Death Duties does bear particularly hardly in the case of a farmer because of the difficulty of providing cash at the time it is needed—a difficulty which is often unwisely surmounted by disposing of some of the live or dead stock, thus leaving the farm under-stocked. Such occasions only arise in a family every 30 years or so, and the relief from taxation would not materially affect the capital position. Nor could it be reasonably held as equitable that one section of the community should claim exemption from a contribution towards the national expenditure, particularly as the difficulties in making the payment arise not so much from inability to pay as from shortage of liquid resources.

Yet another suggested remedy is a reduction in the minimum rate of wages. The wages bill undoubtedly looms large in the profit and loss account of any farmer, but, compared with other industries, the level is low; the average, including overtime but excluding additional earnings at harvest, is 33s. 6d. a week for ordinary adult male workers; horsemen and stockmen earn more, but their wages average under 40s. Allowance must be made for the fact that farm workers can generally obtain house accommodation for a considerably lower figure than can workers in other industries, but it is unfair to make additions for home-grown produce, since similar facilities are available to most members of the community. These wages are deplorably low, so low as to make it almost impossible to maintain a decent standard of life, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the steady drift from the land is intimately connected with this fact. It seems impossible to pare the wages bill further. Moreover, as farming methods are perfected, the skill demanded of the workers increases; good work will always command good wages.

We arrive, then, at the conclusion that no material additions can be made to existing capital either by granting relief from taxation, by giving subsidies, or by controlling prices, nor can profits be increased by lowering wages.

What is the cause of the trouble and what the cure? It is suggested that the fault is inherent in the present structure of the industry which must be changed so as to make it possible for capital to be introduced from outside. Other industries have no difficulty in raising the capital needed, nor is there any lack of money available for investment. Farming is the only large industry which is not conducted on the joint stock principle, and it seems likely that some movement in this direction, however alien it may be to our inherited ideas, may prove the solution. It is not to be expected that such a change of system will prove a panacea for all the ills of farming, but there is no reason to suspect that a poor response would be given to a prospectus offering for sale shares in a farming company, which could produce properly audited accounts indicating its true position, and could show that its interests were well spread to guard against the failure of any particular crop. The difficulty over the payment of Death Duties would be obviated, for it would be possible to sell the requisite number of shares instead of disposing of stock, and bequests could be made to children preserving their interest in the ancestral farm lands without necessitating their division. The concentration of capital would result in greater economy in use and greater effectiveness in application. It is impossible to survey the full implications of the proposed change, but it is not unreasonable to presume that a method of organisation found so successful in other industries would be equally effective when applied to farming, although some of the traditional glamour might be lost.

There is little doubt that drastic changes of some description must take place before the industry can return to full prosperity, and the welding of the individual farms into larger economic units seems more likely to succeed over a period of years than an uneconomic structure maintaining a precarious existence with Government help. Some Governmental assistance might be needed during the transitional period, but sturdy independence seems more in accord with farming tradition than reliance upon the variable whims of political factions.

SEED PRODUCTION OF HERBAGE AND FORAGE PLANTS

Important New Publications

A SERIES of six bulletins has been published by the Imperial Bureau of Herbage Plants, Aberystwyth, on questions relating to the production of seed of herbage and forage plants. In view of the number of bred and selected strains now being reproduced for seed in different parts of the world, the agronomical technique to be used in the production of seed is an important question at the present time. The bulletins are intended for the use of agricultural research workers, advisers, seed producers and seedsmen, and will also be of value to practical farmers, who will find information on many points which are important in the production of good crops of clean seed of grasses, clovers and other forage plants under a wide range of climatic and other conditions.

The chief bulletins in the group are Nos. 19 (5/–), 22 (5/–) and 23 (5/–). Bulletin 19 describes the technique used in producing seed of a number of grasses in all parts of the world, while bulletin 23 is a companion issue dealing with legume (clovers, lucerne, &c.) seed production. Bulletin 22, by Gwilym Evans, Officer-in-Charge of Seed Production on the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, contains a description of the technique which has been evolved for producing seed of the various hay and pasture strains bred at the station. Special consideration is given to the dates and rates of sowing, isolation, manures and fertilisers, harvesting, seed conditioning and storing. The bulletin contains a brief statement of the new scheme for marketing seed of these bred strains, in which collaboration will be assured between the station on the one hand and the Seed Trade and the Growers' Association on the other; a complete scheme of inspection and certification will be incorporated. The final section of bulletin 22 is a list of the bred strains released by the Welsh Plant Breeding Station, with a brief statement of the characteristics of each.

The other bulletins on the subject of seed production are No. 20 (2/6) on insects and other pests injurious to the production of seed in herbage and forage crops, by H. F. Barnes, of the Entomology Department, Rothamsted Experimental Station; bulletin 21 (1/–) on the influence of climatic conditions on type composition, by N. Sylvén, of the Plant Breeding Station, Svalöf, Sweden; and No. 24 (2/–) on the collection of native grass seed in the Great Plains, U.S.A., by F. J. Crider and M. M. Hoover. This last publication will be of particular interest to persons in the more arid grassland countries, where erosion is a problem, as it contains illustrations of the typical grasses of the Great Plains, which are being reproduced in connexion with the soil conservation programme.

Copies of these bulletins are obtainable from the Chief Officer, Imperial Bureau for Herbage Plants, Aberystwyth.

WE have received the September number of the *Farm Student*, the magazine of the East Anglian Institute of Agriculture Students' Club. This is just a model of what such a publication should be, containing as it does much of interest to the general public and all the news of the club. The tendency, however, to pass over certain contributions from students because they are "too technical for the general reader" is much to be regretted. Such a magazine will only be read by those interested in agriculture, and surely technical information should not be too much for those whose livelihood is in any way dependent on the soil?

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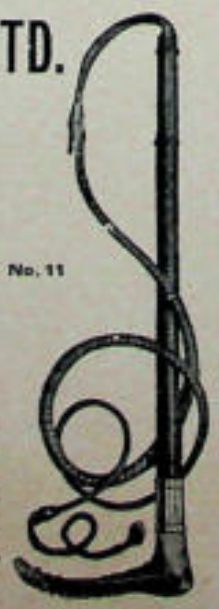
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TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR



EVENING ON THE WATER: SS. ORION IN NORWEGIAN WATERS AT LOEN NORDFJORD DURING A RECENT CRUISE

A MOST AMBITIOUS PROGRAMME

The Austin Range for 1938

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

WITHOUT doubt, the most sensational feature of the Austin Motor Company's programme for 1938 is the introduction of an entirely new model, to be known as the "Big Seven." This does not mean, however, that the old "Seven" is to be discarded, as it has been completely redesigned and will therefore still be available.

Apparently the reason for the introduction of the "Big Seven" was due to the repeated requests which the Austin Motor Company have received from their clients for a 7 h.p. closed car with four doors, since the old "Seven" having a short wheel-base, was only fitted with two. The new car, which has been designed with this object in view, has a wheel-base of 7ft. 3½in., instead of 6ft. 9in., and is therefore almost as long as the well-known "Ten." Consequently, four-door saloon bodies will be available on this model. Apart from the advantage of having easier access to the back seat, the longer wheel-base will afford much greater body space on this model than before, as well as increased riding comfort, both points being of considerable importance.

As the small Austin "Seven" has proved so extraordinarily popular ever since it was first introduced in 1922, over 300,000 of these cars having been built, the new model will definitely appeal to the motorist who requires a slightly larger car than this, yet one which is still inexpensive to buy and to maintain.

There must be a vast market for a car of this type, now more so than ever, for the reason that so many business men motor to their offices every day and require a second car for their wives to use during their absence.

Then again, the small vehicle is so very handy when used for shopping since it requires so much less parking space and the petrol consumption is low when making short journeys, compared to that used by larger vehicles for the same purpose.

As this new model will undoubtedly appeal to a very large section of the motoring public, possibly a comparison of the dimensions of the large and the small "Seven" may prove of interest:

	THE "SEVEN"	THE "BIG SEVEN"
Wheel-base	6ft. 9in.	7ft. 3½in.
Overall measurements:		
(Saloon) Length	10ft. 7in.	11ft. 2in.
(Saloon) Width	4ft. 3in.	4ft. 6in.
Track, front	3ft. 4in.	3ft. 7½in.
Track, rear	3ft. 7in.	3ft. 9in.
Approx. weight, complete car	12cwt. 2qrs.	14cwt. 2qrs.

The tax, namely, £6 per annum, is the same for both cars, although the engine of the "Big Seven" is slightly larger, and gives off considerably more power. The R.A.C. rating of the "Seven" is 7.8 h.p., and that of the "Big Seven" 7.99 h.p., the bore of the former being 56 mm., and that of the latter 56.77 mm. Although the bores of both engines are practically the same, where the "Big Seven" scores is in relation to the stroke, the one being 76 mm. and the other 88.9 mm.

Consequently, the "Big Seven" engine gives off 25 b.h.p., and the small "Seven" 17 b.h.p. It will be seen therefore that although the weight of the larger car is 2cwt. heavier than that of the smaller, it has an additional 8 h.p. to its credit and therefore the performance of the two vehicles on the road should be nearly identical. The price of the Austin "Big Seven" with fixed head four-door saloon is £155, and that of the "Seven," also with fixed head, but with two doors only, is £128. The slightly increased dimensions of the larger car have made a vast difference in regard to width, length of body space and luggage accommodation. Great care has also been paid to the passengers' comfort, there being folding foot-rests for the aft seats and pneumatic upholstery is standard equipment.



A WELL-TRIED VETERAN: THE AUSTIN 18 H.P. SALOON

The Austin Motor Company have undoubtedly embarked on a most ambitious programme for 1938, as, in addition to the large and small "Sevens," the following models are available. The "Ten" and the "Twelve," both four-cylinder models, the former carrying an annual tax of £7 10s. and the latter £9. Next comes the "Fourteen," with an R.A.C. rating of 15.9 h.p.; then the "Eighteen," 17.9 h.p.; and, lastly, the "Twenty," which is rated at 23.5 h.p. Prices range from £112 for the Austin "Seven" two-seater to £650 for the "Twenty" limousine, and, in all, the company are marketing 23 different passenger models this coming season. This, of course, does not include the commercial side, which, in itself, is a very large business.

Apart from the two small cars, the one which, as I have already pointed out, is entirely new, whilst the other has been completely redesigned, the remaining models have not been much altered, with the exception of the "Eighteen." This latter car has, however, undergone radical alteration to both chassis and coachwork. The engine has been mounted further forward and the frame has been lengthened, and there is no transmission tunnel, thus leaving a perfectly flat floor. The position of the hand brake has been altered, thus permitting the driver to use either door, and the amount of head room and width of doors has been increased, which affords easier access to the interior; all of which are excellent points.

Due to the increased cost of raw materials, prices of all new Austin cars have been raised, and these increases vary from 5 per cent. to as much as 10 per cent. according to the model. When it is realised that manufacturers are now paying as much as 46 per cent. more for steel than they were six months ago, it is not surprising to find that prices have been increased. In fact, it can be anticipated that still further increases are inevitable if the demand for raw materials continues to be greater than the supply.



AFTER CROSSING THE SAHARA

Natives of Northern Nigeria interested in a 1933 model 4-cylinder Ford after its 6,000 miles journey across the Sahara, Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa. The car which had previously done 87,000 miles in England before the trip, averaged 22 m.p.g. over the whole distance traversed

FLYING AT BROOKLANDS

Brooklands, to most people, means motor racing, and the flying side of this well-known centre is a comparatively unknown quantity. The Brooklands School of Flying was formed in 1928 and was equipped in those early days with 80 h.p. Renault-engined Avros, and was not in any way subsidised or helped by the Government.

Eighteen months ago the company obtained a contract from the Air Ministry for R.A.F. Reserve training, and it is now responsible for the organisation of an R.A.F. Reserve Training School and R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve Training School at Sywell, Northampton, and an R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve Training School at Shoreham.

The company, in conjunction with the College of Motor Engineering, is also responsible for the organisation and running of the College of Aeronautical Engineering at Chelsea and Brooklands, where it now has under training 300 young men. The headquarters of Brooklands Flying Club and Brooklands Aviation, Ltd., was completely destroyed by fire twelve months ago (October 24th, 1936), and in its stead has been built the present steel hangars, workshops, offices and lecture rooms.

Since 1928 the clubs have been responsible for the training of 600 pilots, and the total membership of the four clubs is now approximately 1,670. In the light of present conditions and the growing interest in flying both from a civil and a military point of view, this work being done at Brooklands is of no little importance.



THE SMILE OF VICTORY

Miss Jean Batten on her arrival at Croydon after her magnificent flight in which she broke the solo record, set up by Mr. Broadbent by a margin of 14 hours

FACING THE FACTS OF AIR TRANSPORT

The Importance of the Economic Approach

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

SUPERFICIAL examination of air-transport conditions in this country might lead to the supposition that the industry was becoming firmly established. On certain lines, traffic has shown a welcome increase; services are being better timed; routes are being extended. But the facts are simply that even the best placed of the unsubsidised concerns finds its affairs very delicately balanced. The tendency towards amalgamation and co-operation, noticed in a recent article, is indicative of the search for a surer basis of stability. "In 1936," the Maybury Committee reported last January, "... nearly all the air-line companies admit that they are working at a loss"; and there is no obvious indication that conditions have changed in any material way in the meantime.

This state of affairs is, of course, inevitable. History has a habit of repeating itself in aviation as in other spheres, and it is not unjustifiable to compare conditions in unsubsidised air transport to-day with those obtaining in 1920–21 on the pioneer Continental routes. True, the parallel is not exact. Modern machines are nearer to being economic units than those converted war types that blazed the trail between London and Paris; but the external factors are the same. Just as the original Aircraft Transport and Travel and Handley-Page lines operated between London and Paris to obtain data, to show what could be done, and to discover whether any demand existed or could be created, so internal airways during the past three or four years have been in the experimental stage. Outside certain established routes, more particularly those involving sea crossings (such as those to the Channel Islands and the Scottish Isles), the internal airways system has been in a state of flux.

The reasons for this are now well known, for they have been fully analysed in the Maybury Report and frequently commented upon both in these articles and elsewhere. But it is clear that the time has now come for a general stocktaking. Three years is a sufficiently long period for useful data to have been acquired, and on the all-important economic aspect there should now be available ample information on which to base an opinion not only of the general future trend of development, but of the chances of success attending any specific scheme.

Hitherto, however, such information has not been easy to obtain. Individual companies have naturally been loth to make full details of their experience public; and while very full data concerning American airlines have been published, these are obviously not immediately transferable to British conditions. Indeed, they may even be completely misleading.

For that reason, the publication of *Economics of Air Transport*, by S. J. Noel-Brown (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., "Air Transport" Series, 6/- net), is extremely opportune. This is a book that seeks to analyse the whole of the requirements of air transport, principally from the economic aspect, but no less from the point of view of personnel and technical equipment required. In a phrase, the book aims at providing a basis of calculation for air transport such as may be found for almost any other branch of modern industry.

Among the points more particularly brought out are the need for some means of estimating the commercial efficiency of a given machine under certain operational conditions; the relation of machine type to duty—there is no one ideal design for all purposes; the costs of maintenance; and the vital importance of considering air-transport economics as a whole and not from some specialised angle. Two complete schemes are drawn up as specimens, and these provide a very interesting indication of existing possibilities in air-line operation.

Although the book is naturally primarily addressed to the technical and business man, it is nevertheless clearly written, and the many tables and graphs make the various subjects treated very clear. It is, then, something more than a mere specialist's handbook, for anyone who wishes to appreciate the facts of modern air transport will find it of great assistance. Designers, too, might well give it some attention, for it is written from the operator's viewpoint and stresses those factors of design which are most important to users who hope to make a profit from flying.

In referring at some length to this book, the object is not merely to direct attention to a publication of considerable merit in itself, but to stress that air transport on an unsubsidised basis is emerging from the crude experimental stage. Given certain conditions, as the Maybury Committee pointed out, there is no reason why air transport should not pay. The difficulty has been to discover what those conditions are specifically and what, too, their economic implications are. It has been easy to generalise; but generalisations are rarely of practical value, and the broader the generalisation the less its value in application to an individual case.

The fact is that air transport no longer needs to rely on generalisations. Its experience, if short when measured in years, has been wide and varied enough to provide statistical data on which predictions can be made with a fair degree of accuracy. The problem of the present is to examine those data thoroughly in order to clear away the uncertainties that still surround air transport. The more information available, the easier the planning of future development must be. If air transport is ever to occupy its rightful place among our communications, not on sufferance or by spoon-feeding, but by meeting the needs of the public by its own inherent efficiency, designers, operators and travellers alike must not only know the facts but face them.



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ENDEAVOURING TO THROW THE HOOK: A SWORDFISH JUMPING OUT OF THE WATER AT MONTAGUE ISLAND, NEW SOUTH WALES

BIG-GAME FISHING IN AUSTRALIA

A Thrilling Sport with a Spice of Danger

By CRITCHLEY PARKER

THERE are wonderful beaches and coastal islands in Western Australia, and splendid fishing from them. The late Captain Hare (Commissioner of Police) and I fished off the mouth of the Swan, and had fine sport with what is known now as Spanish mackerel. That was in 1904. At that time big-game fishing was not known in Australia. At Mandura, W.A., reached by way of a spur-line of railway from Pinjarrah, I saw a greater variety of fish than at any other part of the coast.

The fishermen told me that round about Rottnest and Garden Islands there were big fish in large shoals hunting the smaller fish. These might have been tunny or broadbill swordfish. It is known now that tunny, albacore and Spanish mackerel are definitely in these waters. This year Spanish mackerel have been caught there weighing between 60lb. and 70lb. The Perth Museum recently received a fish weighing 183lb. which was identified by the curator, and the Chief Inspector of Fisheries, as the true tunny. Albany (King George's Sound), an all-night journey by train from Perth, has reported some interesting captures.

Since the discovery of that Mecca of big-game fishermen at Bermagui, on the south-east coast of Australia, there have been visitors to it from overseas and every part of Australia. There are big-game fishing clubs formed at Bermagui, Narooma, Eden, Bateman's Bay and Moruya, which are all situated on the south coast of New South Wales. The fish taken at all these places has led to the establishment by the professional fishermen of a fleet of substantial boats at Bermagui which, roughly, cost about £2 to £3 a day to hire. None but those experienced in this new type of sport, which is both thrilling and with a spice of danger in it, enter the lists. The hotel accommodation is improving each season, and charges are not excessive. Bermagui is 220 miles south of Sydney and fourteen miles from Montague Island, which is five miles from the mainland.

Sharks have been caught from time immemorial round the Australian coast, but not always with a rod. Up to the present the largest fish taken have been on the New South Wales coast. A tiger shark, weighing 1,049lb., and a black marlin of 672lb. have been recorded.

The official list of game fish which the leading clubs recognise in connection with the competitions held from time to time at Bermagui include: black king fish, bonito, horse mackerel, kingfish, sailfish, marlin, "Australian salmon," Spanish mackerel, swordfish, tailer, and tunny. Also sharks of the following descriptions: blue pointer or mako, grey nurse, hammerhead, leaping sharks, thresher, tiger, whaler and white shark.

Thirty-five years ago Port Stephens, on the north coast of New South Wales, was discovered as a mackerel ground by the late Messrs. T. B. Simpson and Harry Stephens. They, with several other men from Sydney, went to Port Stephens regularly for some years, but the trout streams untimately proved a greater attraction and they eventually dropped the port. A broadbill swordfish was caught on a set line at Port Stephens on May 28th, 1935.

The Great Barrier Reef is 12,000 miles long, and lies off the coast of Queensland, and has been growing in favour during the last year or two. Those in the north claim that the big-game fish were seen about the same time of the year as they were along the coast of New South Wales. Captain Davis, the Director of Navigation for the Commonwealth Government, put six months in at Willis Island in the Coral Sea. He established the storm-warning station at this spot. In his book he refers to the number of fish in the northern waters. Willis Island is 250 miles from the north-eastern coast of Queensland.

It is claimed by the Queenslanders that a new fish has turned up on their coast which resembles the blue marlin. There is a difference of opinion also respecting the sailfish caught there. I cannot help feeling that if we could, through the Federal Government, enlist the sympathies of Mr. Tate Regan of the British Museum, many of our problems would disappear.

I was stationed at Fiji 54 years ago. My position with the Imperial Government gave me occasional opportunities to explore the coast round about the islands, particularly that adjacent to the old capital, Levuka, and the new one, Suva. There were some fearsome monsters, particularly in the shark line. Our tackle was of the quality known as "to have and to hold." The natives told me that round Kandava, an island 60 miles from the present capital (Suva), enormous fish were taken having long "bills." I feel sure a few of our ardent big-game fishers will, one of these days, find their way to Fiji. To-day most of the big Pacific liners visiting Australia include Fiji as a port of call.

I have spent a good deal of time during the past two years investigating the probability of these big-game fish leaving Bermagui about the month of February and coming down the Australian coast, crossing Bass Strait, and working their way along the east coast of Tasmania before they leave for other waters about the end of April. Several big-game men with whom I have discussed the subject agree with this theory. Fortunately the Tasmanian Government is fully aware of what a big-game fishing centre will mean to that State. They have shown themselves definitely favourable, and the Ministers more directly concerned, Mr. E. J. Ogilvie (Minister for Fisheries) and Mr. T. D'Alton (Minister for Transport), have been good enough to tell me that they can be counted on to encourage in every way those who accept the responsibility of pioneering this sport. The Inland Fisheries Commissioners of Tasmania and the Sea Fisheries Board are doing excellent work in conjunction with the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research—a body that functions under the Commonwealth Government—and a great deal of time has been spent recently in aerial observations of all the coast of Tasmania as well as interior lakes and rivers.

The Ministers referred to have been good enough to promise that they will assist in every way within their power to establish a station once the big-game fish have been located. It is practically certain that a small band of enthusiasts will patrol the east coast during the coming season. I have information that both albacore and small tunny have already been taken there. A glance at a map of the east coast of Tasmania will show a fine stretch of island-dotted water from Eddystone Lighthouse down as far as Cape Pillar. I am inclined to think that the big-game fish make their way along the Continental Shelf, and that it is there they will ultimately be found.

The Continental Shelf is the land covered by no great depth of water, forming the margin around the coast-line of the continents. Actually it is the area which would be added to our land surface if the sea fell 600ft. It varies considerably in width. It unites Tasmania to Australia, the depth of water in Bass Strait seldom exceeding 250ft. On the east coast of Tasmania the Continental Shelf extends out for about 30 miles and then the depth increases to over 10,000ft. In some places it may be regarded as land surface where the sea has encroached and taken possession. In many cases it is possible that the Continental Shelf is the end of a low plain submerged by subsidence, and the presence of "drowned valleys," such as the Derwent, points to the predominance of this action around Tasmania.

A word as to outfit. Anyone coming from Great Britain will naturally consult their own rod-makers, otherwise our local people in all States stock the equipment necessary for this particular fishing.

What's in a name? I cannot offer any sound opinion. What is known as kingfish in one part of Australia is called yellowtail in another. The tailer of New South Wales becomes skipjack in Victoria, and so on. The famous trumpeter of Tasmania does not seem to exist in the waters of any other State. It is a 30-fathom resident, and the most delicate-eating fish we have. Messrs. T. C. Roughley and David G. Stead, both of whom are authorities, have drawn attention to the anomalous position regarding the uncertainty about names.



A SHOAL OF AUSTRALIAN SALMON TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE AT 800FT.
There are shoals of these fish which so far have escaped the attention of the birds. The picture was taken at Babel Island, Bass Strait



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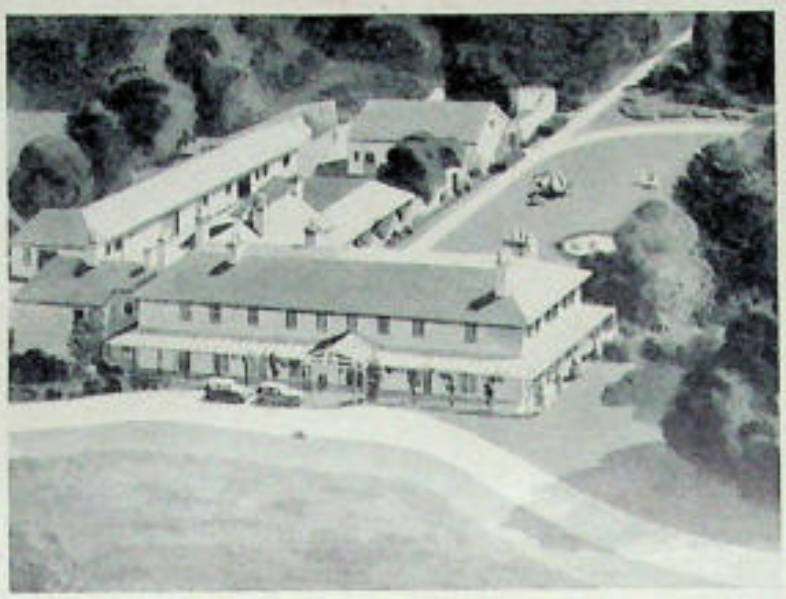
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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE DRIVE AND FRONT VIEW OF BEECH HOUSE HOTEL

SOMEONE once complained to me that October was no month for a holiday in England. He was, I admit, thinking in terms of beaches and not beeches, seaside and not countryside. As he had never been to the New Forest I sent him there, and when he got back from his stay at the Beech House Hotel he was full of enthusiasm, for both the hotel and the district.

The Beech House Hotel is situated on the southern fringe of the New Forest, which is an advantage, for on the one hand you have, at this season of the year, fading many-coloured woods, while only four miles away breezy waves toss up their silvery spray on the Hampshire coast at Christchurch. So many people to-day seem scared of what, for want of a better term, they call "rural boredom," and for this reason they avoid the country. But at Beech House you cannot easily become bored. It does not rely solely on the beauty of its grounds; it provides equally for rest and recreation. You can, according to the dictates of your heart, play tennis or golf or wander through the 150 acres of woodlands which comprise the hotel grounds, where occasionally a New Forest pony grazes contentedly in a clearing. Being so near the sea the air is always strong and bracing, which is just the tonic so many people need, either on holiday or for long week-ends away from the rush and worry of everyday life.

The wilder stretches of the Beech House estate lie to the north of the hotel. Here you will find a three-and-a-half acre lake where pike, carp and roach will provide the angler with some sport. As the hotel has its own stables, hacks are conveniently hired for rides in the grounds or in the Forest itself.

It is not too easy to find the hotel, but a letter in advance to the Managing Director will bring you a courteous reply in which will be found full instructions as to the best road to take if you are coming by car. A tall beech grove leads to the lodge gates and then the drive suddenly opens on to a broad lawn flanking the white, early eighteenth century building of the hotel. It is a simple, dignified country mansion of the Early Georgian period, modernised only in regard to comfort. All the bedrooms—how many hotels can claim the like?—look on to the lovely grounds, and the majority are situated on the first floor. Hot and cold running water is, of course, supplied, while some of the bedrooms have private bathrooms.

Turning from the land of counterpane, the lounges have the same air of comfort and peacefulness. The large lounge has a cheerful Adam fireplace, in which a log fire bids you welcome during the winter months, supplementing the central heating system which is installed throughout the building.

There is so much to do and enjoy in this neighbourhood if you like the country, the smell of the country and all about it. Some people, I know, will tell me that the country is dull and drab during the winter months. But is it? A little forlorn, agreed, but isn't there always something magnetic about it, even on the bleakest of days? Why not try it for yourself and prove me either right or wrong. A week-end at the Beech House Hotel, with the Forest almost on your breakfast table, will be a fine tonic.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1938. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

Against Suit Declarations

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*.)

RECENTLY I emphasised the general rule that, against No Trump contracts, it is unwise to change suits. Return your partner's suit immediately, unless, of course, you can see the saving of the game by switching.

Defence against a suit declaration, however, is on a different plane and other considerations must be taken into account, the most essential being the time factor. So far from the immediate return of partner's opening lead being obligatory it is often the very worst you can make.

Suppose that you can see that you are likely to win only one trick yourself. Your natural desire is to make the best of your one and only opportunity of the lead. You will not make the best of it if you automatically return your partner's suit. He has a winner in it. But this presumably he can make without your assistance. If you return his suit he makes his winner and then is left guessing as to his next lead. The best general rule is to lead up to Dummy's weakness or to try to extract an Ace from Dummy.

The Time Factor is important, and you must recognise this immediately. Here is an example:

	♠ 10, 9, 3 ♡ Q, 6 ◇ K, Q, J, 4 ♣ 9, 8, 3, 2	
♠ 8, 5 ♡ K, J, 9, 7, 3 ◇ 10, 6, 2 ♣ A, Q, 5	Y A B Z	♠ J, 4 ♡ A, 8, 4, 2 ◇ 9, 7, 5 ♣ 10, 7, 6, 4
	♠ A, K, Q, 7, 6, 2 ♡ 10, 5 ◇ A, 8, 3 ♣ K, J	

Z is playing a contract of Four Spades. A leads the 7 of Hearts—not an ideal lead perhaps, but often against Spades a Heart proves the best lead.

B wins with the Ace. If he is now foolish enough to return a Heart, nothing can save the game, as whatever A leads at trick three, Z makes four by cards, as after leading out trumps he can discard a losing Club on Y's fourth Diamond. Or if A leads Ace and another Club Z makes his King. It is obvious that B's lead at trick two should be a Club up to Dummy's weakness. A B then save the game with two tricks in Clubs and two in Hearts.

Not quite so elementary is the second hand:

	♠ K, 7, 5, 2 ♡ 4, 3 ◇ A, 8, 6 ♣ A, K, Q, J	
♠ 3 ♡ K, Q, J, 9, 6 ◇ 5, 3 ♣ 10, 7, 6, 4, 2	Y A B Z	♠ A, 4 ♡ A, 10, 8, 7, 2 ◇ K, Q, J, 9 ♣ 9, 3
	♠ Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 6 ♡ 5 ◇ 10, 7, 4, 2 ♣ 8, 5	

Score game all. Z is playing a contract of Four Spades. A leads the King of Hearts. B must overtake with his Ace and lead the King of Diamonds before the Ace of Spades is taken from his hand. Mark that he must do this immediately as otherwise Z, after establishing trumps, gets rid of two losing Diamonds on Y's Clubs.

Less obvious still is the defensive play in the following:

	♠ Q, 6, 3, 2 ♡ 9, 3 ◇ 10, 8 ♣ K, Q, J, 10, 4	
♠ 9, 7 ♡ K, Q, 10, 5, 4 ◇ J, 6 ♣ A, 8, 5, 3	Y A B Z	♠ 10, 5 ♡ A, 8, 6, 2 ◇ 9, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2 ♣ 7
	♠ A, K, J, 8, 4 ♡ J, 7 ◇ A, K, Q ♣ 9, 6, 2	

Against a contract of Four Spades A led King of Hearts. On the surface it would appear a certainty for Z who might expect to lose only two tricks in Hearts and one in Clubs. Yet good defence beats it. This is the process. B overtakes with the Ace of Hearts and plays the singleton Club. A wins with the Ace and leads a Club. B ruffs and leads a Heart, and A, winning with the Queen, returns a second Club for B to ruff and Z is two down on his contract.

Note that B must win the first trick and immediately lead his singleton. He does not know, of course, that A holds the Ace of Clubs, and, in fact, he might lose a trick if he does not. But in desperate positions chances must be taken in defence. While it is true that the game can be saved if A is allowed to make the first two tricks in Hearts and then leads Ace and another Club for B to ruff, it is unlikely he would do so. B's play gives him a clue to the situation and enables him to make a better defence.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

LAST week two games—the seventh and eighth of the series—were played. Dr. Alekhine won both and now has a valuable lead of 2 points, the scores being: Dr. Alekhine 5 points (4 wins, 2 draws), Dr. Euwe 3 (2 wins, 2 draws).

The fourth game of the match.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15. Kt to Q 5 (h)	Kt to B 3
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	16. P takes P	B takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	17. Kt the P, ch	K to K sq
4. Kt to B 3	P takes P	18. R to Q 5 (m)	Kt to Q 5
5. P to Q R 4	B to B 4	19. Kt to K 4 (n)	B takes Kt (o)
6. Kt to K 5	P to K 3	20. P takes B	Q R to Q sq
7. P to B 3 (a)	B to Q Kt 5 (b)	21. Kt to K 3 (p)	R takes R
8. B to Kt 5 (c)	P to B 4	22. P takes R	R to K sq (q)
9. P takes P (d)	Q to Q 4 (e)	23. Kt takes P, ch	K to Kt 2
10. Q takes Q	P takes Q (f)	24. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3 (r)
11. P to K 4	P takes P (g)	25. Kt to K 6, ch (s)	Kt takes Kt
12. Kt takes Q B P (i)	Castles (j)	26. P takes Kt	R takes P
13. B takes Kt	P takes B	27. B to B 4	Drawn (t)
14. Castles (k)	P takes P (l)		

(a) In the second game of the match Dr. Alekhine played B to Kt 5.

(b) In the third game of the first match between Dr. Alekhine and Bogoljubow (1929) the latter played 7. . . . P to B 4. The text-move is Black's best, for, if now 8. P to K 4, then 8. . . . B takes P; 9. P takes B, Kt takes P; 10. Q to B 3, Q takes P; 11. Q takes P, ch, K to Q sq; 12. B to Kt 5, ch (not 12. Q takes Kt P because of 12. . . . R takes Kt, ch; 13. P takes R, Q to R 7, ch; 14. K to Q sq, Kt takes P, mate), K to B sq and Black gets a tremendous attack.

(c) Kt takes Q B P is a good alternative.

(d) If, instead, P to K 4, then Q takes P.

(e) Q to R 4 is the most move. White's best reply is 0 to Q 4. If, instead of Q to R 4 or the text-move, Black plays 9. . . . Q takes Q, ch, then 10. R takes Q, B takes P. 11. P to K 4, B to K Kt 5; 12. B takes P with a slight advantage to White.

(f) If 10. . . . Kt takes Q, then 11. B to Q 2 (threatening to win a piece by P to K 4). B takes P (11. . . . Kt takes Kt; 12. B takes Kt, B takes P; 13. P to K 4 leads to the same position); 12. P to K 4, Kt takes Kt; 13. B takes Kt, B to K Kt 3; 14. Kt takes B, R P takes Kt; 15. B takes Kt P, R to Kt sq; 16. B to B 3, winning a pawn.

(g) If 11. . . . P to Q 5, then 12. P takes B, P takes Kt; 13. Castles, P takes P, ch; 14. K takes P with a good game for White.

(h) The developing move, B takes P, seems the natural one to make, but the text-move is, perhaps, stronger.

(i) Not B takes P because of Kt to Kt 5, threatening either Kt to B 7, ch or Kt (Kt 5) to Q 6, ch.

(j) Kt to Q 6 is an alternative. Black's best reply appears to be B to Kt 3, to be followed, if Kt takes Kt P, by P takes P; if Kt takes K P, by B takes Kt and B takes Kt, ch; or, if P takes P, by B takes B P and then, if Kt takes Kt P, by B to Kt 5.

(k) B takes Kt, to be followed by P takes P, seems safer.

(l) Again, Kt to Q 6 is an alternative.

(m) Dr. Euwe points out in *De Schaakwereld* that if, instead, 18. Kt to Q 7, then not 18. . . . B takes Kt but 18. . . . B to K 2, after which White cannot well play 19. Kt takes R because of 19. . . . B to Kt 4, ch; 20. B to Q 2 (if Kt to Q 2, then Kt to Q 5 with a winning attack), R takes Kt with a slight advantage to Black.

(n) If 19. P to Kt 4, then 19. . . . B to K 2; 20. R takes Kt, B takes Kt. If, instead, 19. Kt to Q 7, then 19. . . . Q R to Q sq.

(o) If 19. . . . B to K 4, then 20. R takes R, Kt to Kt 6, ch; 21. K to Kt sq, Kt takes R; 22. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 23. B takes B, K R to B sq (if 23. . . . Q R to B sq, then 24. Kt to Q 7); 24. P to Kt 4, P to Kt 3; 25. B to Q 5, P takes Kt; 26. B takes R, R takes B; 27. P to Kt 5 with an advantageous end-game for White.

(p) Dr. Euwe points out the variation 21. Kt to R 5, P to Kt 3; 22. Kt to Kt 7, R takes B; 23. P takes R, R to B sq and says that Black can just stop the passed pawn. The text-move threatens either Kt takes P, ch or Kt to Q 7.

(q) This appears to be best as it hinders White from completing his development by B to B 4.

(r) R to K 4 is an alternative which recovers the pawn at once. 24. . . . R to K 8, ch leads to nothing, *e.g.*, 25. K to Q 2, B to Kt 5, ch (if R to Kt 8, then Kt to K 6, ch); 26. K to Q 3, Kt to K 7; 27. Kt to K 6, ch.

(s) White decides to give back the pawn since, if, instead, he plays 25. Kt to R 3, the Knight is very badly posted and Black can continue with 25. . . . R to K 8, ch and 26. . . . Kt to B 6, ch and soon recovers his pawn.

(t) A very lively game.

A POWERFUL ATTACK

THE following game, from a tournament at Bad Siarow in June, shows a powerful attack by the German master K. Richter.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. G. Engels.	WHITE. K. Richter.	BLACK. G. Engels.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	15. Kt to Q 5	Kt takes B
2. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 3	16. Q takes Kt	R to K sq (d)
3. B to K 2	Kt to Q B 3	17. Q to B 2 (e)	P to K 3
4. P to Q 4	P takes P	18. Kt to K 3	K to B sq (f)
5. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3	19. P to B 6	B to B sq (g)
6. Kt to Q B 3	P to K Kt 3	20. P to K 5 (h)	P takes P
7. Castles	B to Kt 2	21. Kt to B 3	Q to B 2
8. B to K 3	Castles	22. Kt to Kt 5	K to Kt sq
9. Q to Q 2 (a)	Kt to K Kt 5	23. Kt tks R P (i)	K takes Kt
10. B takes Kt	B takes B	24. Q to R 4, ch	K to Kt sq
11. P to B 4	B to Q 2 (b)	25. R to B 3	B to Kt 2
12. Q R to Q sq	R to B sq	26. R to R 3	K to B sq
13. Q to B 2	Kt to R 4	27. Q to R 8, ch	Resigns.
14. P to B 5 (c)	Kt to B 5		

(a) The usual move is Kt to Kt 3. The text-move allows Black to get two Bishops against Bishop and Knight.

(b) Black is afraid that White may eventually cut off the retreat of this Bishop by playing P to B 5.

(c) Black threatens Kt to B 5, but, instead of playing B to B sq, either now or at the next move, White goes on with his King's side attack and allows Black to get two Bishops against two Knights.

(d) If 16. . . . B takes Kt; 17. Q takes B, R takes P, then 18. P to B 6. The text-move, by guarding the King's pawn, frees the Queen but, unfortunately, it weakens the King's Bishop's pawn.

(e) Threatening either (1) 18. P takes P, B P takes P; 19. Q to B 7, ch, or (2) 18. P to B 6, P takes P; 19. Kt takes P, ch, B takes Kt; 20. Q takes B, Q takes Q; 21. R takes Q with the superior position for the end-game. If now 17. . . . B to Q B 3, then 18. P takes P, B P takes P; 19. Q to B 7, ch, K to R sq; 20. Kt to K 6 and wins.

(f) This loses. There is nothing better than K P takes P although in any case White has the superior game.

(g) If B to R 5, then Kt to Kt 4.

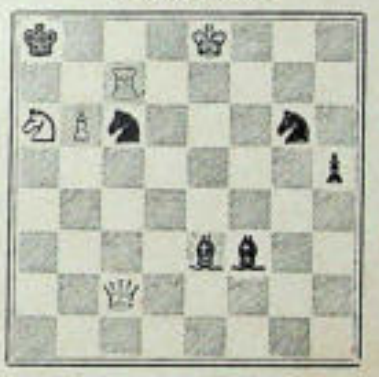
(h) A very good move. The idea is that, if Black replies with P to Q 4, then the King's Bishop's pawn is guarded by the King's pawn, while, if, as in the game, Black plays P takes P, then after White's 21. Kt to B 3 Black cannot play 21. . . . Q takes P because of 22. R takes B.

(i) Finishing neatly.

PROBLEM No. 3933

By D. PRZEPIÓRKA.*

BLACK (6 pieces).



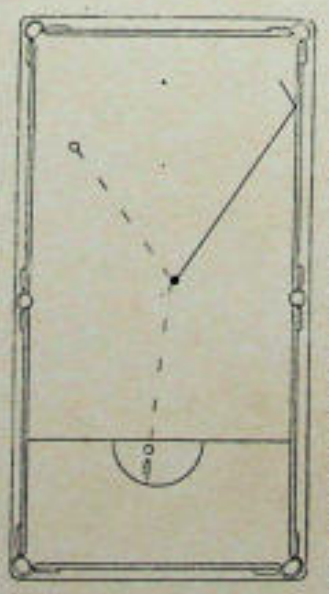
WHITE (5 pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves.

* Second Hon. Men. (*ex aequo*), *British Chess Magazine*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3932

1. Q to Q B sq, Any move; 2. Q, R, B or Kt mates.



AMATEUR BILLIARDS

Will There Ever be a Mixed Championship?

TRADE indications point to women helping the undoubted revival of billiards in private houses, particularly in the country. All this is to the good, and it must not be forgotten that women players like Joyce Gardner (champion), Ruth Harrison, Thelma Carpenter, Margaret Lennan and others in the professional ranks play clever and attractive billiards. During a recent stay at Bournemouth, Miss Thelma Carpenter played me a friendly 500-up. She made breaks of 77, 59, 46 and 62 in successive visits to the table. As I watched her in action I thought again of the boom we should see if but two or three amateurs reached this proficiency, with its related ability to make hundred breaks at times. Admittedly, this standard is no use at all in what may be called "mixed" professional billiards. Only thousand-break skill makes much of a show when Joe Davis and Walter Lindrum are piling on the points. Amateurs are different, and without reckoning that Kennerley would be likely to lose his title if it happened, I must say that the entry of hundred-break women amateurs in the premier amateur event is much to be desired.

At present, of course, the women's and men's events are separate. The Women's Billiard Association, affiliated to the Billiard Association and Control Council, organises its own programme for women players. But there is not, and never has been, any sex bar in the Amateur Championship. Skill and amateur status are the only material things. It is all a question of practise, practise, practise. Women have plenty of aptitude for billiards to reach hundred-break standard, but the will to practise is too rarely evident.

My diagram shows a canny leave to keep in mind. With cue-ball in hand and red and white as shown, it is sound to cannon and leave red as shown. The snag to guard against is leaving red near top instead of side cushion; incidentally, it is also good to be wary of dropping it into the top pocket.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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 1. No fee will be charged for making tests; and results will be reported on this page as speedily as possible.

Garden

Treating Paths.—We do not think you will find any difficulty in using Colas, which can be employed with quite unskilled labour. As a matter of fact, the firm will send a representative along to give your man the necessary instructions. It is applied cold so there is no need to heat it at all, and one can walk on the path very soon after the material has been laid down.—*L. R. C., S.W. 3.*

Brown Patches on Lawn.—For brown patches (Fusarium) use Toll lawn dressing No. *F*, price 3/- per lb., obtainable from Toll Lawn Dressings, Ltd., Buxted, Sussex. An informative leaflet about Fusarium will be sent by this firm on request. To turn pink hydrangeas blue, use a blueing powder such as Cyanol, mixing 1lb. of the powder with each bushel of lime-free soil. Afterwards water once a week with ½oz. blueing powder dissolved in a gallon of water. The powder must be dissolved in hot water.—*A. W. G., Haverfordwest.*

Rabbit-proof Plants.—It is difficult to give a reliable list, as in some districts rabbits attack plants they do not touch in others. Rabbits never damage Winter Aconites (Eranthis hyemalis) and the spring-flowering bulbs, with the exception of Crocus, which they sometimes attack. They rarely damage Shrubs: Azalea pontica, Berberis (most varieties), Box, Butcher's Broom, Dogwood, Fuchsias, Guelder Rose, Hawthorns (all varieties), Laurustinus, Rhododendrons, Sea Buckthorn, Snowberry, Spiræa, Viburnum lantana; Herbaceous Plants, &c.: Acanthus, Anemone japonica, Aquilegia, Astilbes, Bocconia cordata, Cowslip, Cyclamen, Convolvulus, Cynoglossum, Caltha, Doronicum, Echinops, Digitalis, Eryngium, Fritillaria imperialis, Funkia, Ferns, Geum, Hepatica, Hypericum, Hemerocallis, Helleborus, Heuchera, Hesperis, Irises, Lupins, Lilies, Muscari, Michaelmas Daisies, Myosotis, Mimulus, Montbretias, Omphalodes, Peony, Papaver, Phlox, Polygonatum, Pulmonaria, Prunula, Primrose, Pampas Grass, Ranunculus, Romneya Coulteri, Scabiosa caucasica, Spiræa, Solidago, Thalictrum, Trillium, Trollius, Tritoma, Verbascum, Vinca, Yucca, Monkshoods and Nepetas, but all the Dianthus tribe, all the hardy annuals, Antirrhinums, Wallflowers, are frequently damaged. You might try Remardine to keep the rabbits at bay.—*J. C. A., Dollar.*

Kennel

Third Party Risks.—In all probability some firm on Lloyd's would be prepared to enter into insurance against third-party risks in the case of dogs. These are not very great, though a case in the Law Courts recently shows that occasionally one's dog may be the cause of an accident involving one in costs.—*R. B. S., Shropshire.*

Irish Wolfhound.—There are not many breeders of Irish wolfhounds, and we do not know of one in Yorkshire. Possibly you might get a puppy from Mr. L. Bailey, Park Brow Farm, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Failing him you would probably be able to find one of the best breeding from Mr. J. V. Rank, Oxborough, Godstone, Surrey, or Mrs. Nagle, Connears, Sulhampstead, near Reading.—*J. R., Yorkshire.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Fowl Paralysis.—The seven months old R.I.R. cockerel was suffering from fowl paralysis. This disease is inherited through one or both parents; thus birds related to this cockerel should not be bred from. There is no known curative, and any others developing signs of lameness, loss of vision, "break down," or failure to come into production, should be destroyed for table purposes.—*H. R. A., Sussex.*

Coccidiosis of a Canary.—The canary, which was moulting, died owing to a contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. Possibly the disease was contracted from an infected wild bird visiting the canary's cage; the disease is not infrequent among the sparrows, blackbirds and thrushes of our gardens. The litter from the cage should be burned; and the cage with all its fittings should be thoroughly scrubbed with hot soda water and soft soap. The food and water pots should be boiled in water.—*C. L., Surrey.*

Trichostrongylosis of Partridges.—The incidence of the thread-worm infection of the bowels known as trichostrongylosis persists at much the same figure as in previous seasons. It is a persistent cause of death all the year round; probably its most destructive effects are felt among nesting hens, and three to four months old poults. Though much is known about the scientific side of trichostrongylosis in partridges, pheasants and grouse, we have the greatest difficulty in devising preventive measures which are practicable and effective. Organised research on this problem of prevention is very much needed.—*J. C., Hants; C. O. L., Derby; C. R. G., Norfolk; H. R., Suffolk.*

Enterohepatitis of Partridges.—Another plague of partridges is the contagious germ infection of the bowels and liver known as enterohepatitis or trichomoniasis. The germs of this disease must be fought on similar lines to those of coccidiosis; *i.e.*, by clearing the infected land in which the germs are capable of remaining viable for many months. This involves reducing the stock in order to minimise the risk of carrying the disease over to next breeding season; liming the land; and draining. Field observation suggests that this disease is intercommunicable between pheasants and partridges. According to our records the disease this season has not been anything like so severe as in 1936.—*G. W. W., Glos; A. B., Herts; H. R. J., Northants.*

Trichostrongylosis of Grouse.—We have received eleven grouse suffering from the contagious thread-worm infection of the bowels known as trichostrongylosis, shot on five moors in Scotland and one in England. Our records since the spring show 1937 to be one of the worst seasons for some years; trichostrongylosis has been the cause of very heavy losses in all parts of the kingdom. It has been for some time our considered opinion that a serious study of the problem in order to amplify, amend and strengthen the out-of-date *Grouse Commission's Report* is an urgent necessity. In these columns we have urged the need for a thorough study of preventive methods which would prove practicable on at least the majority of moors. The Commission's advice has not proved practicable, and at the moment scientists of experience in disease of grouse are unable to guide owners and keepers of moors. Some enthusiasts persist in proclaiming that all *grouse harbour the trichostrongyle thread-worms*, which only prove inimical or even lethal when the bird is exposed to adverse conditions, *e.g.*, weather and food shortage. True, the majority of grouse sent to us are diseased—they are selected birds. But we sometimes receive samples selected at random from the bag, and can assert that no evidence of trichostrongylosis has been found in some of these birds. Samples purchased at poulterers' shops confirm these findings. A long-term and thorough research, such as we envisage, needs money and organisation.—*G. S. L. W., Morayshire; W. H. A. W., Yorks; G. F., Angus; C. B. H., Berwick; J. M., Kincardine; J. S. G., Inverness.*

Shooting

Sportsmanlike Shooting.—The greatest distance at which it is right and sportsmanlike to shoot at pheasants and partridges is more or less a matter of opinion and depends to a great extent on the skill of the firer, the boring of the barrels, the loading of the cartridges and the size of shot employed. With an ordinary 12-bore gun and No. 6 shot cartridges developing standard velocity the maximum effective range of individual pellets is 54yds. The effective range, however, depends as much on pattern density as on striking velocity, and at this range the pattern would be too open to be reliable. Whereas birds may occasionally be clean killed up to 60yds., we personally consider that under normal conditions no bird should be fired at over 40yds.; in fact, the great majority of kills are at much under this distance. At ordinary game range the velocity of shot fired vertically is for all intents and purpose the same as when fired horizontally. In actual practice a charge of No. 6 shot fired vertically has an approximate range of 120yds., and when fired horizontally 100yds., which may be increased to 220yds. by elevating the muzzle.—*Tulib, Petersfield.*

Cartridge Tests

Your dark blue cartridges contained 28 grains of Smokeless Diamond powder, felt wadding and 1oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity averaged 1,116ft. per second with rather heavy recoil. Patterns were fairly regular and averaged 60 per cent. (153 pellets in 30in. circle at 40yds. from choke barrel). Your pale green cartridges contained a full 28 grains of British Smokeless powder, cork pneumatic wadding and 1oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity averaged 1,077ft. per second with medium recoil, patterns were regular and averaged 73 per cent. (173 pellets in 30in. circle). Both lots should prove effective against game, the increased velocity of the former being outweighed by the closer and more regular pattern and lower recoil of the latter.—*R., Leicester.*

Squash Rackets

Wood Courts.—Your court would hardly be satisfactory built as you say without a roof, and with the side walls of wood, as it would weather badly. If you build, however, it would be wise to make the court measurements in proportion, but leaving court markings (*i.e.*, height of cut line, tin, &c.) exactly as they are in the standard court. (2) Your floor will need to be of a hard substance like concrete to weather. (3) Likewise facing material, although this must be as smooth as possible. (4) The board should be covered with tin. (5) Use the standard ball. However, inexpensive wood courts are on the market, and it would be wise to consult a recognised firm. Portable wooden courts on the market are provided by Messrs. Shurtens Weatherproof Court Co., Willifield House, Willifield Way, London, N.W. 11.—*L. H. W., Bridport.*

Travel

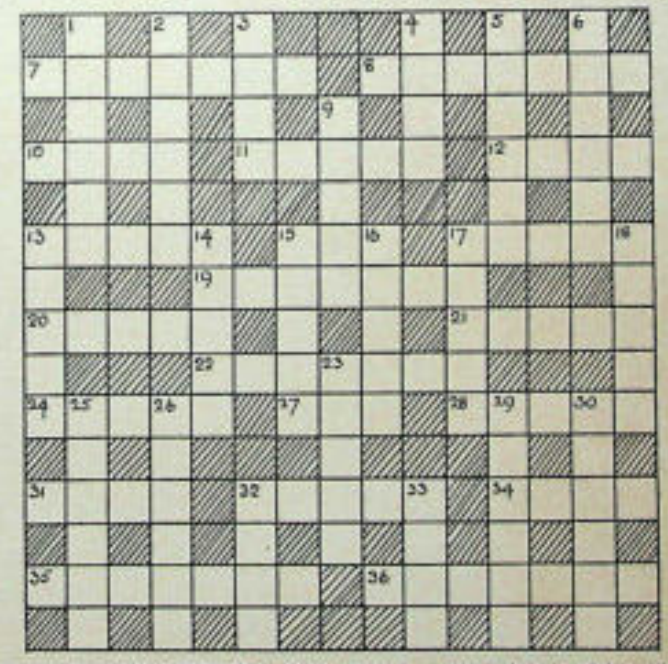
Hotels in the West.—There are several hotels in Devonshire which we would recommend. One of the nicest is the Arundell Arms at Lifton, which owns twelve miles of private water on the River Tamar and its tributaries. Trout are fairly plentiful, and there are a few salmon. There is also the Carnarvon Arms at Dalverton, which stands amid pleasant meadows bordered by trout and salmon streams. Five miles of excellent trout fishing on the waters of the River Exe and Barle is reserved exclusively for guests. In Gloucestershire there is the charming little fourteenth-century Bull Inn at Fairford, which owns two miles of the fishing in the River Colne. It might interest you to know that this part of the Colne has been referred to as "one of the truest dry-fly streams in England." There is also the Swan at Minster Lovell, where good fishing can be enjoyed.—*E. M., Pinehurst.*

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

Some quite good prices were realised at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard & Wade's Leicester Repository, on Saturday last, when the highest figure was the 350gs. paid for the Hon. J. Hamilton Russell's chestnut gelding Rushbrooke. Captain J. C. Gordon Kirkpatrick got 265gs. for his chestnut gelding Jack. Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton Warburton's bay gelding The Boaster, and the Hon. G. L. and Mrs. Hamilton Russell's brown gelding Agag went for 200gs. each. The black mare Silver Lizzie, owned by Mr. E. C. Paget, sold at 250gs. The principal sales effected were as follows: The property of Miss M. Lawson: Peter, ch g, 20gs. Property of Miss M. D. Elvin: Leslie, b g, 38gs. Property of the Countess of Lindsay: Lucifer, ch g, 48gs.; Buneshannon, br g, 30gs.; Downsman, ch g, 27gs. Property of Captain J. C. Gordon Kirkpatrick: Jack, ch g, 265gs.; Boy Friend, ch g, 110gs.; Morning Glory, ch g, 120gs.; Tommy ch g, 65gs. Property of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Egerton Warburton: The Boaster, b g, 200gs.; Ring Boy, b g, 140gs.; Miss Black, 3d pony, 21gs. Property of the Hon. J. Hamilton Russell: Rushbrooke, ch g, 350gs.; Marlborough, ch g, 175gs. Property of Viscount Boyne: br g, 105gs. Property of the Hon. and Mrs. G. L. Hamilton Russell: Agag, br g, 200gs.; The Doctor, gr g, 155gs.; Loch Ness, b g, 120gs. The Cottesmore Cubhunters, the property of Mr. C. H. Gundry, M.F.H.: Tom Thumb, br g, 37gs.; Nobby, b g, 46gs.; Rosebud, ch m, 30gs.; Joker, ch g, 32gs.; Johnnie, gr g, 36gs.; Property of Mr. E. C. Paget: Silver Lizzie, bl m, 250gs. Property of Mr. W. Lancaster: Sportsman, ch g, 90gs. Property of Miss B. M. Ansell: Compliment, b m, 60gs. Property of Mr. W. H. Swift: Warrior, br g, 40gs. Property of Major A. G. Bates: Sunny Jim, br g, 58gs. Property of Mr. D. W. Dobson: Barkey, br g 62gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 436

ACROSS.—7, Apparently plunders property belonging to the sheep. 8, Sport that originates somewhat waggishly. 10, A deity that seems to make a noise about nothing. 11, Carriage way much used by a golfer. 12, Cricketers should know this river well. 13, What Kipling called the "more unconquerable." 15, Very fierce looking when it is followed by nine. 17, Only one of them is always found in 13 across. 19, A pretty good indication from the kennels. 20, You must fade away in this farewell. 21, Is this a sort of standard bird? 22, Go back! A rat has gnawed round the broken tree. 24, It's very warm in the steamer for these marksmen. 27, A heavenly kind of dog when the gentleman precedes me and us. 28, There's an alternative to wander, but it's all a mistake. 31, Measure of earth familiar to the Crusaders. 32, They should go with a bounce right from the start. 34, "Death the — of life" (Milton). 35, Sport that begins in marshy ground makes a good enthusiast. 36, such a man is ever poetically free.

DOWN.—1, Takes an idler into the air. 2, Plenty of nets in this, of course. 3, May be her five hundred head of cattle? 4, An arboreal actor perhaps. 5, She starts it and is altogether very cutting. 6, Use a river to stir up the bird finally. 9, The animal that starts at 6-10. 14, The net result? 14, Small mountain ranges for batsmen and cockerels. 15, Where we all get ups and downs. 16, Animal that expresses one idea of a warmer day. 17, Rocky edge on a mountain productive of at least one tree. 18, A bullock to direct aboard. 23, Lock, stock and barrel. 25, Game consisting largely of Rhenish wine. 26, Familiar feature of the last war. 29, Unlikely to be mistaken at this season for a carpet manufacturer. 30, Or let's find him at the inn. 32, An airman may, without depositing his money there. 33, Irish from the west?

SOLUTION TO No. 435

Published October 23rd

S	A	P	L	I	N	G	■	W	R	Y	N	E	C	K
Y	■	O	■	N	■	U	■	E	■	O	■	M	■	E
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T	■	C	■	E	■	N	E	T	■	F	■	R	■	T
E	S	H	E	R	■	A	■	H	■	L	E	G	E	R
M	■	E	■	■	P	R	E	E	N	■	■	E	■	E
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S	■	E	■	L	■	L	■	N	■	N	■	L	■	T
H	A	R	N	E	S	S	■	D	E	A	L	E	R	S

A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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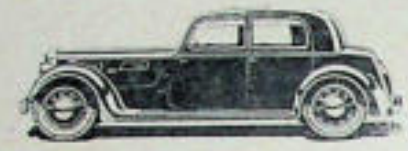
GENERAL GOERING WITH A NOTABLE HEAD

As Reichsjägermeister (Chief Forester and Chief of German Hunters), he has brought game preservation in Germany to a very high level. He has a shooting box on the Schorfheide and, an enthusiast in all sporting matters, has, with his dynamic energy, been the moving spirit of the great Big Game Exhibition at Berlin, which he opened last Wednesday

ROVER

Quality of Detail

" . . . I have now had a 14 H.P. Rover with free-wheel in use for 5,000 miles and cannot imagine why I have done 150,000 miles of motoring previously without having one fitted . . . "



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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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BAD SPORTSMANSHIP

A SPIRIT of querulous reluctance to take the rough with the smooth has been gaining ground for some years among the participants in nearly all games and athletic sports, and it is apparently becoming more and more the fashion to blame referees and umpires for mistakes they are supposed to have made, and for unfair play. The football match which develops into a brawl is laid at the door of the referee for weak control. The manager of the boxer who is ruled to have lost a close contest on points says that he has had a "raw deal." The cricketer given out leg-before-wicket will often speak volumes of his mind to the umpire by silent gesture.

The referee in Association football needs to be of stern stuff. Sometimes you will see him surrounded by a group of gesticulating players intent on persuading him to alter a decision, which, of course, he seldom does. Now and then, he must be escorted from the field after a game as a protection against infuriated spectators. Actually, Association football is one of the simplest games in the world to understand, and its laws are a model of clarity; yet the task of referees in professional league matches is considered so onerous that proposals have been made, and tried out with seeming success, for matches to be controlled by two referees instead of one.

Players in Rugby football do not as a rule openly question decisions of the referee on the field of play, but some of them have been heard handying remarks about him and talking at him, while spectators voice their opinions much more freely than they used to do. Even the Rugby Union, alarmed about the increase of unfair play, throws the chief onus for correcting it upon the shoulders of the referees. Boxing lends itself more than most sports to varying opinions about the merits of contestants in a close battle, and here we have seen that the broadcasting of comments on big contests has added a new element of controversy. The opinions of the commentators have frequently proved at variance with the final decision of the referee, and in a recent broadcast of a heavy-weight contest the jeers of the crowd on hearing the referee's decision must have been heard in millions of homes. Not only that, but when the contestants themselves were asked to say a few words through the microphone after the event, the loser could find nothing better to say than "I thought I won." Nor did disagreement stop there. Subsequently the loser's advisers expressed, through a Press interview, their intention of demanding publication of the referee's score card, as though that could reverse the decision. In this particular case the referee was one with more than a quarter of a century's experience to back his judgment. In ice hockey there have been scenes and disputes of a kind that bring the name of sport into ridicule. Here, again, the task of controlling a match is said to be too much for one referee.

There is only one description that fits the attitude of players and spectators who cannot accept the decisions and authority of those appointed to apply the laws. It is bad sportsmanship. Nowhere in the world is the standard of integrity and impartial judgment among referees higher than it is in this country. Being human, a referee may now and then be mistaken in his judgment; but well-conducted sport would soon become impossible if every player and spectator who did not agree with him voiced his feelings. This is a matter that should be closely watched by the governing bodies of sport. They are the true guardians of the spirit as well as the laws of play, and it is their responsibility to see that the authority of referees and umpires is unquestioned, at least by the players. Otherwise, the effects may be far reaching, especially on the younger players. To abide, without question, by the decisions of referees used to be one of the first rules that schoolboys learned about sport. We do not know whether this excellent doctrine is still taught in the schools; but no amount of precept can counteract the effect of bad example, and it must be very bad for the rising generation to see so much disagreement as at present with the rulings of referees.

NETTING IN THE WYE

A RESOLUTION at a meeting of the Wye Board of Conservators—apparently against the advice of its executive committee—in favour of taking off the nets in the river, suggests that knowledge of salmon and their habits takes a long time to filter through to the ordinary angler. The immediate cause of the outcry against the nets—very well-regulated nets which take no more fish than the rods in most years—is no doubt the recent poor rod-fishing season in the river. But the Wye has been over-stocked with salmon for several years past, and if the stock is lighter this year it is probably no more than nature re-adjusting her balance. Unless the river shows a poor stock for several years in succession it would be most unwise to reduce the netting, since such a course is simply increasing the trouble which nature, apparently, is trying to mend.

BLAGDON'S SEASON

Autumn at Blagdon this year had rather given the impression that its fishing was not suffering from the setback which has affected other waters, but the report for the whole season, recently issued, shows, unfortunately, that the famous lake has shared in the general depression. Though the actual number of trout caught is rather greater than last year—986 against 931—the total still fails to reach the four-figure mark, and the average size is down by two ounces—2lb. 5oz. against 2lb. 7oz. Rainbows have again shown up poorly, only 173 having been taken. The long drought of a few years ago probably upset the balance of minute life in the lake which is evidently re-establishing itself but slowly.

IN FIGHTING FORM

Champion of squash in 1925 and 1927, and again in 1929 and 1930, Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.P., made an unexpected return to Bath Club Cup squash last week and won a most exciting match against Dr. J. F. Stokes, the newly-appointed secretary of the Jester's Club, and one of the very best of our young players. In these days Bath Club Cup matches are the best of three games instead of the more usual five; but even so, Cazalet's effort in winning 10—8, 10—8, was remarkable. Playing for the Bath Club against the Conservative in the Conservative Club Court, he went off at a tremendous pace and was quickly leading 5—0. This was not so astonishing, and when Stokes went ahead at 6—5 and was still leading at 8—6, no one would have given anything for Cazalet's chance of winning the match. But Cazalet's chief virtue has always been his fighting qualities, and as long as he is only required to run from side to side he still looks just about as good as ever he did for two games. He bustled Stokes the whole time, giving him no time to think, and after snatching the first game out of the fire he did exactly the same in the second after Stokes had led throughout.

CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA

Reports from South Africa indicate a growing body of opinion there in favour of the eight-ball over, which has been in use in Australian cricket for many years and was adopted in Test matches against England for the first time last winter. It is considered likely that the M.C.C. will be asked to agree to the eight-ball over for the next English tour in South Africa in the winter of next year. English cricketers have hitherto been opposed to the adoption of the longer over in this country for no very clear reason except custom and tradition. Experience in Australia has not produced much evidence against it, and in these days when brighter cricket is the cry on every hand, the saving in time effected by the fewer changes of end required by the eight-ball as compared with the six-ball over is at least worth while. Why should it not be tried in England?

AQUATICS ON THE FILM

To act as a film star-turn in various athletic capacities must be a trying business, and one must applaud the efforts Mr. Robert Taylor is making to live up to his part in "A Yank at Oxford." Towing path critics at Old Windsor have been trying to determine whether the style of the stroke of the eight of Cardinal College is orthodox or Fairbairn, and whether moving the slide faster forward than backward assists the rhythm of the crew. As a guide to 'Varsity coaches it may be helpful to note that the director is able to speed up proceedings by informing all crews taking part that they will have to row much faster. Old Oxford men may be somewhat nonplussed at some of the towpath cries. "Up Brass Nose" may be identified as B.N.C., but the House may not be so readily associated with "Up Christ's." The high spot of one day's filming of this unusual Head of the River race (and it will be of the whole film if it is included) was the unrehearsed incident which happened when one of the crews returned to the raft. One member about to disembark stepped smartly on to the side of the boat, causing it to overturn and deposit the remaining oarsmen in the cold water of the Thames.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an Irish newspaper: "Hunting the cub foxes, a most popular form of sport amongst the followers of the Hounds, is being presently freely indulged in. The howling of the hounds can be heard in the early hours of the mornings, and the participants are having a very enjoyable season."

SCOTLAND'S FENCING TRIUMPH

Scotland's women fencers scored a national triumph in the British Junior foil championship for the Baptiste Bertrand Cup, which opened the competition season at Bertrand's. For the first time in history half the finalists in a women's British title event were Scots. Thus, apart from the individual cup for which they were, officially, fighting, the contest was an Anglo-Scottish three-a-side team match.

It proved an amazing final. When the pool finished four of the six players—two Scots, the Misses Angus (Civil Service) and Anderson (Bertrand's), and two English, the Misses James (Polytechnic) and Morris (Lansdowne)—tied for top place with three wins each. The Anglo-Scottish result at that stage was 5–4 in Scotland's favour. These four individuals fought a barrage pool, and again there was a tie for the title, this time between one from each country, Misses Angus and James. In the decisive fight-off Margaret Angus avenged previous losses to Mary James, and fencing with all the serenity and control for which this dour fighter is renowned, beat the "ancient enemy" 5–2 to win the Cup.

On the final and barrage pools and the ultimate fight-off the Scottish trio won eight bouts to six versus Southron blades, and in the individual took first, fourth and fifth places.

CORONATION TREE PLANTING

Much Coronation planting is expected to take place this autumn, and the Coronation Planting Committee are particularly anxious to know of planting or other amenity schemes which have been held over until the present season as well as those which were dedicated earlier in the year.

They are preparing a record of tree planting and amenity schemes, both public and private, organised in commemoration of the Coronation in Great Britain and in overseas Empire countries. His Majesty the King has agreed to accept a copy of the record from Her Majesty the Queen, as patroness of the Coronation Planting Committee, and by gracious permission of the King the volume will later be reproduced in a suitable form for purchase by local authorities, museums, institutions and interested individuals.

Details of some 2,000 planting and amenity schemes undertaken by local authorities and other public bodies, including Coronation committees, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, Women's Institutes and by private individuals in the United Kingdom, have already reached the committee. Information has also been received of planting on a considerable scale in the Dominions and Colonies, and of several notable schemes from the United States of America. For the assistance of the compilers of the record, those who have been responsible for any type of Coronation memorial are asked to forward detailed particulars on special forms giving the exact details required, which may be obtained from the hon. secretary, Coronation Planting Committee, 68, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. 1.

WINTER'S HERALDS

A lesser black-backed gull on Blackfriars Bridge must rank as an unusual London sight, but last week he was there on the parapet for all who cared to see. The gulls last week started coming inland, and so by now November may have changed from its mild opening mood. In the south, at least, the dahlias had not shown signs of cold mornings at the beginning of the week, and the roses still continued to bloom in our gardens. For a while to come, if the first of winter's blasts is not too severe, we may yet be able to encourage their buds to open when taken indoors. But bare trees have almost in a week warned us of winter's approach, which perhaps, when it has come, will be better than muggy weather that seems to have been responsible for an epidemic of colds among town dwellers.

STARLINGS FLIGHTING HOME

Like blown, black leaves across an Autumn sun
Starlings come flighting from the bare fields home,
To cluster high in ever-changing ranks
Tall in the trees, an eerie living fruit.

Their murmur rises to the frosty sky,
Now a great gong, long struck but quivering yet,
Now a harsh, whispered meeting of damn'd souls
Rising and falling, clamouring and dying.

Dreaming of sunny chimney-pots, they sleep
Close to for warmth, clutching some brittle twig
Swaying in a starlit breeze through the long night
Dead in the dark, living with each new dawn.

A. H. V. L.



Last days of coshunting

AND NOW COMES NOVEMBER

A Sporting Tour for a "Sporting Man" with all the Month's Variety

LET us call him Nimrod Smith, and have done with it; sport is his oyster and he is determined that every day of November, excluding Sundays, shall be filled with sport of one sort or another. He has asked us to map out his 26 days, and this is our attempt. It has not been an easy task, but Mr. Smith is not an easy man; and we have gradually come to believe that he is not really a sportsman at all, but a "sporting man" and a first-rate technician. Nevertheless, he is an extremely rich man, so we must not offend him.

On the first day it seemed just to us that Mr. Smith should take two of his well-bred greyhounds and have a pleasant afternoon coursing on the Cotswolds; then home to tea just as the frosty evening is closing in.

On the second day that famous pack of hounds already mentioned in these columns, the Catch-as-Catch Canshire, hold their opening meet at the one hundred and ninety-ninth milestone, a very famous tryst. So we will send him off after an excellent breakfast, with a nice lunch and two nice horses taken on by his second horseman or, if he prefers it, a groom and the second horseman finding him. We cannot guarantee him a scent and a good hunt, that is outside our province; he will, at any rate, be occupied.

Let him next have a day with a pack of West Country harriers, hunting the hare in the combes and moors of Somerset. While he is down there he might also put in a day's hind hunting with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, just to see how difficult hunting can be. Let him then work up to Wiltshire and cast his fly over the shoals of grayling; it is sometimes cold work, but the chalk-stream meadows, so luxuriant in the summer, are perhaps even more entrancing when shorn of some of their more obvious beauties. He should take his grayling home, and, having eaten them, thank Providence that the world is blessed with such meat.

The upper reaches of the Thames should be his next objective, where, in a mighty weir-pool, he may spin for the kind of pike that are fit for such a scene. These also should he eat, cautioning his chef first, however.

Our pilgrim will now turn his steps towards Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. There much awaits him. First, three days pheasant shooting placed in the month according to the fall of the leaf; late rather than early. It is a very famous shoot, but our Mr. Smith is a well-known shot, and is frequently invited to functions of this sort. His next venture will be a day's partridge shooting—a little late perhaps to be quite perfect, but still not below his notice.

Here, too, he will go out, either sea flighting or pond flighting, for duck; a little early this time perhaps, but there may be a cold snap. If there is, Mr. Smith will wrap himself up very warmly, and nose down the creeks in his duck punt, the long gun dipping as he meets the first ripples of the tide. Mallard and wigeon will be his chief prey, if, indeed, he is successful at all.

Two more days may be fill in this delectable countryside. On a windy day he will fill a sack, or even two sacks, with woodpigeons. Then, before taking his leave, he will sally forth with two peregrines and fly them at partridges in a royal sport.

Now, what else is there left for so mighty a hunter. He should have a day with the beagles and run so that he feels he would disown all his great wealth to be at the right end of a ploughed field. Home again, he should drink deep; tea or beer, whichever most appeals to so complex a nature.

Now, Mr. Smith may be a proud and powerful man; but as we are in charge of his sporting destinies for the time being, we will take a little liberty with him; we will send him out for a day's ferreting. Perhaps all will go well, and on a bright, frosty morning rabbits will bolt like popping champagne corks and be bowled over neatly by his unerring "piece." On the other hand, things may go badly (such a thing has been known), and Mr. Smith will stand with numb fingers and numb feet whilst gorging ferrets and very dead rabbits are dug from some underground fastness. He will return a somewhat chastened man.

Next, he will go down to Berkshire and hunt the carted deer; here, at least, he will be reasonably certain of an uproarious gallop.

Finished with the carted deer, he will hunt the wild buck in the New Forest and see a very ancient sport beautifully carried out. Here, as in the Devon and Somerset country, he will endeavour to pick up something of the arts and subtleties of "tufting," avoiding fresh deer, and dealing with the puzzles set by running water.

We are merciful men, and do not wish our Smith to be cut off too early from his joys, so we have left a day with the draghounds to the last. We have in mind a certain line, somewhat connected with a Royal personage; it is a lovely line, but it is a line for brave men and good horses. Let Mr. Smith, therefore, harden his heart, consult his solicitor, ride a really good horse, and hope for the best. If he comes through, I think we should be justified in giving him a day's rest to think about life and recuperate.

But what is this? Only twenty days filled, and six still empty as a desert. Well, there's nothing else for it; the fortunate fellow must fill up with foxhunting.

A. H. V. L.



A GROUP OF EXPERTS WHO UNDERTOOK THE JUDGING OF THE TROPHIES

Sitting (left to right): Ing. Swistowzcki (Poland), Forstmeister Bieger (Germany), Ludwig Wilhelm Herzog von Bayern (Germany), Ing. Szczyguki (Poland), General forstmeister Knothe (Poland), Count Bois Lambert (France), Prince Radziwill (Poland), M. Bennert (Belgium), Baron Dr. Sammaruga (Austria), M. Jean-Popescu (Rumania), Count Pallfy (Czechoslovakia), Oberstjägermeister Scherping (Germany), Mr. Frank Wallace (England), Graf Abensperg-Traun (Austria), Mr. J. B. Burlace (England), Dr. Keller (Austria), Revierförster Hübner (Germany), Schick-Ferbar (Czechoslovakia), Baron von Plessen (Germany), and Hegemeister Albrecht (Germany). *Standing:* Mr. Rangell (Rumania), Schriftleiter Krone (Germany), Jägermeister Löbenberg (Germany), Forstmeister Philippi (Germany), Revierförster Gotskowsky (Germany), Forstmeister Grunschwitz (Germany), Oberforstmeister Witting (Rumania), Kreisjägermeister Sulst (Germany), Generalinspector Cionsia (Rumania), Freiherr von Dungern (Germany), Elchjägermeister Kramer (Germany), Graf Douglas (Sweden), Dr. Siman (Czechoslovakia), Dr. Zocičić (Jugoslavia), Dr. Lotz Heck (Germany), Baron Prunay (Hungary), Gamjägermeister Freiherr von Schorlemer (Germany), Prince Eolesbury (Germany), Dr. Hübner (Germany), Oberforstrat Dr. Mayer (Czechoslovakia), Oberförster a. D. Parbs (Germany), Oberlaurat Wild (Germany), Dr. Keller (France), and Berg von Linde, (Sweden).

A FELLOWSHIP OF SPORT

Big Game Hunters of the World in Congress

ONE can read about the Coronation, one can see it on the films, one can hear it on the wireless, and yet entirely fail to sense the atmosphere which pervaded that memorable occasion. And this is just what happens when an attempt is made to convey in print the atmosphere of the International Exhibition in Berlin, the success of which the *Field* has done its best to further.

It is indeed an atmosphere of extraordinary goodwill and extraordinary good fellowship; an atmosphere, one might say, of eager friendship. And if the written word fails to describe the splendours of the exhibition itself how much more must it fail in describing the spirit behind it. A visit to Berlin is necessary to understand it.

The province of the *Field* is not, happily, to dissect national manifestations or to probe political motives. They should be eliminated where sport is concerned, and it can be stated as beyond dispute that the welcome extended to the British delegation could not have been warmer. A welcome from the heart is not easily simulated, and there can be no doubt of the gratitude of the sportsmen of all nations for the somewhat tardy acceptance by Great Britain of the invitation to participate in the Big Game Exhibition. It is not too much to say that to have refused to do so would have been a political as well as a sporting calamity.

First, let the judging be dealt with. It went on for a fortnight before the heads were hung. It was carried out with the utmost patience and discrimination, but imagination boggles at the sight of 2,000 red deer, any of which would find the place of honour on the ordinary wall; to say nothing of roe which seemed as the sands of the sea innumerable, and head upon head of moufflon. Suffice it to say that the new Continental formula worked well in judging and except in such cases as the Canadian elk class, where it seemed to break down somewhat.

As the result of very strong representation the British Committee decided to compete for prizes in the Asiatic and African sections. It had originally been decided not to do so, as in general, shooting for medals does not find favour with us. But the acceptance to compete was undoubtedly right. It would have been regarded as a grave international discourtesy not to do so. Mr. Frank Wallace was chairman of the Asiatic section, Mr. J. B. Burlace of the African, and in these two sections British sportsmen were supreme, obtaining in the one more than seventy first prizes, in the other more than eighty. And British sportsmen will find much sober satisfaction in the fact that the Rowland Ward system of measurement, so long their respected yard-stick, was adopted now, too, in these classes.

First prizes were occasionally given to others than records. For instance, though Colonel Soutar's famous markhor got the first prize, and rightly, it was decided that General Barstow's must have one, too. Special prizes were awarded also to a number of trophies and to a number of specimens like Captain Brocklehurst's giant panda and Mr. Wallace's golden takin; and both the Indian and African sections received prizes of honour. It is not too much to say that in these sections Great Britain swept the board.





LEFT: JUDGING A TROPHY. RIGHT: DIREKTOR LOESCH, JÄGERMEISTER LÖBENBERG, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ORGANISATION IN THE EXHIBITION, AND OBERSTJÄGERMEISTER SCHERPING, HEAD OF THE BERLIN EXHIBITION



SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON, BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR IN BERLIN, HERE SEEN IN CHAMOIS COUNTRY, HAS TAKEN THE GREATEST INTEREST THROUGHOUT IN THE ORGANISATION OF THE EXHIBITION

In the British section we are particularly lucky in the arrangement of our heads. They are well spaced out, and they have a variety, which few other countries possess. Twenty stags, even though they all be records, tend to pall. Twenty sheep from ten different portions of the world have that infinite variety which custom cannot stale, nor even moth wither. Particularly noticeable were the famous O'Rooke ibex (which proves conclusively that it is well to sacrifice an inch or two of length for beam and span); Colonel Price Wood's Asiatic wapiti, which dominates the Asiatic section; Major Radclyffe's moose with the tri-form palmation (which General Goering told Mr. Wallace was the finest moose head he had ever seen); the famous Hall buffalo; Lord Lansdowne's *yak*; and the urial of Sir Clendon Daukes, which has already been described in the *Field*.

And now if one turns to the other pavilions, it is true to say that there is enough here to occupy the ordinary lover of big game for two months. There is indeed an *embarras de richesses*. It seems impossible to see it all. The German section is the largest, as is natural, and most properly organised. It includes in Hall 2, an enormous forest with the animals in their natural haunts; it has a whole series of splendid pictures; it has huge maps of carefully compiled statistics; it has, among other things, the famous Maritzburg heads. And it is a monument to the scientific devotion to sport and the organising capacity of General Goering and his associates. It fills a hall about the size of, say, the arena at Olympia.

Of the other sections the Austrian seems peculiarly interesting and very well displayed indeed. The Polish section is full of "meat," but the exhibits are so copious as to be overcrowded. Incidentally it contains a roe head which is the finest European roe one can recall. And in this connection, in an exhibition where the prehistoric mingles with the present, the speculation might be hazarded that roe are the only heads that in the lapse of aeons might seem to improve rather than deteriorate.

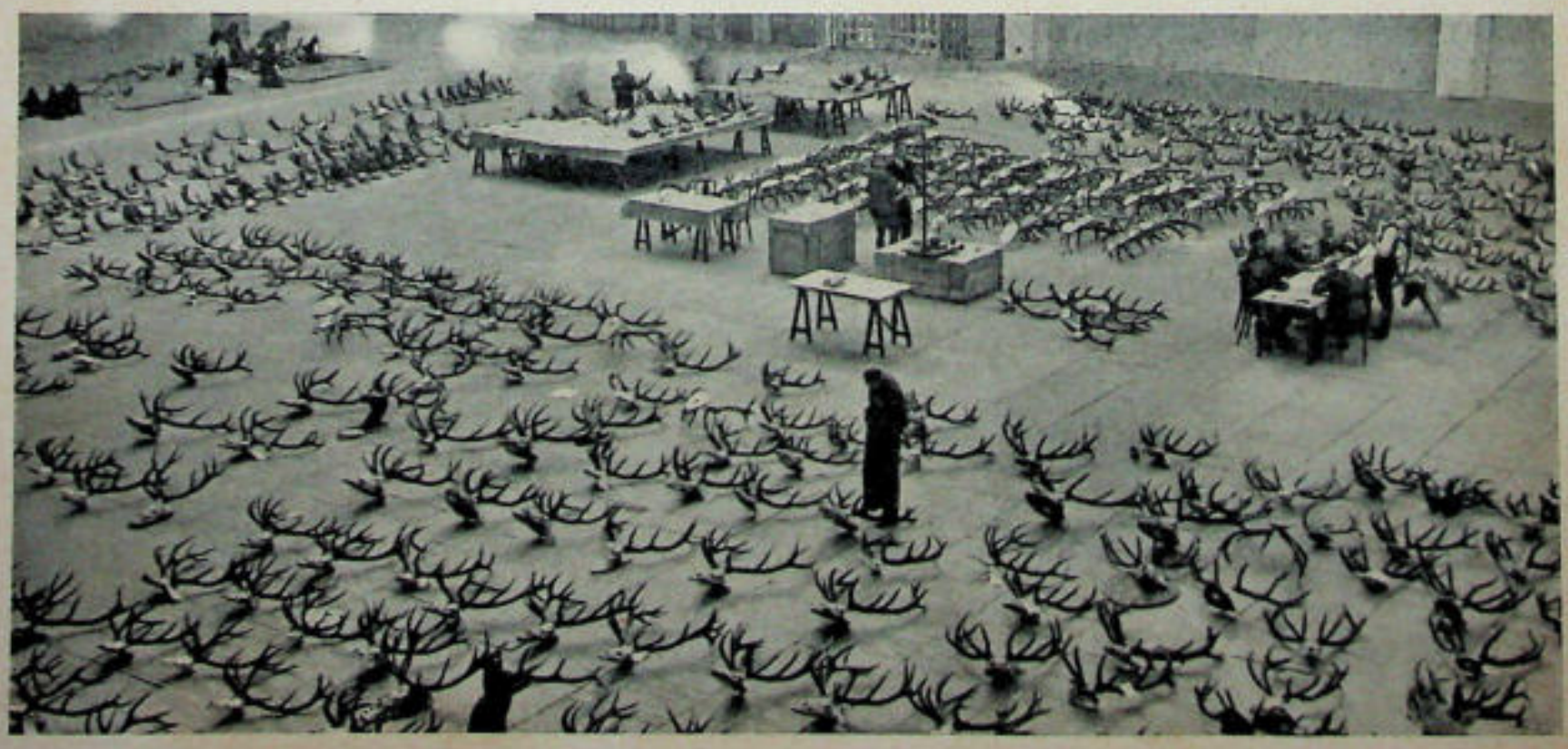
There are some beautiful mouflon in the Czecho-slovakian section, where there are also some of the remarkable horns of stags on Direktor Vogt's experimental farm. These are not sporting trophies, but they have a most definite scientific value. The Swedish section, too, is very remarkable for its scientific interest as regards elk horns, and there is what may be taken to be a prehistoric pair of elk horns which make the mouth copiously to water. "We shall not look upon their like again," as is said of the great Victorians.

The French exhibit has, among other things, some almost priceless Gobelin tapestries, and a giant eland which will excite envy. To the Roumanian section probably goes the palm for records among the European countries, for it contains some really splendid red roe and fallow deer. They took the first prizes in at least three European classes. And while on the subject of deer it should be mentioned that the solitary Scottish red deer that found its Lilliputian way into one of the continental displays caused comment. Nobody knew what it was! (This is quite true, and for once Mr. Frank Wellace was not on the spot.)

Comparatively unhonoured and unsung the famous Demidoff collection, now the property of King Carol of Rumania, appeared and was quite unexpectedly found to contain a large number of records, as well it might. But one might write of the Continental displays through ten numbers of the *Field*. They show, and this is not without interest, the attitude of the nations of the world to sport. If some, in the words of the old story, produce a "Preliminary History of the Habits of the Elephant in 32 quartos," others deal with his "Life and Loves" after their own fashion. There is room for all and to spare.

It is safe to say that among all these the British display, so admirably set out as regards the heads, has more than held its own. It has no high lights of staging. It is simple, straightforward, and in no single measure, unworthy. Its minor exhibits, photographs, pictures and guns show great care in preparation—but when newspapers blow their own trumpets, they usually blow them out of tune, and it is not for the *Field* to write of these things. But we can, and indeed should, speak of two of this paper's fellow workers, not regular members of the staff though associates of old-standing, namely, Mr. J. B. Burlace of Rowland Ward, and Mr. Frank Wallace, secretary of the Shikar Club. They have between them borne the burden of selecting and hanging the heads. They have done their work excellently and that is the comment of all who have seen it.

In conclusion we can only add that the good wishes of the *Field* go to our German hosts in particular, and to the sportsmen of all nations assembled in Berlin.



JUDGING IN PROGRESS IN THE MAIN HALL WHERE THE TROPHIES WERE UNPACKED
There are but a tithe of such heads as "would find the place of honour on the ordinary wall."





HEADS LENT TO THE BERLIN EXHIBITION BY H.M. THE KING

A buffalo shot in East Africa, a nice head, and a fine specimen of Marco Polo's Sheep which was awarded a first prize

BRITISH TROPHIES SENT TO BERLIN

Details of the Fine Collection of Big Game Heads now on Exhibition

Measurements quoted are taken from the Ninth and Tenth Editions of Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game." The reference to records, or to the position of a specimen in the lists of records, refers to the same works

OWNER.	TROPHIES LENT.	REMARKS.
HIS MAJESTY THE KING	African Buffalo, Impala, Wart Hog, Marco Polo's Argali and a pair of African Elephant's tusks.	The first three specimens, which are well above the average, were shot by His Majesty in 1925. The elephant's tusks, which weigh 167lb. and 101lb., are normally exhibited at the British Museum (Natural History), where they are on permanent loan.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN	Waterbuck and Red-fronted Gazelle	These specimens, which were shot by Her Majesty in 1925, stand high in the lists of records.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER	Fringe-eared Oryx, Mountain Nyala, Sonamering's Gazelle, Sassaby, Puku, Lichtenstein's Hartebeest.	The fringe-eared oryx is a record and the other heads are in the record class. They were shot by the Duke during his African expeditions of 1929 and 1930.
H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT	Blackbuck	Length straight 27¾in., tip to tip 26⅝in. A perfect example of the species.
THE EARL OF ATHLONE	Blackbuck, Chinkara, Nile Lechwe, Leopard, African Elephant's foot.	The Nile lechwe head is 31⅞in., the record for the species being 34⅛in.
Brig.-General J. H. ABBOT ANDERSON	Mongolian Argali	50½in. on front curve. Fourth from the record. Picked up in S. Mongolia.
Lieut.-Col. Sir GEORGE ARBUTHNOT, Bt.	Bushbuck	21⅛in. on front curve and second to the record.
The EARL OF ARRAN	Oryx	A good example of the typical race.
E. ARBUTT, Esq.	African Buffalo, Giant Eland, Roan, Addax, Gerenuk, Kob, Ladak Urial, Rocky Mountain Goat.	The giant eland from the French Congo and the kob from Lake Chad both closely approach the record heads.
Vice-Admiral S. E. BAILEY	Rocky Mountain Goat	Length on front curve 10½in. A head well above the average.
Major-General H. BARSTOW	Aster Markhor	60½in. on outside curve and second only to the record head.
Sir S. BARTON	Swayne's Hartebeest	The record Abyssinian head: 20½in. on front curve.
Major A. BAYLEY-WORTHINGTON	Tien Shan Ibex, Littledale's Argali, Kopet Dagh Urial.	The argali is third to the record. The other two heads are both very good.
The DUKE OF BEDFORD	Four heads of Père David's Deer	These deer are believed to be extinct in a wild state, and are apparently now represented only by the herd at Woburn Abbey.
LORD BELPER	Two New Zealand Red Deer	The best, a magnificent 16-pointer, is 48in. in length, and second to the record, which is 49½in.
The Hon. J. W. BEST	Sambar	A head with an unusual number of points—8+8.
Captain G. BLAINE	Abyssinian Ibex, Nubian Ibex, Angolan Sable, Bongo, Brindled Gnu, Gemsbuck, Gerenuk, Beira, Lichtenstein's and Hunter's Hartebeest, Red and Black Lechwe, Nyala, White-eared Kob, Scimitar Oryx, Oribi, Situtunga, Sassaby, Reedbuck, Springbuck, Korrigum, Pelzeln's Gazelle.	All these heads measure really well. The Angolan springbuck is a record, and the Angolan gemsbuck of 40in. is within ¼in. of the record. The rare scimitar oryx is second to the record, and the red lechwe is within ¼in. of the record. The Bongo is represented by heads of both the typical and eastern races. The magnificent head of 38in., from the Aberdares, is second to the record, but Captain Blaine's specimen is more massive.
Lieut.-Col. the Hon. M. T. BOSCAWEN	Arabian Oryx, Mariea Gazelle, Aksu Argali	Three rare heads, particularly the Aksu argali, which is apparently the record. The correct classification of these Aksu sheep seems uncertain.
BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)	Indian Rhinoceros, Indian Buffalo, Blackbuck, Nadak Ibex, Aster Markhor, Yak, Urial, Impala, Kudu, Reedbuck, Hunter's and Lelwel Hartebeest, Brindled Gnu, African Buffalo, Ward's Reedbuck, Musk Ox, Wapiti.	The African buffalo shot by Lieut.-Col. P. J. Bailey in N.W. Rhodesia, though not a record as regards width, is the record for length on front curve. The Hunter's hartebeest shot by the late I. N. Dracopoli is within ¼in. of the record, and the fine impala head (31¼in.) is third from the record. The grand North American wapiti shot by the late Edmund Byron in 1866 is possibly the most massive wapiti ever shot by a British sportsman.
Captain H. C. BRICKLEHURST	Giant Panda, Giant Eland, Bongo, Addax, White Rhinoceros, Yellow-backed Duiker.	A collection of rarities which includes the record giant panda and a 39in. giant eland from the Bahr-el-Ghazal.
Rear-Admiral Sir B. V. BROOKE	Topi, Uganda Kob	The topi, 23in. in length, is third to the record (22¼in.), and the Uganda kob, 24in., is fifth from the record (26in.).
Sir DELVES BROUGHTON	Robert's Gazelle	Front curve 29¾in., tip to tip 36¼in. Second to the record.
Col. U. HOWARD BURY	Tien Shan Roebuck	This head has the unusual number of sixteen points, the normal, of course, being six.
EARL CAWDOR	Serow	A good head from Sikkim.
J. V. COLLIER, Esq.	Chital	The record head. Length 40in., circumference 4¼in., tip to tip 23⅝in.
Major R. COLVILLE	Addax	40in. on the front curve, and second to the record head.
W. B. COTTON, Esq.	Forest Hog, Eland, Heuglin's Gazelle, Eritrean Gazelle	The Heuglin's gazelle head is the record for the species—11¼in. on front curve.
Brig.-General Sir RAOUL DE CRESPIGNY, Bt.	Greater Kudu	A head of the typical race and well above average measurements.
Lieut.-Col. Sir C. T. DARKES	Kopet Dagh Urial, Seistan Gazelle	Both these heads are records.
LORD DAVIES	Alaskan Moose	Spread, 63½in.
Lieut.-Col. C. L. DAY	Ladak Ibex	Above average measurements.
LORD DESBOROUGH	Abyssinian Defassa	A fine head from the Sudan.
A. DUNBAR BRANDER, Esq.	Swamp Deer	An 18-pointer, 41in. on the outside curve and one of the finest heads in existence.
A. H. L. EVELEIGH, Esq.	Impala	Shot during the present year, and within ¼in. of the record.
Captain D. H. GAWNE	Tsing	The record head. Length 26½in., circumference 9¼in., tip to tip 7in.
Sir RICHARD GLYN, Bt.	African Buffalo, Alaskan Moose, Tien Shan Ibex, Tien Shan Roebuck.	All four heads are well above average measurements.
Captain P. GRANT	Scottish Roebuck	One of the best Scottish heads obtained in recent years. Length 11⅝in., tip to tip 8⅛in.
Sir ALASTAIR GORDON CUMMING, Bt.	One Scottish Red Deer, four Roebucks, and one White Rhinoceros horn.	The red deer head, a 14-pointer killed by the late Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, is by general consent one of the finest Scottish heads in existence. The white rhinoceros horn, 62¼in. in length, is the record horn.
Lieut.-Col. B. E. M. GORDON	Nadak Ibex	The record head. Length on front curve 55in.
Lady ALEXANDRA HAIG THOMAS	Mongalla Gazelle	The record head. Length 13¾in., circumference 5in., tip to tip 6¼in.
Mrs. J. HALL	African Buffalo, Eland, Angolan Sable, Sambar	Shot by the late J. Hall, Esq. The buffalo head is the record, with an outside width of 56¼in., and the other heads approach closely to the records of their respective species.
Major H. W. HALL	North African Buffalo	Greatest width 43¾in., and second to the record.
The EARL OF HAREWOOD	Stone's sheep	Length on front curve 41in., and well above the average length.
Major M. V. HAY	Oryx	An example of the little-known Galla land race.
R. HAYNE, Esq.	Caribou, Mountain Nyala, Oryx, Chinese Bharal	The caribou, 56in. in length, ranks among the best heads ever obtained in Canada. The mountain nyala is the record head, 44in. on outside curve.
Colonel T. A. HEADLAM	Tsaiye	Measures well above the average.
Captain A. W. HERBERT PERCY	Bontebok	Now almost extinct in a wild state. This specimen is third from the record.
G. HENEAGE, Esq.	Lesser Kudu	A representative of the East African race and within ¼in. of the record.
LADY HINDLIP	Bohor Reedbuck, Ward's Reedbuck	Shot by the late Lord Hindlip.
Brig.-General R. HOARE	Nilgiri Tahr	Second to and within ¼in. of the record head.
Colonel J. N. HORLICK	Osborn's Caribou, Canadian Moose	One of the finest caribou heads shot by a British sportsman.
The Hon. Mrs. HUNTER	Hunter's Hartebeest	Shot by the late H. C. V. Hunter, Esq., after whom the species is named.
Wing-Commander JAMES	Mule Deer, Pronghorn, Chital	The mule deer and pronghorn were shot by the late H. A. James, Esq., in 1898. The chital, which was shot by Wing-Commander James in 1924, has the remarkable tip to tip measurement of 31½in.
JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB	Littledale's Argali, Suleman Markhor	The sheep head, which was shot by the late E. W. Ibbon, Esq., in 1914, is 58½in. on the front curve, and is the record. The rare Suleman markhor was shot by the late Captain E. W. Codrington in 1898.
Lieut.-Col. R. L. KENNION	Aster and Suleman Markhor, Persian Ibex and Gazelle, Kennion's Gazelles, Tibetan Antelope, Serow, Kopet Dagh Urial.	A male and female of the rare Kennion's gazelle are particularly notable, but all these heads are well above the average.
The MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE	Marco Polo's Argali	A 60½in. head shot by the late Marquess of Lansdowne in 1897.
Lieut.-Col. Sir RICHARD LEIGHTON, Bt.	Bean	A very good head of the Sudan race.
H. M. LLEWELLYN, Esq.	Sassaby	The record head. On front curve 17½in., circumference 8¾in., tip to tip 12¾in.
The EARL OF LONSDALE	Musk Ox, Bison, Wapiti, Mule Deer, White-tailed Deer	One of the very few musk ox obtained by a British sportsman. All these heads are good.
Captain C. E. LUCAS	Four Red Deer (park), two Sambar	Four of the finest heads from the noted herd at Warnham Court, including the "Great Warnham Head," and shed antlers with 47 points. The sambar heads, which are both good, were shot by the late C. J. Lucas in 1877.



THE TWO FINEST MARKHOR IN THE WORLD

The one on the left was shot by Colonel A. B. Soutar, that on the right by Major-General H. Barstow



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S FRINGED-EARED ORYX

This beast is one of the finest in the records of Messrs. Rowland Ward

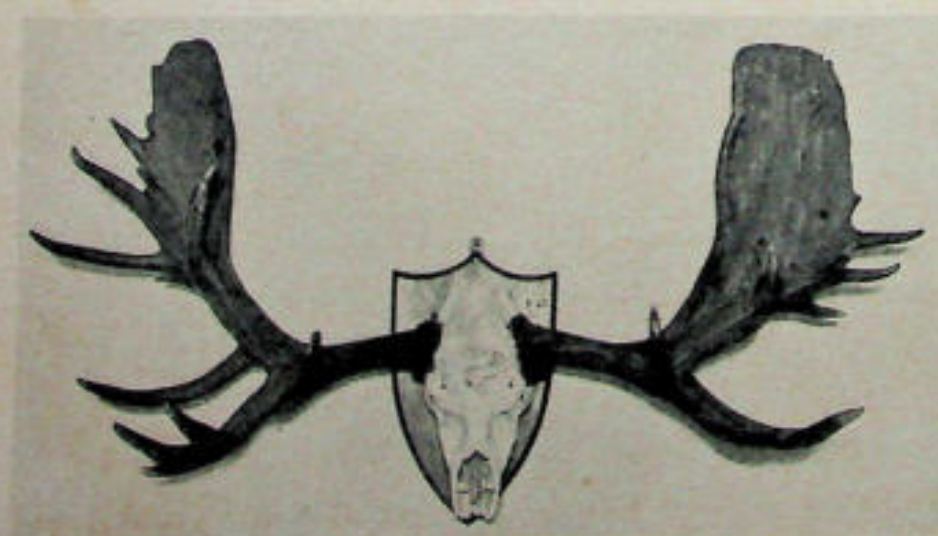
Heads mounted by Messrs. Rowland Ward



THE FINEST RED SEA IBEX OBTAINED BY AN ENGLISHMAN

Shot by the late R. B. Loder, and lent by the Northampton Museum. 47¼in. on front curve.

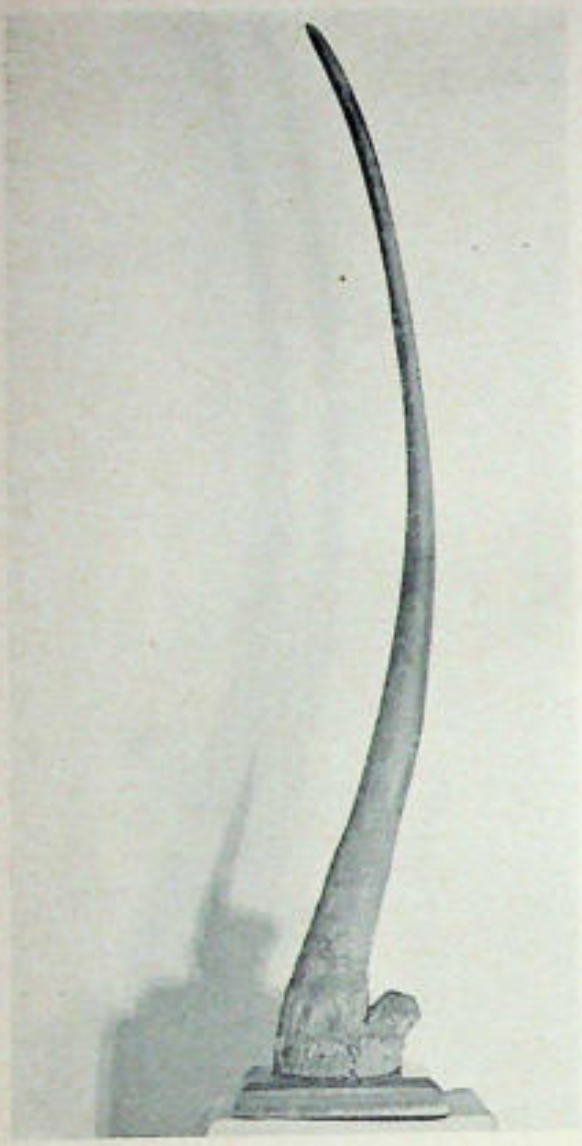
OWNER	TROPHIES LENT	REMARKS
D. D. LYELL, Esq.	Waterbuck	The record beast. Length on front 36½in.; circumference 9in., tip to tip 17in.
MARLBOROUGH CLUB	Black Rhinoceros	Shot by the late Brig.-General W. Sadleir Jackson. Length of front horn 35in.
Major H. C. MAYDON	Abyssinian Ibex, Bokharan Argali, Chiltan Markhor, Sind Ibex, Barbary Sheep, Addra Gazelle, Mountain Nyala, Hlobafag.	The 44in. Abyssinian ibex is the record, and so also is the 40in. Bokharan argali, which was picked up. The Chiltan markhor and the mountain nyala are second to the respective records, and the Sind ibex is third.
H. R. MILLAIS, Esq.	Caribou, Mule Deer, Wapiti, Moose, Siberian Reindeer, Marco Polo's and Siberian Argali, Scottish Roebucks, Roedbuck, Kudu, White-eared Kob, Angolan Sable, Springbuck, Thomson's Gazelle, Nile Lechwe.	In this collection there are very good specimens of the Angolan sable and reedbuck shot by H. R. Millais, Esq. The majority of the heads, however, were collected or shot by the late J. G. Millais, Esq. The Hudson's Bay caribou, 67⅞in., and mule deer, 34in., both collected specimens, are records.
Major F. MOAT	Mule Deer	
NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION	Arabian Ibex, Asia Minor Goat, Ghemlin's Sheep, Bongo	Length 30½in. One of the best British-owned heads of this species.
H. C. NELSON, Esq.	Mexican Bighorn	The bongo was shot by Sir Arnold Hodson in 1933, and the other heads by Sir Ronald Graham.
NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB	Situtunga	Length 39½in. A fine example of this form of desert sheep.
Captain E. F. W. NOAKES	Gerenuk	Shot by Dr. H. L. Duke. 29½in. on front curve. The record head of the Bugalla Islands race.
NORTHAMPTON MUSEUM	Nubian Ibex, Sable	A head well above average measurements.
		The Nubian ibex is the record head, 47¼in. on front curve. Both these heads were shot by the late R. B. Loder, Esq.
The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND	Tibetan Gazelle	A good head from Ladak.
NORMAN NUTTALL, Esq.	Seladang	The record head. Widest outside 40in.
Mrs. J. R. B. OLDFIELD	White-bearded Gnu	Widest outside 28in.; the record head is 30½in.
Lieut.-Col. J. O'ROURKE	Tien Shan Ibex and Roebucks	Fine examples of both species.
Captain W. W. OTTER (THE LODER COLLECTION)	African Red Deer, Western Hartebeest, Cape Hartebeest, Rhebok, Gnu, Uganda Kob, Gemsbuck, Addax, Bushbuck, Situtunga, Senegambian Eland, Kudu, Roan, Rhinoceros horn, American Wapiti, Caribou, White-tailed Deer, Rocky Mountain Sheep, Walrus tusks, Shou, Baikal and Manchurian Wapiti Dybowski's Deer, Japanese Sika, Schomburgk's Deer, Malay and Luzon Sambar, Moluccan Rusa, Muntjac, Hog Deer, Siberian Elk, Burmese and Siamese Thamin, Saiga, Tibetan, Mongolian, Saikik, Atlas, Pelzeln's Loder's and Dorcas Gazelles, Tibetan and Marco Polo's Argali, Afghan Urial, Chanschgha, Nilghiri Tahr, Suleman Markhor, Arabian Ibex, Western Tur, Barbary Sheep, Aoud, Serow.	The vast collection of big game specimens formed by the late Sir Edmund Loder is particularly rich in record heads, or heads approximating to records. Though Sir Edmund was a keen sportsman, the majority of these heads were not, of course actually shot by him. The following specimens are records: African red deer, Western hartebeest, N. American wapiti, Siamese thamin, Moluccan rusa, Reeve's muntjac, Loder's gazelle, Atlas gazelle, Saikik gazelle, Mongolian gazelle and Tibetan gazelle.
G. W. PENRICE, Esq.	Oribi	The record head. Length 7 5/8in.
J. McFARQUHAR PETTERS, Esq.	Indian Buffalo, Gaur, Tsaine	The buffalo head is 42in. on the outside curve and is fourth from the record; the gaur, 41½in. widest outside is second, and within ½in. of the record.
Mrs. F. PILCHER	Rocky Mountain Bighorn	A very good head from the Kootenay.
ALAN PILKINGTON, Esq.	Semiferal and Ancient Scottish Red Deer	Very fine examples.
The DUKE OF PORTLAND	Shed Antlers of Red Deer	Specimens from the well-known herd at Welbeck.
Major C. E. RADCLYFFE	Moose, Caribou, Bears, Sheep and Walrus from Alaska, Kamschatkan Sheep and Wapiti.	The Alaskan heads are all good, particularly the moose and bears which are close to records. The Kamschatkan sheep and wapiti from Vancouver Island are rare specimens.
LORD REYDELSDALE	American Bison	The record head. Length on outside curve 20½in.
COUNTESS ROBERTS	Marco Polo's Argali	Presented by the late A. O. Hume to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.





LEFT: A VERY BIG ALASKA MOOSE SHOT BY MAJOR C. E. RADCLYFFE. RIGHT: AFRICAN BUFFALO WITH 56½IN. SPREAD IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE JOHN HALL.

The buffalo, mounted by Rowland Ward, is the best in the exhibition. The holes seen in the moose were probably made by younger moose when fighting. This was an old bull who came out of velvet late, and the young bulls, whose horns formed early, were able to do the damage.



WHITE RHINO HORN (OVER 62 INCHES) FROM ROCALEYN GORDON CUMMING'S COLLECTION

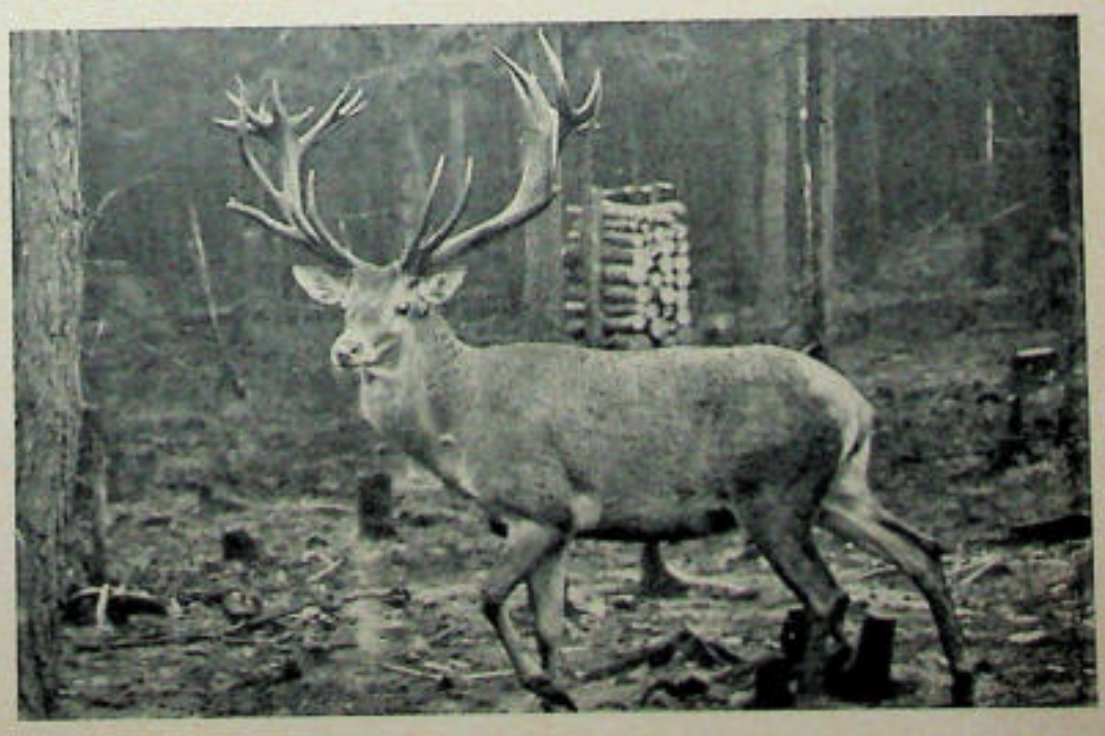


ONE OF THE MOST SYMMETRICAL AMERICAN WAPITI HEADS IN THE WORLD
Owned by Mr. H. R. Millais, and collected by his father, the late Mr. J. G. Millais who acquired it for the Powerscourt Collection

LIST OF BRITISH EXHIBITORS—(continued)

Major Guy Rowley	Situtunga, Bongo, Sclater's	Three heads well above average measurements.
Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth	White Bighorn Sheep	Shot by Rear-Admiral R. C. Boldfish. 47in. on front curve—the record.
Norman B. Smith, Esq.	Lesser Kudu, Sable, Scimitar Oryx	The record head. Length on outside curve 55½in. The other two heads are both very good.
Colonel A. B. Sotter	Markhor	The record head. Length on outside curve 65in.
M. T. Stephens, Esq.	Dorset Roebuck	One of the best heads shot since the War.
H. S. Tegner, Esq.	Dorset Roebuck	A first-class head in all respects.
Dr. W. S. Tegner	Scottish and Dorset Roebucks	The Scottish specimen is perhaps the most beautiful British roe head in existence.
Captain P. H. J. Tuck	Rhinoceros horns	A fine example of Black rhinoceros horns.
Mrs. P. B. Vander Byl	Alaskan Moose, Pronghorn, Siberian Argali, East, and West Caucasian Tur, Goral Thar, Severtzoff's Barbe-head, Sommering's Gazelle.	All these heads are first class. They are a selection from the very fine collection of heads shot by the late P. B. Vander Byl, Esq.
H. F. Varian, Esq.	Angolan Sable, Indian Elephant's Foot	The giant sable horns closely approach the record
A. Vernay, Esq.	Schomburgk's Deer, Thamin	Schomburgk's deer are now believed to be extinct. This specimen closely approaches the record.
Frank Wallace, Esq.	Takin (male and female), Kashmir Stag, Przewalski's Gazelle, Blaural, Waterbuck.	The rare golden takin and other Chinese trophies are seldom seen in private collections.
Messrs. Rowland Ward	Nilghai, Père David's Deer	Both specimens mounted entire.
The Duke of Westminster	Alaskan Moose, Marco Polo's Argali	The moose head has a spread of 72in.
H. F. Williams, Esq.	Grant's Gazelle	A 28in. head shot in 1936. The record is 30in.
Colonel C. B. Wood	Siberian Argali, Tien Shan Roebuck, Swamp Deer	The argali head, 62½in. on front curve, is the record. The roebuck, 17in., is apparently the record so far as heads shot by sportsmen are concerned. The swamp deer, 41in. in length, is one of three heads of the same record length.
Lieut.-Col. J. N. Price Wood	Tien Shan Wapiti and Roebuck, Littledale's Argali, Goitred Gazelle.	The wapiti head, shot by a native hunter is the record. It has the following remarkable measurements: Length: 60in., circumference 8¼in., tip to tip 62¼in., widest outside 70in., points 19 + 9.





LEFT: BEST CROWN OF A JUGOSLAVIAN STAG. RIGHT: ONE OF GENERAL DIREKTOR FRANZ VOGT'S PARK STAGS FED FOR HORN GROWTH



A GERMAN ROE
From a photograph by Perthold Schiller

ROE, ELK AND FALLOW HEADS IN BERLIN

The Place of the Roe in Continental Sport

By EDGAR N. BARCLAY

In the photographs which accompany this and the following article it is impossible to preserve a standard of comparison. To do any justice to the stag heads it would be necessary to show them on a huge scale.

THERE are more roe heads exhibited in Berlin than any other species, a sufficient indication of the importance of roe deer in Continental sport. I am informed that there are over 2,000, and one wonders if this wonderful display will do anything to encourage British sportsmen to make still hunting for roe one of the established sports of England and Scotland.

It is true that roe stalking at home has generally had a few devotees since the time of the Stuart brothers or earlier. In later years the late J. G. Millais, Mr. Frank Wallace and others have written of its charm and urged its adoption in place of the horrible proceedings usually associated with winter roe drives, but is there a single roe preserve in Scotland or England to-day where the rifle is the only permitted weapon? I hope there is, but I have not heard of it.

In Germany it is an offence to fire at a roe with a shotgun, and in this, I for one take off my hat to our German friends. Wherever he is found, the roebuck is always worthy game; never easy and sometimes almost too difficult. Many a good buck has contrived to live to a ripe old age, though he be hunted assiduously year after year. That surely is the very essence of the sport of hunting.

As this exhibition shows, British roe heads compare more favourably with Continental specimens than do our red deer with the great stags of Central Europe. Certainly I saw no more lovely head in the whole exhibition than the Scottish buck shot by Dr. W. S. Tegner at Pitgaveny in 1928. Its length, 11¼in., also compares quite favourably with the majority of Continental heads.

There is a great deal of local variation in both the size of the antlers and in the weights of roe. Poland contains some of the finest roe country in Europe, but in the perfectly flat country of Wielkopolska (Great Poland) bucks weigh only from 39lb. to 46lb. In other parts of Poland 75lb. uncleaned is not an unusual weight. Not far from Przemysl, in the plain of the River San, the soil is remarkable for its fertility and richness and some of the most notable Continental bucks have been shot in this neighbourhood, including the record head of the Vienna Exhibition of 1910. This was shot at Niemalowa, the property of Count Mycielski, in 1896. It measures 12½in. in length, and is a very massive, though by no means beautiful, head. I understand that in the present exhibition the first prizes for roe killed before and after 1900 have both been awarded to Polish heads, but details are not yet available.

The Asiatic roe heads shown in the British section make the finest collection of specimens of this species ever brought together.



THE FINEST POLISH ROE AND BEST IN THE EXHIBITION

Elk heads are very well represented in the Scandinavian and Polish sections. The principal homes of the elk in Europe are in Norway, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Lithuania and East Prussia, but in the last two countries they are rare, and almost everywhere their numbers were reduced owing to the upheaval caused by the Great War. In Poland elk inhabit the north-eastern part of the country, and form two separate groups; the first, in the swampy forests of the districts of Wilno and Grodno and the second in the swamp country of Polesia. Before the War there were several thousand elk in this territory; last year their number was estimated to be just over 1,000, but they have been steadily increasing for several years.

In Bialowieza great bags of elk and other game were formerly made by driving when this great forest was the Imperial preserve of the Emperor of Russia. Driving on a large scale is still practised at the Royal shoots in Sweden, where drives lasting two days take place every other year. The common method of hunting the elk in Sweden, however, is with the aid of an elk-hound allowed to range loose in order that it may bring the elk to bay. In Norway it is the custom to keep the hound in leash, patiently working up and across the wind to enable the dog to scent either the beast itself or its fresh spoor.

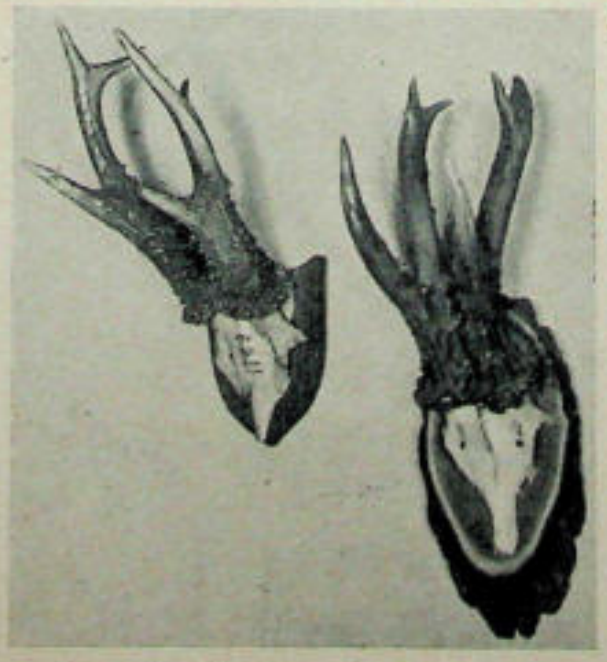
There seems little to choose between the best heads from Scandinavia and those from Poland, but several shown at Berlin are both well palmated in addition to having well-developed points, which adds so much to the beauty of elk heads. The measurements and particulars regarding the awards are not yet available, but I should think the best from both countries are over 50 in. in spread. Good heads have, of course, also been obtained in Russia, but these are not represented in the exhibition, so an actual comparison is not possible. All the elk heads are rather over-shadowed by the huge Alaskan moose heads shown in the British section and by the very fine series exhibited by the Dominion of Canada.

Fallow heads are shown in great numbers, particularly in the German section, which must contain some hundreds. Owing to introductions and re-introductions it is almost impossible to know which are of pure wild stock. The original distribution of these deer includes Greece, Spain, Portugal, Anatolia, Rhodes, Sardinia, Asia Minor and Northern Palestine. There are a number of very fine heads shown in the exhibition, but I am under the impression that none are better than the best British park heads. Fallow deer are hardly classed as game animals by British sportsmen, and they are not represented in the British section. I doubt whether any head shown would equal Mr. F. E. Whittal's wonderful head from Asia Minor, which measures 36½in. on the outside curve and is 4½in. longer than the British park record.

I did not see a head of the very rare Persian fallow deer in any section of the exhibition. It may be wrong to presume that this fine animal is now extinct, but I have heard of no reliable evidence of its existence for many years. Deer have certainly been reported from districts where it used to occur, but when these reports have been investigated the animals seen have invariably turned out to be roe. The Persian fallow is, or was, a much larger animal than the common fallow deer, and so far as I know it has never been successfully hunted by any British or Continental sportsman.



THE BEST GERMAN STAG
Awarded 223 marks on the Continental system of judging



LEFT: ONE OF THE BEST SWEDISH ROE HEADS
RIGHT: THE BEST GERMAN HEAD



FIRST PRIZE: RUMANIAN HEAD
Shot by Dr. Rosch and owned by Herr Sautermeister

CONTINENTAL RED DEER AND CONTINENTAL JUDGING METHODS

Over 1,500 Stags' Heads to Classify



THE BEST EUROPEAN HEAD BEFORE 1900 (246 MARKS)

THIS unforgettable exhibition in Berlin might well be described as a monument and a homage to the red deer stag. A first survey of the almost overwhelming display of stags' heads calls to mind the lines: "The red deer will remain the monarch of the glen; his chase in the future, as in the past, will inspire the poet's theme, adorn the artist's canvas and deserve the patronage of kings." Those words were written by a Scotsman, Allan Gordon Cameron, about the deer of his beloved Highlands, but here in Berlin is evidence of a devotion just as intense and far more widespread; and by comparison with our twin sports of deer stalking and stag hunting, the chase of the stag on the Continent is older, richer in tradition, ceremonial and literature.

Just as stags' heads dominate the exhibits of all the central European countries, so, in my opinion, does one particular head dominate all other heads. The great 23-pointer from the historic Moritzburg collection is not only the largest red deer head in the world, but there is a majesty and rugged beauty about it which haunts one. It has in the past been figured and described in detail in the *Field*, so perhaps it will now suffice to give just the principal measurements: Outside span, 75½in.; length, 47½in.; circumference above bez tine, 10½in.; weight, 41½lb. Unfortunately, its origin is unknown, though its history has been traced back to 1586, in which year the head is enumerated in an inventory of the heirlooms of the Elector Augustus of Saxony, without mentioning whence it came.



BEST GERMAN STAG APART FROM PARK DEER

Another head of great historic interest from Moritzburg now to be seen in Berlin is the 66-pointer (actually it has 33+29 points) which was shot by the Elector Frederick III of Brandenburg in 1696. His successor, Frederick William, who had a passion for regiments of tall grenadiers, found in the person of the Elector Frederick Augustus of Saxony such a keen collector of antlers that the head was exchanged for a company of the tallest grenadiers that could be found in Saxony. Apparently an authentic instance, though happily the only one known, in which human beings have been bartered for the antlers of a stag.

Of modern heads one of the most remarkable in the exhibition is that of a ten-year-old stag shown by Herr Franz Vogt and shot by him in 1935 in his fenced park of Schneeberg in Czechoslovakia. The weight of these massive 20-point antlers, with skull but without lower jaw, is no less than 30lb. 13oz.; their length on outside curve, 45½in. The animal that grew them was wild born, but was subsequently enclosed in the Schneeberg preserve and artificially fed in accordance with the methods evolved by Franz Vogt and described in his recently published book *Neue Wege der Hege*.

Manufactured deer foods is a subject that can be viewed from many angles, but it is, I suppose, only natural that in these days of scientific enlightenment the chemist should be called in to prescribe and concoct the most suitable food for our deer.



PROBABLY THE BEST HEAD EXTANT OF SCOTTISH RED DEER

Lent by Sir Alastair Gordon-Cumming, Bart., and shot by Rowleyn Gordon-Cumming

However we may regard artificial feeding it is certainly no new thing. In 1565, when Philip of Hesse lay imprisoned in the dungeon of his enemy, he wrote in a letter home: "Take thought for the forest and the deer; feed the game in winter." Who can doubt that he would have done other than welcome the advent of the concentrated cube.



GENERAL GOERING'S BEST STAG (214.5 MARKS)

Among the park and enclosed deer heads those exhibited by Captain C. E. Lucas from Warnham Court Park, Sussex, are in some respects unique, and I could find no other modern antlers in the whole exhibition with as many points as the forty-seven shown by the shed antlers of the "Great Warnham Stag" in 1892. The symmetrical 26-pointer killed in 1904 with an outside spread of 52½in. also attracted a great deal of attention.

At the time of writing the official decisions of the judges in respect of the deer classes are not available, but of purely wild heads I understand that the first prize for animals killed prior to 1900 was awarded to Prince Montenuovo in respect of the Hungarian head which was killed by a poacher about 1894. It was also judged to be the finest modern head in the Vienna Exhibition of 1910. Its principal measurements are: Length 40½in., spread 42in., points twenty-two, weight of antlers and frontlet 29½lb.

I am told that there are over 1,500 stags' heads in the exhibition, so that the work of the judges in the red deer classes was a heavy one. I have, indeed, heard it said that it is really an impossibility to select the finest deer head from any large collection, but personally I fail to see that judges at a trophy show are faced with greater difficulties than, say, judges at a dog show.

I have also heard doubts expressed concerning the Continental methods of judging heads by formula. Without bias, let it be said at once that for almost all the African and Asiatic big game trophies the system of measuring evolved by Messrs. Rowland Ward and made familiar to big game hunters all over the world through ten editions of their *Records of Big Game* cannot be improved upon.

Mr. J. B. Burlace, managing director of the firm, was invited to act as a judge, and in fact did act as chairman of the judges for the African sections, which is sufficient indication of Continental appreciation of his methods. For red deer and roe deer, however, I think the principle of judging by a formula is perfectly sound. It is, in effect, nothing more than awarding marks of merit for those qualities which a consensus of opinion agrees to as being the essentials of any good head. Marks awarded for such abstract considerations as symmetry, colour, &c., are combined with marks for more definite qualities revealed by measuring and weighing.



ANOTHER OF GENERAL GOERING'S TROPHIES, A FIRST PRIZE HEAD FROM EAST PRUSSIA

It is impossible to do more than indicate a few of the more remarkable heads. There are magnificent examples of the South German stag, the Alpine stag, the East Prussian stag and the stag of the Polish plains, to name but some of the varieties usually recognised by Continental sportsmen. Collectively, the Carpathian heads are, of course, the finest, and to-day it is only in that great range, and in the Caucasus, the Balkans and Asia Minor, where vast areas of primeval forest remain almost undisturbed by civilisation, that stags are to be found comparable with the stag of the Pleistocene.

A study of historical and recent heads in the German section shows how great, and comparatively rapid, has been the degeneration of the deer of Western Europe. In the British section, too, a comparison of sub-fossil antlers with modern Scottish heads reveals a still greater decadence, though the magnificent New Zealand heads, descendants of British deer, which Lord Belper exhibits, prove how quickly red deer respond to the benefits of a natural habitat. E. N. B.

RACING'S CLOSE AT HEADQUARTERS

The Newmarket Houghton Meeting and After

FOR some of the old school of racegoers the season begins with the Craven Meeting at Newmarket and ends with the Houghton Meeting. When they confine the campaign to these limits, they perhaps see the cream of the sport. But just as there are interesting events before the opening of the Newmarket season so there is much of importance in the month which follows the close of the last of the fixtures at Headquarters.

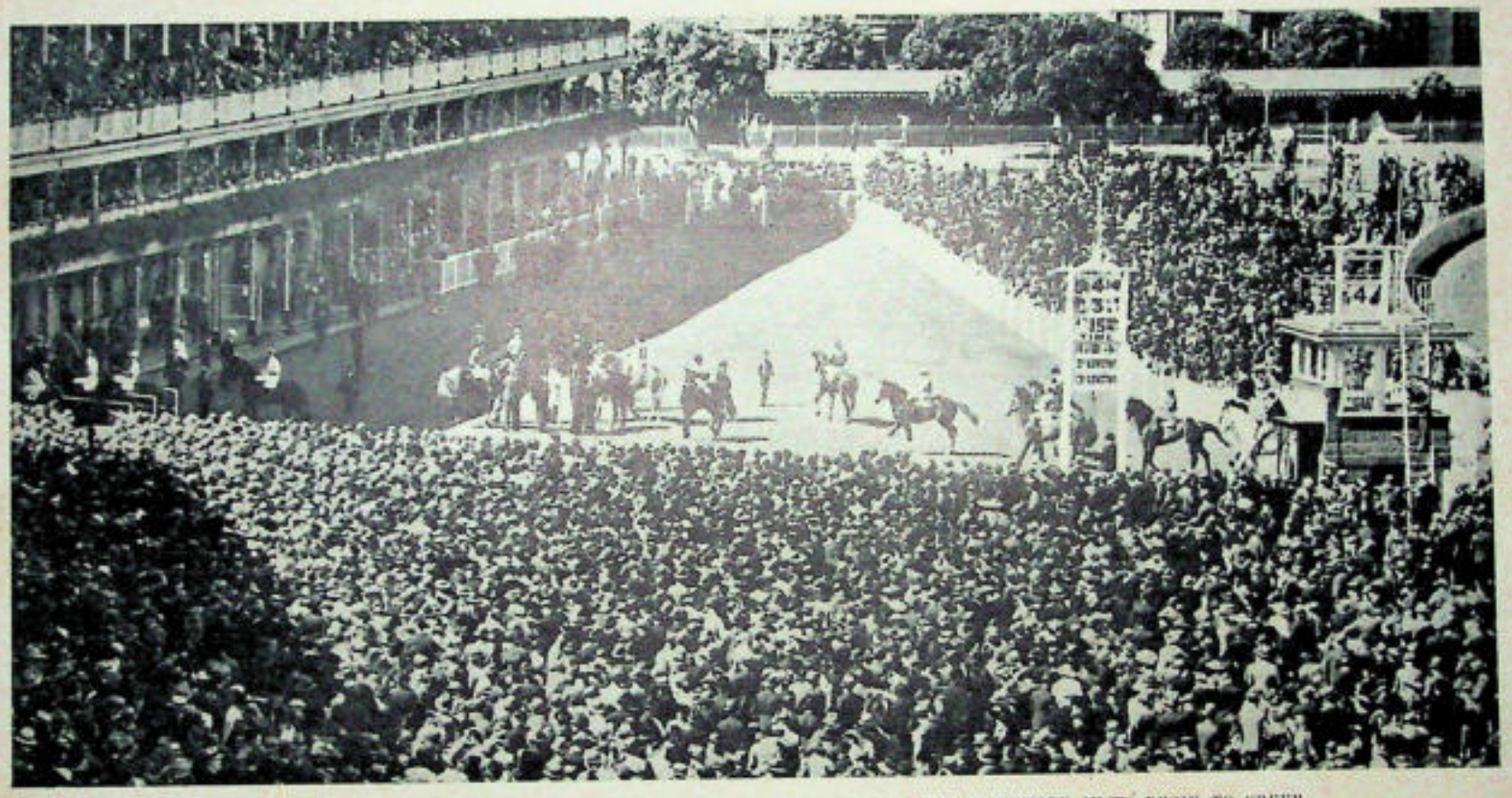
Before us now are such good handicaps as the Liverpool Autumn Cup, the Derby Cup and, last of all, the Manchester November Handicap, which has this year secured a tremendous entry and bids fair to produce a big field on the closing day on the flat. Some of the Cesarewitch horses will be moderate lot. It would appear that a similar opinion is held of the French three-year-olds with the notable exception of Clairvoyant. Fortunately most of our three-year-olds go on for another season, and so will have the opportunity of redeeming their respective reputations. Mid-day Sun, Fair Copy, Goya II and the St. Leger winner Chulmleigh, together with Merry Mathew, are among those which remain in training.

A long spell of dry weather ended just before the Cesarewitch, which was unlucky in that it was run on a miserably wet day. This caused the attendance to be smaller than usual for the Cesarewitch. It would, of course, be wrong to assume that the falling-off in revenue for that particular day,

Among last week's two-year-old winners none strengthened his or her reputation more than Radiant, whose triumph in the Criterion Stakes was clean-cut and decisive. This filly has already made two substantial contributions towards the 11,500gs. given for her as a yearling, and it is manifest that Miss Dorothy Paget made a really sound investment when purchasing the sister to Windsor Lad. The same owner's purchase of the Golden Hair colt for 15,000gs. does not look likely to turn out so happily. This son of Fairway showed unquestionable promise when finishing third in the big produce stakes at Sandown Park. That has been his only outing of the season, and we are left to wonder how far he will shine next season. It is rather ominous that the seat of his trouble in recent months has been in his knees.

Onslaught is another notable two-year-old who winds up the season under a slight cloud. Leg trouble made it desirable to change the intention of running him for the Criterion Stakes. The mischief, we understand, is not regarded as being serious; still, the mischief being there, we have to look askance at his prospects of gaining classic distinction.

His owner, Lord Derby, has had one of his least successful seasons. Up to the end of last week he



TANTALUS: AS THE SEASON ON THE FLAT DRAWS TOWARDS ITS CLOSE, WHEN NOVEMBER MISTS BEGIN TO CREEP
This picture of the Australian Jockey Club Spring Meeting at Randwick Racecourse, New South Wales, is almost more than one can bear at this season

eeking compensation for their stables in the long distance races still to come, though it often happens that a horse trains off after the strenuous preparation which the Cesarewitch inevitably involves.

In our article last week on the leading stable of the year it was pointed out that Captain Boyd-Rochfort was unlikely to be overhauled on the winning table. The results of the Houghton Meeting made his position the more secure, for while the Manton stable was unable to add to its winning account and Frank Butters's stable had only one success, Boyd-Rochfort did well with Flares, Monument and Foray, another minor success falling to him when Cinque-Cento ran a dead-heat with Suzerain. Thus there is no longer any doubt as to the season's training championship.

The Freemason Lodge trainer was glad to win a race with Foray, who thereby prevented himself from experiencing an entirely blank season, which would be deplorable in the case of a colt who figured at the head of the two-year-old Free Handicap. Boyd-Rochfort is quite frank as to the cause of Foray's relative failure this year. "It was a pity," he says, "that we had to train him on dreadfully bad going for the Two Thousand." Foray's latest performances suggest that he has lost little of the brilliant speed he exhibited in his first season, and he may well develop into the sprinting champion of 1938.

Flares wound up his season brilliantly when winning the Champion Stakes, though no doubt he was lucky in that the Kingsclere stable declined to adopt a fighting policy with Mid-day Sun. The racing year will close with the generally accepted view that our best three-year-olds are a amounting to about £200, indicates that the change of the dates of the Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch was unpopular with the public. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that no alteration in the dates of those events would affect their immense popularity.

It is almost certain that next year the big autumn handicaps will be run again in this year's order. It is intended, however, to make some rearrangement in the dates of other races at the Newmarket autumn meetings. Mr. Victor Tabor is entitled to cordial congratulations on having turned out his third Cesarewitch winner. At the eleventh hour the going came right for Punch, who was able to win the big event under conditions exactly suited to him.

One could not fail to admire the splendid effort made by Fet to win the Cesarewitch again. Near Relation, too, ran with real distinction and would have done better still on the top of the ground. For once in a way the Son-in-Law family was denied success in a great test of stamina. The winner possesses a good staying pedigree. On the top we find a combination of Swynford and Spearmint. On the maternal side Punch has a wealth of St. Simon blood through Charles O'Malley and St. Frusquin.

Those associated with Punch enjoyed what is known in the betting world as a "good race." They would have taken a good deal more money out of the ring had not the prolonged spell of hard ground caused some slackening of confidence in the colt. Had the rain come earlier the ring would have been much more severely hit by the success of this son of the expatriated Lanegaye.

had won £13,545 in stakes, an amount which would be satisfactory to many owners, but hardly to one who is so heavily involved in racing expenditure as Lord Derby. Lean years on the Turf are bound to come now and again, and taking one season with another the proprietor of the palatial Stanley House stable has little to complain of. As bloodstock breeder he is in the enviable position of owning Fairway, Hyperion, Sansovino, Bosworth and other stud horses of high value.

The Aga Khan, who in the course of a respite from his onerous duties at Geneva was able to visit Newmarket and Hurst Park last week, seems almost sure to wind up at the head of the list of winning owners and breeders. For him the most satisfactory feature of the season has been the brilliancy of a number of his two-year-olds, though it is improbable that the winter favourite for the Derby will be one of his string. At the moment that distinction has been accorded to Portmarnock.

Ramtapa, making the second appearance of his career, lost some of his prestige by his failure to finish nearer than third in the Dewhurst Stakes. We have to allow something for the fact that the dry spell had been all against him. Some of the critics in the paddock at Newmarket declared that his feet are not above reproach, and there is not a truer saying in racing than "no foot, no horse."

At the week-end there was an addition to the number of French-bred winners when Dardanelles II carried off the Hurst Park Two-Year-Old Stakes. It was the Begum Aga Khan's first racing success in England. The son of Rustom Pasha was all out to win, and though undoubtedly a good colt he is by no means in the top flight.

COARSE-FISH PROBLEMS

A Plea for their Scientific Study

By BERNARD MATTHEWS

IT has often occurred to me that, strange though it may seem, little appears to be known of the habits, preferences and prejudices of the fish we designate "coarse." In trout fishing there are times when a shrewd guess can be made at the likelihood of fish rising, and even at the hour when the rise is likely to occur, but there seems very little to guide the bottom fisherman. Might it not be possible to collect and tabulate data which would eventually be helpful to him in choosing the right day on which to fish?

I have been an angler for over half a century. I specialise in roach fishing, baiting almost invariably with bread paste, so my catches consist principally of roach with a smaller proportion of rudd and bream, and in certain waters an occasional carp or tench. And yet, when I set out, I have not the least idea whether the fish will bite or not. One day in March I fished most of the day without seeing the slightest movement of my float. The following day, in the same place and under similar conditions, I landed 32 roach, several of them over 12oz. But I could not tell why the fish took my bait on one day and refused it on the other.

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"How did it happen, Mike?" this in a sort of mechanical way, as I wound up the eel tail for yet another fruitless sling. "Well, the owld gintleman and I was here in this boat, and no sooner started fishin' he had whin he hooked a foine block av a fish, and losin' his balance fell overboard at onet wid a grand splash intoirely. I lets go the pole and I jumps and grabs the rod, and I puts me gaff through the coat av him near the collar, and I sez to him: 'And phwat will I do now, sorr? Here is the fish in me wan hand, and I have you in the ither hand. I cannot land ye both. I must let ye go.'

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COARSE-FISH PROBLEMS

A Plea for their Scientific Study

By BERNARD MATTHEWS

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"HE HELPS THE HUNTSMAN . . AND GIVES HIM AND THE HOUNDS CREDIT FOR ANY ASSISTANCE HE CAN GIVE THEM"

WHIPPER-IN OR "HUNTSMAN'S HELP"

An Explanation of His Cryptic Actions in the Field

By J. S. JUDD

A CHEERFUL voice, rich and melodious, *like* the boiled lobster merchant," is an undoubted asset to a whipper-in, provided he does not make too free a use of it; but that, together with the ability to crack a whip, are not necessarily the first requirements of one filling that position. Although he is the envy of the countryman, who sees in him a man, well known and well liked, who is allowed to gallop about the country in a red coat, making hunting noises, his duties are unfamiliar to many onlookers.

Mr. Jorrocks endorses Peter Beckford's list of qualifications necessary for a whipper-in, and it is certain that the first requisite, besides "that talent which must be born with him," is his ability to co-operate loyally and obediently with the huntsman. The first whipper-in is the huntsman's "intelligence officer," and rides with him in a hunt, ready to assist in any way; two men together can cross a country more quickly than one, and it is his duty to dismount and open unjumpable gates that are hard to open; this in itself is hard work when repeated many times a day at top speed. "He must be contented to act an under part," and it may be galling if the huntsman jumps the gate which he is trying to open for him, but not so galling as the huntsman's remarks had he jumped the gate in front of him!

His superior goes first, except when the huntsman's horse refuses, perhaps not unspiredly, a stiff flight of rails, which the less well-mounted whipper-in might break for him! During a hunt he keeps his eyes open for a view of the fox, or moving cattle, and his ears open for a holloa; as opportunity offers, he questions countrymen as to if, when and where they saw the fox, and keeps the huntsman posted with all such news which may be helpful to him. He knows the run of foxes and how to get a view of them: a talent which is born and not made, for some men can never learn where to go to see a fox without heuding him, or how to make the best use of ground to see without being seen.

He must hollos a fox away properly; an amateur can spoil a hunt at the start by allowing a few hounds to go on, by letting the body of the pack strike the line heel-way, or by holloaing when the huntsman is blowing for his hounds, to lay them on the line of another fox. He tells the second whipper-in, if opportunity offers, of what hounds they are short away from covert. He avoids the temptation of making unnecessary noise to impress the larger subscribers that he is earning his not-excessive wage; he knows that if hounds will not come to the cry or the horn, *his* voice will not induce them, and that it is useless to rate hounds on to the huntsman if they cannot hear his horn.

One of his chief duties is to stop hounds running heel, and when the huntsman makes a cast he is in a suitable position to prevent this. He must be able to stop hounds as quickly as possible when the pack divides, which is not an easy thing to do on a good scenting day, or in a difficult country, and he should be able to hit a rioting hound if necessary.



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which is no easier accomplishment. He helps the huntsman as unobtrusively as possible, and gives him and the hounds credit for any assistance he can give them.

When hounds are a long way behind their fox, he knows where to get a view of another one, and at the kill he swears it is the original fox he holloaed away from the first covert (incidentally, once he has seen any particular fox, he knows him by sight for the rest of the day, and makes no genuine mistake!); no three-legged 'un is ever killed by his hounds, or one with a trap or a snare on him; he quickly removes and buries such impedimenta. The good name of the hunt is the first consideration of all the hunt staff, and, in the provinces anyhow, they have a polite word for everyone.

The first whipper-in has occasional compensations—once or twice a season he will get away from a covert with hounds close to their fox, and the huntsman pounded inside; he must let the huntsman know that hounds are away, and then he can sit down and ride, hoping for a burst during which none can catch him. His "perks" are few, and he appreciates 10/- if you ask him for the mask.

The second whipper-in prepares himself for promotion by working like a nigger with tremendous cheerfulness and enthusiasm; he is responsible for bringing on tail hounds, collecting stray hounds, and performs the duties of his colleague when the latter is busy elsewhere in the field. When a fox is bolted from an earth, he sits in the hole to prevent re-entry, while his colleague holloas 50yds. away on the line of the fox, lest the hounds waste time in marking at the earth before they can be persuaded that the fox has gone.

The second whipper-in is usually left in charge of any excavations that may be undertaken, which calls for some skill in organisation, and tact in handling the inevitable audience. If the horn sounds "home" with hounds all on and a mask on the saddle as a result of the successful co-operation of the hunt staff, the welcoming kennel lights will glow the warmer at the end of the long back home.

REPORTS FROM MOORS AND FORESTS

SCOTLAND

Inverness-shire

EILANREACH.—30 stags, average weight 15st. 3lb., were shot by the tenant, Captain R. Stirling-Stuart and guests. Weather very good. Stags very late breaking out. Weights well below the average owing to severe spring and wet summer.

Ross-shire

INVERINATE AND DORNIDEAN.—No grouse shooting was done owing to shortage of stock. What few broods there were were mostly late hatches, too small to shoot in August. Many eggs were never hatched. Stags were late cleaning, and mostly late in condition, owing to the late winter. Thirty-two stags were killed. The best three heads were: 6 points, 16st. 4lb., 35in. span; 12 points, 15st.; 6no head, 9 points, 18st. Deer fell to pieces very rapidly. The stalking season closed on Saturday, October 9th.

ENGLAND

Yorkshire

GRINKLE MOOR, LOFTUS.—From August 12th to 18th, Mr. Pomeroy, shooting over a setter, got 12 brace of grouse. Several late birds seen and not shot at. On August 23rd, Mr. Pomeroy and party (six guns in all) got 41½ brace of grouse, driving. On August 30th, six guns got 31½ brace. On October 18th, 18 brace.

The Gun Month By Month

THE WOODCOCK'S MOON

Some Reflections on a Fastidious Bird

By The Hon. HENRY DOUGLAS-HOME

MANY gamekeepers will be glad when this month is past, for with it will die a deep anxiety which has been accumulating since April. They will, with its passing, be able to enjoy a carefree anticipation of fatted turkeys and a comparative ease arranging second shoots for those accurate marksmen who will have lately come from Hunt balls or Public Schools.

Pheasant rearing is an exceptional part of a keeper's business, for he is directly responsible for the ultimate result of his own labours and his employer's outlay. Grouse may migrate from snow-bound moors or die of disease, partridges may be drowned in June thunderstorms or contract gapes, but in these events a keeper is only a helpless servant of nature and may not be held responsible for "acts of God." As the strength of human control increases over the works of nature, so does a wider margin appear on the credit side of the steward's account book. There is less excuse for failure.

Those people who have spent large sums of money in rearing pheasants or "wild duck" do not expect to be told in November that many of their expensive charges are sampling a neighbour's acorn crop, or returning each dawn in sadly diminishing numbers from a flight pond some miles away.

The limelight of November has become focussed on pheasants by common consent, but when the stage is dimmed for the evening and the quiet glow of the moon shines over the coverts, woodcocks drop silently from the stillness of the sky as if careful not to disturb the pulses of those other precious fowl.

Moon-gazing has no place in a mechanical age in which eccentricity in man or bird is less desirable than rigid standardisation, and yet I find it an easy lunacy to pause for a space, as I draw back the curtains in November, with thoughts of a bird which bows only to the laws of winter, and still pays no homage to a human hand.

The woodcock belongs to a silent world—a still place of quietly falling snowflakes from a hushed leaden sky, or where the winter's sun melts the dim frosted bracken into a blaze of magic jewels. Only the wind breaks upon the silent peace of the woodcock and stirs the bird as it moves the fallen leaves.

There was a time (before the days of Mr. Patrick Chalmers) when the Muses wandered hand in hand with Artemis through country lanes, and in those days the woodcock became symbolic of the quiet hours of evening; for "cockshut time" is at the dusk of day when woodcocks leave their places in the woods to seek their feeding grounds.

From those distant times I learn that the army of my lord of Surrey mustered at "cockshut time," and that a demure friend of Ben Jonson was accused of being spiteful:

> "For you would not, yesternight,
> Kiss him in the cockshut light."

More sinister was the verdict on Hamlet's vows of undying love, which were likened to "springes to catch woodcocks." It is not necessary to delve into more serious literature than that of old game books to realise that woodcocks have become more distant and more ghostly creatures in many places.

Plaintive voices are commonly heard at covert shoots: "We never seem to have any woodcock nowadays. In my grandfather's time there were many more." I have heard this shortage accounted for with curious reasons. Norsemen and some others are said to have discovered that woodcocks' eggs form an essential food in the building of a nation's physique. They are the chief foodstuff of hordes of starving Russians. Winters have become milder in Europe, and woodcocks prefer to stay at home, or follow a more direct route to Spain with other German offspring! The North Sea has become a brightly lit highway, and the lamps of lighthouses are more powerful nowadays, so that greater numbers are distracted in their migration and lured to their doom among the waves.

In spite of these alarming and amusing rumours, it is safe to say that there is no reason for disquiet in places where woodcocks are still counted of more importance than pheasants.

The true cause for their absence is usually to be found in the depths of the home coverts. Woodcocks refuse to live in the company of tame pheasants. They like to rest in peace during the daytime, and resent being continually disturbed by pheasants moving about. I know of several favourite woods which they have boycotted since the annual appearance of numbers of reared pheasants.

A clear example of this is cited by Mr. Acland Hood (1911), writing with regard to Swanton Wood, the property of Lord Hastings: "This covert used to be famous for woodcocks, but when pheasants were turned down in large numbers the cock deserted it to a great extent, and it is only in recent years, when pheasants have not been so much encouraged in this particular wood, that they have returned to their old haunt."

Apart from the fact that woodcocks object to the presence of pheasants, it is obvious that the unavoidable procedure of shooting coverts on days which must be determined weeks previously, will not usually coincide with a temporary visit from such fastidious and independent birds. A woodcock takes a short time in deciding on the comfort of its quarters, even though instinct and ancestors have prophesied their worth a thousand miles distant.

Many more woodcocks now breed in this country than in former years, and from evidence obtained from ringed birds it would seem that home-bred birds remain comparatively stationary during the winter and do not usually travel far southward. This behaviour follows the rule among most regular migrants whose breeding-range and winter-range overlap, for the birds in the overlapping region remain resident. It is for the sake of these birds that shooting during the month of February should be discouraged in districts where they breed in numbers, for resident woodcocks pair early and are often nesting in the first weeks of March.

This early pairing becomes noticeable, for two birds will often rise together from the same place, which they seldom do at other times of the winter except by accident. Woodcocks are even more solitary in their habits than snipe, and although large numbers arrive simultaneously they do so from no love of each other's company. Each bird is obeying an impulse which is common to all, and which causes it to start at a certain time and seek a certain destination.

Chances of "right and left" are more seldom obtained at them than at most other birds owing to this affection for solitude and a haphazard direction of flight when driven. Even when one comes upon two woodcocks, sitting close together in open heather or bracken, the second bird often escapes by waiting to rise until the gun is opened, and it is well to remain prepared for several seconds after one woodcock has been flushed and killed.



Photograph by Arthur Brook

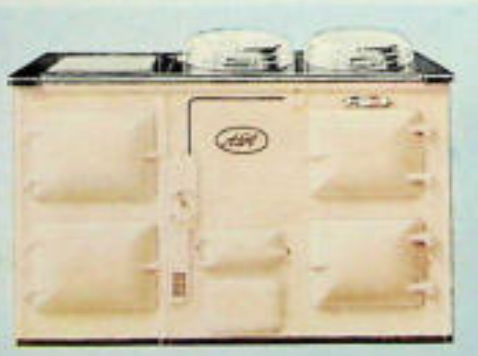
SHOOTING DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY SHOULD BE DISCOURAGED IN DISTRICTS WHERE WOODCOCK BREED IN NUMBERS

The killing of two woodcocks with one shot is even more remarkable an achievement, and Chantry was aware of the rarity of his feat when he immortalised those unlucky birds in a carving of stone. A few winters ago I was waiting for a friend at the cocktail bar of a restaurant in London, and could not avoid overhearing a remarkable story, which was being related by an honest-looking man occupying the next high stool to myself. He had lately been shooting in Norfolk, and at one rise the guns were standing in a ride, while in front of him was a small gap between some large rhododendron bushes. A woodcock flew very low down the line of guns and when close to him swerved suddenly towards this gap. At that moment he saw another woodcock heading for the gap through the wood. These two birds came close together, and as he pulled the trigger a third woodcock dived round the corner of the bush and all three met in sudden death at the same discharge.

That is the story as I heard it. I was not supposed to be one of his audience, and his friend may have been boasting previously and he was determined not to be outdone; but, I repeat, he had an honest countenance and spoke as if in truth! It may be that he, too, had been moon-gazing, while the coverts of Norfolk lay hushed in that white November night, and the little brown ghosts of the woods had only flitted quietly through his dreams.



DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE by EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883)
Manet was born in Paris and entered Couture's studio at the age of 19. Though his independence infuriated his master and his pictures were constantly rejected by the Salon, he soon gathered a group of painters round him, Whistler and Fantin-Latour among them. In 1863, when Napoleon III ordered the establishment of a Salon des Refusés, Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'herbe," which afterwards exercised a tremendous influence on Cézanne, was its scandal and success. It is reproduced, by permission, from the painting in the Louvre.



THIS picture caused a public scandal when it was first exhibited in 1863. Actually, of course, it was people's conservatism that was outraged—not their moral or aesthetic sensibilities. With an idealised dryad substituted for the artist's model and a classically naked Bacchus and Silenus for these rather overdressed picnickers, the group would probably have been hailed as a masterpiece. The real offence of the picture was that it stood for something new: and at that time whatever was new was certain to be opposed. Later in the century scientific innovations, such as the first telephones and motor cars, were attacked with the same conservative fury. Nowadays, fortunately, we are better tuned to progress. Eight years ago, for instance, when the revolutionary Aga Cooker was introduced, people were quick to appreciate its advantages: its cream and chromium cleanliness; guaranteed maximum fuel consumption; readiness for work by day and night and gift of meeting cooks three-quarters of the way. Already this cooker has brought a new reign of comfort and good temper to more than twenty thousand kitchens.

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NATURE CAMERA STUDIES ON THE CONTINENT



A PARK-FED STAG

Taken by Dr. Kornelius Opalski on General Director Vogt's estate in Czechoslovakia. The heads are the result of intensive feeding



GERMAN ELK JUST COMING OUT OF VELVET

From a photograph by Alfred Böttcher, Heide in Holstein



THE BATTLE—A PICTURE TAKEN IN THE GREAT GERMAN STATE FOREST OF SCHORFHEIDE

Photograph by Dr. Lutz Heck

FROM THE GALLERIES OF THE BERLIN EXHIBITION



DECORATING THE NEST. GOLDEN EAGLE AND EAGLETS
From a photograph by Johann Meckl, Dachau



A STUDY OF ROE FAWN, SHOWING ALL THE DELICACY OF MARKING AND SOFT TEXTURE OF THE FUR
Photograph by Otto Wippern, Emmerke bei Hildesheim

A LANDMARK OF SUSSEX



"THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON"

A photographic study by Mr. F. Shuter of 10, The Goffs, Eastbourne, of the famous carving in the chalk cliffs of the Downs, has been awarded the first prize of three guineas in the "Field" Photographic Competition. The figure which is known to be hundreds of years old was re-cut in 1893

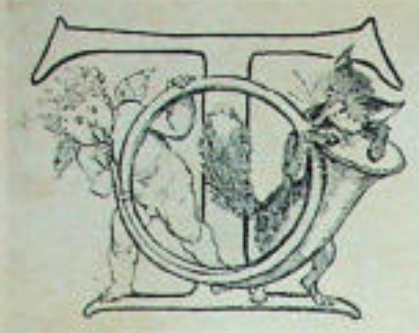
This England . . .



Firle Beacon and Village of Alfriston—Sussex.

A NOBLE ancestry is only of value if it confers upon the present heirs those qualities of good-breeding that are expected of such descent . . . "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." The English have an instinct for breeding well, as they have for commerce (are they not, indeed, stock-breeders to the world?). And hand in hand with it there goes—must go—a strong sense of tradition, that pervades even the daily routine. Your Worthington has a long and honourable ancestry—yet its golden richness is as pure to-day as when it was first entered in the brewer's book of good English things.

ISSUED BY WORTHING[illegible]



INITIAL LETTER BY HUGH THOMSON IN THE REDWAY EDITION OF 1896
By permission of Mr. G. Redway

SOMERVILE'S "CHACE"

A Sporting Classic and some of its Illustrations

By H. T. KIRBY

BECKFORD, in his classic, *Thoughts on Hunting*, referring to the "Chace," says of Somervile that he is the only man (so far as he knows) "who has written so as to be understood." If this is somewhat hard on the earlier sporting writers it is not less than just to one who has long been called "The Laureate of the Chase." Many other writers since Beckford have enthused over the poem. The Duke of Beaufort in the *Hunting* volume of the Badminton Library, commends the work, whilst (in less serious vein) Surtees makes Jorrocks quote many extracts from it. All good M.F.H. are familiar with Somervile's description of the "perfect hound," which is as accurate to-day (even by modern judging ring standards) as when it was penned, and few country house libraries lack one or more copies of the Midland Squire's masterpiece.

Bibliographers, however, when dealing with this epic poem, have paid too little attention to the work of the various artists who have illustrated some of the many editions published. True, the subject was touched upon by Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp in the delightful reprint published by Redway in 1896, where, in the *Memoir of the Author*, he says: ". . . the earliest illustrator was Bewick, followed in 1800 by Stothard, and in 1874 by Sartorius, . . ." but as the "Chace" had been illustrated long before Bewick was born, and again when he was but a small child, the first statement is curious. The second is only half true. Stothard certainly followed Bewick, but not in 1800. Actually Bewick's designs appeared in May, 1796 and Stothard's in August of the same year, so that weeks, not years, separated the two editions. But the third assertion is stranger still, for Sartorius illustrated an edition in 1804—a mere error of 70 years! Considering that the writer was a "Keeper of Books" in our National Library the mistakes are inexcusable, and tend to spoil an otherwise valuable edition.

The first edition of 1735 has a frontispiece by Gravelot, engraved by Scotin. It takes the form of a copper-plate, and shows the Goddess Diana, somewhat scantily clothed, seated in an arbour. A man—presumably our poet—presents a lyre (symbolical of his muse?), which is graciously accepted. Diana grips a bow in her left hand, whilst the spoils of the chase lie piled at her feet. A very solid-looking chariot is being whisked across the sky by a solitary steed, and a dog of greyhound breed watches the whole proceedings from the middle foreground. Certainly not an ideal illustration to precede an English squire's sporting epic, but not so unpleasing to-day—when line engraving is an almost lost art—just over a century after its execution. The same frontispiece, engraved by different hands, does duty for later editions.



PLATE FROM THE EDITION OF 1757,
DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY A. WALKER



Three editions were published in 1735, but the fourth edition did not appear till 1757. In this issue the Gravelot illustration reappears, engraved by Walker, who also designs and engraves the other illustrations. W. H. Hutton (late Dean of Winchester) was very fond of this edition, and in *Burford Papers* mentions the artist. He says: ". . . . Walker's clever drawings—one—*The Hunt's*



IN VIEW, AN ILLUSTRATION BY SARTORIUS, ENGRAVED BY SCOTT, IN THE ALBION PRESS EDITION (UNDATED) OF 1802

afoot—really delightful. . . ." Actually the drawings are more curious than delightful, whilst their cleverness is a matter of opinion. The picture so pleasing to Hutton shows riders and pack labouring up a steep incline (see reproduction) after their quarry. Nearly all the horses are balanced on their hind legs only, and as the hounds are doing their best to imitate this strange posture the total effect more resembles a Christmas circus than a hunting morning. Walker, too, suffers from an unusual fuzziness of line, which (it is feared) is often used to cover inability to draw the subject correctly. In the scene devoted to otter hunting there is so little difference between land and water, that—were it not for the fact that legs are visible in one case and hidden in the other—the problem of which is which could hardly be solved. After a careful study of the whole series the conclusion is reached that Walker knew practically nothing of sport and very little more of art.

Passing over editions published in 1767 (a Birmingham issue, printed with Baskerville types), 1773 and 1786, the fine Bulmer edition of 1796 is reached. This was a rather tragic production, for the work of illustration had been entrusted to John Bewick—the younger brother of the famous Thomas—but, unfortunately, he died before all the drawings had been completed, and Thomas Bewick had to complete the work. As an engraver of his own conceptions the elder Bewick was untouchable, but he rarely succeeded in translating the drawings of others, and it would be idle to suggest that he has done so in this case. There is no doubt he did his best to give life to his brother's designs, but John did not possess the graphic skill necessary for such a task, and the illustrations as a whole are not pleasing. Perhaps the best is the vignette (reproduced) *Morning* on the title-page, which possesses considerable vigour. In Jackson's and Chatto's *Wood Engraving* there are some rather hard things said of the designs, but a work published under such difficult conditions must not be judged too pitilessly. Bulmer reissued the poem in 1802 and 1804. Charlton Nesbit, a well-known pupil of Bewick, is also said to have engraved illustrations for an edition of the "Chace," but a copy has not been met with.

During the year 1796 Stothard contributed six illustrations to an edition published by Cadell, Jnr., and Davies. Stothard was a giant amongst book-illustrators—only perhaps equalled, in excellence and output, by Chodowiecki on the Continent—and none knew better how to embellish the printed word. Although the drawings are good, and well engraved by Parker and others, they are somewhat unequal. Stothard's *forte* was elegance and grace, and in depicting happy family life he had no equal. Thus, whilst he fails in scenes showing the rigours of the chase, he is very attractive in the more domestic pictures. The one reproduced, showing a girl caressing a puppy brought her for "walking" is perhaps the best of the series, though the illustration of the farmer filling glasses for the successful huntsmen, is a good second.

As the nineteenth century opened two new editions were published, the industrious Cooke being responsible for one, and Cundee (of the Albion Press) issuing the other. Cooke's (published in 1802) formed part of his British Poets, but the only engraving dealing with the "Chace" is the frontispiece, which shows a stag at bay. Stipple and line are used in combination, and the effect is quite pleasing. An oval encloses the main subject, the frame being further embellished by emblems of the various sports.

Cundee's edition of 1804 is one of the best issued. It contains designs by Sartorius (engraved by Scott) as well as woodcuts by Austin—a hack engraver of the Bewick school. Included amongst the illustrations are *Unkennelling*, *In View*, *Stag at Bay* and *Otter Hunting*. Although the engravings are actually in line the texture is so dark that an effect of mezzo-tint is produced. Each book is also preceded by a small vignette illustration, and there is both an engraved and a printed title-page.

Sharpe, so famous for the excellence of his productions, published a tiny "Chace" in 1805 (reissued in 1811) with a delightful frontispiece titled "Me other joys invite, the Horn sonorous calls," the latter instrument being of the Continental variety, and circling the body of the huntsman. William Hamilton, R.A., designed, and Tomkins engraved, this effort.

In 1896 appeared what is undoubtedly the finest edition of the "Chace" so far published. It was issued by Geo. Redway (whose publishing life was far too short) and illustrated by that most capable artist, and charming man, the late Hugh Thomson. The full-page pictures are most attractive, and the one on "Otter Hunting" suggests how excellently Thomson might have illustrated Walton. Not the least interesting part of this issue are the clever initial letters—scattered about the book—one is reproduced here—but all are intriguing. In one a fox slinks past three hissing geese, in another an otter creeps through a capital "W," and so on.

An extract from the "Chace" was published by Day & Sons—the celebrated lithographers—some years ago. The volume is undated, but was probably issued about 1900. W. M. Scarlett is the artist, but the work is mediocre—being a sort of watered-Caldecott—and the book is too big for easy handling. Also the artist might have spelt the poet's name correctly on the engraved title-page.

This purports to be a brief résumé only, and many editions have necessarily been omitted. It is reasonably clear, however (setting aside Thomson's work), that Somervile has not yet found his ideal illustrator. It is curious too, that the poem never appealed to Cecil Aldin, and has never appealed to Lionel Edwards or Armour. What a Christmas success might have resulted from an edition, in colour, by one of such a trio!



FROM SHARPE'S EDITION OF 1805, ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HAMILTON AND ENGRAVED BY P. W. TOMKINS



FROM STOTHARD'S EDITION OF 1796. THIS APOSTLE OF ELEGANCE SUCCEEDS BETTER THAN THOSE WHO DEALT WITH THE ACTUAL CHASE



WALKING UP THE ROOTS DURING THE WESTERN COUNTIES SOUTH WALES WORKING RETRIEVER SOCIETY'S TRIALS AT SHERBORNE

FIELD TRIALS

YELLOW LABRADORS AT SHERWOOD

THE Yellow Labrador Club's All-aged Stake was held at Sherwood, Nottingham, last week. On the first day the ground was mostly on newly-planted forest land, in parts of which marking was difficult. In the morning the scenting conditions after the heavy rain overnight were excellent, and several good runners were got, and all game gathered quickly. By midday the conditions completely altered, and many failures were recorded in the thick under-covert, and at one time in a field of kale there appeared to be no scent whatever, six dogs being tried on one bird, which was then picked up by hand, and many dogs failed. Dogs that were not in the line at this period were perhaps lucky. Next day was wet, and scent was again good, a lot of excellent work being done, hardly a bird was left on the ground for a second dog to be tried on.

The awards were: 1st, Mrs. Macpherson's F. T. Ch. Braeroy Ruddy; equal 2nd, Dr. T. W. Stanton's Folkingham Sally and the Earl of Effingham's F.T. Ch. Ming; 4th, Mrs. Somervell's Borrans Barney; 5th, Mr. A. Wormald's Knaith Bolt. Certificates of merit to Mrs. A. Wormald's Knaith Boson, Mrs. Hartmann's Irish Ch. Gimerack Peter, and Mrs. F. M. Radclyffe's Zelstone Jill.

The ground was excellent, and a real good test, but it was unlucky that scent changed to such an extent to be a real handicap to some of the dogs, who had to be tried during the bad period, and this was probably why more dogs did not figure in the awards. The judges were Lord Charles Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. R. E. Birch and Mr. J. Burgess. The thanks of the society are due to the shooting tenants who so kindly entertained them, and for their hospitality. A. W.

RETRIEVERS AT PENN

THE 21st trials of the Herts, Beds, Bucks and Berks Retriever Society were held at Penn, Buckinghamshire, on October 19th and 20th, by kind permission of Viscount Curzon.

Although fog threatened on both days it cleared off well, and conditions for guns and spectators were ideal Scent was generally bad owing to the dryness of the ground, but was slightly better at the beginning of each morning and for about half an hour before lunch on the second day. The awards were as follows:

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Mike; 2nd, Major G. A. Barnett's Sopwell Cornet; equal 3rd, Mr. V. Routledge's Hallingbury Linnet, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Kerr's Adbury Tim; certificate of merit: Mr. H. Loebl's Hesloe Nigger. Prize for Novice handler not awarded.

NOMINATION STAKE AND KNUTSFORD CHALLENGE CUP.—1st, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Kerr's Kruly; 2nd, Mr. H. Loebl's Hesloe Sheila; equal 3rd, Mr. S. Gold's Sienna, Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Mike; Certificates of merit: Major G. A. Barnett's Sopwell Cornet, Mr. S. Gold's Solace and Mr. H. Loebl's Gays Chance. Special prize for best keeper-handler, Mr. R. Buckell.

Hiwood Mike put up a very finished performance, but was distinctly better on the first day than on the second; a good marker and well under control when out. Sopwell Cornet is a real gamefinder, plenty of dash, good pick-up and delivery, answers very well to whistle and signal; did not have the opportunities of some other dogs, especially on second day. Hallingbury Linnet worked well over a hedge; with experience this puppy should make a good one; pick-up and delivery inclined to be slack. Adbury Tim did what he was asked well, but did not have the opportunities of some others. Hesloe Nigger worked well in open and cover, good pick-up and delivery. Kenly did well under all judges, making difficult work appear easy; under perfect control. Hesloe Sheila did good work over a road with two hedges; in evening of second day found a practically unmarked bird quickly and well after systematic questing. Sienna answers very well to whistle and signal; wiped the eye of H. Mike, but had hers wiped in turn by the same dog. Solace inclined to be excitable at first starting off, but settled down well, good pick-up and delivery. Gays Chance worked well over a road and found several birds, was persevering on the line of a runner in kale, but failed to find.

A vote of thanks to donor of ground, the Hon. Secretary and judges terminated a very pleasant meeting. E.S.G.

THE FIELD SPANIEL SOCIETY.—Owing to unforeseen circumstances the trials of this society, which were to be held at Andoversford by kind permission of Captain Mayall, have been transferred to Stratford-on-Avon for Wednesday and Thursday, December 8th and 9th. The judges will be Captain A. Beal and Mr. G. H. Turner. Schedules and entry forms will be sent out in due course or can be obtained on application from the hon. secretary, R. Kelland, Conway Cottage, Dunnington, nr. Alcester.

OBITUARY

Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

Elizabethan diversity of interests was the chief characteristic of Sir Herbert Maxwell, whose death at the age of 92, at his home Monreith, in Wigtownshire, we record with the greatest regret. But it is as the very best combination of naturalist and sportsman that we should like to remember him. His series of *Memories of the Months* have a charm for countrymen which is unique; they convey something of the free wild life of a wilder Britain than most southerners habitually live amongst, and are as refreshing as the pure hill breezes that he loved so well. Fishing was perhaps his greatest love among sports; *The Tweed from Source to Sea* and *Salmon and Sea Trout* are both extremely good books. Sportsmen and naturalists are also in his debt for his Wild Bird Preservation Act, and his Act for establishing a Scottish close-time for trout.

His long, happy and wise life gave proof that all strength and sanity come from an ever-renewed contact with Nature and rural life. So another great countryman passes.

Nicholas Lane Jackson

A great many readers of the *Field* will have heard with regret of the death of Nicholas Lane Jackson, the founder of the Corinthian Football Club and the man who had as much to do with the establishment of the Lawn Tennis Federation (which later became the Association) as anyone else, and who therefore saw the birth of one of the most popular games in the country. Lane Jackson was a notable figure in the world of lawn tennis, Association football, boxing and golf; but there were indeed few forms of sport or physical exercise in which he was not keenly interested and to which he brought many ideas and much energy. His organising ability was amazing. The Corinthian Football Club will always be associated with his name. But how many know that the great sports' centre at Le Touquet is directly due to his organising genius? Nor was he a stranger to the world of letters. For some time he edited and owned *Pastime* and the *Cricket Field*, two very lively journals which were ultimately bought by the *Field*, and he published books of reminiscences and handbooks on many games. He was, indeed, one of the first sporting journalists and one of the best. Readers of the *Field* will remember with pleasure the delightful series of reminiscences of his early days which he recently contributed to these columns. With his passing English sport has lost a notable figure.



"Shall I draw the curtains, Sir Hubert?"

"No, I prefer to pass away peacefully in the dark, Tomkins."

"Very good, Sir Hubert. I trust there is nothing — ahem — seriously wrong?"

"Bad case of hangover — the worst in my professional experience. Very serious. A pick-me-up of some sort is indicated I think."

"Yes, Sir Hubert. And if I may venture a suggestion, Sir—for — ahem — next time—"

"Proceed. But no moralising, Tomkins."

"Indeed, no, Sir Hubert. It's what I might call a tip — Lime Juice to be precise. You mix it with your gin. Merely an intelligent anticipation, and a very pleasant drink I'm told."

"The Lime Juice has some peculiar quality — ?"

"It neutralizes the effects of the — ahem — alcohol, Sir Hubert, so that next morning—"

"Quite — make a note Tomkins — order a crate."

"A crate of Rose's Lime Juice. Very good, Sir Hubert."

SHORT DRINK — 2 *parts Rose's*, 3 *parts gin.*
LONG DRINK — *add soda.*

Letters to the Editor

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

AN HONOURABLE HERESY

SIR,—"Lasnagile," in your issue of October 16th, has written one of the very best and truest articles on the present-day manners, &c., of the present-day hunting man and woman. Their manners are as hard to find as a needle in a haystack; and, oh! how very, very true about hunting in red. In the days before the Great War, you could not wear the hunt button unless the Master gave it to you or told you you could wear it. Now you just make a big noise with a fat subscription and out you come bedecked in red and, as "Lasnagile" says, "a he-man with no manners and a loud voice." I too live in a hunting country and have a number of tenants and several coverts and have always kept foxes, but have now closed my land to the hunt for many of the reasons that "Lasnagile" quotes in his article. There certainly is a Master, but probably like many he never visits the farmers, anyway not in my part of the country, no more does any other representative of the hunt. No, the hounds just come, the field rides more or less rough-shod over the land, leaves gates open, breaks down hedges, lets stock out, and if a tenant complain about the hunt riding over his crops he is told not to make a ridiculous fuss about a small matter. As "Lasnagile" says, "dictatorial bad manners." If Masters of Hounds and hunting people would only realise that the thin end of the wedge was already in, they would perhaps pull themselves together and not only prevent the wedge from getting further in, but do their utmost to get it out and close the gap once and for all.

Yours faithfully,

N.B. "A COVERT OWNER."

KITCHEN AND CALEDONIA

SIR,—Having read Mr. Patrick Chalmers's excellent article on "Kitchen and Caledonia," I should like to put in a further word for the red deer in the kitchen. In a little book called *The Highland Cookery Book* (by Margaret Fraser; published by John Lane) are to be found a great number of simple recipes for cooking venison, which will appeal to the average cook. Mr. Chalmers's recipes appear to me to be rather too elaborate—simplicity is an essential in the Highland kitchen. Margaret Fraser's recipes are very simple and do not call for a "cordon bleu" to carry out. Venison soup, thick or clear, is the best-flavoured soup in the world. The head is a most valuable but much neglected part. Brains and tongue, with grilled slices of liver, are the best breakfast on which to start a long stalking day. The whole head, cleaned, and gently boiled till it jellies, makes a wonderful pie, hot or cold. To my mind, the haunch is one of the less interesting pieces. The neck cutlets, usually given to the ghillies or to local friends, are best of all for making a variety of dishes roast, braised or grilled. Venison brawn and venison mousse, venison sausage roll, hot or cold, are the best of food. A slice of sausage, cut thick when cold, with a packet of brown bread and butter is very good eating on the hill. In fact, I would give a red stag in good condition first prize for the variety and excellence of the dishes he will make.

Mr. Chalmers says that his value at the game dealer's is very negligible. This is true, I believe, in the South, and the reason, to some extent at any rate, is that the Scottish red deer is not distinguished sufficiently from the English park deer. The meat of the two is as different as chalk from cheese, and the latter gets the former a bad name. I sympathise with the housewife who buys "venison" and gets a portion of the park variety. In the North quite a lot of people know good venison from bad, and we have no difficulty here in selling the "long" haunches at a town 25 miles away for 6d. a lb., all through August and September at any rate. But then the purchaser knows that our stags are skinned immediately they come into the larder, are properly butchered, and are never left out for a night on the hill. I have been horrified to see whole carcases of red stags hanging in Edinburgh shops with the skin still on—of course, the price is negligible, as the meat must be next door to unsaleable. Mutton so treated would be equally unsaleable.

Mr. Chalmers's advice about skinning and caring for the meat in the larder is excellent. It is certain, however, that many ghillies do not butcher the meat well. Furthermore, it is often packed abominably, in a most insanitary way. All raw surfaces should be carefully wrapped in grease-proof paper, before the canvas wrapper is sewn over them. Rush fish bags should never be used as they often do not cover the whole haunch. I have seen venison so packed being dragged about dirty railway stations, with large surfaces of raw meat exposed to all kinds of filth and infection.

The Sassenach housewife cannot be blamed if she looks distrustfully on venison, as so much of it comes from stags in poor condition, has been badly butchered and dirtily packed.

It is to be feared that on many forests the owner's or lessee's interest closes with the shot which kills the stag. One cannot blame a gillie for careless work if the lodge takes no interest in the larder. But if interest is shown, the stalker and gillies will take pride in the fact that their venison is the best there is among the many packages at the station, waiting for the South-bound train on a September morning.

Yours faithfully,

Ledgowan Lodge, HUGH LATYMER.
Achnasheen, Ross-shire.

TRAPPING THE FALCON

SIR,—It is an interesting fact to note that the male falcon, or tiercel as it is called, gained its name from the French word "tiers," meaning a third, which is the size of the male bird as compared with the female. There are other words that we get from the French in connection with falconry.

In your recent article on falconry no mention was made of the way the falcon is trapped on the Continent. Two pigeons, a shrike and a net are used. The trapper erects a hide and releases the shrike on a string. This bird has a deadly fear of the falcon, and as soon as the latter bird appears in the sky it creates a constant clatter, which merely serves to attract the falcon. The pigeons, pet dish of the marauder, are also released (on strings) to attract the falcon and inveigle it into the net! Needless to say, the plan does not always work, but it is one of the few ways in which a haggard or old bird can be trapped.

Another way, one which I have myself tried, is to trap the bird on one of the look-out perches it uses amongst the crags. After watching for weeks to see the exact position of the favoured ledges, three of us appeared at the cliff-top one dawn armed with 300ft. of rope and three gins with the teeth bound to prevent them hurting the trapped falcon. These were placed on three ledges and covered with powdered chalk which it had taken us hours to grind up. One of our number remained at the cliff-base to watch for the return of the bird, and inside the hour it had landed . . . right on to one of the gins! The gin, as we had hoped, proved too great a weight for the struggling bird, and it flapped clumsily on to the ground, where it was hastily bagged before it tore our hands to pieces!

We had used this method to trap the bird owing to the fact that we were two days late with the young. Actually we had hoped that we would catch one of the eyas, but unfortunately the bird we caught proved to be an old haggard, and it was released as we feared it might die. Every season since then it has been the proud father of a clutch of eyas.

The same method is sometimes used to trap a bird that has escaped and refused to return to the lure owing to the fact that it finds it can get along quite well without the help of the falconer.

Yours faithfully,

Kent. "A FALCONER."

BREEDING OF THE NIGHTJAR

SIR,—In a letter on the breeding of the nightjar, Mr. E. W. Hendy states that the male bird sometimes takes over charge of the first brood while the hen lays a second clutch, and that this is the case in all instances where the eggs hatch out in June.

He ascribes this "discovery" to Mr. David Lack, and gives references to his papers on *British Birds* for February and October, 1930.

If Mr. Hendy had read those articles more carefully he would have seen that the "discovery" was made by Dr. O. Heinroth in Germany as far back as 1908, and a full description of the breeding in captivity was published in 1909, 21 years before the "discovery" of which Mr. Hendy writes!

Mr. Lack quite correctly quotes the references which I supplied to him when he wrote to me to ask on what authority I had stated in the *Practical Handbook* that the nightjar was sometimes "undoubtedly double-brooded" (in 1920).

The astonishing fact is that with a pair of birds allowed to fly in a room in his house, Dr. Heinroth watched the whole of the rearing of the two broods and observed the shares of the sexes in detail, and this was later on confirmed by observation in the field.

Mr. Lack's most useful papers gave fuller confirmation from field observation in England, but confirmation of observed facts is not, as Mr. Hendy seems to think, "discovery."

That the early nesting birds are those which breed twice is sufficiently obvious, and I may add that there are a good many other species in which the male takes full charge of the first brood when the hen begins to lay the second clutch.

Yours faithfully,

Whitekirk, F. C. R. JOURDAIN.
Southbourne.

WHITE BADGERS

SIR,—Early this year I examined four badger cubs taken from a sett near Wokingham. They appeared to be about seven months old, and weighed roughly 25lb. each. One, a boar, being much larger than the three sows. After two months in captivity their coats turned white. This change of colour I attributed to change of food and restricted exercise, as they resumed their normal colouring when their coats changed. Recently, from an entirely independent source, I have heard of a *white* badger seen near Burnham Beeches. There seems little doubt that badger cubs turn white before shedding their coats at about seven months of age, in which case the white badger seen at Burnham Beeches was a cub of a late litter. I should be most interested and grateful for information on this point.

Yours faithfully,

Fair View, F. W. STOKES.
Wokingham, Berks.

THE SOCIETY OF BIRD WATCHERS AND WARDENS

SIR,—Recent correspondence in *The Times* has afforded some indication not only of the interest taken by the general public in bird protection, but also of a growing apprehension due to the disappearance, as breeding species, of several fine birds such as the sea eagle, osprey and Kentish plover, whilst others, such as the kite, hobby, marsh and Montague's harriers, roseate tern and dotterel are becoming increasingly rare.

There is, of course, a considerable divergence of opinion as to how exactly this process of destruction has been brought about, but there can be little doubt that in the main it can be traced to:

(a) Gamekeepers, whose job it is to shoot and trap birds of prey regardless of their rarity or value.

(b) Certain "egg hogs" from whose calculated depredations, in these days of motor travel, no nest is safe and who may rob not only for their own collections but, more despicably still, for a rich patron.

(c) So-called "scientific" ornithologists such as those who persistently rob one devoted pair of birds until the reproductive processes fail and abnormally pigmented eggs result. (One such collector is known, quite recently, to have taken the complete layings of 40 *pairs* of red-backed shrikes *in one district alone*, with this object in view.)

Alas, the modern egg-collector is no longer the simple enthusiast of old; he no longer depends upon skill of observation, but requires an equipment which rivals that of a fire-fighter, steeplejack or alpinist; not to mention walking-stick gun and automatic pistol to scare away the peregrine falcon from her hidden eyrie. The Society of Bird Watchers and Wardens, which, though but recently formed, has already obtained a large measure of support, is urging the adoption of measures to put an end to this serious state of affairs.

These measures include the placing of a stronger weapon in the hands of the police by permitting the right of search to officers in receipt of genuine information and also by making the sale of such rare British birds' eggs, as are on the protected list, illegal. And in its activities the society ardently desires the co-operation not only of the "bird-minded" public, but also of all organisations interested in this great and necessary natural work. The name and address of the hon. secretary is N. Tracy, M.B.O.U., The Black Cabin, South Wootton, King's Lynn.

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP MANSON-BAHR, M.D., F.R.C.P., M.B.O.U.
(President, The Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens).

149, Harley Street, W. 1.



BASKING ON THE ROCKS ON GRASSHOLM ISLAND
(See letter "Early Breeding of Grey Seal")

EARLY BREEDING OF GREY SEAL

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken on Grassholm Island, Pembrokeshire, on August 22nd last, of over 30 grey seal basking. Among them were several very young ones which looked less than 3ft. long. Was it not unusually early for the seals to be breeding?

Yours faithfully,
Hartford End, Chelmsford. (Miss) D. J. BROOKS.

GERANIUM MACRORRHIZUM

SIR,—I was interested to read in Miss E. S. Rohde's recent article ("Autumn the time of Rich Colour") that the geranium she "likes best is *G. macrorrhizum*." And I agree that this little known plant is "perhaps too rampant a grower to put near any choice subject, but it should be grown by all who appreciate uncommon scents." The scent of the whole plant is, indeed, so strongly aromatic as to be quite pungent. It is remarkable also for its brilliant magenta blossoms and thick, scaly root stock. In France it grows only in Les Alpes Maritimes; and in the Italian Maritime Alps I remember how distinctive it was in June, 1907, in stony ground at about 3,000ft. in the beautiful Val Minnera, not far from the charming San Dalmazzo di Tenda, where is the Italian Custom House and an old Carthusian Abbey. On the rocks near the hotel were *Lilium croceum*, and in an adjoining chestnut grove the wild orchids included specimens of the beautiful pink *Cephalanthera rubra* 2ft. high.

I agree that *Geranium pratense* and *G. sanguineum* are also well worth growing in the garden; but the former, whether with its ordinary exquisite blue flowers or in the scarcer form with white or pale mauve corollas, is too tall and robust a plant to be placed in a rock-garden except at the back.

Yours faithfully,
Clifton, H. STUART THOMPSON.

COAL FIREPLACES IN HISTORY

SIR,—I am engaged in writing a book on the history and evolution of the coal fireplace and its importance in British family life from the days of the crude hole in the middle of the floor to the modern labour-saving grate. May I claim the hospitality of your columns for information or references from your readers on the following points:

1. What is the earliest reference in praise of coal in English literature or poetry?
2. What is the oldest known coal fireplace still in use in the British Isles?
3. Is there any published work dealing with coal fireplaces in famous houses or which have any association with historical figures?

Yours faithfully,
The Authors' Club, 2, Whitehall Court, London, S.W. 1. H. W. J. STONE.

ECLIPSE OF DRAKES

SIR,—Although this may not be exactly relative to the recent discussions in your correspondence columns on this subject, I thought it might be of interest to some readers to learn of the following experience I have had with some wild caught widgeon this year.

I was sent a consignment of full-winged wild caught widgeon in February of this year, including three drakes; they were all caught by the same person at the same place on the east coast. One of the drakes was in almost full eclipse, while the other two were in full winter plumage. The former completed his eclipse and one of the latter about a month later, but the other remained in full winter plumage until early September. He then commenced to go into eclipse for a while, but then appeared to be returning to his winter plumage. There is no sign at the time of writing of the full eclipsed drakes returning to winter plumage.

All the birds were pinioned as soon as I received them, and are now reasonably tame, and will feed within about 6ft. of me. The semi-eclipsed drake is, however, much tamer than the others.

I should be interested to hear whether other readers keeping wild fowl have ever had similar experiences, and whether they can give any reason for the occurrence.

Yours faithfully,
Coppenhall House, Coppenhall, near Stafford. CLIVE W. WILSON.

A HORNLESS GEMSBOK

SIR,—In June last, whilst trekking with pack donkeys near the upper reaches of the Kuiset River, which runs through the Namib Desert, in the Mandated Territory of South-West Africa, I saw a hornless bull gemsbok (*Oryx gazella*).

I stalked and shot him, and found that he was not a natural poll, had been normally horned, but both horns were broken off close to the skull, and as the remnants were completely horned over I think the injury was a very old one.

He was a huge beast, and very fat, and I conclude that for some seasons he had found no favour in the eyes of the other sex.

I have seen many unicorns among oryx, but this is the first time I have seen a hornless animal. He was quite alone, and the absence of horns gave him a comically "billy-goatish" appearance, and I was reminded of that passage in the *Letters of Junius*, recording that two noble Lords rose and bowed gravely to one another in the House during the debate on "the distress amongst horned cattle."

Yours faithfully,
London, W.C. 2. PONTIUS PILATE.



SITTING VERTICALLY ON THE NEST
(See letter "The Palm Swift")

THE PALM SWIFT

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a palm swift (*Tachornis batassiensis*) performing what appears to be the difficult feat of "sitting" on the nest. The latter is a tiny pocket of feathers and vegetable down, glued together with saliva, attached to the under surface of a palm frond, which in this case was hanging vertically down close to the trunk, enclosing the nest in a dark fold. I could only obtain a photograph by reflecting a patch of sunlight on to the nest. The bird is clinging vertically with the abdomen pressed into the nest. I took the photograph in the month of June in the Bengal Docars.

United Service Club, Calcutta. Yours faithfully, W. A. S. LEWIS.

SHORT-EARED OWLS OFF THE GROUND

SIR,—I have just returned from a holiday and, on going through the several issues of the *Field* that have accumulated during my absence, I notice that "B. V.-F." in "A Naturalist's Notebook," says he has not seen the short-eared owl on anything but the ground.

As he suggests, it would be interesting to compare the experience of other observers. I might say that I have not infrequently seen short-eared owls on the top of the earth-walls that divide the fields in many parts of West Wales; also, while watching a pair, with young nearly fledged and scattered over a considerable area of the marsh, one of the owls repeatedly perched on the top of an isolated, wind-swept hawthorn bush, and I was able to get several rather long-range photographs of it.

I enclose a copy of one of these to illustrate this point.

Yours faithfully,
32, West Bute Street, Docks, Cardiff. H. MORREY SALMON.



ON A HAWTHORN BUSH
(See letter "Short-eared Owls off the Ground")



"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

We can best remember them by offering the hand of friendship to their comrades who survived, so many thousands of whom, because of sickness or because they are growing old, are today in dire need of help.
Please help the British Legion to help these men and their families by giving as generously as you can for the Poppies you will wear on

POPPY DAY
Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be welcomed, and these should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee: or to Captain W. G. Wilcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.
LADIES willing to act as Poppy Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committees or to the above address.

This space is donated to Earl Haig's Appeal Fund by Messrs. John Walker & Sons Ltd., of Kilmarnock, Proprietors of Johnnie Walker Scotch Whisky.

A CHURCH IN A FARMYARD

SIR,—A few miles from Worcester is the little Church of St. Nicholas Warndon, which has the rather unusual distinction of being situated in a farmyard. The church itself dates from Norman times, but the beautiful half-timbered tower was added in the seventeenth century. This is a most curious feature, and is shared by only two other churches in the country. The church is small, having seating accommodation for about 90 persons, and there are still the old box pews. There are some beautiful ancient tiles in the chancel, and the font is of unusual shape, being seven-sided.

Yours faithfully,

Kate-hill House, Bewdley, Wores. M. WHITCOMBE.

STAFFORDSHIRE GROUSE

SIR,—A note and illustration appeared in your issue of August 14th of "Staffordshire Grouse." Surprise was expressed at the existence of the white form of plumage so far south. I have shot these Warslow Moors, which form two-thirds of the Staffordshire moorland area, for close on fifty years, so am in a position to say something about the grouse there.

They are usually heavy birds of the red type, but are subject to a very wide variety of plumage. Both the black and golden types, and also those heavily flecked with white, are very frequent.

In 1898 there was a brood at about 1,500ft., of six or seven, whose plumage I could only compare to that of a Plymouth Rock fowl. No red or brown, and only incipient white upon the legs. Three were killed, one by myself. We killed over 200 brace on that day.

Yours faithfully,

Alstonfield, Ashbourne. B. R. C. PEMBERTON.

TOPIARY WORK

SIR,—In a field on the outskirts of Oakham, in Rutland, there is a remarkable bit of topiary work. For very many years Mr. Justus Littler, a veterinary surgeon, has trained a thorn hedge until now it shows an excellent representation of a horse. As seen from the road, where the photograph was taken, the animal is most lifelike, and is certainly one of the best examples of topiary work to be found in the country. It is also remarkable as being of thorn and not of the more usual box or yew.

Yours faithfully,

Westfield, Mears Ashby, Northampton. H. J. SMITH.



FROM HEDGE TO HORSE
(See letter "Topiary Work")

PUG-HEADED PIKE?

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter and photograph of this fish in a recent number of the *Field*. The appearance is very suggestive of a "pug-head." I have been in communication with your correspondent, who writes that the specimen showed no sign of scarring or previous injury; after reading my pamphlet on "pug-headedness" he is convinced that the pike was an example of this congenital deformity. I think there is no doubt that his opinion is correct. Previous instances have been observed among pike.

Yours faithfully,

Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, S.W. 1. LEWIS SMITH.



A NORMAN CHURCH WITH A BEAUTIFUL 17th CENTURY HALF-TIMBERED TOWER
(See letter "A Church in a Farmyard")

SPEED OF DOLPHINS AND PORPOISES

SIR,—The letter accompanying the photograph in your recent issue appeared to imply something abnormal in dolphins and porpoises being able to keep up with a ship steaming 12½ knots.

I think there is little doubt that a mere 12½ knots is nearly "loitering" for these fish. At any rate, the following facts are true and can be vouched for by most of the officers in the ship at the time.

During the last war, in a cruiser in which the officers messed forward, we often walked on the forecastle after dinner. One night in the Red Sea we were steaming about 22 knots on our way Emden-hunting. Several of us on the forecastle suddenly saw phosphorescent streaks ahead in the water coming towards us and a school of dolphins or porpoises (I do not know which) arrived and turned ahead of the ship, in which position they escorted us for some time, one or two occasionally dropping back, apparently for a "scratch" on the ship's bows! They were clearly visible to us.

Suddenly, as if at a given signal, they shot *ahead* at a great speed, the phosphorescent streaks marking their course until lost to sight.

Yours faithfully,

Sleaford, Lincs. C. TYERS.

THE HEART SHOT AT ELEPHANT

SIR,—I have read the remarks in your columns concerning the position of the heart in elephants. I have killed not a few, and regret to think of those I let away wounded owing to my ignorance of the animal's anatomy. Captain Salmon has probably killed 100 to my one, but time and again I have observed how, in all the walks of life where the handling or killing of animals is concerned, this "familiarity" tends to make the individual believe that he knows all about his subject without his having actually verified his beliefs. I had practically ceased hunting—seriously hunting that is—elephants ere I discovered that my losses in wounded were due to my being unaware of the position of the heart. Mr. Lyell is correct, *i.e.* the apex of an elephant's heart is practically touching the bottom of the chest cavity.

Looked at from outside this means that the top of the heart is about one-third up the body. If shot above this you get the lungs, and my experience is that if one lung be perforated the beast generally escapes if the country is at all "difficult"—even if both lungs are involved it is by no means certain that your elephant is bagged. The *Field* could, I feel sure, settle the discussion by having a Zoo elephant X-rayed.

Yours faithfully,

Elgin. JOHN MCNAB.

SIR,—Mr. D. D. Lyell's letter in your recent issue is of great interest to all elephant hunters.

When I read Captain Salmon's article I was of opinion that he advocated placing the heart shot a trifle high, but no greater expert exists, and it is presumptuous to question any statement he makes. In actual practice the killing area between the bottom of the ear and the junction of the foreleg with the body is a very large one.

Mr. Lyell, however, does not seem to realise that the conditions of elephant shooting have changed since the days of Karamoja Bell and himself. Nobody can now chase elephant without facing the certainty, before long, of having to face a savage charge in high grass or thick bamboo. Moreover, the light is often poor. The superiority of a heavy double rifle over a medium magazine weapon is, under the above conditions, very great. I do implore all beginners and novices to give heed to the above factors. I am absolutely convinced that modern experts like Captain Salmon and Philip Teare would never countenance the advice tendered by Mr. Lyell.

Yours faithfully,

London, W. 1. C. F. M.

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AN ARCHITECTURAL JOKE
(See letter "Rolling Motion Square")

"ROLLING MOTION SQUARE"

SIR,—The Portuguese dearly love a mosaic pavement, and their principal cities always have fine examples of this art.

My photograph shows the central square of Lisbon, nicknamed "Rolling Motion" or "Roly Poly."

This clever mosaic illusion originally extended over the whole square, but motorists complained that it made them feel dizzy, so it is now confined to the centre portion.

Yours faithfully,

56, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham. H. AUSTEN.

LADYBIRDS AT SEA

SIR,—I am much obliged to Peter Michael for his quotation from Simeon's *Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History* (1860) about ladybirds in vast numbers drifting on the sea north of the Isle of Wight. I was not aware of this instance, but there are a good many records of the massing of ladybirds near or on the sea and also, curiously enough, at the tops of mountains, and it has been thought that in some cases these may be movements following similar movements of aphides, which furnish the food of the ladybirds; but in other cases they may have been due to exceptional abundance of certain species in some localities giving rise to local movements *en masse* and the blowing out to sea of the clouds of flying insects and their subsequent drowning. Fabre's *Insect Life* mentions mountain top flights, and Kirby and Spence in their *Introduction to Entomology* mention vast flights in Kent and Sussex as emanating from the hop-grounds, where the beetles had multiplied excessively on the abundance of aphides, and also enormous numbers observed on the banks of the Humber and on the Norfolk coast.

These movements cannot, of course, be true migrations in the sense that birds migrate, but are simply cases of emigration due to excessive temporary abundance in certain districts.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

RED-BREASTED FLY-CATCHER AT SWINDON

SIR,—I have recently received an interesting communication from my valued correspondent, the Rev. D. Percy Harrison, of Lydiard Millicent Rectory, Swindon, stating that on August 20th, about 12 noon, on a small Atlantic pine on the lawn opposite his study window, about 10yds. off only, he saw a small bird which behaved like a spotted fly-catcher, flying down, taking an insect and flying back to its perch, but it had a splash of red on the throat and breast. He immediately recognised it as the red-breasted flycatcher (*Muscicapa parva*). Mr. Harrison also saw one in his garden at Lneyvern, Cornwall, years ago, and he also examined "one in the flesh killed in the Scilly Isles." It was first added to the British list from one that was killed near Falmouth on January 24th, 1863, and in October of the same year one was obtained at Tresco, Scilly Isles; another was shot in the same place on November 5th, 1865. One of these is still among the rarities in the collection at Tresco, where I have seen it.

Sutton. F. W. FROHAWK.

WHEN WET FLY FAILS

SIR,—I read the article under the above heading by Antony Bridges, in a recent issue of the *Field*, with much interest, because when fishing in Perthshire last July I had similar success with dry fly on a certain burn—well it was called a burn, but really it was a little more in parts.

Despite plenty of rain, the water was very clear, but not gin clear; and the wet fly, as presented by me, was scarcely looked at; perhaps because of my own inexpertness with it—perhaps not. Seeing plenty of rises, I changed to a dry fly, ginger quill, and I was soon catching fish—really I should say we, because "the lady with a landing net," as Patrick Chalmers would call her, was using a rod as well.

Having had a successful day, we came back again and fished with the same results, and always it was the ginger quill that was taken—no other fly was nearly so favoured. On neither occasion were the trout large, because there were no large fish there, but one or two caught were larger than the usual burn trout; and again, our catches were not extraordinary, but they were enough, and the catching of them was glorious.

I write this, partly because I have been thinking for some time that it would pay many "brothers of the angle" to be less conservative in their habits (when they have the opportunity), and partly because, until this July, I had never thought of fishing the dry fly successfully on a burn.

Yours faithfully,

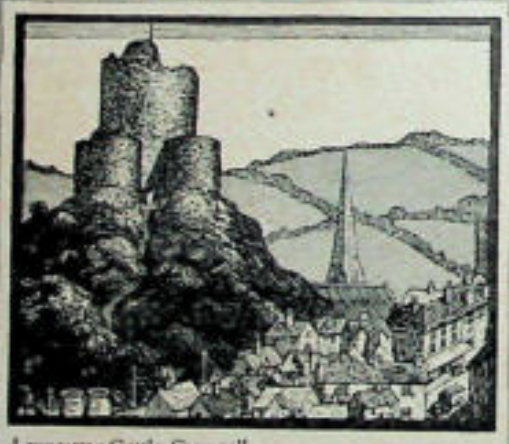
E. B. TOMKINS.

138, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1.—Aged 57, and weighing only 4st. 6lb., a poor ex-shop assistant is dragging out her existence, in poverty, pending retarded admittance to a Home for Incurables. She needs all her courage, for she is suffering from three terrible things—rheumatoid arthritis, exophthalmic goitre and advanced diabetes. She lives with her two sisters, one who nurses her and does the house-work, and a younger one who earns a pound a week. On this pound, and 2/6 given them by their brother, 10/- from an Incurables' Fund, and 8/6 insurance benefit, these three poor sisters are struggling along. We want to promise this brave invalid 7/6 weekly until her admission to the Home, that she may be able to have the insulin and special foods which are so essential to her. Will someone who knows the miseries of diabetes send us £20 that we may at least delete worry from her list of woes.

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W. M. Thackeray—"THE VIRGINIANS."

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IN THE CITY

SOME GOOD PREFERENCE SHARES

FOR the benefit of those interested in this form of investment, particulars are given below of some first-class preference shares which can now be bought at prices which assure a reasonable yield.

WIGGINS, TEAPE & CO. (1919), LTD.

This old-established company, which was reorganised in 1919, is the leading manufacturer in this country of speciality papers. Chief among these may be mentioned accounting, typewriting, drawing, photographic and greaseproof papers. The company has warehouses in the principal towns throughout the British Isles and maintains branches in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India. The company owns or controls a great many concerns occupied in the production of various kinds of paper and almost half the revenue of the parent company is derived from dividends received on its investments in these concerns.

The following table gives an idea of the stability of the company's earnings:

Year.	Total Income.	Available Dividends.	Preference Dividend.	Ord. Earned %	Ord. Paid %
1929	£289,056	£245,302	£50,664	14.6	10.0
1930	305,621	217,119	62,369	10.0	10.0
1931	311,715	198,782	63,510	8.6	10.0
1932	352,035	237,608	78,615	10.7	8.0
1933	389,228	259,917	96,410	11.0	8.0
1934	427,580	273,305	96,410	12.1	8.0
1935	468,447	289,156	96,410	13.1	9.0
1936	504,776	323,341	96,410	16.0	9.0

It will be seen from the above that the preference dividend has been well covered by earnings; so far as assets are concerned the position is equally satisfactory. The preference shares can now be bought at around 31/6, at which price the yield is £4 9s. per cent. The company issues quarterly progress reports and the last one to be issued, covering the two quarters ended June 30th, 1937, shows that profits this year have been more than maintained so far. The ordinary shares, at 39/6, are also a sound investment, yielding £4 11s. 2d. per cent. on the basis of last year's dividend, and shareholders may reasonably hope to receive a slight increase in their dividend this year.

INITIAL SERVICES, LTD.

This company caters very successfully for some of the needs of business houses in over three hundred centres. Its main activities are the supply of soap, towels, etc., and tea, sugar and biscuits to offices, and the supply of carrier tricycles and motor vans bearing the names and advertisements of customers to whom they are let on hire maintenance contracts. During the last few years a substantial interest has been taken in laundries in various parts of the country.

The company has a good record. Trading profit has risen steadily from £206,940 in 1930 to £277,499 for the year ended June 30th, 1937, and the results of the first two months of the current financial year have led the board to anticipate still greater profits for the current year. The balance sheet shows that the company's financial position is very sound.

There are 400,000 8 per cent. cumulative preference £1 shares in issue, and no further preference shares or debentures may be issued without the consent of holders. The dividend on these shares requires £32,000 per annum, and last year there was £213,498 available to cover this payment. The present price of the shares is 34/9, at which price they yield £4 12s. 1d. per cent. The ordinary shares can also be regarded as an attractive holding to yield £4 16s. 2d. per cent. at the present price of 26/-.

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO., LTD.

The company has an issued capital of £32,843,752, comprised of £7,232,838 in 8 per cent. cumulative first preference, £5,473,414 in 9 per cent. second cumulative preference, and £20,137,500 in ordinary stock. There are no debentures. The 9 per cent. second preference dividend requires £492,607 per annum, and this was covered last year by earnings of £5,029,866. This stock, which can be bought at around 39/- to give a yield of £4 12s. 4d. per cent., may be regarded as a first-class investment.

The British Government is a large holder of the ordinary stock of the company, and the two directors appointed by the Government have power, if need be, to over-rule decisions of the board. The oil industry is in a flourishing condition, and this company, which is now one of the leading producers, should have many years of prosperity in store.

It is pleasing to be able to record that Horden Collieries, Ltd., to which attention was drawn in these articles some months ago, has had a successful year's trading, and that the directors have decided to pay an increased final dividend, which has brought the distribution for the year up to 10 per cent. as against 7½ per cent. last year.

PACTOLUS II.

New Books

PORTRAITS OF TWO DICTATORS

Hitler and Mussolini and Their Aims

TO have come into close personal contact with the two men who hold the stage in Europe to-day—one might add in the world—is a great privilege, and Mr. Ward Price in *I Know These Dictators* has, one feels convinced, given us faithful portraits of Hitler and Mussolini. It would not be unkind to suggest that he has fallen under the spell of these two remarkable men, for the impression left after reading his book is, in either case, that "The King can do no wrong." Opinions may differ concerning the merits of Hitler's and Mussolini's actions, but it must be conceded that each has lifted his country out of chaos, and given it a fresh lease of life, in fighting a common foe.

To Hitler in building up a new Germany was given the greater task, and to his achievements the major portion of Mr. Ward Price's work is devoted. In this he has been aided by the dictator's own story, *My Struggle*, which tells so much of his early difficulty and, at times, despair. Both dictators share in common a far greater simplicity in their mode of living than is followed by the average man. Hitler is the vegetarian, teetotaller, and non-smoker; Mussolini is almost as simple in his tastes. But whereas the Duce rides, fences, swims, pilots warplanes and revels in athletic performances, the Führer is almost sedentary in his habits, though he shows amazing resistance to fatigue. In character Mr. Ward Price describes Mussolini as objective and practical, Hitler as subjective and mystical.

Whatever their personal differences, there can be no mistake about the similarity of their actions. Both believe in facing up to situations, both have little use for government by committees, and the *fait accompli* has given European statesmen of the old school plenty to think about. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini has time for theories and long-winded discussions; both have a common enemy—Bolshevism; both have professed a desire for accord with Great Britain.

Mr. Ward Price outlines step by step what he considers the political blunders which have driven Germany and Italy together, despite material national differences. He pleads for Anglo-German understanding, and there are many people in this country who would welcome it; those who have experienced themselves the great friendly feeling which prevails for Britons in Germany, and who would gladly see it translated into practical politics. "All hope for the future is dead, so far as the human eye can see, unless it comes from England and Germany," wrote Hitler to Lord Rothermere in 1935.

By asking in the *questionnaire* sent after the re-occupation of the Rhineland whether Germany had reached the stage when it would be prepared to keep its promises, the British Government, the author considers, gave such offence that a great bid for understanding was missed. But surely the Germans themselves had intimated that the restoration of their national prestige was a preliminary to the honouring of a pact, and we simply inquired if they considered it had been regained. We too, strange to say, have our national pride!

Putting aside all debatable points, however, and the fact that our electoral system is not based on a party which nominates its own candidates for Parliament, this book is one which should be read by all who are anxious to come to grips with the German and Italian viewpoints, to read the minds of these two dictators and the people who surround them, and to help fight bias, prejudice and malice.

R. N. R.

I Know These Dictators. By G. Ward Price. (Harrap; 8/6.)

WONDERS OF THE DEEP

"WHEN once you have fought for hours and ultimately landed a creature weighing over a thousand pounds," writes Mr. Mitchell-Hedges in his preface; "when your hands stink of fish and your clothes are wet through and slimy; when the boat is smothered in blood and guts and your muscles ache from head to foot, then you have done a man's job and will remain for ever a big-game fishing enthusiast." And that is no bad epitome of the book he has written about his adventures among the monsters, known to most of us only by hearsay, of the tropic seas.

Big-game fishing in this case must not be taken in the specialised meaning which modern anglers attach to it. Many of the struggles with the uncouth beasts which inhabit coral reefs and equatorial waters were in fact undertaken with rods and lines such as are commonly employed for tunny or sword-fish, but Mr. Mitchell-Hedges was not fishing altogether for sport. He undertook his voyages partly to get specimens for the British Museum, but even more perhaps for sheer love of adventure and a desire to wrest its secrets from those prolific waters which lie along the coast of Honduras, and where life for their teeming millions seems to be one long savage fight. For such a purpose shark hooks and heavy cable are more remunerative than anglers' gear, but if anyone thinks that sea monsters can be hauled alongside by merely pulling on the cable, they have only to read this book to be convinced of their error.

In chapter after chapter one reads of the struggle to land some outsize specimen of shark, perhaps, or ray or sawfish; breathless moments when the life of one or another of the crew was in constant danger and when a slip meant a most unpleasant death.

But the most interesting part of the volume is, perhaps, not so much the things caught as the things seen. The daily life of the inhabitants of tropical seas, their curious, and often revolting, methods of obtaining a livelihood, their furious onslaughts, their births and more particularly their deaths are here portrayed in all their nakedness. It is a wonderful and rather gruesome tale. Probably Mr. Mitchell-Hedges is right when he suggests that most of these curiosities of the sea are quite impervious to pain.

This book can be recommended to anyone who likes to read of excitement and daring deeds, of uncouth customs and the uncanny ways of dwellers in the tropics, whether they live in the water or out of it.

Battling with Sea Monsters. By F. A. Mitchell-Hedges. (Duckworth; 15/- net.)

HORSE WISDOM

IT is an ill-wind indeed that blows nobody any good, and a spell in bed in the middle of the hunting season, trying though it must have been for Mr. Burns and probably for those who had to minister to him during that time, has enriched the rest of the world by just that amount of practical knowledge which it can glean from his book. I say this advisedly as it is no ordinary book. *Legs, Gentlemen, Legs!* is not just another book about horses, of which there are far too many already; when read with intelligence and a certain amount of knowledge, it is an invaluable supplement to one of the other more elaborate and more complete text-books upon the subject or, which is far more important, to the reader's own knowledge.

To read Mr. Burns's book is to enjoy by oneself just that experience which is usually gained while sitting on the saddle-room table or leaning over a door and talking to an unusually expansive stud-groom. The author has presupposed a thorough working knowledge on the part of his reader to which he does not make any striking new contributions, but which he brings up to date and in the process reminds one of many small but nevertheless important points which are all too often forgotten or neglected by even the best and most experienced horse-masters.

Mr. Burns is obviously more at home with his horses than with his pen and the majority of his sentences are very short and rather abrupt, which does not make for easy reading but greatly assists frequent and often hurried reference. In this respect the value of the book is enhanced by the fact that it is never long-winded and is usually to the point, as, for instance, the following: "... in playing up the sin is disobedience to the aids. ... The permanent remedy, therefore, is to train the horse to obey the aids." The arguments which are advanced for and against the many different practices which are dealt with in the course of 132 pages are all carefully substantiated from a wealth of practical experience which is examined by an intelligent mind, to use the author's own words: "The argument that 'it has always been done like this so it must be right,' is unfortunately prevalent among grooms. To me this statement usually suggests that the speaker does not know the reason for his action because, if he did, he would have produced it. I do not think that old methods are necessarily wrong; but that all good methods have good reasons."

This book is exceptional as it is practically certain of a warm welcome from every experienced horse-owner. The experienced people realise how much they still have to learn and know that the way to learn it is by exchanging experiences with others as experienced as they are themselves. Although one cannot actually do any exchanging with a book the impression which is created and maintained throughout is one of discussion as the author never attempts to lay down the law. The diagrams are interesting and the use of red ink makes them more easily intelligible than most of their kind. The chapter on veterinary treatment is good as it draws the line very clearly at the point where "patching up" must cease and professional assistance must be called in, and throughout the book there is displayed a shrewd knowledge not only of horses but also of men. R. A. W.

Legs, Gentlemen, Legs! By C. H. Burns. (Constable; 7/6.)

THE HEART OF AFRICA

IF a deliberately perpetrated solecism in the ethics of reviewing were ever justified, this book is surely an adequate excuse for placing the cart before the horse. In other words, for stating at the outset that it is an amazingly competent summary of conditions obtaining at the moment in West, Central and East Africa; it is, in any case, a fine achievement from any angle.

The author is, of course, no stranger to the Dark Continent; he had more than a passing acquaintance with the Sahara and Abyssinia before he undertook this 10,000-mile journey. Yet he is careful to explain that he relies not merely on his own personal observations, but upon the synthesized conclusions of innumerable men upon the spot. Those who know more than a little of those wide-flung lands will testify that neither have let him down.

Terrific heat, mosquitoes and all the tribulations of desert travel marked his journey by air from Brussels across the Sahara; thereafter, on other 'planes, by rail, steamer and land transport he

UNITED DAIRIES, LTD.

SUBSTANTIAL INCREASE IN TURNOVER
RECORD RESULTS
MR. JOSEPH H. MAGGS ON GOVERNMENT'S MILK POLICY

The Twenty-Second Ordinary General Meeting of United Dairies, Ltd., was held on Friday, October 29th, at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

Mr. Joseph H. Maggs (chairman and managing director), in the course of his speech said: The Accounts show that the net profit brought into the balance sheet is £630,431. Adding to this the amount brought forward from last year, £91,881, the total available is £722,312, out of which the full dividends on the Preference and an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock have been paid. It is now proposed to pay a final dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, to transfer £121,000 to Reserve, bringing that fund up to the round figure of £1,000,000, and to add £10,000 to our reserve against outside investments. These provisions leave a slightly lower balance of £85,312 to carry forward.

The final balance, being the net profit for the year, is £630,431, an increase of £25,584 and the highest figure yet recorded by United Dairies. In order to earn this we increased our turnover by £1,000,000. Our milk purchases, thanks to the new businesses acquired, increased by 3,000,000 gallons.

MORE CUSTOMERS SERVED

As regards our milk distribution side, the Retail Company is serving more customers than ever; there is, however, one disquieting feature of our retail milk sales. Although milk consumption has increased substantially, the quantity delivered per customer has consistently fallen, as will be appreciated when I tell you that ten years ago our average delivery per customer was 1·696 pints per day. It has fallen to 1·433 in 1936-37. The effect on the cost of distribution is, of course, adverse to us in two ways: it means a lower gallonage per roundsman and more bottles per gallon of milk, due to the increased demand for half-pints.

The reputation which the Engineering Section of our Company has established has, during the year, been satisfactorily reflected in the number of important contracts awarded to us in the face of the keenest competition, both at home and abroad.

The demand for U.D.E.C. machinery extends, particularly in respect to refrigerating plant, beyond the field of the Dairy Industry, and more and more of our machines are being installed for the refrigeration of meat, fish and other food products.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

All the products marketed by your Company are subjected at all stages to an increasingly rigorous scientific control. This control is carried on by the chain of country laboratories and by the Central Research Laboratory at Shepherd's Bush, which continue to work smoothly and to give valuable service to the Company, with the guidance of our Research Advisory Council. On the research side our activities have been devoted not only to solving immediate problems which have arisen in our business, but also to accumulating a sound body of information which, sooner or later, will undoubtedly be of value to us.

The Government's announcement of its Milk Policy in a recently issued White Paper is, necessarily, on broad lines, and until the Bill is in print it would be premature to express a definite opinion on all its proposals. I may say, though, that we welcome the policy of encouraging the production of milk of higher standard of purity.

Producers of T.T. Milk have now been brought into the Milk Marketing Scheme, and I am rather doubtful whether the premium of 1d. per gallon over the price of accredited milk will be sufficient to prevent these producers from reverting to the production of lower grade milk if they are unable to find buyers at an enhanced price, that is, as T.T. Milk.

THE PRINCIPLE OF COMPULSORY PASTEURIZATION

We are, of course, glad to see the principle of compulsory pasteurization endorsed by the Government, and sincerely hope that the legislation dealing with this will prove to be on ladder lines than foreshadowed by the White Paper. Surely on such a vital matter there can be no excuse for making pasteurization a question of local option.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

takes us into, across and around those interesting portions of Africa whose future is one of the world's problems.

Thus, it is impossible to avoid a glance at the actual working of the mandates in force in the Cameroons and East Africa, with special references to German aspirations and their justification—if any. No clearer, more unbiased summary of both has yet been presented. Still, the reader is left to draw his own conclusions; the position of the Cameroons, now administered by us for the benefit of a German commercial community, may seem a queer anomaly, but the author conscientiously avoids airing controversial views on a subject which might well tempt others, less circumspect, to expatiate upon at length. Incidentally, the colonising efforts of both French and Belgians here recorded are worthy of study, even if their methods are not ours and their minds work in a more mysterious and less conventional way.

From Fort Lamy, south of Lake Chad, to Leopoldville, down river and north again to Duala and Fort Sibut, Mr. Balfour accomplished a circular tour before striking east across the Belgian Congo to Stanleyville, making notes the while on such incongruous subjects as missions, leprosy, corporal punishment, administrations and social amenities.

Then forward, to the rich and thickly populated provinces of Urundi and Ruanda into our own mandated territory of Tanganyika, on to Kenya, and home by way of Sudan and the Nile. The comparisons drawn between German rule and our own are lucidly and dispassionately set forth, somewhat, and I think excusably, to our own detriment. For it has long been known that after the War natives re-engaged of their own free will in the service of returned German settlers; and that the latter, without undue oppression can get double the work out of them than can be contrived by any British settler, however closely he adheres to the red-taped, hide-bound, dry-nursing policy of those who dictate to him how the native should be treated.

This book should be placed in the hands of every official in our Colonial service, not necessarily "for necessary action," because 99 per cent. of them are precluded from such action, but "for their information." It may be added, without any waste of superlatives, that every politician and layman interested in Africa would benefit by its perusal.

H. N.

Lords of the Equator. By Patrick Balfour. (Illustrated.) (Hutchinson; 12/6.)

BADMINTON GOES AHEAD

Cambridge Leads the Way With a Blue

BADMINTON players, the world over, are interested in the decision (at last!) of the Blues Committee to inaugurate a half-Blue for badminton at Cambridge. Until this year, the Badminton Blue has been refused on the score that enough men did not play the game at the 'Varsities. But at Cambridge, as everywhere else in the British Isles, the game has slowly, but *very* surely, made headway, and Mr. Derek L. Syme, hon. secretary of the Cambridge University Badminton Club, says that the membership has steadily increased in the last few years, and that interest in the game is definitely growing.

To a great extent, the award of the half-Blue is due to much hard work by various Cambridge enthusiasts, including an old Rugby Blue. Incidentally, but just to show what they were up against, it is amusing to learn that the actual official communication from the Blues Committee awarded the half-Blue for "Badmington!" Never mind, with or without a "g," the result is all that matters, and congratulations to all concerned!

Another item of interest that took place during the "close season" is the fact that Miss Thelma Kingsbury has turned professional and gone to America, where she has been touring the music halls in a Badminton "turn" with K. R. Davidson.

The season now, of course, is in full swing. There are well over a thousand clubs affiliated to the Badminton Association of England (and many private clubs), Middlesex, Surrey and Kent boasting over a hundred in each county. The names and addresses of these affiliated clubs are given in the little annual handbook, which, for the modest sum of 1/-, is published on behalf of the Badminton Association and is a positive mine of information. For details of topical badminton news, arrangements and dates of the many matches and tournaments held each month, with their results, &c., it is necessary to obtain *The Badminton Gazette*, the official organ of the association. This appears during the badminton season, at the beginning of each month, price 6d. a copy, the first number being out this month. Copies of the *Gazette* are obtainable through W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., of Strand House, London, W.C. 2.

A particularly interesting event is the South of England Championships, held at the Crystal Palace Badminton Club, from November 15th to 20th this year, together with the match between the Champion County and the Rest of England.

In the League matches last season the Logan Club did very well, winning the cups in both the Ladies' and Men's Middlesex League. This club, almost the most representative of the badminton world, is holding a tournament in February next open only to players who have never won an open event—a most interesting innovation, and a real chance to would-be champions!

Although badminton is not played to the same extent in Scotland and Ireland, both countries have produced some very excellent players. England not only leads the way in the international matches, but one would have to look back many a long year to find one in which she has *not* been victorious!

Followers of this excellent game are surely the most consistent, if not persistent, in the world! Though little notice is given to badminton by the Press, the game wends its way season after season, its tournaments, league matches, &c., culminating in the All England Championships at the Royal Horticultural Hall each spring (open and handicap events) the thirty-fourth annual tournament having taken place this March. The hall is always filled to overflowing with players and watchers who appreciate the game's fascination and the opportunity for subtle skill it affords.

An alteration in the laws of the game, as regards setting in ladies' singles, is now in operation. Now, when the score is 9 all, 3 up will be set, and at 10 all, 2 up—on each occasion, of course, at the option of the player reaching 9 or 10 first.

Those who have not yet played badminton might find, if they took themselves to one of the tournaments or championships this season, that it is one of the best forms of exercise in existence—many a doctor has recommended it as the "second best exercise to walking," and, incidentally, a very large percentage of doctors play the game themselves! It is a suitable game for *every* age, and it is noticeable what a number of champions are past their "first youth." Although the singles frequently are more fast and furious than a set of lawn tennis singles, and more energetic, the doubles are not so strenuous, and there are clubs for every sort of player. On with the game!

J. F. V. T.



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AN EARLY ATTEMPT AT GOLF ON THE WHITE NILE

GOLF IN STRANGE PLACES

A Ruler Who Made the Putter Mightier Than the Pen

By E. R. TIPPLE

THOSE who confine their golfing activities to one course or within a small area may not realise just how the popularity of the game has spread throughout the world. Last year I participated in the official opening of Luxembourg's first golf course, and now it would be difficult to find a country that does not possess at least one layout which will provide amusement for enthusiasts. Golf has indeed become an international sport.

Scotsmen—notoriously great travellers—first started the growth of this tremendous popularity. Wherever they went they were resolved not to be deprived of their Royal and Ancient game. If there was no course available they set to and made one, even if it consisted of only a few holes. But wondering natives no longer stand in awe at the white man's weird antics.

Apart from the recognised and famous courses to be found when going round the world there are some in most unusual places. Mr. Peter Lawless in his book, *The Golfer's Companion*, tells of a nine-hole course laid out on an expanse of flat ice in Alaska. One of the rules provides that if a ball is hit too near a polar bear the player is allowed to pick it up and drop it at a cost of one stroke. Mr. Lawless says that "walruses are a more serious hazard. Their curiosity impels them to investigate the cups and flags, and no hard-and-fast rules for the walrus stymie have yet been devised!" Even farther north is the Polar Bear Club, founded by a Scot in the Arctic. Eskimos are members, and the temperature is always below zero.

The highest golf course in these islands is the one at Tredegar, 1,200–1,300ft. above sea-level; but at Sestrières, in the Italian Alps, an eighteen-hole course can be found 6,600ft. up. But these pale into insignificance when we read in the *Golfer's Handbook* that golf has been played 1,000ft. above the level of the summit of Mount Blanc. Captain F. E. S. Adair in his book, *A Summer in High Asia*, tells how in crossing the passes into Tibet he camped beside a lake at a spot covered with short bright green turf. He had a driver and a putter with him—notice how the real golf enthusiast is prepared for a game wherever he journeys—so he cut a hole and instituted a putting competition for the camp. The elevation was upwards of 16,000ft. Golf is recorded to have been played in the Tibetan Mission at Gyantse at a height of 13,100ft. as far back as 1904. And, going to the other extreme, I understand a game has been played hundreds of feet below the surface in a disused mine.

To-day in Egypt they have several courses, one at least being extremely good. The game was introduced there by J. E. Laidlay. He gathered together native labourers and made them work in the desert until something like a real golf course appeared. In Australia they have been made where thick jungles once stood. Swamps, trees and even small mountains have disappeared before the enthusiast who is far from the home of the game.

Last year a course was opened not far from Chamonix, Mont Blanc, the scene of many climbing feats. The construction took a long time and involved tremendous labours, but the course was finished and, moreover, several of the holes are truly first-class. Sand, of course, is unobtainable, but the problem of filling the bunkers was solved by the use of granite powdered by glaciers. The opening ceremony was remarkable, for apart from the usual festivities and speeches a platoon of *Chasseurs Alpins* fired a volley as Mlle. Tollon drove the first ball—a procedure inspired, no doubt, by the old cannon used at St. Andrews when the eldest captain drives off and wins his medal.

But of all the interesting stories told by Mr. Lawless two stand out by themselves. A certain ruler in Afghanistan had a course made for him near Kabul and became so enamoured with the game that he devoted more and more time to it and less and less to affairs of state. His faithful people, seeing that the putter was mightier than the pen, took to filling the holes with petitions so that His Majesty's attention might be directed to them.

Golf in some parts of China must be under a cloud to-day. But in normal circumstances there are difficulties in course-making. The Chinese are accustomed to distribute their graves about the country. These consist of raised-up mounds which enclose the coffins. These mounds present serious obstacles, and after heavy rains the mounds sometimes fall to bits, exposing the coffins. They constitute no small problem for the committee and have to be legislated for in the game. If a ball is found in an open grave the player is allowed to pick out and drop behind without penalty. This must be one of the strangest of local rules.

There are times when golf clubs are available but cannot be used. Brigadier-General Francis Sutton actually landed at Gallipoli during the War with a case containing his golf clubs! His batman had given him the wrong case, and the clubs were for once unwelcome, being a poor substitute for his surveying instruments. This story was told me by a relative who knew the gallant general. After losing his right arm, General Sutton took up the game afresh and, fixing splints down the shafts of his clubs to prevent them slipping, learned to play with his left arm and hand only.

A friend of mine began his golf with an old set of clubs that had journeyed with Captain Scott in the Discovery to the South Pole. They were not, however, used there, and after the expedition were left behind in South Africa.

TO THE GREYS

Lines written when the fate of the famous regiment hung in the balance

They are pride of the land of our fathers,
They are boast of the ben and the glen—
Will they take them, our gallant grey horses?
Will they break them, our grim line of men?

Shall we see them no more in their playtime,
Tent-pegging in sections of three,
Or four-abreast flaunting their pennons
To the canter of "Bonnie Dundee"?

Have they dressed for the last time in battle,
Those "terrible horses of grey"
That shattered the guard of Napoleon
And carried his Eagle away?

Ay! These were the glory of Scotland
On fields that her valour has won,
And proud is their place in the Army—
The heart-stirring "Second to None"!

And who but would mourn in the mansion,
And who but would weep in the croft
For the day when the spurs are unbuckled,
For the day when the gauntlets are doffed,

By lean tossing heads in the flame-light
Of camp-fires for ever a-blaze,
By hoofs that have rung through the ages,
Ah! Leave us our glory, the Greys!

WILL H. OGILVIE.





JESUS II MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE FINAL BY DEFEATING TRINITY HALL WITH TWO SECONDS TO SPARE IN THE CAMBRIDGE FOURS

COLLEGE FINALS RE-FOUGHT IN THE UNIVERSITY FOURS

A Double Event with a Different Result at Oxford

ORIEL and Trinity, who last year met in the final of the cox-swainless fours at Oxford and rowed a dead heat, were again finalists this year. But on this occasion Oriel were decidedly superior, and won a good race by 11sec. in the fast time—considering the merely moderate conditions—of 7min. 3½sec.

During the four days of racing there were a few surprises, but this is always liable to happen when, owing to the short period of training, a crew which has hitherto been ragged and unformed may suddenly develop during the last week of an intensive period of training. Ten days before the race it looked as if Magdalen were certain to win; the fact that they did not, need not imply that they lost their former promise, but simply that crews like Oriel and Trinity developed in a remarkable way during the last few days and outstripped the former favourites.

Probably the best of the semi-finals was that between New College and Magdalen on the Thursday. Although New College had experimented with the order of their crew they were able to hold Magdalen as far as the boathouse and only really lost the race in the last 200yds. or 300yds. But the most spectacular race of the whole lot was between Oriel and Magdalen the following day. Previously, Oriel had shown that, as was anticipated, they were likely to be a surprise to their critics, and they lived up to this expectation.

Magdalen led at the start, but could never gain any commanding advantage, and the race was an equal struggle as far as the Cherwell when a magnificent spurt by Hodgson settled the issue and enabled the Oriel boat to pass the post just 2sec. ahead. They thus qualified to meet Trinity in the final.

The Trinity boat had had little difficulty in beating a neat Worcester crew, and a fast Balliol four; so that when the issue came to be decided last Saturday no one had any real idea of the pace that Trinity could produce when hard pressed. Oriel had the front station, yet despite any initial advantage that may bring were down by nearly 2sec. at Wiers Bridge. From there onwards, however, they never lost any more ground, and steering a better Gut than their rivals increased their lead along the Green Bank. Each crew was at this stage rowing between 32 and 33, but the Trinity boat was making obvious efforts—a bad sign so far from the end.

At the Boathouse Oriel, with Hodgson stroking with confident nonchalance, had 7sec. in hand. A good effort by Young failed to make much impression—far less impression than the terrific spurt which he made at this point last year—to wipe off a 3sec. deficit, and Oriel continued to gain along the Barges, eventually passing the winning post some 11sec. in front.

There is no question that Oriel were the better crew, and perhaps the virtual final was rowed on the Friday against Magdalen, who would probably have been a match for Trinity. On the other hand, despite the obvious power of Magdalen, Trinity had a greater sense of spring in their rowing.

Like the Jesus crew at Cambridge who won in a very convincing way, the Oriel four rowed in the "Tideway" style. Yet perhaps even more credit must be given to Hodgson and Huse than to the style in which they elected to row. The determined stroking was so ably supported by Huse at 3, that it was delightful to watch the coherence of the crew as a whole. Judged by accepted standards they were not a "pretty" four, yet they covered their blades far better than many exponents of their style. Taking a glance at the Trinity boat, one could not help feeling that Waldron most nearly represented the principles that have given Oriel such success in recent years. He rows with a smoothness that almost belies his power. Young never lost his determination, and Rowe and Hillary never, to use the time-honoured phrase, "looked like losers." That Oriel won so comfortably must be attributed to the fact that they more nearly submerged the individual characteristics of their men into the crew as a whole than any other four on the river at Oxford this year.

The three best fours were unquestionably Oriel, Magdalen and Trinity; but Balliol and New College were good. St. Edmund Hall, as I feared, never really allowed themselves a chance to get going, although they were a good steady crew. Nowadays, however, "good steady rowing" is meeting the death it has so long deserved, and nowhere is its decease more welcome than at Oxford, whose prerogative it has been for so long.

There is always a lesson to be learned from every race, and we need offer no apology for searching for such a lesson from the four days' racing recently concluded. I think it is that uniformity must be aimed at, even before individual faults are called to light. The process of dealing first with the eccentricities of individuals often leads to the most gross disharmony in a crew—a disharmony that cannot be removed once it has taken hold. No one would deny that, given a free hand, many individual criticisms could be made of the way in which the Oriel oarsmen rowed—but that surely is not the point. Give a man a chance to get his blade in, through, and out, with the others, and let him concentrate on that; and the way in which he does it (vitally important though it may be) must surely be tackled later. To approach the end in the reverse way frequently leads to bewilderment—though ultimately the same result may be achieved. Unfortunately time is not an unlimited factor in most University races.

T. C. Cherry, the Oxford President, will be occupied during the next weeks with choosing the crew for the Trial Eights race, to be held at the end of this month, and with the material available now that the fours are over, the crews should begin to take rapid shape. It has been decided to cancel the Long Distance race formerly held on the Radley reach, in favour of some form of eliminating contest, probably on the upper reaches of the Thames near Godstow.

Crews in the final:

ORIEL.—A. G. C. Whalley (Leanockville, U.S.A.), G. C. C. Pejoy (Winchester), G. Huse (Latymer School, Hammersmith), A. B. Hodgson (Eton) (st.).

TRINITY.—R. B. Hillary (Shrewsbury), M. W. Rowe (Eton), F. A. L. Waldron (Shrewsbury), H. M. Young (Westminster) (st.).

E. E. D. TOMLIN.

IF Jesus College continues to supply both finalists for the Light Fours at Cambridge, the race may well become known as the Jesus Fours, as was humorously suggested on the towpath. But unlike last year when the second string beat the first, current form was justified and the senior four won with great ease. Weather conditions were good from a spectator's point of view, but a head wind and strong stream naturally meant a slow time.

In the semi-finals, rowed on Friday, Jesus I had beaten Clare by 22sec. in 10min. 37sec., while Jesus II only beat Trinity Hall by 2sec. in 10min. 38sec., 1sec. longer than the time recorded by the first boat. J. Turnbull, who stroked Clare, was the backbone of that crew, just as he was of their winning Ladies' Plate Eight at Henley this year. But despite his great effort Clare were no match for Jesus. Turnbull, who rather surprisingly missed a place in this year's 'Varsity Eight, is one of the oarsmen under consideration for the English Empire Eight to race at Sydney in February. Should he be invited and accept he will, of course, relinquish all hope of gaining a Blue.

In the other semi-final Trinity Hall threw away a winning advantage by some bad steering close home, which was to be regretted, as it deprived rowing enthusiasts of watching another Jesus and Hall clash in the final. These two colleges have been in great competition both at Cambridge and Henley this year.

R. J. L. Perlitt, stroke of this year's Cambridge crew, was rowing at 2. Having rowed 6 in the May and Henley crew this year, one wonders when he will return to the stroke thwart. It seems rather a pity that such a natural oarsman should not be setting the stroke. His great length and quickness of the hands at the recovery, makes his rhythm particularly easy to follow, but as he has been rowing behind strokes of good class, he will probably be all the better for his rest. In fact, I should imagine the president is not at all displeased at his absence from continual stroking.

The Jesus second four were good, but did not appear to relish the conditions. Also, the fact that times throughout the week had shown that they were no match for their seniors may have taken the edge off their rowing on Saturday, and possibly they had not recovered from their hard race the day before.

It is now no matter of surprise that the Jesus second crew of last year should have proved themselves the fastest four at Cambridge. Containing as it did two oarsmen who were destined to become Blues and the present officers of the C.U.B.C. and the two Coulton brothers, it is obvious that there was no lack of material. Although I think this present four, if allowed to concentrate on the Stewards, would win in most years, I do not think they are comparable with the 1924 Third Trinity Olympic crew or with any of J. C. Badcock's successful Thames Fours.

T. B. Langton at stroke is rowing as well as ever, but his tremendous drive at the beginning of the stroke seems more suitable for eight-oared rowing. A. Burrough at 3 was seen at his best on Saturday, while R. Corbet Ward at 2 is a hard worker and a neat oar; but undoubtedly the best performer was T. B. Coulton, rowing at bow, who improves with every race. He has already served his college well at 7 in their successful Lent and May boats. His great length, which is invaluable in a head wind, was particularly useful on Saturday. He should be a strong candidate for a Blue next year.

It is perhaps hard to criticise a crew that accomplishes with ease all it is asked to do, but this Jesus four gave me the impression that, had they been really extended in the conditions that prevailed in the final, they might have become short and possibly ragged. This is the only criticism that one could make about a crew who are excellent watermen.

A lack of college rivalry may have kept a few people away on Saturday, but the possibility of a repetition of last year's surprise, although times did not indicate such a happening, maintained the interest in this year's final.

Starting from the back station the first boat was always gaining, and it soon became apparent that the race was to be one-sided. At the railway bridge Langton spurted to within a few yards of the second boat to win by 18sec. in the slow time of 10min. 50sec.

All Cambridge oarsmen must be pleased to think that the president and secretary were at stroke and 3 of the winning boat, especially Jesus men, who must be thinking that, with the wealth of oarsmen available, the Henley Challenge Cup, which has eluded them since 1885, and was so nearly theirs this year, must be won in 1938.

Crews in the final:

BACK STATION.—Jesus I: T. B. Coulton (Driffield), R. Corbet Ward (Belfast), A. Burrough (St. Paul's), T. B. Langton (Radley) (st.).

FRONT STATION.—Jesus II: G. I. Hamilton (Shrewsbury), A. E. Wood (Monkton Combe), D. E. Fairbairn (Geelong), J. L. L. Saville (Radley) (st.).

DENIS GUYE.

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"FEW OF THE COMMONER VEGETABLES ARE SO MUCH APPRECIATED AS JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES WHEN THEY FIRST COME IN."

The Country House

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES

A Vegetable Which Succeeds in Almost any Soil

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

FEW of the commoner vegetables are so much appreciated as Jerusalem Artichokes when they first come in, and few are so unduly despised at the end of their season. In November, after the leaves have faded, they are usually at their best.

"Jerusalem Artichoke" is an outstanding example of the haphazard way in which the popular names of plants are bestowed. Many old popular names are delightful, for they depict in a subtle, indefinable way the character or some peculiar feature of the plant. "Jerusalem Artichoke," however, is not a happy instance. This vegetable is not even related to the Artichoke (now commonly called the Globe Artichoke), nor has it any connection with Jerusalem. Parkinson, in his *Paradisus*, says they were called Artichokes of Jerusalem by "some ignorant and idle head" on account of the similarity of the taste of the roots to the bottoms of Globe Artichokes. "Jerusalem," it has frequently been pointed out, is merely a corruption of the Italian "girasole," these so-called Artichokes being of the same tribe as Sunflowers.

This vegetable is a native of nearly all North America from the lake districts of Canada to the middle of Georgia. The early settlers learnt the value of the tubers from the Indians. It was from the French, however, that we first obtained them. Parkinson states this, adding that, in his opinion, they should be called "Potatoes of Canada."

John Goodyer, the great Hampshire botanist, was sent roots of Jerusalem Artichokes in 1617—"the one I planted, the other I gave to a friend: mine brought me a peck of roots wherewith I stored Hampshire." Goodyer wrote an account of the plant for his friend, Johnson, who printed it in his enlarged edition of Gerard's *Herbal*.

Jerusalem Artichokes are amongst the few vegetables that quickly became popular. Parkinson says that at first they were regarded as dainties fit for a queen, but soon were so commonly grown in London gardens that "even the most vulgar begun to despise them." In those days the tubers were stewed in butter and wine. Old cookery books also give recipes for Jerusalem Artichoke pie.

Jerusalem Artichokes rarely flower in this country. I have only once seen them in flower, and that was in an exceptionally hot September. This vegetable succeeds in almost any soil, but does best in a good sandy loam. The tubers are nearly always planted too thickly, with the result that the crop is poor and the individual tubers very small. They should be the size of small Potatoes and nearly as smooth. Small tubers are naturally disliked by cooks for washing and preparing them gives a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The tubers should be put in, allowing 3ft. each way. Earthing-up is very beneficial. It is essential to stake and it is usually sufficient to put a stake at each corner and run a light rope round, for grown well apart the plants branch so freely that to some extent they support each other. If left with no support high winds soon break down the stems and this seriously affects the crop. Jerusalem Artichokes are perfectly hardy, and can be left in the ground to be dug as required, but if to be grown again on the same site they should be lifted. They are amongst the few vegetables that can be grown several years running on the same site. Further, they are amongst the few vegetables that so far have proved to have no diseases and they are attacked by only one pest, the root aphis. Occasionally this hairy insect infests a crop. It attacks the roots. The soil has to be dressed with a good soil fumigant and for two years cannot be planted with the same crop.

In modern diet charts the Jerusalem Artichoke is listed as a valuable and very digestible form of starch. The ordinary method of cooking the tubers is to peel and boil them, and thereby a great deal of their goodness is lost. They should be boiled or steamed in their skins, and then peeled and served. If the water in which they have been boiled is kept it will be found to be a thick jelly when cold and the flavour is delicious. It makes an admirable foundation for a white vegetable soup. Some people like baked Jerusalem Artichokes. The skins, however, are very tough cooked in this way. Another method is to parboil and then bake them in their skins. Epicures assert that to appreciate the flavour of these tubers they should be eaten cold, cut in slices and served with a good mayonnaise sauce. Served thus they make an excellent winter salad.

Jerusalem Artichoke pie is very good. It is made by rubbing the cooked tubers through a fine sieve, adding a little lemon juice and some onion purée. Alternate layers of this mixture and grated cheese are put in a piedish, covered with grated breadcrumbs and cheese and a few small pats of butter and cooked in a hot oven for a few minutes.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

LONDON'S first fog came a bit early this year, but it was a very good fog so far as density was concerned. Outside my house, on two occasions, traffic came to a complete standstill, to the accompaniment of much loud—but surely futile?—shouting. And on each of the four days of fog omnibuses were to be seen travelling slowly along behind their conductors. Fog completely upsets all the well-laid plans of mankind. Our cars are helpless, our trains are helpless, our lamps are useless, and we ourselves walk warily and are easily lost. It is all very annoying, but it is very good for our pride. It was as I was passing a line of stranded cars—all the drivers but one appeared to be in a state of mild frenzy—that I heard the thrush. He was singing softly but happily quite close to me, although I was unable to see him. Fog did not depress him. He knew his way home. He had no tube to catch, no office hours to keep. He made a sharp contrast to the occasional protest of motor horns from the line of stationary cars.

* * *

With the end of the fog came rain and a high wind, and the end of the drought. The period, October 22nd to 31st, is, so the records of the last hundred years tell us, on the average, the wettest period of the year. It is during these ten days that the autumn drought breaks. This year a severe drought broke on October 22nd. The memorable autumn drought of 1921 broke on the same date. But 1921 was a dry year. 1937—despite a summer and autumn much drier than usual for England—will rank as a decidedly wet year. Between January 1st and May 31st nearly 70 per cent. more than the normal quantity of rain fell, and despite the dry spell the general total fall since January 1st, and before the drought broke was in England and Wales some three inches in excess of the average. Well, the drought has broken, to the joy of the farmers, and once broken we may expects normal English weather up to Christmas—that is to say we may expect grey days and rain and rain, and more rain.

* * *

We shall, of course, get a fine day or so about Martinmas. St. Martin's summer and St. Luke's summer are about the only two periods of fine weather in England upon which we may rely. This fine spell may not always fall upon the exact day dedicated to the memory of the saint, but it is never very unpunctual. St. Luke's Day this year was a memorable day. It is a fortunate thing that St. Swithin is not so consistent.

* * *

October is a month very rich in colour. We all notice the turning of the leaves, green to russet; we all know that each golden leaf caught on its journey to earth means a golden month to come. (How much less dangerous and at the same time how much more satisfying—if not filling—than the similar belief connected with pastry and mince-meat.) But do we all notice all the things that go to make the glories of autumn? We know the old gold of bracken forming a warm setting for the richness of trees and hedgerows; we know the untidy but beautiful litter as the fronds dry and curl, change to amber, and the brittle stems snap. But do we all know one of the last ferns to turn and one of the most brilliant in its decline? An osmunda marsh in late autumn sunshine is a sight one can never forget. The male fern may shed its spores as early as September, but it is sturdy and tough, and it remains green and upright long after other ferns have wilted.

* * *

Fungi flourish abundantly in autumn, and though they may be found at all times of the year September and October are undoubtedly the best months. Quite a number of people are, judging by my desk, amateur mycologists. Some, however, appear to believe that they may find mushrooms in woods as well as open pastures. I get quite a number of agaries sent to me with requests for information as to their edibility. There are a good many agaries, and they vary very much in hue, shape and edibility. If you value your digestion you will not confuse the warted agarie, which has a flattened red-cap with the edible warty cap, bricked red too, but with white patches. If you are uncertain just break them. Both have white flesh. The edible one turns reddish-brown when it is broken; the poisonous one remains white.

B. V.-F.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE DAIRY SHOWS

A Ridiculous and Harmful Situation

THIS year for the first time in history there were two dairy shows in London. Reports on both have long since appeared in the daily papers, and in the trade journals: this article is, I hasten to add, nothing in the way of a report.

But British agriculture is not in so sound a position as some people would have us imagine—Mr. Morrison will, I think, find during the present session of Parliament that much of his optimism finds no answering echo in the farming heart—and two shows which evidently are intended to parade before the farming community and the general public one of the major sections of our greatest industry merit, to my mind, something more than a bare report.

industry dominated the show. That was inevitable, it was to be expected; but it is not dairying.

The appeals of the two shows were quite different in essentials, but there was much that was common to both. And it was just there—in this joint appeal—that the protest of many people focussed. Many exhibitors were more or less forced to double their expenses without any return in the way of increased benefits. That is bad for business and bad for farming. I do not think that the fact that the N.D.A. Show coincided with B.D.F.A. Show did the latter any harm. I am not sure that it did the N.D.A. any good.

The B.D.F.A. has been subjected to a considerable amount of criticism from within its own ranks



Whether or no shows serve any useful purpose is a matter of opinion. That the dairy show—I refer now to the Islington show—does serve such a purpose is beyond dispute. Looking at it from no other point of view—and there are many—it brings the country to the town. That, in these days of intensive urbanisation, is more than a useful purpose. In this light, at least, the Dairy Show is a national necessity.

But are two dairy shows running in London at the same time a national necessity? I think not. I was of the opinion that such an idea was a mistake when I first heard about it; now I am convinced it was. And the present consensus of opinion appeared to be that there was just one show too many. It was a most unfortunate clash, but good may come of it—indeed, some good has come of it—the B.D.F.A. show at Islington was better than ever.

The Royal Agricultural Hall looked much the same as usual for a dairy show. There was certainly much more room in the Gilbey Hall, where the cows and heifers are stabled and judged, and one could, as a result, form a better judgment of individual animals. And, as always, there was plenty to see in the Main Hall, and the trade stands were very well laid out indeed. But it must be admitted, in comparison the National Dairymen's Association's Show, at Olympia, was splendid. There is no other word for it. Splendid—but not a dairy show. It was, indeed, far removed from the pressing actualities of dairy farming. There were some cows. They were magnificently housed, away at one end of the show. But the show was not, so it seemed, concerned with cows. The ice-cream equipment, the bottle-washing plants, the evidences of mechanical ingenuity in the dairy

foundation and to be bound by stronger ties of loyalty than ever before. There is, moreover, a great deal in tradition. At Islington, in the livestock section at least, there is an intimate atmosphere which appeals greatly to exhibitors and spectators alike. Such an atmosphere, so it seemed to me, was strikingly absent from the N.D.A. show at Olympia, the organisation of which was superlative. There can be no doubt about it—competition has done Islington all the good in the world. The B.D.F.A. will go from strength to strength.

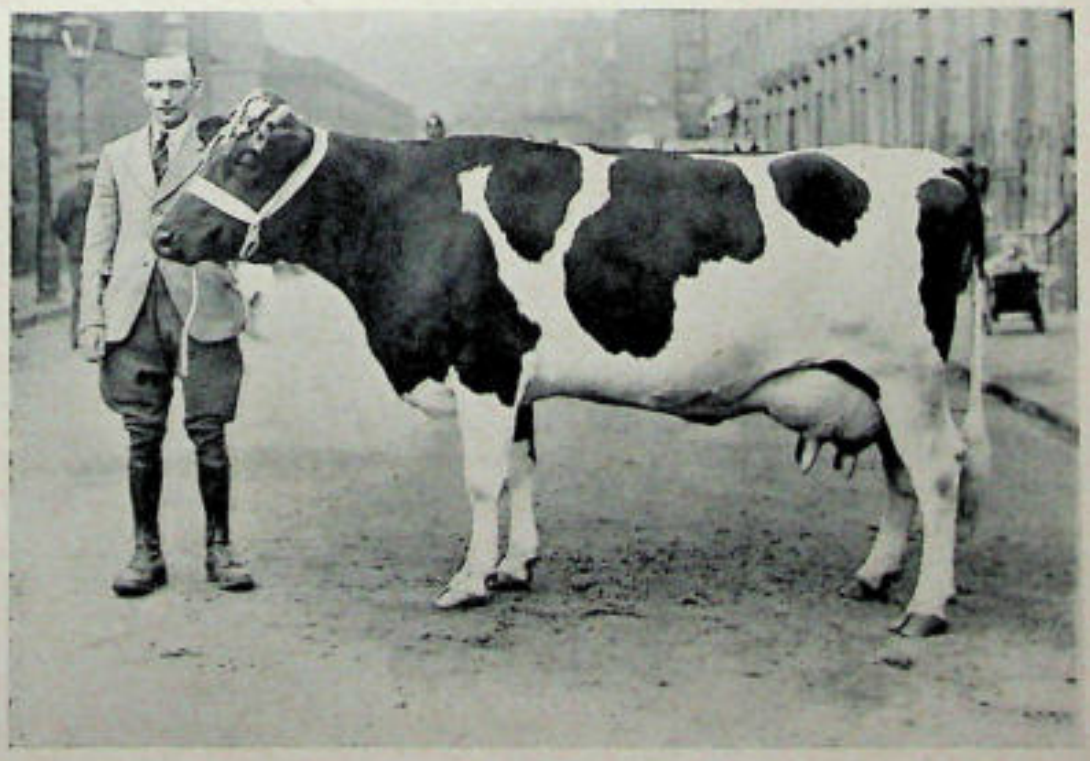
If there were few cows at Olympia, there were also fewer cows at Islington. Those shown were up to the usual high standard, but it was most disappointing to find that the classes for Kerries and Dexters had been cancelled; and there were no Welsh Blacks, those very hardy and sorely underestimated dual-purpose cattle. Perhaps next year these breeds may return to the show, which is certainly not representative without them. Foot and mouth disease restrictions had their effect on the Guernsey entry, and several other breeds suffered. On every side one heard grumbles on the heavy cost of showing, and it is to be feared that unless this can be very substantially reduced entries in the future will be seriously affected. The cancellation of classes for some breeds is surely warning enough. As a matter of fact only those breeds which are subsidised by their societies were able to make large entries, and it is doubtful whether these breed societies can continue for any length of time to pay such subsidies, which are a very heavy drain on their resources, to exhibitors. It is surely possible for the authorities of the show and the exhibitors at the show to come together round the table and discuss means whereby expenses may be reduced.

What is the purpose of a National Dairy Show? There are many. Breeders of dairy cattle can meet in open competition. Farmers can see the best types of every breed, and they can see the latest machinery, and meet the men who manufacture or sell the many necessaries they require. Distributors can inspect the most modern appliances and methods of their business. The general public, which as the consumer is the real reason for everything, can see first-class quality produce of all kinds and can obtain some knowledge of the great care that goes into production. And the urban consumer can get some idea of the multifarious connections between town and country. This last is the most important. It is essential that the townsman should know what a very good customer of the town the farmer is.

Now all this can only be done under one roof. Is it too much to hope that next year we shall have a really national show under one roof? Such a show would benefit everybody, and harm no one. The present situation is both ridiculous and harmful.

One last point, the catalogue of B.D.F.A. had a

ON THE LEFT, AYRSHIRE COW BARBOUGH LILIAS 28th, SUPREME CHAMPION AT THE B.D.F.A. SHOW; AND (BELOW) BRITISH FRIESIAN COW, OAKHAM DAINTY GEM, RESERVE SUPREME CHAMPION.



of recent years, but this, if one may use such a word for lack of a better, interference from without has certainly cemented the family and the association would seem to-day to stand on a firmer

bright and pretty cover with a bright and pretty girl. The cow, I submit, is not a good-looking animal.

CREAGHT.

THE FORCING OF RHUBARB

Two Points Which Must Never Be Forgotten

MARKET gardeners who grow and force good rhubarb may be found in all counties of England. There are, however, certain districts, such as that around the city of Leeds, which are well known for their forced rhubarb, and this is probably due to the fact that this crop is said to thrive best on an acid soil, especially if that soil has good water-holding properties.

Another reason why the Leeds rhubarb growers can get a good length of stick when forcing is probably because the plants die down earlier and this means that the growers are able to get their forcing crowns into the forcing sheds earlier.

There is certainly a demand for rhubarb during the early part of the season, not only when forced, but when grown outside and either covered with pots or encouraged to be earlier by means of mulchings of dung and straw. The big demand, however, for rhubarb ceases once the soft fruit comes into season.

Those who are going in for rhubarb forcing should always remember two things: (1) That they should give up a considerable acreage of land to the crop if a continuous supply is to be aimed at, for there should be a sufficient bulk of three-year-old crowns available every year; and (2) that the crop is heavy and bulky, and that marketing expenses in consequence tend to be on the high side. This, however, should not prevent any farmer from growing the crop in quite a small way, forcing some crowns every year and selling small quantities to local customers.

It is an easy crop to grow, it is not difficult to force, and with a local trade it can be particularly profitable.

It is a crop that may be forced in specially-made sheds, under a darkened staging of a glass-house or in pits and frames. It is not expensive to build a little shed, and to use an ordinary small hot-water stove for heating it. Those who are going in for the thing on a large scale may have sheds with walls only 3ft. high and a roof consisting of very thick felt which is regularly tarred. The house should be with a low span roof and doors at either end. A single 4-in. pipe may run round the inside edge of the house which may be between 14ft. to 20ft. wide, and from 100ft. to 200ft. long.

Those who intend to go in for the trade on a large scale should adopt a rotational system. For every quarter-acre covered with forcing sheds, three acres of three-year-old crowns ready for forcing will be needed each season if the sheds are to be profitably employed. This means that it is necessary to have three acres of rhubarb two years old and three acres of rhubarb one year old. The planting-up of the original three acres may have to be done from stock beds, and this means that another two acres or so may be needed.

Thus three acres per quarter-acre a forcing shed is quite a good guide. Those who have quite small forcing sheds can work out the amount of land they ought to devote to the crop by doing a simple proportion sum.

Directly the leaves have died down the crowns should be lifted and left on the surface of the ground until they are required. For those who want to get sticks in for the Christmas trade the crowns should be taken in at the end of November. After this successive batches may be put under cover every fourteen days.

The large crowns are packed together in beds which are not wider than 4ft. in order to allow for ease of picking, and pathways may be arranged 18in. to 2ft. wide in between the beds.



ONE WAY OF FORCING RHUBARB

In the first week the temperature should be round about 45 deg. F.; the second week, 50 deg. F.; and the third week, up to 60 deg. F. It is not advisable to exceed this temperature if good-coloured and firm stalks are to be obtained. The crop should always be grown as naturally as possible, for the more the crop is forced the smaller will the weight be. Overhead spraying should be done every day to keep the beds moist. It is not a good plan to soak the beds, though many growers water the beds well after they are completed, and the crowns have been filled around with soil and leaf-mould so as to help them to settle in. Good varieties for forcing are Early Albert, Linnæus, Victoria and The Sutton.

JOHNSON MOORE.

SILVER FOX FARMING

Correct Feeding is of the Greatest Importance

WITH silver foxes, feeding assumes an even greater importance than is the case with other livestock, as improper food makes the pelts rusty, and reduces the value by 50 per cent. or more.

There are two quite different objects in feeding; for breeders one wants big litters in the spring, and it does not matter much what the parents look like. For pelters, looks are essential, and colour is at present the point of outstanding importance in looks. When wild, the same methods produce both, but with the changes intrinsic in captivity, most farmers find that they have to feed differently for the two purposes.

It is accepted that we have to try to copy Nature as nearly we can, so the first point is to examine natural conditions. Natural food consists mainly of various small animals, principally the snow-shoe rabbit, but with quite a considerable mixture of other creatures, such as frogs, birds, mice, &c., and, I believe, ripe fruits and berries in autumn. Also the occasional stranded fish. At least with the smaller prey, the fox eats the whole of it, which means he gets all the glands and the stomach and its contents. One hears that a tiger is exclusively carnivorous, even more so than the fox. But is he? He eats the stomachs of his prey, and in the case of cattle, this is quite a considerable mass of half-digested vegetable substances. Very much like porridge, in fact. In the same way, the wild fox gets vegetable food, varying with the season, as well as hair, skin and bones for roughage, and a proportion of all the glands which go to make up an animal. He gets a number of things he does not want as well, such as worm eggs, which we avoid in captivity—or try to. But what he gets depends on what his prey can get, and the condition it is in. Starting with the new year, there is heavy snow on the ground in Canada; rabbits, and everything else, are reduced heavily in condition, with no fat, and what food their stomachs contain is pretty poor—bark, shoots and mosses, &c. So the fox does not need heavy feeding at mating time or when in whelp, or even just after whelping. This does not mean starvation diet, but that it does not pay to feed heavily at this time. Cereals should be cut down, and meat should be lean. About April, the snow goes, vegetation begins to shoot, and the rabbits begin to have their own families. The young rabbits are easy to catch, and they and their elders are getting fat, or, at least, improving in condition.

The food of these is nearly all fresh green shoots. So make the diet as full and varied as possible, with plenty of green vegetables. In the autumn, there will not be so many young animals to be caught, but what there are will be fat with the stores to carry them over the winter, and the food will be mainly seeds and fruits of all sorts. The fox is not, as a rule, a greedy beast, and can get as much as he will eat then, cereals, meat (with a spot of fat), and even a touch of molasses, fruits and vegetables, which puts him into condition for the winter. It is in the summer and autumn that the fox is preparing for the winter, the mating season, and whelping, so it is then one has to build him up for it, and it is next to useless to try to remedy defects in the autumn feeding by last-minute changes in December. The fox often has a better idea of what he wants than the farmer, and what the herd in general is found to be eating is a very good guide as to what it requires, as far as quantity goes.

There are a number of proprietary foods on the market, which have the advantage that they are, or should be, made of the same constituents all the year round. The seasonal changes are obtained either by having different foods for pelting, whelping, &c., or by adding meat at certain times. If the meat is fresh, it will contain a good proportion of such things as vitamins when they are wanted. But one great point about such foods is that they are sold in cubes which are very easy to feed, and cut down the labour entailed in feeding.

But it is essential that some common sense be applied. A farm reports that it feeds eggs, and on inquiry these are found to be Chinese frozen eggs out of a tin. A certain proprietary food was being blamed for breeding failures. Some farms, including my own, were getting quite good results, and it seemed that if the food was to blame, it must be producing bad results everywhere, and not on some farms only. The meat fed was found to be horse meat from a very good abbattoir, but I do not see how meat from old horses can be as good as, say, from young rabbits. It may be that the food makes a good basis, but must have various trimmings added, which must be of good quality. Another possibility is that the food may suit some strains better than others.

Feeding may easily make the difference between getting £12, and, say, £5 or £6 for a skin, while the most one can possibly save is £2 per head, probably £1. But feeding costs are always with us, like the poor, while pelts come at the end of the season, and litters even later, so one has to watch that in trying to save a pound at the moment, one does not lose a good deal more at the end of the year. It is a very good thing to cut feed costs, but such cuts can only be made if they do not seriously affect either pelt prices or litters; no possible saving on the feed can make up for that. To reduce it to figures, with a breeding stock of 80 vixens and 40 dogs, and a production of 240 cubs, feed at £5 per adult and £3 per cub comes to £1,320. Reduction to £3 for adults and £2 for cubs brings this figure to £840, a saving of £480. With 240 pelts to sell, the difference between £10 a pelt and £7 is £720, and it is surprisingly easy to reduce the average price by a good deal more than £3, while the possible, or even probable reduction in the number of cubs has not been considered at all.

J. M. D. MACKENZIE.



AFRICA'S PROBLEMS OF MOTOR TRANSPORT

A scheme is in hand for the bridging of some of the rivers at important road crossings; the necessity for this is evident from this picture of the Great Usutu River which is often dangerous to cross, and in the wet season becomes quite impassable

ARISING FROM THE MOTOR SHOW

Some Items of Outstanding Interest at Earl's Court

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Speed Record on Land and Water)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

THE annual Motor Exhibition is always full of interest, particularly to those who follow the trend of automobile design, but of the thousands of visitors who flow through its doors during the ten days they are open, few, indeed, see even a quarter of the exhibits. To do this properly at least two full days are necessary, as there is so much to be seen in all the various sections of the hall. The accessory stands alone would take the best part of a day if visited systematically.

I have noticed that a great many visitors, upon arriving at the show, go straight to the stands upon which the make of car they know best is exhibited, and in many cases place an order without first of all examining the other exhibits. On the other hand, there are many who visit the exhibition with the intention of spending a certain figure on a new car, and eventually come away so bewildered with all they have seen that they are unable to make up their minds and are consequently in the same position as they were beforehand.

My advice to those who are not well versed in these matters is to seek the help of a friend who is a genuine expert, and when the selection is brought down to two or three different makes request the manufacturers to send their trial cars down and have a run over the same route, and then make the final decision.

This year's motor exhibition, although undoubtedly one of the finest and most comprehensive shows ever staged in this country, did not bring to light any particularly novel features in design. The general trend appeared to be towards slightly larger coachwork, affording greater comfort, better visibility and increased luggage accommodation. In a number of cases the larger bodies have accounted for an increase in weight of the complete vehicle, and to offset this manufacturers have obtained more power from their engines, so that the same, and even a better road performance can now be expected.

Great attention has also been paid to brakes and springing, so that it can be claimed that manufacturers have made a still further contribution towards greater road safety, an important feature. It was also interesting to see that still more firms are now adopting some form of independent front wheel suspension.

Judging from the number of 10 h.p. cars now available, it is anticipated that there will be even a greater demand for vehicles of this category than before. It is also of interest to note that Vauxhalls have entered this market, and their new four-cylinder 10 h.p. car, which was introduced a few weeks ago, should become very popular. This car is fitted with independent front wheel suspension, and from a technical point of view is very up-to-date in design. The body and chassis are built as a single unit, and consequently the centre of gravity is low and the complete car is light yet very strong. It is priced at £168 for the four-door saloon body, and as the petrol consumption works out at between 40 to 45 miles per gallon the demand for the new vehicle should be very large.

It is interesting to record that last season's statistics showed that for every one 20 h.p. car that was bought there were 20 10 h.p. cars sold, and it is certain that this proportion will increase next season.

The cost of most of the light cars shows an increase of from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent., whilst the prices of



AMERICA GOES TO THE AIR RACES IN A BIG WAY

Thousands upon thousands of cars of all makes, practically every one a saloon, parked at Cleveland, Ohio, while their owners watch the National Air Races

the more expensive type of vehicle remains the same as last year, with one exception: the eight-cylinder Bugatti, which at Olympia last year was listed at £995 for the chassis, has now been reduced to £860, and this example must be unique, but I am told it is due solely to the present low rate of exchange.

Reviewing this year's Motor Exhibition as a whole, I should say that possibly one of the most interesting features was the new 15 h.p. four-cylinder Diesel Citroen. Although this vehicle was not actually exhibited on the Citroen stand, a demonstration car was available outside the building for those who wished to avail themselves of a trial run. I was told that the reason why this most interesting car was not on view on the stand was due to the enormous number of orders which Citroen had already received for the model in France and consequently they were not able to accept any export orders for the time being. As this vehicle will do 50 miles per gallon at a cost of approximately 5d. for fuel for this distance, it is not surprising that the demand has been so great, as the French Government have so far not taxed Diesel oil, as our authorities did some time ago.

I consider that this new engine is of outstanding interest, and although much development is still necessary, it opens up great possibilities for the future. I not only had a run on the new car, but drove it myself, and I was surprised at the absence of noise, smell and vibration that one would expect from a compression ignition unit of this kind. True, when the engine was running light, the clatter and clank was apparent, but when once under way, this noise disappeared. Rubber engine mountings have done much to absorb harshness and vibration, and it is obvious that further research work will produce improvements which were not thought possible a few years ago.

The motor in question is of three litre capacity, having a bore of 75 mm. and a stroke of 100 mm., and it develops 40 b.h.p. at 3,500 r.p.m. Its acceleration was sluggish when compared with the standard of a petrol engine, but it hung on to top speed with a tenacity when climbing hills far more so than a petrol engine would have done. The compression ratio is 20 to 1, but even so, the motor will idle at 350 r.p.m. and starts up from cold instantly.

Another interesting exhibit was the new twelve-cylinder Lagonda, which is available in three different chassis lengths. I was told that the road performance of the new car was outstanding, and I am therefore looking forward to testing one out on the road in the near future.

The gallery containing accessories and garage equipment was full of interest, as it always is. S. Smith and Sons have introduced a new composite instrument containing speedometer clock, oil and petrol gauges, trip mileometer and ammeter which is a very neat affair. The D.W.S. Company were exhibiting a new portable hydraulic jack for fitting to the bumper bar, and as this method simplifies considerably the task of raising a wheel, it should prove a boon to the motorist whose car is not fitted with a permanent jacking system. Another ingenious accessory, the Hyject water pump, was shown by Enots. This pump sprays water at high pressure from a bucket or other receptacle and should prove most useful for car washing when the water mains are not available, or when the ordinary pressure is too low for this purpose.

Business as a whole was, most satisfactory, and a large volume of orders for new cars was taken for export, which is good to hear. The attendance of the general public was greater this year than last, and the general consensus of opinion seemed to be in favour of the new building, although car parking facilities appeared to be inadequate.

THE ATLANTIC EXPERIMENTS IN REVIEW

A Remarkable Effort: Some Outstanding Problems

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

NOW that the transatlantic experimental flights have ended for the year, it is not without interest to pass them in review in order to discover what lessons have been learnt and what basis they provide for future hopes.

Perhaps the most striking reaction has been the steady decline in popular news value of the flights themselves—an indication of their success so far as general estimation is concerned; for whereas the first flights made simultaneous by the Pan-American Clipper II and the Imperial Airways Caledonia received widespread publicity as an extraordinary achievement, subsequent flights, of which there were six more in each direction, received decreasing attention. It was, in fact, only the extremely rapid passage made by Cambria on her last west to east crossing that again brought the experiments into the forefront.

This attitude of general acceptance is, of course, a very welcome sign; it indicates the growing inclination to take long-range flying as commonplace and attendant with no particular dangers or difficulties. But it also has its drawbacks. Because the Atlantic has been crossed during the past summer no fewer than seven times in each direction by British and American flying boats that are mere modifications of types in regular use on commercial airways elsewhere, the belief has obviously sprung up that schedule commercial crossings of the Atlantic are already something more than a possibility. The purely experimental nature of these flights is apt to be forgotten, together with the facts that no bad-weather crossings have been attempted nor any payload carried.

That is, of course, an over optimistic view. Much has been learnt from this series of flights which deserve the highest credit, for they comprise one of the major achievements of recent aviation history. But much still remains to be done. Put bluntly, the difference between these Atlantic crossings and a regular airway, whether for mails or passengers, is that between the blazing of a pioneer trail and the construction of a roadway.

First, let us examine the flights themselves. These began on July 5th–6th, when the Clipper crossed from west to east and the Caledonia from east to west. The last flight was made from west to east by Cambria, which made the remarkable time of 10 hours 33 minutes, thus establishing a record for the east-to-west trip, as she had done earlier in the westerly direction on August 27th with 14 hours 24 minutes.

Of the seven flights made in each direction, the average time from west to east was 11 hours 52 minutes (to the nearest minute), and from east to west 16 hours 11 minutes. This shows strikingly the effect of the prevailing westerly wind, which, on the average, adds well over four hours to the eastward crossing. This was in accordance with expectations; it demonstrates that on the North Atlantic route aircraft intended for the all-the-year-round operation must possess a very large reserve range.

Perhaps the most significant circumstance in connection with these flights is the exactness of the navigation. No special difficulties were encountered, and the flying boats, in both directions, kept admirable courses. Moreover, the accuracy of the forecasts was shown by the closeness with which the aircraft adhered to the calculated crossing times. Thus, according to Captain A. S. Wilcockson, of the Caledonia, the time for the first crossing on July 5th was estimated, from the meteorological data, as sixteen hours, whereas the actual trip occupied fifteen hours nine minutes. It appears, therefore, that in summer-time, at least, the difficulties of Atlantic weather-forecasting are not so difficult as had been imagined.

There is, however, little need to underline the fine achievements of the American Clipper and the two British boats Caledonia and Cambria. Their flights have demonstrated beyond cavil that the Atlantic can be crossed, and that with a fair degree of regularity. It is, however, in no way belittling what has been done to point out that it is still a long step from these trips to schedule flying. On two occasions at least departures from Foynes had to be delayed on account of weather. Rightly, no undue risks were taken. These crossings were experimental and the disastrous effect at this early stage of an accident could not be overrated. Nevertheless, neither a mail service nor a passenger line can hope to attract support if such delays are probable, even in the summer; and for that reason to refrain from sanguine forecasts is no more than just to commercial aviation, whose future is as likely to suffer from rosy optimism as from doubting pessimism.

There is, too, the question of payload, which has not yet been touched upon. Larger machines are projected in both this country and the United States, and little can yet be said of them. Beyond the fact that these are about twice the size of those used this summer, few details are available



THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING BOAT CALEDONIA PASSING OVER NEW YORK ON REACHING AMERICA ON HER SURVEY FLIGHT. NOTE THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT

It is obvious that once the practicability of regular crossings has been established, the whole future of the service will depend upon the solution of the payload problem.

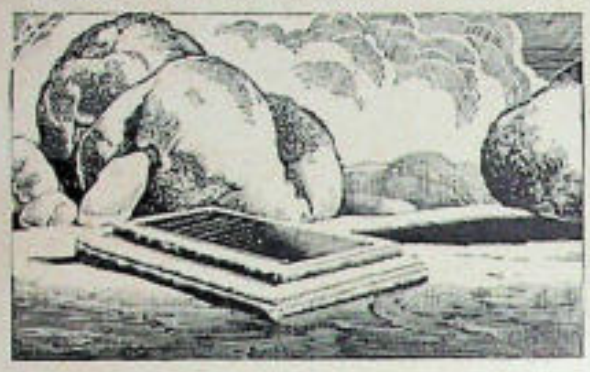
One other point, too, must not be lost sight of. The initial experiments are by no means complete. Only one survey flight from this country to the Azores has so far been made, and the Pan-American Clipper has made but one crossing on the southern route. It is impossible to divorce these two main lines across the Atlantic; one is the complement of the other; and until comprehensive data are available on both, a complete picture of Atlantic probabilities cannot be drawn.

Other phases of which little or nothing is so far known are the practical utility of the Mayo composite aircraft and the capabilities in actual service of the D.H. Albatross. The next few months will provide partial answers to such questions. In the meantime we must rest content with a gratifying run of initial success; and in paying tribute to those responsible for it, we should retain a cautious outlook on immediate prospects.

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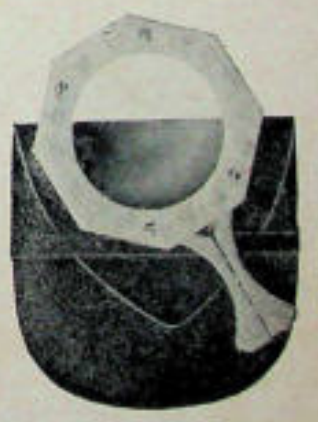
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IRAQ IN THE HOT WEATHER

Some Good Days with Sandgrouse

By ROPER GAY

THE sandgrouse season in Iraq opens on August 1st, and brings relief to keen sportsmen who have had to remain in Baghdad through the hot weather, and satisfy themselves with an occasional early morning dove or pigeon shoot in the date gardens on the river banks north of Baghdad.

Sandgrouse have a strange way of maintaining the changes in their line of flight as the season progresses month by month during the year. In August and early September their normal flights are between their feeding-grounds (which should always, if possible, be located) and the sand-banks in the River Tigris, which they visit morning and evening for water. The best way of getting at them is to find some sandspit or island which has been thrown up by the flood waters of the Tigris, and subsequently left high and dry after they have subsided; it is to these places, where the sand runs down to the water and minute lagoons have been formed, that sandgrouse come down to water.



A GUN ON THE SANDSPIT

During the three shooting seasons I spent in Baghdad, I found that a certain sandspit, situated in the river between Baghdad and the famous arch of Ctesiphon, never failed to attract when watering every year. This sandspit would take seven or eight guns comfortably in well-concealed hides across it, and there was no need to worry about finding *chikkos* (Arab boys) to re-dig the hides, as they always awaited our arrival, and we found it paid to use the same *chikkos* once we had trained them not to rush out at the wrong moment to fetch the fallen birds.

On this particular sandspit the party shot well over a thousand birds during August and September last year, and the best bag that ever was obtained during one morning shoot topped the 300 mark. It was necessary to arrive early and get your hide fixed up with plenty of Tamarisk grass planted all round it (this was cut by the *chikkos* on their way down); the birds started coming over in twos and threes, but later in nice packs of 50 or 60, and, towards the end of the morning shoot, were coming over in hundreds, right down over the hides and well within shot, giving you warning of their approach by their well-known cry, "Gutta, gutta," as the Arabs descriptively copy it. It was generally more from the heat of the sun that the shooting stopped, than through lack of birds, because, after 9.30 on an August morning, the gun barrels became too hot to hold.



A SHALLOW DITCH, BUT GOOD COVER

During the afternoons and evenings from mid-September to mid-November truly wonderful sandgrouse shooting may be obtained in the desert itself, as during this period the birds begin to bunch and fly about in thousands, from one feeding ground to another, or from their favourite watering places to their feeding grounds. If good cover—such as is afforded by deep irrigation ditches lined with scrub, hillocks, or a belt of small trees—can be found that cut across their line of flight, you are in luck's way. There is a ditch which runs the length of the new Ctesiphon road, and affords good cover when they are flying to the feeding grounds behind it. The sandgrouse can be seen in the distance flying in one long line, one after the other as they leave their watering place, and gradually get closer and closer. They are suspicious of any motor car, especially when stationary, so it is best to leave the cars as far off as possible.

The slightest movement of even a shadow can be detected, and will immediately be reflected in their sudden change of direction to the right or left, by the time they are over you they are easily within shot, as they have been losing height rapidly, due to the proximity of their feeding grounds. It has been found best to take the leading bird as they bunch when passing over, quite often that bird and as many as four or five will fall out behind it with one barrel, and on such occasions it is often possible to do almost the same with the choke, as after one shot has been fired they climb rapidly, offering excellent targets.

Sandgrouse pack down very tightly on their feeding grounds for the night, and the party were once tempted to visit them on a bright moonlight night. We surrounded them on all sides, and, as we converged, a few half-heartedly got up and re-settled, but the moment a gun was fired they rose like a black cloud in their thousands, though several dropped out of the sky, they were difficult to find owing to their colouring being much the same as the feather-covered stubble all round us.



WAITING FOR BREAKFAST



AN EASTERN BLENDING OF SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW
A palm grove near Basrah

There is one other way of shooting sandgrouse, and that is from a moving or stationary motor car, this method is generally resorted to when a large bag is required quickly for the pot. Sandgrouse are eaten for practically any meal except tea, as they make such a splendid change after the incessant tough mutton or bully beef during the trying months from May to August. It often happens in the afternoons in October or March (just before the season closes) that a small flight of birds can be found feeding on the roadside which will get up at the approach of a motor car, and only fly a short distance into the desert.

Most of the desert round Baghdad is quite flat and can easily be covered in a car, and chasing up these birds is therefore easy provided you have marked them down. It is difficult shooting to some people, this again depends on which side of a car you are sitting.

The best shooting car, ideal for this purpose, which ultimately came into my possession, was an old model Ford which had a two-seater body fitted with gun rests, a windscreen that folded down over the scuttle, and an open box body, very suitable for taking the ice-box, cartridges, bags, cooking utensils, towing cables and shovels (for digging out of mud or sand).

It was an advantage to have some-one to drive for you, but you could drive and shoot alone, as the steering was good and the wheel could be kept steady with the left knee, while the engine would turn over quite evenly at slow speeds on "battery." This car has now unfortunately been broken up, but it was splendid for the purpose, and passed many a weary hour away in the blue.



ONE OF THE HIDES

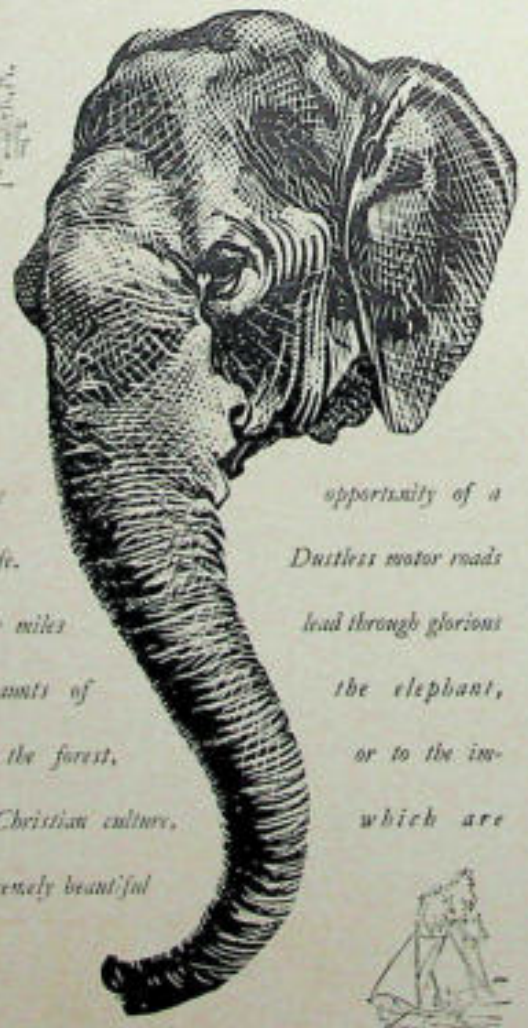


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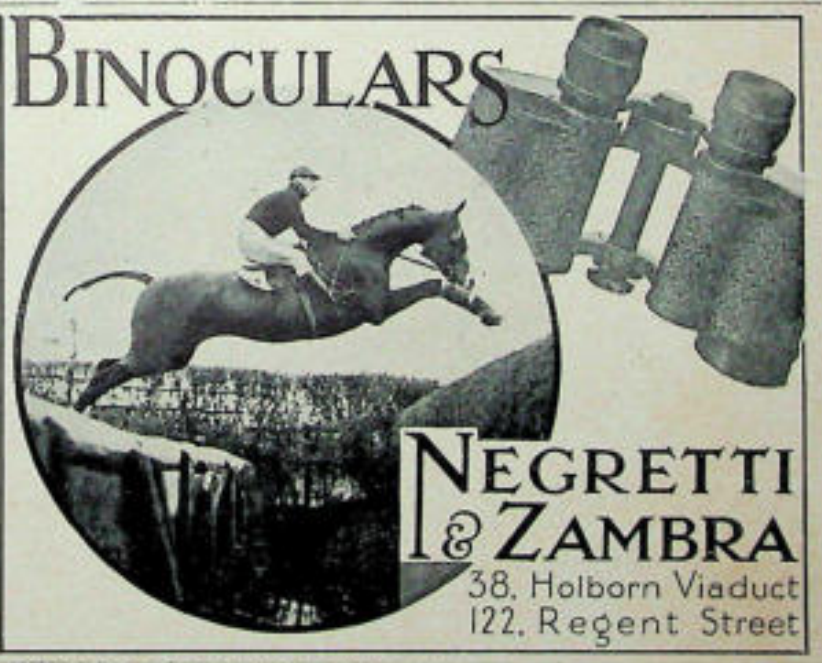


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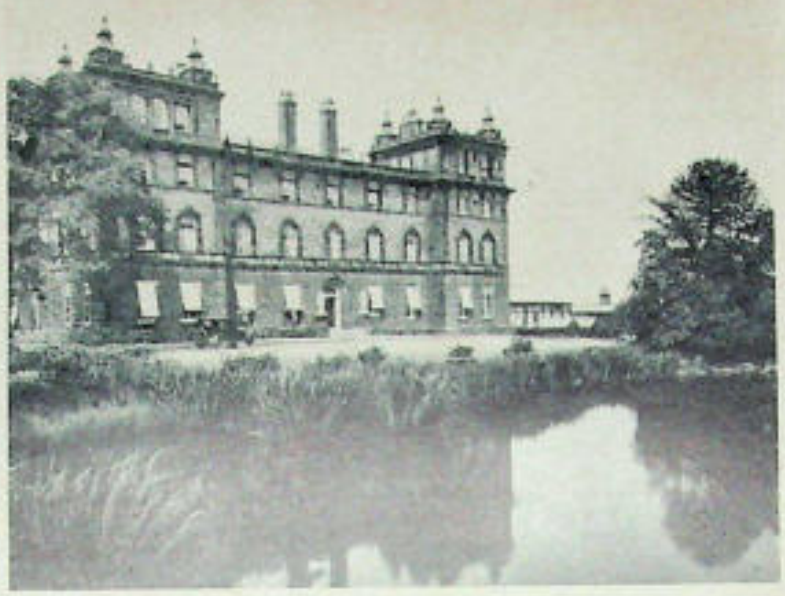
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By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE WELLS HOUSE HOTEL, ILKLEY

As we approach another Christmas holiday there will be many people wondering where they can spend their leisure days combining comfort with a fairly varied programme of amusements. For those who love the wide, spacious Yorkshire moorland the problem is easily solved, for at the Wells House Hotel there are always special facilities during the Christmas period. Golf competitions, dances, whist drives, treasure hunts, billiards and badminton tournaments are all arranged so that the guests may quickly get to know each other and have a jolly time.

The hotel was built in 1855 and stands in picturesque grounds with wide sweeping lawns. To mention that it is situated 500ft. above sea level is sufficient recommendation from the health point of view, while the town's fame, apart from the glory of the moors, is founded upon the purity of its water supply. The hotel itself is spacious and well lighted; it strikes a note of quiet luxury and warm hospitality. The main lounge, decorated in perfect taste and furnished for modern comfort, provides splendid views of the moors. You will find all the public rooms and corridors lofty and well-warmed in winter, so that even the coldest weather fails to upset the even temperature of the hotel interior. Attached to the Wells House is a fine Winter Garden, part of which is equipped with a modern spring dancing floor.

It has been claimed that "Ilkley is the natural gateway to the Yorkshire Dales, of which Wharfedale is admittedly the loveliest. Its beauties rival those of the Wye Valley and, in the mind of the touring holiday-maker, memories of these two valleys are curiously and happily linked. Its stretches are easy of access by road and path; its untracted heights are open to the enjoyment of all."

My own introduction to Ilkley Moor was a fortunate one. It was a hot—really hot for this country, under modern weather conditions—afternoon and I was coming south from Cumberland. I got a splendid and most enjoyable introduction to the Yorkshire moors from an open touring car—and this despite the fact that I was in the middle of a long procession of cars, a thing I never really enjoy. But I remember at the time making a note that here indeed was the ideal district for "radial touring." This is the type of motoring which outgrew the week-end touring holiday and, given a centre such as the Wells House Hotel, it is an ideal way of spending your vacation.

Wharfedale, after all, is among the finest Yorkshire dales. Mountain, moors, sweeping woodland and winding rivers have earned for it the enviable name of "Queen of the Dales." Ilkley stands on the south side of the Wharfe, of which a writer once said that "when the throes of Nature moulded her, the gods were in a kindly mood."

One does not claim that at this time of the year the district is particularly picturesque, for where, after all, can one expect to find England looking at its best in November? You can, however, be sure of a real Yorkshire welcome at the Wells House Hotel, and a stay there at Christmas would give you just sufficient time to get some idea of the district. Many will, I believe, decide to return in the summer of 1938, while others may even be back before then to roam again "on Ilkla Moor baht 'at."

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

London

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THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1938, Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

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BRIDGE

DEFENSIVE PLAY

Returning Partner's Lead

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

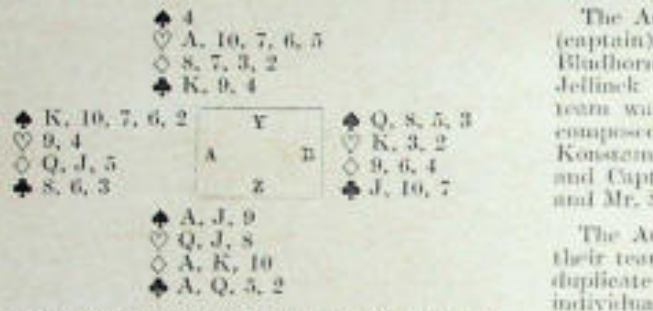
(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine.*)

A QUERY which is often put up to me is which card to play when returning partner's lead. It is sometimes a matter of vital importance, and it is not always easy to make a decision, and, of course, you must be influenced by the contents of Dummy.

The general rule is: Holding originally three cards of your partner's suit return the *higher of the two remaining*. Holding four cards originally return *the lowest* unless by so doing you see you will block the suit.

The novice is apt to be perplexed by the return of a small card. He thinks that it means that his partner has no more. But intelligent deduction from the bidding and the fall of the cards in most cases should aid him in arriving at the facts.

To make this clear consider the following example.



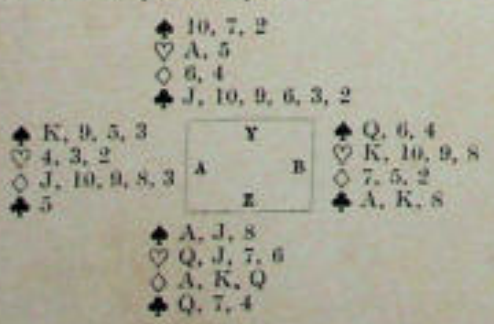
Z is playing a contract of Three No Trumps. A opens with the 6 of Spades. B plays his Queen and Z, seeing that the hold up will not help, wins with his Ace. He now leads Queen of Hearts and runs it. B should win with his King of Hearts.

Now his lead is important. If he returns, as some players would, the 8 of Spades Z covers with the 9 and A wins with the 10. But A knows that the Knave is in Z's hand and does not know for certain whether it is still guarded. He is, therefore, left in doubt as to whether to play out his King of Spades or to try to put B in to lead another Spade through Declarer. Remember that when B returns the 8 of Spades he may place Z originally with A, J, 9, 3.

You may say, perhaps, that in any case A must go on, but not necessarily. The return by B of the 3 of Spades clarifies the position and places B with four of the suit, since it is unlikely, if Z had held five Spades, he would not have mentioned them in the bidding. While as a general rule the return of the lowest of four should be made, there is an exception. Holding an honour sequence you should return the highest in order to avoid blocking partner, who may hold five of the suit. Thus with Q, J, 10, 2 you return the Queen, and with J, 10, 9, 2 you return the Knave, reserving the low card to put your partner in the lead if he holds five.

An important point in defensive play against a No Trump declaration is to remove or try to remove at the very earliest opportunity a card of entry from Dummy for a long suit which the Declarer is trying to establish. This should be done even at the risk of a sacrifice in the suit. And it should be done quickly before returning your partner's suit unless you are sure that the game will be saved or the contract defeated without such measure.

Here is a simple example:



Against a contract of Three No Trumps A led the Knave of Diamonds. Z won with the Queen and led Queen of Clubs. B won with the King of Clubs. What should B play now?

The answer is the King of Hearts. This will effectively "kill" Dummy and prevent the long Clubs being made. If Z, after winning with the Ace of Hearts, continues Clubs, B holds up his Ace once and Z cannot then enter Dummy.

Note if B returns a Diamond at once Z can establish Clubs even if B holds up, before the all-important Ace of Hearts is extracted from Dummy. It is true that by playing the King of Hearts B insures three tricks in the suit to Z. But if he does not lead it Z makes four tricks in Clubs.

THE ANGLO-AUSTRIAN MATCH

A Triumph of Team Work

THE four-day match between the Austrian team, this year's winners of the World Championship at Budapest, and an English team, held under the auspices of the British Bridge League, was concluded on Thursday.

Although a rather one-sided affair, since the English team was outclassed, but not disgraced, the match was of considerable interest, and the standard of play on both sides was of a high order.

Captain Ewart Kempson, an authoritative writer, indeed describes it as "the highest ever seen in the history of Contract Bridge."

The Austrian team consisted of Dr. Paul Stern (captain), Herr Walter Herbert, Herr Carl von Bladhorn, Dr. Edward Frischauer, Herr Hans Jellinek and Herr Carl Schneider. The English team was captained by Mr. Frank England and composed of Mr. Graham Mathieson and Mr. K. Konsam, who represented Britain at Budapest, and Captain Ewart Kempson, Mr. Harrison Gray and Mr. S. Merkin.

The Austrians have had the advantage in that their team are trained to the last ounce in match duplicate play, while the English players, although individually good and brilliant, were playing as a team for the first time.

The scoring, at the request of the Austrians, was a graduated match point on the following basis:

Aggregate difference.	Match points.	Aggregate difference.	Match points.
20–30	1	400–499	7
31–60	2	500–599	8
61–100	3	600–749	9
101–189	4	750–1499	10
190–299	5	1500–1999	11
300–399	6	2000 or over	12

Three hundred hands were played, and the result was a victory for the Austrians by 196 match points and an aggregate score of 10,910.

The Austrians employ a highly artificial and complicated system of bidding, an invention of their captain, Dr. Stern. It is a mixture of Culbertson with the use of the One Club as an initial forcing bid, a point count known as the Vienna Count, and some additional features involving various specific responses.

How far the Austrians owe their success to this highly specialised system it is difficult to say. It does not act with automatic precision and can be thrown out of gear by interference bids. The records show few hands where the declarations could not have been arrived at by simpler methods.

Dr. Stern claims that his team could do without their system and, indeed, at one period of the match, an Austrian pair abandoned it and agreed to play without conventions on the lines of the Simple System. And they certainly suffered no loss thereby. Actually they increased their lead during the session.

The ultimate object of all artificial contraptions is to arrive safely at slams when slams are possible.

The Austrian players are so good that they need no such adventitious aids. They are real card players and understand the subtle nuances of the game. It would redound to their credit if they threw overboard all their artificial devices and codes and bid more simply.

The secret of their success is team work, the result of hard, laborious and constant practice. The individual does not count. It is partnership all the time.

In England we have not so far succeeded in producing a team which will submit to strenuous training. We take our Bridge lightheartedly.

That may be and is all right as Bridge is a game and not a profession. But when in international matches the British Bridge League sends a team abroad to represent this country it is handicapped from the start because it has to meet foreign teams which have gone into long and strenuous training beforehand and who regard the results of these matches with portentous seriousness.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

LAST week three games—the ninth, tenth and eleventh of the series—were played. Dr. Alekhine won the tenth, and the others were drawn. The scores now are: Dr. Alekhine 7 points (5 wins, 4 draws), Dr. Euwe 4 (2 wins, 4 draws).

The fifth game of the match.

(Queen's *Gambit.*)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	14. Q to B 4	Q to Kt 3 (j)
2. P to Q B 4	P takes P (a)	15. Q takes P	Kt to Q 5 (k)
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 3	16. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
4. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	17. B to R 4, ch	K to K 2 (l)
5. B takes P	P to K 3	18. B to K 3 (m)	B takes Q
6. Castles	P to B 4	19. B takes Q	B to K 4 (n)
7. Q to K 2	Kt to B 3	20. Q R to Q sq (o)	K to B sq
8. Kt to B 3 (b)	P to Q Kt 3 (c)	21. P to B 4	B takes Kt P (p)
9. B to Kt 3	B to K 2 (d)	22. R to B 3 (q)	B to Kt 2 (r)
10. P takes P	B takes P	23. R to K Kt 3 (s)	B to R 6 (t)
11. P to K 4 (e)	P to Kt 5 (f)	24. R takes B	
12. P to K 5 (g)	P takes Kt (h)	White won (u)	
13. P takes Kt	Kt P takes P (i)		

(a) Dr. Alekhine accepted the gambit several times in his second match with Bogoljubow. In his last match with Dr. Euwe he did so only once—in the last game.

(b) The usual move is R to Q sq.

(c) B to K 2 is, we think, to be preferred. If, instead, P takes P, then R to Q sq and White soon recovers the pawn.

(d) Perhaps 9. . . . B to Kt 2 is better, *e.g.*, 10. R to Q sq, Q to Kt 3; 11. P to Q 5, P takes P; 12. P to K 4, Castles (not 12. . . . P takes P because of 13. Kt takes K P, Kt takes Kt; 14. Q takes Kt, ch, B to K 2; 15. B to Q 5); 13. Kt takes Q P.

(e) A very strong move.

(f) Black has already a difficult game. If, for example, 11. . . . P to K 4, then White can play 12. B to Q 5. The text-move is certainly not good as it abandons Black's control of his opponent's Q B 4. There seems nothing better than Kt to Q 2.

(g) A very strong move. If, instead, 12. Q to B 4, then 12. . . . Kt to Q 2 (not 12. . . . Q to K 2 because of 13. Kt to Q B 4, Kt to Q 2; 14. B to K 5); 13. Kt to Q B 4, Kt to B 4.

(h) If 12. . . . Kt to Q 4, then 13. Q to B 4, P takes Kt; 14. Q takes B, or, if, instead, 12. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 13. Kt to K 4, Castles; 14. B to Q sq. In either case White has the advantage.

(i) If 13. . . . Q takes P, then 14. Q to B 4, P takes P (not Q to K 2 because of B to K 3, winning a piece); 15. B takes Kt P, Q takes B; 16. Q takes B, B to Q 2; 17. Q R to Q sq, threatening to obtain a winning attack by R takes B followed by R to Q sq, ch. If, instead, 13. . . . B P takes P, then 14. B takes Kt P, threatening to win a piece by Q to B 4 followed, if necessary, by Q R to B sq.

(j) If Q to K 2, then B to K 3 and wins. If, instead, 14. . . . Q to Q 3, then 15. B to B 4, Q to K 2 (not P to K 4 because of Q takes P, ch followed by Q R to Q sq); 16. B to K 3 and wins.

(k) If 15. . . . K to K 2, then 16. B to Kt 5; P to K 4; 17. Kt takes P and wins. If, instead, 15. . . . P to K 4, then 16. B to K 3, B takes B; 17. P takes B with advantage to White.

(l) If 17. . . . B to Q 2, then 18. B takes B, ch, K takes B; 19. R to Q sq, P to K 4; 20. B to K 3 with advantage to White. If, instead, 17. . . . K to B sq, then 18. B to R 6, ch, K to K 2; 19. B to K 3 brings about the position reached in the actual game after White's 18th move.

(m) A very powerful move. If now 18. . . . B takes B, then 19. P takes B, P to K 4; 20. Q to R 3, ch, Q to Q 3 (there is nothing better); 21. Q takes Q, ch, K takes Q; 22. R takes P, ch. If, instead, 18. . . . R to Q sq (perhaps best), then 19. Q R to Q sq.

(n) If 19. . . . B takes P, then 20. B to B 5, ch, K to Q sq; 21. K R to Q sq, ch, K to B 2; 22. B to Q 6, ch, and wins, for, if 22. . . . K to Q sq, then 23. B to K 5, ch, or, if 22. . . . K to Kt 3, then 23. Q R to Kt sq, K to R 4; 24. B to B 6.

(o) Threatening the deadly B to B 5, ch. If now 20. . . . B to Q 3, then 21. R takes B, K takes R; 22. R to Q sq, ch, K to K 4 (if K to K 2, then B to B 5, mate); 23. B to B 6, R to Q Kt sq; 24. B to B 7, ch, and wins. If, instead, 20. . . . P to B 4, then 21. P to B 4, followed, if (1) 21. . . . B takes Kt P, by 22. B to B 6, R to Q Kt sq; 23. B to B 7, if (2) 21. . . . B to Q 3, by 22. R takes B, K takes R; 23. R to Q sq, ch, K to K 2; 24. B to B 5, ch, K to B 3; 25. B to Q 4, ch, and wins, or, if (3) 21. . . . B to K Kt 2, by 22. B to B 5, ch, K to B 3; 24. R to B 3, R to K Kt sq (if 24. . . . K to Kt 3, then 25. R to Kt 3, ch, K to R 4; 26. B to B 5, ch, K to Kt 5; 27. R (Q sq) to Q 3, followed, if 27. . . . B takes P, by 28. R (Q 3) to Kt 3, ch, K to R 5; 29. R to R 6, mate); 25. R to K Kt 3 (threatening B to Q 4, ch) and wins.

(p) If B to Kt sq, then B to B 6.

(q) B to B 6 (followed, after R to Q Kt sq, by B to B 7) wins the exchange but the text-move is stronger. It threatens either R to Q 8, ch or R to Q Kt 3.

(r) If 22. . . . P to B 4, then 23. R to Q Kt 3, B to B 3 (if B to K Kt 2, then B to B 5, ch, and mate in two more moves); 24. R to B 6, R to Q Kt sq; 25. B to B 5, ch, and wins.

(s) R to Q Kt 3 also wins. The text-move threatens B to B 5, mate.

(t) If 23. . . . R to Q B sq, then 24. R to Q 8, ch, K to K 2 (if R takes R, then B to B 5, ch, and mate next move); 25. R to Q 7, ch, and wins.

(u) The remaining moves were 24. . . . R to K Kt sq; 25. R to K Kt 3, R takes R; 26. P takes R, B to Q 4; 27. B to Kt 3, B takes B; 28. P takes B, K to K sq; 29. P to Q Kt 4, R to Kt sq; 30. B to B 5, R to R sq; 31. R to R sq, R to B 3; 32. K to B 2, P to B 4; 33. K to K 3, P to B 3; 34. K to Q 4, K to B 2; 35. K to B 4, K to Kt 3; 36. R to Q sq, K to R 4; 37. R to Q 6, R takes R; 38. B takes R, K to Kt 5; 39. B to K 7, K takes P; 40. B takes P, K takes B P; 41. K to B 5, Resigns.

TROITZKY'S END GAMES

A VERY good way of improving one's power of combination is to study carefully end-game compositions, for these reveal very clearly the powers of the pieces, either alone or in conjunction with one another. We welcome, therefore, the appearance of a book containing 300 end-game studies by the famous Russian composer, A. A. Troitzky. These studies are all very fine and the annotations are extremely instructive. In addition to the studies the book contains a remarkable 81-page treatise on the ending of Two Knights against Pawns.

A splendid book which we heartily recommend.

Chess Studies. By A. A. Troitzky. Translated by A. D. Fritzson. (Whitehead & Miller, Elmwood Lane, Leeds, 7. Price (post free): cloth bound 8/-, paper covers 5/5.)

END-GAME STUDY

By A. A. TROITZKY.*

WHITE (8 pieces): King at K Kt sq, Rook at Q 4, Knight at K 5, Pawns at K B 2, Q Kt 2, Q R 2, K 4 and Q 5.

BLACK (6 pieces): King at K 2, Queen at Q Kt 2, Knight at K Kt 7, Pawns at Q B 2, Q R 3 and K B 3.

White to play and win.

* *Deutsche Schachzeitung*, 1930.

(From *Chess Studies.*)

PROBLEM No. 3934

By E. BOSWELL.*

WHITE (10 pieces): King at K Kt 3, Queen at K B 5, Rook at Q 5, Bishop at Q Kt 3, Knights at K B 3 and Q Kt 7, Pawns at Q B 2, K Kt 4, K B 5 and K B 6.

BLACK (10 pieces): King at K 5, Queen at K Kt sq, Bishop at K B sq, Knights at Q R 2 and K Kt 7, Pawns at K 2, K Kt 2, K 3, Q Kt 3 and Q B 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

* *Chess Review*, 1934.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3933

1. Q to Kt 3 (threatening 2. Q takes B). If 1. . . . B takes P, then 2. Q takes K B, &c. If 1. . . . B to B 5, then 2. Q takes B, &c. If 1. . . . B to Q 4, then 2. Q takes Q B, &c. If 1. . . . B to Kt 5 or K 7, then 2. R to R 7, ch, &c.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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.

Garden

Fungi for Identification.—These were *Lepiota procera*, the Parasol mushroom. They are edible but rather tough except in the young state.—*F. A., Christchurch.*

Carterite.—This is obtainable from Messrs. Carter, Raynes Park, London, S.W. 20. Obtainable in bags from 7lb. up to 20cwt. The price for 7lb. is 2/9. Full directions are sent with bags.—*R. J. F., Englefield.*

Bamboos Dying After Flowering.—Mr. Bean in his *Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles* states that "there is no doubt that the flowering of many bamboos is shortly and inevitably followed by their death."—*J. W., Bournemouth.*

Oak Twig for Inspection.—The disease of the twig is caused by a gallfly known as the Artichoke Gall (*Andricthrix gemmæ*). This is a bud-forming insect attacking the shoot at the apex nearest the bud and it then smothers in scale and gives the effect of big bud.—*B. M. C., Essex.*

Chrysanthemum Plants.—These show no signs of disease. The plants are evidently very sickly and poor and look as though they had been raised from worn-out stock, if so there is no remedy for such a condition. It would be advisable to secure fresh stock from a reliable source.—*J. G., Co. Down.*

Kennel

Treatment of Dog's Feet.—Your letter reads as if your dog is suffering from invasion of the nail matrix by a parasitic fungus, complicated by secondary infection by pus-producing organisms. A suggested line of treatment is first to soak the feet in a strong solution of salt and warm water, a full tablespoonful to the pint, for ten minutes or so, and then for another five minutes in a 5 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper in water. This may be done once a day for a week, and then twice weekly, and in between the soakings the base of the nails may be painted with Iodex.—*G. M., Preston.*

Entry in Stud Book.—We should not expect to find your friend's Labrador puppy entered in the Kennel Club Stud Book. Probably what you have in mind is registration at the Kennel Club. If you write to the Secretary, 84, Piccadilly, London, W. 1, he will send you a form on which the dog can be registered on payment of £/6. This gives the dog the right to a distinctive name that will not be allotted to another. Dogs that have won a challenge certificate or a prize in one of the three principal classes offered at shows are entitled to free entry in the Stud Book. The progeny of such dogs, or their sires and dams, may be entered on payment of 10/-.—*C. H. de A., Bourne.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Budgerigar's Impacted Proventriculus.—The death of the budgerigar within three days of the onset of illness was caused through compression of the heart by an overdistended digestive stomach and gullet, which were crammed with a felted mass of undigested vegetable fibre.—*C. A., Perthshire.*

Fatal Hæmorrhage of a Tanager.—The Tanager died owing to internal bleeding from a large rupture of its liver. Its body was in a very good state of nutrition; no evidence of any germ or parasitic infection was found in the bird. Possibly the rupture was due to some sudden excessive exertion.—*T., Worcester.*

Heart Failure of a Budgerigar.—The cock budgerigar died of failure of the heart. It was in prime bodily condition, but its breast had been bruised and contained a deep lacerated wound, suggesting the probability of a fight as the cause of its heart failure. No evidence of any germ or parasitic infection was found.—*J. F. B., Kent.*

Pasteurellosis of a Budgerigar.—As you suspected, your cock budgerigar died of pneumonia. The cause was a contagious germ infection known as pasteurellosis or bird fever. Have the litter burned and the cage thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap before admitting a new bird. The food and water pots should be boiled in water for ten minutes.—*L. N., London.*

Tapeworms in a Black Hooded Finch.—The cock black-hooded finch died of cirrhosis (hardening) of the liver and emaciation due to a long-standing infection of the bowels by tapeworms of the species *Davainea*. Have the cage containing the other finches thoroughly scrubbed out with hot soda water and soft soap once per week; and each day the droppings and litter should be cleared from the cage and burned.—*E. H., Tunstead.*

Fowl Paralysis.—The pullet and the young cockerel were suffering from fowl paralysis. This disease is inherited through one or both parents, thus you should not breed from any stock related by blood to these affected birds. There is no known cure of the disease, which gradually makes itself apparent, usually when the affected birds are coming into maturity and egg-production. As birds develop signs of the disease they should be destroyed for table purposes.—*M. H., Somerset; M. I. E., Selkirk.*

Tick Disease of Grouse Chicks.—The grouse chick, which had been picked up on the moor, died of anæmia due to a severe infestation of the larvæ and nymphs of the sheep tick, *Ixodes ricinus*. The adult forms of the ticks infest sheep, deer, dogs, blue hares and other mammals of the moorlands. The younger forms of the ticks readily attack grouse, adults and chicks, about the head, particularly around the eyes and commissures of the beak, during May and June, and again in August.—*A. W., "G."*

Adiposity of a Fowl.—The leghorn hen was grossly fat. Its internal organs had undergone fatty changes which debilitated the bird to such a degree that its egg duct was obstructed. Fowls in lay should be kept fit by means of a carefully regulated diet together with exercise. If free-range exercise cannot be obtained, the morning feed of grain should be scattered in a thick layer of chaff-litter so that the hens have to "scratch" vigorously for their food. A cabbage suspended above their heads provides jumping exercise.—*C., Kent.*

Gapes of Partridges.—From six estates we have received 1937-bred birds and one old partridge dying of gape-worm infection. From one of these estates the disease was also found among the pheasant poults, which were feeding on ground upon which infected partridges were picked up. Field observations certainly indicate that the disease is transmissible from partridges to pheasants and *vice versa*. Coccidiosis, tapeworms and thread-worms occasionally complicate gapes in partridges.—*A. M., Perthshire; G. G., Oxon; J. C. W. F., Cumbs; A. P. G. C., Forres; J. D., Kent; C. J. W. B., London.*

Pneumonia of Aviary Birds.—Pneumonia, of the type usually due to the contraction of a chill, caused the death of two avadavats and two budgerigars. Aviary birds are very susceptible to chills from draughts and from chilling east and north winds. Indoor and outdoor aviaries should be sheltered from the north and east; preferably a section of the aviary should be open only on one side, the remaining sides and roof being boarded in. If some birds persist in roosting high up in the open flight, a span of roofing should be built over the roost.—*J. T. L., Berks; C. T., Isle of Wight; H. M. M., Forfar.*

Blackhead of Turkeys.—Several young turkeys had died after several days' "moping about." One diseased pouit was destroyed and sent for examination. It was suffering from the contagious germ infection of the bowels and liver known as enterohepatitis or blackhead. This disease is readily spread to turkeys through contamination of their ground, and thus of their food, by the germ-containing droppings of diseased turkeys. The stock should be penned, and each bird should be given a dose of an arsenical preparation, such as "Nigosyl," by means of a hypodermic syringe. This treatment should be carried out by a veterinary surgeon. The infected land should be dressed heavily with quicklime and kept free of turkeys for at least twelve months.—*G. G., Cumbs.*

Shooting

Keeping Warm in Waders.—Firstly, do not wear knickers or breeches. Wear a pair of grey flannel trousers tucked inside a pair of socks, such as Jaegers', at 2/6 a pair. Over socks and trousers wear thick, loosely-knitted "fisherman's stockings," which reach above the knee, procurable from J. Barbour and Sons, South Shields. These stockings are so thick that one is not aware of the cold side of the boot, they are so loosely knitted that they permit ventilation all round the foot. They are the only things we know of that make rubber boots endurable in arctic regions, and it is possible to stand on sea ice nearly all day and not have cold feet. It makes the whole difference, and keeps boots, socks and stockings, absolutely dry and absolutely free from stale sweat.—*E. J. F., Lacy.*

Cartridge Tests

Your Hungarian cartridges contained 31½ grains of flake smokeless powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 7 hard shot. Velocity averaged 1,017ft. per second, falling to 992ft. Patterns (30in. circle, 40yds. choke barrel) were even, and averaged 67 per cent. These cartridges should prove effective at medium range; the velocity developed is, however, too low for general use.—*Heath, Berdingbury.*

Your pale green cartridges contained a full 34 grains of E.C. powder, air cushion wadding and a bare ounce of No. 6 shot. The velocity recorded averaged 1,128 feet per second with medium recoil; patterns, however, were not very consistent. Average pellet energy, 1.52 foot pounds at 40yds.; there is no acknowledged test for penetration. These cartridges should prove effective against game; it might, however, be advisable to sacrifice a little of the velocity and so obtain closer patterns.—*G. S. F., London.*

Your light blue cartridges contained 33½ grains of E.C. powder, best white felt and card wadding, and 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity recorded averaged 1,111ft. per second with recoil which would not be heavy in a gun of 6¾lb. weight. Patterns were, with one exception, even and averaged 65 per cent. We have been unable to trace any reason for these cartridges giving you gun headache or head shock; the recoil, however, could be further reduced by employing 33 grains of powder and 1oz. of shot, which would not have any prejudicial effect on the killing power.—*C., H., Sheffield.*

Your Red cartridges were loaded with 32 grains of a foreign smokeless powder and a bare 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity averaged 1,131ft. per second with patterns averaging 72 per cent. in a 30in. circle at 40yds. from choke barrel; all had a tendency to "ball." With one exception, which gave excessive recoil and developed very high pressure, results were regular. Your Grey (Pale Green) cartridges were loaded with 34½ grains of "British Smokeless" powder and a full 1⅛oz. No. 6 shot. Velocity averaged 1,054ft. with medium recoil and low pressure. Patterns were even and averaged 65 per cent. Both lots should be effective against game, although on account of the one defective cartridge, we could not recommend the use of the Red.—*R. E. B., Sudbury.*

Game Market Prices

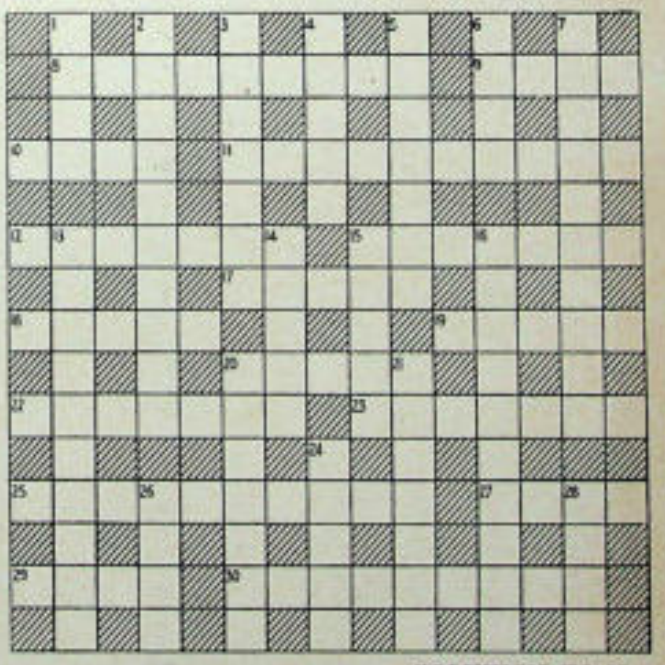
English rabbits (trapped)	lb.	8d.	to 1/2
" " (shot)		6d.	" 10d.
Hares		1/6	" 2/9
Pheasants		2/	" 4/9
Partridges (young)		1/6	" 3/-
" (old)		8d.	" 1/-
Grouse (young)		3/-	" 5/6
" (old)		1/6	" 2/-
Venison		6d.	" 8d.

HORSE SALES OF THE WEEK

Leicester

Keenness was good at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard and Wade's, Ltd., Leicester Repository on Saturday last when many of the horses offered realised three figures. The top price was 300gs., that amount being paid for the Earl of Westmorland's brown gelding The Rajah, whilst his stable companion Sweeney sold for 190gs. The Earl Beatty received 280gs. for Mignonette, a chestnut mare by New Guinea. Another to reach 200gs. was the bay gelding Ferrard, sent up by Mr. G. M. Gibbs. After spirited bidding Brigadier-General and Mrs. Gage's bay gelding Bertie went for 250gs. Mr. Vivian Bishop's bay gelding Rags and chestnut gelding Sweanny realised 185gs. and 140gs. respectively and Mr. George Dickinson's Cark White Corn and Cark Sunshine made 150gs. and 175gs. The prices of 30gs. or more were as follows: Property of Mr. I. Rudd Clarke: Magic, b m, 35gs.; Snowfall, gr g, 50gs. Property of the Earl Beatty: Mignonette, ch m, 200gs. Property of Mr. George Dickinson: Cark White Corn, gr g, 150gs.; Cark Sunshine, b m, 175gs. Property of Lieutenant-Colonel G. Rees-Mogg: Merry Lilo, br m, 35gs. Property of the Earl of Westmorland: Sweeney, b g, 190gs.; The Rajah, br g, 300gs. Property of Mr. R. C. L. Kennaway: Br g, 42gs. Property of Mr. and Mrs. Beck: Red Rag, ch g, 115gs.; Wrexham, ch g, 90gs.; Fabron, b g, 100gs. Property of Mrs. Oliver Bird: Bill m, 42gs. Property of Mr. G. M. Gibbs: Ferrard, b g, 200gs. Property of Captain P. L. Ransom: Silvery Sarrah, b m, 150gs. Property of Mr. V. R. Bishop: Rags, b g, 185gs.; Mike, ch g, 90gs.; Sweanny, ch g, 140gs. Property of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Gage: Bertie, b g, 250gs.; Chicle, gr m, 90gs. Property of Mr. H. M. Beaudoir: Peace and Quiet, b g, 35gs. Property of Captain S. A. Watt: Maroon, b g, 120gs. Property of Mr. A. Manners: Topaz, ch m, 140gs.; Silver, gr g, 40gs.; Biddy, Irish m, 100gs. Property of Mrs. L. B. Stoddart: Erin Hill, b g, 42gs. Property of Mr. K. R. Botterill: Br g, 105gs.; br m, 30gs. Property of Mr. P. R. C. Manser: Polecat III, ch m, 120gs.; Jim, ch g, 80gs. Property of Mrs. Farwell: Scarteen, b g, 100gs.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 437

ACROSS.—1, Almost a shot bird. 9, They don't when fired at. 10, This can be shaped into a cone. 11, It sounds like increased complaint up North. 12, Fast bird gets quicker. 15, Sometimes indefinite. 17, Swill with resin. 18, Hamlet's flesh. 19, Destroy all that's left! 20, M separates them. 22, The ape lost. 23, Never, we trust, a quality of the *Field*. 25, Fuel to the fire. 27, A fate water bird? 29, Another late bird in the imperative. 30, You can put what you like here.

DOWN.—1, Ten saddled after it means it's hidden, though in actual fact it's being looked at. 2, Perhaps the swaying of the branches makes them feel sick. 3, If this doesn't yield to pressure, consult your gunsmith. 4, There is a way. 5, An untrue rise——in a slack moment. 6, Cheese made backwards? 7, Most happy times! 13, Feathered hermits on the stubble. 14, Almost a refill, but it has a bang about it. 15, Invite Edward. 16, Woman, the poets say. 20, Excelsior! 21, When we were very young. 24, The longer you have them the deeper the drink. 26, A bird which sometimes has a chequered career. 28, Like men, not generally shot when inoffensive.

SOLUTION TO No. 436
Published October 30th



A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

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LORD AND LADY ABERGAVENNY

At the opening meet of the Eridge at Eridge Castle, Lord Abergavenny's home. Since 1880, when the Hunt changed its name from West Kent Woodland to Eridge, three members of the Nevill family have been Masters: Lord George Nevill from 1880–87, the Marquess of Abergavenny 1893–1929, and his nephew, Major Guy Larnach-Nevill from that date to the present time, so that the history of the Hunt is very much bound up with the Nevill family. Lord Abergavenny still goes out foxhunting at the age of 83, and it is definitely not the foxhunting of an elderly man. Many men of half or even a quarter of that age would envy him his nerve and quick decision when hounds are running

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The Rover Company Ltd., Coventry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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SPORT AND PEACE

NOTHING of greater importance has echoed from recent speeches of Continental Ministers than the speech made by General Goering, as the Reich Master Hunter, at the opening of the International Big Game Exhibition in Berlin. He spoke of the qualities of sportsmen, and in particular of their comradeship one with another; of their close personal friendship, and of their readiness to help others in need. "Whenever hunters of the world carry comradeship over the frontiers," he went on, "they certainly serve the cause of peace. Just because they love their homeland, above all other things, and just because they are proud of the nation, without any false international concept, they are good and welcome intercessors among all peoples." Those sentences were the keynote of his speech.

But there are other aspects of General Goering's speech besides his references to the qualities of hunters. He spoke of the need of preserving wild life, besides the sport of pursuing a quarry. "It is a matter of indifference," he declared, "whether you look in foreign colonial territories, or whether you consider the new Reich game laws, which have been welcomed by so great an enthusiasm by friends of animals throughout the world. Everywhere you will find a determined effort now being made both to preserve wild life and to improve and perfect the various species." In short, not only is the hunter naturally chivalrous to his kind, but he respects and cherishes the life of the wild creatures who share with him an existence in wide and open spaces. He has other objects besides the pursuit of a quarry which make him a hunter; he abhors wanton destruction, and, if he hunts, he also wishes well to the hunted.

The day appropriately chosen for the opening of the International Big Game Exhibition was November 3rd, St. Hubert's Day. St. Hubert, as all followers of the chase know, is the patron saint of hunters, and his memory has been kept green this year by princely hospitality in Berlin. To their guests from every country in Europe the German Hunting Association have extended every kind of invitation; they have offered entertainment at the theatre, at banquets, at balls, at field trials, at shooting parties in the country, with a choice of quarry among red deer, fallow deer, boar, hare, pheasant—at demonstrations of falconry at Mühlenbeck, in Berlin itself a visit to the splendid Zoological Gardens. Nothing could exceed the generous welcome of German hosts to foreign guests. But in view of such entertainment, ought there to be any emphasis on anything that is foreign, or any distinction between the inner thoughts of those at home and those from abroad? One spirit pervades every meeting of such hosts and guests—a spirit of comradeship, kindliness, loyalty, peace. Entertainers and entertained exchange memories, of hunting, riding to hounds, big game expeditions, life in solitary places, love of dogs. They meet in Berlin to talk over matters which lie next to their hearts, matters which are the best things that the world holds; and they part determined, so far as they may lay their minds and hands to work, that the future shall hold nothing but the happiness of life in the open air, by field and river and hill. War for them, for all the nations whom they represent, is a memory of misery that shall not recur: they look forward to green woods and clear skies. They are, as General Goering proclaims, "intercessors among all peoples." Clean sport is their hope, their ideal, their common bond; and their greeting, each to all, remains and echoes, "Good hunting!" *Waidmannsheil!*

HOUSES NOT BUILT TO LAST

BUILDINGS which make an eyesore of what should be beauty were referred to by Sir William Rothenstein, former principal of the Royal College of Arts, when opening a "Save the Countryside" exhibition at Sheffield recently. He laid particular stress on the type of property which is pushing its way into the country on the outskirts of our great towns; residences of doubtful durability, not constructed with the confidence and dignity which characterised cottages and houses of a century ago. This is a subject which has been dealt with in the *Field*. It is a great inducement to be able to buy a cheap house on easy terms, but many people who do so fail to realise the expense of upkeep they will be called upon to face. Strict supervision of structural work is badly needed and the design of house should be one with economy of woodwork which requires painting and which minimises deterioration in every way. The opinion has already been voiced that future slums are being built in what used to be pleasant country districts.

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THIS issue will be published next week, and will contain, in addition to many special features, the following contributions by well-known authors

"The First Ski in Tyrol," by Olga Watkins, author of many delightful stories of the Tyrol, who, as Miss Baillie Grohman, took part in the winter recreations of her menfolk when ladies' championships were unknown; "Bandits or Foxes," a tale of two different forms of War-time hunting, by Captain F. H. Mellor, author of "With Sword and Spear"; "A Week in the Balkans," amusing experiences when duck shooting, by Lord Lovat; "The Deer Forest in Winter," illustrated by remarkable pictures of deer with snow, by Niall Rankin; "The Meditations of a Small Dog," a humorous story by Lord Dunsany; "The Great Tarwood Run," a famous Christmas Eve with the Heythrop, by Joan Robeson; and "Youth in the Field," a specially written poem by Will. H. Ogilvie.

There will be a coloured cover, "The Sleeping Sportsman," by G. Metzu, reproduced by permission from the Wallace collection. Coloured plates in the issue will include a special painting of "Lairdsbairn," the drum horse of the Scots Greys, by Lieutenant-Colonel B. Granville Baker, D.S.O.; "Going Home," a hunting scene, by George Wright; four unusual paintings of the Old Coaching Days; and "Snipe Shooting in the Snow," as seen by the old sporting artists.

FINED FOR CRUELTY!

For sheer brutality it is hard to equal the cruel treatment to which, it is reported, a Cocker spaniel was subjected because it had happened to cause annoyance by barking. A case was brought by the R.S.P.C.A. against a man who, taking a 12-bore gun, first shot a neighbour's spaniel in the chest and then, when the animal dragged itself into a corner, again fired, shattering one of the dog's forelegs. He then went for more ammunition, shot again, shattering the other foreleg, and, firing a fourth time, broke its jaw. When the dog, howling with agony, crawled into some cover he dragged it out and clubbed it with the butt of the gun. The spaniel was eventually chloroformed to put it out of its misery. The fine for this piece of brutality, £25 and costs, was the maximum, but can a fine adequately meet such a case?

SAFEGUARDING THE LIVE RAIL

That the introduction of the live rail electric system into Hampshire and Sussex is not being viewed with equanimity by some of the inhabitants of the country districts is apparent by a pamphlet we have received which sets out the dangers it brings to human and animal life. Many people feel that propaganda is necessary to emphasise these dangers and to seek a way of averting them. That those responsible for the live rail realise that greater measures for the protection of children are necessary is shown by the elaborate fencing now required in order to keep them from trespassing on the lines. The question again arises, would it not be better to save life, and ultimate expense at the same time, by giving earnest consideration to a means of protecting the live rail itself as is done in other countries?

NEXT YEAR'S WALKER CUP MATCH

For the fourth occasion St. Andrews has been selected for the Walker Cup match, which was played there in 1923, 1926 and 1934. The date chosen, June 3rd and 4th, has obviously been carefully chosen to allow the members of both teams to participate previously in the Amateur Championship, which begins on May 23rd at Troon. That the American visitors will make a bold bid for both trophies goes without saying, but it is to be hoped that this time the home team will be given a chance to get together. Defeat has been our portion so often that interest in the match will fade if Britain cannot put up a better performance.

THE COLQUHOUN SCULLS CENTENARY

A Cambridge correspondent contributes an interesting article to this issue on the history of this famous sculling race, the hundredth final of which takes place to-day. In the course of the racing over this period three dead-heats have been recorded in the finals of 1850, 1868 and 1935. The first and second of these, in accordance with Cambridge tradition, were not re-rowed, but in 1935, after a dead-heat between W. G. R. M. Laurie, of Selwyn, and S. R. Tubbs, of Caius, there was a re-row, which resulted in a win for the former. It is worth noting that of the 90 men who have won the Colquhouns, ten have subsequently won the Diamonds at Henley, and three of these—C. B. Lawes, F. I. Pitman and J. C. Gardner—have also won the Wingfield Sculls. The only Colquhoun winner, however, to carry off the Diamonds since the War is T. G. Askwith, of Peterhouse. Of the 77 men who have won the Colquhouns since the inter-University race became an annual event in 1856, all but 20 have been Blues.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Sent by a reader from a weekly paper:

"In giant wine barrels sunk in the Norfolk marshland King George went shooting, but despite reports to the contrary he found the pheasants few and far between and collected only a very moderate bag."

CRICKET HOSPITALITY

It is well known that when an English cricket team goes to Australia it is almost invariably overwhelmed with hospitality and invitations to this, that and the other function. Gratifying as this welcome is, it has often affected the concentration of the players on the game itself. Years ago Australian teams visiting this country decided that the acceptance of too much hospitality did not go well with the task of winning matches, and they have always put the game first. G. O. Allen, captain of the last English team to Australia, has testified to the strain now thrown upon a captain by social engagements, and the M.C.C. is apparently at last making a friendly plea to the Australian Board of Control to curtail official receptions on future tours. Cricket tours, like all international sport, are now undertaken less light-heartedly than they once were.

HAMMOND'S AMATEUR STATUS

Hammond, the Gloucestershire professional cricketer, no longer exists. In his place is W. R. Hammond, the Gloucestershire amateur cricketer. It has always been the envy of players of other games that in cricket a man may, at a word, without any formality whatever, change his status from professional to amateur or *vice versa*; and in deciding henceforth to play as an amateur Hammond is only following in the footsteps of several other famous players such as J. Sharp, of Lancashire, the Rev. J. H. Parsons, of Warwickshire, and E. Hayes, of Surrey. But none has been quite as famous as Hammond when he made the change. Hammond has stated that, although he has gone into business, he will continue to play regularly for Gloucestershire, and while it was unlikely that Hammond, the professional, would ever have been chosen to captain England, Hammond, the amateur, must now be considered eligible. Cricket *is* a funny game!

A QUESTION OF NERVES

Eddie Phillips's victory over the German holder of the European Heavy-weight Championship—a title by the way which means just about nothing—was none too convincing. Phillips can box as well as any man in the world. He is always fit. He has a winning punch in his right hand. He might, judging by his form in some of his fights and by his form in some rounds of all his fights be champion of the world. He might, but he is not—and one is inclined to doubt whether he ever will be. He has beaten Farr three times, and one thinks he would beat Farr again if they ever meet again. But he is a bundle of nerves, and just when he has a fight well won he goes to pieces and is hopeless for a round or more. He is, indeed, very similar to Billy Wells, whose nerves alone prevented him from reaching the highest rung of the ladder. However, Phillips is young yet; he is putting on weight; he may conquer his nerves; and American heavy-weights are just about as poor as they could be. Optimism is a great thing, particularly in boxing.

AUTUMN WEED CUTTING

On many streams that pernicious practice, autumn weed cutting, was in full swing a week ago. Grayling, it is claimed, must be netted out, and pike, if left undisturbed will take heavy toll of spawning fish which at that period have other matters to occupy their attention than the presence of marauding pike. It may be good enough practice to make an autumn assault on pike—though more effective measures can be taken in the spring—and in any case one or two of the French traps will do all that is necessary, but to cut weeds for grayling netting is surely unnecessary. Grayling can be netted, as much as is needful, without cutting weeds, since they have not the trout's habit of seeking their cover. Slowly, very slowly, knowledge of healthy river conditions is obtaining a hold on fishery owners, but so simple a matter as omitting the autumn weed cutting, even with the most conservative of keepers, should not be too difficult of attainment.

TO A FOURTEEN-POINTER: BEN ALDER

Oh gracious beast, what evil dream
The soaring eagle's warning scream
Bade thee ignore, till all too late
Thou watched, with flashing eyes, thy fate?
In challenge reared thy glorious head,
Shaking thine antler's mighty spread.

Ben Alder—Eagle's Corrie—Sgoe—
Warm, moonless nights on Pattach's shore—
Soft, springy turf—dawn's breathless hush—
Thou didst recall in one swift rush,
Ere facing death, no fear betrayed—
Thy fourteen points, a ransom paid!

DENISE MAXWELL WOOSNAM.



"When the boats have been laid gently to a winter's rest"

NEW RATING RULES FOR OCEAN RACING

Looking Ahead to Next Year

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

THIS is the season, in the fall of the year when the boats have been laid gently to a winter's rest, that the rule-makers habitually become really busy.

Some weeks ago the technical committee of the R.O.R.C. faced up to certain outstanding problems of the season. Briefly, these involved hull measurement changes, spinnaker measurement and regulation, headsails and mizzen allowances and propeller allowance. Each of these problems had important bearing upon future development, and each having been tackled courageously and broad-mindedly was reported upon by the technical committee. The club's general committee has now accepted these findings, so that they now form part of the law for next season's work.

Before approaching these new rulings in detail, however, there is one point which I feel might well be argued. Often enough "things American" are in some yachting circles assumed to be perfection. This may hold good with regard to ventilators and splices, and so on, but not necessarily with regard to measurement rules. To me it seems that between America's off-shore measurement system and our own a wide gulf is set—and that our method is infinitely the better and the more constructive of the two.

Under the American system the dimensions of a basic racer are set as a standard, and any vessel being rated is penalised one way or the other as her dimensions differ from the standard so set. The trend of the British rules in force last season was rather to accept the dimensions *qua* dimensions and only deal in penalties where certain comparative values of the speed components were exceeded. The American method thus tends to evolve a hard-and-fast type whereas the British leaves the door wide open to design, research and evolution.

If that was in the minds of the British ocean-racing rule-makers of the past few seasons—and it probably was—then assuredly they have succeeded. And in that success was a pointer to the road along which the modifications for 1938 must follow; these also must be inter-allied with the speed factors.

Thus, on the question of revision of the hull measurement rule, it has been decided to leave things unaltered for another season. Probably the existing rule is not perfect, but it certainly is not an evil rule, and in any case it would have been most unwise to alter it before sufficient craft have been built to it to afford data enough to suggest a change. Two or three more bumper seasons like the last and the data will be there; the rule as it stands will certainly serve till then—and probably afterwards as well.

From hull measurement to propeller allowance: for 1936 it will be remembered the allowance for a yacht sailing with a propeller was set at 1 per cent. of her rating. This, as was suggested at the time in these columns, was almost certain to turn out to be inadequate. Propeller drag is, after all, an appreciable speed factor, and although, very rightly, the committee for 1937 made no special allowance for a ship with bad propeller attachment, or a badly designed and streamlined aperture, it very reasonably increased the allowance to 1½ per cent. for folding propellers and 5 per cent. for fixed wheels. They now have decided that these allowances shall continue in force for 1938, but that, in addition, an additional allowance can be claimed when the weight of the auxiliary engine is above a stated (rather low) minimum—and, of course, *vice versa*. This new allowance should do much to level up the effects of engine weight and engine placing and, for instance, may help Keryl's performance next year, for, although her owner may not agree, I rather feel that the new ship had a heavy engine and a large propeller last season.

Headsails have also come under review and in a way which every owner will appreciate. Recent seasons have seen with some amazement the growth of the Yankee jib topsail—the size increasing out of proportion to the free allowance accorded. The amended rule now permits a free headsail with a foot-length one-and-a-half times the length of the fore triangle base. Two-thirds of everything in excess now is added to this triangle base as a penalty. This new ruling will, I should think, go far towards evenning up the conditions between the ship with the short, narrow-based fore triangle and the ship, like the Maid of Malham, with her single masthead headsail.

At the other end of the ship the mizzen problem has also come under the hammer. It will be remembered that for 1937 a tax of 1 per cent. was levied upon mizzen staysails. This has now been abolished, and in its place an equal deduction has been arranged in those cases where an owner makes declaration that his ship will not wear a mizzen staysail. This actually solves a knotty problem with a Solomon-like genius; the yawl proper returns to her ratio of comparative rating with a cutter, but the owner who wants to take advantage of the speed increase on a reach derivable from a well-cut staysail now pays for the privilege. Actually I am inclined to believe myself that the rule-makers will yet find it necessary to make an even heavier penalty on the mizzen staysail—well-cut and set, it has some power behind it.

Spinnakers, too, have been reviewed—double spinnakers. For next year, on those occasions when the use of the double spinnaker is permitted, the length of spinnaker-foot free of penalty must not exceed one-and-a-half times the length of main boom or fore-triangle base, whichever is the shorter. This eliminates the advantage which last season lay in the hands of the yacht with her mast stepped far aft, leaving her a large fore triangle and a small mainsail. Actually, in so far as double spinnakers are concerned, I do not think it all matters very much. There is, as yet, little to suggest other than that double spinnakers are a pleasant convenience. Last season they were not used much except by the Maid of Malham, but in her case they certainly seemed to be a speed help in light weather.

Other measures also, such as canvas-stretch and so on were considered, but those already discussed were unmistakably the more significant. And as one considers them, headsail allowance, spinnaker measurement, propeller allowance, and mizzen staysail allowance, one is compelled—if compulsion were needed—to admire the way in which the R.O.R.C. rule-makers are legislating so as to leave as wide a field of rig and type and design as possible.



GALLOPING INTO THE SEASON
The Enfield Chase field after hounds had met at Trent Park, Cockfosters, Sir Philip Sassoon's home

HUNTING STARTS FROM BERWICKSHIRE TO BUDE

"Field" Correspondents Tell the Story of Sport in the First Week of the Season

BELOW are the first crops of *Field* hunting reports for the hunting season 1937-38; some extremely good sport seems to have graced the first week of November. All through the cubhunting season the cry went up, "How long" (before the rain came); in some countries it was most unwise to go out of a walk, and any idea of jumping even the smallest stile or galloping for the shortest distance was quite out of the question. Since the rain has come scent has improved in many places, but in some not at all, owing to the sudden fall and fast rotting of leaves after the end of the drought; no doubt matters will quickly improve. Foot and mouth has made its appearance in Berkshire, among other places, and it is the prayer of all foxhunters that it will not spread; nothing is more maddening than this sort of stoppage; beautiful hunting days follow one another in a high-clouded procession; the fences look blacker than the foxhunter's heart feels, and one feels that even the field could hunt a fox on such days. In conclusion, may we thank those whom we have the honour to call our correspondents for their help and co-operation in a difficult task which is made easier by the feeling that our new policy of reporting hunts, now entering into its third season, has been something of a success.

THE PYTCHLEY'S SEVEN-MILE POINT

THE official opening of this pack's season was on Monday, November 8th, after a cubhunting which has been carried on with more than the usual difficulties.

Despite hard ground and a general lack of scent, cubs have come to hand in good numbers; in fact, the bag is bigger than for some years past. The young hounds have entered well enough, and it seems as though the majority will become more than useful members of the pack.

Since the rain came just over fourteen days ago, holding up has been dispensed with, and hounds seem to come quickly to the horn and are getting used to the work which lies ahead.

On Wednesday, October 27th, after disposing a strong litter in Stanford Park, hounds slipped away with the last fox literally at his brush, supposing it to be a dilatory cub. Past Kilworth House and Sticks they raced, and soon were in Fernie territory. The exact itinerary of the way hounds ran is not good to tell. The rain was pouring down, the wind was blowing strongly from the east, and the landscape was all but blotted out.

Mowsley was reached, Bosworth Covert passed; then came a turn to their own country near The Dingworth, where a farmer swears the fox could only stagger, and hounds hard at him.

Somewhere in this well-foxed country a change took place, for after two turns round the Laughton Hills a fox was duly marked.

The time, it is said, was some two hours and 30 minutes, the point seven miles at least; the amount of country covered, no one can tell.

From Waterloo, on the 29th, the mixed pack ran fast—too fast it seemed—past Arthingworth, through Rabbit Hills nearly to Harrington, and put their fox to ground in Blue Covert. These have been the best and quickest hunts of the season up to date, and from the way both packs are framing there will be many such in store.

The going still is far from good, for during this week the glass has climbed again, and fog—not of the denser sort, thank goodness!—has not helped the final operations. Rain is required, and still more rain. This country stands it all, as last year proved, when, despite deluges of rain and sleet and snow, the going really never held the horses. The country is filling up, the wire is coming down as fast as willing hands can take it, and now the stage is nearly set. EMERITUS.

THE BELVOIR RUN INTO QUORN COUNTRY

COLONEL COLMAN and Mr. Greenall took immediate advantage of the recent providential rain and held their opening meets on the customary dates. Ten days before it seemed safe to lay long odds against the ground being soft enough for full-rig hunting. To make things more difficult, George Tongue had a bad fall half-way through cubhunting; he was unable to get acquainted with his new horses, and so a postponement would have been justified if decided on. In spite of these extra troubles the cubs killed to date is well up to average and Belvoirites have every reason to be hopeful of the season's prospects and thankful for their hard-working Masters.

Leadenham House, the traditional Lincolnshire opening meet, came up to expectations in the matter of Captain Reeve's kind hospitality, and the first hour of desultory hunting on the hilltop gave the pedestrian part of the field as much fun with less danger than the mounted section had to endure from there uppish horses. Scent was slight, and it was not until a move was made to Wilson's Osiers that anything like a hunt resulted. This stronghold, on the brink of the Blankney country, was the safe draw it usually is, and the fox ran in the well-worn groove back to Leadenham, thence, sad to say, into oblivion at Victoria Gorse. The Beacon Covert was alive with the necessary article, and, going by way of Hough Village down to Protection Covert, hounds ran in giddy rings until Caythorpe came round for the third time, when a satisfied company retired to their waiting cars and boxes.

The time-honoured début for Meltonians who hunt with the Duke of Rutland's is of course Croxton Park, and next morning every road to this perfect "old print" setting for a meet was thronged with horses, foot-folk and the more obstructive motor cars. An early fog had caused some anxiety, but luckily no delay. After finding their first fox in Beeaby Oaks the bitch pack were in perpetual motion throughout the day. The hunt revolved round Waltham rather too consistently, but the fun of jumping fences again made amends for the lack of point. Things looked really promising when hounds aimed for Chadwell after passing Stonesby Gorse and the Rectory, but the fox turned back and he had been hustled about for nearly an hour before being caught on the edge of the village. This satisfactory pipe-opener was followed by a dart from Freeby Wood which ended with another

mask near Stonesby Ashes. Lord Dysart's plantation then obliged, but scent soon failed and the final hunt from Sproxton Thorns also petered out on approaching Coston Covert to the unconcealed relief of those members of the field whose lack of active preparation for the saddle had begun to make itself felt!

Both these days showed a gratifying supply of foxes, but Colonel Colman had more cause for concern on the Folkingham Friday.

Only Heathcote's Plantation was successful, the rest of the day being spent in fruitless search. However, there is every possibility that the big grass-lined ditches which abound here are still dry enough to harbour many an outlier who will come in after further rain.

Long Clawson is a rightly popular fixture, promising as it does a ride over that delectable land, the the open, and when there is a general undefined feeling of ease and liberty, engendered partly by the comfortable thought that people can dress as they like, and partly by the comparatively small size of the field. The Master feels he can do what he likes about keeping hounds out, or sending them home, and in other ways, to an extent in which he will not feel so free once the regular season has begun. Moreover, should sport be moderate during these weeks, neither he nor his huntsman will be blamed for that while cubhunting is still supposed to be going on; whereas, if hounds run well in those days the enjoyment is all the greater from its very freshness.

In the case of the Warwickshire Hounds this year, the cubhunting season was prolonged until the end of the first week in November on account of the hard state of the ground; then came the blessed rain, hounds were allowed in the open, and during the last fortnight such members of the field as have come out hunting have enjoyed themselves not a little on more than one occasion.

On Tuesday, November 2nd, the meet was at Barton House at 10 o'clock. Barton Far Grove provided a good fox, who first took a turn round Barton Hill, back to where he was found, then went away with his head set towards Weston Park. The 23½ couple of bitches got away on very good terms with him, crossed the brook below conveniently near a bridge, and ran hard to Weston Heath, and on through a corner of it to the left of the drive which runs through the covert at the end nearest to Long Compton. They left the Heath, and ran over the Park, up to the small spinney on the edge of it, near Mrs. Warrener's house.

Here they checked on the high ground in an arable field, on what is anyhow not perhaps the best bit of scenting ground in the country; but recovered the line after a long and patient cast and hunted on with Cherington Village to their right, over the brook at Cherington Mill. Here they turned to Bruiles Hill, and hunted on to Turner Coppice, then rose the hill, and hunted slowly along it, on the Shipston-on-Stour side of the hill, until they began to get up to their fox, who finally got to ground on the hill in some open earths, after he had been viewed and hounds were coursing him. This was a four-mile point.

The most sensational occurrence of the just-ended cubhunting season here was perhaps about a week or more before the day just described, when hounds got away with a most enterprising fox from Ettington Grove, ran out of the Park to Hulford Bridge, then back along the side of the River Stour, till the fox suddenly decided to cross the river.

Hounds followed, completely pounding huntsman and field, who had to go some way on to get over by a bridge, and did not come up with the pack until they got to them near Lark Stoke, on Ilmington Hill, where they had lost their fox. These hounds have been out four times a week ever since the last weeks of August, and have killed 76 brace of foxes.

PATIENCE



THE BELVOIR OPEN THEIR SEASON ON THE MELTON SIDE AT CROXTON PARK

Belvoir Vale. So a large number of people turned out to be rewarded at once by a fox from Sherbrookes, giving them a generous turn towards Colston Bassett and round by Harby and Hose.

Hose Thorns were the second on the visiting list and they provided a fine hunt to fill the rest of the day. Hounds ran by Sherbrookes up to Holwell Mouth, then went right on into Quorn country, before losing this good fox beyond Shoby, after running for two hours. Opinions on the going varied according to individual enthusiasm. Those anxious to jump everything legitimate in sight relied on the thick late growth of pasture for vindication, whilst the less dashing could safely cite a good deal of incidental greasiness as reason for their caution.

UNBRIDLED.

RIVER STOUR "POUNDS" THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNTSMAN

I HAVE often thought that not the least enjoyable weeks of the foxhunting season are the last weeks in October, when the going is good, but not heavy, when hounds are at length allowed in during the last fortnight such members of the field as have come out hunting have enjoyed themselves not a little on more than one occasion.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S 100 BRACE BEFORE THE FIRST

"The last red rose on the arch has faded,
The border has mourned for its last white flower,
The dahlias droop where the frost has raided,
The grass is wet with an autumn shower."

THIS is how we ought to begin, but truth to tell there has been no frost at all and I have a bowl of white roses on my table now! Starting with a drought, then a perfect St. Luke's summer, followed lately by fog and several downpours we have reached the first week in November with the opening meet delayed until next Monday. Usually, in this country, hounds have had many an enjoyable skurry before the end of cubhunting, but it was only towards the tail-end of October that the ground became fit for hounds and horses to be let go at all.

However, scent has been surprisingly good on the whole, and many mornings hounds ran very well inside covert despite the bone-dry grounds and conditions. It was not till Saturday, Oct. 23rd, that the Duke was able to let them go in the open, and the bitches had a capital morning's sport

around the Sopworth country, running at times so fast that the field forgot caution and their horses' legs and had to jump to keep hounds in sight.

By the following Saturday, the last day of October, everyone had got well warmed up and the going was perfect. From West Park there was first a fast little hunt towards Malmesbury and back to reward the early birds, the cub being marked near Thornhill, but was quickly got out and killed. Finding next in the gorse outside Bradfield Wood, hounds ran back into the covert already foiled and lost, but picked up the line in the open by Maidford, ran on over the large pastures at Norton and through that nicest of little coverts—Bakers Gorse. On the far side the cub had run through a flock of sheep, but the Duke, holding hounds on, recovered the line near Foxley cross roads, and in another few minutes they caught him close to the brook.

Poole Leaze then provided a very strong litter. One was soon killed, and another going away was marked to ground in a hedgerow above Serston Parva and was got out by "Archie," quickly on trot through Tetbury to draw the purlieus of the town for some poultry raiders, said to be eight in number!

One found sunning himself in some clover rushed to a drain, whence he was got out and gave a surprisingly good hunt past Hermit's Cave and Upton to near George's Gorse, where he was lost, two fresh foxes getting up at Grove Farm.

Wednesday, from Horton, provided a lot of galloping and jumping for the large field out. There was not much scent to start with, but persevering, hounds forced a fox away from Sodbury Common and killed him after a first-rate little hunt in the open below Old Sodbury Manor, whose owner, Baron de Tuyll, was out and enjoying himself.

Another fox from King's Withy-bed provided a nice run in the open before saving his brush in Lower Woods, where hounds were stopped from fresh foxes. Horton Bushes was well stirred up before hounds went home.

Friday was a useful day in the Kilcott Hills, and



THE DARTMOOR'S OPENING MEET AT IVYBRIDGE IN AUTUMN SUNSHINE

the scene with Hunt terriers and spades—to make 100 brace killed before November 1st!

This seems an almost unbelievable total to many a struggling huntsman, but it must be remembered that the Duke's is a large six-day a week country, there are such a lot of holding coverts (kept quiet as there is very little shooting), we have friendly farmers and landowners, and the old adage that "the more you kill the more you find" certainly holds true here. Above all, there is no better pack in the world than the Duke's bitch pack, quicker at catching a fox whether he runs straight or crooked, whether scent is good or bad, and if they are done the Duke is always there with his *flair* for vermin-catching, knowledge of the probable line the fox has taken, his eye for country and his first-rate Hunt servants.

Everything looks well for the coming season, with a long list of subscribers, a well-organised country, and new people taking houses in the district—the only blots being four new Government aerodromes, which have sprung up since last season like Wagneresque mushrooms. However, foxes still haunt the new "air-fields," and we trust the aeroplanes will fly high enough to avoid seriously interrupting sport to cause ill-feeling, which should be avoided between the "image of War" and our first line of defence in training.

Monday from Great Wood, instead of a lengthy business in this huge fastness, saw a five-mile point, two hours of steady hunting and many distant coverts like Drayeot and Seagry disturbed, with fresh foxes and pumped horses stated to be seen in every direction!

Tuesday, though "balmy as May," proved another first-rate day at Larkhill. A good hunt to Grudwell and back satisfied most of the field, with plenty of stone walls and the country riding perfectly. Star Covert proved blank, an outlier in a kale field failed to be at home, and then two foxes were killed after short skurries from Miss Bainbridge's drain at Grove House. Next a fast Saturday a first-rate day. A fox from Easton Grey—probably a vixen that has been round the park all summer—was quickly away, and provided a most enjoyable circle to Shipton Moyne and the Fosse before being lost on foiled ground at Normeads. The first part was great fun and very fast, and most horses had had enough as the going was heavy and the ditches very blind. A fox from Bransdown Bottom running to Roughgrounds was killed in Westonbirt Park, but with a grand scent and a holloa on ahead the Duke got hounds quickly to Rushmoor and they raced on by the Quarry Spinnies, Doughton, to Elmstree, where they killed in the park after 20 minutes of the best.

FIELD FARE.

THE WEST NORFOLK BITCHES KILL THEIR FOX

A LARGE field met the Master hunting the bitches at the opening meet of the West Norfolk at Little Dunham Lodge, and capital sport was enjoyed. A brace of foxes were found in the covert at the bottom of the park, the selected one going straight away across the line past Great Dunham to the Norrells. He went straight through this covert to within a few fields of Lexham, then swung left-handed to Poor Man's Wood, and on to Newton Bog.

Here he turned back right-handed to Lexham Car, and hounds caught him in the rectory garden, after a fast hunt of 50 minutes, the longest point being four miles. The Master then drew for outliers round Beeston without success, but at least a brace were on foot in Honeypot Wood.

Hounds ran fast out to Bagnell's Covert, where the fox had been headed, and made his way past Wendling back to Honeypot Wood. Getting on terms with him again, they raced away past Baker's Covert to Gressenhall, where the fox swung back left-handed, and hounds were run out of scent when pointing for Longham.

Twelve-and-a-half brace of foxes have been accounted for to date, and, apart from an outbreak of foot and mouth disease which is raging round our boundaries, prospects for the season are excellent.

GLEFFER.

THE BERKELEY'S FOUR-MILE POINT WITH AN OUTLIER

IT was strange that on the last of the cubhunting fixtures the Berkeley should have scored their best hunt of the season so far.

The ten o'clock meet was at Morton. Colonel Murray took charge, and had in attendance a field of quite "full-dress" dimensions, the quota of ladies being very nearly 50 per cent. There were sympathetic inquiries for Colonel Turner's health from all quarters, and Miss Diana Turner was able to assure questioners that her father was progressing as well as the serious nature of his accident a fortnight ago would allow. The breaking of a leg is a handicap that speaks for itself.

The morning's hunting had proceeded on improved going around the broad Eastwood Estate, and it was gone two o'clock when an outlying fox jumped up near Fallield. The fences were blind, but it was obvious, so good was the scent, that they had to be jumped or hounds would go on their way unattended.

They sailed away beneath Sundays Hill, crossed the Rockhampton—Berkeley Road, and leaving Lower Stone to the right, feinted for Hill Woods. These stood away to the left, however, as hounds ran by Hystfield, and plied their swift course to Pedington. On reaching the small covert at Lobthorn and emerging on the grass meadows towards Ham, they leapt into the Matford Stream, and until they were caught near Fowler's Plantation had the best of horses.

Luckily there was a holding scent, which showed up the perseverance of the pack, and the patience of their huntsman. Once through the small Berkeley Castle Spinneys the former followed up their good work to the roadway at Mobley, and turning right-handed by its side took the line through the cow-yard at Mobley Farm and marked their fox in a faggot pile.

A hunt of an hour's duration over a best point of four miles—all meadow—was one in every way typical and representative of the seasoned hunts so familiar to the Berkeley followers.

So the cubhunting finished at Berkeley on a top note, with a tally just over 70 brace. Scenting conditions, and especially the long drought, were unfavourable to those good October gallops that generally precede the real foxhunting season in the vale of the Severn.

However, this day from Morton served to give both hounds and horses confidence for the work they will be looked to to undertake in the months to come; and our Bristol friends, after steeling their nerves to the occasion, not only surprised themselves in the intrepid way they took on the blind country but were also surprised to find themselves landed so far from home.

With Mr. R. G. Berkeley in command, the opening meet of these hounds took place in the Kennel Meadow on Saturday, November 6th.

The weather and every other condition were auspicious and ideal for the gay occasion. A large and fully representative field were out. The trees in all their glory, and in gay variety of colour, had not laid down their leaves, and in the spinney near the station there was a fox.

He was quickly away, and the battle was being waged in the country. Many fresh faces were in the field—many fresh horses were being tried. And although there were pitfalls for the too thoughtless—for the discreet and indiscreet alike—there was a pleasing absence of grief and distress when the day's sport was over.

A run lasting 90 minutes, chiefly about the Breadstone country and Wanswell Meads, provided galloping and jumping sufficient for all concerned, besides giving hounds well-deserved blood at Oldlands Farm.

All the wire that had been used for the summer grazing had been taken down in the way customary to farmers in the Berkeley country; and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that the presence of so many hunting farmers in the Vale of Berkeley is one of its brightest and most welcome features, and ensures for followers, including guests and visitors, good hunting in the present and in the years to come.

H. N.

GOOD LINE OF COUNTRY WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

THE Whaddon Chase commenced cubhunting on August 14th, which is earlier than usual. Scent was never good, and the country was very dry, hard and rough, which prevented hounds doing much in the open—but in spite of this they killed a lot of cubs in a year when cubs seem to have been more than plentiful everywhere.

The welcome rains of last week made the opening meet at Cublington possible on November 2nd. The large field had to wait for nearly an hour, owing to the fog, before moving off. A fox in the Hook Covert was chopped. The new covert at Creslow, which one hopes will be known as the Jubilee Covert on account of its birthday, had held a tenant, but one ambitious follower with a dog had posted himself at the covert side in order to see it drawn for the first time, and hounds could only hit off the line of a fox that had gone.

Again at Hartwell a fox had just left, and hounds some way behind hunted slowly across Dunton Fields to Hoggeston where they were stopped. Christmas Gorse was then drawn and one was just beginning to fear blank when a fox was viewed just outside. It proved to be one of several which, stopped out of their earths, had taken temporary shelter in the big hedgerows.

Fortunately, hounds settled on to the one line and ran on well; crossing the brook into the Bicester country, they ran fast to Marston Fields. Here the fox was headed by a man in a field, and he turned sharply, holding Grandborough on the left, and made tracks for home. Recrossing the brook with Christmas Gorse now on their right, hounds hunted up to the Aylesbury Road and checked.

A holloa on told the tale and no time was lost. After pointing for Swanbourne, the fox bore right-handed and travelled one of the best lines of country to High Havens, leaving Wendlover Gorse on the right. Skirting the covert with the old lane on the right, the fox went across the Dean Farm to the Mursley Road. Safely on this, but with no time to spare, he ran through the grounds of Stewkley Grange.

Although he was viewed here, the pace slackened and hounds never ran the same again, and slowly hunted on to Apple Pie Corner, where they were beaten. Several earths here were open and the probabilities are that a good fox found safety that way. From Marston Fields it was a six-and-a-quarter-mile point and a most enjoyable hunt. A propitious opening day. G. B. T.

THE SOUTH CHESHIRE RUN TO SALTER'S WELL

MEETING at Duddon Heath the day following the Tarporley Hunt Club Horse Show is traditional. On this occasion Ox Pasture and Ash Wood were drawn first in respect for this year's president of the Tarporley Hunt Club, Captain the Hon. H. R. Baillie Hamilton-Arden, whose family for generations have so keenly supported Cheshire foxhunting.

Finding immediately in Ox Pasture a fox went away at the bottom end pointing for Clotton, but swung right-handed and boldly faced the all too many motor cars, foot people and cyclists to cross the lane into Dickinsons Rough. From here hounds hunted leaving Willington Hall on the left

"THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES"



HOUNDS
Some of the Derwent hounds in a buoyant mood



THE FIELD
Some of the Old Berkeley field after hounds had met at Latimer House, Lord Chesham's home



THE TERRIER
The Whaddon Chase hunt terrier and terrier man at the opening meet at Cublington



THE FOX
A vixen takes stock of the situation, and tries the wind for any disturbing taint

into the Willington Big Wood, where they lost their fox. Finding next in Ash Wood a fox went away over the racecourse (a piece of country vastly improved in late years due to the goodwill of the farmers and the good work of Miss Hewer, and bearing right-handed, hounds hunted well through Ox Pasture and killed their fox below Utkinton when pointing for the forest.

A particularly good hunt of 45 minutes followed from Hoofield. A fox going away in the direction of Ickinshall, swung right-handed into Huxley. With a little or no check, hounds forced their fox away and ran fast back towards Hoofield. Leaving the covert on the left, and again swinging right-handed, they hunted well to behind Tarporley. Doubling back below the church and eventually crossing the main road, they killed their fox below Salters Well on Mr. Blything's farm.

With a moderate scent, it was indeed a particularly good feat on the part of our hounds, and our huntsman Arthur Redfern. How well the country rode and how grateful we are to Mr. Clegg for the lack of wire in this area. One cannot conclude without mentioning, although the opening meet at Oxheyes may not have been as enjoyable as the following Thursday, to have accounted for three brace in the day was at least no small accomplishment, but rather a particularly good day's work. Furthermore, on Friday to have hunted a fox from the Bache House to Swannley, from Swannley back to the main road which, being blocked with motor cars, headed the fox back by Swannley Hall, crossing the canal and the main Nantwich—Tarporley Road and the canal again, hounds hunted their fox for 90 minutes and killed him at Poole Hall.

J. D. H. S.-M.

THE CATTISTOCK'S OPENING WEEK

WELL over a hundred people turned out at the opening meet of the Cattistock Hounds which was held at Wraxall Manor, the residence of the junior joint-Master, Mr. W. V. C. Ruxton, on Tuesday, November 2nd. After partaking of the hospitality offered by Mr. and Mrs. Ruxton, the field and a large following of foot-followers were treated to an excellent view of a short hunt from Daws Hill Covert which ended in a kill in the open; and then hounds were taken to Maiden Newton withy-bed, were a stout pilot provided an excellent hunt of 50 minutes over some of the best of the Tuesday country before he was marked to ground. It was a very satisfactory opening day. Wednesday provided a busy day from Evershot Station, while those subscribers who live in the Friday section of the Cattistock country turned out in force at Portisham, where hounds met on that day, after which they had an interesting if not an outstanding day's sport.

The Saturday meet was at that ever popular fixture North Perrott, and after killing a twisting customer from Mr. Hoskyns's coverts, hounds found a hard-bitten old fox in the Crundle Hill coverts, which broke across the railway line and kept hounds hunting through the Somersetshire Holts, as they were called in Mr. Farquharson's time, for almost an hour before breaking back again over the line and running through North Perrott almost to Hardington, where he finally saved his brush at the end of two hours and ten minutes. A capital "hound hunt," and one which was greatly enjoyed by the big field that was out.

LINCOLN.

A FIVE-MILE POINT WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE (NORTH)

THESE hounds had a very good hunt from their opening meet at Sharpenhoe on November 3rd. Sharpenhoe Grove held two brace of foxes, and hounds hunted one away slowly to Meadbrook. Here the pace mended, and they ran on fast with Portobello and Highanbury on their left, over Pulloxhill and on to the Westoning Road. The fox may have been headed here as he turned back past Greenfield, and missing the big earths at Samshill, he went on over the brook to the grove.

Hounds nearly had him here and, coursing him round the covert with a rare cry, they drove him out to Meadbrook, and rolled over a well-beaten fox close to Barton after 90 minutes. The furthest point was four miles, and it was quite nine miles as hounds ran. After drawing the Thrift and Warren Wood blank, hounds returned to kennels.

M. J.



UP IN YORKSHIRE

Mr. Delmege, the new Master of the Staintondale, going to draw near Burniston, on the coast

AN APPEAL TO HUNT SECRETARIES CONCERNING THEIR FIXTURE CARDS

Now that the regular season is once more nearly upon us, may we, with the greatest possible respect, remind Hunt Secretaries that their fixture cards cannot possibly be published if they do not reach this office by a certain time. The inscription above the weekly Hunting Fixture Lists, which he who runs may read, says: "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." We ask that Secretaries should make a note of this, and, whenever it is at all possible, to post their fixture cards in good time.

THE YOUNG ENTRY

"Few Adults and No Children Know When to Stop. . ."

A CHECK after a sharp 40 minutes . . . the huntsman just making his first cast . . . suddenly a pony arrives, bearing a mud-bespattered youngster . . . hat and stock awry . . . eyes gleaming with triumph at having "got there with the grown-ups."

Such is human nature that our first reaction is surprise, largely, I suppose, because we remember some substantial fences, negotiated not without difficulty, and forget that the line has not been dead straight, but he must indeed be hard who can ultimately resist the appeal of childish enthusiasm. A child's keenness is a valuable thing which any untoward incident, such as a fright from an ill-chosen pony, may damage, possibly beyond repair, and parents in search of a pony would do well to remember the advice (no doubt not entirely altruistic) of the dealer who scouted the idea that his price was excessive by saying that the price to pay must depend upon the value set upon the child's life.

Finding a suitable mount for a child must necessarily be something of a problem, but it is always worthwhile having a pony with a bit of breeding . . . a "slug" is terribly discouraging, and a pony that can jump is an immense stimulus to confidence. Ponies are no doubt indispensable for small children, but promotion to a horse or cob should come as soon as possible. An old hunter, provided he has a reasonable mouth, is often more easily handled than a pony, and supplies the experience lacking in his young rider. At a jump he does not have to make the same effort as a pony, and is consequently much easier to sit . . . a great consideration, since children have neither the grip nor balance of an adult. True it is that if the worst comes to the worst there is further to fall, but many of us do it frequently enough without taking any harm, and in any event most falls do more good than harm.

Pony clubs and riding schools have done so much to teach children hunting manners and horsemanship that the day of learning under the tuition of the studgroom or coachman is fortunately almost a thing of the past; they were so often lethargic and incapable of imparting what knowledge they had, or, what is almost worse, they were too keen. It is only amazing that so many of us have survived their ministrations, as did the small girl who, white and exhausted after a long day, was asked whether she would like to come home, and replied, "Yes, but Brown doesn't want to!" Naturally parents do not want to spend their time at one end of a leading rein, but an occasional day's hunting devoted to investigating at first hand the capabilities of a child's "keeper" is a day well spent.

In fact, the leading-rein, while no doubt invaluable, not only for a young child, but also out of consideration for the nerves of the rest of the field, should be dispensed with as soon as possible, when the child has acquired some judgment and, at any rate, the elements of hunting manners; thereafter a great deal must depend upon the individual and his mount. He should never be urged to jump where he does not want to, nor, unless the place is really "trappy" or obviously beyond the pony's capabilities, should he be discouraged from jumping where he will. Experience alone teaches the danger of galloping diagonally at gutters, which may be patent to the rider but are hidden from the pony, whose eyes are lower, until too late. Warnings, of course, must be given, with reasons where possible, but youth being naturally inattentive only a stumble or fall really brings home the need for perpetual concentration. There are too many snags, such as holes or even hounds, to mention only two, for little Johnny Head-in-the-Air to survive a day with hounds.

Few adults and no children know when to stop, and the secret of keeping a child keen is to take him home, in spite of protests, just before he has had enough. One man was always bemoaning to me the fact that his son did not seem to care for hunting . . . a martinet of the old school to whom apathy was incomprehensible, he provided his son with horses that were "good enough," and expected nature to do the rest. . . . One day, however, I learnt the explanation. It was snowing . . . hounds had done next to nothing for the past two hours, and I was just making up my mind that the prospects of an afternoon hunt were nil, when I overheard the disgruntled one say to his son: "I'm going home now, Dick; you'd better stay out another hour . . . and show me where you've been on the map!"

G. H. P.

A VULCANITE PURSUIVANT VULPS ROUGE

Some of the Difficulties of Putting a Run on the Records

By D. W. E. BROCK, M.F.H.

THE success of their gramophone recordings of the songs of birds encouraged that enterprising firm of publishers, Witherby's, to attempt a hunting "sound book." It was realised from the very beginning that the making of the gramophone records, which were to form the nucleus of the book, would present considerable difficulties; several times these difficulties assumed insurmountable proportions. However, a way was eventually found round or over them all with a resulting success which readers can, if they wish, judge for themselves.

Two records were aimed at—and achieved. The first was to consist of individual items of the huntsman's horn and voice, and of the whipper-in's voice. The second of these double-sided records was to be more ambitious, for it was to represent an actual hunt from start to finish; on it were to be illustrated not only the variations of the huntsman's horn and voice, but also the variations of the music of a pack, hunting in covert and in the open.

The huntsman's horn and voice, and the whipper-in's voice, were recorded out of doors; at times the huntsman stood in a covert, while the microphone—representing the field—stood outside; at others, both huntsman and microphone were outside. Still more important, the cry of hounds was also recorded in the open; in other words, if you listen to the record, you will hear real hounds hunting a real red English fox in a real and recognised English hunting country. The fox was neither a bagman nor "touched up"; no special meet or draw was arranged for the recording, though on one occasion the order of the day's draw was modified by the Master to suit the convenience of the technical recording staff. That represents the whole extent of the "artificiality" of these records.

The recording was done by means of microphones and a recording van. This van is a bulky affair; it weighs about six tons, and is worth untold gold; it is mounted on a 30 h.p. Lancia chassis. It is fitted with very complicated and delicate electrically driven machines, immense batteries to run them, and various auxiliary pieces of apparatus, varying from oil stoves to heat the recording waxes, to a loud speaker which tells the occupants of the van what the microphones are picking up, and so what the machines are recording.

The first trouble encountered was the size of the van, for it will not go everywhere on the road, and will go in very few places off the road. It has to be in position many hours before the recording is due to take place. The machines in it have to be absolutely level; this levelling is first done roughly by jacking up all four wheels of the van, and, as all motorists know, it is impossible to jack up all four wheels on a steep slope. Therefore, as a preliminary condition of recording, we can see that the van must be stationary—it can follow neither the hounds nor, fortunately, the fox—it must be on solid ground; it must be on accessible ground; it cannot be left on a narrow country road; and it must be on fairly level ground.

But those conditions, troublesome though they may be, fade into insignificance beside the appalling fastidiousness of the microphones. Up to four of these £80 instruments can be connected at one time to the van, but the total length of cable joining them must not exceed 400yds.—in other words, "the further the fewer."

Now, a microphone will pick up all undesirable sounds with avidity, but is reluctant to pick up those sounds which you wish it to pick up. A train whistle or a car engine is audible for two or three miles, an aeroplane for five or six. On the other hand, it prefers that a pack of hounds should pass within four or five yards of it, and it simply ignores them if they are more than one hundred yards away. And, if you have two noises going on at once, the microphone invariably selects the one you do not want.

Microphones are decidedly fair-weather sportsmen. Even a light wind makes a noise like an express train, and to work in a strong wind is impossible; rain pattering on to leaves drowns all other sounds; the ping of a couple of flies, buzzing round and occasionally hitting the microphone, sounds on the record like the rattle of musketry from a battalion entrenched just across the road. In England, either wind, rain, or flies, are almost always present.

From this brief summary of the less technical difficulties it will be seen that the recording of even the huntsman's horn and voice presents considerable difficulties, in spite of their being made by such a patient man as the Pytchley Barker, who was always ready to repeat his exhausting noises again and again owing to the vagaries of the weather, the flies, a distant train, the dog in the farm, or the small child who would not go away.

Unfortunately, a fox is less accommodating. And since a fox was necessary before the hounds would do *their* recording, everything hinged on the prescience and the temporary and local whims of the foxes. Would there be a fox at all? Would the erection of the van and microphones the previous day have disturbed the covert? Even if there was a fox, would he be obliging enough to run rings round and round the covert, first just inside it, then just outside it, but always within easy range of the microphones? Would he go away, and come back, and finally die at the foot of a microphone, yet not so close to it as to disturb that pernickety instrument with his posthumous worry? Supposing he did do all these things, would there be sufficient scent for the hounds to hunt him and to make a microphone-audible cry? Just supposing there was, and they did, was it really conceivable that there would be no rain, wind, flies, train, car, aeroplane, dog, child, or yokel to spoil it all?



HERR KOCH IN THE RECORDING VAN LISTENING TO HOUNDS RUNNING, WHILST THE CABLES AND MICROPHONES CARRY THE SOUNDS TO A RECORD

It speaks volumes for the recording staff that they faced these difficulties at all; true, they frequently expressed the opinion that it might take anything from a month to three years to make the records (only one of them had ever seen a foxhound before, and that was from a train). It speaks even more volumes for their skill and forbearance, and for the spirit of co-operation of the Master, his staff, the Field, the land and covert owners, the Clerk of the Weather, and, last, but by far the most important, Charles James himself, that at the second attempt every one of the conditions was fulfilled. Well, no! Not every one, for Charles James resolutely refused to die, and we had to allow him to run away into the far, dim distance, still pursued by two and twenty couple of dog-hounds. And there, I hope, he is still running, for he was truly an accommodating fox.

The recordings made, the really intricate work began, at any rate as far as I myself was concerned. I was faced with some 90 minutes' worth of sundry hunting noises, in no particular order and of very varied volume and tone. From that material I had to piece together two records, each playing for about seven minutes. Of these, one, when finished, had to present as fair a picture as possible of an entire hunt which, from find to finish, could not have taken less than 40 minutes.

All this was done by re-recording. The original records were played over in the studios and the required portions—in some cases of only split-second duration—picked up by another microphone and re-recorded. Selecting the material was not so difficult as conveying to the transfer staff the result of the selection. For, again, they were ignorant not only of the desired result, but also of the meaning of such expressions as "doubling the horn," "a check," "blowing away," "speaking," or "drawing." And to describe, with the extreme accuracy of time and volume which was here so essential, an individual incident in a hunt without making use of hunting language is surprisingly difficult.

But, despite the many anxieties and difficulties, it was all very interesting and very enjoyable work. That it was enjoyable—indeed, that it was possible at all—was entirely due to the kindness, patience and forbearance of everyone concerned, from "the gramophone people" on the one side, to "the hunting people" on the other.

Finally, as a postscript, I would implore those who may listen to the records which are the result of all that kindness, patience, and forbearance, to do so only after reading the commentary upon them. Without it they can be little more than an entertaining novelty; with it they are, I hope, interesting and, to some, instructive.

TO OUR HUNTING CORRESPONDENTS

THE days of travail for our hunting correspondents have again come round, and whilst denying any desire to teach them their business, which they nearly always do extremely well, we should like to give them a little advice, the result of a study of last season's reports. The first thing which struck us was that some correspondents wrote their accounts as if to some friend to whom they desired to give a really vivid impression of the day's sport from every angle; others wrote as if they were "addressing a meeting"; now that is not meant to be rude, but it is a known fact that when nervousness and the laudable desire to impress kills spontaneity and imagination, the report, or book, or what you will, loses about 50 per cent. of its charm; the report should not, of course, be ill-constructed and even "slangy"; but it should be remembered that you are writing about something exhilarating, interesting and full of pace and chance; a dull and heavy account will not convey any of these things.

The report must, of course, be accurate, that is a *sine qua non*, but please remember that I like to feel by 12 o'clock on Monday morning that I have had twelve days' hunting and have ridden twelve hunts; if accounts are good, I am in a corresponding state of exhaustion by midday. One likes to *read about* various packs of hounds; but it is better still to *ride with them* in one's imagination.

The going, the line, any particularly formidable or remarkable obstacles, how hounds ran, any particular hounds that distinguished themselves, how the huntsman extricated himself from some vile difficulty, and your own personal opinion of the day. There is no need to offend anyone in expressing the last, because only reports of good hunts are asked for; amusing incidents, so long as they are not at someone's heavy expense, are welcome; so are strange and out of the way incidents. Someone who has kept his eyes open during a hunt or a day's hunting, and has the knack of storing impressions in his mind, should have an embarrassingly large supply of material from which to make up his account. There are a thousand more points of interest than I have tried to indicate, and every man sees a thing differently. A ruse which I found extremely useful when writing an account of a day's sport was to start my screed with "Dear Smith,—We had a cracking hunt to-day," and so on.

You can cut out the opening and other unsuitable material afterwards, but this rather childish plan helps you to write a vivid and natural description.

A. H. V. L.





W. A. Rouch

THE CHAMPION SIRE AND ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS

Left, Solario, whose stock have already won £52,771 in stakes this season, and right, Exhibitionnist (out of Lady Wembley), who won the Oaks at Epsom last June

HOW FAMOUS SIRES HAVE FARED THIS YEAR

Solario the Champion Stallion

TWO years ago, when Solario finished a long way below the leaders on the list of winning sires, there was much shaking of heads. In July, 1932, this horse had made the record price at auction of 47,000gs., becoming the property of a syndicate of home breeders. "Too much was paid for him," was the general comment after his comparatively poor season.

To-day there is a different story. Solario has outdistanced all rivals on the winning list, and is a long way clear of them as the champion sire of the year. The feeling now is one of satisfaction that he was not sold to go to the U.S.A., which would have been the case had not Lord Glanely, Lord Rosebery and other members of the syndicate been inspired to go beyond the limit of price which they had originally arranged to observe at the auction.

Up to the beginning of the present week the stock of Solario had won £52,771 in stakes. Last year's champion, Fairway, came second with nearly £26,000 and Blandford was third with about £21,000. Three of the season's five classic races have been won by the leader's offspring—the Derby by Mid-day Sun and the One Thousand and Oaks by Exhibitionnist. Next to these his most important winner has been Solfo, who has earned £10,730 in stakes this year.

One would like to see more successful two-year-olds on his list. His winners of this age comprise that grand staying filly, Stafaralla, and the beautifully-bred Faerie Queene, who is from the Oaks winner, Rose of England, and is thus half-sister to the St. Leger winner, Chulmleigh. This relative paucity of two-year-old winners does not necessarily imply that Solario will not retain his position next year. His stock, like the horse himself, appear to possess the valuable quality of improving with age.

It will be recalled that it was not until towards the end of his three-year-old career, when he won the St. Leger, that Solario began to show his best form and in the following season he won the Ascot Gold Cup. Gainsborough, the sire of Solario, was at the head of the winning stallions both in 1932 and 1933. The blood stands for stamina as well as speed, and it is undoubtedly of high value in the production of the modern thoroughbred.

Last season it was predicted that Fairway, having rapidly reached the top of the tree, would remain champion for a number of years. His record during the current campaign has been a trifle disappointing though by no means discreditable. The worst feature of the year for him is that it has produced an impression that we cannot look to him for genuine stayers. Perhaps Fairway will convincingly refute this notion before long, but for the time being he is accepted as a typical member of the Phalaris tribe, which means that his stock will hardly ever shine at more than middle distances.

The best stayer among Fairway's winners this year has been Fair Copy. Even that colt, with every chance of winning the St. Leger, could not last home. Several of this horse's offspring have signally failed to live up to the promise of their two-year-old careers. Full Sail, for example, has succeeded in dividing one race with a moderate opponent. Lover's Path quickly showed that she was lacking in stamina, and nothing was seen of her after the middle of June.

Fairway's chief winner, Portmarnock, secured £8,947 and will be the winter favourite for the Derby. Will he possess the requisite stamina for Epsom? His performances do not suggest that he will be deficient in this direction, though on account of his Phalaris blood he will probably be troubled to stay longer journeys than the Epsom mile-and-a-half. The same sire's filly, Ann of Austria, does not impress one as likely to make a stayer.

Next to Portmarnock the best of Fairway's winners this year has been Fairplay, who certainly does not get more than a mile in good company. Fairford, who began the season brilliantly enough, seems to have the same limitations as to stamina as Daytona and Fairplay. Unhappily, the King's Fairy has failed to train on as well as he promised to do, and Taj Akbar, who did so well for Fairway in 1936, was withdrawn from training after two outings. It is in favour of the stallion in question that after his notable achievements last year some of the finest mares in the Stud Book were sent to him. It will be strange, therefore, if he does not continue to produce his share of important winners.

Blandford, a former champion of more than one year, died in the middle of the covering season of 1935, which means that he will not have so many two-year-olds as usual next year. Lord Astor was among his luckiest supporters in his last season. This breeder sent two mares—Point Duty and Soloist—to him and was fortunate enough to secure a colt foal from each.

Successful Blandford two-year-olds this season include Radiant, Old Radnor, Berwick and Frolic Wind. The first of these, an own sister to Windsor Lad, has already proved herself well worth the 11,500gs. given for her by Miss Dorothy Paget, and bids fair to train on into an important winner next year. In point of stake money His Grace has done best for Blandford. This brother to Blenheim has just been sent to the Highclere Stud, where he is assured of plenty of patronage. His value is all the greater now that Blenheim is no longer at the service of English breeders—unless, of course, they care to go to the expense of sending a mare to the other side of the Atlantic. Lord Astor and Sir Victor Sassoon have done this in recent years when needing the blood of Man o' War and other celebrities serving in the U.S.A.

Blenheim does not stand quite so high on the winning list in England as last year. That is because he has had nothing so good among the three-year-olds as Mahmoud. Internationally, however, Blenheim's reputation is even higher than when an American syndicate bought him last year for £45,000, his winners including that great Italian three-year-old, Donatello II.

Curious complications have followed the purchase of the last-named horse by Mr. Edward Esmond for an amount even greater than that given for Blenheim. The French Government, it is understood, is making a claim in cash in respect to the acquirement of Donatello II from the Italians. Until this claim is settled or withdrawn it is doubtful in which country Donatello II will begin his stud career. At present he is at Newmarket.

One is glad to note that Singapore, another of the notable sons of Gainsborough, has made a big jump on the winning list. For his promotion into one of the six leading places he is mainly indebted to his son Chulmleigh. With the exception of the St. Leger winner the record of this stallion falls below what has been expected of him.

Cameronian's figures are rapidly improving. Considering that his first crop are now three-year-olds his figures for the year are satisfactory, especially as his winners include the Middle Park winner, Scottish Union, who will be only a pound behind Portmarnock in the Free Handicap. Other sires who have done well with their two-year-olds are Portlaw and Loaningdale. The first named, himself an exceptionally speedy performer, has been well represented by Portway Lane, Douane, the Lady Maderty gelding, Portefeuille (on whom Gordon Richards gained his 200th success of the season at Windsor last week-end) and several others.

Loaningdale has done remarkable well with six winners out of his ten two-year-olds (the first crop) which went into training. Among them Glen Loan has been a big winner. The chances appear that Loaningdale will supplement the stud success gained within a short space of time by his sire, the short-lived Colorado.



Bernard Alfieri

CHANGING A FLY ON THE FROME

AUTUMN GRAYLING

Which is the Best Weather for Fishing?

By H. D. TURING

IT must be many years since we have had so much "typical grayling weather" as the present autumn has provided. It is true that there has not been a great deal of night frost, which some grayling fishers regard as a *sine qua non* of the perfect autumn fishing day, but since the trout season closed we have had two weeks at least, and in some districts more, of still, sunny weather which these fish are supposed to like—days when it was a joy to be outside, when there was plenty of fly and everything seemed perfect except the mood of those diabolical fish. And it has left me wondering whether these "perfect" days are really the best days for catching grayling: whether the perfection in fact is in the day itself rather than in its sport-producing qualities.

An uneasy feeling at the back of my mind suggests that some of the best days for catching fish—in a chalk stream at all events—have been vile days in all else: days when a cold and blustering wind blew with aggravating persistence across every shallow, so that a surface fly was a hollow delusion (metaphorically speaking, of course; had it really been hollow it might have floated even in the heavy sea knocked up by the gale); or a day when a cold rain spent most of its energy in seeking, and finding, the joints in my macintosh.

Yet I remember just such a day when for some unknown reason grayling lying on a shallow splashed unceasingly at flies which rode out the storm and rose even more determinedly—or so it seemed—at those moments when the gale tore the fly from its moorings, so to speak, and dragged it across the water. The tendency of fish to rise, says the scientist, is connected in some way with the amount of oxygen in a water, and subsequent reflection makes me think that the gale itself, by oxygenating the upper layers, may have had something to do with the apparent fearlessness with which the fish rose. That wind—it was a good many years ago—was probably a north-easter from my recollections of its freezing character.

Another and more recent experience of rather similar weather on the Wylye had quite another effect on the fish. The gale on that day blew from the south-west; it was the end of a long drought and for some days before my visit big grayling had been coming to net in a most gratifying manner, so my host assured me, and the Wylye is famous for its grayling. On the day of my visit rain fell in torrents and the wind was all the most particular grayling could desire, waves ran the shallows and washed the summer's dust from the rushes a foot or more up their stems. But not a grayling would move—either during the periodic storms or the sunny and windy intervals between; the only response to continual casting was two small trout.

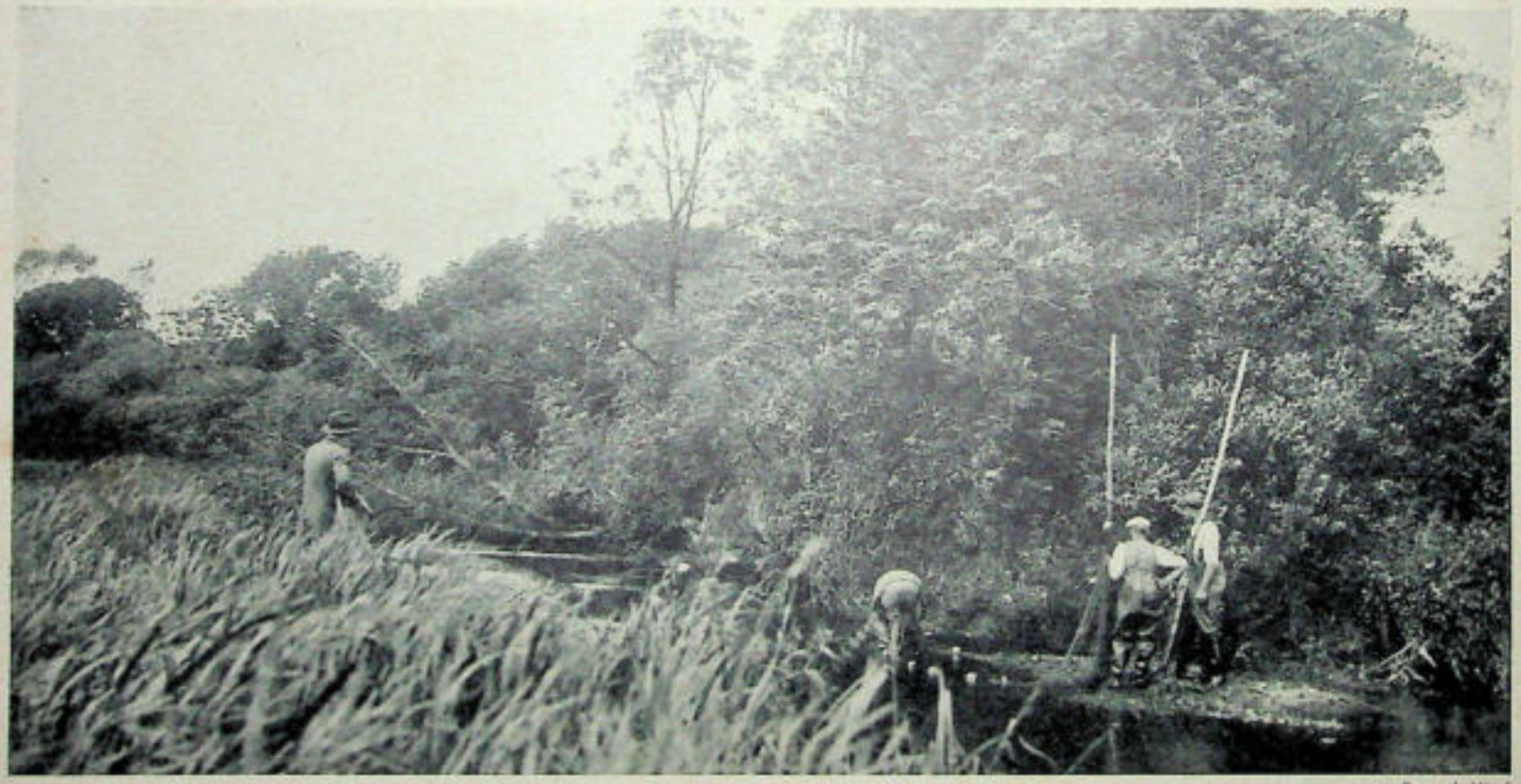
Fishing for grayling on the south-country chalk streams seems unfortunately to be dying out; not on account of any lack of fish, but on account of a lack of fishermen. Most owners nowadays seem to net their grayling as the simplest method of keeping their numbers within bounds. It is easier, no doubt, to net early in the autumn while the weather has still some warmth left in it, but it puts an effective stop to rod fishing which might otherwise continue till the end of November, even if consideration for spawning trout puts December into the discard. "Anglers do not catch enough fish to keep the vermin down" was one plainly expressed explanation of this apparent loss of good fishing time.

Yet grayling on the whole are easier to catch than trout, easier on their "day" certainly, though possibly grayling days are fewer than trout days. Is it, perhaps, that the south-country angler cannot get away from the idea that grayling are an inferior kind of trout—that what is good enough for a trout must be good enough for a grayling, and consequently approaches its capture both figuratively and actually from the same angle? One's tendency is always to get downstream of the fish and present a floating offering (one of the rather dishevelled olives which have survived the trout season from a desire to economise, probably), and it rarely obtains any satisfactory response. Is it that on those days when wind and weather make dry-fly fishing impossible one reverts to the cross-stream cast and (effectively) wet fly and catches fish?

Even Rolt, who wrote specifically of chalk-stream grayling and was himself by preference a dry-fly fisherman, is fain to confess that there are many days when wet fly pays much better. He even went so far on occasion as to "work" his fly. Personally I do not believe in working a fly for grayling, though that may be only a sort of reflection of dry-fly prejudice, but there appears to be a definite advantage on some days in letting a fly drag naturally when casting across stream, particularly on a wide shallow. Here surely is a fish which finds most of its sustenance among larvæ and nymph.

This may explain its curious combination of shyness and indifference to drag. A grayling rarely lies poised like a trout a few inches under the surface. It lies close to the bottom, where its "window" in consequence must be larger than that of a trout lying higher in the water, and its view of the gut, when a cast is made from below, more extensive. Also, since it undoubtedly feeds largely by grubbing at the tail-end of a weed-bed, it is probably well accustomed to insects disturbed by its rooting making their escape across stream, as a dragging fly would appear to be doing.

It may also explain its apparent liking for a silver-bodied fly fished wet—such as the "Silver Witch," for example (roughly speaking, a red tag with a flat silver ribbing added). Trout fishers seem to have a prejudice against silver-bodied nymphs, regarding them as belonging to the minnow tribe; but in reality it is unlikely that a silver body has a very bright appearance under water. Flat silver tinsel acts as a mirror and in or near a weed-bed appears as a translucent green, which is probably very near to the colour of several natural nymphs, in addition to reflecting wavering shadows which would give it an appearance of undulating movement. For grayling, certainly, it forms an attractive body for an underwater fly.



Bernard Alfieri

NETTING THE FROME FOR GRAYLING AT MORETON, DORSET

Grayling are so prolific on some rivers, that netting has to be undertaken to keep the balance between them and the trout

NATURE IN ART AT THE NOVEMBER EXHIBITIONS



SHOVELER DRAKES CHASING A MALLARD

From the Exhibition of Mr. E. A. R. Ennion's work at the Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1



MALLARD COMING IN

From the Exhibition of Mr. E. A. R. Ennion's work at the Greatorex Gallery, 14, Grafton Street, London, W. 1



ON THE LOOK-OUT—A GOLDEN EAGLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

From the Exhibition of Mr. J. C. Harrison's work at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1



BRENT GEESE ARRIVING



LAPWINGS ON THE SALTINGS

From the Exhibition of Mr. Roland Green's work which opens at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Sons' Galleries, 157, New Bond Street, London, W. 1, on November 18th

A HUNDRED YEARS OF THE COLQUHOUNS

Days When the Scullers Made it a Bumping Race

By F. BRITTAIN

THIS year is the centenary of the Colquhoun Sculls, which are taking place this week-end. The race is one of the oldest events in the English amateur rowing calendar, being junior only to the Oxford Eights, the Cambridge Mays, the inter-'Varsity Race and the Wingfield Sculls, which were founded in that order at various dates from 1815 to 1830.

The race is named after its founder, James Colquhoun, a former member of St. John's College, Cambridge, who, in 1836, presented to the boat club of his old college a pair of silver sculls, to be held in turn by the winners of an annual sculling race. He left the committee of the club—then, as now, called the Lady Margaret Boat Club—to decide whether the race should be confined to their own members or be open to all boat clubs in the University. The committee decided on an open race, and it has continued so to this day, though its management has always remained in the hands of Lady Margaret.

The first race took place in 1837, and in that year and the three following years it was decided on the Wingfield course from Westminster to Putney, on June 16th. Each competitor paid a stake of £1, the winner receiving two-thirds of the total stakes and the runner-up the remainder.

After the first race, it was ruled that the winner, on June 16th in future years, should compete with the holder of the Sculls four days later. In 1841, however, no challenger came forward against the holder. The committee, therefore, decided to abandon the Thames for home waters, and from 1842 onwards the event has been fought out on the Cam.

The boats used in the earliest races were heavy craft, with no outriggers. In 1845, however, one of the competitors (like the winner of the Diamonds in that year) sculled in an outrigged boat—an innovation which was copied in the Oxford and Cambridge race in the following spring. The boat in question had been constructed by the man who sculled in it, and we are told that it "was regarded as quite a miracle of lightness by the spectators."

There appears to be no evidence about the exact position of the original Colquhoun course at Cambridge. In 1846, however, a railway bridge was carried over the Cam, and its piers were so placed that it was impossible for boats to race through them. As a result, all races now had to finish below the bridge.

The course for eights and fours had previously extended further up the river, but we cannot say whether the Colquhoun course was shortened in 1846 or not. One change in the rules for the race was, however, introduced in the following year—future winners were debarred from competing again for the Sculls. This rule has remained in force ever since.

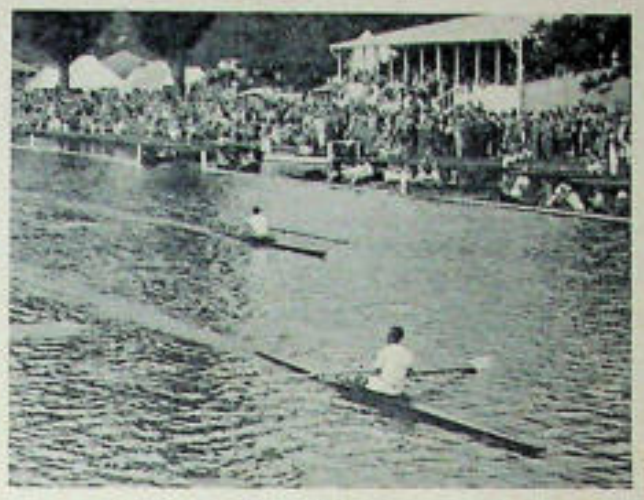
When the Colquhouns were sculled on the Thames, the issue was decided by a breast-race between all the competitors, but this was impossible on the narrow waters of the Cam. It was natural, therefore, that when the event was transferred to the latter river it should be decided, as far as possible, by the only method of boat-racing then practised at Cambridge, *i.e.*, by bumping. A series of bumping-races was accordingly held among the competitors, who drew lots for their places each day, retiring from the contest when they were bumped. When all but two boats had been eliminated, the final was decided by a time-race, the competitors starting from two posts, one behind the other.

The preliminary heats of the Colquhouns were consequently much more spectacular than they are to-day. In 1854, for instance, one competitor made a bump, an over-bump, and a double over-bump before he reached the final; and a few years later another competitor scored an over-bump and a treble over-bump during the races.

The bumping system nevertheless had its disadvantages, one of which was that no one could foretell when the racing would end. If the competitors were fairly evenly matched the bumping-races might last for a week or more before the boats were reduced to two. The resulting inconvenience ultimately caused the principle of time-racing to be extended from the final to all the heats, but the force of tradition was so great that bumping was not entirely abandoned until nearly thirty years after the race had been transferred to Cambridge.

A first step was taken in 1863, when the number of bumping-races was reduced by allowing three boats to compete in the final time-race. In March, 1870—the racing had been postponed from the previous autumn—a further step was taken by deciding the semi-finals as well as the final by time-races, and the same method was repeated in the following autumn. From 1871 onwards bumping was entirely abandoned, the whole contest being decided by time-races rowed in heats. The University Fours and the Magdalene Pairs had originally been decided on the same principle as the Colquhouns. Bumping had, however, already been abandoned in both events, so that the Colquhouns of 1870 were the last small-boat races at Cambridge in which it figured.

Bumping, nevertheless, though no longer practised in the racing for the Colquhouns, is (despite the prevalent belief to the contrary) still permissible, for one of the rules states that "if the boat starting second touch any part of, or pass, or in any way be inconvenienced by the boat starting from first station, and the boat starting second shall not come to its post first in order, the boat starting from first station shall be disqualified." This little-known rule can only mean that the sculler with back station may bump his rival if he wishes; and that, if he does so, he has won his heat, provided he afterwards finishes the course. (It is worth noticing here that—again despite a belief to the contrary—the printed rules of the C.U.B.C. do not prohibit bumping in any time-races).



T. G. ASKWITH WINNING THE DIAMONDS
He was the last winner of the Colquhouns to do so

The year which saw the abandonment of bumping-races in the Colquhouns, saw also the rebuilding of the railway bridge, which was reconstructed in such a way that it was now possible to extend the course. The Colquhoun course, however, unlike that for eights and fours, was not lengthened: the finishing-posts stayed where they had been ever since 1846, if not also since 1842.

There is no further change of importance to record in the method of deciding the Sculls since 1870, except that, whereas it was customary for three boats to compete in the final until 1889, the number since that date has been limited to two.

NEEDED REFORMS IN POLO?

Tackling the Over-crowded Programmes

ONE polo season is receding in the mist of the past and the next one seems at the moment a long, long while ahead, but, none the less, interest holds us from one year's end to another, and before a fresh season is on, as much has to be done.

It would be vain to suggest that last season in London, enjoyable, often delightful, as it was, did not leave a good deal to be desired so far as the arrangements made for it were concerned. Polo managers are hard-working men and carry out their by no means easy task to admiration, but at the end of last summer few people would agree that the season had been everything that it might have been. To be sure everyone had had lots of polo and lots of good games, once the weather gave us a chance, but there was altogether too much of a rush, clashings of tournaments and a heavy strain on ponies, whose owners' means did not allow of an inexhaustible supply of mounts. Naturally, each of the clubs were eager to make their own seasons as successful as they could be, with the result that, time after time, one team (or permutations of it) would find itself engaged in two matches on one afternoon—there was at least one occasion when a team played three ties—and this to the most frenzied enthusiast is over-doing it. Moreover in the end such a system, or lack of it, defeats its own object.

The fact of the matter is that there are altogether too many cups played for in the course of our all too short London season. It may be sad, no doubt, to abolish events that year after year have been held at one or the other of the clubs. None the less the time has come for hardening the heart and ruthlessly sweeping away what cumbers the earth so that we can see the wood for the trees. Entirely apart from the expedience of this pruning, must it be a *sine qua non* that every game of the season shall have depending on it a piece of silver, however handsome? In the old days we used to have memorable matches in which "the dear honour of the game" (with perhaps something of a wager thrown in) was enough for all, players and spectators, and why should this not be so again?

Under the present dispensation it has become essential to enter for every tournament regardless, in the simple desire to get as much polo as can be got during the short time available. What I should like to see, for example, is that during the week devoted to X's high-goal tournament for the Y Cup, there should not be arranged another tournament at Z for which all entered for the Y Cup, as a safeguard against being beaten in the first tie and thenceforward being "pololess" until the end of the week, would also enter. Matches could easily enough be arranged among the beaten teams throughout the week and thus the week kept, more or less, sacrosanct to the club concerned, in this case X. Further, should a tournament, except, of course, open cups and the inter-regimental tournament, be spoiled by rain or other causes so that it could not be finished during the time specified, this particular tournament should be ruthlessly abandoned for the year. There are too many tournaments as it is, as polo players will agree, crowded into less than three months every year, and when fag-ends of unfinished tournaments are added to the programme at the end of the season, when most of the ponies have had quite enough already, it becomes a weariness to the flesh, and, in fact, a positive nuisance.

A further innovation we should all like to see is the compulsory use of numbered saddle cloths, in the open cups at least, with chukker lists published on the programmes, but that, I fear, is improbable in this imperfect world. But how enormously it would enhance the enjoyment of all who watch. Towards the end of last season Coulburn—admittedly with a view to the sale of their ponies at Tattersall's—did have a list printed of their ponies in each game, and this was vastly appreciated. After all we are constantly told that ponies are 75 per cent. of the game, and how are spectators going to tell t'other from which in the heat of the strife. To be sure certain outstanding ponies may be well enough known to perhaps 10 per cent. of those who are watching, but what of the others?

How often does one hear the question: "What is that So-and-So is playing?"

Sometimes there is a reply: "I think it is that Argentine pony he got from So-and-So last year . . . forget its name," and that is as much as you can learn, if you are lucky.

The opinion has been expressed lately that the time is coming when London will be no longer the centre of polo in England. With this I do not agree, in spite of the difficulties which increase every year. The country polo clubs, however, might get a great deal more good polo if the season was begun earlier, when the weather allows, and the government of the County Polo Association were centred at headquarters, where the machinery of administration is at hand, instead of in the far-flung branches, without opportunity for frequent meetings. To be sure the association get through a deal of valuable work, but their task would be enormously lessened by centralisation.

JEMADAR.

THE OPENING OF BERLIN'S SPORTING EXHIBITION

General Goering Praises the British Section



GENERAL GOERING AT THE OPENING CEREMONY



VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE EXHIBITION AT THE KAISERDAMM SHOWING THE HUGE GOLDEN STAG IN THE FOREGROUND
On each side are the Jäger who lined the approach

ON Wednesday, November 3rd, the International Sporting Exhibition in Berlin was opened by General Goering with every outward appearance of magnificence. Nor was outward magnificence all. It was opened with every appearance of international good will. The delegates moved to the main theatre through a long line of *jäger* in uniform. They passed beyond a guard of honour of the Führer's personal bodyguard. And as they were seated a prolonged fanfare of hunting horns announced the arrival of General Goering, Reichsjägermeister of Germany, to whose energy and vision this exhibition is due, and who welcomed the sportsmen of half the world in an impressive speech. No detail was neglected. The effect could scarcely have been heightened.

Half an hour later the British delegation were able to welcome General Goering to their own hall. It was the official unveiling of work that had been going on, in the face of various difficulties which need not be enumerated, for five months, work that in point of fact had continued till a late hour on the previous night. Now the last gaiter button was attached, the final corner swept and garnished. It seemed to the British visitors who were present that it had, after all, been well worth while. General Goering stayed a long time, inspecting almost every head, and paid particular attention to the moose. When he went away he told Sir Neville Henderson, the British Ambassador, that the British exhibit was a splendid one, and filled him with admiration and gratitude. And there, for the moment, we may leave the British section.

What of the others? The first thing one must mention must be size. The whole group of exhibition buildings is a great deal bigger than the whole of Olympia, and not much smaller, though of a single story, than the National Museums in South Kensington. (There is an all-too-prevalent epidemic known as "exhibition feet"!) For the keen lover of fine trophies and sporting art the whole three weeks of the Exhibition would be nothing like long enough for full comprehension. One could work scientifically at the red deer for a year. Thus one tends to look at national sections, and not at individual heads.

The German section alone fills a space bigger than Olympia, and about half of it is housed in the room used for the inauguration.

There is a complete forest of trees the size of, say, the Olympia arena, with German birds and animals roaming in it—quite beautifully done. The organisers have not made the mistake of having three enormous stags and one small bush. The forest dwarfs the stag (one); not the stag the forest. All this is as it should be. And in scenic effect, though on a much smaller scale, the panorama of Austrian sport deserves special mention.

For artistic effect the French section and the Austrian section stand out, with the Italian one a good third, and here reference may be made to the visits of ceremony paid by the Italian and British sections to each other. Initiated by the British delegation, these visits were much appreciated by our Italian friends, and were the only ceremonies of this nature.

We gained an outstanding success in the photographic section. Two gold medals and four silver ones were given for the exhibition of photographs of the world. Of these we took one gold and two silver medals. Major Radclyffe Dugmore's lioness at the kill was awarded the gold medal (a photograph taken in 1908), and Mr. Brooks's golden eagle and Mr. Niall Rankin's gannet got silver medals. So great is the impression made by our carefully captioned photographs of the wild beasts of the Empire that it is rumoured we are to have a prize or two more. We were the only country to have fully captioned their photographs in three languages, and judging by the people who stop to read them this has been well appreciated.

On the first night General Goering invited twelve of the British delegation to the State Banquet in the Berlin Schloss. It was a magnificent affair, and the compliment paid to England, by having his speech translated into English at its conclusion for the benefit of our delegation, was as marked as it was appreciated. General Goering's remarks were as follows:

"Your Royal Highness, Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The opening of the International Sporting Exhibition to-day and what you have seen of it will have convinced you all that it is a piece of work of the utmost importance which is destined to prove a milestone in the history of sport throughout the world.

"It affords me great pleasure and satisfaction to welcome you here as my guests these memorable days, and more particularly to thank the delegations from abroad, and especially their leaders, for the time and trouble they have taken in preparing the exhibits of their respective countries. It is clear to us all that each country taking part in the exhibition has produced the very best it could. Each country has its own peculiarities, and yet, as you will all be prepared to admit, there is a certain unity which runs through the exhibition as a whole. The reason for this is to be sought in the fine old traditions of sport, which are upheld in every civilised country. Thanks to this tradition, hunters of every country have something in common in their way of thinking and feeling. So, too, the comradeship existing among hunters of every country has always been a particularly close one, and I feel that one of the chief tasks allotted to the exhibition and to our dinner to-day is to afford hunters of every country opportunity to meet one another and to understand one another's viewpoint, thus setting up strong and lasting bridges from land to land.

"The hospitality which we offer you is a genuine one, and it is my hope and desire that it will find its way into your hearts, so that you will always look back with pleasure on the time that you spent in the new Germany of Adolf Hitler as the guests of the German nation.

"And now I raise my glass and drink to the Future of Sport throughout the World."



A GREETING FOR THE REICHSJÄGERMEISTER

There is still a week to go till November 21st, and we urge all of our countrymen who are lovers of sport to take an opportunity that will not come again in our lifetime. They will regret it eternally if they do not. This exhibition must be seen to be believed.

It is now quite established that the British section of the Berlin exhibition is a fine one, and most people believe that it is the best as regards technical merits. Most marked public courtesy, and a host of small thoughtful actions have characterised the reception of our delegates and organisers. To our German hosts, to the British Ambassador in Berlin and his staff, we all offer thanks which are more than the gratitude of good manners. It is good to think that in so tremendous an undertaking Britain has played her part with distinction.

AWARDS AT THE BIG GAME EXHIBITION

A Complete List of Britain's Prizes

By EDGAR N. BARCLAY

THOUGH it was originally intended that Great Britain should not compete for the medals and prizes for best trophies at the International Exhibition, it quickly became evident in Berlin that our German hosts would have been greatly disappointed if the British trophies were not judged in the same way that the exhibits of other countries were to be judged.

Very wisely, I think, the British Committee agreed that this should be done, with the result that to date, no fewer than 141 international first prizes and eleven special prizes have been awarded to British exhibits. The results in the case of one or two classes have yet to be announced so that this figure will certainly be increased before the conclusion of the exhibition. In addition, a very large number of second prizes have already been awarded, so that it seems certain that Great Britain will receive a greater number of competitive awards, as distinct from merit awards, than any other exhibiting country. It must be pointed out, however, that in the British section heads were shown from every part of the world, and the competition from other countries was comparatively slight.

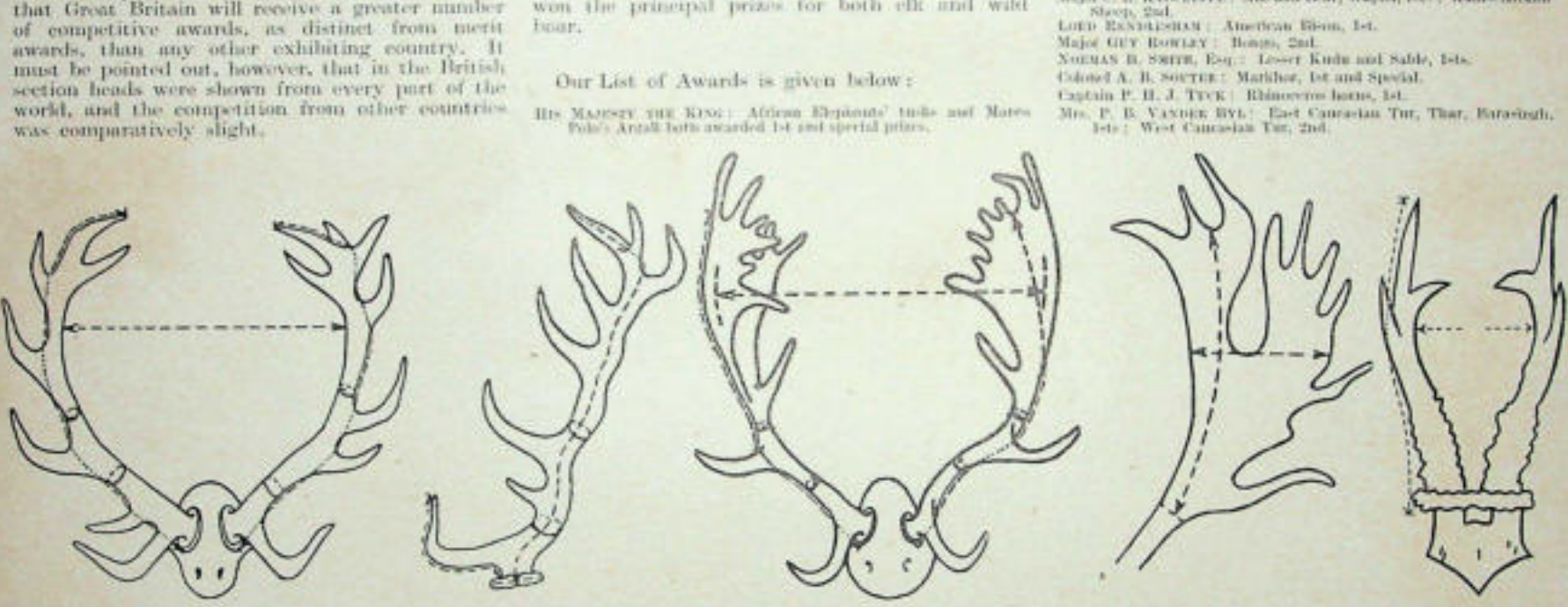
this distinction at the Vienna Exhibition of 1910 have again been successful in Berlin, and they must, therefore, be regarded as the finest examples of their species killed in modern times. Of the hundreds of thousands of deer killed in Europe in the intervening 27 years none have equalled these two, and neither of them were killed by sportsmen: the red deer was shot by a poacher, and the roe by a forester. In previous articles I have given the measurements of both these heads.

For the purpose of judging in Berlin all the European classes were divided into two, heads killed prior to 1900 and after 1900 being separated. Both red deer prizes went to Hungarian heads, and both roebuck prizes to Polish heads. Hungary also won the chief fallow deer prize with a really magnificent head exhibited by Prince Esterhazy and Poland won the principal prizes for both elk and wild boar.

Our List of Awards is given below:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING: African Elephants' tusks and Mateo Polo's Argali both awarded 1st and special prizes.

Colonel T. A. HEADLAM: Tsaiie, 1st.
Captain A. W. HERBERT PERCY: Bontebok, 1st.
G. HENEAGE, Esq.: Lesser Kudu, 1st.
Lady HINDLIP: Ward's Reedbuck, 1st.
Brigadier-General R. HOARE: Nilgiri Tahr, 1st.
Sir ARNOLD HODSON: Bongo, 1st.
Colonel J. N. HORLICK: Osborn's Caribou, 1st.
Wing-Commander JAMES: Mule Deer and Pronghorn, 1sts; Chital, 2nd.
JUNIOR NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB: Littledale's Argali, 1st.
Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. KENYON: Suleman Markhor, Kennion's Gazelle, Serow, 1sts; Kopet Dagh Urial, 2nd.
The MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE: Marco Polo's Argali, 1st.
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir RICHARD LEIGHTON, Bt.: Roan, 1st.
The EARL OF LONSDALE: Musk Ox, Mule Deer, White-tailed Deer, 1sts; Bison, 2nd.
D. D. LYELL, Esq.: Waterbuck, 2nd.
Major H. C. MAYSON: Beklaran Argali, Chiltan Markhor Dilutag, Mountain Nyala, 1sts; Sind Ibex and Addra Gazelle, 2nds.
H. R. MILLAIS, Esq.: Wapiti, Reedbuck, Kudu, Angolan Sable, Springbuck, Nile Lechwe, 1sts; Caribou, Mule Deer, Siberian Argali, Thomson's Gazelle, 2nds.
H. C. NELSON, Esq.: Mexican Bighorn, 1st.
Captain E. P. W. NOAKES: Grevy's, 2nd.
NORTHAMPTON MUSEUM: Saiga, 2nd.
The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND: Tibetan Gazelle, 2nd.
NORMAN NUTTALL, Esq.: Schalow, 2nd.
Mrs. J. R. E. OLDFIELD: White-bearded Gnu, 1st.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. O'ROURKE: Tien Shan Ibex, 1st and Special; Roebuck, 2nd.
Captain W. W. OTTER (THE LODER COLLECTION): African Red Deer, Western Hartebeest, Bleshok, Addax, Situtunga, Caribou, White-tailed Deer, Walrus tusks, Shou, Baikal and Manchurian Wapiti, Schomburgk's Deer, Mohorita Ruca, Siamese Thamin, Saiga, Tibetan, Mongolian, Altai, Pelzeln's, Loder's and Dorcas Gazelles, Arabian Ibex, Aoul, Serow, 1sts; Gnu, Bushbuck, Buchbuck, Senegambian Eland, Rhinoceros horn, 2nds.
G. W. PENRICE, Esq.: Oribi, 1st.
J. McFARQUHAR PETTERS, Esq.: Indian Buffalo and Gaur, 1sts.
Mrs. F. PILCHER: Rocky Mountain Bighorn, 1st.
Major C. E. RADCLYFFE: Alaskan Bear, Wapiti, 1sts; Kamschatkan Sheep, 2nd.
Lord RANKEILLOUR: American Bison, 1st.
Major GUY ROWLEY: Bongo, 2nd.
NORMAN B. SMITH, Esq.: Lesser Kudu and Sable, 1sts.
Colonel A. B. SOUTER: Markhor, 1st and Special.
Captain P. H. J. TUCK: Rhinoceros horns, 1st.
Mrs. P. B. VANDER BYL: East Caucasian Tur, Thar, Barasingh, 1sts; West Caucasian Tur, 2nd.



DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE CONTINENTAL METHODS OF MEASURING RED DEER AND ROE HEADS

The dotted lines show methods of measurement of length and span. The circles show measurement of girth and beam. In the case of the palmated heads of fallow deer, the span is measured from the inside of the curve

By contrast, the Continental countries were represented by hundreds of specimens of their own game animals, so that the competition in the European classes was tremendous. One of the judges in the red deer class told me that he had measured 900 heads, and for the time being even this great enthusiast could hardly bear to look at a stag's head. The best roe head and the best fallow head both stood out in their respective groups, but the red deer heads presented a much greater problem. As a matter of personal taste I still do not know which of the dozen or so best stags' heads I prefer, and it is in just such a situation as this that the value of the formula comes in; its mathematical answer will solve the problem when human judgment begins to falter.

It is impossible in a short space to explain the various formulæ in detail, but the accompanying figures show what measurements are taken. It will be noted that in the case of fallow antlers the top points are ignored, the length and breadth of the palms being considered of greater importance. In roe heads neither the circumference of the beam nor of the coronets is taken, the reason being that owing to the pearling it is often difficult to measure the former and sometimes impossible to measure the latter on account of the fusion of the two horns at the base. Instead of these measurements the weight and volume of the antlers is ascertained, and in the eyes of Continental sportsmen weight is of the utmost importance. Personally, I think it would be better if fewer marks were allotted to weight and more given for symmetry. The measuring of red deer head is so closely in accordance with British ideas that it does not seem to call for special comment.

In the opinion of most Continental sportsmen the two most coveted honours to be won at the exhibition are for ownership of the best red deer head and the best roe head. The two heads that gained

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN: Red-fronted Gazelle, 1st; Waterbuck, 2nd.
H.R.H. the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: Mountain Nyala, 1st; Fringe-eared Oryx, Sassaby, Puku, Lichtenstein's Hartebeest, 2nds.
H.R.H. Prince ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT: Blackbuck, 1st.
The EARL OF ATHLONE: African Elephant's foot, 1st; Nile Lechwe, 2nd.
Brigadier-General J. H. ABBOT ANDERSON: Mongolian Argali, 2nd.
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir GEORGE ABERCROMBY, Bart.: Bushbuck, 1st.
E. ARBOUD, Esq.: Addax, 1st; Eland and Roan, 2nds.
Major-General H. BARSTOW: Astor Markhor, 1st and special.
Sir S. BARTON: Swayne's Hartebeest, 1st.
Major A. BAYLEY-WORTHINGTON: Tien Shan Ibex and Littledale's Argali, 2nds.
The DUKE OF BEDFORD: Père David's Deer, 1st.
The Hon. J. W. BEST: Sambar, 2nd.
Captain G. BLAINE: Abyssinian Ibex, Bongo, Brindled Gnu, Gemsbuck, Grevy's, Hunter's Hartebeest, Red and Black Lechwe, Oryx, Korrigum, 1sts; Sable, Beira, Lichtenstein's Hartebeest, Situtunga, Springbuck, 2nds.
Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. M. T. BOSCAWEN: Arabian Oryx and Akoa Argali, 1sts.
BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY): Indian Rhinoceros, Impala, Hunter's Hartebeest, Wapiti, 1sts; Ladak Ibex and African Buffalo, 2nds.
Captain H. C. BROCKLEHURST: Giant Panda, 1st and special; Giant Eland, 1st; Addax, White Rhinoceros, Yellow-backed Duiker, 2nds.
Rear-Admiral Sir B. V. BROOKE: Topi, 1st.
Sir DELVES BROUGHTON: Robert's Gazelle, 1st.
J. V. COLLER, Esq.: Chital, 1st.
Major R. COLVILLE: Addax, 1st.
W. B. COTTON, Esq.: Heuglin's Gazelle, 1st; Forest Hog, Eland, Eritrean Gazelle, 2nds.
Brigadier-General Sir RALPH DE CRESPIGNY, Bart.: Greater Kudu, 1st.
Rear-Admiral R. C. DALGLIESH: Alaskan Sheep, 1st.
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir C. T. DARKE: Kopet Dagh Urial, 1st and special; Seistan Gazelle, 1st.
Lord DENBIGHSHIRE: Abyssinian Defassa, 2nd.
Dr. H. L. DUKE: Situtunga, 1st.
A. DUNBAR BRANDER, Esq.: Swamp Deer, 1st.
A. H. L. EUCLEN, Esq.: Impala, 2nd.
Captain D. R. GAWSE: Tsetse, 1st.
Sir ARASTAIR GORDON CUMMING, Bart.: White Rhinoceros horn, 1st.
Lieutenant-Colonel B. E. M. GUBBINS: Ladak Ibex, 1st.
Lady ALEXANDRA HAIG THOMAS: Mongolian Gazelle, 1st.
Mrs. J. HALL: African Buffalo, Eland, Angolan Sable, Sambar, 1sts.
Major H. W. HALL: North African Buffalo, 1st.
The EARL OF HAREWOOD: Stone's Sheep, 1st.
Major M. V. HAY: Oryx, 2nd.
R. HAYNE, Esq.: Mountain Nyala, 1st; Caribou, Chinese Bharal, 2nds.

H. F. VARIAN, Esq.: Indian Elephant's foot, 1st.
FRANK WALLACE, Esq.: Takin, 1st and Special; Kansu Stag and Bharal, 1sts; Waterbuck, 2nd.
Messrs. ROWLAND WARD: Nilgiri and Père David's Deer, 1sts.
H. P. WILLIAMS, Esq.: Grant's Gazelle, 2nd.
Colonel C. B. WOOD: Siberian Argali and Swamp Deer, 1sts.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. PRICE WOOD: Tien Shan Wapiti, 1st and Special.



A FALCONER FROM FINLAND AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION

This England . . .



Stone circle at Castle Rigg—Nr. Keswick

RESPONSIBILITY for these ancient monuments has been fathered variously upon Druids, Celts and Neolithic man—with what truth we cannot say and the defendants cannot tell. It is even held by some—who doubtless have no sculptors in the family—that the modern commemorative statue is a lineal descendant of this prehistoric habit. Ribald or no, there is a sort of truth in this, in the sense that we in England have a gift for perpetuating what we hold to be memorable or good. The Great Age of English brewing was not yesterday—but the greatest brew is still among us. The respectful silence in which you view your first cromlech has something of the same quality as that which follows your first Worthington upon a thirsty hour.

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GOLF AND ITS RULES

By E. R. TIPPLE



"A BALL MUST BE PLAYED WHEREVER IT LIES—"

ALTHOUGH several of the Rules of Golf were revised recently, it is obvious that they could be clarified still further. It seems extraordinary to those who play other games that there are very few golfers who possess a working knowledge of the rules of the Royal and Ancient game. Those who participate in tournaments might be expected to know all there is to learn concerning the regulations of their game, but the fact remains that in many cases they are more ignorant than the ordinary week-end club golfer.

One would imagine that the professionals, particularly, would exercise foresight and care as the game is their living, but two recent incidents in which well-known players were involved, show that it is far from being the case. Strangely enough, both these incidents occurred over one rule, and on successive days. Young Max Faulkner failed to profit by Twine's unfortunate experience.

Participating in an Alliance foursome competition, Twine hit a long brassie shot which disappeared into the heavy mist, and the ball could not be found. After searching for some time, his partner went back and played another ball. Twine played another stroke with this "provisional" ball, and then the original was found, and with it they finished the hole, completed the round and reported the facts to the officials. They were, of course, disqualified. This was particularly unfortunate, as their score was easily the best returned.

Faulkner, on the following day, drove off at the first hole and could not find the ball. Whilst others searched for it, he returned to the tee and played another. The first ball was then found, so he picked up his second and proceeded to go round in 69—his third successive Alliance return of that total. Like Twine, he was disqualified.

In both cases the players did not understand the rule relating to the playing of a provisional ball. Their behaviour seems, at first sight, perfectly understandable and quite reasonable, but they committed a breach of the rules, and so suffered the only possible penalty. Under Rule 22 it is clearly stated that "a provisional ball may only be played before the player or his partner goes forward to search for the ball which has been played with the previous stroke." If there is any doubt as to a ball which has been played being lost, the player then has the right to play another so as to save time and delay.

The definition of a lost ball reads, "A ball is 'lost' if it be not found within five minutes after the player's side or his or their caddies have begun to search for it, and if subsequently found may not be played." It is evident then, that in both these incidents the original balls were deemed lost—according to the rules—as soon as the players retraced their steps. Technically speaking, even if the golfer does not reach the original spot, and his first ball is found, he cannot go back and continue playing with it. Several players have thought that if they do not play the new ball they are in order in carrying on with the original. In short, as soon as a player decides to play another ball, that one is termed "in play," no matter what may happen later to the first.

A third incident of confusion over the rules came under my personal attention last week. In this case I think the "culprits" deserve much sympathy. It was a greensome foursome competition. Players A and B elected to play what they said was their ball lying in a bunker, so C and D, finding one ball on the fairway concluded it was theirs, as it was the same make and had the same number. A and B played out of the hazard, then C and D played one shot. B, going up to the ball, discovered it was not his side's but C. and D's. After discussion, the balls were replaced as near as possible to their original positions and the game proceeded. What penalty was incurred?

Stroke Rule No. 8 says, "If a competitor play a stroke or strokes with a ball other than his own he shall incur a penalty of two strokes." Then in section 3 of the same rule, "In a hazard, if a competitor play a stroke or strokes with a ball other than his own and the mistake be discovered before he has played a stroke with the wrong ball from outside the limits of the hazard, he shall incur no penalty provided he then play his own ball."

So A and B were not penalised, but C and D had two strokes added to their score, which just lost them the cup. They were unfortunate, for A and B unintentionally mis-led them and escaped scot free themselves. There was some excuse for their action. Still, after such a bitter experience they will never forget that rule. Indeed, they went home determined to read and learn all the others. But for myself, I still think it wiser to carry in one's bag a small copy of the rules.

A RHAPSODY ON ICE

MEMORIES were awakened by the skating of André Jolly and Pierre Brunet, in the Covent Garden ballet. The famous winners of the world championship and Olympic pairs have lost none of their technique. There, indeed, was a lesson to all skaters in the art of the strongly bent and flexible tracing knee, of the free-flowing hip and of effortless speed devoid of hurry and scramble.

Maria Belita, the ballet name of Belita Jepson-Turner, can justly claim to be the first skater who is a ballerina, and the first ballerina to be able to translate the ballet to the ice. Being a superb exponent of both mediums, the result is exquisite. In Act I of the "Enchanted Night" her Bumble Bee dance in which she exploited the pirouette in her ballet positions as opposed to those usually adopted, she displayed perfect skating technique.

In her "Golden Witch" dance it was a pity that the second part, which was a *tour de force*, should have been obscured by groups of the corps de ballet. In the "Braham's Daughter" there was a definite attempt by Belita and Harrison Thompson at a *pas de deux* as opposed to ordinary pair skating.

Phil Taylor was as full of fire and vigour as ever, but we missed his inimitable stilt skating, which would have been just as relevant as his barrel jumping. Erie Watt's performance as a "Drunken Fakir" was the best of its kind I have ever seen, and the skating of Elsie Heathcote, Rhona Thaell and Rita Bramley was sound throughout.

The skating of the principals was excellent, and the experiment of this new art of ice ballet has fully justified itself. What is lacking, however, is the essential element of speed, for skating without that has relatively little point. The corps de ballet must, therefore, be speeded up considerably, and more use made of real skating movements as opposed to merely walking about.

With such a galaxy of talent the "Rhapsody on Ice" marks a definite landmark in the history of skating and is deserving of the highest of praise.

T. D. R.

THE LAWN TENNIS RANKING LIST

By J. E. COLLETT

FOR the first time the official ranking lists for 1937 have been compiled from comprehensive data. The "terms of reference" include performances in open tournaments from the first Monday in April to the first Saturday in October, and also results in international matches, championships recognised by the I.L.T.F., British national championships, and inter-county championship matches during the twelve months ended October 31st, 1937. Players and critics have no longer any reason to complain that only a slice of the year's play is taken into consideration and that the ranking is statistically unsound.

The committee concerned is still left "holding the baby"—the conundrum of in-and-out form displayed as ever by all but the undoubted leaders.

I do not remember any previous lists which have exhibited such a shuffling of the high cards. Both Austin, in the absence of F. J. Perry, and Mrs. D. L. Little (*née* Miss D. E. Round) are unassailable No. 1's, but thereafter may come controversy and some heartburning. This is inevitable in the case of any ranking, and more so when such a long period of results on many surfaces through spring, summer, autumn and winter have been incorporated.

The outcome of the deliberations is as under:

MEN.	LADIES.
1. (2) H. W. Austin	1. (1) Mrs. D. L. Little
2. (4) C. E. Hare	2. (5) Miss R. M. Hardwick
3. (6) C. R. D. Tuckey	3. (10) Miss M. C. Scriven
4. (5) H. G. N. Lee	4. (2) Miss K. E. Stammers
5. (8) D. W. Butler	5. (9) Miss M. Heeley
6. H. F. David	6. (7) Miss J. Saunders
7. (12) C. M. Jones	7. (3) Mrs. M. R. King
8. (10) F. H. D. Wilde	8. (4) Miss F. James
9. D. MacPhail	9. Miss E. M. Dearman
10. E. A. Shayes	10. Mrs. E. C. Peters
11. J. S. Olliff	11. Miss M. E. Lamb
12. {M. D. Deloford, E. J. Filby}	12. (11) Miss N. M. Lyle
Insufficient Data.	Insufficient Data.
(3) G. P. Hughes	Miss J. Ingram
(9) N. Sharpe	

The figures in brackets denote the places occupied by the indicated players in the ranking lists for 1936

Speaking for myself and reviewing again what I have seen during the twelve months, I can find little to complain of. It must be remembered that a great deal of indicative play has counted for honour (in county matches, for example), which has escaped the publicity given to the ordinary round of tournaments. It is unsafe for the average critic to form an opinion on "insufficient data." Judgment in such circumstances amounts to prejudice.

The newcomers (some are "comebackers") to the lists—David, MacPhail, Shayes, Olliff, Deloford, Filby, Miss Dearman, Mrs. Peters and Miss Lamb—have deserved inclusion. If I had been compiling the list, on play I have seen, I should have put Olliff higher and Tuckey lower; among the ladies I should have introduced Miss V. E. Scott, giving her, with due deference to Miss Lyle's sound game, the twelfth place, and I should have thought Miss Scriven a better match-winner than Miss Hardwick.

Somewhere the sun is shining

. . . and it's only two hours from London. Somewhere, Autumn has not yet become Winter, lingering still in a glorious blaze of red and gold, and even a floral touch of Summer. There, too, are palms and evergreen pines and laurels and a sheltered harbour to keep winter at bay from the

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BOURNEMOUTH

Letters to the Editor

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

WAR OFFICE LAND IN WILTSHIRE

SIR,—The War Office propose to build a large Tank Corps depot and camp at St. Joan à Gore Cross, about a mile from the village of Bishop's Lavington in Wiltshire. We all know the importance of national defence, and we are all very glad to know that the War Office are busy. But quite a number of us fail to see why a site, which forms some of the best arable land in the county, should be selected, when so much land is available.

The site is at present marked by rows of small white concrete posts, is egg-shaped and extends for about one mile on either side of the Devizes—Salisbury Road. It is just about a quarter of a mile in depth. Where the posts end, the poorer land of Salisbury Plain and an artillery range begin. Most of this land was a forced purchase by the Department early in 1936, and early in this year it was after a survey rejected as quite unsuitable for the purpose to which it is now proposed to devote it. Apparently other sites were even more unsuitable, and the War Office have returned to St. Joan à Gore Cross.

Now this land forms the heart of farms that cover some 3,000 acres. Mr. Frank Maggs has been working the actual site successfully for 30 years. He employs permanently sixteen skilled men, all married and all heads of families. If the camp is built he will not need the men. Beyond the question of loss to farming there is also the question of drainage and water supply, which are bound to create difficulties and to involve considerable expenditure. To the lay mind it would appear that a dell, called The Warren, which runs down into the village of Bishop's Lavington from the camp, is the only channel for the disposal of sewage.

Surely Salisbury Plain is large enough? Surely some third authority—the county council or the Ministry of Agriculture, if the latter are not too busy with their Boards—might be consulted before the bounds of Salisbury Plain are exceeded? Surely, with all this fuss and publicity about Land Fertility and its importance as a means of national defence (and healthy agriculture is just as important to the nation as Tank Corps camps), it is a little inconsistent to contemplate taking out of cultivation good arable land that has been farmed at a profit?

The War Office may have an unanswerable case—it seems most problematical—but if they are to act as judge and jury in a case that concerns not only another Government Department but also a whole community, they would at least gain the respect of the public by stating their case in detail and submitting it to the volume of criticism it undoubtedly deserves.

Yours faithfully,
Hampshire. CHEAGHT.

FISHING IN QUIET

SIR,—A writer in an issue of a few weeks ago, under the pseudonym of "Victim," complains that he is unable to get fishing anywhere in the British Isles where he can fish undisturbed by what he calls "louts," "Jazz girls," and "grumophones." He seems to have been decidedly unfortunate, though there is some truth in his suggestion that the increasing love of the country has drawn many people into the wilder parts—some of them, admittedly, tending to disturb the peace of many hitherto peaceful spots.

Might I suggest to him that he try Shetland? I have recently returned from a further visit to these delightful and unspoilt islands, and can assure him that he will find there the peace he so desires.

There he will find little to disturb him, unless he objects to an occasional fellow-angler or a farm worker going about his duties. He will find the people both kindly and helpful, and he can find quarters to suit the modest purse. In fact, Shetland has been described as "The Paradise for the poor angler," though I am not suggesting that this is what bothers "Victim."

He will find plenty of lochs containing good trout. Many are free; many are attached to hotels or boarding houses; and many may be fished by permission, if a courteous letter is addressed to the right quarter.

As for rivers—there are none as we know them, but there are streams which contain sea trout in season, and Voes (those bays or inlets, often fed by a small stream) where he may fish, actually in the sea, and get excellent sport. August and September are the best months. I know of anglers who have caught sea trout up to 10lb. weight on fly, and fish of a pound or two are quite common. Most of this fishing is free so far.

Shetland is, of course, in the British Isles. If "Victim" does not mind the distance, and cares to write me, I shall be very glad to give him a little information.

Yours faithfully,
Roseliff Lodge, PERCY MAIL.
Corbridge,
Northumberland.

HUNTING PROBLEM NO. 7

SIR,—I read with the greatest interest the six hunting problems which perplexed Mr. Higginson. I forward you herewith an equally tricky one. I paid my teamsman his fortnightly wages, the notes and coins being contained in an envelope. Being employed mixing food at the time, he laid the packet down beside him, prior to putting it in his coat pocket. Two puppies at walk which had just been successfully evicted from the skim milk bucket, fell on the packet and ate the notes; but fortunately rejected the coins. Can you, sir, suggest the right course to pursue out of the following alternatives: (1) Deny responsibility. (2) Endeavour to get it out of the Hunt. (3) Try the Workmen's Insurance. (4) Pay up and look pretty.

Yours faithfully,
Flintshire. HECTOR.

PLUCK AND PERTINACITY

SIR,—I was visiting a friend who is mining in Southern Rhodesia, and my host and I were walking round the base of a hill, when I chanced to pull on some creeper hanging over a vertical wall of rock. It came away and showed a hole in the side of the hill. Some natives who were working close by were questioned and all declared they had never seen it before.

We widened the gap in the creeper and crawled inside. Soon we could stand upright, and the hole seemed to pierce right into the centre of the hill. This was evidently some of the work of the "ancients," the mysterious miners of the past, so it was worth investigating.

The light from the opening penetrated only about 25yds., and as we were reaching its limits we were startled to see a strange object coming silently towards us. We stood still as it continued slowly to approach. When it got near enough my friend, recognised it as his bull terrier, known as Captain. Whatever was the matter with him? Why did he walk so slowly? Then we saw. He had been fighting a porcupine and had himself turned into a living pin-cushion. Porcupine quills are as sharp as needles and 12in. long. Captain was pierced all over with them. We picked him up and carried him to the house, where, with the aid of a pair of pincers, we extracted 57 quills. Some had entered his feet and run up alongside the leg bones for 6in. or 7in., and he had bitten off the part which protruded, making them hard to find and harder to extract. I marvelled that flesh and blood could bear such pain and live, but not a murmur escaped him while we operated. One quill had entered under the chin and pierced the tongue right through.

At length all the quills were removed, and we gave him a tot of brandy and laid him gently on a cushion.

An hour later we were surprised to find that Captain had vanished. We searched around, and then my friend suggested that he had gone back to finish off the porcupine.

We took an electric torch and returned to the ancient working. Beneath our feet was a soft cushion of bat guano apparently undisturbed for centuries. The adit penetrated the hill for nearly half a mile, and as we got to the end of it the sound of a mighty battle was heard. Captain had found the enemy.

As we ran forward he succeeded in getting a grip on the porcupine and was shaking it like a rat. It died at once from a broken back, and then we looked at Captain. He was in the same state again—full of quills.

We carried him back and went over the dreadful process again, extracting quills from every part of his body.

He lay perfectly still without appearing to notice what was being done except occasionally for a slight wince when several inches of quill was tugged out. I thought he was dead several times, but when my friend said "Captain," his tail beat a feeble tattoo on the table.

He never hunted again, however, for pneumonia set in and two days later he died.

I have seen courage and determination in my time, but nothing to beat the pluck and pertinacity of that dog.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. 1. T. J. N.

THE MOUNTAIN LION

SIR,—Among the many excellent articles on sport published in the Special Empire Number of the *Field*, one in particular invites comment. I refer to "Stalking the Cougar," in which the author asserts "that a full-sized specimen will measure anything from 6ft. to 8ft. or 11ft. in length and sometimes longer."

Abnormally large specimens undoubtedly do occur among certain species of wild animals; though the cougar is said to rarely exceed 8ft. in length; 11ft. would be considered an exceptional length even for a lion or tiger taped immediately after being killed and measured in a direct line from tip of nose to end of tail, a full-grown male tiger averaging 9½ft., a tigress 9in. to 12in. less; though the raw pelt of a 10ft. tiger may conceivably be stretched to 11½ft., or even to 12ft. This, in fact, is frequently done; but the result is invariably a distortion, the proportional beauty of outline being thereby lost.

Another statement to which exception is taken is that "once a cougar has started tracking a deer, it never gives up until it has run its quarry to earth. The deer will run ahead so many miles and then rest, the cougar just keeping on the trail very much as a cat will track down a mouse in a field." Should this indeed be the case, the cougar's method of hunting would be at variance with all other members of the feline tribe.

The cougar, otherwise known as the puma or mountain lion, is reckoned among the great cats and, as such, is classed with the lion, tiger, leopard and jaguar, and these do not track their prey by scent. They stalk by stealth, being wholly dependent for success upon their abnormal powers of vision and hearing and the paralysing effect of a surprise attack. Physically, the great cats are incapable of "hunting" in its true sense, being too heavy and cumbrous for sustained effort. In addition, the weight of loose skin which, in the cougar and jaguar, takes the form of a pronounced dewlap, acts as a further hindrance. The massive forelegs and extremely muscular hindquarters are well adapted to the swift rush and spring culminating in the blow of paw delivered ambidextrously.

The true hunting instinct is the prerogative of the dog tribe, more especially the wolf and wild dog. Of these the latter takes pride of place. Either of these species can follow up their prey by scent or sight, by day or night; preferably by day. The slender legs, delicately balanced body devoid of superfluous flesh, effortless motion and air of restless activity, proclaim the born hunter and long-distance runner.

Certain characteristic features in structure and methods of killing readily distinguish the mere beast of prey (*Felis*) from the natural hunter (*Canis*). These may be summarised as follows: (1) The square head and uncompromising, truly cat-like jowl suggest the predacious killer as contrasted with the long and pointed skull of the hunter. (2) The big cats use their paws in seizing and killing, whereas the hunter seizes with his fangs and never uses his paw. (3) The felines stalk alone (or as a family), the actual killing being carried out by a single member. The canines usually hunt in packs, but often scout singly or in pairs. (4) The felines kill their prey outright prior to partaking of its flesh. In most cases the spinal cord is snapped and the jugular vein pierced, thus enabling the killer to suck its victim's blood as long as the heart continues to pulsate.

Yours faithfully,
Hazaribagh, G. D. SCOTT.
E. I. Ry—Grand Chord, India.

A NEW LILY

SIR,—Referring to the letter, "A New Lily," in a recent *Field*, we would point out that the statement therein that this lily (St. Helena), *Lilium longiflorum Harrisii* can only be supplied to the public by the three firms mentioned is entirely wrong and misleading. We have grown a considerable consignment of these bulbs from St. Helena during the summer, and were in a position to supply them to anyone, also we have no reason to doubt that other bulb merchants were equally able to supply.

Yours faithfully,
Lincoln. PENNELL & SONS, LTD.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE ORCHIDS
(See letter "A Hybrid Orchid")

TICK ON PEEWIT

SIR,—I was rather surprised the other day to see a young, but fully fledged, peewit moving about the lawn here, and on picking it up (which it allowed me to do quite readily) I found that a large tick was embedded in the crown of its head. The bird was very weak, and I suppose this was due to the fact that the blood was being sucked from its brain by the parasite. Having carefully removed the latter, I put the little bird back in the field from which it had probably come, and I did not see it again.

It would be interesting to know how the tick managed to reach its position, also whether it is usual for these pests to attack birds.

Yours faithfully,
Stockbridge, Hants. P. R. BUTLER.

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G.F.8. 321

A HYBRID ORCHID

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows an orchid. Although the picture was taken in the tropics the flower, a *brasso-cattleya*, is the product of a plant hybridised for several generations in England by Sir Jeremiah Colman, of Gatton Park, a well-known personage in the orchid world. It has been named the Gatton Lily.

The plant was kept in Malaya for two years before it bloomed, when it produced the flower as illustrated. This is one of the most beautiful of the orchids. Its production under the circumstances, was, to say the least, paradoxical.

Yours faithfully,
c/o C.R.E., Catterick Camp, York. J. F. FRIEND.

MICKEY MOUSE

SIR,—I enclose an amusing photograph of a remarkable freak potato. This extraordinary specimen was dug out of an allotment at Chalk Farm, Hampstead, and I understand that it is due to some irregular condition of the soil which causes the "features" on these vegetables.

I may add that this is a genuine freak and was entirely the work of nature, and the only eye this Mickey Mouse has, was the work of some unsuspecting little earth-worm.

Yours faithfully,
Hendon. WILFRED BOWEN.



A FREAK POTATO
(See letter "Mickey Mouse")

DEALING WITH MOLES

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Invaded," may be interested to know that it is a common belief here that moles may be driven away by pouring urine into their runs. I have done this during the past two years, and I believe in its efficacy.

The mole that is common here is larger than the mole that I knew in Wiltshire, and in diet is a vegetarian. It works havoc among such things as potatoes and dahlia tubers. Away from gardens I believe it lives on roots and bulbs. There are no earthworms such as are so abundant in English soils.

Yours faithfully,
P.O. Bergvlei, Johannesburg. FRANK A. STOKES.

BURN FISHING

SIR,—Up to the time of writing all the catches recorded have been made with worm; nor has anything very outstanding been mentioned.

Speaking from my own experience of about 40 years ago I imagine that the fact is that one gets tired of pulling out these small fish after a time and calls it a day whatever the bag may be. I feel sure that, if out for a record, fishing long hours and with everything just so, it would have been quite possible, in the days of my youth, to have caught 200 of these small fellows in many a North Country burn or beck.

But those days have probably passed; what with road washings, the increased number and mobility of fishermen and, certainly speaking of several Cumberland becks about 30 years ago, wholesale netting and liming.

In the '90's or thereabouts bags up to 50 were fairly common. Fishing the Fastnet, a tributary of the Whitadder, about April, 1891, I got 112—all small. I walked, I think, about 7 miles both ways, so it was not a long fishing day. The water was low and clear but full of fish, who were equally full of enthusiasm. Two flies—both doing business simultaneously on about half-a-dozen occasions. In the Upper Croglin beck in Cumberland rod and flies of my own make produced 127. Full "tea" water; grouse and orange and I left them rising about six o'clock. A few half-pounders in the score. This beck was quite ruined the following year by a cloudburst up in the fells, which filled up all the pools with gravel and sizable boulders, throwing the surplus, together with thousands of fish, out on to many low-lying fields about Croglin village.

The Middle Caldew, in Cumberland, yielded 122 about June, 1899; again with fly in a full water. Those were my courting days and it seemed advisable to knock off about six. The fish were rising furiously, so I do not know what the bag might have been had things been normal. Biggest about ¾lb.

Given a good fisherman, a fairly open burn and a good day with water running off after a spate I would back fly against worm. The wormer loses much time in baiting, say, 150 worms; does not cover the water as quickly or thoroughly; and can only catch them one at a time!

Yours faithfully,
Wasa, B.C. JOHN SOWERBY.

A TAME SHRIKE

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph and account of a tame shrike may be of interest.

The bird was rescued from some small Chinese boys at Weihaiwei about the end of June, and was then approximately a week old, unable to fly and quite unable to feed himself. He was kept on the verandah of our bungalow for about three weeks, my wife and daughter feeding him on raw meat, flies, ants, &c., at intervals of about an hour throughout the day. There it learnt to make its first short flights, and to come to the hand or perch on the shoulder, and to demand food by squawking and flapping its wings.

It has never been caged, has been handled constantly by all three of us, and has never shown the slightest fear of human beings. For about a month now he has been at large in the open, sleeping out at night, but a constant visitor to us in the garden and in the bungalow during the day.

The bird comes readily to the hand when called, and frequently when not, perching on a convenient head or shoulder, and demanding to be fed, although now quite capable of feeding himself. Frequently he will have a short sleep on one's shoulder before returning to the trees.

Intensely curious, he will follow one into the house, taking the corners skilfully on the wing, and assisting at dressing-table operations or the packing of a picnic or bathing basket, examining each article handled with the greatest of care and swearing loudly if pushed aside. In his more sentimental moments he will produce a very quaint little song, so quiet as to be almost a whisper.

A most engaging little chap, it is sad to think that his trusting disposition with human beings may eventually land him in a Chinaman's cage.

Yours faithfully,
R. G. DUKE.
Weihaiwei.



DEMANDING TO BE FED
(See letter "A Tame Shrike")





"A LACK OF HARMONY IN THEIR MARRIED LIVES?"
(See letter "Reindeer in Lapland")

REINDEER IN LAPLAND

SIR,—In enclosing two pictures of reindeer taken on a recent tour of Lapland and Norway, I am venturing to enquire whether any of your readers could enlighten me as to what is the biological significance of the fact that the females, alone, I believe, among the members of the deer tribe, are antlered like the males. Does this imply a lack of harmony in their married lives?

Incidentally, the size of the herds in which these animals congregate is amazing. In one herd I counted 316. I wonder what is the largest herd recorded?

Yours faithfully,
London, E.C. 4. VALERIE STURS.

THE FOOD OF MERLINS

SIR,—Relating to the observations on the feeding habits of merlins in recent issues of the *Field*, I send herewith a photograph of a collection of heads, legs and feathers of small birds plucked by a pair of these hawks in the vicinity of their nest. They reared three young ones on a heather-clad moor where many grouse and pheasants also bred; yet there were no game feathers from either young or old birds to be seen. Greenfinches and pied wagtails were the most numerous, together with a fair number of chats and yellow buntings. I have known more than one gamekeeper to endorse the statements of Mr. W. P. Green in the *Field* of September 4th.



CAST UP BY GULLS ON FOULSHAW MOSS
(See letter "The Food of Merlins")

Merlins in general pay a heavy penalty for the occasional misdemeanours of a small minority.

It is generally well worth while to point out the evidence at the merlin's plucking station to keepers and more especially to owners of shoots, hoping that they will be persuaded to spare the life of this "dashing little hawk."

I find that most farmers are interested in owl pellets; many of them are astonished to find that they consist of the discarded bones and fur of mice, voles and rats: the bones, though so fragile and many of them fine as a needle, are always intact, and the skulls likewise, although so tightly packed with the fur of small animals. In an old boathouse, on the keel of an upturned boat, I found 21 pellets cast up by a pair of barn owls. Upon examination they revealed the skulls of 56 field voles (*Microtus agrestis*) and 43 shrews, the wing cases of five large beetles and the skeleton of one small bird, a young one. Later these two barn owls were shot by an ignorant farm hand. In April this year I found ten pellets from a barn owl which contained the skulls of nineteen field voles and nine shrews; while on another occasion five barn owl pellets contained fourteen skulls and a large quantity of beetles' wing cases. In this district I usually find three voles and a shrew, or four voles respectively to each pellet examined.

On Foulshaw Moss in Lancashire many hundreds of lesser black-backed gulls and a few herring gulls breed annually, and people come by train and car to rob them of their eggs to preserve for winter use. About the nesting area at some distance from an estuary are quantities of gull-castings containing undigested portions of their food. Small pink empty shells and crabs' legs are most commonly found, and this year there were a good many haddock backbones up to 6in. in length, together with the hard head bones of codlings, in addition to crabs' legs and claws and their back shells of a considerable size. I collected a few of these which appear in my photograph; the shells and crabs' legs were photographed *in situ* amongst the bog myrtle.

Yours faithfully,
Windermere. CATHERINE M. CLERK.

BACHELOR OYSTER-CATCHERS AND CURLEW

SIR,—Many naturalists have been surprised to see flocks of oyster-catchers and curlew on Scottish beaches in June and even in July. A reader of my recently published book *Wild Life of the Highlands*, suggests that my explanation of the bachelor oyster-catchers being where they are in June or July does not quite explain the matter. Some of the flocks may be on passages to nesting places in Northern Europe (as I suggested), but the July flocks are non-nesters. There is no mistake about the bachelor curlew, which I observed for many years on Kintyre. There they were roosting on the moss, which is their haunt in June and July, to the number of 200 birds. It is known, of course, that the larger gulls and some hawks (notably the Peregrine falcon) do not nest in their first year, but that is not the explanation in regard to non-nesting curlew, as I shot a brace to see, and both birds were very old ones carrying extra long and hard beaks. It would appear that bachelor oyster-catchers and curlew may be of three classes, of which the most common is the northern nesting migrants which are seen up to mid-June. The remaining bachelor birds must be old birds past breeding or young ones not yet at the stage for it. There is a fourth possibility, and one which has a certain probability, in regard to the oyster-catcher at least. The birds seen in tired-out flocks lying on the sands in June and July may be early-nesting birds from some tropical coast.

Yours faithfully,
Woodview, Comrie. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

COMMAS IN ESSEX

SIR,—I had never seen a comma in Essex till this autumn, when on September 30th, in my garden at Colne Engaine, I saw seven, but only one red admiral, two small tortoiseshells and one male brimstone. I have not seen a single peacock this autumn. The Rev. P. K. Venner informs me that he has seen commas at Gosfield and Greenstead Green for the past two or three years; I also heard of them at Burstead, near Billericay, and Layer Massey, near Colchester this year, and saw two in my sister's garden at Sible Hedingham on September 29th, also two red admirals and two small tortoiseshells. In this part of Essex commas have been more plentiful than red admirals and tortoiseshells this autumn.

Yours faithfully,
Earls Colne. R. S.

TRAFFIC CONGESTION

SIR,—You refer to the stationary vehicle as one of the prime causes of congestion to-day, and according to my observation this is often noticeable at petrol stations. It should be the law that no such station should be licensed unless there is room provided to draw in off the road to fill, and it should be an offence, by both the owner of the station and of the motor car, not to draw off the road to fill or to take in or to supply petrol for a car standing on the road. In many cases where there is room to draw off the road, cars do not do so, and the petrol pipe is swung round. This should be forbidden.

Petrol stations should not be allowed on the bend of a road. I have in mind a very dangerous one near here at the curved junction of three roads where, what with cars coming in three directions, as well as cars leaving and approaching the filling area, there is serious risk of accident.

Yours faithfully,
Bryn-y-Grog Hall, Wrexham. R. STEWART-BROWN.

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A 75 LB. STINGRAY AND BABY
(See letter "Stingrays Large and Small")

STINGRAYS LARGE AND SMALL

SIR,—I think your readers will be interested to see this photograph of a 75lb. Stingray which was caught on rod and line off the coast of Maryland, U.S.A. It is seldom seen outside tropical waters and it is rare to catch a fish of this size so far north. After it had towed the large motor boat for two miles in Chesapeake Bay it took 30 minutes to bring it into the boat.

But the most interesting part of the episode occurred after the death of the fish, when three young ones could be seen swimming happily round in a bucket of water placed at their disposal. Unfortunately, two of them were eaten by a cat, but the third one can be seen held up beside the 75 pounder in the picture.

Yours faithfully,

Leonardtown, Md. GEO. MORGAN KNIGHT, Jr.
P.O. Box 216,
St. Mary's Co., Md.

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BOLS KUMMEL

BLACK-VEINED WHITE AND PINE HAWKMOTH

SIR,—Is C. M. Kidd quite certain that the specimen seen at Long Wittenham was not an exceptionally large and pale green-veined white? I ask because the black-veined white, after having been plentiful in some southern localities for many years, became very scarce, and lingered on in Kent until it finally disappeared and has not been seen since about 1925, except for an occasional specimen reported from one of the south-eastern counties. Berkshire is an unusual locality for it now, although it used to be found there.

The hawkmoth is not so rare in Britain as Mr. Wilkinson seems to think, although it is very local indeed. It is by no means so rare, for instance, as the crimson-speckled footman, which is recognised as an occasional immigrant from the Continent. East Anglia certainly used to be the headquarters of the hawkmoth, but it seems likely to be superseded by Dorset, if it is not already, because there are plenty of pine woods there and the moth is known to frequent some of them, where it is not rare.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

SCARCITY OF BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—Some time ago I seem to remember you published correspondence about the comma butterfly, drawing attention to its suddenly extending its habitat in Worcestershire, where I believe it has always been more or less locally common—in both southerly and westerly directions. However, it may be of interest to some of your readers to know that I secured two specimens in my garden on October 2nd; they had settled on some Michaelmas daisies. This is the first time I have seen a comma butterfly in Cornwall. For some reason or another butterflies generally have been comparatively scarce here this year. Red admirals, peacocks, painted ladies, speckled woods, &c., in most years very common, are almost absent, and no clouded yellows at all. I have only seen one gamma moth (Silver Y.)—in other years scores of them—and I have not obtained a single hawk moth caterpillar. In other years I usually obtain plenty of poplar, privet, eyed and elephant hawk caterpillars.

It would be of interest to know the cause of such an exceptional year.

Yours faithfully,

North Trenathan, G. W. SMALLWOOD.
St. Austell, Cornwall.

WAS IT A KITTIWAKE?

SIR,—After over 20 years' experience of the Outer Islands, I have yet to see a kittiwake on an inland loch, even in Mull.

Crossing to Lewis or South Uist, one sees any number of them in the open Minch, but they follow the steamer at a respectful distance, not in the manner of the greedy gulls. Only once have I seen one crossing South Uist, from east to west, and not tarrying on the way either.

The common gull is the commonest of all gulls in the islands, less so in the south. Yet I have often heard it described as "kittiwake" by visiting anglers. Admittedly, there is some resemblance in the adult plumage, but there is an entire difference in habit, flight and "voice."

It would be interesting if your correspondent could confirm the identity of the bird mentioned in his letter.

Yours faithfully,

Junior United Services Club, C. TROUT.
S.W. 1.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1.—There is always a tragic sound in the dreaded word cancer, and to be forced to live on charity because one is victimised by it, must be a terrible thing for an intelligent woman of good education. Such is the fate of a private secretary, who has appealed in despair to us for help. She is only 39, and in the last two years has undergone three serious operations, the final one a major operation for cancer. She has since made valiant efforts to recommence work, but each time has failed owing to repeated collapses, and has, at last, been forced to admit defeat. She has no money at all, except 6/- insurance, and a small grant from a special cancer relief fund; she is entirely responsible for her aged mother, whose only income is the 10/- widow's pension, and with all the treatments, &c., she has to pay for, this small weekly income is hopelessly inadequate. We know at this time of year there are many calls on the pockets of all, but is there not someone who will give substantial remembrance to this poor gentlewoman, intrepidly fighting poverty and disease. We need £26 to promise her 10/- weekly for one year.

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IN THE CITY

SOME MORE PREFERENCE SHARES

CONTINUING the consideration of high-class preference shares started in this column last week, particulars are given below of some more companies which have a good dividend record, and whose preference shares can now be bought to give a reasonable yield.

INTERNATIONAL TEA COMPANY'S STORES, LTD.

The company was formed in 1895, and since then it has established itself as one of the leading chain store provision merchants in the country.

The following table gives some indication of the fortunes of the company in recent years:

Year to April 30th	Available for "A" preference	"A" preference dividend	Ordinary stock Earned %	Ordinary stock Paid %
1931	£620,805	£94,771	45.6	30
1932	671,647	95,771	51.5	30 A.
1933	578,728	95,771	36.9	30
1934	669,860	95,771	39.6	30
1935	669,315	107,296	38.9	30 B.
1936	649,701	123,742	30.8	30 C.
1937	462,472	123,771	19.4	16

A.—Also capital bonus of 10 per cent. in ordinary shares.

B.—Issued ordinary increased from £1,374,381 to £1,545,624.

C.—Issued ordinary increased from £1,545,624 to £1,550,000.

It will be seen that the "A" preference dividend has always been covered with an ample margin: also that profits were greatest in the period when the country was suffering from the depression and commodities were at low prices. For the year ended April, 1937, the company suffered severely from intensification of competition and steeply rising commodity prices. In a business of this nature, where the retail prices of its good are largely fixed, profits are bound to suffer while commodity prices are rising. However, the company is increasing its turnover, and as a result of the recent fall in commodites it would not be surprising to find that profits this year will return to a more normal level.

The 7 per cent. "A" cumulative preference £1 stock units, of which there are £1,768,161 in issue, can now be bought at around 28/- to give a yield of £5 per cent., and are a sound investment. The ordinary 5/- stock units, which were dealt in at 38/4 in 1936, can now be bought at around 15/3, to give a yield of £5 4s. 11d. per cent., and at this price they should prove to be a good lock-up investment for capital and income.

HOOVER, LTD.

The present company was incorporated in March of this year to take over the business of a private company of the same name. It manufactures and distributes the well-known Hoover cleaner and other electrical appliances. Until 1932 the cleaners were manufactured in Canada, but a modern, specially built factory at Perivale now produces the whole supply. Demand has increased to such an extent that an extension to the factory will probably be built in the near future.

In every year since its inception in 1919 (with the exception of 1926—year of the General Strike), the turnover of the parent company has shown a substantial increase over that of the previous year.

Share capital consists of £800,000 in ordinary 5/- shares and £600,007 in 5½ per cent. cumulative preference £1 shares. The ordinary shares are all privately held, but the preference shares were offered for public subscription at 21/6. per share. The issue was very successful, and the shares are now quoted at 24/-. Dividend requirements are covered over nine times by 1936 net profit, so that even at 24/- the shares may be considered an attractive investment to yield £4 11s. 8d. per cent.

BURTON, SON & SANDERS, LTD.

This company was registered in 1920 as a reconstruction of a firm of the same name incorporated 40 years ago. The company carries on business as sugar and almond millers, manufacturers and importers of confectionery, wholesale grocers and sugar dealers.

The balance-sheet at December 24th, 1936, disclosed a sound financial position, with surplus liquid assets amounting to £387,000. The share capital now amounts to £600,000 of which £228,569 is in 7½ per cent. cumulative preference £1 shares.

The profit record is very stable, and the preference dividend has always been amply covered by earnings. For 1936 the amount available was £55,612 to cover requirements of £15,296. The 7½ per cent cumulative preference shares yield £4 16s. per cent. at the present price of 31/3.

PACTOLUS II.



CAPTAINS OF THE RIVAL FENCING TEAMS: MISS ETHERIDGE (ENGLAND) AND FRÖKEN OLSEN (DENMARK)

DENMARK'S FENCING TRIUMPH

A Trial of Strength

By M. POLLOCK SMITH

THE premier event of the British women's fencing season, the International Championship for the Hutton Cup, at Bertrand's, proved a triumph for Denmark. Four of their five representatives reached the final—Greta Olsen, Karen Lachmann, Aya Pedersen and Marie-Louise Berntsen, who finished first, second, fourth and sixth respectively, while Kate Mahaut was relegated in a very strong semi-final. Third place went to the Belgian holder, Jenny Addams. The title has now gone abroad for the third successive year.

Some British stars of first magnitude may be fading, but others are rising who will, in the near future, outshine their predecessors. Premier of these is Pauline Etheridge (Bertrand's), who finished fifth, only one win behind those who tied for the title. That this fine little fencer should reach the final within a few weeks of changing from French to Italian foil fencing was sufficiently surprising, but that she should win a higher place and throughout the competition do better versus six foreigners than any other Briton, was amazing.

If enthusiasm does not tempt her to over-train, Miss Etheridge will endanger everyone, even Miss Neligan, in our National Championship in April; and if she is not British champion next season, whoever challenges, many will be both surprised and disappointed.

The International Hutton, with quarter-finals of seven or eight, semi-finals of nine, followed by a final of eight, on three consecutive days, made the contest more a trial of strength than is either desirable or really necessary. Without in any degree minimising the undoubted skill of the Danes it is certain that their superior physique more than once tipped the balance in their favour. We must emulate the physical perfection of these young Amazons, who, with all their prowess in sport, remain essentially feminine, but at the same time we should fight hard to reduce to the minimum this question of endurance. If not, then good fencing will surrender to brute strength, and competitions, instead of being a healthy, enjoyable stimulant to achievement, will become an exhausting ordeal for the average fit British swordswoman.

From the points of view of both players and judges eight should be the maximum number for any pool, while whenever possible finals should be of six only because in these days, when so many are good, ties are almost inevitable.

The Hutton final proved extraordinarily close, the whole top half being affected by the last three bouts.

Fröken Lachmann had lost only to Mlle. Addams, 5—3, when she faced Miss Etheridge in her concluding fight, in which, for her, victory meant the title, but at 4—all Miss Etheridge won with a superb attack. The penultimate assault was Greta Olsen versus Betty Puddefoot. The former had already lost to Lachmann and Pedersen early in the pool, but by beating Miss Puddefoot she finished equal with Karen Lachmann, each five wins.

On the last assault the placing of four players depended, for Jenny Addams was already two-down to Pauline Etheridge in the night's best fight, and to Greta Olsen, while Aya Pedersen had lost only to her compatriot Lachmann. Thus once more a Dane stood to gain the title if she could win her last bout; but Jenny Addams's cool combative fighting succeeded at 5—2, and this pair finished also five-up. In the quadruple barrage for the cup it was the concluding fight in which Olsen beat Addams 5—2 that decided the title, well after midnight, in the Danish champion's favour, and averted still further ties.

On the whole competition, Greta Olsen won 22 fights, lost 2; Karen Lachmann, 21—4; Jenny Addams, 20—4; Aya Pedersen, 16—8; Pauline Etheridge, 14—8; Betty Arbuthnott, 11—9; M.-L. Berntsen, 10—11; Betty Puddefoot, 9—11.

Denmark scored another first when, the next afternoon, their team of Internationals won by 12—4 the fifth Anglo-Danish match that is fought biannually in alternate countries. This affair is not, on our side, officially international. Until now it has always been won by the home country, and Denmark's success here this year puts them 3—2 up on matches and 47—33 on bouts won in all five contests.

Neither country was at full strength for Denmark lacked Ulla Barding and Frn. With, who were in their team which, on the hits aggregates, beat Great Britain for third place in the world championship, while the English side was without Mrs. Minton and the British champion, Miss Neligan.

Our team was composed of the three Britons who reached the previous night's final—Misses Etheridge (Bertrand's), Puddefoot (Lansdowne) and Carnegy Arbuthnott (Gauthier), together with Pamela Godsell (Bertrand's), who qualified for her place in the team by beating Margaret Angus (Civil Service) in a fight-off earlier in the week. The English appeared much more jaded from their previous individual efforts than the four powerful young Danes, and the fact that eight of the sixteen fights were decided on the odd hit proves the match closer than the score infers.

A MUCH NEEDED VETERINARY COLLEGE

The New Establishment and its Work

WITH the opening of the new Royal Veterinary College and Hospital, Camden Town, London, by His Majesty the King last Tuesday, a new era was established in the teaching and study of veterinary science and so great step forward has been made towards the prevention of animal diseases which take toll from every department of agriculture. The old college, whose passing no one will mourn, was totally lacking in everything to enable it to cope with modern conditions; not lacking brains or initiative on the part of the teaching staff, but money and outside support. It had, with minor additions, remained the same since King William IV became its Patron in 1830.

Built at a cost of £250,000, of which £150,000 was contributed by the Government, the new college has taken the place of this "national disgrace" and blot upon the veterinary reputation of Great Britain. As it contains every modern scientific device necessary for the teaching and advancement of veterinary medicine and surgery, it is now well worthy to be styled the "Mother College of the Veterinary Institutes of the British Empire." This great achievement has been due to the untiring efforts and energy of the retiring Principal and Dean, Sir Frederick Hobday, to whom credit is due not only for his efforts in raising money and his propaganda work, but also for applying ideas obtained during a tour of the leading veterinary colleges and institutions of Europe, and co-ordinating them to the best advantage for the benefit of the new establishment.

The main block of the new buildings contains the teaching and research departments, together with the library, administration offices and rooms for social gatherings. All the lecture rooms contain lantern and cinematograph equipment for demonstrating the various forms of lameness, operations on all sorts and conditions of animals, &c., a provision of incalculable value as an aid to teaching. In addition to operating theatres for large and small animals, there is an anatomical dissecting room, and there are fully-equipped laboratories for the study of chemistry, biology, histology, physiology, pathology and pharmacy, animal husbandry, veterinary medicine and surgery. There are also a set of specially equipped laboratories for post-graduate study of preventive medicine and of the diseases common to both man and animals, thus offering facilities for medical men to enlarge their knowledge of comparative medicine.

Outside the main block, buildings are provided for the treatment of every class of animal, and there are cow byres of the latest approved pattern, loose boxes for horses, and kennel accommodation for about 100 small animals. There is also a covered ride where horses can be tried for soundness or exercised.

The Beaumont Animal's Hospital is housed in yet another building, and is fully equipped to deal with the 10,000 animals belonging to poor people that are brought for treatment annually. Next to this is the Canine Hospital, with its own operating room, offices and wards for in-patients, a complete unit in itself. In the Pathological Research Institute research work is carried on for the prevention of such important diseases as tuberculosis, contagious abortion, mastitis, Johne's disease, &c.

Although such a good and solid foundation has been laid for the advancement of veterinary science for the benefit of agriculture, the cost of staffing and maintaining the college will prove a heavy burden to bear.

As freedom from disease is the responsibility of the State, such work as is being carried on by the Royal Veterinary College, deserves, if not demands, better financial encouragement in the future than in the past. C. G. S.



wild and woolly

He's playing a wild game, but he's wearing very civilised clothes—particularly his vest and pants, which represent a notable triumph of civilisation in their refinement of the exuberant woolliness of untamed wool into the indescribable fleecy softness which is Pesco Pure Wool Underwear.

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GUNS, JUDGES AND HANDLERS MOVING OFF TO THE SECOND DRIVE AT THE DORSET RETRIEVER FIELD TRIAL SOCIETY'S TRIALS AT WILBURY PARK, SALISBURY

FIELD TRIALS

KENNEL CLUB RETRIEVER TRIALS

THE Open Stake of the Kennel Club Retriever Trials was held at Boughton Place, near Maid-stone, on November 2nd and 3rd, by kind permission of Colonel G. B. Winch. The judges were Colonel H. M. Wilson, Major T. C. Lucas and Mr. B. B. Riviere.

Although fog in the early part of the first day rather interfered, things soon improved. On the second day we began with a most excellent water test, where duck fell out in the open, on the further side of a long pool some 30yds. wide, which dogs had to swim, collect their duck and return it back over the water to their handler. To Colonel Winch's great disappointment the floods on the low ground made it impossible to have the partridge drives which he had expected to be the feature of the trials, but he more than made it up by giving us heaps of pheasants (we left lots for Eton long leave on the Monday).

The trials went like clockwork. The keepers had worked out the beats admirably; not a moment was lost in changing ground—an important factor in the short days of November. Altogether the trials were a huge success, and the Kennel Club, judges, competitors and handlers are more than grateful to Colonel Winch for the trouble he took.

The judges independently made Mr. Rank's d. Withington Nith a comfortable winner; he works well to his handler in a quiet, persevering way, showed an excellent nose, and did all that he was asked with a good return and delivery. Mr. C. H. Kennard's d. Pettistree Dan was second. Rather more spectacular in his way of hunting than Nith, did lots of good work, but nowhere better than the winner. He is, at times, liable to get a bit out of hand. The Hon. Mrs. Hill Wood's d. Hiwood Mike came third. There was very little in it between him and Dan. One of us wanted him second. He was down four times, always doing good work, with heaps of drive, but some bad work on a woodcock on the first day prejudiced him. Miss A. N. Bickerton's d. Shelsley Nicky came fourth, and very close up. This little dog is most hard working—nothing worked the ground better, if as well. He shows the spaniel very much in that respect. He generally did what he was asked to do, but took some little time about it.

Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's Saidie of Snape came reserve, and award of honour. It is very pleasant to see a really good Curly retriever again. She did a lot of good work during the two days, picked some easy birds well, but was slow on runners. She did a good water test.

We gave Mr. A. B. Simpson's Badgery Bridget an award of honour. This bitch did very nice work for me both in covert and out in the open, with lots of pace and a nice delivery, but she failed a bit under my co-judges.

Mr. R. E. Birch's d. Brynasaph Quickstep gained a Certificate of Merit. This dog might have been higher up, as he did lots of good work, but on both days he took himself off for some time. My old friend, his owner and handler, said: "He will never leave a runner!" But, alas! he went twice with no result. Messrs. Clouston and Ruffell's b. Northdyke Topsy, Mr. R. Corbet's d. Adderley Tab and Mrs. F. Nagle's d. Sulhamstead Dusty D'Or all earned certificates. The latter struck me as looking for his Irish Setter kennel friends in the way he stopped as if backing, when spoken to.

When we had got down to the best four dogs, which, without consulting together, we found to be the same, we had them with us together, and tried them on birds in covert under identical conditions before placing them as we did. This plan worked most successfully. HUBERT WILSON.

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

IT was by the invitation of the president, Lorna Countess Howe, that the Southern Counties' Gundog League's retriever trials were held at Idsworth on November 2nd and 3rd, and quite remarkable how everything seemed to combine in making the meeting a success to compensate in some small way for the absence of the hostess through continued ill-health. It is, however, most gratifying to know that she is now on the road to recovery, and though naturally extremely weak after all she has undergone, yet there is every chance of her being able to see something of the future meetings to be held there later on. It would indeed be a great disappointment to the game-keepers, whose gathering takes place in January, were they deprived of half their pleasure by the absence of one who by her kindliness, her understanding and her tact has become such a friend to them all.

The judges were Mr. C. Campbell, Mr. A. B. Simpson and Mr. Ernest Turner. Game was very plentiful, most of the work being done in roots and kale. The winner of the All-Aged Stake was Banchory Vanquisher of Withington, belonging to Lady Howe, a dog placed second at the Western Counties' meeting a short time ago in the Non-Winners' event. He made no mistake throughout the day and just beat Sir George Thursby's F.T. Ch. Bramshaw Mischief, the winner of the Open Stake at Sherborne. It was a very near thing, but age had to give way to youth. Mrs. Gregson's Montham Quaint was third; the same position she occupied last year. This bitch was also very close up, in fact a near thing between the three, but she had her eye wiped at the close of the day by Vanquisher, which did not help her. She certainly possesses brains and a memory for what has fallen during a drive, and is much above the ordinary. Major Bebb's Hiwood Shimey, certificate of honour and reserve; and certificates of honour to Miss Newton-Deakin's Silence of Tone and Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Kennion's Dian, while Mrs. Charlesworth's Noranby Ranter, Lady Howe's Banchory Brend, Brigadier-General F. F. Lance's Sarona Sancho and Major F. E. Davies's Rakelands Copper were recipients of certificates of merit.

Game was so plentiful on the second day that a couple of fields of kale and three drives were sufficient to test the dogs in the Non-Winners' Stake, giving them all plenty to do. Mrs. Harvey won it with her Worrick of Winscales, a big winner on the bench and, by the way he shaped here, should make a name for himself in the field. He won easily. Major Bebb was second with Hiwood Shimey and Dr. Jordan third with Lochengarroch Primrose, a yellow Labrador puppy; Mr. G. H. Turner's Abbott of Winscales reserve, another very promising puppy. Certificate of honour to the Hon. Lady Ward's Peter of Chiltonfoliat, and certificate of merit to Mr. K. J. Malcolm's Gem of Glenmorag.
ERNEST TURNER.



UNDER THE JUDGE'S EYE: MR. B. B. RIVIERE WATCHING MRS. L. HARTMANN'S LABRADOR GIMCRACK RETRIEVING TO HAND AT THE KENNEL CLUB TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT WILBURY PARK

ON October 29th and 30th the Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society held their trials at Wilbury Park, Salisbury, by kind permission of Major J. Despencer-Robertson. The judges were Mr. H. A. Saunders, Major T. C. Lucas and Major J. I. Benson. The awards were as follows:

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Major J. Despencer-Robertson's L. d. Tempest of Wilbury; 2nd, Mr. R. V. Garton's L. b. Langcorne Jenny; 3rd, Mrs. Hextall's B. b. Avisbarn Meg; reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. H. Hoskyns's B. b. Sarah of Perrott; certificates of merit, Mr. J. Alexander's L. b. Ch. Sudern Warren; Colonel A. C. Allan's L. d. Dudley Bramble.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Wood Homer's b. Black Druce; 2nd, Mrs. Despencer-Robertson's L. b. F.T. Ch. Painted Lady of Wilbury; 3rd, Mr. M. Dawson's L. d. Trad Made; awards of honour, Mr. S. Christie-Miller's L. b. Sarah of Clarendon; Mrs. Hextall's B. d. Avisbarn Brush; reserve and certificate of merit, Mrs. Jerningham's L. d. Bernard Raffles; certificates of merit, Mr. H. Venables-Kyrke's B. d. Anningsley Fox, Mrs. Charlesworth's B. d. Noranby Ranter.



"RAMBLING AND CLIMBING ROSES MAKE AN IDEAL BACKGROUND"

The Country House

ROSES FOR BACKGROUNDS

Adding to the Effect of a Herbaceous Border

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

A GOOD background makes all the difference to the decorative effect of a herbaceous border and for this purpose Roses are ideal, for no other shrubs flower so continuously. The climbing and rambling Roses are chiefly used for this purpose, but in large borders some of the vigorous bush Roses such as the Rugosas and Musks can also be used.

Climbing and rambling Roses are frequently listed together, but I think this is somewhat confusing to amateurs who may not perhaps differentiate between the two kinds. If climbing Roses were called pillar Roses it would be simpler, for the majority of them do not throw out the vigorous long rambling growths characteristic of rambler Roses. There are exceptions, notably outstandingly vigorous growers such as Mermaid. Further, climbing Roses which include chiefly Hybrid Teas and Noisettes are perpetual flowering, whereas rambling Roses consisting chiefly of Wichuraianas and Multifloras have a comparatively short though very prolific flowering period.

The most effective way of securing the best of both classes is to make holes large enough to hold one of each kind at stations 10ft. apart along the back of the border. A hole 3ft. deep and as much across holds one climber and one rambler comfortably. The bottom spit should be liberally enriched with well-decayed manure, and in the case of poor soil the top spit should be replaced with good turfy loam.

The ramblers with their long festoons of flowers make the picture during June and July, and the climbers flower both during those months and again in autumn.

The Rose background is chiefly required for the Delphiniums, and therefore it is important to plant the early-flowering ramblers and not those in late July. Nearly all the Wichuraianas have abundant shiny foliage that adds considerably to their beauty as a background, and some of them such as Alberic Barbier and Emily Gray are evergreen. All the following flower about mid-June—Chaplins Pink Climber, Jersey Beauty (large single cream flowers), Miss Helyett (double large vivid pink), Tea Rambler (a multiflora with salmon copper flowers), Alida Lovatt (flesh pink), Alberic Barbier and Emily Gray (both yellow), Bonnie Prince (pure white), Edmound Proust (rich carmine), Francois Juranville (salmon rose), Jacotte (yellowish salmon), Leontine Gervaise (a very good salmon) and Paul Transon (a charming apricot).

My choice of climbers to associate with these would be Chaplins Pink Climber, Blush Cluster, Paul's Scarlet, Lady Waterlow, Climbing General McArthur, Albertine, Cheshunt Hybrid, Noella Nabonnand, Allen Chandler, Zephyrine Drouhin, those two delightful old Roses William Allen Richardson and Gloire de Dijon, and another Victorian favourite all too seldom grown—Madame Isaac Pereire, as remarkable for her real old rose scent as for her full-petalled beauty.

It is always as well to put in the poles for climbing and rambling roses at the time of planting for, if done later, there is every possibility of damaging roots, to say nothing of the extra labour involved in making holes for the poles. The best poles for this purpose are oak or larch. They are a little more expensive in the first instance, but they last and are consequently the cheapest in the long run. The poles should be 4in. diameter at the base, and may taper upwards, though I think solid poles the same thickness all the way up look best. It is as well to treat the parts that will be below the surface of the soil with creosote or tar. It is safest to put the poles in 2ft. deep. Poles should be at least 8ft. in height. For linking the poles at the top I think very stout ropes look better than wooden crosspieces.

For the first season the poles naturally look bare, but this difficulty can be overcome by planting annual climbing plants such as the annual Hop (*Humulus Japonicus*). The variegated kind is just as vigorous a grower as the type, attaining quite 10ft. and the leaves are very decorative with their cream and silver markings. These Hops require some sort of support besides the poles and, if required as a screen at the back of the border, the simplest way is to run strings at intervals between the poles. Our native Hop (*Humulus lupulus*) can also be used. It is an even more vigorous grower. Hops succeed in any good soil, and though not ideal for the Roses, the annual kind does not deprive them of enough light and air to do any real damage. Canary Creeper is a rather despised annual creeper, but it has its uses for covering poles temporarily and takes very little out of the soil. Sweet Peas always look decorative at the back of the border, but in a herbaceous border are rather out of place. If they are to ramble naturally they need pea boughs to support them, as the poles afford them little support even with constent tying up. The tall rambling Nasturtium is also useful, but flowers rather too late in the season to be of much use. The most decorative half-hardy annuals to hide the poles the first season are Convolvulus major and *Ipomœa rubro-cærulea*.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

MOST of the creatures that hibernate have commenced their winter sleep. You will be lucky if you see any reptiles or batrachians abroad, though I have still a frog wide awake in my garden. But then frogs are uncertain hibernators, and in Ireland, at least, are active in November and December. Of the mammals the bats are among the most certain and profound of the hibernators. The profundity varies greatly not only in species but also in districts. Certain species, particularly cave-haunting bats such as the greater horseshoe, may remain more or less awake throughout the winter, given a fairly equable temperature and the presence of food. Even when cold and lethargic, this bat is not entirely oblivious to external stimuli. That cannot be said of the majority of our twelve species. Indeed, during the winter one is likely to see only two—the pipistrelle and the whiskered. It is generally supposed that the former is the bat seen flying in daylight of mid-winter days, but my own—not inconsiderable—experience has led me to believe that it is more usually the latter.

* * *

Squirrels are popularly supposed to hibernate. In England, at least, they do not. In very severe weather, or in heavy rain, they may stay indoors for a day or so, but no more. Rain is, indeed, the squirrels' greatest enemy. A squirrel's tail is his most important organ—part rudder and part parachute. Heavy rain makes the tail heavy, sodden and useless, and the owner is then at the mercy of any roving dog.

* * *

In November the squirrels are very busy gathering nuts, which they hide with great deliberation in the ground, scraping little holes and covering them over with earth and fallen leaves. Rarely are these caches remembered by the owner, and the food so carefully stored generally provides food for the rats and mice. I once watched a grey squirrel make two such stores within the space of an hour, and within 5yds. of each other. On another occasion I covered a half-finished store with dead leaves during the momentary absence of the owner. He returned shortly after I had regained my hiding-place, had a look round, and then started another within a yard or two of the original. Again I covered this one, and again a new one was started. It is a pity that so much industry should be accompanied by such utter forgetfulness.

* * *

Also busy with the nuts at this time of year are the finches. In the beech avenue where the squirrels play and hunt we may find bramblings. As the leaves fall, thickening the bed beneath, they hide the shed nuts. The finches feed on the ground, turning over the leaves; the tits, when they do find a full nut carry it to a branch, hold it with one foot, and hammer off the brown husk. When the finch flock rises there is a flicker of wing-bars, for most of the birds are chaffinches, but amongst them you may detect the bramblings by the pale, sometimes very pale, lower back. The birds rise only to the branches. If you would see more of them you have only to retire a few yards. They will soon flutter down again, one by one, to resume their search for the mast.

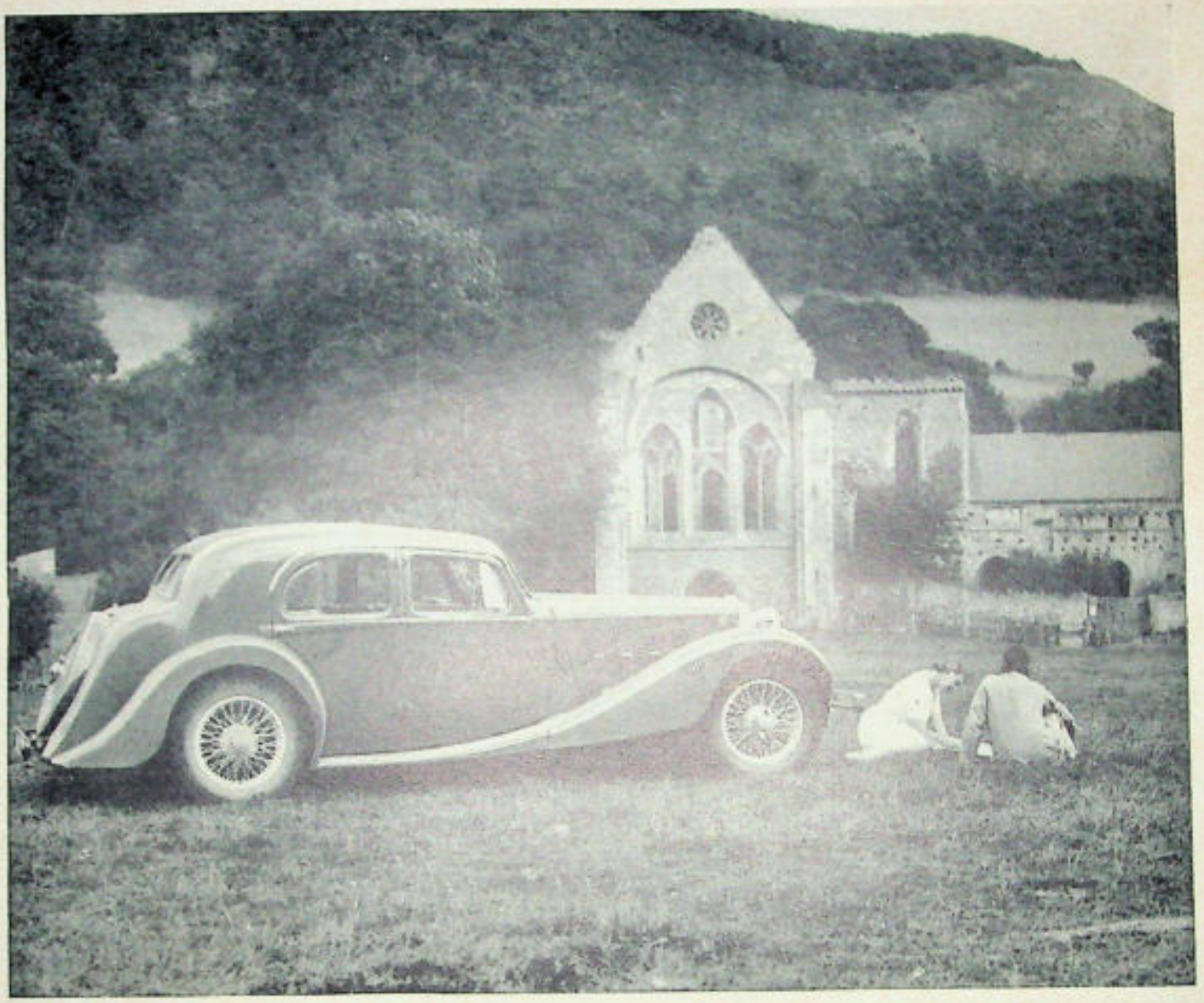
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Now with the leaves falling we may note the damage done by the *phytophagous hymenopterous*. On the hawthorn twigs are the oblong, woody cocoons of the large hawthorn sawfly, *Trichiosoma fibialis*. They are glued on one side, and on leafless hedges they are very easy to find for they are nearly an inch in length. As a general rule you will find them low down in the hedge. You may cut off the twig and leave it until the spring, but you should watch it in March for the emergence of the large, hairy, bee-like sawfly is most interesting. The insect chews the inside of its home, loosening a cap, but it never forgets to leave a hinge. Having done this, it pushes the lid to one side and crawls out, and the lid then falls back into position.

* * *

Cocoons of the other species of the group may be found on the twigs of birch and willow, and a small species of another genus on the needles of the Scots pine. Some species pupate underground, and in the bed of moss around the foot of larches and firs are the pupæ cases of the sawflies of those trees. Often enough, if you keep the cases, you will find that a hymenopterous parasite emerges instead of the rightful owner. Parasites are not at all particular, and will feed on near relatives as well as on complete strangers. So it is all most exciting when the long winter wait is ended.

B. V-F.



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THE EXPERIMENTAL FARM AT ASKHAM BRYAN

Valuable Work by the Yorkshire Council for Agricultural Education and the University of Leeds Department of Agriculture

IN 1926 the county councils of the three ridings of Yorkshire purchased the farms, known as Westfield and East Barrow, at Askham Bryan. The farms, which are situated on the main Leeds to York road, and are about five miles from York, are used by the Yorkshire Council for Agricultural Education for education purposes. Occupation was obtained on Lady Day, 1927, and during the last few years additional land has been taken over, and a residential institute, at which courses of instruction in agricultural subjects will be given, is under construction.

The soil covering the farm is composed of a thin layer of glacial overlying the Bunter Sandstone. There is, however, no outcrop of rock on the farm, the nearest lying about a mile to the south-west. The drift is practically entirely of local origin, and contains in the main only stones of the Triassic series. As a result the surface soil is generally sandy in texture, but on the ridge, which runs almost east and west through the farm, the presence of a considerable proportion of gravel modifies the water-holding capacity of the soil to a great extent.

The texture of the surface soil in the arable fields south of the York—Leeds road is fairly uniform throughout; but the subsoil lacks this uniformity. Throughout the subsoil there runs an undulating layer of stiff clay, reddish brown in colour, varying in thickness from 3in. to 9in., below which in several places coarse sand appears. The layer of clay is quite close to the surface at the southern extremities of these fields, but even in these parts its depth below the surface varies from 9in. to 27in. within very small areas, and its undulating nature leads to drainage difficulties in some fields. When this clay layer does not appear within 3ft. of the surface, the texture of the subsoil bears a close resemblance to that of the surface layer, the slightly higher clay content of the former being due to a gradual washing down of the finer particles from above. Despite the comparatively low content of clay, plus fine silt, the soil during a period of drought reveals a marked tendency to "cake" at the surface.

Inherently, the soil is deficient in lime, but in no field has the deficiency assumed dimensions that become a serious handicap to crops. It had apparently been the practice on the farm for some time to lime periodically, and the lime requirement of the soil (as determined by the method of Hutchinson and McLennan) does not exceed 15cwt. of quicklime per acre in any field, arable or pasture.

All that may appear somewhat superfluous. I hope it does not—and I think it will not, for the importance of soil make-up is gradually being realised by farmers, and the days of a national soil survey are not, I hope, far off. Farming is utterly dependent on the soil, and a knowledge of the soils of one's land is essential to good farming.

At present the distribution of the land at Askham Bryan is arable land, 170 acres; parkland, 154 acres; buildings, &c., 10 acres; poultry, 11 acres; horticulture, 15 acres. The arable land is being worked on a five-course system: (1) Roots (swedes, kale, potatoes, mangolds, sugar beet); (2) Barley or oats; (3) seeds; (4) oats; (5) wheat. The crop variety testing scheme of the National Institute of Agricultural Botany, Cambridge, has been extended to study crops grown in the north by the establishment of a sub-station at Askham Bryan. Here winter and spring oats, winter and spring wheats and mangolds are grown. As the soil is not typical of the barley or sugar-beet producing areas of Yorkshire, barley is being studied on wold soil at Market Weighton, and sugar beet and carrots on sandy soil at Harswell. The object of the scheme is to ascertain the relative values of the established varieties and to assess the merits or defects of the many new varieties produced by plant breeders. The importance of such work is being more and more widely appreciated by farmers.

Three types of plots are laid down—Observation Plots, Yield Trial Plots and Demonstration Plots. The observation plots are small plots on which preliminary investigation is carried out on newly introduced varieties. Such points of economic importance as probable yield, resistance to frost and disease, and standing capacity are noted. Varieties which are obviously unsuited are soon discarded, but those that show promise are included in field trials in later years.

On the yield trial plots the Beaven half-drill system is mainly employed. The variety to be tested and the control are placed in separate halves of a specially constructed drill, having sixteen coulters, eight for the variety and eight for the control. The coulters are arranged in groups of four with a space of 9in. between each group. The strips (four rows) near the wheels and centre of the drill are discarded at harvest, leaving in each drill width one strip (four rows) of variety and a similar strip of control to be weighed. Ten drill widths of each variety are sown by giving an experimental area of ten pairs of strips for comparison. The area of a strip is 1/100th of an acre. This method is excellent for varieties that stand well, but when testing the response of varieties to heavy manuring a randomised block lay-out is adopted.

Varieties which have been grown for a period in field trial plots and have proved themselves worthy of a place on the general farm, are often grown on small single demonstration plots. Thus visitors to the farm may make themselves familiar with the appearance of recommended varieties.

A considerable number of livestock are kept. The system of management of cattle as conducted at present is interesting. Cows and heifers of Shorthorn type are mated to an Aberdeen-Angus bull and used for suckling calves. A number of purchased calves are reared in addition. Some of these—both purchased and home-bred—are fattened off as baby beeves and are slaughtered at an average age of about fourteen months. The remainder are wintered as stores and grazed and fattened later. A small herd of Aberdeen-Angus cattle was purchased in the winter of 1934–35. And, in addition, some bullocks are purchased each year for fattening at grass.

Nearly 30 years ago a herd of pedigree Large White pigs was established at the Manor Farm, Garforth, and the herd at Askham Bryan was started with a selection from Garforth. Since the establishment of the Yorkshire herd additions have been made from many well-known herds. Litters are recorded; young pigs being weighed at three weeks and again at eight weeks old. An annual sale of breeding pigs is held in March.

The sheep on the farm consist of four ewe flocks—pure-bred Suffolks, half-breds (Border Leicester, × Cheviot), Mashams and two-shear ewes from Swaledale ewes by Border Leicester,

Suffolk and Wensleydale rams. Most useful experimental work is being done on sheep breeding, particularly in connection with the production of mid-season fat lambs on grassland. The practical farmer, from his own experience appears to have reached fairly definite conclusions with regard to the suitability and value of various breeds and crosses for winter fattening on arable land, but there is little reliable evidence, either practical or experimental, on the value of different breeds and crosses for fat lamb production. Here Askham Bryan is doing most valuable work. I have not the space to give due consideration to experiments which are of the greatest importance to farmers all over the country (the University of Leeds and the Yorkshire Council for Agricultural Education have published a booklet (No. 183) on these experiments), but the following points have struck me as being of exceptional interest:

(1) Satisfactory fat lambs were produced *for sale* from the middle of June onwards from Cheviot ewes crossed with Ryeland, Shropshire, Southdown or Suffolk rams. But (all lambs were marketed at about the same live weight of 70lb.), the financial returns obtained from the Suffolk cross were substantially higher than those from Ryeland and Shropshire crosses, with the Southdown cross occupying an intermediate position.

(2) Satisfactory fat lambs were produced by crossing Masham (that is Wensleydale × Swaledale) ewes with Leicester, Oxford and Suffolk rams. But under the conditions of the experiments at Askham Bryan—conditions which it must be admitted were by no means unusual—it was found necessary to keep lambs from these three crosses until they were at least 10lb. above the minimum live weight that had been decided upon—namely, 70lb.—before they were fat enough to be marketed. In this respect, at least, they differed from the Cheviot crosses which were, with few exceptions, fit to be marketed at weights from 70lb. to 75lb. Judged on the basis of the average financial returns per ewe—and there is no fairer basis from the farmer's point of view—Oxford and Suffolk rams gave better results than did Leicesters.

These are points taken from results. The booklet referred to above should be read by everyone interested in lamb production, and a visit to a farm which is doing excellent and valuable experimental work would be well repaid.

CREAGHT.

PRUNING—WHAT DO WE KNOW?

Each Tree Must be Treated as an Individual

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, F.L.S., N.D.H.

IT'S an awful admission to make, but I don't know of any really good book that deals with pruning. The elementary notes given in my own books are not good enough, and the pruning instructions in certain fruit manuals are not given in sufficient detail. I hear, and I hope it is true, that two of our leading horticultural advisers are writing a book about pruning at the present time which is to be fully illustrated.

The great problem about pruning is that each tree has to be treated as an individual. The old rule of thumb methods have had to go, and those who are really keen about things are trying to prune intelligently.

It may be as well to pause and consider for a moment what we do know about pruning and then attempt to apply these findings to our own particular needs. In the first place it is perfectly true to say that a tree that is not pruned at all will normally come into cropping far earlier than a tree that is pruned. So to say that pruning encourages fruiting, as some people do, is incorrect—it delays cropping but it does help to ensure that the fruit that is produced, is produced in the right place and that it gets the chance of developing properly and being of the right colour and shape.

An unpruned tree is apt to be a mass of twisting, crossing and rubbing branches. A tree like a thicket into which no light and air can penetrate. A tree, in consequence, which is very readily attacked by pests and diseases, and, in fact, becomes the very harbour of such troubles.

The unpruned tree is difficult to pick. It will produce quantities of rather small fruit, which will not be worth marketing perhaps.

As we know it to-day the process of pruning may be roughly divided into two big groups, what is known as the spur system and what we have learnt to call regulating. The regulating system is usually adopted in the later life of the tree, and may consist of removing an entire branch or two, including two- and three-year-old wood very often. This system is called by some people just "thinning," but the term thinning has now been delegated for use in connection with the thinning process of young fruit during the early summer. Regulating may include what is sometimes called de-horning, and that is the sawing off of branches that have become "pulled down" by the weight of crop. These branches should always be cut back to a lateral growing in the right direction, i.e., upwards, and if this side growth is "tipped" a nice strong branch growing upwards will soon be developed.

With spur pruning the leaders are usually tipped, and during the course of this pruning a third, a half, or even two-thirds of the end growths may be removed. The laterals or side growths are cut back to within 1in. or so in the hope that artificial fruit-producing spurs will be developed.

It is not possible in the younger stages at any rate to spur all varieties in this way, for many of them are tip bearers, the laterals on the following varieties, for instance, or at any rate the shorter of the laterals, should always be left at full length during the first eight years or so: Worcester Pearmain, Grenadier, Beauty of Bath, Bramley Seedling, Gladstone and Bismarck.

Pruning needs to be carried out in relation to a large number of other factors; the soil, for instance, plays a great part, and one can say almost emphatically that the richer the soil the lighter the pruning. The same kind of thing holds good with climate. Those who live in the north-west will know that the heavier the rainfall and thus the wetter the soil, the lighter the pruning—for the harder you prune the more growth you get, and in wet areas the tendency is for the tree to grow and grow and not to fruit early enough.

A young tree need never be pruned as hard as an old mature tree—a young tree has the vigour of youth, whereas an old tree may have to be cut hard in order to maintain vigour. Then there is the question of the root stock. When apple trees, for instance, are grafted on to a crab stock or on to a No. XVI Paradise stock they will grow vigorously of their own accord, but when they are not grafted on to the No. IX stock (probably the weakest stock of all) it may be necessary to prune fairly hard so as to keep the tree growing. So one can say that the more vigorous the root stock the lighter the pruning.

Manuring and cultivation can both make a tremendous difference. Trees on cultivated land always grow more than trees on grassland. Trees that have regular dressings of balanced manures will naturally grow more readily than trees that are starved.

Lastly, there is the question of variety. Some varieties like Bramley Seedling are strong growers, while others like Stirling Castle are naturally weak in themselves. It behoves the grower then to prune the tree according to its varietal habit. A spreading variety should be cut to a bud pointing upwards, an upright variety like King of the Pippins to a bud growing outwards.

There is a great deal to learn in pruning, but the man or woman who will succeed best will be the one who will study the tree as an individual, who will know its past history and something of its future, too. Gone are the old slap-dash methods, and in their place there comes the intelligent blending of science with practice.

FILMS FOR THE FARMER

I SUPPOSE we all go to the cinema these days. I would not say that I was film-mad or even cinema-conscious, but I do, when I can get at the housekeeping money without being seen, go to the films. I go very occasionally: and I suppose I should not set myself up as a film critic.

But it is rarely indeed that I manage to see a good film, and it is still more rarely that I see a good educational film. Indeed, judging by the standard of the educational films I have had the misfortune to see in London recently, the average English film-goer is regarded by those in charge of the film industry not only as uneducated but as hopelessly unintelligent.

Just lately, however, I have seen three films produced under the auspices of the Millers' Mutual Association, which seem to me to be ideal in every way—interesting, instructive and well-produced. They are farming films, and as such might be said to have a limited appeal. Of course, no farmer needs to be told how erroneous such an idea is: and as a matter of fact anyone whose knowledge of farming is confined to the daily visit of the milk roundsman will on seeing these films agree with the farmer. I saw three films: *This Cow Business*, *Pigs in Clover*, and *An Egg a Day*. I think *This Cow Business* is really the best, though each is so good that distinction is invidious.

This film illustrates the feeding and management of dairy stock, and following a few introductory shots depicting the various types of farms on which milk is produced, continues with the subject of rearing—the systems of calf rearing shown are the natural, restricted suckling and the dry meal methods. The latter being fully detailed from such points of view as housing, management, feeding, and the compiling of suitable rations. The story then follows the feeding and management of weaned heifer calves, and heifers prior to entering the dairy herd.

The dairy herd is introduced by illustrating the points which should be noted in a typical dairy bull, and in a high yielding dairy cow. The animals shown for this purpose are Red Rice Mercury and Knells Elliott Fernleaf II from the herd of Major Miller Mundy, with Mr. R. Passingham, the manager, indicating the various points. Emphasis is laid on the individual care and attention so necessary if milk is to be produced economically; the important part played by the attendant is commented upon, while the production of accredited milk is portrayed. Following shots which feature ideal housing and the modernisation of old sheds, the feeding of dairy cows is introduced by expressing diagrammatically the quantities of maintenance and production rations with which average and high yielding cows may be expected to deal without overloading their digestive systems. This diagrammatic expression is superimposed on shots of cows receiving their daily allowance of these rations, and the special properties of home-milled bran together with its suitability for replacing hay in the rations of high yielding cows is noted. The necessity for feeding a correctly balanced production ration so that it provides for all the nutrients which the cow imparts to the milk is illustrated by showing the constituents contained in 1 gallon of milk, and by building up a ration with the nutritive ratio required for its production. The ration indicated is then dealt with from such points of view as palatability and texture, while pictorial shots of the production of these foods are shown, and it is pointed out that an inclusion of light and easily digested foods is essential if good health and high yields are to be maintained.

The story closes by a visit to a commercial farm in Devonshire, and shows cattle of the South Devon breed, which are managed and fed on the lines indicated, leaving no doubt in the mind of the audience as to the soundness of the principles recommended throughout the film.

Pigs in Clover has been produced under the direction of Mr. G. G. Gregory, B.Sc., N.D.A., and as the name suggests it depicts pig keeping on ideal lines, with particular reference to the production of first quality bacon. It opens with the type of breeding stock likely to produce this bacon, and thereafter traces the life of the baconer from farrowing to slaughter. Each stage in the life of the developing pig is shown, with its attendant dangers, and the best means of overcoming the difficulties of weaning, worming, housing and rationing. Undoubtedly, this film constitutes 20 minutes' excellent entertainment, and at the same time is incorporated a wealth of useful information to the pig keeper.

An Egg a Day maintains just as high a standard as the others, but failed for some reason to interest me so much. Be that as it may, all three films deserve the widest publicity.

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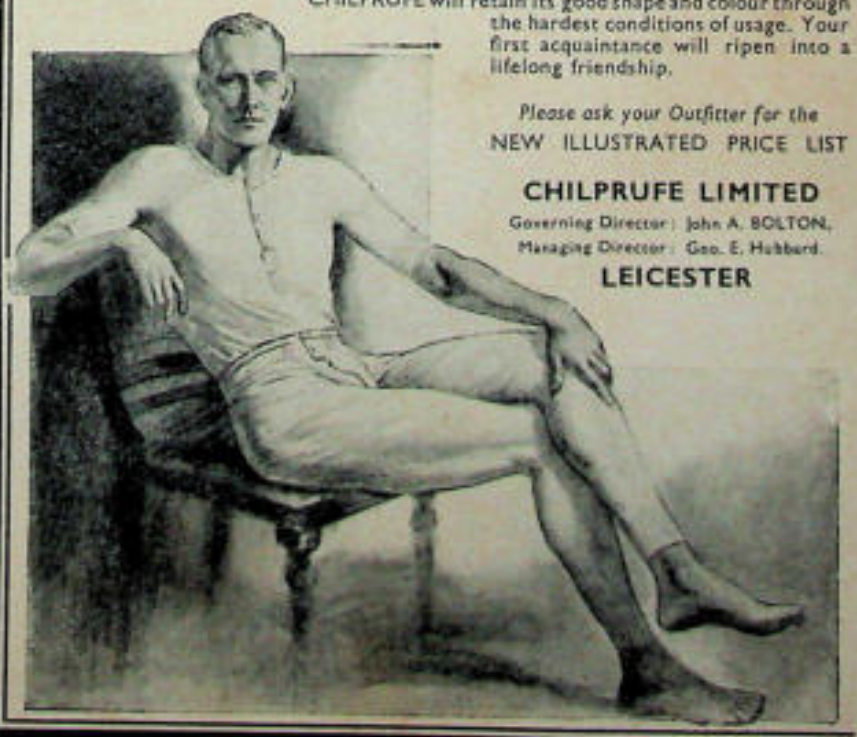
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AVOIDING UNDUE CYLINDER WEAR

The Exploding of Old Theories by the I.A.E.

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

ALTHOUGH much of late has been written on the cause of undue cylinder wear, I am continually being asked why it takes place, and how can it best be avoided. As far as I can remember, we never seemed to have been troubled on this score during the years before the Great War, since it was quite common for engines at that period to run for forty or even fifty thousand miles before re-boring, and the fitting of oversize pistons became necessary.

On the other hand, during more recent times undue cylinder wear has become a major problem and has engaged the attention of some of our greatest experts. In some quarters it was thought that this excessive wear was due to the much higher engine speeds of modern times, since four or even five thousand engine revolutions per minute, or more, is now common practice, whereas 25 years ago motors developed their power at approximately half this speed. There were others who were ready to believe that motor car manufacturers were now employing softer metals than those used in pre-War days, which consequently could not stand up to continual wear at high engine speed.

At that time there was, however, one point upon which all experts agreed, namely, that the actual wear that did occur was brought about by the abrasive action which took place between the pistons and their rings on the one hand, and the cylinder walls on the other. During recent years considerable research work has been undertaken by the Institute of Automobile Engineers on this subject, and consequently much valuable information has been obtained which alters the views already held.

It has now been proved that cylinder wear is caused principally through corrosive action when the cylinder walls are cold, and not so much by the abrasive effect, as had previously been supposed. Now most of us have always been told that to ensure long life from our engine it should, when starting up from cold, be run slowly and warmed up gradually; the process, in fact, taking upwards of ten to fifteen minutes, with the throttle almost closed. The reason for doing this was to enable the oil to get heated up, so that it could lubricate the cylinder walls and bearings properly before applying the load.

This theory has now been exploded by the I.A.E., as they have found that the warming-up process should be as brief as possible for the following reason: When the engine is cold there is a certain quantity of water vapour in the cylinders, brought about by the combustion of hydro-carbon fuels mixing with oxygen, which condenses on the walls of the cylinders, and this, in conjunction with traces of acid, accelerates the corrosive effect of the moisture on the cast-iron cylinder walls or liners.



IN THE CUMBRIAN FELLS
A Wolseley 14 somewhere between Keswick and Bassenthwaite in the Lake District

It was also proved that as wear increased when the engine was run at low temperatures, it is important not only to maintain a uniform temperature under working conditions, but that it should be warmed up from cold as quickly as possible. It is difficult to advise as to the exact speed at which an engine should be run when starting up from cold, as they all vary; but, generally speaking, 800 to 1,000 r.p.m. should be correct, as this speed is sufficient to ensure that the oil is flung up from the big ends to the cylinder walls, and the motor will warm up very much quicker than it would do if left to idle over.

All modern cars are now fitted with a thermostatic control which ensures that the cooling water around the cylinder jackets is maintained at a uniform temperature, and, therefore, this device should assist materially in reducing cylinder wear. Before thermo control was adopted, the temperature of an engine varied enormously according to the work it was called upon to bear, and therefore it was not surprising that undue cylinder wear took place.

Whilst dealing with this subject there is another important point to be remembered. Most cars are fitted with a choke control to the carburetter, which gives a rich mixture for easy starting, and this control should not be used more than is absolutely necessary. A rich mixture at any time, but more especially with a cold engine, causes neat petrol to be sucked up inside the cylinders, which washes away the film of oil on the walls and consequently wear is set up immediately.

Defective lubrication is another cause of cylinder wear, and therefore only the very best brands of oil should be employed; also the oil should be frequently changed in the crankcase. I have always made a point of doing this every 1,500 miles, and although it may sound very extravagant it is certainly cheaper in the long run to adopt this course.

Upper cylinder lubricant is beneficial, and especially so when running in a new engine. Certain preparations are available for this purpose, and it is a simple matter to add a little of this special oil to the petrol when filling up with fuel. Another point which so seldom receives attention is the oil filter, and this should be cleaned whenever the oil is being changed in the engine.

When draining the sump, paraffin should never be used for washing out

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the old oil, as a certain amount will remain in the oilways, and will dilute the fresh oil. On the other hand, it is a good practice to use a specially thin oil, which is made for this purpose, known as flushing oil. This will ensure the removal of any sludge in the crankcase.

IS A BADGE A MASCOT?

SOME doubts have been raised as to whether the R.A.C. Badge is in law a mascot, and whether it, therefore, comes under the new regulation that: "No mascot shall be carried by a motor vehicle registered on or after October 1st, 1937, in any position where it is likely to strike any person with whom the vehicle may collide, unless the mascot is not liable to cause injury to any such person by reason of any projection thereon." The word "mascot" is not defined in the regulations, but the matter has been given consideration, and the opinion offered is that the badge is not a mascot within the meaning of the regulations, and that members need have no fears in legally displaying it.

AIRCRAFT HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Interesting Comparisons of New Trends and Old Ideas

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

ONE of the most curious facts that emerges from a study of recent trends in aircraft design is the revival of several ideas that were first adapted on early pioneer machines and dropped when the main line of aeronautical development appeared to be clearly marked out, more especially during the War, 1914–18. That aviation has a history long enough to repeat itself may, perhaps, come as a surprise to some who still look upon flying as a very new development; yet it is more than three decades since the Wright Brothers made their historic first flight on a power-driven aircraft, and there were many experimenters before their day.



"ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING REVIVALS IS THE TRICYCLE UNDERCARRIAGE" (ABOVE)

One of the most striking revivals is the tricycle undercarriage—*i.e.*, an undercarriage provided with a third wheel usually in front of the normal two, though sometimes placed behind. Its object is to contribute towards easier landing. The fact that, among other new designs, the latest Douglas air liner is fitted with this type of landing gear is an indication of how seriously it is regarded. Briefly put, the theory of the three-wheel undercarriage is that the two main supporting wheels are placed behind the centre of gravity, instead of in front of it, as in conventional types, so that when the machine touches ground the machine tips forward, bringing the third wheel into action and supporting the machine. Wheel brakes can then be applied hard without risk of nosing over.

Many designers, both in this country and abroad, are at work on undercarriage layouts of this general type, and much is expected of it. In the early days of aviation, when the technique of flying itself had not been mastered, multi-wheel designs of landing gear to prevent nosing over were the regular rule, though some replaced additional wheels by long skids, the most famous example being the Avro 504, which retained its skid down to quite recent times. Among other famous pre-War types with tricycle or quadricycle undercarriages were the Sopwith Tractor of 1913, the range of Bristol biplanes from 1912 to 1914, the early Breguets, the Voisin pushers, and many others.

Here, then, is a remarkable throw-back to an idea that found general acceptance in the early days. Its decline was due, in all probability, to the urge for ever higher performance during the War. These crude undercarriages must have had an enormous drag. To-day, however, retractable three-wheelers are being produced, which of course eliminate this disadvantage.



"ANOTHER REVIVAL OF RECENT YEARS IS CATAPULT LAUNCHING"

But this is by no means the only example of the return of an early idea. Perhaps the most evident is the revival of popularity of the monoplane. It may be recalled that before the War many of the most outstanding flights were made on monoplanes (the first crossing of the Channel by a Bleriot is a case in point). Considerations of a structural nature were largely responsible for its decline; the rise of new techniques of fabrication and the desire for absolutely clean lines have brought it back to favour.

Another revival of recent years is catapult launching. This was the method by which the Wrights got their machine into the air, energy supplied by a falling weight being the motive power. To-day, catapult mechanism is extensively used for launching machines from warships, being also commercially used on the German South-Atlantic Air Service. It is a method to which increasing attention is being given, for it is realised more and more that the difficulty of getting a heavily laden machine into the air is one of the main problems commercial long-distance aviation has to face. The Short-Mayo composite aircraft is an example of another, and entirely novel, means of tackling the same difficulty.

Among more experimental designs, quite a number of revivals of various kinds are to be seen. The so-called "canard" or "tail-first" layout was one of the earliest practically attempted; it was used by the Wrights and Santos-Dumont between 1903 and 1906. Attention has been turned to this type again during the past few years, the most recent example having been seen at the Milan Aero Show of a month or so ago.

So, too, with the helicopter. The direct-lift machine is one that has always seemed the theoretical ideal and perhaps occupied greater attention among theorists during the nineteenth century than the fixed-wing aeroplane. But the success of the latter threw it into the background. Now, however, the success of rotating-wing machines of the autogyro type is leading designers to consider the helicopter again with not insignificant results, as readers of a recent article in this series will remember.



"SOME REPLACED ADDITIONAL WHEELS BY LONG SKIDS, THE MOST FAMOUS EXAMPLE BEING THE AVRO 504"

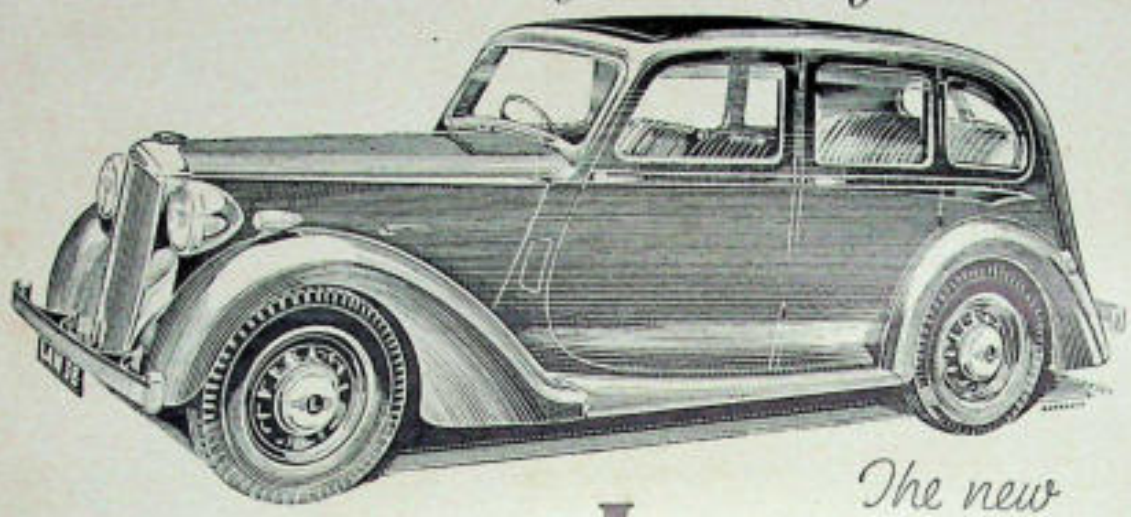
Flight

Before the War most biplanes were probably pushers, but the type died out during the War of 1914–18 after the invention of the interrupter gear, which enabled a machine gun to fire through the airscrew disc. Pusher types are once again in evidence, more particularly in the ultra-light class of aeroplane, though bigger machines have been built or projected.

These are only a few instances of the way in which new trends are often found to be merely revivals of old ideas. One particular method achieves comparative success, and it is then natural that the bulk of work should be expended on developing the idea that has proved practical. Some of the then unsuccessful ideas failed because of unpractical interpretation and their soundness thus remained untested; others were abandoned because structural methods were not sufficiently developed; others again, of course, were entirely worthless.

But it is right that the ideas of the pioneers should be tried out again in the light of greater knowledge and with the backing of wider resources.

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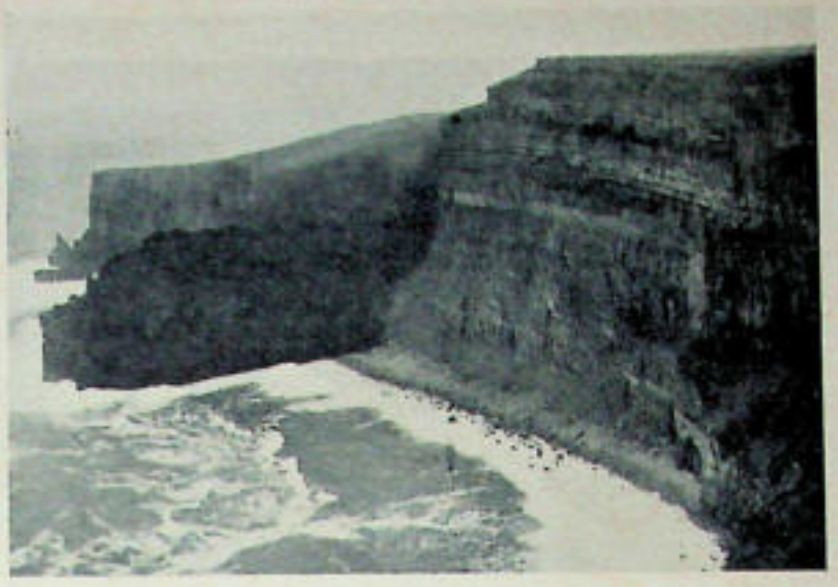
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I. T. A.

ISLANDERS WITH THEIR TURF BOATS (ABOVE), AND THE MIGHTY CLIFFS OF MOHER LOOKING NORTH FROM NEAR O'BRIEN'S TOWER



GO TO THE GAELTACHT

"Where Old Customs and Old Courtesies Flourish"

ABOUT two months ago I was asked by a friend where he should go for a holiday, and I managed to persuade him to visit the West Coast of Ireland. He went from Fishguard to Cork, and took a bicycle with him. He is back in London now, more Irish than myself, and one of his photographs adorns this page. He went a very fine Londoner. He has returned with ideas, no small appreciation of beauty and Mr. de Valera, and a firm belief in all the things Irishmen ceased to believe a thousand years ago. But he has also no small appreciation of liberty. And is not that a great thing to be acquiring?

Of course, you can go to quite a lot of places in Ireland, and except for the uniforms of the Civic Guards and the green pillar-boxes and the queer Gaelic lettering, you would not be knowing that you were not in England. You would not be knowing except that the people are more friendly, much more polite and not in such a frantic, futile hurry. You would not be knowing—and if you do not want to know you may find cinemas and theatres and buses and hotels and pavements and pubs. You can go to Ireland and feel quite at home.

But all these things are common to all civilised countries. In Ireland they are Irish all right and you may be satisfied with that. But Ireland, my Ireland and, I think, the real Ireland, lies in the west, in the Gaeltacht, where the old language has never died and never will, and where old customs, old beliefs, old courtesies still flourish strongly, where civilisation (which is just another word for mechanisation) has utterly failed to stamp out cleanliness of thought and life. There are not many places in the world of which you can be saying that with truth. So if you want to see something different not only in scenery but in mankind go into the Gaeltacht.

Take the road out of Limerick, with its grand bridge, to Ennis. There is but little change in the quality of the country until you have passed Bunratty Castle, which is one of the best Norman castles in all Ireland. Then suddenly you will see an outcrop of limestone in an otherwise normal field of grass. That is Co. Clare. There are a good many other things in Co. Clare—fishing, shooting, hunting, many politicians and many good hotels—but the dominant thing is the limestone. I do not know that the country between the mouth of the Shannon and Galway Bay is particularly arresting. Indeed, between the many glories of Co. Kerry and the tremendous grandeur of Connemara it might be seeming prosaic. But I love this almost treeless plain, the rough stone walls and stunted hedges, the outcrops of bleached stone, the sudden boughs that lie in unsuspected hollows. I like it with the clouds chasing each other in shadow and velvet folds of far-off ridges binding earth to sky. Though not really an upland country the limestone gives it a mountainy appearance, a mountain squashed by a giant foot. And everywhere you will be seeing signs of the great winds that roar over Co. Clare, the treeless coast and far inland, stunted hawthorns leaning disconsolately to the east.

But the pride of Co. Clare is its seaboard. From far westerly Loop Head to Kilkee it is cliffs all the way, splendid towering cliffs, fantastic formations as grand as any in Europe. The cliffs of Moher run for four miles, and are some 700ft. high. Limestone, sandstone and millstone grit they present a scene you will always remember—with pleasure if you belong, with awe if you do not. Slieve League may rise to three times the height, but never so sheer. If you would know fear, if you would know the infinite puniness of man, then visit Moher in the fury of an Atlantic gale. If you would know peace, the uttermost serenity of strength, then visit Moher on a still June day with the Atlantic just a murmur far below.

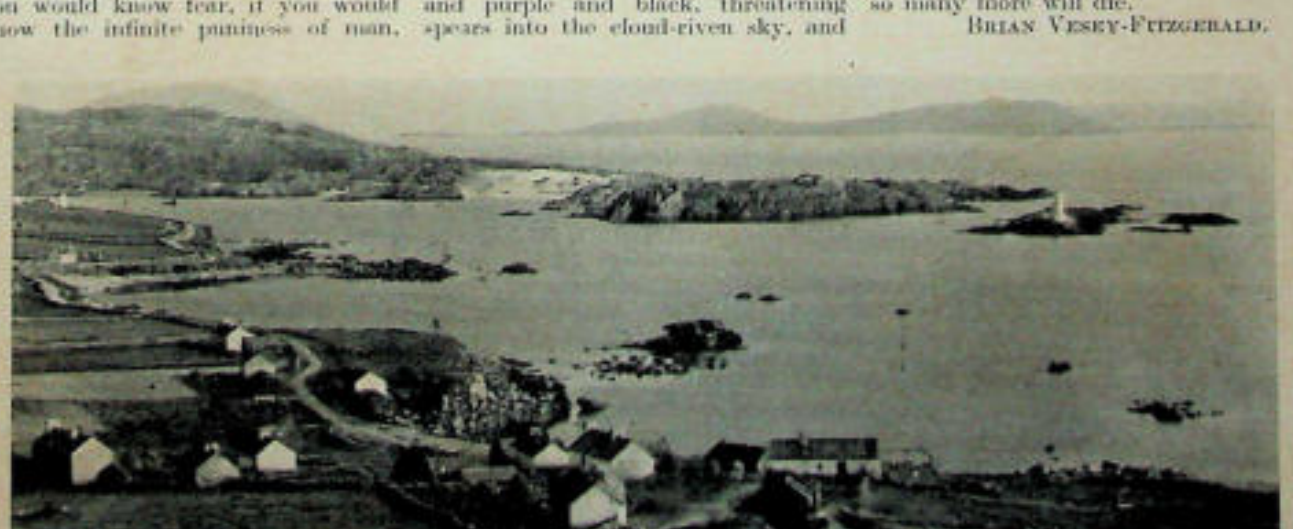
Continuing northwards through the Barony of Burren to the shores of Galway Bay, which used to be a lake the western confines of which still exist in the form of the Aran Islands, you will come ultimately to Galway itself. Galway was once a great city. It is so no longer, though it remains a great and dignified town with its magnificent square and its huge hotels built for the Atlantic traffic that went to Liverpool. Now Galway is typical of Ireland and the Irish mood. There is a fine monument in Galway, and it was raised in memory of the town's departed glory. You would never find so much honesty in England. In that country you prefer to honour monarchs and generals by statues placed in exposed—and frequently undignified — positions. Time and biographers play havoc with the legend you have tried to perpetuate. In Ireland we prefer to honour our politicians—no one can play havoc with their reputations—and our departed glories, which, being departed, are safe. We are, I submit, an honest race.

In Galway you are in a tourist area. Many people come to see the Cladagh, which is no longer a slum, and to see the mighty Corrib, with the salmon lying in battalions below the bridge waiting the final run. And you may read much literature, most of it inaccurate, about Galway. So, too, about Connemara. Connemara has scenery without equal in Europe, or indeed in the world. In the distance you may see the twelve bens, blue and purple and black, threatening spears into the cloud-riven sky, and sometimes when the sun catches their quartzite tops and the mist is silvered they are the helmets of a great host. And as you approach you will find in the Joyce's country an unsurpassable beauty of heather, great hospitality, great courtesy and great beauty of men and women. There is a kindliness in the great stretches of Connemara where the grouse grow fat on rowanberries and blaeberries, and the little lakes where the red-billed waterhen bobs courteously as you pass, have a comeliness that strikes your heart. But Connemara and the red-petticoated women (and who would not wear red petticoats amidst such colour?) is well known.

Visit the Islands. Not Achill, for there you may now find tourists; not the three isles of Aran, for no doubt you saw the film. Go north and see Tory Island, where there are no rats, and where the people are untouched by the mainland; or to Inishmurray, which supports but a hundred people and has no rats, no doctor, no post-office, no policeman, no priest and which lies so low in the Atlantic that during the War a destroyer, thinking it was a submarine, fired a torpedo, which exploded on the beach to the intense indignation of the islanders, for it was the middle of the night.

Or go to Inishbofin, which means "island of the white cow," and which is, to me, the island of the West. Eight hundred people live on it, for it is very fertile and it has a fine harbour, which was used by Granuaile long ago, and by pirates, and by smugglers not so long ago. And if you stand and look eastwards to the bens of Connemara you will realise the magic of Ireland and know why so many have died for her, and why so many more will die.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD.



I. T. A.

"OR GO TO INISHBOFIN, WHICH MEANS "ISLAND OF THE WHITE COW," AND WHICH IS, TO ME, THE ISLAND OF THE WEST"

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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE DRAWING ROOM AT TWYFORD MOORS

THERE is something very attractive and charming about the Gothic gables of Twyford Moors as they rise above the stately cedars which flank the drive. To call Twyford Moors merely an hotel would be to do it an injustice; it is more like a perfect country house, and certainly the prevailing atmosphere is of this nature.

Built on the site of a former Roman villa, Twyford Moors stands amidst nearly a thousand acres of its own beautiful grounds in which spacious lawns slope down to the water-meadows where for nearly two miles the Itchen flows lazily by. There are lovely old yew walks leading through the old-world gardens, where, through an avenue of trees, it is possible to see the famous St. Catherine's Hill rising above the river valley. To the north of the grounds there is a delightful water garden nestling in the trees, while in the south is an Italian garden, beyond which lies a perfect stretch of parkland.

All this is told to prove that from inside the hotel it is always possible to obtain views of peaceful countryside. While one is naturally attracted to the exterior of Twyford Moors there is something equally compelling about the old-world dignity and grandeur of the interior. Though times have changed since the building was constructed it still retains to-day an atmosphere of other centuries. Fine log fires crackle on the giant hearths at this time of the year and yet there is central heating installed throughout—the old and the new combined for the comfort of present-day guests.

Bathrooms with the latest modern equipment give a constant supply of hot water, while an up-to-date cuisine and the perfect service of a *de luxe* residence contrive to give the greatest possible comfort to guests at Twyford Moors. As you enter the building you cannot fail to be impressed by the fine oak staircase and balcony which lead up from the hall. Nor will you fail to praise the Italian ceiling in the drawing room or the pleasant views from your bedroom windows.

In the grounds of Twyford Moors there is an eleventh century tithe barn and next to it the old manor house—formerly a monastery whence thirteen monks fled in the reign of King John and carved a caricature of his head in one of the old oak beams which remains there to-day. Numberless underground cellars and tunnels—some even now unexplored—doubtless led down to the river and provided a way of escape for the monks in times of religious upheavals. It is interesting to note that, even in those far off days, a pipe line from the local brewery provided beer—on tap!

To those who love to reside in beautiful surroundings provided with every comfort, Twyford Moors cannot fail to make a very real appeal.



The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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SOUTH DEVON COAST.—Charming private COUNTRY HOUSE; sheltered and sunny. Hunting, riding, rough shooting, golf; Dobuler kept. Few guests. 4 guineas.—Box 2241, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

SAINT-JEAN-DE-LUZ.—LADY would TAKE PAYING GUEST, 3½ guineas a week, in charming home. Golf opposite. Every comfort. —"Etxe-Peteca."

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THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, in consequence of considerable extension, has VACANCIES for October, 1938. Courses of instruction are held for future FARMERS and FARM MANAGERS, LAND OWNERS and AGENTS, ADMINISTRATORS and ADVISERS IN AGRICULTURE. There are THREE FARMS and over 3,000 ACRES OF WOODLAND for PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION. Write for Prospectus.—BURSAR, The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

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BRIDGE

THE AUSTRIAN SYSTEM

Bidding Tactics

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

IN a brief reference to the recent Anglo-Austrian Match which was held under the auspices of the British Bridge League, I remarked that the Austrians owed their success to team work rather than to the merits of their system. It is the training which tells, and the Austrian team is probably the best drilled combination of players in the world.

Interest naturally is displayed in their system of bidding and by request of several readers I will try to give its salient features. It is somewhat complicated and requires close study and a great deal of practice. It is a product of the Captain, the trainer of the Austrain teams, Dr. Paul Stern, who has contrived to weld into a whole what he considers to be the best from other systems with additional features of his own.

Initial bids may be classified as follows.

(1) *One Club.*—This is artificial, and denotes no strength in the Club suit. It is made on a hand which is too weak for a No Trump opening bid, but which yet has some strength, usually in both major suits, either two Aces or an Ace and two Kings. Thus in the Anglo-Austrian match a player bid One Club holding : ♠ Q, 8, 6, 4 ; ♡ A, J, 5, 3 ; ◇ A, J, 7, 5 ; ♣ 3. The bid of One Club is forcing for one round provided second hand does not bid. Partner must respond with One Diamond if he has not a biddable suit.

(2) *One Diamond, One Heart or One Spade.*—An initial bid of any of these is stronger or shows a hand of different character from a One Club opening. The suit with rare exceptions, such as a four suit with three or four top honours, is usually of five, and is bid on natural lines. It may be stronger, but it is never weaker than a two-and-a-half quick trick hand. It is not absolutely forcing, but partner should respond on the principles of One Over One bidding.

(3) *One No Trump.*—This is always a strong bid independent of distribution and is absolutely forcing. Partner must respond. If he holds less than the value of an Ace and a King he must make the negative response of Two Clubs. If the No Trump bidder wishes to force his partner a second time he bids Two Diamonds, and partner must respond in Spades or Hearts ; he must bid if he holds four of either suit. Failing that he signs off with a bid of Two No Trumps.

Declarer then can leave the bid or bid Three of his own suit.

(4) *Bids of Two of a Suit.*—This is the Strong Two, and indicates a five card suit and such strength that game without any strength from partner is certain. It is unconditionally forcing. But the responses are quite different from those of Culbertson. The Two No Trumps call is not used as a negative bid. Partner must respond. If he is weak he bids the next higher ranking suit or in the case of Two Spades he bids Three Clubs. Thus Z Two Hearts. If Y bids Two Spades this is a negative bid and shows no biddable suit. Or Z Two Spades, Y Three Clubs. This is a negative bid, denying strength.

There is something to be said for this convention, and I think it has advantages over the Culbertson system, since it often prevents the strong hand being Dummy. Under the Approach Forcing system it happens often that the weaker hand has to play in Three No Trumps, and the strong hand is exposed on the table to the benefit of the defence.

(5) *Pre-emptive Bids of Three or Four of a Suit.*—These are made only on certain types of hands with a desire to shut out opponents and show no positive quick-trick strength.

In defence a strong hand is indicated by a double of the original call. But partner must respond in the following manner :

(*a*) Lacking an Ace and a King, he must bid the next higher ranking suit or in the case of One Spade he must bid Two Clubs.

(*b*) If he has a guard in the suit bid and an Ace outside he bids One No Trump.

Further the Four-Five No Trumps Convention and Asking Bids are employed. Now all this, and there is much more, is somewhat complex and artificial. If you are keen enough to want to learn the whole system with all its ramifications and intricacies you must get Dr. Paul Stern's book entitled *Wir Lizitieren*. It is in the German language, and is published in Vienna, but an English translation will be available later.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

A match between team of undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge will be held under the auspices of the British Bridge League on November 24th and 25th, at Almacks' Club. One hundred boards will be played, and the sessions will be held in the afternoons and evenings.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

LAST week three games—the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth of the series—were played. Dr. Euwe won the thirteenth, Dr. Alekhine the fourteenth, and the other was drawn. The scores are now : Dr. Alekhine 8½ points (6 wins, 5 drawn), Dr. Euwe 5½ (3 wins, 5 drawn).

The sixth game of the match.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	13. Q to B 2 (o)	Q to B 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	14. Kt to B 5 (o)	kt to K 1
3. Kt to Q B 3 (a)	P takes P	15. B to B 4 (p)	Kt to R 4 (q)
4. P to K 4 (b)	P to K 4 (c)	16. Blk×P, ch (r)	K takes B
5. B takes P (d)	P takes P (e)	17. Q takes Q	B takes Q
6. Kt to B 3 (f)	P to Q Kt 4 (g)	18. B takes Kt	R to Kt 1 (s)
7. Kt the Kt P	B to R 3 (h)	19. B to Q 6	B to Kt 2
8. Q to Kt 2	Q to K 2 (i)	20. P to Q R 4	R to Q sq
9. Castles	R takes Kt (j)	21. Q Rt×Q sq (t)	P to B 4
10. B takes R	Kt to B 3 (k)	22. P takes P	B takes P
11. B to Q B 4 (l)	Q Kt to Q 2	23. B to Q 5 (u)	Resigns.
12. Kt takes P (m)	R to Q Kt sq		

(a) 3. Kt to K B 3 is usually preferred since the text-move allows Black to play Winawer's Counter-Gambit (3. . . . P to K 4). Dr. Euwe, however, prefers 3. . . . P takes P.

(b) Enterprising play. An alternative is 4. P to K 3. If, instead, 4. P to Q B 4, then 4. . . . P to K 3 ; 5. P takes P, Q takes Q, ch ; 6. K takes Q, kt to Q R 3 ; 7. P to K 3, B to K 3 ; 8. Kt to B 3, Castles, ch, with the better game for Black (Fine *v.* Dr. Euwe, Zandvoort tournament, 1936).

(c) If 4. . . . P to Q Kt 4, then 5. P to Q B 4, P to Kt 5 ; 6. Kt to B 2, Kt to K 5 ; 7. P to K 3, Kt to Q 4 ; 8. B takes P with a good game for White.

(d) More subtle than P takes P.

(e) Efimtsev points out in *De Schaakwereld* that, if 5. . . . Q takes P, then 6. Q to Kt 3, Q to Q 2 ; 7. B to K Kt 5, Kt to B 3 ; 8. Kt to B 3, Q to B 2 ; 9. Castles (Q R), threatening to win B take P, ch followed, if to. . . . Q takes B, by 11. B to Q 8, ch. If, instead, 5. . . . P to Q Kt 4 ; 6. B to Kt 3, Q takes P, then 7. Q to R 5, P to Kt 5 ; 8. Q to B 3 with a fine game for White.

(f) A creditable offer of a sacrifice of a piece. If Black plays 6. . . . P takes Kt, then 7. B takes P, ch, K to K 2 and now not 8. B to Kt 5, ch, Kt to B 3 ; 9. Q takes Q, ch, K takes Q ; 10. P to K 5 (because of 10. . . . P to K R 3), but 8. Q to Kt 3, Kt to B 3 ; 9. B to K 3 with a very powerful attack.

(g) If 6. . . . B to K 2, then 7. B takes B, P takes B ; 8. Kt takes P with a good game for White. The text-move, however, turns out very badly. Efimtsev suggests 6. . . . B to Q B 4, pointing out that, if 7. Kt to K 5, then Black can play 7. . . . P takes Kt ; *e.g.*, 8. Q takes Q, ch (if, instead, B takes P, ch, then K to K 2), K takes Q ; 9. Kt takes P, ch, K to K 2 ; 10. Kt takes B, B to K 3. White's best reply to 6. . . . B to Q B 4 appears to be 7. Castles, to be followed, if 7. . . . Kt to B 3 (best), by 8. P to K 5.

(h) If P takes Kt, then B to Q 5.

(i) If 8. . . . P takes Kt, then 9. B to Q 5. (Black cannot play 9. . . . Kt to Q 2 because of 10. B takes P, ch, K to K 2 ; 11. Q to K 6, mate). If (instead of 8. . . . P takes Kt) 8. . . . B takes Kt, then 9. B takes P, ch, K to Q 2 ; 10. Kt takes P (not 10. B takes Kt, B takes B ; 11. Q takes R because of 11. . . . B to Kt 5, ch) and White has two pawns and a powerful attack for the piece.

(j) If 9. . . . P takes Kt, then 10. B to Q 5, B to Kt 2 ; 11. Q takes P, ch.

(k) If P takes B, then Q to Q 5 and wins. If, instead, 10. . . . Q to Kt 5, then 11. B to Q B 4, Q takes Q ; 12. B takes Q with advantage to White as Black, to prevent 13. Kt to K 5, is forced to allow the capture of his Queen's pawn.

(l) P to K 5 is a very good alternative.

(m) Here, too, P to K 5 is good, *e.g.*, 12. P to K 5, Kt takes P ; 13. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt ; 14. Q to Kt 7, R to Kt sq ; 15. Q takes either B P, ch. The text-move, however, is perhaps to be preferred.

(n) Not 13. Kt takes P because of 13. . . . R takes Q ; 14. Kt takes Q, R to Kt 5.

(o) Not Kt takes P because of R to B sq.

(p) If Kt takes P, ch, then K to Q 2 and White has two pieces *en prise*.

(q) R to Kt 5 is better.

(r) Best. If, instead, 16. B takes Kt, Q takes Q B ; 17. B to K 2, then 17. . . . Q to B 4 ; 18. Q takes Q, B takes Q ; 19. B takes Kt, P to Kt 5.

(s) If Q R to K sq, then B to Q 6.

(t) Threatening to win the exchange by P to Q R 4.

(u) Again threatening P to Q R 4. If at once P to Q R 4, then R takes Kt followed by R takes B.

(v) This wins the exchange. Black cannot play R to Q B sq because of B takes B followed by Kt to Q 6, ch.

The seventh game of the match.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	19. K P takes P	K R to K sq (*j*)
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	20. Q to Kt 2 (*k*)	Q tks K Kt P
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	21. P takes R (*l*)	R P takes P (sq)
4. Kt to B 3	P takes P	22. B to Q sq	Q takes Q, ch
5. P to Q R 4	B to B 4	23. K takes Q	R to Q 5 (*s*)
6. P to K 3 (*a*)	P to K 3	24. Kt to B 3	R to Kt 5, ch
7. B takes P	Q Kt to Q 2	25. K to R 3	R to Q sq
8. Castles	B to Q 3 (*b*)	26. B to Kt 5 (*o*)	R to Kt 2
9. Q to K 2	Kt to K 5	27. B to Q 2	R to K 5 (*p*)
10. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	28. B to Kt 5 (*q*)	R to K 7 (*r*)
11. Kt to Q 2	B to Kt 3	29. B to B 3 (*s*)	R to Q 6 (*t*)
12. P to K 4	B to B 2 (*c*)	30. K to R 4	R takes Kt
13. B to Kt 3 (*d*)	Castles	31. R takes R	R takes P, ch
14. P to B 4 (*e*)	Kt to B 3	32. R to R 3 (*u*)	P to Kt 4, ch
15. B to B 2 (*f*)	Q takes P, ch	33. K takes P	R takes R (*v*)
16. K to R sq	Q to Kt 5 (*g*)	34. B to Q sq	Kt to K 5, ch
17. P to Kt 4 (*h*)	Q R to Q sq (*i*)	Resigns (*w*)	
18. P to B 5	P takes P		

(a) In the first match of the game Dr. Euwe played Kt to K 5.

(b) The usual—and, probably, better—move is B to Q Kt 5. The text-move allows White to play P to K 4 without any difficulty.

(c) Black is preparing to attack the Queen's pawn.

(d) Kt to Kt 2 is better.

(e) A bad move, which loses a pawn. He should, instead, play B to R 2, to be followed (if Kt to B 3) by Kt to Kt 3.

(f) If Q to K 2 or Q 3, then B to Kt 3. If, instead, Kt to B 3, then B takes K P.

(g) Very risky. B to K R 4 seems preferable.

(h) Threatening to win a piece by P to B 5.

(i) If, instead, P to K R 3, then P to B 5 and White has a big advantage in position. Black, therefore, decides to give up a piece for three pawns.

(j) Better than Q takes K Kt P at once.

(k) If Q to B 4, then Q takes Q followed by R to K 7 with advantage to Black.

(l) If 21. Q takes Q, then 21. . . . Kt takes Q ; 22. P takes B, R to K 7 with a strong attack.

(m) Dr. Euwe points out in *De Schaakwereld* that, if, instead, 21. . . . R to K 7, then 23. P takes B P, ch, K to B sq ; 22. R to B 2, R to K 8 ch ; 23. Kt to B sq with advantage to White, Black being unable to play 23. . . . B to Kt 3 because of 24. R takes Kt, Q takes Q, ch ; 25. K takes Q, P takes R ; 26. B to B 6, ch, K takes P ; 27. R takes R.

(n) Threatening K R to Q sq.

(o) Threatening to win a piece by R takes Kt.

(p) Not 27. . . . R takes Kt P because of 28. B to B 3, R to Kt 3 ; 29. B to R 5, winning the exchange.

(q) A bad move. He should, instead, play R to R 2.

(r) Threatening to win a piece by R (Q sq) takes B, in which White cannot reply with Kt takes R because of R takes P, mate.

(s) If Q R to Q sq, then R to Q 6, threatening either R takes P, mate or R takes K R.

(t) Threatening R takes P, mate.

(u) If K to Kt 5, then R to R 8, mate.

(v) Threatening R to R 6, mate. White cannot play 34. B takes Kt without losing a piece.

(w) If K to Kt 4, then R to Kt 6, ch followed by Kt takes B and R takes P.

The eighth game of the match.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.	WHITE. Dr. Alekhine.	BLACK. Dr. Euwe.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	14. Q to Kt 2	K Kt to Q 4
2. P to Q B 4	P to K 3	15. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
3. Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	16. B to Kt 4	Q to K 3
4. Q to B 2	P to Q 4	17. K to B 2	Kt to R 5 (*g*)
5. P takes P (*a*)	Q takes P	18. Q to Q 2	P to Q Kt 3 (*h*)
6. P to K 3	P to B 4	19. B to R 6	R to Q Kt sq
7. P to Q R 3	B tks Kt, ch (*b*)	20. P to K 4 (*i*)	P to Q Kt 4
8. P takes B	Q Kt to Q 2	21. Q to B 4	R to Kt 2
9. P to B 3 (*c*)	P takes P	22. P takes P (*j*)	Q takes P
10. B P takes P	Kt to Kt 3 (*d*)	23. K R to K sq, ch	B to K 3 (*k*)
11. Kt to K 2	R to Q 2	24. Q R to B sq	P to B 3 (*l*)
12. Kt to B 4	Q to Q 3 (*e*)	25. R to B 7 (*m*)	K to Q sq
13. B to Q 2	R to Q B sq (*f*)	26. R takes R P (*n*)	Resigns.

(a) P to Q R 3 is a very good alternative.

(b) Not B to R 4 because of P to Q Kt 4, which wins a piece.

(c) Kt to B 3 is generally played. The text-move is preparatory to P to K 4.

(d) P to K 4 is an alternative. The text-move is played to prevent B to B 4 and to allow the development of Black's Bishop.

(e) Q to B 3, offering the exchange of Queens, is preferable.

(f) He cannot castle because of B to Kt 4.

(g) Black is preparing to dislodge White's Queen's Bishop by P to Q Kt 4 followed by P to Q R 4. He plays the text-move not only to free the Knight's pawn, but also to prevent B to B 5. His plan, however, turns out very badly. He should, instead, play 17. . . . Kt to B 5, *e.g.*, 17. R takes Kt, R takes R ; 18. K R to K sq (threatening P to K 4), P to B 4, followed by K to B 2.

(h) To this move (which threatens to win a piece by P to Q R 4) White has a powerful reply. Black should, instead, play P to B 4, with K to B 2 to follow.

(i) Starting a very powerful attack.

(j) Best. If, instead, 22. K R to K sq (threatening to win the Queen by P takes P), then 22. . . . Kt to Kt 7 ; 23. R to K 3, Kt to B 5 ; 24. B to K 2, K to Q sq.

(k) If R to K 3, then Q to Kt 8, ch and wins.

(l) If R takes R, then R to B 8, ch, followed by Q to B 7, mate.

(m) R to B 8, ch followed by R takes R wins the exchange. The text-move, however, is stronger. It threatens R to K 7, ch, followed, if K to Q sq, by Q to B 7, mate, or, if K to B sq, by R to Q 7, ch.

(n) Threatening Q to B 7, ch followed by Q to K 7, mate. If now 26. . . . Q to B 3, then 27. R takes B, followed, if 27. . . . Q takes R, by 28. Q to B 7, ch and mate in three more moves. If, instead of 26. . . . Q to B 3) 26. . . . R to B 3, then 27. R takes B, Q takes R (if 27. . . . R takes R, then 28. Q to B 7, ch, K to K sq ; 29. Q to B 8, ch and mate in two more moves) ; 28. Q to Kt 8, ch, R to B sq ; 29. B takes R, Q takes B ; 30. Q to Q 6, ch and mate next move.

CONGRESS AT STOCKHOLM

THE following game, played in the International Team Tournament at Stockholm, shows a fine attack by Black.

(Alekhine's Defence.)

WHITE. Vistaneckis. (Lithuania).	BLACK. Solet. (Finland).	WHITE. Vistaneckis. (Lithuania).	BLACK. Solet. (Finland).
1. P to K 4	Kt to K B 3	15. B to Q Kt 3	B to K 3
2. P to K 5	Kt to Q 4	16. Q to Q 2	K R to Q sq
3. Kt to Q B 3 (*a*)	Kt takes Kt	17. P to K R 4 (*g*)	P to Q R 4
4. Q P takes Kt	P to Q 3	18. P to R 4 (*h*)	Q R to Kt sq
5. B to Q B 4	Kt to B 3 (*b*)	19. P takes P	R takes P
6. Kt to B 3	B to B 4	20. R to R 4	R to Kt 5
7. B to B 4	P to K 3	21. R tks Kt (*i*)	Q takes B
8. Q to K 2	B to K 2	22. Kt to Q 4	Q to B 5
9. Castles (Q R)	P to Q 4	23. K to Kt sq	R takes P, ch (*j*)
10. B to Q Kt 5	Castles	24. K takes R	Q to R 6, ch
11. K R to K sq	Q to Q 2	25. K to Kt sq	R to Kt sq, ch
12. P to B 4 (*c*)	P to Q R 3 (*d*)	26. Kt to Kt 3	R takes Kt, ch
13. B to R 4	P to Q Kt 4 (*e*)	27. P takes R	B to B 4, ch
14. P takes Q P	P takes P (*f*)	Resigns (*k*)	

(a) P to Q 4 is considered to be stronger.

(b) Not P takes P because of the deadly reply B takes P, ch.

(c) A tempting move, but it is not good, for it allows Black to start a powerful advance on the Queen's side.

(d) A very good move. If now 13. B takes Kt, then 13. . . . P takes B, or, if, instead, 13. P takes P, then 13. . . . P takes B ; 14. P takes Kt, Q takes P, in either case with a good game for Black.

(e) Another very good move. If now 14. P takes Kt P, then 14. . . . Kt to K 2, followed, if 15. P to B 4, by 15. . . . R P takes P ; 16. P takes Kt P, K R to Kt sq ; 17. Kt to Q 4, B to Kt 3 and Black, although a pawn down, has the perferable game.

(f) Better than 14. . . . P takes B, *e.g.*, 15. P takes Kt, Q takes P ; 16. Kt to Q 4 followed by 17. Kt takes B.

(g) Not 17. Kt to Q 4 because of 17. . . . Kt takes Kt ; 18. Q takes Kt, P to Q B 4 followed by P to B 5.

(h) If 18. P to R 3, then 18. . . . P to R 5 ; 19. B to Q R 2, P to Kt 5 (Kt to R 4, to be followed by Kt to B 5, is also very good), with a fine game for Black.

(i) If 21. P to Q Kt 3, then 21. . . . R takes K B ; 22. P takes R, B to R 6, ch with a powerful attack.

(j) Black now finishes the game in fine style.

(k) In reply to Q to B 2 or Q 3 Black plays Q takes P, ch before capturing the Queen.

PROBLEM No. 3935

By P. A. ORLIMONT.*

WHITE (5 pieces) : King at K B 5, Rook at Q B 2, Knights at Q 6 and K Kt 6, Pawn at K B 7.

BLACK (2 pieces) : King at K Kt 2, Bishop at K R sq.

White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Ptitsinoie Prosso*, 1936.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3934

1. Q to K 8. Any move ; 2. Q, B, B or Kt mates.

SOLUTION OF END-GAME STUDY

1. R to Kt 4, Q to B sq (if Q to R sq, then R to Kt 8 and wins) ; 2. K to Kt 8, Q to K 6 ; 3. R to K R 8, kt to R 5 ; 4. R takes Kt, Q to B sq ; 5. R to R 8, Q to Kt 2 ; 6. R to Q Kt 8 and wins.

CHRISTMAS CONGRESS AT HASTINGS.—This congress will be held from December 28th to January 6th. The players in the Premier Tournament will be S. Flohr (Czechoslovakia), R. Fine (U.S.A.), S. Reshevsky (U.S.A.), P. Keres (Estonia), V. Mikenas (Lithuania), Miss Menchik (who has recently become Mrs. R. H. S. Stevenson, but wishes, we understand, to be known in chess circles by her maiden name), W. A. Fairhurst (British champion), Sir George Thomas, Bart., T. H. Tylor and C. H. O'D. Alexander.

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Arrangements can be made for the inspection of Shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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Mortality in a Reservoir-Fed Stream.—Our biologist reports that the weed is the horned pondweed and appears to be very healthy, so it is evident that the cause of the trouble does not lie in the weed. The reservoir would carry a good deal of finely divided matter in suspension, and this would have a tendency to settle on the gills of the fish and interfere with their proper breathing functions. It is also possible that the bottom of the reservoir would be heavy with gases, such as carbon dioxide, and this would have a tendency to absorb the oxygen in the stream and, in fact, to stifle the fish. It seems on the whole that this draining of the reservoir is the most likely cause of your trouble, since it could very easily produce an almost complete loss of oxygen from the water, and unless you are having further trouble you can probably be satisfied that the incident is over for the moment.—*W. S., York.*

Kennel

Feeding a Labrador.—Your Labrador puppy can be fed on a mixture of meat, and either dog biscuits or meals. See that the latter are from a reputable firm. You do not mention his age. Up to a year old he could do with two meals a day, and afterwards one in the evening would be sufficient. *Dog Training by Amateurs*, by R. Sharpe, price 7/6, would give you a useful guidance in training.—*R. S., Halford Camp.*

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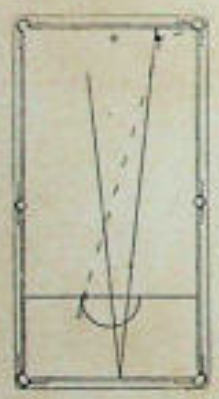
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Partridges (young)	1/6	"	3
" (old)	8d.	"	1/-
Grouse (young	4/-	"	5/6
" (old)	1/6	"	2/



DECIDING A BILLIARD TITLE IN COURT

A Champion Gets a Surprise

OFFICIAL announcements regarding the next professional championships of billiards and snooker are of particular interest because of the statement that the World Billiards Championship will be decided at Thurstons later in the season. This is quite as it should be, and clears up a position which could not be left to adjust itself. Without mentioning any names, it is as well to point out that the Control Council has supreme charge of English billiards the world over. This applies to championship events. The governing body could, if it wished, vary any championship venues or playing conditions, it is altogether a mistake for the holder of any title to suppose that he can decide the venue, it is very clear that he must play when and where called upon or allow his title to go by default.

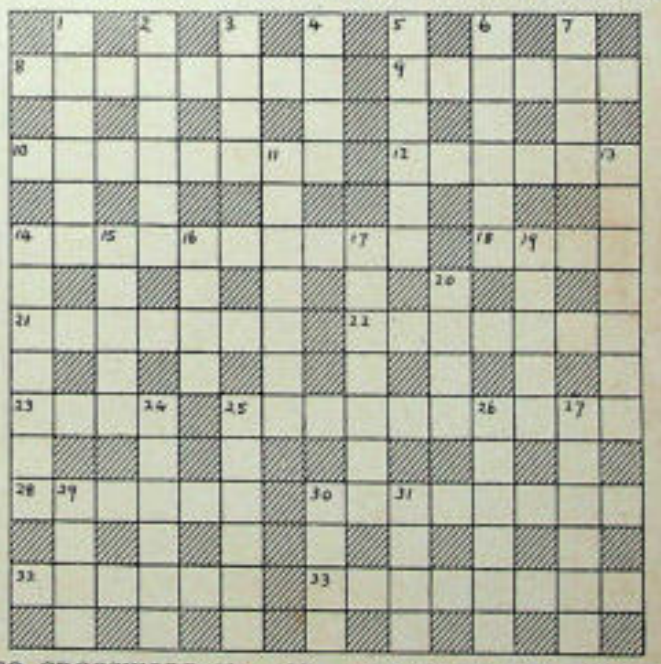
Oddly enough, this very point happens to be perhaps the only one on which we have a legal ruling. John Roberts forced the issue in his characteristic way. After winning the Billiards Championship three times in succession on the old "three-inch" pocket table, he refused to play for the title when the Billiards Association brought out the existing "standard table." Dawson then became champion, and a sporting newspaper referred to Roberts as "ex-champion." He at once issued a writ for libel. When the case came on, his argument was that as he was willing to give Dawson, or any other player in the world, a third of the game start for £1,000, it was absurd to depose him from the championship and damaging to dub him "ex-champion." This line, of course, was most convincing when Roberts made a publicity stunt of it.

But it was very different in the courts. To his no small surprise, Roberts was told, in effect, that his playing ability was not the point. The real question was the relation between the governing body and the control of championship events. This was ruled to be absolute. Roberts was given clearly to understand that he must defend his title as ordered by the governing body, or lose it by forfeit and become "ex-champion" accordingly. That constitutes the existing precedent. Roberts lost his case; it is difficult to see what other decision was possible unless sport government was to be handed over to whoever might be champion. However, as usual, the last word was with Roberts. He refused to return the championship trophy, retaining it until his death, when the family handed it over to the Control Council for the Amateur Championship.

My diagram shows a robust shot that pays. Cue-ball is in hand and on the lie of red and white the slow one-cushion cannon from white to red looks very tempting. Played with a little running side, it suggests tapping red very prettily over the top-pocket. That is very much of an "if shot" at the range. By far the better game is the forcing in-off red bringing that ball in and out of baulk for position.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 438

ACROSS.—8, Objections, considerations but apparently not very weighty. 9, Often said of wealth, but not in our experience. 10, Threatening. 12, Pam is presumably a member of the A.A.A. 14, Go in and force by leverage. 18, The men did not exert themselves too much as I advanced (hidden). 21, Sounds as if he swore volubly at his dinner. 22, Dire destruction can be turned into a horse race. 23, Repented, but still very rude under the service. 25, Regal torso (anag.). 28, "Glory's —— is the tomb" (J. Montgomery). 30, Overtures, but not always well conducted. 32, The bird that committed suicide. 33, Let the Pig re-set itself.

DOWN.—1, In this way mean doing something or nothing. 2, Not quite accurate. 3, When Sam told his tale, the men went into peals of laughter (anag.). 4, It needs nothing more to turn him into a coloured Tommy Atkins. 5, "Read rascal in the motion of his back, and scoundrel in the —— shining knee" (Tennyson). 6, Group of four lines. 7, A prize in life. 11, Red rose (anag.). 13, One of the Mikado's tooth-extractors. 14, Extract. 15, Sadly lacking in most men and women. 16, There are a lot of people at Epsom on Derby Day (hidden). 17, Rescued yet tied up. 19, He talked through 'is 'at, not 'arf he didn't. 20, For a lot of people this is a very hard world (hidden). 24, He plays his part by playing somebody else's. 25, The heroine always does this to her eyes. 26, Aim at Xeno, and you won't go far wrong. 27, "Push and go." 29, Cupid a bit sore behind? 30, They also pass—we wish they always did. 31, Change direction.

SOLUTION TO No. 437

Published November 6th

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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

Printed in Great Britain by Hudson & Kearns, Ltd., Maylair Stanford Street, S.E. 1, and Published by The Field Press (1936) Ltd., The Field House, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C. 4, in the County of Middlesex, Saturday, Nov. 13, 1937

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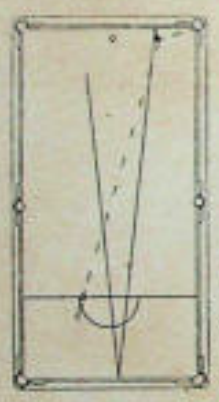
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DECIDING A BILLIARD TITLE IN COURT

A Champion Gets a Surprise

OFFICIAL announcements regarding the next professional championships of billiards and snooker are of particular interest because of the statement that the World Billiards Championship will be decided at Thurstons later in the season. This is quite as it should be, and clears up a position which could not be left to adjust itself. Without mentioning any names, it is as well to point out that the Control Council has supreme charge of English billiards the world over. This applies to championship events. The governing body could, if it wished, vary any championship venues or playing conditions, it is altogether a mistake for the holder of any title to suppose that he can decide the venue, it is very clear that he must play when and where called upon or allow his title to go by default.

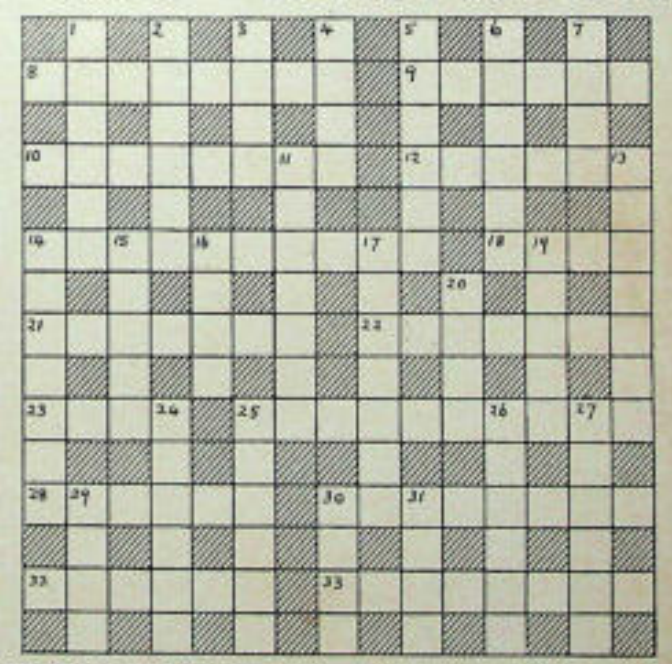
Oddly enough, this very point happens to be perhaps the only one on which we have a legal ruling. John Roberts forced the issue in his characteristic way. After winning the Billiards Championship three times in succession on the old "three-inch" pocket table, he refused to play for the title when the Billiards Association brought out the existing "standard table." Dawson then became champion, and a sporting newspaper referred to Roberts as "ex-champion." He at once issued a writ for libel. When the case came on, his argument was that as he was willing to give Dawson, or any other player in the world, a third of the game start for £1,000, it was absurd to depose him from the championship and damaging to dub him "ex-champion." This line, of course, was most convincing when Roberts made a publicity stunt of it.

But it was very different in the courts. To his no small surprise, Roberts was told, in effect, that his playing ability was not the point. The real question was the relation between the governing body and the control of championship events. This was ruled to be absolute. Roberts was given clearly to understand that he must defend his title as ordered by the governing body, or lose it by forfeit and become "ex-champion" accordingly. That constitutes the existing precedent. Roberts lost his case; it is difficult to see what other decision was possible unless sport government was to be handed over to whoever might be champion. However, as usual, the last word was with Roberts. He refused to return the championship trophy, retaining it until his death, when the family handed it over to the Control Council for the Amateur Championship.

My diagram shows a robust shot that pays. Cue-ball is in hand and on the lie of red and white the slow one-cushion cannon from white to red looks very tempting. Played with a little running side, it suggests tapping red very prettily over the top-pocket. That is very much of an "if shot" at the range. By far the better game is the forcing in-off red bringing that ball in and out of baulk for position.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 438

ACROSS.—8, Objections, conclusions but apparently not very weighty. 9, Often said of wealth, but not in our experience. 10, Threatening. 12, Pam is presumably a member of the A.A.A. 14, Go in and force by leverage. 18, The men did not exert themselves too much as I advanced (hidden). 21, Sounds as if he swore vilely at his dinner. 22, Dire destruction can be turned into a horse race. 23, Repented, but still very rude under the service. 25, Regal locos (anag.). 28, "Glory's —— is the tomb" (J. Montgomery). 30, Overtures, but not always well conducted. 32, The bird that committed suicide. 33, Let the Pig reset itself.

DOWN.—1, In this may mean doing something or nothing. 2, Not quite accurate. 3, When Sam told his tale, the men went into peals of laughter (anag.). 4, It needs nothing more to turn him into a coloured Tommy Atkins. 5, "Read rascal in the motion of his back, and scoundrel in the —— sliding knee" (Tennyson). 6, Group of four lines. 7, A prize in life. 11, Red rose (anag.). 13, One of the Mikado's tooth-extractors. 14, Extract. 15, Sadly lacking in most men and women. 16, There are a lot of people at Epsom on Derby Day (hidden). 17, Rescued yet tied up. 19, He talked through 'is 'at, not 'arf he didn't. 20, For a lot of people this is a very hard world (hidden). 24, He plays his part by playing somebody else's. 25, The heroine always does this to her eyes. 26, Aim at Nero, and you won't go far wrong. 27, "Push and go." 29, Cupid a bit sore behind? 30, They also pass—we wish they always did. 31, Change direction.

SOLUTION TO No. 437

Published November 6th

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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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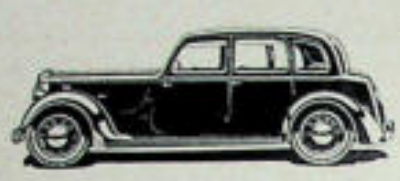
SIR NEVILE HENDERSON AND MR. FRANK WALLACE WITH THE TROPHY GAINED BY GREAT BRITAIN IN BERLIN

This press photograph was taken on the night of the prize-giving in Berlin for the International Exhibition, and shows Sir Nevile Henderson, the British Ambassador in Berlin, who has given the most consistent support to the British Committee, and Mr. Frank Wallace, hon. secretary of the Shikar Club, who organised the collection of heads from owners and whose work was indefatigable. The *Field* joins with them in feeling proud at having helped to win this fine trophy, personally presented by General Goering for the best National section in the exhibition. A similar prize was deservedly won by Poland. In view of the very short time available to the British section and the number of countries competing, this result may be considered satisfactory

ROVER

Quality of Detail

" . . . It was found that the car could be driven for lap after lap round the track without showing any signs of distress and seemed inclined to gain speed rather than to lose it . . . "



The Rover Company Ltd., Coventry

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FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

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THE NEEDS OF CIVIL AVIATION

THE prompt decision of the Government to hold an inquiry into the operation of civil aviation is welcomed on all sides, and may be considered a satisfactory issue to the able case recently presented to Parliament by a private member, Mr. W. R. D. Perkins. As this inquiry has been placed in the hands of a Committee, under the capable chairmanship of Lord Cadman, the opportunity is given to render civil aviation a real service. It is perhaps too much to expect that the terms of reference of the Committee of Inquiry will embrace the primary question of the control of civil aviation, but there can be no doubt this long-outstanding question must be thoroughly considered without delay if British civil and commercial aviation is to take its proper place in the world.

What we want to see achieved is the placing of civil aviation in the hands of a thoroughly responsible body appointed specifically and exclusively for the purpose. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the Air Ministry to-day in its conduct of civil aviation, it has other responsibilities which must at this juncture take priority to the needs of air transport; but those needs must be met.

When in 1933 the Gorell Committee was appointed by Lord Londonderry, the Secretary of State for Air, to inquire into civil aviation questions, primarily that of the control of private flying, they went somewhat beyond their terms of reference in recommending the advantages of transferring the administration from the Air Ministry to a purely civil department of State. The majority of the members of the committee were of the opinion that for technical reasons such a step was precluded at that time, but recommended that the position should be reviewed within the next decade. Their findings were accompanied by a minority report which urged that a review of the question of control should not be delayed for so long a period as ten years, and time has shown that they were right.

There can be no two opinions that all is not well with civil aviation; if we concede that a department primarily concerned with military requirements cannot be looked upon as the logical body to control it, that can hardly exonerate the Air Ministry for not seizing the golden opportunity presented in the years after the War when the Government policy of the day was one of unpreparedness for war or even defence.

Instead of taking the lead in improved design of civil aircraft and applying intensive research to the many problems that faced us, we allowed other nations to make the running, and it was not until they had demonstrated their superiority that we awoke to the fact that we were behind. The Air Ministry, denied the prerogative of keeping the Royal Air Force up-to-date in its equipment, might have devoted its attention to producing more efficient aircraft for civil purposes. Had they done this they would not have been in such a backward state when the necessity for the expansion of the Royal Air Force became paramount.

How different was the case in the United States. In that country the Government has encouraged the aircraft industry in every way, and has assisted designers by placing at their disposal the results of much scientific and full scale research, with the result that American air transport machines were developed to a higher level of performance than military types. The irony of the situation is manifest, when we realise that when our designers were called upon at short notice to provide new types for the expansion programme they turned for inspiration to American practice as embodied in the latest air transport machines. This emphasises the need for civil aviation being controlled by an independent body with full powers and adequate financial resources.

THE BERLIN EXHIBITION

THE "Field" would like to take this opportunity to thank those who have made the British Section of the Berlin Exhibition a success. The credit in the first place must surely go to the sportsmen of the Empire whose activities are mirrored on its walls, and in particular we would wish to thank the members of the Shikar Club who have lent the majority of the trophies. To Mr. Frank Wallace, the honorary secretary of the club, who was responsible for the collection of the heads and their hanging, our thanks must go in particular. Only those who worked with him can possibly understand the hard work, skill and expert knowledge that went to make his work the success it was. With him we would like to associate Mr. J. B. Burlace, of Rowland Ward, Ltd., who has placed the experience of a lifetime unreservedly at the disposal of the Exhibition, as he has always helped all British big game hunters.

Further, we would particularly wish to thank Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son, Ltd., of 157, New Bond Street, who with the utmost generosity lent to the Exhibition for a period of nearly four months a large number of very valuable pictures, an action which will surely be appreciated by all lovers of sporting art; Charles Hellis & Sons, Ltd., of 121, Edgware Road, who lent generously from their collection of guns and pistols; and Messrs. S. Allcock, Ltd., Messrs. Farlow & Co., Ltd., Messrs. Hardy Brothers, and Messrs. Ogden Smith, Ltd., who lent fishing tackle. There are so many other individual donors that their names cannot be mentioned here, but each one of them has undoubtedly shared the success of the British Section.

STILL MORE SPEED

"FASTER and still faster" is the slogan of modern progress, and we are faced to-day with broken speed records on land and in the air in such succession that it becomes difficult to keep up with them. Within the compass of seven days comes news of the fastest speed ever achieved on land, the fastest flight from London to and from the Cape and the fastest air journey from Paris to Buenos Aires. One cannot predict what the future holds, but each of these records and the prodigious efforts in scientific preparation and human endeavour which go to make them are steps to the period when the extraordinary feat of to-day will become the commonplace occurrence of to-morrow. What is amazing is the manner in which we have seen this work out in a span which can be measured by a decade.

THE ADVENTURERS

Sir Malcolm Campbell has enabled us to grasp what work is entailed in producing a machine capable of travelling at over 300 miles per hour and, having produced it, to drive it at that speed. Now Captain C. E. T. Eyston has averaged 311.42 m.p.h. for two runs over the measured mile (Sir Malcolm's average was 301.1292 m.p.h. (and 312.20 m.p.h. over the kilometre. And he has won his laurels in face of disappointments with a courage and tenacity that evoke whole-hearted admiration. Coming on top of this epic feat is the record-smashing performance of Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston and Mrs. Kirby-Green, who have made a journey from London to the Cape and back in the almost incredible time of 5 days, 17 hours and 28 minutes; while Codos and Reine have travelled from Paris to Buenos Aires, some 7,750 miles, in less than three days. Those who say that the age of adventure has passed are for ever being confounded.

LONDON POLO

It is comforting to know that the London season's polo fixtures are to be reviewed, as was forecast in a polo correspondent's notes recently, and there now seems to be a prospect of order rising from comparative chaos. A sub-committee has been invited to consider and report on the problem. It consists of Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lord Cowdray, the Duke of Roxburghe, Brigadier W. H. Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Lister and Captain F. A. Gill, the latter three gentlemen being the polo managers of the three London clubs. The clubs also have been circulated on the question of handicapping, the suggestions being: (1) To raise all handicaps to 12. (2) To introduce a *minus* handicap (which has worked very well in India these last two seasons). (3) To retain our present system. The matter arose from requests primarily from the country clubs, and it is felt that some change might assist them. Americans, however, are opposed to any change, and their view must influence the referendum. The comparative handicapping would need to be balanced in the case of foreign visitors, but this should not be too difficult, and it is felt that there is a good case for alteration. In any case handicaps must be well considered before next season.

NEXT YEAR'S TEST MATCHES

In spite of an agitation for five-day Test matches for the Australian tour next year, the Board of Control, meeting at Lord's last week, decided to adhere to the system of four-day matches, which most cricketers consider quite long enough for English conditions. One change has, however, been made—a reasonable one. The system of playing the last match to a finish only if neither side had gained an advantage in wins was unsatisfactory because a team with an advantage of one win was encouraged to play for a draw in the last match, which was then of normal duration. Now the last match will be played to a finish unless either side has a clear lead of two victories at the end of the fourth Test. The effect should be to stimulate match-winning tactics and methods all round.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a provincial newspaper: "From the point of view of the farmer, and of us who live by the fruits of the earth, rabbits must be judged on deeds. At this time of year, they with rats return for sustenance from the fields and hedges into the barns and granaries, where they not only eat away immense quantities of grain and the like, but, if possible even worse from the human point of view, damage buildings and foul the stacked produce."

A MEMORY OF 1913

Perhaps the doubles match in the Davis Cup challenge round of 1913 might be taken as a classic example of a contrast in lawn tennis styles. On one side were the two Americans, the dynamic McLoughlin and the calculating H. B. Hackett; on the other, the wiliest of opponents at the net, H. Roper Barrett, backed by the deep driver, C. P. Dixon. It was a needle encounter, for the fate of the cup hung upon it, and when the British pair led by two sets to one and 5/4, McLoughlin broke a string in his racket, and the Americans were within a stroke of defeat. It has always seemed a debatable point who was responsible for our defeat, for Roper Barrett had tamed the American onslaught by his delicate tactics at the net, just tipping the ball over and delighting the spectators. It was left to Hackett to frustrate him by the use of lobs. And now of that gallant four Hackett has died at the age of 59, and America has lost a player who was one of the best doubles partners in his early days and a valued councillor in his later years.

NATIONS IN FRIENDLY COMBAT

It was appropriate to King Leopold's visit to London that at Bertrand's last Saturday Belgium should maintain the distinction of being the only foreign country to win our international épée championship for the Miller-Hallett Cup. E. Bruneau topped the final with ten wins and one loss, thus succeeding his countryman, F. Soille, who, defending his title, was eliminated in the semi-finals.

One meets most nationalities at Bertrand's, which, since the pre-War days in Warwick Street, has been the rendezvous of the world's swordsmen of every rank, but never before has a men's fencing competition in London been entered by nationals of Belgium, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, France and U.S.A., apart from the British Isles. The elimination of many stars in the semi-finals was a feature of the contest, and though it was forecast that there would be a triangular battle for the cup between Germany, Belgium and Britain, it was not anticipated that the Union Jack would be carried to second place by Harry Cooke (Paul's). His great achievement establishes this clever, steady fencer as a top-rank duellist in the best company. During the final he beat four Germans of world class, Schröder, Miersch, Kretschmann and Lerdon, who on Saturday was the only man to defeat Bruneau in the final.

TWEED GOES OUT

With St. Andrew's Day and its celebrations of Auld Lang Syne the last of the great salmon rivers, the Tweed, will be "going out," and the long salmon season will be over. It cannot be said that the autumn has done much to redeem the general disappointment at the season as a whole. Spring is now too far behind for its excellent sport to be much consolation to the man who has been hoping for one of the old-time "big ones" of the back-end; and he probably is not the same man anyway, for spring and autumn fishermen are usually as the poles asunder. This loss of the autumn salmon fishing may mean little to the salmon conservator who desires spring fish, and more of them, and looks upon late-runners as interfering hussies; but to the man of moderate means they represent, often enough, his only chance of salmon fishing in the year. That fishing, autumn or spring, seems to run in cycles is perhaps some little compensation.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS

I had not walked for seven years
Those seven miles of lonely road
Which daily, there and back, I walked
In dawns that glittered, dusks that snowed.

The oncoming figures streamed the same,
They grew from minims, swelled and cleared
To recognition, spoke and passed,
And faintlier echoing, disappeared—

The gaitered bailiff by the beech,
The cycling clerk on the hill's crest,
And the pale girl with lighted face
By the dark thorn and rifled nest—

But no! Some sound unusual broke
My dreaming inner world like glass:
Quite other forms by hill and thorn
Approached and grew, to speak and pass. . . .

Since memory's ghosts could linger on
So long, so soon desert me there,
I feared I was myself a ghost
Startled, alone in alien air.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON.



PROTECTION OF MIGRANT QUAILS

A Bill to Prevent Importation During the Breeding Season

ON Tuesday, November 16th, a Bill for the protection of quail, promoted by the British Section of the International Society for Bird Protection, was read for the second time in the House of Lords. It was introduced by Viscount Mersey, and received the warm support of the Earl of Onslow, while Earl Fortescue informed the House that the Home Office and the Scottish Office were in sympathy with its objects, and that there was no objection to it from the point of view of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Evidently the House itself was in sympathy with the objects of the Bill, which now goes to Committee.

Stated shortly, the purpose of the Bill is to check the diminution in the numbers of quail as a species which has been going on for many years. This diminution is chiefly due to the fact that quail are netted for export during their spring migration. They come from Africa to Europe in the breeding season by three main routes: by the Nile Valley to Eastern Europe; by the Tunisian-Italian route to Central Europe; and by the Moroccan-Algerian-Spanish route to Western Europe, and so to the British Isles. The period of migration is February to May, and so serious has been the decrease of the numbers of quail during recent years that the Egyptian Government have now taken the step of prohibiting the export of quail during the spring months, while the French Colonial Governments in Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco have made the shooting and taking of quail illegal for a period of three years. But obviously this legislation does not cover the whole ground. Quail can still be netted in other countries, and doubtless will be so netted if it is found that there is a market for them. The purpose of the present Bill, then, in prohibiting the importation of live quail into the United Kingdom between February 14th and July 1st, is to support the Egyptian Government's action in prohibiting the export during the same period, and in that way to prevent other countries, such as Greece or Turkey, from taking advantage of the Egyptian Government's self-sacrificing action by building up an export trade.

What is needed, in short, is general co-operation to protect the quail as a species during the breeding season. At the present moment, if the Bill passes into law, Great Britain will be taking the lead among European countries in implementing the Egyptian Government's action, and such a lead, it is certain, would be followed; for at the Congress of the International Committee for Bird Preservation held last July in Vienna, the representatives of twelve different European countries were unanimous in their accord with the Bill suggested by the British section, and promised to use their influence with their Governments in order to promote legislation of the same kind. Again, the Conseil International de la Chasse, which represents over fifty countries, has strongly urged that Britain should co-operate in the endeavour made to save the quail, by prohibiting its import during the breeding season. And such support and co-operation are strongly needed, for it may be remembered that a few years ago France prohibited the import of live quail, but finding that she received no support from other countries, withdrew her prohibition.

For many years past the *Field* has urged that importation of quail into Great Britain during the breeding season should be made illegal, and it is a strange fact that during the period which has followed the Wild Bird Protection Act of 1880, with all the other Protection Acts which have followed it, quail should have been denied the protection of other migrant birds, and should have been imported for the London market every spring when had they not been netted on their journey, they might have nested in English fields. For whatever reason, the conscience of the public as a whole was not stirred by the spectacle of migrant birds brought to the table in the breeding season, and as for the attitude of the Government, that may be inferred from a speech made in the House of Lords so lately as February 1933, when one of the arguments against the Bill introduced by Lord Buckmaster which eventually made the sale of wild birds illegal, was that it would even "make the importation of live foreign quails illegal." And even as matters are to-day, Lord Fortescue, in replying for the Government to Lord Onslow's request, or rather hope, "that the Government may find themselves in a position to give such assistance as may be necessary to enable it to pass through another place as well as through your Lordships' House"—even Lord Fortescue said that he regretted that he could give no pledge that the passage of the Bill would be facilitated. Why should the Government hesitate? There is no question in this case, as the Government apparently feared would be the case in February 1933, of interfering with trade or vested interests of any kind. It has actually been ascertained by the British Section of the International Committee for Bird Preservation, that there will be no opposition to the Bill from the Wholesale Poulterers' Association or by the Retailers' Association as a body. What other opposition can there be? It is difficult to think, unless it is that an amendment may be proposed extending the scope of the Bill for the entire year. Surely there can be no pressing such an argument to the point of opposition? It might even lead to the Egyptian Government rescinding their Act, and so put us back to the beginning again. No enthusiast for bird protection could wish for that.

This Bill has been described in the House of Lords as purely practical. "There is nothing sentimental about the Bill," Lord Mersey stated in his speech. Doubtless that is so, but there must be others besides myself, I would guess, who will think that the Bill can be supported even on sentimental grounds—on the same grounds as those on which other Bills for the protection of birds have been supported—that it is wrong and contrary to the dictates of humanity that harmless and useful birds should be persecuted and destroyed in the nesting season.

ERIC PARKER.



WILD GEESE OF THE BORTOBAGY—ONE OF THE LOVELY PANORAMAS IN THE HUNGARIAN SECTION

FESTIVALS OF SAINT HUBERT

British Visitors and Their Experiences in Berlin

BY the time this article has appeared in print the Berlin *Jagd Ausstellung* will be closed, after a week's extension. The British visitors who went over—and one only wishes there had been more of them—experienced a hospitality which will never be forgotten. Not only the hospitality of the big parties, but the little kindnesses of a smaller sort. One does not easily forget the workman who insisted on stopping his lorry in the street and jumping down to shake one of the British organisers by the hand.

Certain particular events one recalls. There was the field trial at Mühlenbeck, largely for the German Schweisshund. These dogs are the Pooh-Bahs of the dog world, as they are Lord High-everything-else. They hunt, they point, they retrieve, they track. The trails were interesting, and the dogs we saw, champions of Germany, most certainly were very well broken. On the day in question the dogs were said to follow a wounded roe. The dog follows a blood track—rather a copious one—till he finds the dead roe, when he attracts his master's attention by barking; he then goes back with the quarry, or if he cannot he runs back and fetches his master. If the quarry is too heavy to carry, a certain number of dogs are trained to come back with a stick in their mouth—a very pleasing idea.

For the week-end the foreign visitors were all taken to Brunswick, partly to see an old-fashioned German town, but more particularly for the annual Hamburg festival. This pageant, which takes place annually, on or about St. Hubert's Day, on a beautiful wooded slope in the heart of a great woodland, is a pageant of German sporting life in the seventeenth century. To the echoing of hunting horns, we saw the return of the hunting party, the feast partaken of by master and men alike, the commendation of the successful hunters, and the summary judgment on the unhappy fellow who had killed a small stag. At the conclusion of the festival General Goering made a speech, impressing on the people the need for getting into the country. As one stood with the strains of *Deutchsland Uber Alles* echoing through the lovely autumn woods one could not but be deeply moved.

During the second week, as the result of the most elaborate organisation, all the guests were sent to shoot in various parts of Germany. Naturally, the experiences of all were different, but in a later issue of the *Field* will be given an account of a party on General Goering's personal estate at Schorfheider. During these trips one got a chance of looking into some of the German shooting laws.

The new German game laws came into force in 1935, and are based on the principle that the game of Germany forms a large part of the national heritage. In spite of the fact, that the average population is 140 persons to a square kilometre, the animal population is so dense as to ensure its recognition and necessitate its protection. In 1936 the value of Germany's dead game was assessed at 30 million marks. The German sportsman is fully aware that what is his pleasure is also by no means a negligible item on the credit side of the national balance sheet.

German shooting is controlled by a separate and centralised organisation, which possesses its own official department. At its head is the Reichsjägermeister, General Goering. Under him are Landesjägermeisters for each state. Authority is further delegated to area and district jägermeisters. The selected jägermeisters are experienced and keen sportsmen, their work is voluntary and unpaid. German "Jagd" is, therefore, united into one organisation, whose task it is to aid the individual sportsman and to see that he follows the established traditions. Moreover, there are yearly courses and examinations for professional gamekeepers, which cover all matters relating to shooting and maintenance of sporting property. Efficient marksmanship is encouraged, and young sportsmen must undergo frequent practice shoots, so that the actual killing of game is undertaken only by experienced and reliable shots.

The right to shoot belongs primarily to the landowner, nevertheless he can only enjoy this right if his estate is above a certain minimum of hectares in extent. Exceptions exist in certain states, for example, in the Bavarian Alps this minimum is fixed at 300 hectares. If the land owned by an individual is below this minimum the sporting rights over his land are bound together with the rights and other smallholders, and let as if one property. The one outstanding disadvantage of this system is that it tends to cause irregular and inconvenient shaped shoots in cases of the amalgamation of small properties. This can, however, be adjusted by the jägermeisters, who have the power to alter their shape when the need is urgent.

In accordance with the principle that the rôle of the German sportsman is not so much to shoot as to care for the game, he has many duties to perform. He must provide feed in winter, keep down vermin, and be prepared to detect and remedy any outbreak of disease among the game.

The number of guns in a district is limited by law and the district jägermeister has the power to impose restrictions if the game is decreasing in numbers.

In order to shoot the German sportsman must first obtain a licence from a subordinate office of the district jägermeister. The district jägermeister considers the applications and reviews the ability and suitability of each applicant. If he has committed an offence against the conventions of German sport, his application will be refused; he may, however, appeal to the higher authorities, the landes jägermeister, and finally the reichs jägermeister. Those applying for the first time have to take an examination to prove their knowledge of the elements of shooting and maintenance of game, and to test their ability in handling a gun.

An interesting feature of the German Jagd is the existence of special courts for trying offences against the Game Laws; fines may be inflicted, and in flagrant cases the licence may be taken away.

As in most countries the season during which certain game may be shot is limited. Ure-ox, elk, red deer, fallow deer, roe deer, whistling deer, ibex, moufflon and chamois, all enjoy a period of protection.

Each owner or lessee of a shoot has to make an estimate of the amount he intends to kill of the above animals, and submit it for the approval of the district jägermeister, who may alter it if necessary. He must send in a list of all game shot during the season, which must tally with his original estimate. There are also rules which regulate the sale and transport of dead game.

The question of damage done to agriculture by game is covered by the new laws, and a method is laid down whereby damage is assessed by legal arbitration and compensation is paid. Should game become so numerous that the damage is disproportionately high the district jägermeister has the power to order the shooting of the surplus game.

Finally a mention must be made of the German falconry, more especially in view of the co-operation of the Falconers' Club with German Falconers, which brought to Great Britain a prize of honour for our falconry section. Captain Gilbert Blaine writes:

"The section at the Exhibition allotted to falconry was worthy of the traditions of the Deutsche Falkenorden.

"Interest chiefly centred upon the display of living falcons and hawks, who surveyed the passing crowd with dignity and composure. These were staged upon two raised grass plots in the centre of the exhibit. On one was a cage of stuffed peregrine falcons and tiercels, and so still did the living birds sit that a casual observer might have mistaken them for the stuffed specimens. Two golden eagles, a pair of magnificent gerfalcons, some peregrine falcons, adult and immature, a saker falcon and several goshawks were exhibited.

All appeared to be in lovely bloom and condition.

"On a screen perch, at one side, in the place of honour, sat Komet, the beautiful falcon of Reichsjägermeister Herrmann Göring, flanked by two goshawks, one of them being Herr Renz Waller's famous Medusa.

"Hawks' furniture, both ancient and modern, and including some very interesting falconer's bags, was fully represented, as also were pictures, books and photographs, illustrating various incidents in the practice of modern falconry.

"The exhibit of the British Falconer's Club, admirably got together by Mr. J. G. Mavrogordato, the club's secretary, and happily included in the German section, consisted of a practical representation of falconry, as carried out in England to-day. One of the glass cases contained hawking furniture from India. The small but select Italian exhibit displayed a few rare and richly embroidered hoods, falconers' bags and gloves.

"In the morning of November 6th a demonstration of falconry took place in Mühlenbeck, outside Berlin, and although it is well-nigh impossible to stage a display of this sport in public under artificial conditions the demonstration was skilfully executed, with no untoward incident.

"The hawks flown, without exception, behaved well under trying conditions, so proving that they had been perfectly trained for the occasion. Among those flown two golden eagles from Finnland 'did their bit.'

"I would like to say a word about the organisation of the Deutsche Falkenorden.

"This club, with branches at various centres in Germany, already has 200 members, some of them being people of distinction and influence in the country. About 60 members keep and fly their own hawks. Falconry is recognised by the State in Germany, it being necessary to take out a licence for keeping a hawk. General Göring is its patron, with Renz Waller as Ordensmeister and Dr. Walter Schlüter as Gaumeister and a Reichsfalkenhof or State falconry establishment is maintained at Brunswick. In practice eyass falcons and goshawks are principally employed, it being difficult to obtain passage hawks, because it is illegal to trap them.

"Hawks in Germany are generally flown 'out of the hood' at such quarry as rooks and magpies. An attempt has also been made to fly at the heron, but I gathered that the art of training hawks to take this noble quarry has not yet been mastered, since only passage falcons have hitherto been considered capable of this feat.

"Game hawking does not seem to be much in vogue in Germany, perhaps because the places where peregrines 'waiting on' can be flown at partridges are few and far between. Good dogs trained for this flight may also be lacking, and without them it is impossible to conduct game hawking successfully.

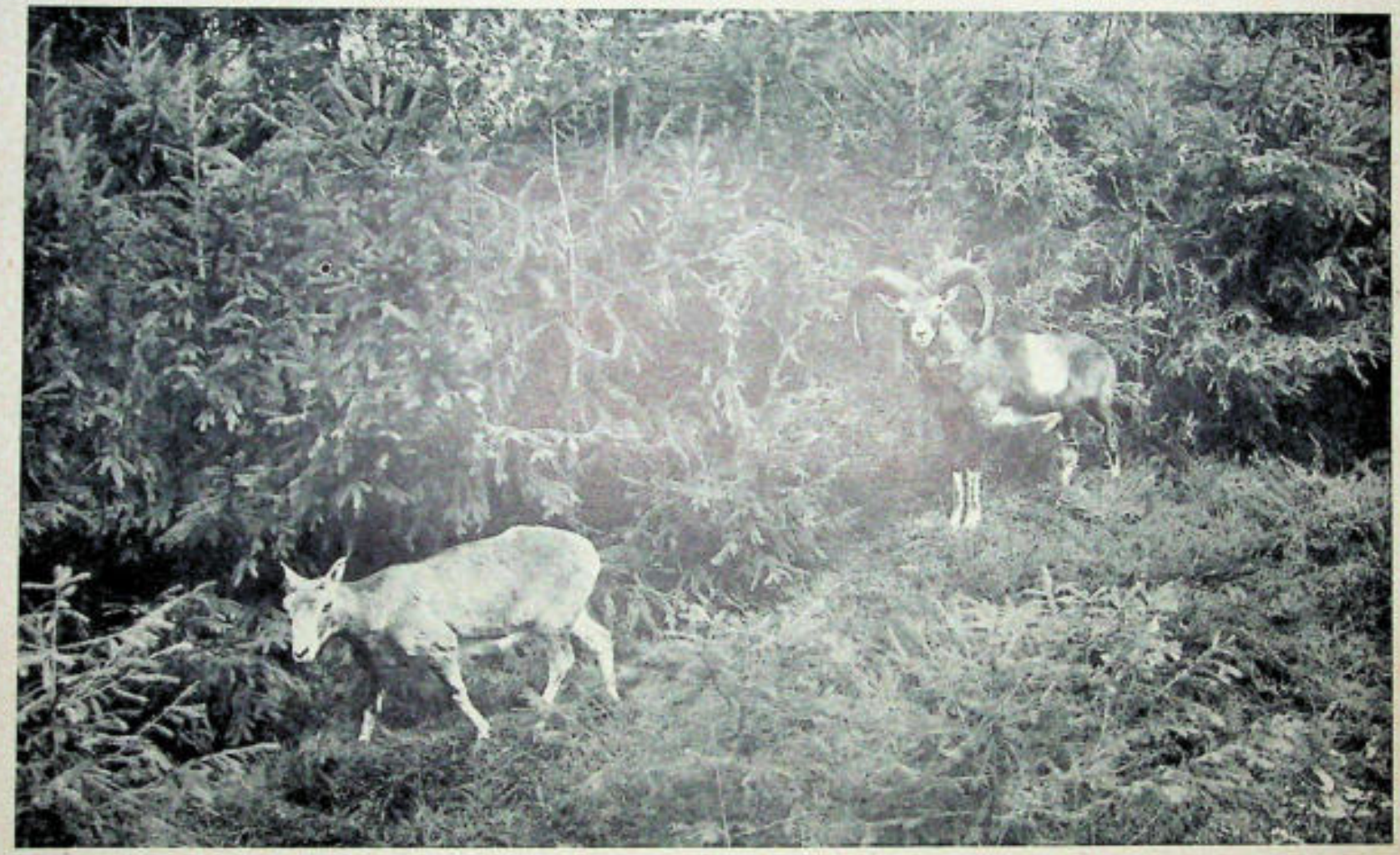
"Bavaria provides the most suitable terrain for the flight at rooks and crows; for herons the Rhineland, the marshy land behind Hamburg, and in Pommern. Goshawks, which can be flown in enclosed country, are very popular in Germany, and are more generally employed.

"In Germany the hawks that I have seen have been always wonderfully 'manned,' and are very gentle and well-mannered. The art of hooding skilfully, not merely adroitly, is general among German falconers. I have noticed also that the beaks of their hawks are kept in perfect shape.

"British falconers, take note! Too often does one see decayed or overgrown beaks, signs of lack of attention in this respect.

"The hawks that I have seen were in lovely condition, the old ones well moulted, with a bloom upon their plumage, and looking the picture of health, evidences of careful maintenance.

"In contrast with this vigorous sign of a revival of this sport in Germany, falconry in Britain remains a tender plant, kept alive only by the enthusiasm of a few devotees, under conditions which are not very favourable to its existence. We, perhaps, have better opportunities, here and there, owing to our greater leisure, of flying our hawks successfully at wild quarry. Each side could surely learn much from the other, and it would be a happy augury for the future of falconry in Europe if some liaison could be formed between the falconers of our respective countries."



MOUFFLON IN THE GERMAN "FOREST"—A HUGE WOOD SPECIALLY ERECTED TO SHOW EXAMPLES OF THE INDIGENOUS GERMAN FAUNA, AND THE MOST STRIKING PIECE OF WORK IN THE WHOLE EXHIBITION

WITH GUN AND RIFLE IN GERMANY

SOME time ago the German Government announced its intention to hold a series of International Shooting Contests in connection with the great exhibition of sporting trophies at Berlin, *i.e.*, the "Internationale Jagdausstellung." The programme was an elaborate one, but the main essential was that the members of the team should shoot with both gun and rifle. An invitation was, I believe, sent to the Clay Bird Associations in this country, but as few of their members were sporting rifle shots, they took no action.

On October 22nd, only a fortnight before the competitions were due to start, the N.R.A. were approached through the Foreign Office, and simultaneously I was approached through the Editor of the *Field*. I got busy on the telephone, and having ascertained that the N.R.A. were not making up another team but would support anything I did in finding one, I went ahead.

The actual shooting conditions were:

SHOTGUN

Fifty clay pigeons at a distance of 13 metres in series of 10, 15, 15, 10, with "gun down."

RIFLE

Five shots at disappearing poacher (German sporting target No. 6) at 80 metres, standing position without support, rifle down until the target appears. Target visible for 5 seconds.

Five shots at stationary roebuck (German sporting target No. 3) at 100 metres, standing position with slight side support.

Five shots at stationary fox (German sporting target No. 14) at 100 metres, prone without support, kneeling or sitting.

Five shots at stationary boar (German sporting target No. 5) at 100 metres, standing position without support.

Five shots at running targets at 60 metres, of which two shots are at running boar (German sporting target No. 11) and three shots at running pig (German sporting target No. 12).

Scores with both rifle and gun to be added together.

Teams of six; best four to count.

Scores in the team shoot to count in the individual prize list as well.

Now it was obvious that what was required was, firstly, a good sporting rifle capable of holding a 3in. ball at 100yds., and secondly, as heavily choked a gun as the members of the team possessed or could get accustomed to.

The N.R.A. gave us markers and range facilities and we started to learn things. Our battery of rifles was distinctly representative. Rankin shot a Gibbs .256 Magnum with telescopic sights, and so did Fletcher, Capper a .275 Rigby H.V. with lens foresight, Chance a .260 B.S.A. with telescopic sight, firing cartridges of vast velocity, which incidentally spat out about as much noise and flame as a field gun. O'Leary and I shot .30 Springfields, the former with a telescopic sight.

Of guns O'Leary and I had proper pigeon guns. Capper acquired a Browning with which he became amazingly proficient in a very short time; the other three had game guns, and I rather doubted their effectiveness against the low fast birds we were likely to meet on the Continent.

We did a certain amount of practice at Bisley,

and I.C.I. and the Bisley Gun Club gave us every assistance and the use of the fifteen trap trench, but at such short notice we could only assemble once or twice for practice before we were due to sail.

I knew, of course, that to take six untried assorted rifles abroad was asking for trouble, so I was expecting casualties, but I also found that the Wannsee armourer could produce any sort of sporting rifle or gun at a moment's notice. The first to go, to the immense if secret relief of everyone, was that incredibly noisy gun of Chance's. The barrel had fired some 5,000 rounds, so it owed him nothing. He swapped to an 8 by 60 mm. with a telescopic sight, and got going again at once. The next to go was Capper's, not the rifle but the aperture backsight with a clearing lens. This proved impossible to mend, so he took to a 6.5 by 52 mm. and started doing admirably. Meanwhile Fletcher, particularly, and also Rankin were doing some very good shooting, while O'Leary and I were not dissatisfied.

Birds were a different story. We found both Fletcher's and Chance's guns too open in pattern to compete seriously, so we swapped Fletcher on to an excellent German Under & Over, and Chance on to another Browning. So matters stood on Tuesday night, and we thought we might make quite a show with the rifle, but not so much with the gun.

Wednesday was a nice clear morning, and we started at 10 a.m., Germany's No. 2 team and Austria's No. 1 shooting simultaneously. I led off for the British team, and I must say that shooting standing without support, and with only 5sec. to stop the gun wobbling and get it off, was not the easiest form of shooting I have tried. The scores appear elsewhere, so I cannot draw a veil over the shooting. I will content myself by saying that as a team we were 120 to 130 points down on our practice form. We had no less than 26 misses, and though some are unavoidable on one or two of the targets where the "10" ring is only 2in. from the edge of the scoring area, yet we had twice as many as we had any right to have.

We then adjourned to the clay bird range, where to our amazement, we proceeded to kill 80 per cent. of our first series of birds. Unfortunately, this was too good to last, but nevertheless we ended with a much more respectable total than we ever expected. Capper put on a 43, which was a wonderful shoot with a form of gun he had never handled till a fortnight previously; while I was lucky enough to get 46, which may or may not be good enough to win the individual contest.

Our team score, best four to count, was 1,517—best score 428; Austria I had 1,379—best score 374; Germany II had 1,669—best score 452; and there were some five or six other national teams to shoot in the next few days.

It is difficult to say which impressed us most, the extreme kindliness and obviously universal desire for friendship of everyone we met, or the amazingly complete lay-out of the Wannsee ranges. These ranges, which are very large and yet very compact, include some hundreds of rifle, miniature and pistol targets, and also a most complete laboratory for testing every kind of sporting requisite. The head of the latter is a most capable lady, who was kind enough to show us round, and also one or two of the more elaborate machines, such as the spectoscopic metal-testing machine, in action, and explain technicalities in perfect English. To her come all the burst guns, all new brands of ammunition, and also the police for technical information in cases where firearms are involved.

The most astonishing thing to us about it all was that this great lay-out is entirely concerned with sporting shooting, and though a Government enterprise, has no direct concern with military matters at all. Would that we had a central institution of this sort in this country.

If we ever take part again in such a contest as this, and had three or four months for preparation, there is no doubt to my mind what our proceedings ought to be. We should take ten or a dozen P.14s, convert them to sporting models, and fit them with telescopic sights. We should then, at a cost of some £15 per gun, have a really efficient set of rifles firing the only standardised cartridge that is cheap enough to practise with in this country. I have no doubt that with them, and after reasonable practice with proper pigeon guns at clay birds, we should be able to hold our own with our Continental friends under their own conditions.

C. W. MACKWORTH-PRAED.

SCORES

	Pistol	Rifle	Rifle	Rifle	Running Boar	Clay Birds	Total
Praed	43	47	42	28	39	46×5	= 428
Capper	28	47	37	39	37	43×5	= 403
Chance	32	47	34	39	27	34×5	= 349
O'Leary	32	48	19	37	26	35×5	= 337
						Team total	1,517
Rankin	40	46	25	48	21	24×5	= 200
Fletcher	37	47	31	38	24	23×5	= 292

END OF THE FLAT RACING SEASON

Fluctuations in the Luck of Owners

THIS week sees the finish of the season on the flat, and it remains to congratulate the Aga Khan on having returned to the leadership of the winning owners. That position was occupied twelve months ago by Lord Astor, Lord Derby narrowly beating the Aga Khan for second place. This year Lord Astor has secured only about one-fourth of the amount credited to him in 1936. Lord Derby, too, has dropped back to a relatively small total, being only eighth on the winning list.

Such fluctuations are only to be expected in racing. The temporary decline in the fortunes of the owners in question can be partly accounted for in each case by a series of unfortunate circumstances. For Lord Astor it was clearly a disaster to be deprived of the services of the three-year-old Early School, who could not be trained and has retired to the stud with an unbeaten two-year-old record. The classic history of the season may well have been different had that son of Felstead remained sound, because we have the authority of his trainer for stating that he was one of the smartest two-year-olds at Manton for many seasons.

It appeared that Early School's owner might receive full compensation for the breakdown of that colt when Cash Book showed his paces in the spring. A handsome victory in the Newmarket Stakes brought him strongly into the reckoning for the Derby, and when Joseph Lawson ran his Derby trial at Manton the trainer arrived at the conclusion that the Cameronian colt was good enough to win at Epsom if the going were not too firm for him.

This was a vital proviso, because Cash Book's heels are unusually low to the ground. The result is that his action suffers unless there is a reasonable amount of yield in the ground. His fate in the Derby was sealed when the race was run on top of the ground. Owing to a long continuance of the dry spell it was not until the end of the season that Cash Book regained his action and confidence. Then he indicated how brilliant he is when at his best by easily winning the newly-instituted Aintree Derby. He remains in training and may do big things next year should the conditions underfoot not be against him.

The Guineas winner, Pay Up, could not be trained this year, but it was hoped that Rhodes Scholar would make up for the absence of his Manton contemporary. The first appearance of the son of Pharos—Book Law was deferred until Ascot, where he won in such good style that it was generally agreed that he was back to his best form. To win the Eclipse Stakes again appeared to be the merest formality for him. On the eve of the Sandown Meeting the news leaked out that Rhodes Scholar had fallen on the road earlier in the week, and had hurt his knees.

When he came into the paddock the marks of his injury were there for all to see. The extraordinary thing, in these circumstances, is that the colt started at odds of 3 to 1 on. Nobody who had seen him before the race could be acutely surprised when the colt proved quite incapable of striding out properly.

For the Stanley House stable it has been a disappointing year. Quashed was unable to add to her winning record before being withdrawn from training, though her effort in the Ascot Cup showed her to be relatively as good as ever. This grand mare has now returned to Lady Barbara Smith's paddocks and is to be mated in the coming season with Hyperion.

Fair Copy, though not an extreme failure, has failed to come up to expectations. Perhaps too much was looked for. To his credit can at least be set the fact that he was a good second in the St. Leger, and there are possibilities for him in 1938. Undoubtedly, the best of the Stanley House two-year-olds has been Onslaught, though he has yet to win. This big son of Felstead developed leg trouble in the autumn. Providing he recovers properly from this setback he should make a three-year-old of the highest class.

Among the stables which suffer the loss of a large proportion of the best of their older horses is that which heads this year's winning list. Precipitation ran his last race when so finely winning the Ascot Cup. Omaha has been sent back to the U.S.A., where he will be welcomed at the stud. Enfield has gone to Australia, and it is understood that Monument has finished with racing. Those good fillies Spray and Black Lashes have been retired to the paddocks.

Boswell and Flares are to remain at Freemason Lodge for another season. The St. Leger winner of 1936 has had only one success this year, though that was in no less an important a race than the Eclipse Stakes. He is to be trained for the cup races, though possibly he will be less effective in those events than his stable companion Flares, who rounded off an exceedingly good season by taking the Champion Stakes. Perifox goes on and has a reputation to redeem.

Whether this colt has been adversely affected by hard ground or whether he has acquired a dislike to racing are questions which remain to be settled next season. Foray, estimated the champion two-year-old twelve months ago, has won only one race. Captain Boyd-Rochfort thinks that Foray was adversely affected by the necessity of training him on heavy ground for the Two Thousand Guineas, run over a course too far for him. Late in the season he showed that he has retained his exceptional speed, and perhaps he will become, next year, the best sprinter of his age.

Among next season's cup horses, one of the most promising is Chulmleigh. The renewal of his rivalry with Mid-day Sun is something to be looked forward to with the utmost interest. No doubt the Derby winner was unlucky in the St. Leger, though we are by no means convinced that Chulmleigh did not win that race on his merits. After having been late in coming properly to hand, Lord Glanely's colt should make a grand four-year-old.

He will be ridden in future by Michael Beary, on whom Lord Glanely is to have first claim. An important success fell to this owner last week when Marcus Superbus carried his colours to victory in the Derby Cup. This result was specially satisfactory to Lord Glanely in that the winner was not only of his own breeding, but is a son of Singapore, who, after a slow beginning, can now be regarded as an established stud success. Marcus Superbus was well ridden at Derby by H. Blackshaw, who, only a week or two previously, had lost his claim to the 5lb. apprentice allowance.

Blackshaw is prominent among a group of young riders who give every promise of continuing to do well. Others include G. Wells, H. Sprague, J. Gilbert, R. J. Lacey and A. Sharples—all of whom have made rapid progress during the season. There is no reason to suppose that the English Turf will be seriously short of riding talent for some time to come.



THE LAST BIG FLAT RACE IN THE SOUTH
High Pressure (21), *Greeko* (20), *and Titlark* (16) *leading in the Finale Handicap at Lingfield*

PAINTER OF RIVER AND COAST

Mr. Lamorna Birch and His Work



MR. LAMORNA BIRCH MAKES AN IMPORTANT SELECTION

IN many a famous career there has been a turning point, when all depended on courageous decision. If Mr. Lamorna Birch had preferred commercial prospects to concentrating on art, the Royal Academy Exhibition would have been the poorer for many years past.

His brush was needed to put on canvas for us the glories of Scottish and English rivers, the shimmer of light on their waters, the fascination of the ripple on the surfaces, the turbulence of their mood in spate. And if there is one work that could be selected as an example of how an artist



THE WIDOW'S CRUSE, WAIKATO RIVER, NEW ZEALAND
From the exhibition of Mr. Lamorna Birch's pictures at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, London, W.1



LION ROCK, PIHA, NEW ZEALAND
From the exhibition of Mr. Lamorna Birch's pictures at the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, London, W.1

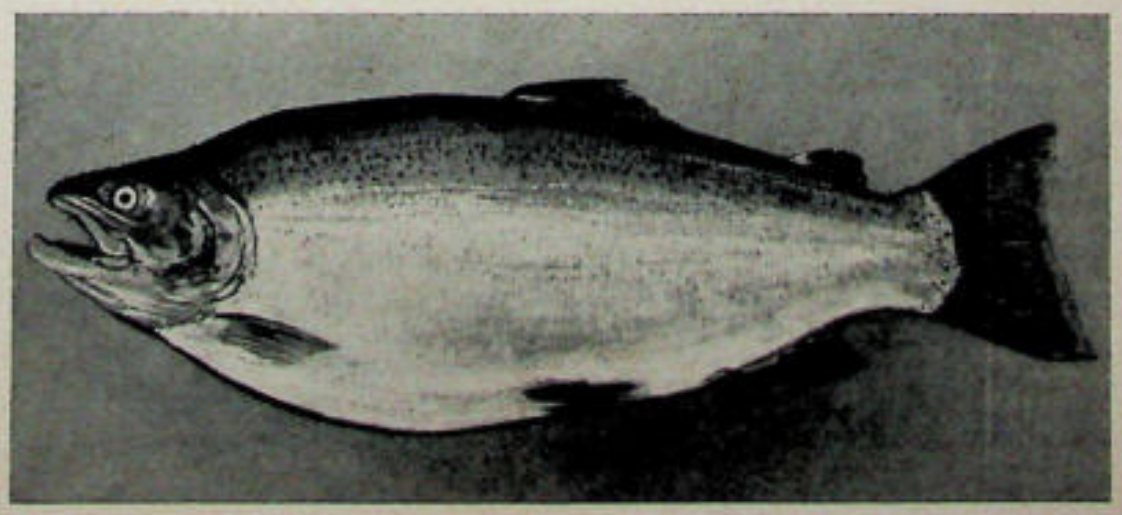
can capture the spirit and beauty of a river flowing between sunlit hills, and the varied tones of the verdure of the banks, a choice might fall on the "Spey in her enfolding hills," which graced the walls of Burlington House some years back. Though Mr. Lamorna Birch has been held by the rugged scenery around his Cornish home and has been attracted by other landscapes, it is by his rivers that he has endeared himself to those who answer the call of the stream.

And all this might not have been. As a boy Lamorna Birch found employment in a linoleum factory. At the age of twelve he had started to paint flowers and had, later, turned to landscapes. His employers found his designs for linoleums acceptable. But the break from his early occupation had to come, and it took place when he found there was a market for the pictures he was inspired to paint as a result of his visits to the country. At the age of fifteen a landmark was reached; two pictures were accepted by the Manchester Art Gallery.

Afterwards he exhibited at the Royal Academy. But there was no royal road to progress. Means had to be found for study in Paris. In Cornwall he met his wife, and a home was found at Lamorna Cove, the beautiful bay the name of which is attached to its artist.

As relaxation from the painting of rivers, Mr. Lamorna Birch fishes them, and when it is said that for an angling companion he enjoys the company of Mr. Skues it may be realised that his piscatorial art lacks nothing of subtlety in fly fishing. Forsaking home waters for a spell, he recently made a voyage to New Zealand, combining work with pleasure, and the result of the work is to be seen in the exhibition of paintings and water-colour drawings which Lord Bledisloe opened on November 18th at the Greatorex Galleries. It is impossible to do justice to paintings in black-and-white reproductions, but some idea of the manner in which the artist has conveyed the grandeur of New Zealand's scenery may be gathered from the two examples shown on this page. He found the ruggedness he loves so well; he found gnarled trees and queer stunted growths; he found river and inlet shimmering over sandy strands, with wide seascapes for backgrounds; and he found depths of colour to fire his inspiration. So rare an opportunity of seeing a Lamorna Birch collection is one not to be missed.

The pictures stand for his work, and a rainbow trout portrayed here stands for a record of his pleasure. It commemorates the catch of an 8¼-pounder. A story of its capture is told in the Sydney *P. B. Magazine*. "Stuff it," someone suggested. "The only stuffing will be done at the dining table," laughed Mr. Birch. But he decided to paint it, and to authenticate the catch the portrait is signed by the captor, with Sir Robert Muir and Alan Pye, of Pye's Camp, as witnesses.



AN 8¼-POUND RAINBOW TROUT CAUGHT BY MR. LAMORNA BIRCH



IS IT NOT POSSIBLE FOR DEVOTEES OF DIFFERENT SPORTS TO GIVE AND TAKE A LITTLE MORE?

FOXES AND PHEASANTS IN THESE TIMES

Some Suggestions for a "Live and Let Live" Policy

By "DEXTER"

"AND what would you wish me to do about the foxes, sir?" inquisitively inquired the applicant for the job.

"Foxes?" ejaculated the squire: "Foxes!" repeated he. "No fox, no keeper. That's my rule here, young man. See that you keep it."

Such, indeed, used to be the general rule in days gone, and such it still is in those more fortunate parts that are predominantly hunting countries, or sufficiently remote to escape the attentions of non-resident "syndicates." Foxes and pheasants used to live together, if not in perfect amity, at least in one of mutual toleration. The squire would invite his neighbours to shoot his coverts three or four times during the season, and the gunners would be content with a moderate bag; moderate, that is, compared with present-day standards. Nobody minded walking, and the day usually culminated in a grand drive as a result of their previous manœuvres. In all probability most of the guns were hunting men themselves, or, at any rate, took an interest in the local pack, and a fox leaving covert would be viewed away with as much satisfaction as the highest bird crumpling to the ground, and would probably provide the chief topic at lunch.

Thus did hunting men and shooting men each enjoy their own sport, in due moderation, and with regard for each other's interests. The covert owner recognised the necessity of cub-hunting, and as soon as his young birds were up in the trees, hounds were welcome to come. Indeed, he took a pride in his litters, and the good foxes that went away from his coverts. The hunting man, for his part, would not expect coverts to be disturbed in any way that might interfere with the sport of their owners; friction was avoided by a system of mutual give and take, and peace reigned throughout the land.

It has unfortunately to be admitted, however, that in certain parts of the country at the present day these happy relations have become disturbed, and there has been a growing disposition on some estates to exclude hounds entirely until the end of the shooting season, on the ground that they interfere with the shooter's sport.

This change of attitude is most noticeable in districts convenient to London or other big towns, and in those countries which can with a certain amount of truth be more justly described as "shooting" than "hunting" localities. That is to say, they lend themselves to intensive game rearing and consist mostly of woodland. None the less, they *are* hunted, and have been so for generations, and though all hunting is "trespass by courtesy," long-established custom entitled a Master to expect to be allowed to hunt the country as formerly.



DRAWING BRACKEN AND PARKLAND

It is not suggested that there is any actual opposition to hunting, conscious or otherwise. The trouble has arisen from two causes, namely, the letting of shoots to syndicates who neither live in the country nor understand its problems, and secondly, the intensive game rearing already referred to. The letting of shoots in this way is the natural consequence of the depression prevalent among the landed gentry, and intensive rearing follows. A man who pays a big price for a gun in a shoot expects to get his money's worth. A day's shooting is much the same to him as a day's golf; he is not content just to potter about, but expects to shoot and shoot a lot.

The embargo placed on hounds does not imply hostility, as we have already said. Those concerned often take quite a genuine, though uninformed interest in the local pack, and think they are supporting foxhunting by throwing open their coverts at the end of the season. Looking at it for a moment from their point of view, it is perhaps understandable that when one has raised four or five thousand birds at very great expense, one does not relish the idea of their being disturbed and going elsewhere, particularly if the estate across the boundary does not preserve. It must be realised that shooting nowadays has become an intensive and, to a certain extent, artificial business, insomuch that people are no longer content to preserve the stock of wild birds, but proceed to rear a head of game far greater than can find their natural sustenance on the limited acreage of the shoot. Even when reared, these birds have to be fed lest they stray. Every bird thus has a definite cash value, and a shoot becomes a closely guarded sanctuary, on which nothing must be allowed to disturb the concentration of game.

Members of these syndicates are usually busy men, whose leisure does not allow for the supervision of the details of the shoot themselves. The management generally lies in the hands of the keeper, and however good a sportsman he may be generally speaking, it is his job to provide birds. When his party comes down to shoot he has to put up as good a show as possible, and, having a free hand, he takes no chances. When the M.F.H., on making out his fixture card, asks to be allowed certain coverts, the matter is probably referred to the keeper, and in all probability his answer is "No. I've got my birds where I want them, and I don't want the hounds along just now. Time enough when we've finished shooting."

Let us for a moment consider how far he is justified in this decision. It is, of course, reasonable to expect that if hounds go through a covert the

day before it is to be shot, a large number of birds will go out and will not have returned the next day. But no Master of Hounds would ever ask or expect such a concession. On the other hand, if hounds come there the previous week there is little doubt that the birds, accustomed to their usual feeding grounds, will have returned in time to keep their next appointment with the guns. Any such disturbance, therefore, will be merely of a temporary nature, and unless such an inordinately large head of game is reared that a shoot can be arranged every week, there appears to be no valid reason why an occasional visit from hounds cannot be fitted in without any serious detriment to the shooter's sport. In fact there is much to be said for the theory that birds, "disturbed" occasionally in this way, will be all the more ready to get up and fly in front of the beaters, and the shooter's sport will thereby be improved.

Let us now look at the matter once more from the point of view of the Master of Hounds. Provided he retains the good will of the landowners and farmers, he expects to be allowed to hunt anywhere he wishes within his country, by making mutual arrangements with the shooting tenants. When he finds himself excluded from large tracts that may be situated in or adjoin the best of his vale country, his efforts to show sport are severely handicapped. Not only will the Hunt suffer from being confined to a restricted area during the best part of the season, but the farmers in the "open" area will get more than their fair share of damage. Added to which, when hounds are at last admitted into the promised land, any foxes they do find will need a deal of persuasion to make them run as they ought, never having been bustled about as cubs, or kept on the move during the previous months. Very few foxes, therefore, will be killed, and the secretary will find himself inundated with poultry claims which he will feel very loth to pay.

It seems only fair to expect that where the interests of the two sports clash, there should be a spirit of give and take and mutual accommodation. It seems that a reasonable solution would be something on the following lines: The hounds should be allowed reasonable facilities for cubhunting during the months of September and October, or as soon as the birds are up in the trees. That the coverts should be left undisturbed during November, and that during December and January hounds should be allowed to come at least once a fortnight, on days to be agreed on. Keepers, if they are of the right stamp, take pride in the foxes found in their coverts, provided they get encouragement, and nothing gives the countryman greater pleasure and satisfaction than an occasional sight of hounds.



COUNTRY SPORTING LIFE WILL BE INCOMPLETE AND ILL-BALANCED IF ONE SPORT SUFFERS TOO MUCH FOR THE SAKE OF ANOTHER

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

A Remarkable Hunt with the Pytchley

THE hounds were seen to great advantage on Wednesday, the 17th, after meeting at Stanford-on-Avon, and scored a remarkable hunt. The word "remarkable" is without doubt applicable to the fox, which they hunted for so long and over so many miles of country. The hunt, or the hunting of him, demonstrates with what powers of endurance some foxes are endowed, and how difficult it is to overtake one of this species on the type of scent which is all too common during most seasons, and which maintained throughout this day.

The Rookery Covert was responsible for a seven-mile point not long ago, and when the fox set his mask for the Kilworth direction it was supposed naturally that the same hunt into the Fernie country might be about to materialise. When Kilworth House was passed and Kimcote Village hove in sight, these suppositions seemed to be certainties. At the critical moment a right-handed swing dashed these high hopes, for the fox had obviously entered Kilworth Sticks.

Barker took the opportunity to make up some ground, held his hounds round, hit off his fox on the House side, and an improvement in the hitherto steady pace was noticeable at once. Kilworth House and South Kilworth Village were passed on the right and left respectively, and up to Tomley Covert the pace remained as good as the rather slippery going demanded. From this point owing to geographical difficulties, the hunt slowed down, and thus gave a fox which was only just in front of hounds enough respite to gain the shelter of Lilbourne Covert. Hounds had been running just over an hour, and had made a six-mile point over a delightful country.

Barker, fearful of a change, held hounds round the covert, but off the line of a fox, which ran nearly to Dunsmore House and back to the covert which he had lately vacated. Reliable information confirmed the strong suspicion that a fresh fox was in front of hounds, and they were laid on to the line of the original that had been viewed returning towards Stanford.

Closed railway gates and an oncoming train caused such delay that operations were suspended and hounds were taken to the Rookery on the chance of a fresh find. This they did immediately, and upon reliable evidence ran what seemed to be the hunted fox back to Tomley Covert, thence to the Rookery once again. Giving him no time to dwell he was relentlessly pursued almost over the same line towards Catthorpe. By now it was obvious that, stout fellow that he was, his strength was fast failing, for he was running very short and making use of every hedgerow. Turning away from Tomley for the third time, he made a valiant effort to reach Shawell Wood, but short of it the bitch pack killed him. Time, 1 hour and 40 minutes.

Another hunt which is worth mention started from the Privet at Cottesbrooke after meeting at Creaton on Saturday the 20th. Previous to this two foxes from Creaton Covert had led up the Spratton Valley, one being marked to ground. There was no great scent all day. In any case in the afternoon, after having run a circle round the Privet, hounds put this fox to ground short of Pursers Hills.

He was bolted, and after running through Creaton Covert, led the chase over a lovely line of country to Haselbeach. After some delay here hounds hunted well nearly to Naseby, where they were stopped in fading light and when a change of foxes had certainly taken place. It has been more than a satisfactory week's sport.

SHORT-MEASURE WEEK WITH THE BELVOIR

IN sympathy with local opinion, Colonel Colman cancelled all Lincolnshire meets until foot-and-mouth restrictions are removed. Friday was, therefore, a *dies non*, but hounds were able to meet at Hough on the previous Tuesday. Even this day was threatened by frost and fog, but a warming sun softened the one and dispersed the other. Scenting prospects again were none too rosy, though a fox was quickly found in Bedlam; but he knew of a good hole to go to near Caythorpe Station; unfortunately, a brisk walk was quite sufficient to get one there in time to move on to the Beacon. The view from here was in itself well

worth the journey. Shafts of sunshine picked out those distant patches of vale which were free from fog, far-away church spires pricked the sky, and the russet leaves of the covert made an admirable foreground which only required colours of the hunting cavalcade to complete it.

The pack soon went away below, and ran their fox on the heels of the receding mist in a ring by Brandon and Shields Gorse, thence back to the Beacon. There was no peace for him here, and hounds followed relentlessly for a few more fields on the top ground before killing him. This was very creditable but too slow to be exciting; however, they changed into a higher gear during an afternoon hunt from Hough Gorse. Though circular, it was over nice country, first by Whitehills where the threat of main line expresses is a constant source of alarm; then up the hill and round again just fast enough to give a pleasant taste to finish with.

The following day at Freeby was less inspiring, and contrary to Wednesday custom, a very small field came out. Burbidge's was the first draw, and the fox found was most suburban-minded. He hurried into Burton Lazars then on to Melton, to be last seen qualifying for the Grammar School. Leaving him there to learn to do better, Mr. Greenhall then moved on to Brentingby Spinney, and quite the nicest turn of the day resulted though neither speed nor distance were remarkable, and it came to a full stop at Marshall's spinney. A Freeby Wood fox was followed rather than pursued to within hail of Stapleford, but it was pretty hopeless to suppose that any pressure could be put on him. The huntsman's lot on such a day is not a happy one.

Saturday from Plungar was, unfortunately, of much the same calibre, although the distinguished company which swept across the fields to Granby Gap was soon elated by a holloa on the left. Hounds crossed the railway and the canal at a place conveniently adjacent to the swing-bridge, then turned off to Jericho into which they ran with a grand cry; without demur, they came out on the far side, and noises ahead suggested that the fox had moved on to the rectory. But George thought otherwise, and odds and ends of a line below Whatton justified his opinion. At Harby Covert the field was on a hair-trigger of anticipation, and bursts of hard riding threatened whenever a cry or a hat went up.

The pack ultimately got a fair start, crossed the road as if for Hose, and ran nicely for a few hundred yards, but scent was impossible and, sad to say, outcrops of wire made careful inspection of every fence necessary. A loud demand for second horses was heard on arrival at Hose Thorns, more on account of their accompanying lunch than because the first consignment had had enough; hounds had meanwhile found a good substitute for sandwiches in a fox caught in the thicket, but, shortly afterwards another went away over the thruster's paradise towards Sherbrookes. Although they could do not more than half-a-dozen fields before being thwarted close to Long Clawson Village. Longing eyes were cast at Sherbrookes, but Clawson Thorns was decided on for the next visit, and after a bustle down to the village and back the fox went on to stop the train at Scalford Station. Hounds swarmed over the line, and signals were set to prevent disaster. Here we leave them until next week, hoping conditions may improve, but imminent frost does not promise well for the still much-needed rain.

UNBRIDLED.

A COTTESMORE DIARY

We finished up our cubhunting season—a very satisfactory one despite the dry weather and adamant ground—with a very nice day from Stoke End, catching two foxes and having two nice darts in the open, the evening one from the priceless Wardley Wood—a very good run with a kill in the open. Our opening meet, which had been postponed for a week, took place on the 8th at the usual rendezvous, Greetham Inn, adjoining the Great North Road, and the site in days gone by of one of the old coaching inns, where a change of horses was made on the route to London. A lovely November day enticed a large field to greet Mr. Hilton-Green, entering on his seventh season as Master and huntsman. Contrary to his usual custom, Mr. Hilton-Green began by drawing Greetham Near Wood, and finding there quite a nice hunt began, hounds running at a nice pace through the east end of Exton Park and past Fort Henry, where there was a slight check; hitting off the line again we ran on with Bloody Oaks on our left through Empingham Old Wood and down over the Empingham—Stamford Road, with the village on our right. Here our fox had been viewed some minutes ahead of us in a field by the river, and hounds had a line for a mile further on, and were finally beaten after a nice hunt of one hour ten minutes. It was a good, long jog to Exeter's Gorse, and we found there, but with scent very bad we lost our fox in a few fields. To finish up with we found in Turnpole, our fox, after going out for two fields, returned towards the covert and was caught. A very enjoyable day. The ground rode very hard in some places, and is not by any means right yet, and a lot more rain is needed.

Tuesday, 9th.—Tilton: A moderate day's sport, scent being very poor. We found in Tilton Wood, and after a lot of local hunting marked our fox to ground. Launde Big Wood was blank, and we could do nothing with several foxes in the Park Wood. Prior's Coppice, drawn late, produced several foxes. The selected one got to ground in two fields near Leigh Lodge. I regret to say Countess Munster had a nasty fall, and dislocated her shoulder.

Thursday, 11th.—The Bull, Witham: The dreaded foot-and-mouth having broken out in Lincolnshire has put part of our country under the ban. Let us pray it will not come any nearer. With a large field out we began by drawing Beaumont Wood, where Colonel Heathcote had a brace for us. We hunted one into Witham Wood, where hounds were eventually beaten. Finding again in the Thorns adjacent to Gunby Gorse we ran through the gorse and out across the Lewstern Road. Here the pace increased, and we ran fast over a big line of country in a right-handed half circle, to mark our fox to ground in a ditch near Lewstern Village. Leaving his place of refuge, our fox took us back very fast over a good line to Gunby Gorse, forcing him out of this he got to ground again by the railway, and again bolting made his way back to the gorse, where we left him. It was 3.30 p.m. when we reached Woodwell Head, which held several foxes. One breaking at once was hunted fast. Leaving Market Overton on our left we ran to within a field of Barrow Village. Here we turned left, and leaving Mr. Harry Fenwick's house on our left we crossed the Market Overton—Thistleton Road and lost our fox almost in the dark near Cribb's Lodge. A very enjoyable day, which might have been a real good one with better stopping.

Saturday, 13th.—Leesthorpe Cross Roads: A lovely morning after a sharp frost, some 7 or 8 degrees being registered. We had, despite very poor scenting conditions, a really very nice day's sport, being kept on the move all day till four o'clock over a most delightful country, and a big field thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as they must have had enough jumping to satisfy anyone. Mr. Hilton-Green put up a great performance in showing the sport he did with so little scent to help him. We drew Berry Gorse first, found, and were soon galloping and jumping over a lovely line almost up to the Melton Racecourse stands. Here we turned right-handed and ran up to White Lodge Farm. Here our fox turned back, and we ran down and through Long Plantation, eventually losing our fox after a good 40 minutes. We then found a fox near Sapcoats Lodge, and ran up towards Laxton's, short of which we turned left-handed and ran through Long Plantation and almost up to where we found, before being run out of scent. A nice 26 minutes. Going on to Cottage Plantation, so carefully looked after by Colonel Gretton, M.P., there were a brace here. The selected one took us over the Park and across the Stapleford—Saxby Road, where we lost our fox, scent being awfully bad, a few fields further on. Laxtons, drawn next, provided a very nice hunt, hounds running nicely almost to Whissendine before they turned right-handed up to Holbeck Lodge. Here we left the Melton—Oakham Road on our left and ran back almost to Whissenthorpe, where hounds were stopped. The ground is still very hard in lots of places, and we need two or three days' good rain to make the going really right for horses, as there is still a considerable jar in it. If we escape foot-and-mouth and frost we must have a great season before us.

FOXY.

THE FERNIE'S PERSEVERANCE THROUGH "FOIL"

THURSDAY last, when the Fernie met at Langton Hall, was no great exception to the series of somewhat poor scenting days which have been our lot since the opening meet, which this year was a week late owing to the hard state of the ground. Nevertheless it was a day of great achievement and an extremely busy one from the time hounds moved off till they started on their homeward journey.

In the course of the day hounds traversed practically the whole of the Thursday country, and as I do not think I shall be criticised for expressing the opinion that it would be difficult to find a more attractive piece of country in the Shires than this, the large field which was present had ample excuse for enthusiasm when they made homeward tracks.

A rather unenterprising fox from the Hall Spinneys quickly evaded hounds by getting to ground in a culvert a couple of fields from the starting-place and was accordingly left with the justifiable optimism that Sheepthorns would maintain its reputation and yield one of the "straighter necked" variety. Hounds quickly found and getting away on good terms with their fox ran at nice hunting pace with the Clump on their left, soon afterwards crossing the Carlton Road and bearing left-handed practically to Burton Overy. Swinging acutely left-handed here they continued to Kibworth Hall and marked to ground.

There were no less than two-and-a-half brace of foxes in Shangton Holt and hounds rattled one of these round the covert with a grand cry before killing him. Simultaneously another was holloa'd away and the pace which was to follow might have been even better had our fox not gained a start of five minutes because of this.

To digress a moment, Peaker had 25½ couple of bitches out and it would be hard to find a more level lot than these with their beautiful necks and shoulders and quality in general. However, on going to this "holloa"! they settled down at once and sped on over a nice line of country to Ilston. Bearing right-handed here they ran by Fourteen Acres and crossed the Melton Road on to Cranhill Farm. Recrossing the main road soon afterwards they bore on with Tamboro Hill on their left, up to and over the Frisby—Billesden Road, and turning left-handed continued to Mr. Jackson's farm.

Doubling back here, hounds showed great perseverance over much sheep foil and then "ran up together" in great style along the Houghton Vale, but presently they were at fault and for a few moments one would have assumed defeat. However, Peaker lifted them, and, making a left-handed cast, was rewarded when they opened once more and took the line through Forsell's Spinney, crossed the brook and continued on to Thurnby Covert, where they lost after a first-class hunt of 65 minutes with a five-mile point.

Perhaps our chances of repeating an equally good performance when hounds went on to draw Tamboro Hill were foiled by a rapidly falling Barometer—but who knows and can account for vagaries of scent? Finding there, however, hounds accounted for one fox before he took to the open, and going on another after a somewhat bad start took the line to Hubbard's. Doubling back here they continued on to Frisby Lodge Farm, and after a twisting hunt eventually lost by the Billesden Brook.

And so the day ended, everybody had enjoyed it and jumped enough fences to satisfy themselves till the next time and hounds had shown to the best possible advantage on a scent which cannot be described as being anything more than moderate.

C. D.

"BLUE HAZE" WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S

DURING the last ten days weather conditions as a whole have not been conducive to good sport—fog, white frost, and a falling glass alternating with dry, almost dusty ground and a bright sun. It is a very old hunting belief that there is never a scent when there is a "blue haze." People rather vary in their estimates as to what constitutes "haze"—to some light mist or a thin fog this term applies—but the sort of condition that I mean by blue haze is attributed nowadays to smoke, smoke from big factories and chimneys. From an aeroplane one can see this phenomena stretching over an area at least 30 miles in extent, varying in depth and borne by the prevalent wind, but it smells of and is smoke.

To-day, we in the south-west of England get many more of these days of "blue haze," probably owing to the fact that countless factories and mines are working now at full blast. Anyone going through the smoke of a bonfire knows what it is to emerge choking and spluttering, and it is a wonder if hounds' noses can work under what must be to them similar conditions.

Saturday, the 13th, at Seavington, there was a decided "blue haze," though people kept remarking on the beauty of the day. Hounds could not really keep going for more than a field or two, in spite of a plethora of foxes and nicely moist ground. The first fox broke all the rules and cantered with extreme confidence through a line of foot-people, cars and second horsemen drawn up in Grittleton Park, and made his way as if for the safety of Castle Coombe, but was caught halfway there by the bitches, fit as racehorses, while he maybe was sleek from a diet of Sir Audley's pheasants!

Later there were some short spins from Stanton Park, between Swinley Brake and Stock Wood, and a last one from Cream Gorse to give a large field an enjoyable day, including the Lord President of the Council. It is to me a cheering thought in these depressing days that we have several keen fox-hunters among our statesmen, and one of the best of both is Lord Halifax, M.F.H.

On Monday there were two packs out. The dog hounds were at Tockenham Wick and had a

moderate day in the Daunsey Vale, redeemed by a persevering hunt into Lord Bathurst's country. The Duke met at Toghill, as he had to be on duty in London later in the week as Master of the Horse. The first hunt from Dyrham was great fun for the relatively small field out, the bitches running very fast to Woodmead Grove by the vale, then upwind to the crest of the hill by Pennsylvania, over the amusing wall country on the far side of the Bath Road, before they marked their fox in the drain near Springs Farm.

The remainder of the day was spent drawing, and whenever a fox was found he was quickly killed, the first at Harris Osiers and the last under a pantechnicon unloading furniture for the new tenants at the Porteullis, Acton Turville! Six "prize birds" had been taken in the village the night before, and it is hoped that this latter was the marauder!

Thursday was a first-rate day in the Bushton Vale, but except for knowing that the best hunt took place from Cleeve Wood, I was not out myself and have only the usual incoherent accounts from those that were and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. There must have been jumping and galloping enough to please everybody, as the well-mounted huntsman, Fred Brown, took three falls and I hear that loose horses were being collected by horse-boxes quite late at night! It was this day that Captain Erroll Prior-Palmer damaged himself very painfully when his horse fell jumping what was said to be a very big gate, an obstacle not often attempted in our country.

Finding from Lower Woods provided a very nice circular hunt in the almost unknown Kingswood country from the little withy covert below Alderley. Saturday from Foxley Green was one of those poor scenting days, and though the Duke did his best to show sport to the very large field out, foxes would do nothing but run round and round Pinkney.

FIELD FARE.

A FIVE-MILE POINT WITH THE MIDDLETON

THE dog pack, hunted as usual by Lord Grimthorpe, had an excellent day's sport from their fixture at Wart Hill on Friday, November 12th.

Rumour had it that a fox was using Miss Robertson's drain at Holtby. The field were not disappointed, as a fox was soon away. Crossing the Holtby–Wart Hill Road and leaving the latter village on the right, he swung left-handed over the Brockfield Drive, and getting a view, hounds killed their fox in the park near Brockfield House after a nice ten minutes.

That good fox covert, Brecks Wood, which never fails to provide at least a brace of foxes, was the next draw, and it was not long before hounds had two or three on their legs. After a few minutes' running in covert with a grand cry, hounds got together on one fox and drove him away at the west end. They ran into the spinney at the back of Brockfield, on through Turkers Wood, and without dwelling crossed the Murton–Wart Hill Road and checked at the Willow Grove Lane.

Lord Grimthorpe soon had them going again, and crossing the Stamford Bridge Road the fox was viewed. Bending right, hounds ran on well to the drain under the railway at Murton Station. It looked as if the fox had gone in, but a "holloa" forward set hounds going again. Scent, however, had deteriorated and they could not drive on, as they had been doing. Running on nicely to Osbaldwick, they swung right and crossed the York–Hull Road into the York and Ainsty (South) country.

Getting on to ploughed fields, hounds hunted really well, with several checks, past Heslington on the right and Grange Farm on the left, and were finally beaten in a small spinney at the end of Langwith Lane after a good hunt of one hour and 25 minutes (the first part fast) and a five-mile point. There was a long jog back. The Master tried Councillor Thompson's drain, but much to the disappointment of the latter there was no fox.

Hounds had hardly entered Breck's Wood before a fox went away towards Stockton-on-Forest for three fields; turning sharp back left-handed, hounds running at top pace, passed Brockfield on the right, crossed the Wart Hill Lane, checked amongst some sheep three fields on. Unfortunately hitting off an old line, hounds ran almost straight back again and were stopped with difficulty in the back gardens of Wart Hill. The Master took hounds back and hit off the line at once on the left of Wart Hill–Holtby Road, and ran past Holtby on the left almost to Gate Helmsley, on left-handed over the hill to Herberts Rushes, where they were stopped among fresh foxes after a nice 25 minutes' hunt with a good scenting day.

JASON.

AN EXCEPTIONAL ESSEX DAY

THESE hounds had quite an exceptional day's hunting after meeting at Toot Hill on Monday, November 15th. With an outlier found on their way to draw Greenstead Wood hounds ran very fast, with Greenstead House on their right, down to the railway arch and into Ongar Park, continuing straight through this large covert into Gaynes Park, where, getting among fresh foxes, they were eventually beaten at Rough Tallies after 75 minutes. It was unfortunate that during the first part of this hunt, which was fast, the first whip took a bad fall; this following upon another taken the previous Saturday may keep him out of the saddle some little time.

After drawing Weald Coppice blank, hounds took a nice line from Cannes Wood and across Sewards Hall to Greens Farm, where they were run out of scent.

Then followed a capital hunt from Belgium Sorings. Leaving Wynters Grange on their right, hounds crossed the Weald Brook, and with Hastingwood also on their right went over Paris Hall before reaching Cannes Farm. Short of here the fox turned right-handed, and touching the corner of Harlow Park went over Harlow Common, through Kitchen Hall Farm to Hubbards Hall, where he finally escaped after 50 minutes over a fine line of country. Hounds were never able to run really hard, and Kilbourne, who was hunting hounds, had considerable difficulty in sticking to his hunted fox, as during the course of the hunt hounds ran through all the Constable Burton covers on the west side of the property and on at least two occasions other foxes were on foot. Hounds were in the end unlucky not to kill a very tired fox, which was finally lost between The Wham and Givendale.

After this a move was made to Wild Wood. Hounds were no sooner in it than several foxes were on foot, and it was evident that scent had much improved as hounds ran with a great cry. Coming away on the north side at a point where two other foxes had been viewed away, hounds settled to run in earnest. Making first a small ring to the north they swung back to Dickie Wood and, going away at the west end of this cover, they raced, with Beggarmire Wood on the right, to the Grotto, almost a distance as the crow flies of two miles.

Fences were numerous and several of the field came to grief. Barely entering the wood, hounds bent left-handed, crossed the Leyburn Road and railway to the west of the village. Leaving Sunhill on the left, they run on fast to the top of Hull Hill, where for the first time hounds hesitated owing to sheep, and a few fields farther on came to a check after 50 minutes of the best.



WHEN HOUNDS WERE RUNNING IN COVERT
Some of the field after the Garth had met at Heckfield Place

In spite of the hard state of the country, these hounds had a satisfactory cubbing season; 25 brace of cubs were accounted for, and, although this total was below that of the previous two seasons, it was well up to the average.

Two capital days were recorded from Knightlands on Wednesday, October 27th, and from Woodside Green on Saturday, November 6th, when hounds ran hard all day.

The opening meet at Matching Green was largely attended, and both this and the following Saturday at the King William were good days. With three-and-a-half brace accounted for, the first week of regular hunting was in every way satisfactory, too much so it now appears.

Foot and mouth disease has lain its restraining hand heavily upon us and confined our activities to the north end of the country. There is no change in the management of the country and E. Short continues hunting hounds four days a week.

F. G.

FROM WILD WOOD WITH THE BEDALE

THESE hounds met at Constable Burton on Monday and were entertained by Mrs. Burdon. The morning was sunny after a frosty night and did not look like a scent. Hounds found at once in Cannaan Wood, and there ensued quite a good hunting run of about one hour and a quarter. Kilbourne hit off his fox, and hounds ran as far as the road just north of Dolly Bogs, where a ploughman had headed and seen the fox. After this hounds could only run slowly through Dolly Bogs Cover and on nearly as far as Newton Steward, where all trace vanished on the road leading to Rookwith, which the fox possibly ran, making a full time of about an hour and five minutes. All had had more than enough.

W. C.

TWO GOOD DAYS WITH THE CATTISTOCK

IT may be that someday someone will invent some sort of an instrument which can foretell the chances of a good scenting day with some degree of accuracy; I have not seen one yet; but until that is done we can only guess, and the longer I go out foxhunting the less it seems to me we know. Bright sun and a cold wind are supposed not to be good for scent, and yet on Wednesday, November 10th the Cattistock dog hounds had a capital day's sport, with hounds running well all day. The meet was at Benville Bridge from which the first draw is usually Colonel Troyt-Bullock's plantation at Benville Manor, but in order to draw up-wind, hounds were taken up through Chelborough Park, where they chopped a fox in some gorses by way of diversion; and then were thrown into the covert aforementioned, coming away with a stout pilot who led them through the Benville Manor gardens and a turn back through

Chelborough Park before setting his mask for Ridge, which was evidently his point. Across the Benville Road, not far from the meet, with never a glance at the group of second horsemen who were gathered there, and on through the meadows to the Toller Down Road he ran, through Ridge Covert and out the far side, where we saw him gallantly heading for the Hook water-cress beds with the flying pack scarcely two fields behind him, turning right-handed there back through Westcombe and re-crossing the valley which separates it from the main Crewkerne Road; on over that and back again past Benville Bridge, where he was seen "going easy" as a labourer put it to me, until he found a temporary resting-place in Chelborough Park.

It sounds quite leisurely on paper, but we who were trying to keep hounds in sight were mighty glad when we got our second horses as we crossed the Benville Road on the way back, and glad, too, of the breather we got while hounds puzzled out the line in the thick underbrush of the park. Two hours and ten minutes at a fair hunting pace tells on any horse, and many of the field had only one out that morning. Ten minutes' breather was all we had before our quarry broke again, but this time he too was beginning to feel the strain, and with hounds hardly a field behind him he was glad to seek sanctuary in a bank near Green Linnet Lane. Up came the terrier-man, in went a battle-scarred veteran, and out came "Charlie" looking a bit worn, but with his brush still up. Away we went, and this time we fairly flew. "He's a bit he't up, sir, he ought to leave a smell," the first whipper-in said to me; and I think he was right, for that fox kept us galloping hard for the next 30 minutes, and then beat the pack in the wilderness that goes by the name of Hook Park some three miles away. Two hours and 55 minutes of the best, and the best day so far this year.

Two days later, on Friday the 12th, conditions were absolutely different. There was hardly a breath of wind, the sky was overcast and everything betokened a good scenting day. I would have bet anything on it—and I should have won. Hounds met at Upwey, and after a substantial cap had been collected for Earl Haig's Fund, we moved off to draw a low-lying covert close to the meet. We had found a litter there early in the cub-hunting season, and there was every reason to suppose we should find again. Hardly had hounds been put into covert when there came a "holloa" from the whipper-in on the far side, and by the time we on the hill above had galloped round, the bitches were screaming up the Waddon Valley at the best pace hounds had run this season. They are a fast pack those Cattistock bitches, and try as we would we could get no nearer to them as they raced on toward Portesham, swinging left-handed across the railway line at Corton and running down between Huish and Dairyhouse and over the road to Buckland Wood, where they were at fault. Holland lost no time, but cast around the covert, hitting off the line at the bottom end and going on toward Buckland Ripers, until our fox realising that he was fast approaching a thickly settled area swung left over the road and sought safety in Dairyhouse Gorse.

The covert is very thick there, and it was some minutes before hounds hunting patiently forced him out again, but once on the grass they streamed away for Rodden at an even better pace than before. Through Rodden gorses, over the Rodden Brook, which the field took in their stride, and past the village to Elworth, where we viewed him, still going on, though he looked a bit beaten, he ran; and there he turned back for home hoping, I fancy, to defeat hounds in the rough pasture that lies near the village. Scent was excellent, and hounds never faltered in the next two miles, crossing the road and driving on toward Tatton Cross at a rate that was bound to tell on a tired fox. There were some big fences in the Rodden Vale, where the Wire Committee had been at work, but timber is familiar to those who ride in the first flight at Cattistock, and there was never a one who turned his head from the line of gates that were encountered just before the end, which came close to the Portesham Road at the end of an hour and 20 minutes of the very best. The point was only a shade over four miles—more than double that distance as hounds ran—but the pace made it a hunt that will be remembered by all who were lucky enough to see it for some time. We had another hunt in the afternoon, a twisting affair that lasted 50 minutes before Charlie yielded his brush, but after the morning hunt it was a tame affair. "Lincoln."

THE KILDARE'S NINE-MILE POINT

THE run of good sport enjoyed by these hounds has been continued and on the 13th inst. we had a very nice 40 minutes from Castle Bagot Covert, the line taken being across the Newcastle Road past Airfield House and over Athgoe Hill to Lyons Wall, where our fox turned right-handed past Skeagh, being lost at the canal.

Nothing much was done on Tuesday after meeting at Millicent, until the evening, when we had a very fast 20 minutes over a grand bank country, from Mr. Brophy's Furze, the fox being marked to ground at Stevenstown.

We now come to Thursday, November 18th, a day which will always stand out in red letters to those who were lucky enough to be there. The meet was at Colbinstown, the first draw was Ballintaggart, but failing to find there hounds were thrown into the laurels at Rathsallagh, where they found at once, the fox very nearly being chopped. However, fortunately, he escaped and started off to give us the best hunt these hounds have had for many years.

It was a cold day, the wind blowing from south-east, but nevertheless scent was good, and hounds were never touched once. The line taken was past Grange-Con over Knockadoe Hill to Spratt-stown Covert, then across Tinoran Hill and Hughes-town to Corballis. Shortly after this, one gallant little lady still in her 'teens, got into a bog hole up to her neck; fortunately she was with the huntsman, who managed to pull her out, and continued the hunt to the end, which was at Knockpatrick, where hounds marked their fox to ground in the Carlow country in the home earth that the Carlow hounds had run a fox to ground in a few days previously.

The time taken was 1 hour and 50 minutes, the point being nine miles and fourteen as hounds ran. During this hunt only one covert was entered, namely Spratstown, although five others were passed.

Scent on Saturday was very bad in the morning after meeting at Straffan; however, it got very good in the evening, and we had a real clipper from Murray's Furze. Hounds getting away on the brush of their fox, ran him hard nearly to Loughtown Wood, then right-handed nearly to Coultrin, and still bearing to the right the bitches raced down to within two fields of Courtown, their grand cry being heard a long way on the still frosty evening, and going past Laragh Covert had their first serious check by the Screens after 40 minutes, when the line was hit off it was taken past Laragh House back to the covert where hounds were stopped as it was nearly dark. The time altogether being 55 minutes over a great country. During this gallop Captain Denis Daly had a nasty fall, getting underneath his horse in a ditch near Courtown, but luckily he was extracted, neither he nor his horse being hurt. Golden Dawn.

LAWN TENNIS AND THE FUTURE

By J. E. COLLETT

WITH the covered court tournament concluded last week at the Palace, Torquay, the playing year of lawn tennis is ended. The three surfaces—hard, grass and covered courts—have eliminated the old idea of a season. The competitive year begins seriously at Dulwich in January with the junior covered court tournament, where the *Field* Cup is contested, and finishes at Torquay in November.

At Torquay, though recent official ranking lists may be tested, future lists are not affected by the results. This was as well for Miss R. M. Hardwick, ranked No. 2, who was beaten by Miss V. E. Scott, not ranked. Miss Scott, in her turn, was beaten by another non-ranker, Miss A. M. Yorke, who survived to the final, where she took Miss F. James to three sets before losing. F. H. D. Wilde, with characteristic inconsistency, reached three finals, and lost in all of them.

Another usually inconsistent performer, R. A. Shayes, won the men's singles from Wilde at 6/2, 6/4, without undue exertion. In full form Shayes is our best player bar H. W. Austin: but there is no betting on when he will reach it or how long he will retain it.

Although marred ostensibly by failure in the Davis and Wightman Cup matches, the past year actually will go on record as a taking-off point for progress. The loss of the Davis Cup, for financial and international reasons, has urged the L.T.A. to adopt a broader view of our national responsibility. The policy of the free-will of the amateur has in the past limited the rigidity and proper regimen of training. Although it is less true of later years that we have muddled to victory or defeat, the aim for the future is that it shall not be in the least true.

To speak of training in relation to the preparation by first-class players for ordinary tournaments is, in the majority of cases, absurd. The man who is really fit for a continuous five-setter in trying weather and surface conditions is a rarity. Except in national championship meetings, three-setters are played, and thoroughly fagged the opponents are apt to get if they are long ones: yet we jump straight into Bournemouth, Wimbledon, or what not, where five-setters are the order of the day.

The conception of the correct form and spirit of the competitive side of a game is acquired at school. This grounding has been to a great extent denied to lawn tennis. The progress of the Public Schools L.T.A. in this, its first year, has been most encouraging. Its membership now consists of 36 schools. There is an adequate coaching system which is subsidised by the L.T.A. itself and well supported by the schools, 22 of which had representative teams last year. Until recently the membership was 25, so that only three schools—Cranleigh, Taunton and Mill Hill—were without teams; the two former announce teams next year. The names of the six most promising boys in each school are communicated to the appropriate county secretaries in order that they may, if deserving, be promoted to the central scheme of coaching.

Thus the game may obtain what it has sadly needed, a school backbone on the male side. The ladies' side, as was natural, has received more attention from the schools, but the organisation is individual and parochial to the particular establishment. The Public Schools L.T.A. will not be complete until it comprehends the schoolgirls, either directly or through a cognate institution.

The council of the L.T.A. is no longer jealous or fearful of creating difficulties; it has become conscious that the best organiser is the person who can get the most persons to work his will, and that in order to get the best results they must be given their heads, within the rules of the running.

Looking thus at lawn tennis, not in retrospect but in prospect, I see no reason why the grown strength of Austin and the growing strength of C. E. Hare should not combine with the wider choice of a doubles pair and consistent preparation to give Great Britain a good chance of re-capturing the Davis Cup. If the various conflicting interests can be reconciled we ought to succeed in the Wightman Cup, which will be played for at home at Wimbledon. The first essential of success is the full use of playing capacity. The second essential, and this applies to both trophies, is to foster a feeling for the players that they have public support.

SQUASH RACKETS

The Open Championship

IN the first half of the Open Squash Rackets Championship, which was played at the Royal Automobile Club on Monday last, F. D. Amr Bey, for the third year in succession, beat J. Dear, the professional champion, by three games to two, 10—8, 10—8, 4—9, 1—9, 9—4. The match was not nearly so close as the scores suggest. Dear played very well indeed, and at times seemed the equal of Amr, who has been Open Champion now since 1932, but Amr was usually capable of putting on a little extra pace to win how and when he liked.

Dear has many beautiful and unexpected strokes, but his unorthodox shots become quite commonplace from the very number of times that he makes use of them. He would do well to concentrate on the more prosaic virtues of length hitting and more ordinary angle play in order to gain the advantage of surprise from his very fine reverse angle stroke. As it was, Dear played this stroke over and over again, and as Amr knew all there was to know about it, it served too often to bring Amr up from a less dangerous position at the back of the court to one of great advantage in the front. Many of the rallies were superb exhibitions of stroke play at the top of the court, the most delicate drop and angle strokes following one another in rich profusion. But Dear seldom got the better of these duels, and he would have done well to change his tactics by sending Amr back with a length stroke. If Dear could lob, as Amr can lob, using every inch of available space with uncanny accuracy, he would be a much more dangerous opponent to the champion than he is at present.

Treated as an exhibition of stroke play the match was a splendid one to watch, but it was soon clear that on this night Amr was much the better player. He led throughout the first two games until Dear got ahead at 8—7 in both, when Amr calmly pulled him back. The next two games went very quickly to Dear under reduced pressure, but in the fifth Amr came again, and Dear was left to struggle bravely but in vain. John Armitage.

This England . . .



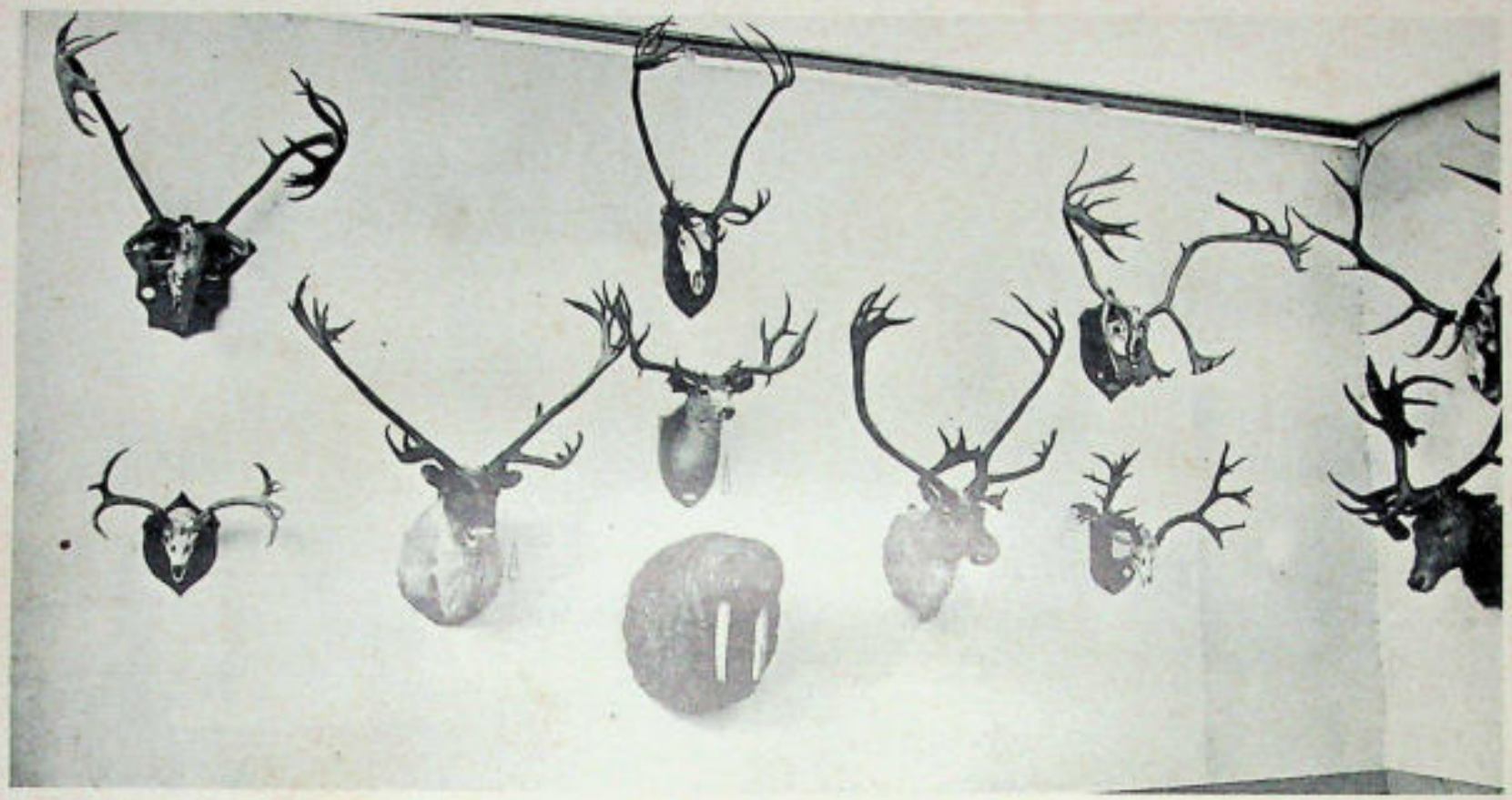
In the Wye Valley

HOW does this England cheat us into loving her, despite her harsher disciplines. Flood, chill and tempest; fallen chimney pots and drenching grass, fog-bound streets and glassy roads—we groan under them. And on a sudden moment she gives us storm-wracked clouds mirror'd on a swoln stream, blue-layered mist of evening against the dusky hills, the smell of wet earth and fires of wood, to catch us up again in love. Disciplined we must be or our own green land would be a desert; it is from the fields and the beasts of the fields that come our greatest comforts—from the warm coat upon your back to the golden Worthington that gives you heart for the storms of to-morrow.

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THE BIG GAME OF NORTH AMERICA

FURTHER WALLS IN BRITISH SECTION OF THE BERLIN EXHIBITION



THE CARIBOU WALL

Above Major C. E. Radclyffe's Walrus is H. A. James's Mule Deer (1st prize) and above that Major Radclyffe's Caribou. To the left of the centre group is Colonel J. W. Horlick's Caribou (1st prize), and to the left of it Major Meat's Mule Deer. Above it is J. G. Millais's Caribou (2nd prize). To the right of the central group is R. Hayne's Caribou (2nd prize), and on the right is J. G. Millais's Mule Deer (2nd prize), and above it the Caribou from the Lodge Collection



OVIDAE AND BOVIDAE

The lower centre head is Lord Lonsdale's Musk Ox (1st prize), and above it is his American Bison (2nd prize), with Lord Rendlesham's Bison (1st prize), above it. To the left is H. C. Nelson's Bighorn (1st prize), and above it P. V. van der Byl's Pronghorn. To the left again is E. Parry's Musk Ox with the Lodge collection Bighorn above it. On the left (below) is Mrs. Pilcher's Bighorn (1st prize), and above it Rear-Admiral S. R. Bailey's Rocky Mountain Goat. To the right of the central group is Major C. E. Radclyffe's Kamchatka Bighorn, and above, Wing-Commander James's Pronghorn (1st prize). To the right again is Rear-Admiral Dalgliesh's Bighorn (2nd prize) with Lord Harewood's above it (1st prize). On the extreme right are Major C. E. Radclyffe's Alaska Bighorn and R. Akroyd's Rocky Mountain Goat (2nd prize) above it

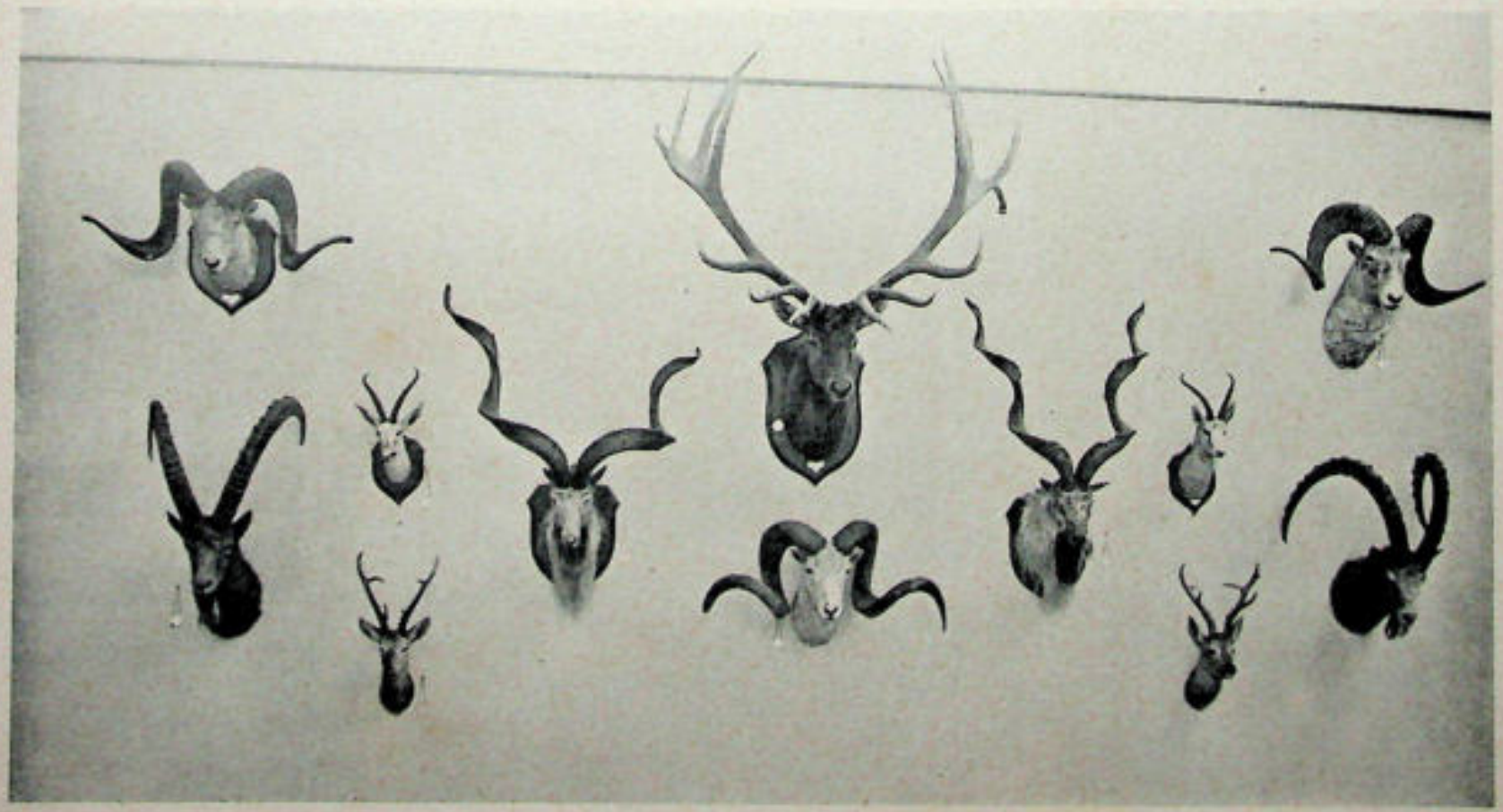
All these heads were on exhibit in the British Section of the Big Game Exhibition in Berlin, which was organised by the *Field*, and we would like to express our great gratitude to the sportsmen who lent them so generously and without whose co-operation the Exhibition could not have been held.

PLAIN AND HILL GAME OF ASIA



THE PLAINS GAME OF INDIA AND BURMA

The Indian Buffalo, which forms the centre of this wall (1st prize) was shot by J. McFarquhar Petters. Above it is his Bantin, and above it the late St. George Littledale's Yak. Below the Buffalo is an Anoa (1st prize) from the Loder Collection. To the right below is the Schomburgk's Deer from the Loder Collection and Colonel T. A. Headlam's Bantin (1st prize.) On the left is Colonel Arthur Vernay's Schomburgk's Deer with N. Nuttall's Malayan Gaur above it, and above that a Thamin from the Loder Collection (1st prize). To the left again is Major Rowley's Malayan Gaur, with Colonel Arthur Vernay's Siamese Thamin above it. The two heads below and to the left are the Saiksk Gazelle (extreme left, 1st prize) and the Nilghiri Tahr, both from the Loder Collection. To the right of the central group are J. McFarquhar Petters' Burmese Bison (1st prize) with Wing-Commander James's Chital (2nd prize) above it. The Nilghiri Tahr below it and to the right was shot by Brigadier-General R. Hoare (1st prize), near it is C. W. Dunn's Indian Buffalo, with J. V. Collier's Chital above it (1st prize). On the extreme right is the Mongolian Gazelle from the Loder Collection. Above Colonel Headlam's Bantin is the Moluccus Rusa from the Loder Collection.



ASIATIC HILL GAME

In the centre is Colonel Price Woods' magnificent Wapiti (1st prize) with H.M. the King's Ovis Poli below it (2nd prize). On the right is Colonel Soutar's record Markhor (1st prize) and on the left General Barstow's (also 1st prize). The right-hand lower Siberian Roebuck is Lieutenant-Colonel J. O'Rorke's (2nd prize) and on the left is one of Colonel Price Woods'. Above this is Sir Clendon Dauker's Seistan Gazelle (1st prize) and above Colonel O'Rorke's Roebuck is Colonel Price Woods' Goitred Gazelle. On the extreme left (top) is the Ovis Littledalei from the Junior Naval and Military Club, with Major J. O'Rorke's Thian Shan Ibex (1st prize and special prize) below it. On the extreme right is Major A. A. Bayley Worthington's Thian Shan Ibex (2nd prize) with his Littledalei (2nd prize) above it.

(A further series of photographs of heads shown in the Berlin Exhibition will be published in future issues)

NILE PERCH

A New Fishing Centre at Gebel Aulia Dam

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. O. C. HASTED

MUCH has recently been written of the weights of the gigantic Nile perch of the Sudan and of the great lakes of Kenya and Uganda, into some of which latter they have been successfully introduced. In the Sudan, until this year, Sennar Dam, on the Blue Nile, 150 miles from Khartoum, has been the Mecca of those unable to explore further afield to the mosquito-ridden Lake No, South of Malakal, on the White Nile, where a 200-pounder excites no attention.

Early this year the great Egyptian dam at Gebel Aulia, on the White Nile, only 30 miles from Khartoum, has been completed. Through the kindly offices of Abdel Kawi Bey, who till recently has been the Resident Engineer, fishing is now permitted. There is, however, little local enthusiasm or interest—and practically virgin water, with possibilities perhaps greater than those at Sennar, awaits those who will venture.

Between April and August this year parties from a British regiment stationed at Khartoum have been regular visitors. They have been treated with great courtesy. On only one occasion has another fisherman been seen. They have met with unqualified success, although these months, with the exception, perhaps, of the great flood periods of September and October, are possibly the worst in the season. So optimistic is the outlook, that I venture to suggest the proper organisation of the fishing would not only be profitable but would add very greatly to the amenities of visitors to, and residents in, Khartoum.

Sennar offers an admirable example. Well-cared-for rods and tackle of the correct calibre are forthcoming on hire; advice is available and boats, men and bait may be obtained punctually at a fixed and non-exorbitant rate. A record book is kept, and there are facilities for weighing fish. Naturally such organisation demands the closest supervision and control and is furthermore so technical that, to be successful, none but an expert (who should himself be a fisherman) should be entrusted with so responsible a task.

The area is large and could accommodate six boats at a time. The river is such that the supply of fish should be inexhaustible. The average weight of a Nile perch, during the lean months of experience at the dam, has been about 40lb. An average day should produce three to six good fish per rod. During the better months of the cold weather averages and catches should greatly improve, though this is now a matter of conjecture. With development and a really efficiently controlled organisation, and with suitable accommodation, Gebel Aulia might well become one of the best fishing centres of its kind in the world.

Nile perch are game fish, and are to be found over an enormous area in Central Africa. Its habitat is well described in the admirable work *Inland Waters of Africa*, by S. and E. B. Worthington. Its diet, when full grown, consists almost exclusively of fish. It prefers a good stream or aerated water, and in consequence a dam is a popular haven. A favourite lie is at the edge of under-water sand spits with a suddenly shelving bottom. An upstream movement is apparent among the perch family about the spawning season in the spring. Fish spawn on the shallow sandbanks at the edges of the river, in quiet water. At Gebel Aulia a ladder has been built and fish may be seen running up when there is a sufficient head of water.

From a sportsman's point of view spinning is undoubtedly the most interesting, and incidentally the most killing, method. A live bait suspended from a pike float is also good, and the Nile perch is not very particular about the bait being lively. The best bait is a kass or tiger-fish (*Hydrocyon forskalii*) of 8in. to 10in. long. It is very bright and showy and is also tough enough to stand much casting. At times these fish are difficult to procure, and one has to be content with the inferior and makeshift "dubs," a species of barbel. A 6in. silver spoon is also good, and Nile perch are now learning to take a silver and red plug bait of about the same size.

The best places at Gebel Aulia are just below the whirlpools caused by the opening of the sluices, and also the eddies close to the sluices themselves. Fish are also to be seen continually moving about 100yds. below the dam, in the flats beyond the boiling water; these latter are only accessible from a boat.

At low water, between December and June, the best places may be fished from each side of three conveniently-sited buttresses or platforms, each about 45yds. long, running downstream from the dam proper and some 7ft. above the water. They make ideal fishing piers, and are reached by descending an iron ladder—a somewhat precarious business. It is essential, when fishing from these piers, to have a boat moored alongside, so that one may jump in to follow a big fish. It is not easy to obtain boats, and boatmen are neither experienced nor efficient. It is quite impossible to kill a big perch here without getting below it; it will lie on the stream and, when exhausted, its dead weight cannot be held against the current. Side strain, by dropping the point to the water, is killing, but the time must come when the fish will drift slowly downstream. It may then be "walked-up" the pier, if its weight permits, and fish up to 100lb. have thus been landed, but only with the greatest difficulty.

It is, moreover, essential to have an 8ft. gaff for the piers: the gaff itself should be lashed to a very strong shaft, and should be made of hardened steel, ¼in. thick. Experience has shown gaffs straightened out in an extraordinary way; moreover, unless there is great weight in the metal it is nearly impossible to strike the hook home, so tough is the skin of a Nile perch.

Of tackle much might be written. I have found that the withering heat of the Sudan climate will loosen the ferrules of the very best rods obtainable—of greenheart, perhaps, more than split cane. An ideal would be a powerful salt water rod, made in one piece, with a test curve of about 16lb. It must be capable of continuously casting a bait up to ¾lb., and of standing the enormous strain of "walking-up" a heavy fish in strong water. An Apollo steel sea rod, of about 9ft. long, with a good deal of action, has been found very satisfactory—the chief advantages being that the ferrules cannot warp or the rod lose its set by casting.

An excellent reel for the purpose is the Hardy 6in. Longstone reel, with the drum well perforated for lightness. Strength, reliability and lightness are essential. A wooden Nottingham reel will warp. Three hundred yards of line with a breaking strain of about 48lb. is recommended, provided that the rod has a good deal of action. These lines must be dried most carefully and the coils frequently tested.

Traces may be of stout single wire, made up on the spot and changed on the slightest suspicion of a kink. Rustless steel Punjab wire, up to size 2 or 3 may also be used, especially when the water is thick. But there is little doubt that a single wire is less visible, and that it catches more fish. One swivel, preferably double, at the top, is sufficient, with an attachment link, size 4, at the bottom of the trace.

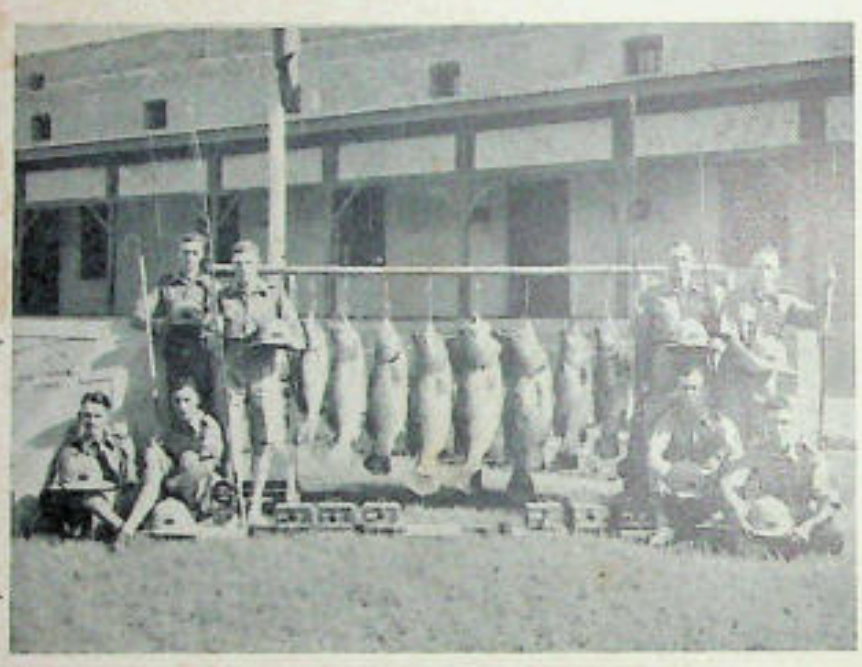
The method of mounting the dead bait is simple and satisfactory. Two treble hooks are mounted on Punjab wire as in the illustration. The attachment link is inserted in the mouth of the bait and through the gills, being then fastened to the upper eyed hook. Both hooks are then fixed in the bait; only a slight bend in the latter is necessary to make it spin. It is good to have one hook about 2in. from the tail of the bait and one near the gill.



This is a quick and foolproof method, and the bait should last for half-an-hour. A small antikink lead, preferably of the variety which breaks off easily on hooking a fish, fastened to the centre of the double swivel, completes the outfit.

Spinning is the same the whole world over. The bait should travel slowly, representing a fish in trouble, at the depth the fish are feeding. In a river the bait should cross squarely on the lie of the fish. A dropping bait is seldom taken, though reeling in slowly is often deadly. River spinning will usually produce a "flick-point," when the bait, through the action of the water, will change its course with a jerk; this is again a critical moment. The boils and swirls below the dam will exercise all the ingenuity of the spinner. To keep the bait working and crossing at the desired angle he will have frequently to mend his line, as for greased-line fishing—to raise or lower his point—to reel in faster or slower—or even to strip off line to combat drag. Occasional very strong wind will complicate his problem, and in the combination of these conundrums lies the charm of spinning.

The photographs show the result of one average day, by beginners in the Durham Light Infantry, stationed at Khartoum, using inexpensive tackle, and losing a few fish as a result. The single fish, caught on another day, weighs 140lb. Surely these are the forerunners of many and larger bags of *Lates niloticus* at Gebel Aulia.



A catch of eight fish (43lb. to 15lb.) by the Durham Light Infantry Club



140lb. Nile perch caught by the author, May, 1937

SOME CATCHES OF NILE PERCH AT THE GEBEL AULIA DAM



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SWITZERLAND'S PROGRAMME



Efficient Ski Schools and Bright Entertainments

SWISS winter sports resorts have never stood still in the matter of developments for the benefit of visitors, and fresh progress is manifest in many directions this year. Most notable is the increase in the number of ski-lifts, or ski-hoists, now available at various resorts. These ingenious aids in the climbing of ski slopes have already proved immensely popular. Most of them take the form of an endless belt, to which grips are fixed at regular intervals; ski-ers merely attach themselves to the grips and are thereby slowly hauled up on their own skis. The arrangement is so simple that beginners of only a day or two's experience can easily make use of it.



W. Gabi

"NURSERY" SLOPES
A lesson for the youngsters at Wengen

At nearly all the chief resorts, increasing popularity has stimulated improved organisation of sports and entertainments. Wherever you go you are almost sure to find an efficient ski school run on standard lines, and the virtues of variety are now well understood. Among the many centres in the Bernese Oberland, Mürren, the highest, lying at a height of 5,400ft., has always made the teaching of ski-ing a speciality. Its ski-school is the oldest official school in Switzerland, and nowhere are the conditions for beginners more suitable.

This season Mürren has a new ski-lift to the Schiltgrat, which is noted for its wonderful ski-ing grounds—it is the home of the Kandahar Ski Club and of the Swiss Universities Ski Club. The ski-lift will take you up over 1,500ft. in ten minutes, and will be running the day long throughout the season. In addition, there will be the funicular to carry ski-runners, bobsleigh and luge runners up the mountain side, to return over the glorious slopes of the Allmendhubel. Skating and curling are as well organised as ski-ing at Mürren, and instruction in all three is free to visitors. Of course, you will see plenty of experts there, too, with numerous ski races through the season.

Wengen caters for all sports with a lavish hand, and not least of its attractions is its fine situation at a height of 4,500ft., overlooking the Lauterbrunnen Valley on the one hand and flanked by the lofty peaks of Eiger, Monch and Jungfrau on the other. Ski-ers may ascend by mountain railway to the Wengernalp, to Scheidegg and to the Jungfraujoch, where excellent runs for experts and novices alike abound. A first-class ski school, free to visitors, goes without saying. From the Wengernalp there is a tobogganrun over three miles long and large ice rinks provide plenty of scope for skating, curling and ice hockey.

Grindelwald is another Bernese Oberland resort that charms the eye as well as offering first-rate sport. It lies at 3,500ft, among some of the finest scenery in the Alps. Ski-ers benefit from the Wengernalp and Jungfrau railway to Scheidegg and the Jungfraujoch, while on the Mettenberg slopes is one of the best ski-jumps in the Oberland. Grindelwald also has the longest constructed bobsleigh run in Switzerland and one of the largest ice rinks.

Among other Oberland resorts, Lenk is a progressive centre with a particular appeal for a family holiday, for children here may revel in snow sports along with expert elders. It lies at 3,000ft. and a new luge funicular ascends to 5,000ft. There is a wide variety of ski runs, a large ice rink beautifully situated in an open valley, and toboggan, bobsleigh and skeleton runs. Curlers have the benefit of a flourishing curling club.

South of the Oberland—in fact the most southerly of Swiss resorts—is Zermatt, deservedly popular for its sport, its sunshine and its scenery. Winter garb serves only to emphasise the beauty of its situation, in a broad valley, at a height of 5,300 ft., with the tapering summit of the Matterhorn standing sentinel above it. Here is a variety of practice slopes, with a well-organised ski club and ski school, while the Gornergrat rack railway up



O. A. Michel

A SKI SCHOOL FOR ADULTS
Beginners on the slopes at Mürren



E. Monkhouse

STRAIGHT RUNNING ON AN EASY SLOPE NEAR DAVOS



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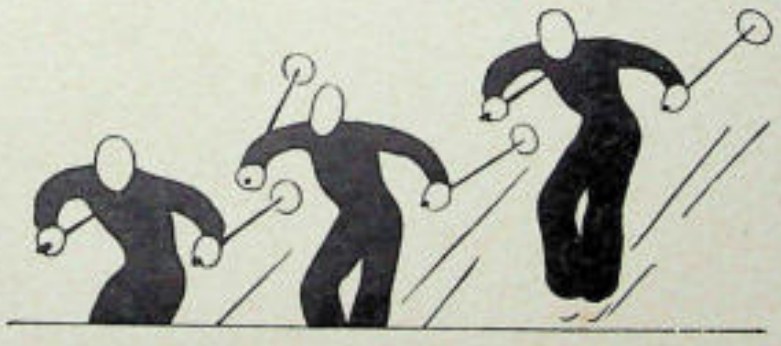
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E. Meerkamper

ON THE SNOWFIELDS OF THE PARSENN
A beautiful winter scene at Klosters



IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND
A ski-er executing a jump turn off a cornice at Mürren

to Riffelalp (7,300ft.) and Riffelboden (8,500ft.) makes accessible runs for all grades of ski-ers. From the Riffelalp there is a huge run of five miles down to Zermatt as well as another about a mile long. Skating, curling and hockey are also enjoyed under excellent conditions. Throughout the season Mr. Peter Lunn, son of Mr. Arnold Lunn, will act as Sports Manager.

In the Grisons Canton of eastern Switzerland, Klosters commands some of the finest ski-ing grounds in a district unsurpassed in all Switzerland—the splendid snowfields of the Parsenn. Few other resorts offer such a variety of runs and tours of all kinds. An innovation this season is a ski-lift to carry ski-ers a distance of over 2,000ft. up to the Selfranga slopes, which are particularly suited for practice by experienced and inexperienced ski-ers. This should prove a big additional attraction to the facilities already available by means of the Parsenn Railway. Improvements have also been made on ski runs in the vicinity of Klosters, which has a first-class ski school and ski-racing club. Skating, curling and ice hockey may be enjoyed on a large rink, and for bobsleigh and toboggan enthusiasts there is the Larcet run, nearly three miles long.

Davos also has a new ski-lift to the slopes round the Strela Pass from Schatzalp, and the carrying capacity of the Parsenn Railway has been doubled. Thus beginners and experts now have choice of a great variety of runs to suit all grades of skill. But while ski-ing has developed at Davos, skating and ice sports are no less efficiently catered for on the great rink, the largest of its kind in Europe, nor are tobogganing and bobsleighing any the less popular on the two runs, each two miles long.

St. Moritz has a new sleigh funicular as well as a ski-lift, giving easy access to the fine ski-ing slopes of the Piz Nair and adding much to its attractions as a ski-ing centre. But there is still the great six-acre ice stadium for skating, curling and ice hockey, as well as several private rinks; and the Cresta Run will certainly produce its usual tobogganing thrills.

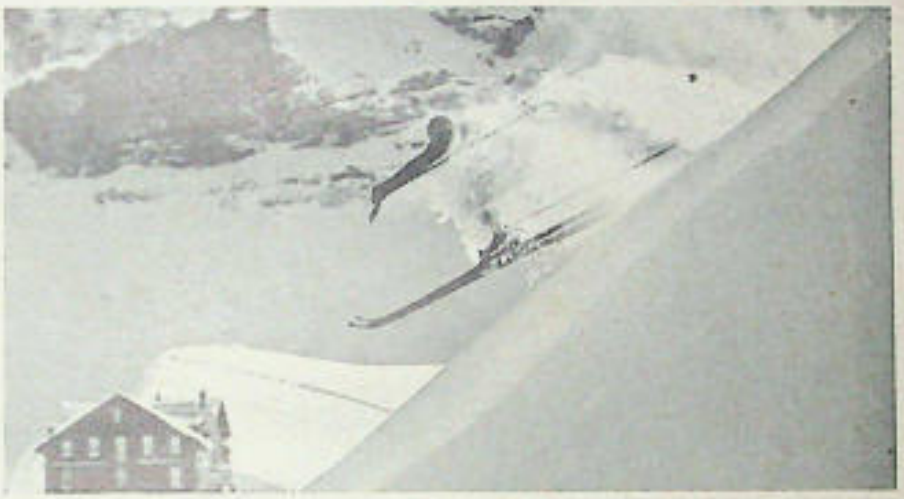
Each season an increasing number of British visitors is "discovering" Lenzerheide, which is one of the coming resorts of the Grisons, attractively situated in a broad and sunny valley at a height of 4,850ft. All around it is splendid ski ground, affording a good variety of nursery slopes and runs, and a sledge-lift carries you up 2,000ft. to Igantieni, an excellent starting point for downhill runs. Ski-ers who like good varied country will find it here. Lenzerheide has a well-organised ski-ing school, and skating, curling and hockey are enjoyed on a large rink and on smaller ones, while there is a toboggan run also.

All these resorts are of the kind where snow is usually abundant until late in the season—until, in fact, the first crocuses begin to push their heads through it—and a winter sports holiday in late season, when the rush has subsided, holds many advantages. It may be specially recommended this season, when the early rush promises to be greater than ever.

And once you have decided on your winter sports programme it is well worth visiting one of the ski classes organised by the National Council of Swiss Ski Schools, in conjunction with Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, to tone up the muscles for use for ski-ing. Besides going through a course of general physical training, the pupils are simultaneously introduced to the Swiss standard ski-ing technique. These classes offer a splendid opportunity of learning to "feel at home" on your skis again, and of developing your sense of balance. Afterwards, physically and mentally ready for action, you will find the first ski-ing lesson or tour much easier, as well as more beneficial and enjoyable.

A "dry" ski-ing course is always beneficial; it systematically relaxes and strengthens stiffened muscles. The whole body is toned up, the mind taught to react instantaneously and correctly.

Winter sports enthusiasts might also obtain a copy of Messrs. Thos. Cook's Handbook for 1937–8. In it will be found a full guide to the best hotels in Switzerland as well as details of "all in" holidays. If you have not yet solved the question, Where can we send the children? this latest edition of this now well-known handbook may solve your problem.



DESCENT BY AN EXPERT
Mr. Eric Lewis comes down to Scheidegg

Messrs. Thos. Cook's now organise special juvenile winter sports parties in which the children are under the care, the whole time, of one of their experienced hotel hostesses, Mrs. S. A. Baker. Details of this scheme will be found on page 67.

Another useful little handbook in which there is mention of Switzerland is *The Winter Sports Annual for 1937*. This can be obtained from the Editor, Alma Cottage, Bovingdon Green, Marlow, Bucks. The cost is 1/-, by post 1/2. You will enjoy your holiday all the more if you know something about the centre you are staying at and its surrounding country. These handbooks both fill an urgent need at a time when winter sports are growing in popularity.



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The ski-er is Mr. Eric Lewis

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Suppose you are a beginner with not too much money to spend, then you should take advantage of the Novices Party, by excursion train.

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GOING TO THE SKI COURSE
The two teams in the first Anglo-Norwegian ski races last spring

SLALOM FEVER

My Impressions of a Ski-ing Tour in Norway

By MICHAEL ANDERSON

UNTIL quite recently the Scandinavians refused to allow downhill and slalom racing to count towards the championships held by the Fédération Internationale Ski. This policy controlled by the older men was not altogether amenable to the younger men of Norway, many of whom had visited Central Europe and enjoyed the enormous thrill of downhill ski-ing. Therefore a movement started seven years ago resulted in the formation of the Oslo Slalemklubben; this club has been almost entirely responsible for the introduction of ski-ing, as Englishmen know it, into Norway.

Hitherto competitive ski-ing was limited to jumping and langlauf racing; the latter sport had been practised for hundreds of years and the general terrain of Norway is particularly suited to it. Not many Englishmen know very much about it, because it requires serious physical training, as climbing uphill is the most important item. Norwegians are world famous as jumpers, and as this branch of ski-ing required superb balance, it was not long before they had adapted themselves to downhill racing.

To learn the technique of slaloming has taken longer, and although the younger people are "slalom crazy," the general standard is not so high as it is in Switzerland; however, the day is not far ahead when Norwegians will meet all comers on an equal footing. The spirit in which they keep practising is amazing; for instance, the citizens of Oslo floodlight a steep slope twice a week and practise slalom racing down it at night-time. In this way business men are able to keep in training without prejudice to their means of livelihood, a thing which unfortunately British racers cannot do.

Most British skiers have noted the all-round ability of Norway, particularly in the winter Olympic games at Garmisch last year, but being conservative have not ventured over the North Sea in very great numbers. Therefore to introduce Norway as a country where downhill ski-ing may be found, a non-representative and entirely scratch team of University skiers visited Norway last spring at the invitation of the Norwegian Ski Association.

We reached Bergen after 20 hours on the m/v Venus, the same ship which had so gallantly rescued the crew of a wrecked trawler two months



TWO MEMBERS OF THE OSLO SLALEMKLUBBEN TEAM
Einar Bergsland, one of the pioneers of downhill ski-ing in Norway, and Nils Eie

SNOW SPORTS WEAR

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earlier. Here we were entertained by the mayor to dinner, and the next day enjoyed the unique pleasure of ski-ing from the mountains above the city almost to the sea level.

Our first serious engagement was at Spiterstulen, and so after festivities in Oslo we entrained northwards and reached our destination after a hazardous journey completed by four hours on foot. Here we had seven days in which to get fit, and to get used to the very steep downhill course, which started just short of the summit of the Galdhöppigen (8,100ft.). This race, which is the most important downhill meeting in Norway, quite revolutionised any ideas which we may have harboured about there being no steep descents in Norway. The course was controlled in eleven places and had been well stamped beforehand, and so it was not surprising when Fingen Horn covered it in 2min. 52sec., or at an average speed of 49 miles per hour. He was followed by Lassen Urdahl and Per Fossum and James Palmer-Tomkinson.

The first British racer finished fourth, only 5sec. behind Horn. Tomkinson followed up this by recording an equal first in the slalom the next day, and so finishing the meeting with third place, a feat which greatly impressed the Norwegians. The remaining British competitors did not do so well in face of very strong opposition, Duncan Kessler being next best, gaining the seventeenth place. After the slalom race we challenged the Norwegians to a downhill roped race; setting a course with six controls, to our great surprise we were soundly beaten by our rivals, who had never before heard of such a race.

After celebrating Easter, we set out with the team of the Oslo Skiklubben, selected from the best performers at Spiterstulen, against whom we were to race at Myrdahl. After three days on ski we reached our destination, having had ample opportunity to sample the magnificent touring terrain which Norway has to offer. Each night we stayed in a station consisting of a group of huts, where plenty of plain food was always available.

We practised at Myrdahl for one day down a very pleasant course, although not so steep as that at Spiterstulen; but the next day bad weather arrived with the result that the track was easily missed through bad visibility, or a racer fell unnecessarily upon meeting with an unseen hazard. But these conditions were the same for each team and we were well beaten in the downhill race.

The slalom, held the next day, proved to be similar to that set at Spiterstulen, fast and open with three flushes which served as an ample test for slalom technique. Again the Norwegians proved too good for us, and the combined result showed that they were well on top. In addition to Tomkinson, Kessler and Geoffrey Appleyard skied very well for the Oxford and Cambridge team.

On the last day before our departure homewards we visited Ustaoset, where the Oslo club, Ready, had organised a slalom race. There were over 250 entrants for this race, and so two courses were set, one for the international class, and the other for anyone else who wished to enter. The two courses were started from the same place and ran concurrently down the hill to finish together.

Owing to the 250 entrants each competitor was started at half-minute intervals by the brave starter, who probably caught pneumonia while on duty for four hours. No regard was taken for each racer's progress down the track, and if he met with a mishap it was quite likely that he would be overtaken on the course. This method of starting allowed no time for stamping between the gates, with a result that enormous bunkers were inclined to appear.

This did not deter the native, who had met them before at similar meetings, and he gaily slid round, but the less skilful British skiers met their doom. However, Kessler skied magnificently to gain fourth place in the senior class, which was won by Reider Anderson, the noted jumper. Tomkinson finished close behind at twelfth. Throughout the meeting the organisation was wonderful and the officials of the Ready Club are to be congratulated on their efficient arrangements for dealing with such an immense entry.

During the whole of the tour our team was struck by the wonderful hospitality extended to us by every Norwegian, and we owe Einor Bergsland, the greatest advocate of downhill racing in Norway, a huge debt of gratitude.



BEFORE ASCENDING TO MYRDAHL

The English and Norwegian teams, seen above, were skilfully led on their three days' trip from Spiterstulen to Myrdahl by Mr. Henning Tonsberg, the well-known Norwegian climber, second from the left in the group



THE SKI-RACING SEASON

Important International Events

By P. W. B. CARY



DOWNHILL AT SPEED

A competitor in the Kandahar Cup race at Wengen last year. This is the oldest cup for British ski racing and the one from which the Kandahar Club, the senior British ski club, takes its name

"ODDS against us are increasing every year," said Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., the retiring President, in his address to the Ski Club of Great Britain. "The Continental standard rises more rapidly than ours, and the unfortunate lack of opportunity for continuous and cohesive training must always tell against us. Barring miracles, our men have no hope of winning the F.I.S. or the Arlberg-Kandahar. It is as difficult for an Englishman to-day to finish in the first ten of either of these events as in the first three in the early days of the F.I.S.

"Our ladies are as yet faced with less formidable competition . . . . but even they will find it difficult to rival the feats of Miss Doreen Elliott, Miss Sale-Barker, Miss Mackinnon and Miss Pinching in past years. Should we, therefore, withdraw from international ski-ing? Surely not.



IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, one of the best known lady ski runners, on the slopes at Scheidegg

"It is all to the good that a nation should continue to compete in events in which it has no hope of winning, if only to prove that the prize of victory is not the only thing that matters in sport. . . . At the same time, while continuing to compete in the F.I.S. . . . let us remember that our best hope of success is in events such as the Anglo-Swiss University match and the Duke of Kent's Cup."

The F.I.S., the most important international ski-racing event of the season, is the World Ski Championship, which is organised by the various national ski associations affiliated to the Fédération Internationale de Ski, and which will, this winter, be divided between two countries. The langlauf (long-distance racing) and jumping competitions will be held at Lahti, in Finland, from February 24th-28th, and the downhill races, straight and slalom, at Engelberg, in Switzerland, on March 5th and 6th.

Though we have a British Langlauf Club and a British Ski-Jumping Club affiliated to the Ski Club of Great Britain, these forms of ski competition have little appeal for the majority of British skiers, and it is unlikely that there will be any British competitors at Lahti, but at the biennial F.I.S. Congress, which will be held in Finland during the competitions British ski-ing will be represented by Mr. Arnold Lunn, who is also a member of the committee.

It is largely due to Mr. Lunn that the Federation also organises downhill races. Ski-ing, as is well known, had its origin in Scandinavia, and when it was first introduced into Central Europe the Scandinavian type of ski competition dominated the Alpine countries. Mr. Lunn spent many years trying to persuade the Alpine peoples that a type of competition suited to the undulating terrain of Norway and Sweden was not an adequate test of ski-ing on steep Alpine ground. He eventually succeeded in persuading the Swiss and the Austrians that "the best way to test downhill ski-ing was to race—downhill," and he also invented the modern slalom, which is a test of high speed running between pairs of flags.

Mr. Lunn drafted the Downhill Racing Rules, which were eventually adopted by the Fédération Internationale de Ski in 1930, and the first of its Downhill Racing Meetings was organised by the Ski Club of Great Britain, and held in Mürren in February, 1931. Downhill races were included in the Winter Olympic Games for the first time at Garmisch, in 1936.

It is probable that Great Britain will enter teams both in the men's and in the ladies' downhill racing events. Among those likely to be chosen to represent this country are Peter Lunn, who has raced in every F.I.S. downhill racing meeting and captained the British Olympic Ski team at Garmisch; J. Palmer-Tomkinson, who won the International University Championship in 1936; R. E. Gardner; C. S. Hudson; D. Kessler; P. Aitchison; J. P. Wakefield; T. C. Tapper; J. Hankey; and A. P. Dodd.

The ladies will probably be selected from Miss E. Pinching, Miss E. de Cosson, Miss H. Palmer-Tomkinson; Miss I. Roe; Miss Helen Blane; Miss B. Duthie; Miss B. Walter; Miss P. Harrison; Miss E. Dobson; and Miss D. Deane.



PASSING THROUGH THE CONTROL

Ian Munro taking part in the first race for the Duke of Kent's cup last January. This annual race is open only to amateurs who are not domiciled in a ski-ing country and have not spent more than four out of the preceding twelve months in a village situated more than 2,000ft. above sea level

The Kandahar Ski Club, has a full programme of races in the Oberland. It will organise the British Championship Meeting on behalf of the Ski Club of Great Britain at Mürren on January 11th and 12th, and the Roberts of Kandahar Challenge Cup, the oldest challenge cup for downhill racing in the world, at Grindelwald on January 3rd. Other events include the Alpine Ski Slalom at Wengen on February 15th; the Prince Chichibu Cup at Grindelwald, on February 11th; and the Arnold Lunn Cup at Mürren, on February 26th.

Other important international events are the Swiss Championship Meeting at Wengen, from March 11th-13th; the Swiss Ladies' Championship at Grindelwald, on January 16th and 17th; the Lauberhorn Race at Wengen, on January 16th and 17th; the Parsenn-Derby at Davos; and the Grand Prix de Mégève. The International University Championships will be held at Villars from January 14th-16th, and the Anglo-Swiss University match at Mürren, on January 5th and 6th.

The Duke of Kent's Cup for lowland dwellers will be held at Wengen on January 9th.



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A speed of no less than 111 miles an hour has been attained by dare-devil ice-yachtsmen on this magnificent course. Further north, in the most popular Swedish winter-sport province of Jamtland, visitors can enjoy the thrills and novelty of "akja" riding—that is, riding in a Lapp sleigh drawn by reindeer. Here, too, aeroplanes take the downhill ski-runner and his skis to mountain tops—a quick and luxurious method of avoiding laborious climbs.

Further north still, 24 hours by comfortable express train from Stockholm, in the Arctic Circle, is the most northerly and the most romantic winter sports country in the world—Lapland. In the heart of great mountains and lakes, the Swedes have placed little hotels. From there, the fortunate visitors ski-run and jump to their hearts' content.

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LEFT, A SKI RUN ON ONE OF SWEDEN'S SLOPES AND, ABOVE, ICE-YACHTING NEAR STOCKHOLM



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THE SUNSHINE CURE AT A CHÂLET IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

AUSTRIA'S ALPINE APPEAL

SEEING that about three-quarters of Austria is alpine, the opportunities for winter sports are obvious. Each year more British visitors are discovering the excellence of the many good ski-ing centres in the Tyrol, most of which are easily and comfortably accessible from England; and hotel accommodation is good and reasonable. But there are dozens of other resorts less well known, some of them offering remarkably cheap accommodation.

As the home of the famous Hannes Schneider Ski School, established there thirty years ago, St. Anton, standing at a height of 4,270ft., enjoys a deservedly high reputation for its ski-ing, which will certainly be enhanced this season by the extra facilities provided by a new cable railway up the Galzig. Carrying skiers up some 2,600ft. in less than ten minutes, the railway will open up some wonderful ski-ing territory, and enable some of the best runs in the Arlberg to be made without fatigue. St. Anton is also a good centre for ski tours and has a skating rink and toboggan run.

Zürs is another progressive resort in the Arlberg, rather higher than St. Anton—5,800ft. This season it has a new ski-lift, ascending 400ft. in four minutes to slopes and practice grounds of considerable variety. Snow usually lasts here until May and the novice is well catered for by a branch of the Arlberg Ski School.

Kitzbühel is a really charming little Tyrolese town, enjoying plenty of sunshine and an almost total absence of wind. It lies lower than most of the chief resorts—2,500ft.—but has fine slopes all round it, while the expert has at his disposal the aerial railway to Hahnenkamm (6,000ft.), which offers an almost inexhaustible variety of runs. Innsbruck, at 1,880ft., might seem to lie too low for ski-ing, but there are plenty of excellent ski grounds within easy reach of it. Moreover, it has a fine skating rink and a four-mile toboggan run, with the advantage of numerous social attractions.

Obergurgl, at a height of 6,400ft., has come into much favour in recent years for its wonderful ski-ing slopes and its abundant sunshine. The hotel has been reconstructed and enlarged and a new road provides easier access and opportunities for motor-lugging. Lady Londonderry has presented a fine trophy for competition open to all European skiers, to be decided at Obergurgl on April 24th.

Ski-ing is also excellent at Lech (5,340ft.) in the Northern Arlberg, while Semmering is another resort increasing in favour for almost all winter sports. It lies within two hours' journey of Vienna, at a height of 3,000ft., and there is an electric cable trolley and ski hoist to the Hirschenkogel (4,450ft.).



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GUNDOGS AND OTHERS AT BIRMINGHAM

LAST week, for the first time in 78 years, the Birmingham show was held outside the city, and the unanimous opinion of those who attended was that the change to the British Industries Fair Buildings at Castle Bromwich was a welcome improvement. No better place could be found for a show of the first rank, and there is ample room for the developments that are sure to ensue in the future.

The worst criticism that one heard was about the temperature. I have been at many shows that were colder, but there were no draughts. I understand that the heating arrangements will be more efficient another year. The general lay-out was admirable, the manner in which the judging rings were fenced was pleasing and original, and a word of commendation should be given to the concrete floor that made an ideal surface upon which to show the dogs.

The parking facilities for cars, too, provided right at the doors, could not have been improved upon. As for the entry, that was most encouraging, being well in advance of last year's, and I shall not be surprised to see it half as large again now that exhibitors have had experience of what is in store for them.

Apart from the novel surroundings, the old Birmingham atmosphere survived in the usual sporting crowd that gathered round the rings. In this respect the observance of tradition is comforting. We missed Lorna Lady Howe, who hitherto has been such a regular visitor, but that great dog of hers, Ch. Cheverells Ben of Banchory, was there to show us what a Labrador should be like. Charming, winner of the bitch certificate for Mrs. D. H. Bell, was new to me. Presumably she has not been out much, as she appeared first in the Minor Limit.

Golden retrievers were thoroughly representative. Both recipients of the challenge certificates had to defeat champions on their way to preferment. They were Mrs. R. L. Kirk's Abbots Trust, entered primarily in the post graduate class, and Mrs. W. Smedley's Sedate. Brigadier-General F. F. Lance had a bigger lot of flatcoats to judge than usual, but he could not get away from old favourites for his certificates in Mr. W. J. Phizacklea's Ch. Atherbram Prince and Mr. F. Allen's Peddars Lass. The best of the few curlies were Mr. F. A. Harden's Prince Nigger of Motspur and Mrs. C. Breitmeyer's Snapehill Brenda.

English setters, which are growing steadily in importance, put up a really good show, the classes filling well. Both certificate winners are well known, one being Mrs. A. C. Crowther's Bayldone Barrister, and the other Mrs. J. English's Shiplake Sincerity. Gordons, for some reason or other, were down on last year, and there the leaders were Miss E. C. Sharp's Dalnaglar Pilot and Mrs. R. Hall's Diana of Daven. Irish setters, too, were a little on the wrong side, that is in numbers, though not in quality. Mrs. E. Walker's Ch. Padrine of Matsonhouse and Mr. J. H. J. Braddon's Ch. Wendover Biddy were at the top. Pointers had a good class average, and the certificates went to Mr. A. Eggleston's Pennine Paramount and Mr. D. K. Steadman's Maesydd Mona.

Clumber spaniels excelled themselves, to the pleasure of all. These are dogs that improve with age if they keep their soundness. Miss M. F. Reed's Ch. Auckwear Ripper got home in dogs, and the principal bitch was Mr. L. B. Hedley's Withey Ann. Cockers, for a change, were not the biggest entry this time, being beaten by Pekingese, but the quality was satisfactory. Mr. H. S. Lloyd again accomplished the dual event with his brace of little beauties, Sir Galahad of Ware and Exquisite Model of Ware. Further challenge certificate winners in this division were Mr. S. Burnett's Bobsleigh of Pentwyn and Mr. A. A. Winfield's Fieldwin Topknot, field spaniels; Dr. T. D. Norton's Beauchief Boreal and Mr. S. H. Till's Ch. Roundwood Lass, English springers.

In the award for the best in show, the Kennel Club findings were reversed, the winner being Miss A. Doxford's handsome Saluki bitch, Ch. Saroma Gemil and the runner-up the American Airedale, Mr. S. M. Stewart's American Ch. Shelterock Merry Sovereign. First in the National Puppy Stake of 62 entries was Mrs. F. Nagle's Irish wolfhound, Sullhamstead Fella, a well-grown, big-boned, sound dog.

A. CROXTON SMITH.

RETRIEVERS AT PARKANAUR

THE sixteenth retriever trials of the Ulster Gundog League were held at Parkanaur, Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone, on November 10th, by kind permission of Captain A. Y. Burges. The judges were Mr. R. O. Hermon and Mr. L. Colohan. A full card of twelve competitors was presented, ten being owned in Ireland and two from across the channel. In the morning scenting conditions were not by any means good, but later in the day an improvement was experienced. Every variety of shooting condition was available for the dogs, commencing with walking up rushy fields which contained pheasants and rabbits. All dogs called into the line were steady and retrieved when called upon. Lile Fanny Atkins, owned by Mr. David McDonald, was impressive but, unfortunately, when sent for a shot rabbit followed the line of a pheasant, and it was with difficulty she was persuaded to "leave it," subsequently retrieving the rabbit smartly.

Glenravel Nimrod, owned by Captain J. F. Hodges, was the winner. He did good work, and is a bold and fast retriever, with a nice clean delivery, and proved most efficient on mallard and teal in a small lake where thick weeds were encountered. Second place went to Mr. R. M. Willington's Actress of St. Kierans, last year's winner. She made no mistakes, but did not appear to have the drive and dash to place her on equal terms with the winning dog. Third place was secured by Int. Ch. Toddy of Hepmangrove, owned by Mr. David Orr. A dual-purpose dog, he did exceptionally well in thick cover, retrieving duck and pheasant in good style. This dog is one of the best on the show bench, and it is pleasing to find that he is such a splendid shooting dog. His nose can always be relied upon and is under excellent control. Mr. R. M. Willington's Dukes Rival, a black Labrador, was third. Mrs. Nagle's golden retriever, awarded a certificate of honour, was a trifle slow in comparison with the winners, and this, perhaps, was the only fault with an otherwise fine shooting dog. He "wiped the eye" of two other competitors towards the end of the day, and by reason of this some thought he might have been higher in the awards.

A NATURALIST'S NOTEBOOK

ONE of the questions I am always being asked is, How fast can birds fly and which is the fastest bird? It is one of those questions that I avoid answering. But now I have been asked by a friend of mine, and as I see him almost every day, and as he is most distressingly John Bullish in temperament, I can evade an answer no longer. I have tried, but it's no good. It is, of course, a very difficult question. Think about it in terms of mankind. How fast can men run?

* * *

Jesse Owens, now, can run quite fast. When he is really trying he runs very fast indeed, and so does A. G. K. Brown. Then there's myself. Personally, I do not run at all. I might be able to run a hundred yards if I received a really tempting offer, and there was no time limit. No amount of tempting would make me run a quarter of a mile. On the other hand I have no doubt that a large and argumentative bull would make me run—for me—very fast indeed. Men, you see, differ. And so do birds.

* * *

But birds differ more than men. We spend all our lives in a hurry when we have really no need to hurry at all. The essentials of life can be procured without any vast physical effort. We may have to earn our food. We have not got actually to fight for it. We can go to sleep, all tucked up and with a hot-water bottle, and we have no large nocturnal marauder to fear. That's not so with the birds. They have got to fight for food; they have got to sleep with one eye open. Their constant companion throughout the 24 hours is fear. Ours is worry. That is why we live in a hurry, without reason, and the bird, that might have reason, lives comparatively a leisured life.

* * *

Obviously it is impossible to say how fast birds can fly. I have seen some sensational figures given for the stoop of the peregrine. But I know of no method by which the pace of such a stoop may be correctly judged. Is it possible to estimate 200 miles an hour any more certainly than 150 miles an hour? I should hesitate to try. Again the sparrow, pursuing his lawful occasions, is a very different creature to the bird trying to reach shelter in front of a sparrow-hawk. Leaving out of account the effect of any sudden emotion, it is possible to give some figures for the *average* speed of different species. I think they will surprise most bird-lovers by their moderation.

* * *

The fastest bird is the swift, which is capable, without stress, of anything between 75 m.p.h. and 200 m.p.h. Ducks average about 50, geese about 48, waders about 42, starlings and crows about 40, falcons about 45, jackdaws about 38, pheasants and swallows about 35, pigeons about 34, rooks about 32, finches about 30, hawks and wagtails, shrikes and ravens about 25, the cuckoo, thrushes and blackbirds about 22. One would, I think, have imagined the hawks to be faster. Swifts have been noticed circling easily around an aeroplane which was flying at 68 m.p.h. A vulture has been known to pass an aeroplane in a dive at 110 m.p.h. I know of no figures for swans, but I have when driving a car beside a south country river at 45 m.p.h. been passed and left behind by a mute swan.

* * *

The height at which a bird is flying must obviously make a very great difference to the speed of its flight. Gätke believed that birds such as plover, curlew and godwit attained speeds up to 240 m.p.h. at an altitude of 40,000ft. Naturalists doubt his figures, but I do not think they can be discarded arbitrarily. As yet we do not know very much about heights of 40,000ft. and over, except that it is much quicker to fly through the stratosphere.

* * *

Birds do attain very considerable altitudes. The R.A.F. have reported rooks at 11,000ft., ducks at 7,500ft., lapwings at 6,500ft. and golden plover at 6,000ft. Geese have been observed at 9,000ft. and sandpipers at 10,000ft. to 12,000ft. Humboldt at a height of 12,958ft. in the Andes estimated the height of a condor flying overhead at 6,876ft. or a total height of 19,834ft. Dr. Wollaston, on the Mount Everest expedition in 1921, observed a lammergeier at 24,000ft. to 25,000ft., and identified godwits and curlew at 20,000ft. And there is the record of a scientist who, photographing the moon at Dehra Dun in India, photographed geese at an estimated height of 29,000ft.—or just about five-and-a-half miles up.

* * *

I do not know anything about conditions at that height, nor of the speeds attained by birds at that height. Indeed I find that I have not answered the question at all. And I'm not going to try again.

B. V—F.



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Letters to the Editor

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

EXHIBITS IN BERLIN

SIR,—There must be many visitors to the British section of the International Game Exhibition in Berlin who would like an opportunity of thanking those who, under your leadership, staged their exhibits and did so much to make their visit pleasant. We must have been tiresome in our questions and our requests for help. But every possible assistance was given us at a time when we knew that Mr. Frank Wallace, Mr. Martin Stephens and Mr. Barclay were terribly busy. I am sure that these gentlemen will appreciate our including with them Forstbeflissener Merlin, of the Brunswick Circle of the German Forest Service. Him we will always remember with affection as Johann—a most worthy specimen of a very fine service.

I am informed that Lord Belper, Mr. Ian Malcolmson, Lieutenant-Colonel Headlam, Lieutenant-Colonel Day and Mr. A. Acroyd wish to be associated with this letter of thanks. There must be many others.

Yours faithfully,
Hinchnowle, Melplash, Dorset. JAMES W. BEST.

NETTING IN THE WYE

SIR,—I do not intend to discuss the pros and cons of salmon netting; these are matters for boards of conservators to discuss, but I notice that a contributor to the leading page of the November 6th issue of the *Field* states in his article entitled "Netting in the Wye," that the Wye has been overstocked with salmon for several years past. This is a statement of such glaring inaccuracy that I wish to confute it—a confutation which can be carried out by some very brief statistics about the salmon killed by the rod on the Wye, which will leave no room for argument whatsoever.

In the last eleven years the average number of fish caught per mile per year in the 140 miles of the Wye which can be called decent fishing water, amounts to the wretchedly low figure of 27.

The writer of the article in question is no doubt a student of great erudition of piscatology as a science; but, if in practice he can say that these figures prove anything approaching overstocking, I can only say that he displays such appallingly abysmal ignorance about the quantity of salmon required to stock 140 miles of river, that one can only hope that he is not a member of the executive committee of the Wye Board of Conservators, as his article tends to show.

It has apparently escaped the notice of this contributor who writes with such conviction, that the length of the Wye requiring to be stocked is nearly four times as long as the corresponding lengths on such good rivers as the Tweed and Spey.

I write as an ordinary angler, who has fished fifteen different rivers extensively in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and if I do not have the knowledge of piscatology attributed to himself by the contributor of the article in question, I do know that 27 salmon per mile per year is a lamentable average for 140 miles of so-called over-stocked river.

Yours faithfully,
Gwernyfed Park, Three-Cocks, Breconshire. GUY FARQUHAR.

SIR,—The article in your issue of November 6th reads rather as if it had been inspired by the executive committee of the board. As a humble seasonal rod of a few years' standing, I should like to ask what evidence there is for the statement made that the Wye "has been over-stocked with salmon for several years past." Also as an ignorant student I ask, "Is there any certain evidence of any river ever having been over-stocked with migratory fish?"

Then I read that "to reduce the netting is simply increasing the trouble which nature is trying to mend." How? Must we suppose from this that "nature" inspired the board to put the nets on, and if so, may we hope that "nature" will now inspire the board to take them off? I am all for leaving nature completely alone in order to allow as many salmon to come into the river as she thinks fit, but to make river conditions as favourable as possible for all of them from the river mouth to the spawning beds when they come.

I think that Sir Lawrence Phillips's generous offer of £1,000 to meet the cost of taking the nets off should be accepted. Incidentally, the Severn Board has just made salmon returns compulsory. They were said to be the only board that did not do so. What about the Wye, and why not also there? There is a £50 penalty for default in making returns on the Towy.

Yours faithfully,
E. S. NEW.
50, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W. 1.

[Mr. J. Arthur Hutton, the acknowledged authority on the Wye and its salmon, has been publishing an annual report on its fishing and stock for upwards of 20 years. In his report for 1932 when the total catch was only 6,398 fish, he writes: "There were so many fish on some of the beds that there was not sufficient gravel to accommodate all the salmon which wanted to spawn"; in his 1936 report, when the catch had risen to 9,866 fish: "I can only repeat what I have said before, that the Wye Board, in the best interests of the river, would do well to increase the netting." Our correspondents' complaints seem to refer not to the total stock in the river but to its distribution, a matter controlled by the amount of "running water" in any given season.

The length of a river is no criterion of its safe salmon-holding capacity, which depends on the number and size of the pools which salmon will occupy in times of low water. To stop netting simply means that some 4,000 extra fish will run *into the lower reaches*. Unless the river is high these fish will not move upstream or induce other fish to do so. They will simply add to the congestion in the less-aerated, lower waters where the risk of disease is greatest. In a river like the Wye, which has a large fish population other than salmon, this risk is serious, for once disease starts it is liable to be carried on from year to year by the permanent inhabitants of the water and may well injure the salmon fisheries for a decade. Everyone will sympathise with the upper owners in years when water is short, but cessation of netting will not help them while it will greatly increase the risk to the river as a whole.—ED.]

A TERRIER'S PLUCK

SIR,—You have from time to time published correspondence on the above in your paper, so I think, perhaps, the following account of a terrier's pluck and endurance may be of interest. It was performed by Skimp, a rough-coated lemon-and-white bitch, by our Trueman out of Scuttle, who is one of the smooth-coated lemon-and-white breed started before the War by the late Captain Hermon of Brook Hill House, Cowfold.

During four years' working, Skimp has never missed a fox or a badger, and has some quite remarkable achievements to her credit, especially in her incredible art at "finding."

On October 16th, it was arranged to dig out an earth which was supposed to harbour many a chicken-killer, an earth which had never been successfully dug, and which, owing to its size, is very difficult to stop. Three good terriers were tried to no avail, and as the local poultry-keepers had turned up in force to dig, it was decided to let Skimp have a go. She went to ground at 10.15, and was marking within a few minutes. Returning to the surface for a moment, she attended to her toilet, and back she went up a hole so small that she had to scramble on her side to get on. This was at 10.30 a.m. Digging operations commenced, and at 2 p.m. the diggers opened up the hole 8yds. in from the entrance, and 7ft. down. Six feet of the digging was solid clay, then there was a layer of sandstone, under which ran a seam of running silver sand. There was no proper "earth" here, but it was evident that the terrier and fox had made their way through this soft seam, for Skimp was marking a long way on under a very high bank.

It being decided that owing to the rising ground it was imperative to follow the line of the sand, digging operations were recommenced. Going forward another 3yds., the depth was now 10ft. For some time the terrier had not been heard, and much anxiety was felt for her safety, especially as there seemed so little chance of her having any sufficient quantity of air owing to the small entrance to the hole, and to the sand in which she now was situated. I got down to the bottom of the trench and could hear the terrier breathing quite close, despite the fact a stick of 9ft. could be pushed straight on. After tunnelling a few feet it was obvious she was to our right, and on scraping away the sand with our hands, we found Skimp with a fox she had killed, both completely buried. On taking the fox out, Skimp rushed out and worried it as if she had come straight out of her kennel, and showed no signs whatever of her ordeal.

She had been underground six-and-a-half hours in an earth at first so small that she could scarcely get into it, and for more than half that time must have been working in the loose sand which closed in on her from all sides.

Yours faithfully,
C. GUY CURTIS, M. F. H.
Thornden, Cowfold, Sussex.

JUDGING GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

SIR,—During the past year we have been hearing and reading complaints, suggestions and criticisms of the systems of judging, and the case of show judging in general. Unfortunately there does not appear to have been any constructive criticism, nor any suggestion put forward which could be adopted.

Golden retriever owners have a special grievance, which they voice in no uncertain manner: that they are rarely judged by their club's standard of points; indeed, in one case where I specially asked the judge (who was for the first time officiating in this breed) to judge as nearly as possible by our standard. He said he should not dream of looking at the standard if it were sent to him. On instructions from my committee, I wrote to the Kennel Club to ask them to assist us to keep the type desired by this club, by making some suggestions to the judges whom they appoint to judge the breed. All the help we got from "the governing body" was a reply dated July 20th, 1937, stating that as the Kennel Club does not officially recognise any specialist club's standard of points, they cannot take any action in the matter.

Since then I have had a most charming and helpful letter from the American Kennel Club on this subject, which informs me that "All judges licensed in the U.S.A. to judge Golden retrievers must use the standard of your club. We wrote your club for the standard and embodied it in the latest issue of our publication *Pure-bred Dogs*, and our board of directors approved it. All judges that we license to judge Golden retrievers must sign an agreement to use this standard when judging. . . . You may be assured that the American Kennel Club will see to it that judges use your standard until such time as the American Kennel Club approves a different one, and there is very little likelihood that this will occur.—Yours very truly, CHAS. T. INGLEE, Executive Vice-President."

On instructions from my committee a copy of this letter has been sent to the English Kennel Club with a request that they consider whether they could not help us (and incidentally all specialist clubs) by taking some such action as the American Kennel Club.

I have received the following letter from the Kennel Club:

"Your letter of the 3rd inst. together with a copy of a letter from the American Kennel Club was placed before my committee at a meeting held on the 8th inst.

"I am instructed by my committee to confirm their remarks in the letter dated July 20th, 1937."

Yours faithfully,
Herons, Buckhold, Pangbourne. W. M. CHARLESWORTH, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Golden Retriever Club.

ECLIPSE IN DRAKES

SIR,—I was interested to read Mr. Hugh Wormald's further letter on "Eclipse in Drakes." As already stated, the shelduck I do not regard as a true duck, and I believe this is confirmed anatomically; but I should like to hear from Mr. Wormald whether the "eclipsing" shelduck he mentions are wild or captive, and at what time of the year they "eclipse"; for certainly right up to the last week in August one may observe duck and drake shelduck with flappers, duck and drake moulting heavily, but fully winged. At this time the adults go out to the remote mud-flats, sands, and estuaries, where they tend to stay until December and January, but I have always found these birds strong in flight in every month.

It seems silly to argue about a fact many people must be able to confirm, but I still maintain that the *prevailing* colour of the drake gadwall in full dress is brown, and I see that Coward bears me out on this point; perhaps the Naturalist Editor of the *Field* would be kind enough to settle this point.

Yours faithfully,
Rockcliffe. RICHARD PERRY.

[Undoubtedly the prevailing colour of the drake gadwall in full dress is brown.—ED.]

ROSY-COLOURED STARLING

SIR,—I have just returned from staying in the village of Leintwardine on the borders of Herefordshire and Shropshire, and every day from September 2nd until 14th—when I left—a specimen of the rosy-coloured starling made its appearance on one or more occasions in the garden. There can be no doubt as to its identity, as it was seen by myself and other competent observers at close range on a number of occasions. It was attracted, I suspect, by the presence of a mulberry tree, which was full of fruit and on which it was generally seen feeding. It appeared to be in good condition, and although seldom seen with flocks of common starlings, was not bullied by them, rather the reverse being the case. Although not remarkable for its shyness, the bird was generally seen when the garden was deserted; but if frightened away, it would sometimes return within a few minutes.

I should be interested to know whether any of your readers are aware of the loss of a specimen of this bird in the neighbourhood, as if this is not so, this appearance so far west—within eight miles of Knighton in Radnorshire—must be almost a record.

Yours faithfully,
Jellalabad House, NEVILLE M. COLLINS.
Tidworth, Hants.

GAME LOST IN THE POST

SIR,—With reference to the note in your issue of October 16th as to Mr. Bibby's loss of game sent by post, I had a very similar experience some years ago.

I rented a moor near Hawick, called Borthwickshields, and happened by pure luck on my part and sheer bad luck on his to kill an extraordinarily fine old blackcock. There was a tremendous gale blowing, and the old gentleman, very naturally, ensconced himself out of the wind in a kind of pit-hole at the foot of a knobbie. I came up the knobbie at the lee side and, of course, he did not hear me in the gale until I was right on top of him and got up at my feet.

Ferguson, the keeper, said he had known him for many years. He was by far the biggest blackcock he had ever seen, and the game dealer at Hawick, whom I got to weigh him, said he had never seen such a bird before. I am afraid now to say what the weight was.

I had him packed most reverently in a game box with lots of heather and had the box most carefully corded up. I took it to the Post Office addressed to a friend who was a great bird fancier, and, in addition to his address, outside the box was written, "One specimen blackcock."

As my friend did not acknowledge its receipt I asked him on my return south what he thought of the bird. He then showed me the box, which still had the heather in it but had arrived otherwise empty. On the foot of the label, however, was written: "The game attached to this label appears to have become detached; any inquiries to be sent to —— Post Office at Birmingham." The phrase on the label struck me as delicious. I kept the label for a long time, but do not know what has become of it now. Yours faithfully,

Mapledurham, C. E. HEWITT.
Oxon.

THE BITER BIT

SIR,—When I was fishing Lough Melvin recently, with George Johnston, boatman, we had rowed from Garrison against a strong south-east wind, and were about to turn the boat for a long drift back towards Garrison; I had been casting as we rowed against the wind, and was reeling in my line, when my tail fly was taken by one of the black trout, locally called "Sonaghan," of about ¼lb. weight. I hooked it and proceeded to play it behind the boat, when it started to behave in a peculiar manner, diving deep instead of running and jumping as these trout generally do.

When it came into sight, some 7ft. down, it appeared to be twisted up in a curious way, and eventually we saw that it had been seized by a large "ferox" of 8lb. or 9lb. weight. After a little play the small fish was released by the large one, and again taken by it. When the two had been brought up almost to gaff length from the boat, we saw it plainly, and after another run the two fish again came in sight, the small one held by the large one, who released it and took it again, this time tearing it from the hook, so both were lost.

Had I fully realised what had happened, I might have paid out line and let the large fish gorge its prey and perhaps be hooked by one of the other flies. Yours faithfully,

Rossinver, JOHN HOLLIDAY.
Canford Cliffs Avenue,
Parkstone, Dorset.

COMMAS IN 1937

SIR,—Mr. F. W. Frohawk, in his review in the *Field* of "Butterflies in 1937," states that the comma "has been but comparatively rarely met with this season." Experience in Devon and Cornwall, where the insect's westward drift has been eagerly watched, was similar until the sunny days of late September and early October.

Though I searched diligently, my first record for the comma was October 3rd, one, with five red admirals, on the cliffs at Revelstoke (S.W. Devon). On October 5th two commas settled in my garden on Michaelmas daisies, remaining several hours, and reappeared next day. On October 8th one other comma visited the daisies.

Records of the commas recorded in the West-country in the *Western Morning News* include the following:

September 26th.—One at Bude. (A. K. Peter.)
September 29th.—Four at Launceston. (Dr. E. G. Saunders, who photographed them.)
September 28th.—Three at Launceston.

A lady just outside Plymouth searched a favourite spot for the larvæ of the comma, without result.

Clouded yellows also have been scarce, but curiously I saw one, with a painted lady, on October 10th, on the cabbage patch of a small holder within the city of Plymouth.

Yours faithfully,
Mannamead, Plymouth. J. L. P.

SAILING TRAWLERS

SIR,—Of late much is heard concerning the state of the fishing industry, and visitors to Brixham often express regret at the passing of the old sailing trawlers. However, some of these remain, although dressed a little more daintily as becomes a yacht!



"TO RETAIN THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT"
(See letter "Sailing Trawlers")

But enterprising folk, convinced that fish still remained to be caught, bought some—if not all—of the Storm Cock Fleet of steam trawlers from Hull. The catches, I understand, were satisfactory.

Some weeks back, I awoke in Brixham harbour, and in the slight morning mist I saw one of the iron ships moored near to a "lady" of higher social position. I took a picture of them perhaps to retain the mood of the moment.

Yours faithfully,
Crewkerne, C. C. W.
Somerset.

A TAME EGYPTIAN KITE

SIR,—I thought the following story of an Egyptian kite (*Milvus Aegyptius*) might interest your readers, particularly the bird lovers, so send it along.

In early April last, Mr. A. Smith, manager of the Heliopolis Racecourse, found a half-grown fledgling of the above species on the ground beneath a tall eucalyptus tree, it having fallen from its nest, high above. As it appeared uninjured, and the parent birds had apparently forsaken it, he took it to an adjacent room, where it would be safe from marauding cats.

As the bird could not feed itself he poured water down its throat, which was swallowed greedily, as also was chopped-up raw meat.

On this treatment the bird thrived, and in less than a month was fully fledged and flying round the room. It could also feed itself. Mr. Smith now decided it was time for it to be liberated, which was done, but other kites so "mobbed" it, that it had to return to its room for sanctuary. After a few days, however, it was able to hold its own, and was accepted as a member of the kite colony.

Now, six months after, a whistle from Mr. Smith, and the call of "'Eery," will bring this bird from anywhere within hearing; it will settle quite near, allow itself to be stroked, wings a-quiver, beak open, and talking the most delightful bird language—a kind of musical twitter. It takes meat from his hand, and even allows him to take it away again without showing resentment.

When one remembers how wild this species of bird is, and how great his wing span (nearly 4ft.), I think one must agree that this is a wonderful example of bird gratitude.

If anyone but Mr. Smith approaches, it immediately takes flight, and disappears into the blue. Yours faithfully,

9-10, Abdel Moneim, W. J. MARSDEN.
Heliopolis,
Egypt.



"It's an old story with a happy blending"

said Johnnie Walker

"The story is old because it begins years ago, when many fine single whiskies, each with some distinctive quality, were being distilled in different parts of Scotland.

"Then the whiskies were put into oak casks, and lay there for many years until they were mature enough for blending together as Johnnie Walker. It is this period of 'masterly inactivity' and the expert blending which follows it, which give Johnnie Walker its famous roundness and smoothness. *Always ask for Johnnie Walker by name.*"

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

THE MANCHESTER TERRIER

SIR,—I was interested to read an article in your correspondence column recently on the choice of a suitable dog for London, and was very surprised to find that the old English terrier, the Manchester terrier, was not mentioned.

Might I be allowed to point out some of the reasons why this dog is pre-eminently suitable for London. First he is a handy size, 17lb. or thereabouts for a dog and a little less for a bitch, and sufficiently high off the ground to avoid bringing in mud on his body.

Secondly, the coat is short, silky, and black and tan, easy to keep clean and sufficiently dark to hide London smuts, the paws are small and neat and do not bring in much dirt.

The dog in character is highly intelligent without being prone to hysteria (I have a kennel of over 20 and never have a case), very affectionate, an excellent guard, with nearly always rather a deep bark, not a high, terrier bark; they do not need continual exercise, a run in the park will keep one in perfect condition, while the person who owns two of the dogs will find that they give each other all the exercise they require.

They are not fighters, but can hold their own against any dog of their own size, and they are the finest ratters in the world.

The Manchester is a perfect gentleman, well groomed, sporting and withal one of the oldest English terriers. He will give his master or mistress whole-hearted devotion and gay companionship as long as he lives.

Yours faithfully,
JOCELYN SCHWABE, (Hon. Sec. The British Manchester Terrier Club).

The Grove,
Ashbourne,
Derbyshire.

ANOTHER ROAD FATALITY

SIR,—When motoring towards London the other night on the Sunningdale-Egham Road, opposite Virginia Water, I had the misfortune to run over and kill a full grown badger. The time was about midnight, and the badger jumped from the footpath straight under the front wheels of my car.

Although a nocturnal animal, I have never before heard of a badger being killed in this way, nor did I know until later that badgers were common in this district.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT GROSVENOR.

8, Basinghall Street,
London, E.C. 2.

[The badger is not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water.—ED.]



THE PILGRIM'S GALLERY
(See letter "Cotswold Inns")

COTSWOLD INNS

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. R. N. Rose's recent article entitled "Architect and Innkeeper," in which he tells of the restoration of the Bull Inn at Burford. It is pleasant to know that some of these fine old buildings are receiving sympathetic treatment at the hands of their owners.

I enclose a photograph of another Cotswold inn which is rich in historical associations—the George, at Winchcombe. Just how old it is I do not know, but the external wooden stairway and gallery seen on the left of the illustration is known as the Pilgrim's Gallery, owing to the fact that many people used to stay at the George during their pilgrimage to the famous Cistercian monastery at Hayles, which was supposed to possess a portion of the Holy Blood of Christ, given it in 1267 by Edmund, the second son of Richard of Cornwall, who had founded the Abbey sixteen years previously.

I believe I am correct in saying also that the initials of Richard Kyderminster, Abbot of Winchcombe Abbey, at the period when it flourished like a little university, are to be found carved upon the head of the doorway into the courtyard of the inn.

Yours faithfully,
LESLIE N. COREX.

125, Worple Road,
Wimbledon, S.W. 20.

SOME ARE BORN LUCKY

SIR,—The little lad in the accompanying photograph saw a wasps' nest in a fir-tree, so climbed up and broke off the branch and carried it home nearly a distance of four miles with the wasps still busy inside.

He later called to know if I would like another photograph of the inside, as he had cut it in halves! I asked him if he had seen any more wasps. "Yes," he replied, "but they all flew away after a bit." And he was not stung!

Yours faithfully,
P. B. A.

Builth Wells.

IS HYSTERIA CATCHING?

SIR,—I never thought hysteria to be contagious or infectious till the following incident caused me to change my mind. Five out of eight working spaniels have had hysteria fits off and on all the summer. Following the advice of a veterinary surgeon, two of the worst cases were shut up in a loose box, kept quiet in semi-darkness and fed on nothing but raw meat. After a week of this treatment the fits ceased, and when ten days had passed without any return of the trouble they were restored to the kennel.

The loose box was thoroughly scrubbed out with disinfectant and the straw bedding was burnt, and about a week later I had two beagle puppies sent me to walk and they were put in the loose box lately occupied by the spaniels that had been suffering from hysteria. In three days both the beagle puppies had hysteria, having showed no previous signs of it before they came to me.

It appears to me almost certain that these hound puppies got hysteria through being put into a place previously occupied by hysteria patients.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES C. DALLAS.

Norfolk.

NO ESCAPE

SIR,—For some time past I have been tempted to record what I consider to be a very unusual incident which occurred here during a day's shooting last August, and which you may consider to be of sufficient interest to print in your columns.

A party of three guns and myself were walking in line along the face of a hill, when we came to a small glen, out of which the top gun put up a woodcock, which flew directly down the line. At almost the same instant the bottom gun put up a grouse, which flew up the line, both guns being unable to fire at either bird.

The line halted to see what would happen when, to my amazement, the two birds collided in mid-air when exactly opposite and about twenty yards in front, and for a moment I could see nothing but a cloud of feathers. I sent in my dog, which first retrieved the woodcock and then the grouse, both stone dead.

The three guns as well as myself witnessed this incident, which I consider all the more extraordinary in view of the scarcity of both type of bird that season, only a few brace of grouse and woodcock being killed during the season.

Yours faithfully,
NEIL WEIR (Keeper).

Loup House,
Clachan, Tarbert.

HOOKING A TURTLE

SIR,—While fishing the passage into the lagoon at Matuku Island, Fiji, recently, with a rod and line, I hooked a large turtle, foul hooked in the left fore flipper. I followed it in the dinghy of the "Adi Mocc" with two Fijian boys, and after playing it for about three-quarters of an hour, was successful in getting it on board. The weight was 126lb.



CARRIED A WASPS NEST FOUR MILES
(See letter "Some are Born Lucky")

This is vouched for by the Methodist missionary, the Headmaster, Lau Provincial School, and the native roko. I took a photograph, but unfortunately it is not clear enough for reproduction.

I may say that it was the greatest thrill of my life.

Yours faithfully,
J. GOEPEL.
(District Commissioner, Lau.)

Lomaloma,
Lau, Fiji.

Give a
CHRISTMAS PRESENT
with a FUTURE



Sandeman's have bottled all their Vintage 1935 Port in specially manufactured bottles with roughened interiors to prevent the crust from slipping when the bottles are moved.
The bottles also bear two medallions, as illustrated, on opposite shoulders, blown into the glass by a special process.
The value of your gift will increase with the years, and you and the occasion will be recalled when the wine is ready for drinking.

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VINTAGE
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Present Price
56/-
per dozen bottles

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD.,
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UNDERNEATH THE ARCHES
(See letter, "Shops in Church")

SHOPS IN CHURCH

SIR,—It is rather an oddity that the church at Richmond, Yorks, has a number of shops built in. The origin of the shops is apparently a mystery, but it is generally supposed that, bordering upon the old Market Place, squatters on market days set up their stalls and secured whatever protection the arches had to offer. The church remains but the Market Place now faces the opposite direction.

Yours faithfully,

c/o C.R.E., J. F. FRIEND.
5th Division and Catterick Camp,
Catterick Camp, Yorks.

FEEDING A SEA-GULL

SIR,—In a recent issue you published a letter, where Michael Ashley, of Bergen, narrates his success in feeding a certain sea-gull by hand from a moving steamer. In view of the fact that he mentioned having first to gain the bird's confidence before it would dare approach his outstretched hand, I have to say that I was returning from Guernsey by steamer, a few weeks ago, when, rather bored with the crossing and a few sandwich crusts, I amused myself throwing bits of bread to the gulls in flight. One bird in particular became a faithful crust-eater. So I attempted to feed him by hand, but was forced to employ gradual steps—throwing the bread less far each time. Eventually the gull became fully confident that I was no fraud and snatched from my hand every offering I could afford.

Obsessed with the desire for a stroll I left Albert—as I christened the gull—to roam the seas alone.

Upon returning, I observed a young man, standing exactly where I had stood some five minutes previously, trying his utmost to entice a gull to carry off some bread from his hand. The gull seemed frightened and paid no attention. I watched it until the young man gave up his project and retired to his cabin. I then produced my last sandwich and offered it to the gull. Immediately he swooped down and calmly flew away with more than a beakful. I repeated this several times, and concluded that I had met Albert the Faithful again.

Thus I proved that not only could Albert discover that I was a genuine article, but he also learnt to recognise me and shun imitations.

Yours faithfully,

Sandhurst. VINCENT NORRIS.

INJURY FEIGNING ?

SIR,—This story might interest some of your readers. It happened in Alsace a few weeks ago, on the estate of the well-known sportsman, Count Jean de Pantakes.

I was stalking roebucks with a keeper when we heard something moving towards us. I cocked my rifle and a few seconds later we saw a badger chasing a bird about half a yard ahead of him, which seemed wounded and unable to fly. I shot the badger and, to our great astonishment, the bird flew off, and we recognised in it a woodcock. It landed a few yards further on and again began screaming and flapping its wings, but when we walked towards it he flew off again.

Was this a young woodcock or, more likely, did it have a nest not far off ?

Yours faithfully,

15 rue de Franqueville, JEAN D'HARAMBURE.
Paris.

STRANGE FLY TAKERS

SIR,—In connection with the article "Strange Fly Takers" in the *Field* some weeks ago, the capture of a sparrow hawk on a rod may be of interest, though the fly was not in this case "taken."

Shortly after reading the article I was fishing a burn in Co. Donegal, in a strongish downstream breeze. When reeling up, with my line flying out in the wind, at the bottom of a narrow pool, a young sparrow hawk, which obviously had not seen me, flew down the stream and caught in one of the droppers. It took out some line, and I eventually had to catch it in the net. The fly, appropriately enough a Butcher, was firmly hooked in one pinion. A parent bird in obvious anxiety flew over while I was netting it.

Yours faithfully,

Hatfield, J. R. WHARTON.
Ledbury,
Herefordshire.

THREE WOODCOCK AT ONE SHOT

SIR,—As the author of *Record Bags and Shooting Records*, I hope the *Field* is so widely read that the story (as given by the Hon. Henry Douglas-Home, p. 1158) of how three woodcock were killed at one shot may be corroborated by the person who achieved this unique feat by his giving place, date and other authentic details of the event.

Yours faithfully,

Capenoch, HUGH S. GLADSTONE.
Penpont, Dumfries.

THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR, 42, EBURY STREET, S.W. 1, ask for gifts to help a delicate lady of 58 and her old mother, aged 87. They live together in a little village in Huntingdon. They are gentlefolk who have known better days, but during these post-war years their income has dropped to just over £2 weekly. The mother is a difficult invalid, demanding so much from her daughter that she has developed heart disease through the continued strain. After doctors' bills, &c., have been met there is no margin for a maid's salary, and there are no labour-saving devices in their old-fashioned country cottage. Please send sufficient to pay for a village woman to come in for a few hours daily to do the harder work. £8 is needed.

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WILLS's GOLD FLAKE

has got personality—

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED. 10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

G.F.8. 121

IN THE CITY

WALL PAPER MANUFACTURERS, LTD., a company to which attention was drawn on several occasions by the first Pactolus, have recently published their accounts for the year ended August 31st, 1937. The figures show that his confidence in this concern was well placed, profits having risen from £717,512 in 1936 to £765,963 for the current year. The dividend on the deferred stock has been maintained at 12.5 per cent., although earnings have increased from 20.7 per cent. to 24.3 per cent. The deferred stock units now stand at about 38/6 ex-dividend, at which price they give the generous yield of £6 9s. 10d. per cent. It is, of course, possible that a reduction in residential building may prove to be an adverse feature for the future, but the high yield and large margin of profits over dividend requirements appear to discount this.

RADIATION, LTD.

Registered in 1919, Radiation, Ltd. is a holding concern controlling twelve companies and owning seventeen large works. These companies are chiefly interested in the manufacture of gas ranges, radiators, boilers, stoves and similar apparatus.

The consolidated balance-sheet drawn up at December 31st, 1936, showed a position of exceptional strength, liquid assets of £4,094,000 which included £442,000 in cash and £2,125,000 in gilt-edged securities and gas undertakings, being offset by current liabilities of only £2,379,000 of which £1,437,000 consisted of loans from the parent company.

No consolidated profit and loss account is issued, and the profit figures are, therefore, comparatively uninteresting. There are, however, indications that the true earnings of the group as a whole have been for some years largely in excess of dividend requirements. No fireworks can be expected, but the admirable dividend record of the company, and the large hidden reserves which undoubtedly exist make the ordinary stock units a sound and attractive industrial investment.

Issued capital consists of £1,087,525 in 6 per cent. cumulative preference stock and £2,262,559 in ordinary stock units. The latter now stand at around 58/6, at which price they give a yield of £5 2s. 7d. per cent.

SMITHS POTATO CRISPS (1929), LTD.

This company was formed in 1920 and made public in 1929. In the comparatively short number of years since its inception it has established itself as the leading manufacturer and distributor of potato crisps in this country. Highly efficient production accompanied by good management and sales organisation enables the company to sell its potato crisps at an attractive price, and one which renders successful rivalry extremely unlikely.

The company owns seven freehold factories and seven depots in London and the provinces, and has a controlling interest in Smiths Potato Crisps (Overseas), Ltd. and Smiths Potato Estates, Ltd. The last-named company was incorporated in April, 1936, to acquire the Noeton Hall Farm Estate in Lincolnshire. This estate consists of about 7,000 acres of the most fertile agricultural land in the country, and on it the company hopes to grow a large proportion of its potato requirements. The estate company issued £350,000 of 4 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock, the principal and interest of which is guaranteed by Smiths Potato Crisps, Ltd., who own the whole of the £50,000 issued ordinary capital. The first year of working was marred by bad weather and bad crop conditions, but in spite of this no loss was incurred, and in more normal years the controlling company should benefit considerably from this new venture.

The financial position is sound, surplus liquid assets at the date of the last balance sheet (March 31st, 1937) amounted to £57,000. Goodwill at £129,000 appeared among the assets, but this was more than offset by general reserves and carry forward totalling £194,000. The following table shows the profit and dividend record over the last seven years.

Year to 31st March	Profit	Available for dividends	Earned %	Paid %
1931 ..	£75,307	£53,396	21.2	15.0
1932 ..	71,306	51,293	21.0	12.5
1933 ..	71,532	50,615	20.8	15.0
1934 ..	121,511	100,188	40.2	15.0*
1935 ..	146,685	104,363	39.5	15.0*
1936 ..	150,110	106,549	38.7	20.0*
1937 ..	147,458	97,980	34.6	27.5

*And capital bonuses of 5 per cent. from reserve.

Sales in the current year are believed to be running at record levels and an increased profit is very probable. Even on last year's dividend basis the shares yield £5 10s. per cent. at the current price of 25 -. PACTOLUS II.

New Books

AFRICA—FAUNA AND FLORA

A Hunter and a Botanist

THE number of those who give their lives to hunting in Africa gets fewer and fewer: it is good news that one of them has put some of his knowledge and experiences on paper.

Baron von Blixen-Finecke has given us a really delightful book and one that is strongly recommended to those who like something out of the usual run of safari literature. So it should be, for the Baron is one of the best-known men in his profession.

African Hunter, written with a real sense of humour, has good yarns about all the usual game animals and chapters on game preservation, native tribes, trips on the Congo River and Lake Chad, and an account of a safari across the Sahara.

The author accompanied Denys Finch-Hatton on the Duke of Windsor's travels in Kenya and gives a good account of the historic pursuit of the father of all elephants undertaken by the three, and an amusing one of the Masai lion hunt fiasco.

Baron von Blixen writes with an engaging frankness and though he is, to my knowledge, one of the bravest of men, he does not disdain to say, when describing an episode which happened when sitting up over a lion kill without a boma, "I am not exactly what is called afraid of the dark, but I do not deny that a certain percentage of my boldness disappears with the daylight." How well many of us know the feeling. Having myself tried the same game at the author's suggestion, I can only say, quite frankly, that I got very badly frightened.

The interest of the book lies in its descriptions of unusual happenings that the Baron has had the luck to see. Learn what happened on a sandbank on Lake Hannington. "Then a big crocodile, a 12-foot giant, crawls out, lies on his stomach, and opens his jaws. Suddenly a hippopotamus . . . quietly emerged on to the sand. He stood looking about him in the warm sun, then slowly approached the crocodile, which closed its jaws suddenly. The hippopotamus went right up to the crocodile and gave him one blow across the tail with his great head. The crocodile turned round and hissed at the insolent disturber of the peace; but the hippopotamus quietly took another step forward and, with a swiftness of which one would not have thought the clumsy beast capable, gave the giant crocodile a fresh blow with his head amidships which flung the monster, certainly 400lb. in weight, out into the lake like a pebble."

The book is by no means all about hunting. Everyone will enjoy the description of a tame lion cub, "the sweetest little creature in the world, soft and pleasant to hold, with four feeble little pegs which could hardly bear him across the floor—a little lion prince, only a few days old. The negro had found him behind a bush out in the country and had run home for dear life with him, desperately afraid lest the royal mother should come after him and give him a nip from behind."

Poor Kom—he had a happy, if short, life.

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the illustrations in *African Hunter* as I am about the text. An indifferent photo of two hippo misdescribed as "Rhino at play," and another taken apparently in India of a tame cheetah eating a blackbuck should never have been included.

The book is translated by Mr. F. H. Lyon and, so far as I can judge, the work could not have been better done.

Mountains of the Moon, by Mr. Patrick M. Synge, is of an entirely different type but with a great charm of its own. It gives a most interesting account of the British Museum (Natural History) expedition to study the flora of Ruwenzori.

The party made the ascent by the hitherto unused Nyamgasani Valley and were amazingly lucky in having a continuous period of fine weather on the "Rainy Mountain." Of course, they took the extremely sensible precaution of taking with them a local native who was known as the Rain Man of Ruwenzori. "From his wrist dangled the whistle which he blew to keep away the rain. We had no rain."

I wish the expedition had brought him back with them. He would have been an asset in this land.

Mr. Synge has succeeded in acclimatising, at his house in Surrey, several species of giant lobelias, everlastings and red-hot pokers that he collected on the mountain, and in an appendix to the book he tells us how they have fared. There is admittedly something to be said for his contention that the plant hunter's trophies are represented by plants living in his garden and growing in interest daily and those of a big game hunter by stuffed heads that change not.

Besides the Ruwenzori trip the author made extensive safaris on Elgon, Kenya, the Aberdares and the volcanoes of the Belgian Congo and visited a large part of the Rift Valley. He is a close, shrewd and accurate observer; and his comments are always to the point, though everyone may not share his views.

The book, which has two appendices and a map, is very fully illustrated with admirable photographs and delightful reproductions of the drawings of Mr. Stuart Somerville, the artist, who accompanied the expeditions. K. F. T. C.

African Hunter. By Baron von Blixen-Finecke. (Cassell; 12/6.)

Mountains of the Moon. By Patrick M. Synge. (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd.; 15/-.)

THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

THREE books come to us from country-lovers, extolling the charm of the particular choice in which they rejoice.

In *Cotswold Days*, Mr. Colin Howard gives an amusing and sympathetic record of the year spent in his cottage on the Cotswolds, chronicling the trivial round of the natives through the four seasons and maintaining our interest from beginning to end.

The more melancholy beauties of the moorlands are described in *Up Fell Down Dale*, the Yorkshire dales being the haunt chosen by Mr. L. F. Feaver. The author tells us his ornithological experiences in a way most instructive to the uninitiated, and his quotations from an eighteenth-century book on animals are most enlightening.

Mr. R. J. Walling adds to his literary lustre in *The Green Hills of England*, taking us from the North Downs to the Shropshire Hills, via the Quantocks, with lively anecdotes from our historic past, and giving the reader a gratifying sense of "being educated" as well as entertained. Those who have already traversed these delectable ranges will be stimulated to revisit their most favoured spots in the light of Mr. Walling's graphic word-pictures. I'm for Bramber! Passing through this village, Wilberforce stopped his chaise and inquired of the post-boy its name. On being told, he ejaculated: "Bramber, why that's the place I'm Member for." (But this was in Cobbett's time.) And, again, I'm for Longmynd, with the additional knowledge gained from the pamphlet published by James Nesbit in 1865. But what are two among so many? Read the book and make your own selection.

These books can be thoroughly recommended to lovers of England living in the Dominions; they would make acceptable reading for Christmas time, even though they should arouse a gnawing home-sickness. D. G.

Cotswold Days. By Colin Howard. (Blackie; 8/6.)

Up Fell Down Dale. By L. F. Feaver. (Duckworth; 6/-.)

The Green Hills of England. By R. J. Walling. (Blackie; 7/6.)

CRUISING UNDER SAIL

FOR most men inexperienced in anything bigger than an eighteen-footer rigged with a lug sail, let me say, the idea of owning and cruising single-handed in a yacht big enough to live on seems rather far fetched, yachting being one of those pastimes which is ineradically connected with large incomes and "house parties." But there are dozens of men who spend most of their week-ends on board a craft of their own, cruise—often to foreign climes—during their annual holiday, and do it all on an income no larger than the average professional man can command.

Mr. Cooke points out that small boats of four or five tons can be bought at a price which is not materially greater than a moderate-powered motor car, and that the cost of yachting, if managed with economy, need be no more than the running costs of a small car—say £40 to £50 a year. This, of course, is assuming that you do not need the services of a paid hand, and as he shrewdly suggests, most of a paid hand's duties consist of doing just those things which you much prefer to do yourself, apart perhaps from washing up and a few other rather irksome jobs. A five-tonner, in fact, is rather close quarters for housing a paid hand, and the beginner would do well to take the author's advice and learn to do all the jobs himself.

And he will find here most of what he wants to know about all the work which has to be done on a small yacht from sailing her to cooking a meal on her. But it is on the more important items of a yachtsman's education that Mr. Cooke is seen at his best. He discusses the type of boats which is most likely to meet an individual need—according to the type of water in which she will normally sail—in a manner which even the uninitiated can follow easily and with pleasure, provided he knows enough about sailing craft to understand seamen's terms, and has written a particularly informative chapter on "representative small cruisers" in which he gives measurements and sail plans of some half-dozen typical modern boats.

Probably the amateur, hesitating as to the possibility of adopting cruising as his own pastime, will find the chapter on seamanship, with its account of those most puzzling manœuvres to the novice—how to pick up or leave your moorings, they might be called—the most intriguing, but there is here pertinent, if brief, instruction on practically everything the novice wants to know, and I shall be much surprised if it does not add materially to the number of men who occupy their leisure, if not their business in great waters. H. D. T.

Small Yacht Cruising. By Francis B. Cooke. (Arnold; 15/- net.)

SERVANTS OF THE SADDLE

CAPTAIN BARTON'S book on light horses is so well written, so readable and instructive, that it should go far in stimulating the revived interest in the various breeds of horses, cobs and ponies for saddle work. The description of these alone, with the histories of some celebrated horses, render it worthy of a place on the book-shelves of any horse lover, and the chapters on the law in relation to horses and the veterinary notes make a special appeal to all that have horses under their care.

The illustrations are particularly good, and a valuable aid to beginners introduced to the study of conformation and the points of a horse, but the text is marred by a few mistakes in spelling. On page 136 albumenoids for albuminoids, on page 221 æstrus instead of œstrus, and on page 112 sides and not thighs must surely have been intended. With regard to the veterinary notes, it is noticed that the author upon several occasions advises the use of drugs not obtainable by the lay public except on a veterinary surgeon's certificate. C. G. S.

Light Horses and Light Horse Keeping. By F. Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S., late Captain R.A.V.C. (Jarrolds; 12/6.)

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BOLSKUMMEL

A MOORLAND NYMPH

The Twite is a Confiding Bird

By GUY B. FARRAR



THE HEN APPROACHING THE NEST

OF all the moorland birds I have watched and photographed, none gave me more pleasure than the confiding little twites depicted in these illustrations.

Unlike most of their companions they disdained the clumps of ling, the usual nesting sites of this particular colony, and chose instead a rocky ledge overhung by a large stone on the precipitous face of the hillside. The nest was composed of dead stems of wavy hair grass, with a soft lining of fitted hair and feathers. The whole structure had rather an untidy appearance due to the ends of the grass being left sticking out instead of being twisted into the fabric of the nest. This was probably due to the birds' inability to manipulate the stiff and wiry stems of the hair grass: I have seen a similar occurrence in the nest of a ring-ousel, especially when built in a loose stone wall.

I first met this little brown lady of the uplands on June 4th, when her nest contained five small eggs as blue as the summer sky. She exhibited all the characteristic fearlessness of the twite, allowing me to stand within a yard of her without showing the least sign of nervousness—she really was a most engaging little moorland nymph.

As the weather precluded any hope of photography on this particular day, we searched for and found the other nests of the colony—seven in all, one full of newly-hatched young, hideous little blue-grey gargoyles with enormous rose-pink mouths. The seven nests, six being in clumps of ling, covered hoping the light would improve. About ten minutes later a "twa-it" from a nearby stone announced the arrival of the male, a cheery little gentleman dressed in the same brown and buff plumage as his mate except for a rose-coloured patch on his rump, an ornament only visible when he opened his wings.

"Twa-it! Twa-it!" he called, but as his spouse took no notice he came hopping from stone to stone towards her.

Eventually reaching the stone under which the nest lay concealed, he peeped downwards to assure himself that all was well. The two birds made a perfectly charming picture—I cursed the mist most heartily.

After looking at the camera once or twice, the cock hopped down on the ledge and proceeded to feed the hen with a white paste composed of half-digested seeds, the mixture being injected down her throat rather like toothpaste squeezed from a tube.

When the cock had left the nest the hen fed each young in turn, a small portion of the white substance being propelled down each capacious pink mouth. She then collected the droppings, which she consumed without leaving the nest.

When I told this fact to a Lancashire naturalist, a man who has studied twites for over thirty years, he refused to believe it until, on my next visit, he saw with his own eyes the very occurrence.

One would have thought that the crop of a bird that feeds by regurgitation like a twite would be seriously contaminated by these droppings, especially as the young were fed at only ten-minute intervals when newly hatched. A week later meal times had become half-hourly affairs, the timing in both cases being most regular.

This eating of the excrement of the young in the twite seems to have escaped the notice of many Lancashire observers, but it is a fact that can easily be verified by continuous observation.

Another point on which most text-books err is in describing the twite's bill as yellow. In the nesting season, at any rate, the bill is an ivory white, a very noticeable feature even when seen from a distance.

If the young are handled immediately after being fed, their crops will show the seedy substance of their last meal through the naked skin; if they are examined again ten minutes later digestion will have taken place, the crop being then completely empty. The rate of digestion apparently controls the frequency of meal times, the older the young grow the slower their digestion works, necessitating a longer interval between meals.



THE HEN FEEDING THE YOUNG



THE COCK AT THE NEST

an area of perhaps an acre on the side of a North Lancashire fell, a distance of three or four miles separating this little colony from a somewhat similar one at the head of a clough on the opposite side of the valley. This colonising of special areas, often miles apart, is a characteristic of these Lancashire twites, each little community consisting of less than a dozen pairs. Year after year they return to the same area, almost to the same spot, to rear their young.

When next I visited the nests, about ten days later, I found my particular twite brooding five lusty young and so tame had she become that she allowed me to stroke her on the nest; at first biting my finger, but later seeming to regard the stroking as a delicate mark of attention. This period, when she could be handled, lasted only a few days, during which the young were closely brooded.

A thick mist enveloped the fells, but I erected my tripod and camera 3ft. from the nest without hide or concealment of any kind and waited,



SHE ALLOWED ME TO STROKE HER

During the periods I had these twites under observation the cock only once fed the young himself, but he frequently called the hen off the nest, feeding her on a nearby stone, she fluttering her wings like a young bird.

The Lancashire fells still have their twite population in the winter months when small flocks congregate to feed on the seeds of molenia grass with which the moors abound. Whether they are the same birds that delight us at nesting-time, or are migrants from more northerly lands, is a problem that can only be solved by ringing the young on an extensive scale, but the fact remains that Lancashire fells are never without these charming moorland nymphs.

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By

ERIC PARKER

Preface by Lord Desborough

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Large Expansion in Turnover

Presiding at the second ordinary general meeting of Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, Ltd., on November 15th, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S. (the Chairman), said in the course of his address: At our last annual meeting I forecast that the profit for the year just ended should be higher, and my forecast has been justified. Our revenue amounts to £783,437, from which have been deducted income tax and National Defence Contribution, directors' fees, administration and other charges, and bank interest, leaving a balance of £573,195. There has been paid or provided for dividends, less tax, on the 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares, £52,917, and an interim dividend of 15 per cent., less tax, on the ordinary shares amounted to £163,447.

The directors recommend a final dividend on the ordinary shares of 17½ per cent., with a cash bonus of 10 per cent., both less tax, leaving £62,789 to be carried forward.

Your subsidiary companies have experienced a satisfactory year, and turnover shows increase in every case.

This company now owns the ordinary share capital of Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., with the exception of 150 shares. Your directors propose to make an offer to the holders of the 344,166 outstanding 5 per cent. redeemable preference shares of £1 each in Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., to exchange into an equal number of 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each in this company, or to purchase them for cash.

Progress in Excess of Anticipation

Progress has been in excess of anticipation. The troubles in Spain and the Far East have shown in no uncertain manner the swift and appalling potentialities of the air arm, and it requires little imagination to visualise what might happen in this country if we were faced with a relentless enemy fully equipped with bombing and fighting aircraft. I believe the Government realises the necessity of maintaining a standard of first line and reserve material of such dimensions as will cause any possible aggressor to hesitate. The establishments controlled by your company are equipped to take their share of responsibility in this task and are contributing in a marked degree to what might be known as the "security Campaign."

Expansion on the Commercial Side

At the same time, our purely commercial side is not only maintained but is expanding. The recent motor show proved the continued interest in and demand for the Armstrong Siddeley motor car, and the improvements which have been effected in this direction should show beneficial results during the current year.

The "Air University," as I would describe our organisation of "Air Service Training," continues to progress. This establishment, which is unique as being the only organisation catering for all descriptions of aerial training, is situated at Hamble, and during the past year more modern equipment has been added, and the buildings and personnel extended.

Our export business has improved during the last year. We realise the importance of the export market not only from our own but from the national point of view, and where compatible with the exigencies of the situation, the Air Ministry and Department of Overseas Trade have willingly given facilities and assistance which we greatly appreciate.

Provision of Additional Capital

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As regards the outlook we have every justification for anticipating further expansion in all departments during the current year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

THOSE WATER HAZARDS

Golfing Puzzles Set by Course Architects

By E. R. TIPPLE

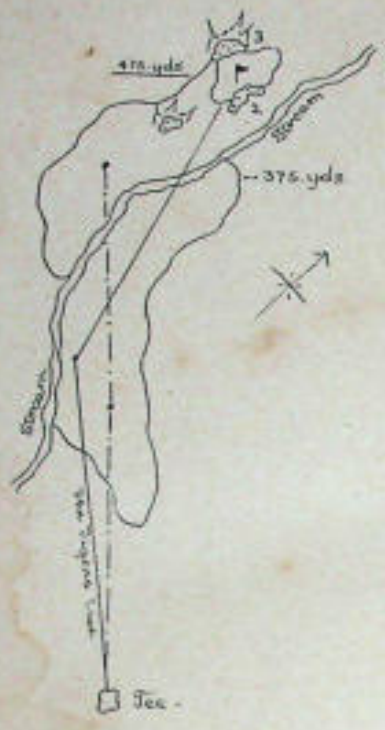


Fig. 1
No. 17 on the San Isidoro G.C., designed by the late Dr. Mackenzie

WHERE streams or lakes are a feature of a course the designer of holes is given full play for his inventive genius. They are not only artistic, but provide hazards which intimidate the player. When the golfer finds his ball in a stream he knows that the full penalty has to be paid and that means, generally speaking, two shots.

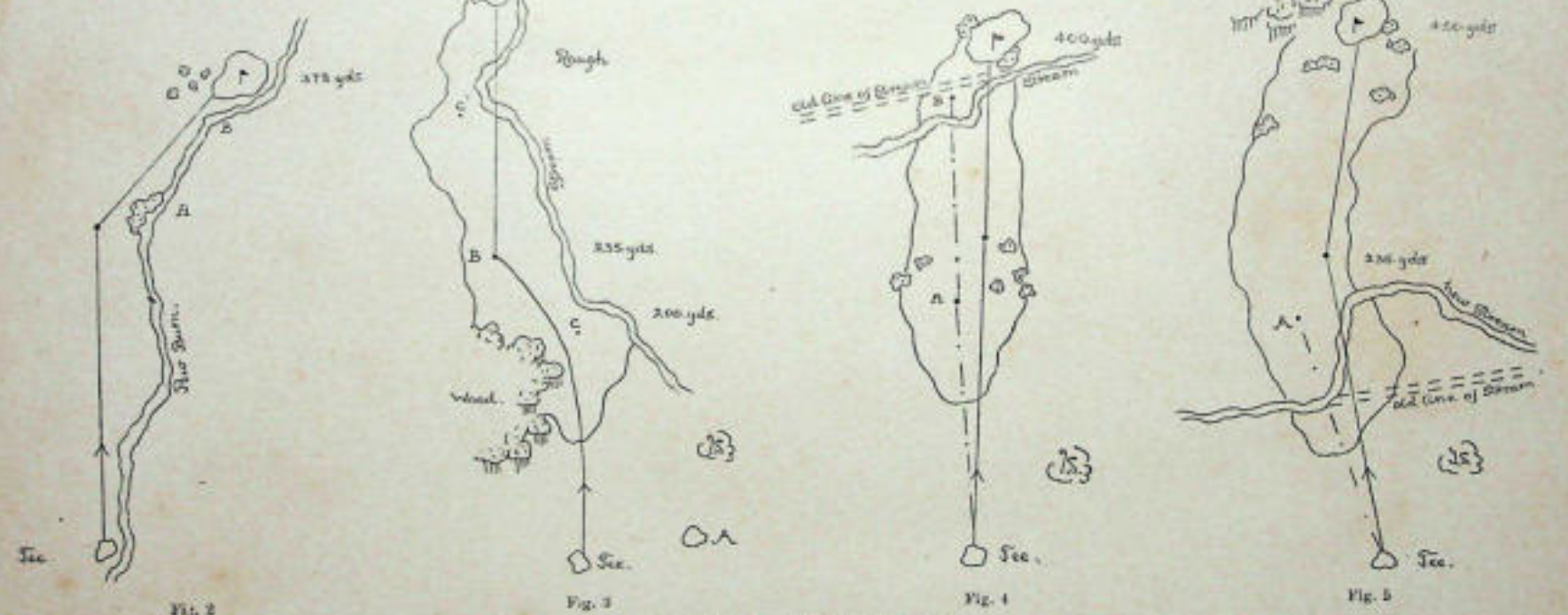
The short tenth at Worplesdon and the sixteenth at Stoke Poges both make pretty pictures. They second shot. It always sets a problem for the short driver. The famous Swilcan Burn at St. Andrews to some may be just "a dirty ditch"—a phrase which makes any loyalist shudder—but to others it is a terrifying obstacle. The architect may not like it, but it certainly makes the first hole awkward.

There can be no doubt, then, that water hazards of all kinds puzzle golfers and frequently leave them undecided as regards the shot to be played; a frame of mind which delights the architect. For a stream to have strategic value it is necessary to orientate the fairway or the putting green to the stream, in such a fashion that the latter is in échelon to the shot to be played. This essential feature is depicted in the accompanying sketches, which have been drawn for the *Field* by Mr. T. Simpson.

Fig. 1 shows the seventeenth hole at San Isidoro, designed by the late Dr. Mackenzie. This provides one of the finest examples imaginable of clever use of water. The stream is diagonal in character, and in addition forms a cross hazard. The tee-shot has to be played as near it as possible in order to be well-placed for the second, because of the orientation of the green and the positions of bunker No. 2. As requisite for his purpose. As Mr. Simpson says, "this hole from the start is mischievous, subtle and provocative."

In designing the eleventh at Villard de Lans, Mr. Simpson has not only used the stream as a flanking hazard but also as a cross-hazard and, in addition, he has placed the tee with unusual cunning. If the tee were to be placed at A the hole would be nothing like as good for the shot would be comparatively simple. The wood juts out into the line of play, and if the Tiger wishes to play on the direct line he is forced to carry it, or hook round it if he prefers, simply because there is no room for him on the right. The carry is about 200yds., which is well within his capabilities. The medium player and the long handicap man go as near as they dare to the turn of the brook at C with the drive, and then with the second creep up to C 1, where the fairway is very narrow. If they attack the hole in any other way they are doomed. It measures 465yds., so that they must not expect to reach the green in two shots. If they expect to do so then the local handicapping committee should take action!

Figs. 4 and 5 illustrate how streams have been diverted from their natural course so as to improve the design of the holes. I was at Woking recently watching the work that is now being carried out, and if I had not known it, would never have thought that the natural lie of the stream had been changed. That is a tribute to wonderful artificial construction. The stream bisects the fairway at the sixth (Fig. 4), and, as indicated, formerly forced the medium golfer to play short with his second shot. He had no alternative. To be safe he had to be well short of it, consequently the shot lacked character. Mr. Simpson diverted the stream, as shown on the plan, and now the ordinary golfer has the opportunity of carrying the stream to a point at B which



FOUR EXAMPLES OF WATER HAZARDS
From left to right: No. 4 hole at Prestwick, No. 11 at Villard de Lans G. C., and numbers 6 and 8 at Woking

may not be perfect examples of good one-shot holes, but they do provide each golfer with a thrilling tee shot. Short of the green lies a lake from which there is no possible recovery. If the water were not there each hole would be simple.

At Pine Valley, considered by many to be the most difficult course in the world, you have to negotiate several water hazards. Indeed, the Americans are very fond of this kind of obstacle. The short fourteenth at Pine Valley is surrounded by water on three sides, with the railway on the fourth. The green is the only safe spot. There is no escape, and well the player knows it! The drive to the next hole, which stretches into the far distance, is over the lake, a carry of quite 190yds. Those who cannot make it just walk round and drop their ball on the fairway. But this type of planning is, I think, going to the extreme, and is too arbitrary.

Even streams that merely bisect fairways, and which are usually dull and uninteresting to the expert, make the handicap player think. The famous Canal hole at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, would just become a straight, long hole without the water hazard, which must be carried with the a cross-hazard the stream provides a very interesting feature for the medium and long handicap player's second shot. The drive does not worry them at all, but after that they have to decide where they will carry the stream. The further to the north they go the easier will be the approach to the green. As can be seen, the centre of the fairway is of very little use to the Tiger. If he does not place his drive in the correct spot the alignment of the bunkers 2 and 3, guarding the green, make his second, if not quite impossible, certainly extremely awkward. It should also be noted that there are only three bunkers on the hole, one of them in the fairway. This extreme economy is, of course, a characteristic feature of all really great holes.

The stream at the fourth hole at Prestwick is diagonal all the way, and, as it were, "lives with both shots," on the right in each case. If he is not to be inconvenienced by the group of bunkers on the left of the green the player must keep close to the stream and the bunker A. The diabolical feature of this hole is the inward bend of the stream at B. If this bend were absent, the hole would be without any real interest. This shows that the architect must never hesitate to divert or widen a stream when it does not possess all the character is well within his range. He is thus able to be nearer the green, and find himself better placed for his approach. Here is a case where the ordinary player has been considered and his requirements satisfied.

The eighth hole at Woking (Fig. 5) is a long two-shotter for the Tiger, but to reach the green in two he has to take a risk and keep to the right, going for the long carry. The course of the stream, as can be seen, has been drastically changed. Instead of just going directly across the fairway it now lives with the Tiger's drive. The carry for the medium player presents no difficulty providing he takes the line A. With his second he keeps slightly to the left, and then on with a chip. But the whole interest of the hole is centred round the stream. Two, at least, of the fairway bunkers are useless.

These examples of water-hazards, some of which were there before golf was thought of, others which have been adapted by the architect, provide excellent examples of sound, strategic design. They not only add to the artistic beauty of the courses, but provide interesting problems for the golfers to solve according to their qualifications. No player can wish for more than that.

The Country House

WINTER SALADS

How to Keep a Supply of Chicory

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

SALADS are now as popular in winter as in summer, doubtless owing to the fact that "a large salad" figures as the most important course for lunch in at least two well-known and widely followed diets.

It often strikes me as curious that finely grated raw Carrots, Turnips, Beet, &c., are not more commonly used in winter. Raw roots are more digestible than cooked. The first named are particularly good and full of juice. And mixed raw grated roots, served on individual small Lettuce leaves, covered with a mayonnaise sauce, look most attractive. The roots should be scrubbed, but not peeled. In all vegetables the most valuable salts are in and just beneath the skin, and peeling is therefore merely foolish waste. If finely grated the fact that the roots have not been peeled is not even noticeable.

I think most people would list Chicory, Endive, Beet, Celery, Celeriac and Mustard and Cress as the best winter salads, and in parts that are mild enough to grow Lettuces out of doors these afford the most delicate green salading. Lettuces grown under glass never seem to have the same flavour. Savoys are unduly neglected as green salading. They are by far the most tender of the Cabbage tribe, and to my thinking the inner leaves are delicious raw and decidedly preferable to Lettuce in winter.

Although so long cultivated on the Continent, it is only during the last century that Chicory has been grown to any extent in our gardens and even now it cannot be described as a popular vegetable. Chicory is not even mentioned in English eighteenth century gardening books. Loudon in his *Encyclopædia of Gardening* (1824) says it was commonly grown in barrels pierced with holes on board ships to afford salading. From November onwards forced Chicory is invaluable. Chicory raised for commercial purposes is forced by very complicated methods, but even in a small house it is possible to keep up a supply of Chicory through the winter with very little trouble. All that is necessary is to lift as many roots at a time as will fill a largish wooden box or even an 8in. pot. Be very careful in lifting not to injure the roots. Cut off the tops just above the crowns, and cram the roots into the box or pot as tightly as they will pack, the crowns uppermost, and fill up to the crowns with light and fairly moist soil or leaf-mould. Do not water till the plants begin to flag, which should not be for a month. To keep the roots in the dark is of the utmost importance, and consequently wherever they are stored they must be covered with another box with a few small holes bored in it. In a kitchen, where there is a cooker that maintains an even temperature night and day, a place under the kitchen dresser is ideal. A fairly warm cellar is a suitable place for forcing. In heat, *i.e.* 50 degrees or more, the leaves will be ready in about a fortnight; in a cellar or any frost-proof warmish place, a month. In complete darkness the leaves are creamy white, but if at all exposed to light the leaves will not be this attractive colour, nor will they be so crisp and well flavoured. The leaves are fit to eat when they are 9in. long, and they should never be cut, but broken off. Never water Chicory unless necessary. A supply of salading can be maintained till May. The first crop is the best, the second crop of leaves being rather small but quite worth gathering, for in January green saladings are scarce. After the second cutting the roots are worthless. In this country Witloof (literally "white leaf") is the most popular type, but in France the variety known as Barbe de Capucin is the most commonly cultivated. It produces a loose top of rather slender leaves.

Endive has been cultivated from time immemorial. Both Endive and Chicory were probably amongst the bitter herbs used by the Israelites. Ovid mentions Endive as a salad plant. The date of its introduction into this country is unknown, but it may have been introduced by the Romans and lost to cultivation after the withdrawal of the legions. It is first mentioned by Turner; and it was evidently commonly cultivated in the early years of the sixteenth century, for it is listed in Lawson's *Country Housewife's Garden* (1618). Parkinson in his *Paradisus* mentions both the smooth and the curled kinds and observes that they "were much used in winter as a sallet herbe with great delight; but the curled Endive is both farre the fairer and the tenderer for that purpose."

For autumn supplies the simplest method of blanching is to cover each plant with a flower-pot, putting a tile or large stone on each hole to ensure complete darkness. In autumn and winter it takes roughly a month to blanch Endive. In winter the best way is either to lift the plants in succession and plant closely in boxes of soil, covering with boxes of the same size to exclude light and keeping them in a cellar till blanched, or planting closely in a cold frame and covering with hay, keeping the frames closed except in fine weather. Or plants can be heeled in at the foot of a wall and covered thickly with leaves. Once blanched, Endive must be used quickly as it soon decays.

Celeriac has long been popular on the Continent, but it does not seem to have been introduced into this country till the eighteenth century. Even now it is not commonly grown, in spite of its good flavour, the ease with which it can be cultivated and its good keeping qualities. Only one kind is listed by our seedsmen, but on the Continent about half a dozen are catalogued by the leading firms. In appearance Celeriac is rather like a Turnip, only rougher. Well-grown roots weigh about 4lb. Celeriac takes as long as Beet to cook, and cut in slices it is an excellent addition to the salad bowl. Celeriac left in the ground is very much nuttier in flavour than Celeriac that has been stored, and in the south it is only necessary to cover the plants with bracken or litter, after drawing the soil well up to cover the bulbs.

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C.F.H.

MANURING FRUIT TREES IN THE AUTUMN AND THE NEW YEAR

"A great deal of experimental work has been done during the last few years"

THE whole question of the manuring of fruit trees is one on which a great deal of experimental work has been done during the last few years. Fruit-growers ought indeed to be grateful to Dr. T. Wallace, of the Long Ashton Research Station, for the tremendous amount of energy he has put into the work of fruit tree manuring.



THE ORCHARD IN WINTER MAY LOOK BARE AND RATHER UNTIDY—

It is obviously a difficult subject to discuss, for it is almost impossible to isolate manuring from the many other factors which have an effect on the nutrition of the tree. There is the question of soil; the effect of climate; the way the grower himself carries out the pruning and spraying operations—all these make a difference and have to be borne in mind.

Apart from the environmental factors there is always the question of the material itself. What is the variety or kind of fruit that you are growing—on what root stock was the particular tree grafted—what is the age of the tree? It is fairly obvious that the older a tree becomes the greater is its need for nitrogenous manure.

A young tree makes plenty of wood on its own and may not need nitrogenous fertilisers in consequence. The same kind of thing holds good with root stocks. A tree grafted or budded on to a vigorous root stock will grow vigorously of its own accord without the aid of large quantities of manure. On the other hand a tree worked on a dwarfing root stock may produce quantities of fruit bud at the expense of the wood and therefore requires more manure—that is, of course, if a big tree is required.

The fruit-grower can learn much from the tree itself. If, for instance, the leaves of the tree are yellowish in colour or turn prematurely a yellowish green then it is likely that the tree is suffering from nitrogen starvation. If on the other hand the edges of the leaf are brown—a condition which is usually known as leaf scorch—then it may be imagined that there is a tendency to potash shortage. In the same way, if the fruit is examined, a deficiency of nitrogen tends to give high colour and to increase the keeping qualities of the fruit, while a deficiency of potash generally gives an immature appearance to the fruit and renders it abnormally sweet in flavour.

To be successful the fruit-grower should see that his manurial system is properly balanced; for instance, if it is necessary to give a heavy dressing of nitrogen to apple trees, then the proportion of potash that is to be given or obtained from the soil should be equally high. If fruit-growers would only learn this important fact, there would be far fewer "injured" trees in the country than there are to-day. It is, in fact, just as dangerous to overfeed a tree with a particular manure as it is to starve that particular tree altogether.

For years fruit-growers ran pigs in the orchard and thus overfed their trees with nitrogen. Undersized fruit resulted, leaf scorch took place, as well as another typical danger sign, backward defoliation. If pigs have to be used for some reason or another sulphate of potash should be applied and any other form of nitrogenous dressing withheld at all costs.

Trees growing in grass are very often starved of nitrogen, and in this case it is necessary to feed the grass with nitrogen, not only for the benefit of the tree itself but so that the herbage may be good also. Grass takes up a tremendous amount of nitrogen, and those who are growing their trees on the orchard principle should always remember this. Under no circumstances should hay be made and be carted off, and where it is not convenient to graze, the grass should be cut three or four times in a season and be left lying about to rot in. In order to help the grass to rot down calcium cyanamide may be applied at the rate of 2cwt. or 3cwt. to the acre. This not only adds nitrogen and helps in the rotting, but provides the necessary lime as well.

It would seem from experimental work, that the main requirements of apples are the correct balance of nitrogen and potash. It is doubtful whether heavy dressings of organic matter are really necessary, though Dr. Roach's latest work may show that organic matter plays some part. At the present time, then, it is advisable to apply sulphate of potash every year at the rate of 2cwt. per acre and superphosphate as an insurance every five years, using a similar dressing.

In addition, nitrogen may be applied in January or early February, where it is thought necessary to plump up fruit buds for the following year. If nitrogen is applied as early as this, then it feeds the whorls of leaves surrounding that year's fruit buds and so builds up the fruit bed for the following season. A grower then should examine his trees and see whether there is likely to be a heavy crop or no, and if he thinks there is he may give nitrogen at 2cwt. per acre on arable land and up to 8cwt. per acre for grassland, particularly in the case of Bramley Seedling. Dessert apples should not be given such heavy dressings as culinary varieties and the spur-pruned tree will need less nitrogen than the lightly pruned one.

If, however, by reason of its lack of fruit buds a tree looks like having an off year, then no early nitrogen need be given. JOHNSON MOORE.



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MEAT PRODUCTION AND TRADE

An Analysis of the World Situation

THE decline in the total amount of meat entering world trade which had been in evidence since 1931 was apparently checked in 1936, according to the latest report on meat, just published by the Imperial Economic Committee (H.M. Stationery Office; 2/6 net). Beef exports were heavier than in 1935, mutton and lamb declined, and pig meat showed little change. The Empire continues to figure as a net importer of all meats, but the import balance was again reduced last year, while production in the United Kingdom itself continued the upward trend of recent years.

World production and consumption of beef cannot yet be determined in respect of 1936, but probably exceeded the previous peak reached about 1925–26; the quantity entering international trade rose to the highest figure since 1931. Imports into the United Kingdom also increased, but the proportion of world shipments taken by the United Kingdom, which had increased from 73 per cent. in 1930 to 89 per cent. in 1935, declined very slightly last year due to a revival in German imports. The share of Empire countries in the beef imports of the United Kingdom increased from 19 per cent. in 1930 to 23 per cent. in 1936. The production of beef and veal in Great Britain increased by over 1,500,000cwt. between 1930 and 1936, and in the latter year comprised just under one-half of total supplies, or about the same as in 1935, and a greater proportion than in any other recent year. The apparent consumption of beef per head in Great Britain, which had declined from 70lb. to 63lb. between 1926 and 1932, has increased annually since and returned to 70lb. in 1936.

World exports of mutton and lamb were reduced further in 1936 to the smallest figure since 1929, and imports into the United Kingdom also declined although still accounting for 95 per cent. of total world shipments. About 80 per cent. of exports of mutton and lamb to the United Kingdom in 1936 came from Empire countries, as against 64 per cent. in 1930, and the figures show the growing importance of lamb at the expense of mutton. Production in Great Britain was less than in any year since 1931, while the *per caput* consumption of mutton and lamb, which, in contradistinction to beef, had risen steadily for a number of years to a peak of nearly 33lb. in 1933, declined to under 30lb. last year.

The year 1936 witnessed the reversal of a marked downward movement in pig meat production, but present tendencies suggest that production in Europe in 1937–38 will decline, while in 1938 the United States will show a recovery from recent low levels. International trade in pig meat is dominated by the movement of bacon and hams to the United Kingdom, which declined by some 5,000,000cwt. between 1932 and 1936; Denmark supplies about half of all imports, but the share of Empire countries has grown from under 5 per cent. in 1932 to 26 per cent. in 1936. About 80 per cent. of the imports of pork in 1936 were from Empire countries. The output of pig meat in the United Kingdom in 1936 was the largest ever recorded and accounted for over 50 per cent. of total supplies, compared with an average of 40 per cent. in the preceding five years. The apparent consumption of pig meat, however, was equal to 44lb. per head, or the same as ten years earlier and 6lb. below the peak reached in 1932.

In discussing prices the report shows that the long downward trend in the price of home-produced beef was reversed in 1936, and imported beef was unchanged; all descriptions have advanced in 1937. Following a drastic decline up to 1932, prices of mutton and lamb recovered appreciably. Quotations were reduced in 1936, but have been at a higher level this year. Prices for both bacon and pork in the United Kingdom in 1936 were slightly higher than in 1935 and have advanced further in 1937.

SEED POTATOES

POTATO growers who are considering the purchase of seed for next year's planting should obtain the leaflet on seed potatoes which the National Institute of Agricultural Botany issues free of charge direct to farmers or through the county agricultural authorities.

Despite the encouragement given to potato breeding by the Ministry of Agriculture and the Scottish and Irish Departments of Agriculture for many years, over 90 per cent. of the potato acreage grown in Great Britain is still planted with varieties which have been on the market for more than twenty years. Allowing for the reluctance of the growers to discard those varieties with whose qualities they are familiar, they could in most cases grow some of the newer varieties with benefit. A number of the old varieties are susceptible to wart disease and possess other faults, such as poor shape, indifferent cooking quality, and proneness to second-growth. On the other hand the new varieties are immune from wart disease and are only recommended after careful trial.

In the first-early class Arran Pilot is confidently recommended as a substitute for Ninetyfold, Epicure, Duke of York and Sharpe's Express in many districts. It is an early bulker, the tubers are of excellent kidney shape and not prone to cracking or second-growth, the flesh and skin are white, the eyes shallow and the cooking quality good. It is, however, somewhat susceptible to virus diseases and it is essential to obtain healthy seed. To maintain healthy stocks in England, growers should obtain details of the work carried out by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany at Ormskirk on the production of reasonably virus-free seed in Lancashire.

Doon Early is recommended as a substitute for Epicure. It is a blunt-oval in shape, bulking several days earlier than any other variety in commerce, and is an eminently suitable variety to grow for the opening of the first-early trade in Great Britain.

The second-early or mid-season class is now filled with those varieties which also serve as mainecrops or winter potatoes, *e.g.*, Majestic, King Edward and Arran Banner. The search for improved substitutes for King Edward and Majestic is still in progress.

Gladstone, a variety similar to King Edward in maturity, colour and shape of tubers, has recently been grown with considerable success in many districts. The quality is at least equal to that of King Edward.

Redskin is suggested as a substitute in districts where Kerr's Pink is grown. The tubers are similar in shape to those of Kerr's Pink, though the eyes are more shallow. Its cropping power and cooking quality are good, and it has the advantage of maturing some three weeks earlier. Unlike Kerr's Pink, it is not subject to second-growth.

Arran Signet produces a heavy crop of excellent shaped kidney tubers and matures about the same time as Majestic.

Dunbar Standard is a late mainecrop which produces a heavy crop of white kidney tubers of excellent quality.

Arran Cairn is another late mainecrop which produces a very heavy crop of white kidney tubers of good quality.

It is earnestly suggested that growers plant at least small quantities of some of the newer kinds so that they can test for themselves the value of the recommendations made.

The certificates issued for growing crops of potatoes by the Department of Agriculture for Scotland are a reliable guide to the standard of health of the purchased seed, and growers should be familiar with the different grades.

S.S. or Stock Seed certificates refer to a super grade which should be reserved exclusively for the production of seed.

T.S. (A) certificates (for immune varieties) and N.I. (A) certificates (for non-immune varieties) are given to growing crops which are 99.5 per cent. true to type and which contain not more than 1 per cent. of the virus or crop-reducing diseases such as leaf-roll and mosaic.

T.S. (H) certificates (for immune varieties) and N.I. (H) certificates (for non-immune varieties) are given to growing crops which are 99.5 per cent. true to type and which contain not more than 3 per cent. of virus diseases.

C.L. certificates refer to crops not certified as to purity and health, and merely indicate that the crop was grown a mile from the nearest case of wart disease.

The Ministry of Agriculture for Northern Ireland issues stock seed certificates for super-grade stocks which should be reserved exclusively for the production of seed. Stocks are also certified as pure to type and suitable for seed, and although no definite standard of health is given, the greatest importance is attached to the absence of virus diseases in the certified stocks.

The conditions of certification of growing crops in the Irish Free State are very severe and likewise afford a valuable safeguard to the English grower.

T.S. and C.L. certificates are issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries with the object of arresting the spread of wart disease in England and Wales, but otherwise they have no bearing on the health of the stocks.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE

THE Anglo-Argentine Press Bureau issues the following statement:

In a question addressed to the Minister of Agriculture on Monday (November 15th) by Sir Percy Hurd on the subject of foot and mouth disease it was alleged that the evidence goes to show that one of the major sources of infection are the marrow bones of Argentine meat. This allegation has also been recently made in statements published in the Press.

There is no foundation whatever for the assumption. On the contrary, the available evidence goes to refute the theory.

Many suggestions as to the origin of the disease have been advanced from time to time, and this is only one among many which have been carefully investigated. The following are the facts as ascertained from official and authoritative sources:

1. The Ministry of Agriculture have made searching investigation of the bones of Argentine beef, but have never been able to detect the presence of the foot and mouth virus in the marrow.

2. Periodical visits of inspection have been made by officials from various countries to Argentina and their reports have always stated that the methods employed to prevent any spread of infection from foot and mouth disease to other countries through exported meat have given them complete satisfaction. Reports to this effect have been made by, among others, Lord Bledisloe and the late Sir Stewart Stockman, chief veterinary officer to the Ministry of Agriculture. The Ministry of Agriculture have in addition recently sent two representatives, Mr. Frood and Captain Boyle, to observe Argentine methods designed to eliminate any possibility of transmitting infection through exported carcases. Captain Boyle is at present on his way back from Argentina.

3. Before leaving Argentine estancias for the frigorificos from which they are shipped to this country, all cattle are examined by veterinary experts and certified free from foot and mouth disease. They are again inspected at the frigorificos. On the slightest suspicion of infection the entire herd of which the infected beast forms part is refused certification for export.

4. As a further precautionary measure against infection from all meat imported from whatsoever source, the Ministry of Agriculture have issued two orders:

(*a*) Swill fed to swine which contains bones of imported meat must be boiled before distribution.

(*b*) Cloth in which imported meat has been wrapped must not be used again in this country for any other purpose.

5. Foot and mouth disease is most prevalent in cattle and sheep of whose diet meat refuse forms no part, and in areas where the meat eaten is locally killed.

So far from the evidence suggesting that the present epidemic has been conveyed across the Atlantic, all the indications point to the Continent of Europe as the place of origin. The outbreaks have started in the region between Lincolnshire and Sussex, following a widespread epidemic on the Continent. The disease may have been transmitted by starlings or may have been carried in Continental bacon or other farm produce, or in any one of a hundred different ways. It would seem superfluous to seek further for the cause of the epidemic. Certainly the precautionary measures taken in the case of Argentine meat are far more thorough than those employed in regard to European produce.



AMID THE LAST LEAVES OF AUTUMN: A 3½-LITRE BENTLEY, WITH BARKER BODY IN SAVERNAKE FOREST

REALLY SMOOTH AND QUIET RUNNING

The Value of "Balanced Drive" in the Armstrong Siddeley

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(First to achieve 300 m.p.h. on land, and holder of the Water Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

OVER a period of years the Armstrong Siddeley Company have concentrated their entire energies on producing a luxury type of vehicle to appeal to that section of the car-buying public who regard smooth running, silence and comfort of paramount importance. So successful have their efforts proved in that direction that to-day the factory has gained a reputation that might well be envied by its competitors.

It will no doubt be remembered that about ten years ago Armstrong Siddeleys first introduced the pre-selective gearbox, and they have consistently employed this type of change speed gear ever since that time.

Although the new season's models have been improved in many directions, the principal innovation for 1938 is the introduction of what is called "balanced drive."

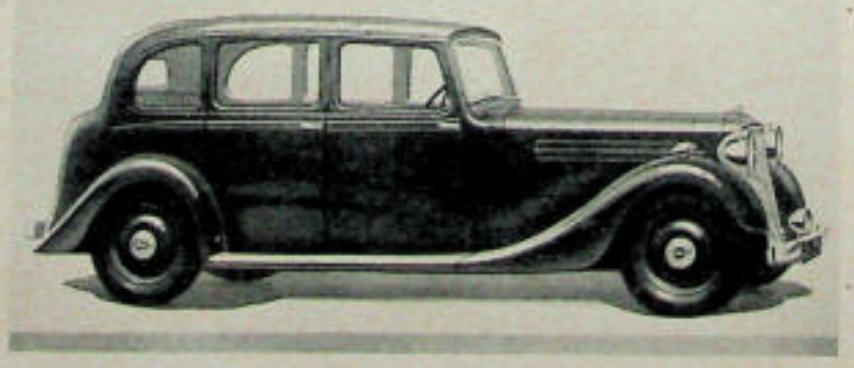
In the past, the engine and the gearbox have been separately mounted in the frame, but when rubber engine mountings were universally adopted by manufacturers it became necessary to employ the same device for the gearbox, but when this was done, with two separate units so mounted, difficulties arose. It has now been found that by making the transmission unit an integral part of the engine assembly these difficulties have been overcome. Previously a fly-wheel has been employed, but this has now been abolished, and, instead, the rotating members of the gearbox, the starter ring and the centrifugal clutch take its place. By adopting this practice the flywheel effect of this mass rotating is concentrated close to the propeller shaft, and, consequently, it enables that shaft to be driven under conditions which more nearly approach angular velocity, which in turn means a considerable elimination of torsional vibration and roughness.

Although Armstrong Siddeley cars in the past have been noted for their smooth running qualities, the new model now possesses this characteristic to a very marked degree, and the advance made in this direction is most noteworthy.

All the new cars are now fitted with the centrifugal clutch, which is a point glide forward with a complete absence of jerks or jars.

Now that our streets are becoming so congested, which calls for repeated stopping and starting, a smooth engagement is becoming essential, and apart from adding greatly to the comfort of passengers, reduces chassis and transmission wear to a minimum.

The new cars have not been materially altered for 1938, the principal improvements being limited to refinements. With the object of re-



THE 25 H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY TOURING SALOON, PRICED AT £575

worthy of particular mention. This clutch has been primarily designed for use in traffic, but it is just as effective at any time. Its adoption simplifies driving to a tremendous extent, since the car can be pulled up by merely using the brake, it not being necessary to withdraw the clutch. As soon as the traffic moves on again, even if top speed is still engaged, the car, when the throttle is opened, will

ducing exhaust noises a new triple silencer is now fitted, and new rubber mountings to the engine are employed to assist still further the smooth running of the power unit. The car which I recently took out for a test run was the six-cylinder 25 h.p. model, fitted with what is termed the "Touring Saloon" body. The engine size has not been altered, the bore and stroke being 82.5 mm. and 114 mm. respectively, the cubic capacity 3,670 c.c. and the annual tax £19 10s. An S.U. special downdraught carburettor is now employed, and a modified air cleaner and intake silencer, all with a view to obtaining the maximum amount of silence.

I have no hesitation in saying that the road performance of this new car is most creditable. Anyone who has had previous experience with Armstrong Siddeley cars cannot fail to be impressed with the degree of silence and smooth running which is now obtained. The engine has ample power, and the acceleration is extraordinarily good for a vehicle of this type. So far as maximum speed is concerned, the car is capable of exceeding 80 m.p.h. comfortably with full load, and will do over 60 m.p.h. on its third gear.

The road holding and suspension is excellent, and the brakes are very powerful; the only criticism I can make is in regard to the steering, which is geared rather low, but I am told that this is being altered. The coachwork is comfortable, with ample leg and head room to both front and rear seats, and the general finish of the chassis and body is of the very highest order, which is a principle which has always been adopted by the company.

There is a very wide selection of different types of coachwork to choose from, the Atlanta four-door saloon possessing particularly attractive lines. The Town and Country Saloon, listed at £595, has a most ingenious arrangement whereby the front seat can be adjusted, even though it is fitted with a drop winding glass partition. This fitting must, therefore, appeal to the owner who keeps a chauffeur, but who may drive his vehicle during the week-ends. Nearly every car that I have ever seen which has a division has a front seat so placed that the driver is cramped for room, the coachbuilders adopting this practice to afford maximum accommodation for the rear seats; in this instance the seat is adjustable, and the snag is eliminated.

The Armstrong Siddeley range of vehicles for 1938 should certainly appeal to the discriminating motorist, who requires a car with individuality, that affords really smooth and quiet running, yet withal one that has a good performance.

PRIVATE FLYING'S MOST KNOTTY PROBLEM

How Far Should Freedom of Action Be Restricted?

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

IN some quarters the old question of whether Governments should, either individually or by common agreement, have some powers of control over flying enterprises has been raised by the regrettable death of the Indian pilot Mr. Govind P. Nair near Dieppe at the very start of his projected two-way flight across the South and North Atlantic Oceans. For this was no case of an experienced aviator, well aware of the dangers and well equipped in knowledge and experience; the pilot was in fact relatively inexperienced and the machine he was flying was, it seemed, unfamiliar to him.

Very difficult matters are involved in this question, which has been discussed for many years and which appears no nearer final solution than ever it was. Those who advocate control urge that two factors should be considered paramount: one, the safety of the pilot himself; the other, the utility of the flight and the danger involved. In the first place, it is contended that if there is reason to believe that the pilot is ill-equipped either personally or materially, powers of restriction should be exercised in his own interest; in the second, that there is no point in making flights whose practical value and interest is small. In this particular instance, the pilot proposed to cross westward over the South Atlantic and complete the round trip over the North Atlantic; commercial services already operate over the former, and the latter has been the subject of joint Anglo-American experiments during the summer months.

Against these views is the strong argument that a man who owns his machine and has the necessary licences (which, in a sense, are an official recognition of a certain standard of flying ability) cannot rightfully be debarred from using himself and his machine in any manner that seems reasonable to him. If he cares to take risks that seem unwarrantable to more cautious minds, the responsibility is his own and no one else's. Supporters of this freedom school of thought allege, with some truth, that if powers of prohibition had existed, many of the fine flights that now form part of aviation history would never have been permitted—Miss Amy Johnson's first flight to Australia, for example.

The problem is obviously one that lends itself to no simple, clear-cut solution. Too many variables are involved. At the same time, there can be no doubt that an attempted long-distance flight over a route served by commercial services may, if it fails spectacularly, do harm to aviation generally. In the present stage of progress and large-scale experiment, such set-backs are to be avoided. It is, however, worth remarking that the merely foolhardy flight is now a comparative rarity, and that most pilots recognise their responsibilities. To this extent, then, the case for powers of prohibition, if it ever existed strongly, seems to have been weakened. Moreover, the record of the airways is so impressive, and the public generally is beginning to realise that a mishap to a small single-engined machine is not comparable to the failure, say, of an Empire flying-boat, the former now having perhaps little more effect on the general standing of aviation than the loss of a 50-ton cutter on an attempted Atlantic crossing would have on the regular steamship services.

But behind all this there is a larger problem of more immediate practical interest: the question how far freedom of action for private pilots should extend. It is not a choice between restriction and no restriction at all; the principle of control in some form is universally accepted and regarded as necessary, if the interests of aviation as a whole are to be served. That there has been in some directions an excess of restriction is not now doubted; the report of the Gorell Committee was conclusive on that point; and the fact that its recommendations have been to some extent implemented is an official admission that with reservations more freedom can be given to private flying.

Yet practical conditions seem to militate more and more against its realisation. At the time when the Gorell Committee was giving considered judgment on the claim for lessening restrictions, internal air lines were growing rapidly, and the value of these latter has now been officially recognised by the Maybury Report. When the organisation of these airways is complete, it will involve the maintenance of stricter controls covering the greater part of the country; and the effect of such controls in poor visibility conditions exercised through the zone system must inevitably be to force the private pilot to conform with regulations which have previously not been necessary. His cross-country flying will, unless he is properly equipped with means for wireless communication, tend to be limited to conditions of good visibility and settled weather—or so it seems.

Is there a way out of this impasse? Must the private pilot, who has contributed not a little in the past decade to the progress of flying, particularly in the development of the smaller types of air liner, pay the price for the growth of organised air transport?

Clearly, the only possible answer is a compromise. The air services, whose very existence depends upon regularity and safety, must have first consideration. But there is no reason for undue despondency in considering the future of private flying. One hope for a greater freedom of movement lies within itself. At present, the number of private pilots engaged in all-the-year-round air touring for business or pleasure is small; the creation of special services for their needs is clearly impossible. If the movement were to grow rapidly, the provision of ultra-short-wave beacons and radio controls that would not in any way interfere with commercial stations and would afford all the control necessary for safety might become possible. In America, where air touring is more popular, wealthy owners are equipping private aerodromes with such installations.

Here, then, is one possible solution—a new form of control that might give greater freedom. Future developments are almost impossible to predict, but it may well be found here as elsewhere that increasing resources, technical and economic, will find a solution for a problem that to-day seems insoluble. The one thing certain to-day is that nothing must be done to restrict the now healthy growth of private flying—and that means patience and consideration among all concerned.

THE SPEED RECORD.—An appreciation of Captain G. T. Eyston's magnificent record appears on another page, but perhaps an appreciation of two other matters which helped very materially in his success is not out of place here. Captain Eyston used Lodge plugs on his attempt, and to what terrific temperatures were involved is to realise what fine workmanship goes to the manufacture of this component. The petrol, too, is a vital concern of any high-speed driver, and B.P. Ethyl was chosen, and proved itself adequate for use in the Thunderbolt.



THE LATE MR. GOVIND P. NAIR BEFORE HIS DISASTROUS FLIGHT



AN "AERIAL PORTRAIT" OF THE DE HAVILLAND ALBATROSS

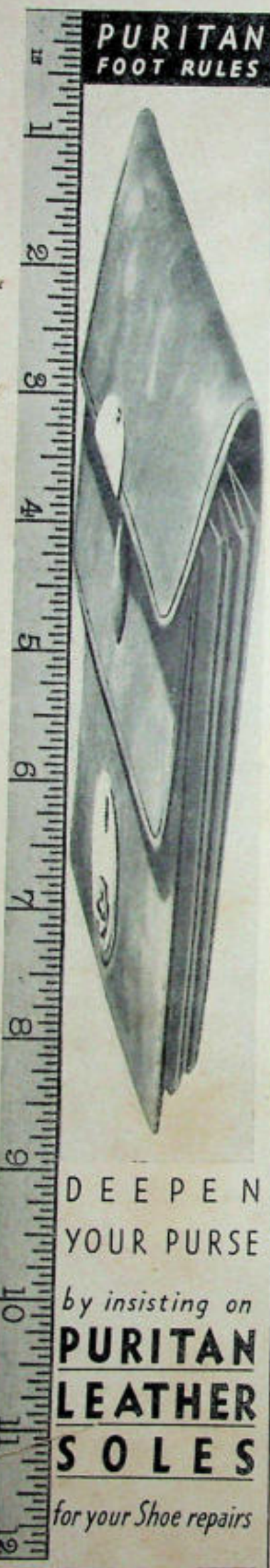
This plane has been designed and built specially for the Government's projected land-plane crossing of the Atlantic during the winter months. Imperial Airways have ordered five of these machines for the London-Paris service. They have a maximum speed of between 230 and 240 m.p.h.



Claus E. Brown

A CHALLENGER FOR THE LONG-DISTANCE AIR RECORD?

A Vickers Wellesley general purpose plane in the clouds. It is probable that the record, at present held by the Soviet Union, may be attacked by a similar craft to this, the flight being a non-stop run to Singapore, a distance of nearly 7,000 miles, from where it would probably journey a further 4,500 miles to Sydney



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"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

By WILLIAM G. LUSCOMBE



THE WHITE HART HOTEL, WITLEY, SURREY

SURREY has always, and with justification, received high praise as a beautiful county, while Sussex is very similar, and almost as lovely. Hence the White Hart, at Witley, can claim to be in an ideal situation, for it is just inside the Surrey border on the Sussex side.

Strange to think that this inn was built for the convenience of Richard II as long ago as 1380. In those days the Manor House at Witley was a royal residence, but Richard decided to give the house to one of his retainers. Not wishing to be thus deprived of the hunting which this part of the country offered, he had erected the house which to-day is the White Hart. The building was at first only a barn-like oak-timbered erection with one central fireplace. Later it was properly partitioned, and a storey added, and we have the place as it is to-day.

In its original form the fire was in the middle of the floor, "on the earth," and the smoke found its way out through the roof, which was either of wood, shingles or thatch. This has had a curious effect on the hotel of to-day. Most of the timber in the lower storey has from time to time rotted and had to be renewed, while the tie beams and roof timbers have been kept in excellent preservation by reason of the impregnation of the smoke and soot from the open fire in the middle of the house.

It is interesting to recall the fact that the forecourt and roadway in front of the inn was the market place of old Witley, dating from the benefaction of Queen Eleanor, who granted by a charter a weekly Friday market in 1282. This has, of course, since lapsed.

It was not until 1700 that the inn received its sign and licence. The sign, which has been referred to as a "noble ugly" one, was painted by Birket Foster, and has always been greatly prized. While modern alterations have taken place inside and outside the inn, this sign has been left undisturbed. It is fair to add, also, that all the alterations have been accomplished without spoiling the character of the old building, which appears just as it did in Richard II's time.

All through the ages the inn has been a recurrent motive in our literature. From Chaucer, through Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Scott, Kingsley, down to the present day, the inn has proved the finest focal point for observation of men and manners. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn that the White Hart has also been a favourite haunt of artists and authors. One corner in the bar is known as "George Eliot's corner," due to the fact that she often sat there writing and studying local characters.

During the coaching era the White Hart was very popular, but later an uneventful period lapsed, with the inn being merely a village alehouse. With the coming of motor traffic it came to be regarded as "out of date," so the professional assistance of an architect was called in. He successfully performed the difficult task of providing the additional dining room, lounge and bedroom accommodation by designing a picturesque wing on the north side of the building and a modern garage at the rear without detracting from the beauty of the original inn.

Here, indeed, is an hostel, which has sheltered kings and pilgrims, merchants and all kinds of travellers, while between the occasions of more spectacular hospitality it has gathered about it all the richness of the social life of the neighbourhood.

The writer will be pleased to advise readers concerning any of the hotels which have appeared in this series to date.

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BRIDGE

A PROBLEM HAND

How Would You Bid and Play?

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

(Cards Editor of the *Field* and Editor of the *Bridge Magazine*)

THE following interesting hand occurred in a private game and gave rise to considerable discussion as to the bidding and play.

	♠ 8 ♡ Q, J, 7, 2 ◇ Q, 9, 8, 6, 5, 4, 2 ♣ 3	
♠ K, Q, J, 7, 4, 3 ♡ 8, 5, 4, 3 ◇ None ♣ 7, 6, 4	Y A B Z	♠ 9, 6, 5, 2 ♡ 10 ◇ A, 10, 7, 3 ♣ A, K, 8, 2
	♠ A, 10 ♡ A, K, 9, 6 ◇ K, J ♣ Q, J, 10, 9, 5	

...ame all, love all. B the dealer. The actual ...ings:

	Z	A	Y
...hub	One Heart	One Spade	Two Hearts
...Spades	No bid	Three Spades	Four Diamonds
...Spades	Double	No bid	Five Hearts
...ble	No bid	No bid	No bid

...do not consider that there was very much ...g with the bidding except that on A's hand I ...ld have made a pre-emptive bid of Three ...des initially over Z's One Heart. B had shown ...east three tricks, and A had every prospect of ...ne in Spades and must, from his point of view, ...to play it in that suit.

...f he had made the bid of Three Spades it might ...ve affected the subsequent bidding considerably. Taking it, however, as it occurred it is an open ...uestion whether Y should at once support Hearts ...r show his long Diamonds. On the whole, for ...everal reasons, I think Three Diamonds is Y's ...better bid over A's One Spade. It is highly ...encouraging to Z, and it also enables Y to show his Heart support later. As it was, Y bid Four Diamonds on second round, and when B advanced to Four Spades, Z's double appears reasonable. In addition to the certain Spade trick he may expect to make a trick in Hearts, in Diamonds and in Clubs.

All the same he ought not to have relied on such expectancy and, in my opinion, he would have been better advised to bid Five Diamonds. Y had shown support in Hearts and had also called Diamonds. There was strong indication of a red two-suiter.

When Z doubled Four Spades Y realised that it was unlikely to be a good thing and wisely took out the double into Five Hearts. Against Four Spades he had no defence and could not rely upon making a single trick. He did not know the position in Diamonds, and on the bidding the double looked unsafe and game and rubber were involved.

B doubled the Five Hearts with some confidence, expecting to make two tricks in Clubs, a Diamond and a Spade. And so it was left in.

A led the King of Spades, and when Y's hand was exposed on the table, Z had hopes of making his contract with the loss of a Diamond and a Club. Provided that the Hearts were divided 3 and 2 there was a fair chance of so doing.

After winning the first trick with the Ace of Spades Z led the Ace of Hearts. When the 10 fell from B's hand he was not quite so happy. But ...ried a second round in case B was false-carding. ...rew a small Club, and Z then led his King of ...onds. A trumped, preserving B's Ace of ...onds, and led a Spade. Z was now in a ...lary. If he trumped in Dummy it left Y with ...one Trump and the Diamonds would not ...

He trumped and led the 3 of Clubs. B won with the King and led a Spade. Z ruffed. He could not afford to play another Diamond as B would win with the Ace or A would trump. So he chose Queen of Clubs. B, winning with the Ace, led another Spade. Z trumped with his last Heart and continued with the Clubs, eventually winning nine tricks—two down. This was the play trick by trick:

Tricks.	A.	Y.	B.	Z.
1.	♠ K	♠ 8	♠ 2	♠ A
2.	♡ 3	♡ 2	♡ 10	♡ A
3.	♡ 4	♡ 7	♠ 8	♡ K
4.	♡ 5	◇ 2	◇ 3	◇ K
5.	♠ Q	♡ J	♠ 5	♠ 10
6.	♣ 4	♣ 3	♣ K	♣ 5
7.	♠ 3	◇ 4	♠ 9	♡ 6
8.	♣ 6	◇ 5	♣ A	♣ Q
9.	♠ 4	◇ 6	♠ 6	♡ 9
10.	♠ 7	◇ 8	♠ 2	♠ J
11.	♡ 8	♡ Q	◇ 3	♠ 10
12.	♠ 7	◇ 9	◇ A	◇ J
13.	♠ J	◇ Q	◇ 10	♠ 9

Now the debated points I leave you to resolve are these:

(1) Could Z by any conceivable play make his contract even at Double Dummy? Y said he could, and Z flatly denied it.

(2) Could Z do better by adopting another line?

It is obvious that A can make Four Spades against any defence. Can he make Five?

B said he could and should have made the call over his double. A argued that he could not make Five Spades necessarily and that he would have been wrong to take out the double.

CHESS

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH

LAST week three games—the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth of the series—were played. Dr. Euwe won the seventeenth, and the others were drawn. The score now is: Dr. Alekhine, 10½ points (6 wins, 9 draws); Dr. Euwe, 8½ points (4 wins, 9 draws).

The eleventh game of the match.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.	WHITE. Dr. Euwe.	BLACK. Dr. Alekhine.
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	17. R to Q 3	R to Q sq
2. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 3	18. K to K 2	Kt to B 4
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to B 3	19. K to K 3 (f)	Kt to Kt 5
4. Kt to B 3	P takes P	20. B to Kt sq	B to Kt 4
5. P to Q R 4	B to B 4	21. Kt to Kt 3	P to R 4 (ss)
6. Kt to K 5	P to K 3 (e)	22. Kt to R 5 (tt)	P to Kt 5
7. B to Kt 5	B to Q Kt 5	23. B P takes P	B P takes P
8. P to B 3 (f)	P to K R 4 (g)	24. Kt to B 4 (uu)	R to R 8 (yy)
9. B takes Kt	P takes B (h)	25. Kt to R 3 (vv)	R to R 3 (z)
10. Kt (5) to P (B4)	P to R 4	26. R to Kt 3 (w)	Kt to Q 6
11. P takes P (i)	Q takes Q, ch	27. P takes P (f)	Kt takes P (aa)
12. R takes Q (j)	B to R 7 (k)	28. R takes Kt	R takes Kt, ch
13. K to K sq	B to Kt 6 (ll)	29. K to B 2	R to Q 3
14. Kt to Q 2 (m)	R takes Kt	30. P takes P	R takes P
15. R takes R	R takes P	Drawn (ii)	
16. P to K 4 (n)	K to K 2 (o)		

(a) Dr. Alekhine adopts the defence played by his opponent in the second and fourth games of the match.

(b) In the second game Dr. Alekhine played Kt takes P (B 4).

(c) A novelty. The usual move is P to B 4, as played by Dr. Euwe in the fourth game. The point of the text-move is that, if White now plays 9. B to B 4, then Black can continue with 9. . . . P to Q Kt 4, maintaining the pawn. (If, in reply, 10. P to K 5, then 10. . . . B to K 2).

Without the preparatory P to K R 3, the move P to Kt 4 would not be good, *e.g.*, if (instead of the text-move) 8. . . . P to Kt 4, then 9. P to K 4, B to Kt 3; 10. Kt takes B, R P takes Kt; 11. P to K 5, R to B 4. 12. Q to Q 2, winning a piece.

(d) If Q takes B, then P to K 4 followed by B takes P.

(e) If P to K 4, then P takes P. If, instead, 11. P to K 3, then 11. . . . P takes P; 12. P takes P, Kt to B 3, winning a pawn.

(f) Better than K takes Q.

(g) Not 12. . . . B takes P because of 13. Kt to Kt 5, Kt to R 3; 14. Kt (B 4) to Q 6, ch, winning a pawn.

(h) Not 13. . . . B takes R P because of 14. B to R sq, B to B 3 (if P to Kt 4, then P takes P, e.p.); 15. Kt to Kt 6.

(i) If 14. Kt to Q 6, ch, then 14. . . . K to K 2; 15. Kt takes Kt P, B takes R P with advantage to Black as White cannot save the Queen's Bishop's pawn.

(j) White has the preferable game.

(k) If 16. . . . Kt to Q 2, then 17. R to R 3 followed, if (1) 17. . . . Kt takes P, by 18. R takes R, Kt takes R; 19. B to Kt 5, ch; if (2) 17. . . . P to Kt 4, by 18. P takes P, e.p., P takes P (if Kt takes P, then R takes R, &c.); 18. B to Kt 5, and wins; or, if (3) 17. . . . B to B 5 (best), by 18. P to Q Kt 4 (threatening P to Kt 5) with advantage to White.

(l) If P to Q Kt 3 or R to R sq, then B to Kt 4 followed, if B takes B, by Kt to Q 5, ch and Kt takes B.

(m) Played to prevent Kt to Q 4 (to which he would reply with P to B 5, ch, winning a piece). However, P to K 4 seems preferable.

(n) Threatening either R to Kt 3 or Kt takes P.

(o) Again threatening either R to Kt 3 or Kt takes P. If now B takes Kt, then K takes B followed by P takes P wins a pawn.

(p) An inferior move. He should, instead, play 24. . . . Kt to R 7, ch, 25. R takes Kt, R takes R; 26. R to Q Kt sq, B takes Kt; 27. R takes B with an even game.

(q) White misses his opportunity. He should, instead, play 25. Kt takes P. If, in reply, 25. . . . P to K 4 (threatening P to B 5, ch followed by R to Q 7, ch), then 26. P to K Kt 3, or, if, instead, 25. . . . B to Q 6, then 26. R to Kt 3, Black being unable to play 26. . . . Kt to B 7, ch because of 27. B takes Kt, R takes R; 28. B takes B.

(r) If, instead, 25. . . . B to Q 6, then 26. R to Kt 3, Kt to B 7, ch; 27. R takes Kt, B takes R; 28. R takes R, B takes R; 29. P takes P, P takes P; 30. Kt to Kt 5 and White has the better chances for the end-game.

(s) If 26. K R to Q B sq, then 26. . . . Kt to Q 6 (threatening P to B 5, ch); 27. B takes Kt, R takes B; 28. R takes R (not 28. B takes B because of 28. . . . R takes R, ch; 29. P takes R, R to Q B sq and wins), R takes R, ch with the better game for Black.

(t) Not 27. R takes P because of 27. . . . P to B 5, ch; 28. K to K 2, Kt to Kt 5, ch followed, if 29. K to B 2, by 29. . . . R to Q 7, ch, or, if 29. K to K sq, by 28. . . . Kt to B 7, ch, with a winning game for Black. If (instead of 27. R takes P) 27. B takes Kt, then 27. . . . R takes R, ch; 28. R takes R, R takes R.

(u) Threatening R takes Kt followed, if K takes R, by Kt to B 5, ch.

(v) White has a slight advantage in position, but to force a win, even if possible, would be tremendously difficult.

TOURNAMENT IN AUSTRIA

A very good game by Keres.

(Indian Defence.)

WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Flohr.	WHITE. Keres.	BLACK. Flohr.
1. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	13. K R to Q sq	Kt to Q 2
2. P to Q B 4	P to K Kt 3	14. P to Q B 4	Kt to B 4
3. Kt to K B 3	B to Kt 2	15. Q to Kt 4	Kt to K 3 (e)
4. P to K Kt 3	P to B 3 (a)	16. Kt to Kt 5	Q to K 4
5. B to Kt 2	P to Q 4	17. Q R to B sq	K to Q sq (f)
6. P takes P	Kt takes P (b)	18. R to Q 5 (g)	B takes R
7. Castles	Castles	19. P takes R	P to Q R 3 (h)
8. Kt to B 3	Kt takes Kt	20. Kt to B 7 (i)	Kt to Q 5
9. P takes Kt	P to Q B 4	21. R takes B, ch	R takes R
10. R to Q B 2	P takes P	22. Kt takes R	Q takes K P
11. Kt takes P (c)	B to B 2	23. P to K 4	Kt to B 4
12. Q to Kt 3	B to B 3 (d)	24. Q to K 4	Resigns.

(a) This is, we think, the best reply to White's P to K Kt 3 in this variation.

(b) Playing for complications. P takes P is the correct move.

(c) White has the inferior pawn-position but open lines for his pieces. If, instead, P takes P, then Kt to B 2.

(d) Preliminary to playing Kt to Q 2.

(e) Kt to K 3 is, perhaps, to be preferred.

(f) If 17. . . . Q takes K P, then 18. Kt to B 3 (threatening Kt to Q 5), followed, if 18. . . . B takes Kt, by 19. Q takes B (threatening either B takes K P or B to Kt 2) with advantage to White. (Black cannot play 18. . . . Q takes R P because of 20. B to Kt 2. P to B 3; 21. B to R sq, winning the Queen.)

(g) A good move. If now 18. . . . Q takes K P, then 19. R to K sq, followed, if 19. . . . Q takes R P, by 20. R takes R, ch, Kt takes R; 21. Kt to B 7, R to Kt sq (not R to Q 5 because of Q takes K P with a winning attack); 22. R takes P (Kt to Q 5 is also very good), B takes R; 23. Q takes B, Q to Kt 8, ch; 24. B to K B sq, Kt to K 3; 25. Q to K 8, ch, K to Kt 2; 26. Kt takes Kt, ch, B takes Kt (K to B 3 and K to R 3 also lose); 27. B to B 8, ch, K to B 3; 28. Q takes R and wins. If, instead, 18. . . . Q to Kt sq, then 19. R (B sq) to Q sq.

(h) This loses a piece, but Black has no really satisfactory move. If 19. . . . Kt to Kt 2, then 20. Kt takes P, followed, if 20. . . . R takes Kt, by 21. R takes B, ch, and 22. R takes Kt, ch. If 19. . . . Kt to Q 5, then 20. Kt takes Kt, Q takes Kt; 21. Q takes Q, R takes Q; 22. B takes P. If 19. . . . Kt to B sq or Q sq, then 20. P to K 4, threatening P to B 4 followed by P to K 5.

(i) A powerful move. If now 20. . . . R takes Kt, then 21. R takes R, ch, Kt to B sq; 22. Q to Kt 6, Q to Q 5; 23. B to B 5, and wins.

PROBLEM No. 3937

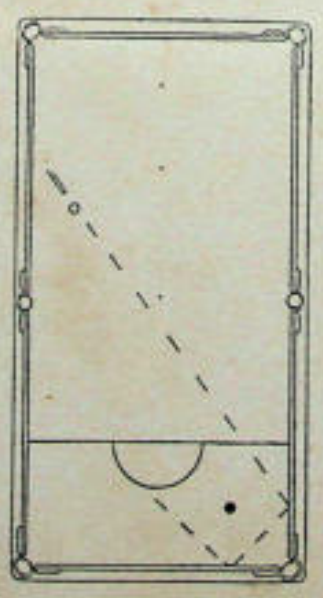
By J. KOTRČ.*

WHITE (5 pieces): King at K B sq, Queen at Q Kt sq, Rook at K R 3, Bishop at Q Kt 2, Pawn at K Kt 2.
BLACK (2 pieces): King at K Kt 4, Pawn at K Kt 5.
White to play and mate in three moves.

* *Šmate Hracke*, 1933.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3936

1. R to Kt 2, Kt to B 5 (if 1. . . . Kt to Kt 2 or Kt 4, then 2. R to B 2, ch, &c. If 1. . . . Kt to B 3, then 2. P to Kt 6, mate); 2. R to Kt 8, Kt to Kt 3; 3. R to Kt 8, mate.



SNOOKER RULES

An Important Revision Under Consideration

OWING to a perfectly friendly incident at Thurstons recently, I hear that the rules of Snooker are to be considered for important revision by the governing body. The point at issue is the "intentional miss," concerning which Charles Chambers had to intervene with a decision in professional match play, a circumstance without precedence so far as I know. He now suggests that every miss at snooker should be penalised by the one penalty—"seven away." This obviously opens the door to the intentional miss for safety, which I consider to be a commendable innovation. Having regard to the "free-ball" rule, it would be seldom indeed that a player would give a deliberate miss costing him seven points. The one defect in the proposal, as I see it, is the rather severe penalty it imposes for the all too frequent and perfectly genuine unintentional miss at the 22-ball game.

Sometimes it leaves a free-ball, at others it presents a sitting leave from which an opponent may score a winning advantage. I daresay that either of the above is as likely to result as safety from an unintentional miss of the type under discussion. The question is whether an extra three points, seven away instead of four, should be added to the handicap as likely as not to be imposed by the running of the balls. This looks rather like piling on the agony. On balance, however, I do not think it should stand in the way of the reform suggested by Chambers. The law of averages would bring it to 50-50 in club snooker.

I would suggest as a possible amendment that a snookered player be allowed to nominate a ball "not on" as the ball he intends to play, paying the usual penalty for hitting same. This would allow nomination of, say, yellow, when faced by a most intricate snooker. Four, instead of the suggested seven, would then be the penalty, and the player would have the chance to play for safety. It should, however, be seven away if such a shot left a free-ball position.

My diagram shows one of those cute little shots which only want knowing to be ready when wanted. White is potted, the obvious game a miss in baulk to command red. Given off two cushions as shown, the miss is correctly played, though played differently it is very easy to bungle it.

W. G. CLIFFORD.

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. ***Birds for examination should not be posted to arrive on a Saturday as in hot weather they decompose over the week-end.*** *No fee is charged for these services. We do not examine for poison.*

Arrangements can be made for the inspection of shootings in the United Kingdom, and for valuation to be given by an expert either in the case of sale or letting. Expert advice can be given on improvements for shooting properties. This work is done for a fixed fee which includes all expenses.

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

Pike Fishing Near Chippenham.—The nearest water to Chippenham which contains pike is the Somersetshire Avon. There is an angling club at Chippenham which preserves about ten miles of the water and issues season tickets at 10/-, and monthly tickets at 6/-. Their headquarters are at the Spirit Vaults, Chippenham. The Bristol Golden Carp Angling Association have also water here. The hon. secretary is Mr. George Wathen, 28, Upper York Street, Bristol. Their water is at Freshford, which must come within the area you mention.—*P. E. B., Wilts.*

Garden

Calcium Cyanamide.—This is usually sold through horticultural sundriesmen and, if unobtainable locally, you should approach Messrs. Shaw, Scott & Co., 19, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 2.—*H. G. P., Stockbridge.*

Greasing Fruit Trees.—There is no preparation for greasing fruit trees without paper, but the trouble of putting on grease bands can be avoided by spraying the trees in winter with any good tar oil wash.—*E. T. C., Camberley.*

Kennel

Car Sickness in Dogs.—The dose of glucose for the prevention of car sickness is one to two teaspoonful, to be given about 20 to 30 minutes before the start of the journey.—*W. T., Bude.*

English Setter Bitch.—All that is necessary for you to do is to register the bitch at the Kennel Club on a form to be obtained from the Secretary at 84, Piccadilly, London, W. 1, the fee for which is 2/6. You will then be at liberty to enter her for field trials or shows if you should desire. If you want to breed from her there are plenty of dogs that have done well at trials.—*G. B. T., Salisbury.*

Treatment for Distemper.—It is difficult to say how long distemper virus will survive in the variety of circumstances to be found in a dwelling-house. A dog can be inoculated at any age after twelve weeks. He need not be still a puppy. We do not know that the conjunctivitis would be infectious. We would suggest that the new dog should be immunised against distemper before being brought to the house.—*J. S., Hartley.*

Fat Spaniel.—Most of the spaniels are disposed to put on flesh easily, perhaps because they have contented dispositions. Bitches are often inclined to do this after leaving a litter. Stop giving her moist food, and put her on to lean meat or biscuits. Do not mix them, but give alternately. Are you sure that she does not get any scraps between meals? That is a fattening practice.—*E. M. K. B., Barmouth.*

Importing Pointers.—It is not possible in any circumstances to get exemption from quarantine or a reduction of the period of six months. A licence must be obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W. 1, and you will receive from them addresses of approved kennels at which a dog would receive every attention. An approved kennel near Southampton is that of Mr. J. Facer, M.R.C.V.S., Bitterne Manor Farm, Southampton. You would be allowed to visit the dog.—*H. G. H., S. India.*

Sore Feet.—The trouble is usually due to the bruising of the sole of the foot between the pads, but in a fair percentage of cases an examination of the skin of that region reveals the presence of enlarged pores of sebaceous glands, and such cases are particularly obstinate, as these pores offer a wide portal for the entrance of infection. It helps to prevent the trouble if the feet are kept clean and free from mud balls and matted hair, and the feet are first soaked in a solution of washing soda, one teaspoonful to the pint, and then in one of alum in water of the same strength. This cleanses the skin and removes sebaceous material and at the same time toughens it, rendering the skin less likely to bruise and close the pores.—*C. W. L., Worcestershire.*

Slimming for Dogs. If a restricted diet of lean meat and diabetic bread does not have the desired effect, it would be desirable to get a veterinary surgeon to prescribe a course of thyroid gland for her, as the best means of ridding her of the superfluous fat.—*E. M. K. B., Barmouth.*

Post-Mortem Examinations

Coccidiosis of a Pigeon.—The young hen pigeon died of a contagious germ infection of the bowels known as coccidiosis. Pigeons under two years of age are highly susceptible to this disease, which is spread through contamination of the food, water and ground by the germ-containing droppings of infected birds. If any others of your pigeons show signs of losing flesh, wing or leg weakness, delayed emptying of the crop or diarrhœa isolate them at once in separate cages, the floor of which is thickly bedded with sawdust. Each day the sawdust must be removed and burned.—*R., Selsop.*

Coccidiosis of Wild Rabbits.—Specimens of wild rabbits suffering from coccidiosis have been received from two estates. This germ infection of the liver and bowels is spread through contamination of the ground and food by the germ-containing droppings of diseased rabbits, which gradually become emaciated, "pot-bellied" and weakened. The disease is frequently evident in the liver as numerous white spots; the liver of a rabbit long diseased is usually pale in colour, tough and lumpy or knobbed.—*J. W. C., Inverness; J. E. K., Radnor.*

Trichostrongylosis of Grouse.—Grouse from three Scottish moors and one Yorkshire moor were suffering from the contagious threadworm infection of the bowels known as trichostrongylosis. This season we have received reports from moors in many parts of Scotland that a large proportion of the stock had migrated after the snow cleared later in the spring, although the heather was in splendid condition and berries were abundant. Gradually a small number dribbled back, but the bags were small and contained many diseased birds. Recently letters have been published in the *Field* in which the writers suggest that coccidiosis has been the cause of the heavy losses this season. Our records do not support this coccidiosis theory, though they certainly support the opinion that contagious disease has been the principal cause of the trouble. But this contagious disease is undoubtedly trichostrongylosis, which has been unusually widespread throughout the year.—"*C. N.*"; *F. A., Berkshire; C. P. B., Perthshire; E. E. H., York.*

Shooting

Light Recoil Cartridges.—Most loaders are able to supply shotgun cartridges giving reduced recoil; you, however, must realise it is extremely difficult to obtain a combination of high velocity and light recoil, the latter being dependent not only on the total weight of the ejector, i.e., shot wadding and powder gases, but also on the velocity with which the ejector leaves the muzzle. No doubt much can be obtained by reduction in weight of shot charge and wadding; we, however, would not recommend you to go below 1oz. (preferably 1oz.) shot employing a 33 grain powder. It is not customary to recommend any special article; we, however, think you will find either the Eley "Nuneka" or the Pneumatic Cartridge Company's 1oz. load suitable.—*L., Altrincham.*

Burst Gun Barrel.—It is always difficult to decide definately as to the cause of bursts. However, taking into account the information contained in your letter, one concludes that the second cartridge, which appeared to misfire, contained a light powder load, and simply expelled the wads and shot a few inches up the barrel where the charge remained until a subsequent shot was fired with the inevitable result. Otherwise it might possibly be due to the base wad being expelled up the barrel, as on opening the two cartridges the base wad of one was seen to project over the cap flash holes; the former theory is, however, the most probable. It is to be regretted that the cartridge reported upon as a misfire cannot be produced as it might have furnished most valuable evidence. Although the gun is a very old one, having been proved previous to the year 1887 and then only for black powder cartridges, the burst was apparently not due to age or weakness but to an obstruction in the right barrel at the time the last shot was fired. With regard to your suggestion, we are of opinion that should the paper tube have left the base and entered the barrel such a burst should not have occurred.—*C. T. C., Bushey.*

Yachting

Construction of Small Yachts.—The following books are likely to meet your requirements: *Small Boat Building*, by E. Monk (Scribner's; 10/6); *Simple Boat Building*, by G. Prout (Brown & Sons Glasgow; 5/-).—*M. S. B., Crosshaven, Co. Cork.*

Fourteen Footers.—Actually there is very little literature devoted to the class, but you will find in the first three annual volumes written by Uffa Fox (published by Peter Davies at 35/-) more about the class than is to be found anywhere else. For light "fourteen-footer" reading there is, of course, *A Dinghy on the London River* (published by Peter Davies, written by Fairholme and Powell). As to builders, Uffa Fox himself, at East Cowes, is probably the most successful builder and designer to the class anywhere in the world.—*A. G. S., London, W. 2.*

Lines of Cup Challenger.—We can find no trace of the lines of the Cup challengers prior to Thistle, although in Uffa Fox's latest book he suggests skeleton lines for some of them. Since Thistle, when every challenger has come from the board of either G. L. Watson (Glasgow) or C. Nicholson (Gosport), it should be an easy matter for you by communicating direct with these firms to obtain plan-copies of the lines for the purpose you seek.—*M., C., Los Angeles.*

Tonnage, Past and Present.—The present tonnage rule is considerably different to that which prevailed in the Elizabethan era. Then, to a great extent, tonnage was a matter of guesswork, and a vessel's tonnage was given as equalling the number of tuns (casks) which she could carry. Thus, if she could stow in her holds, "hung up and billage free" 30 tons, she would be described as a 30-ton burthen ship. An attempt to measure vessels for tonnage was made in 1422, when the colliers of the day came under review, but the first serious tonnage measurement Act involving length, breadth and depth of vessel was passed in 1694. One must assume, therefore, that those ships which voyaged through Magellan's Straits were measured according to their tons (tuns) capacity.

Endeavour is rated not only in terms of her Thames measurement, which would be somewhere round about the 200-ton mark, but also by her net register tonnage, the 100 tons referred to in your letter. Thames tonnage is a purely arbitrary yacht measurement which to-day no longer serves any useful purpose at all. Net register tonnage, however, is the statute measurement of a vessel on the British register. To calculate gross tonnage the cubic contents of the space "under the tonnage deck" is obtained, and this, divided by 100 gives the tonnage under "the tonnage deck." To this figure various additions are made for covered spaces above the tonnage deck, &c., and the resultant is the gross tonnage. From this certain deductions such as capacity and engine space, tank space, sailroom space, navigating space, crew accommodation are made to arrive at the registered tonnage. This is, in fact, the gross tonnage with the ship's unearning capacity deducted, and it is upon this register[illegible] that all dues are based.—*L. B., [illegible]*

Game Market Prices

Hares	1/6
English Rabbits (trapped)	10d.
" (shot)	8d.
Pheasants	2/-
Partridges (young)	1/9
" (old)	9d.
Grouse (young)	
" (old)	1/6

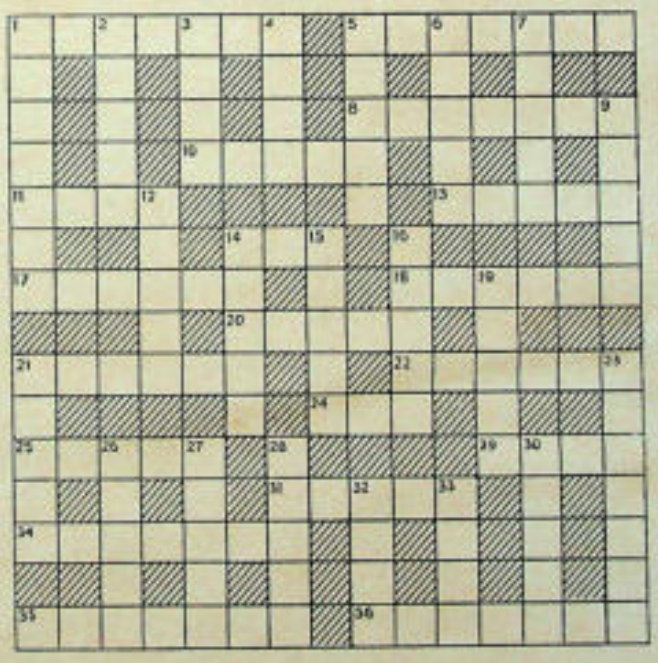
Information Wanted

RINGED WOODCOCK AND SNIPE

The Hon. Ernest C[illegible], owner of the Ashford Estate, Co. Galway, has marked a number of woodcock and snipe this year. The birds are stamped: **G. CONG, 37 IRELAND**

He will be obliged if anyone into whose possession these woodcock or snipe may come will communicate with him at the above address.

THE "FIELD" CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES TO CROSSWORD No. 440

ACROSS.—1, "Alive, alive O." 5, Fussy to find the glass substitute in a mountain pass. 8, Often more red than friend. 10, Nothing is very evident in this beverage. 11, Sounds like a request to observe. 13, A trap to get hold of. 14, Animal lived from 13 across. 17, This carriage has a whip. 18, An alphabet in the air? 20, A pleasant jelly starting dangerously. 21, Pursues grouses. 22, Sometimes a strange murmur. 24, Surprise in the Lower Fourth. 25, This will give you beans, though not caused by them. 29, She often raises a dust. 31, No cut of a nerve? 34, Most irregular for Eric to swallow a rodent. 35, A low fellow in the heart of grasshoppers. 36, I am well enclosed in this partition.

DOWN.—1, Metal finish telling an Irishman the west. 2, If in black crape don't do it. 3, First class in superfluous form. 4, Tip-top in a Grecian vessel. 5, Thrill leaves can intoxicate or stupefy. 6, Repeat the start to imitate. 7, Song of the air? 9, Custom. 12, A stupid fellow and not in this form. 14, A hundred and three and with possession at least show a hollow. 15, In this matter I beat a hundred under the head. 16, Chocolate tree. 19, Ancient city in golden setting. 23, Imaginary circle giving pleasure to many. 24, A wild revel in which the conveyance runs on to the river. 26, I'll get all poetic. 27, Called but not visible. 28, "Our Lightfoot barks and ——— his ears" (Gay). 30, Ye gods, What ——— does ambition make Among your works (Addison). 32, Sounds like a conversation in the dust. 33, Chatty weapon.

SOLUTION TO No. 439

Published November 20th

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A prize of one guinea is offered for any crossword puzzle, dealing mainly with sport or the countryside, that is accepted for publication.

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