591-05
PAR

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4319. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1935

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.: CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.: FOREIGN 3D.}

BOOK NO.
527

THE NEW MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE BEAGLES, MR. DESMOND HAMILTON-RUSSELL

This season he succeeded Mr. Clerke-Brown as Master, and is the youngest son of Lord Boyne, who hunted the South Durham country from 18[illegible] and a nephew of the Earl of Harewood, who Mastered the Bramham Moor from 1922-32

LUCAS "SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

Another Proved Feature of the

ROVER

CONTENTS

DO TOURS OVERTAX OUR ATHLETES?	751
EIGHTY YEARS OF STAGHUNTING	752
FRENCH-BRED WINNERS OF ENGLISH RACES	754
MEMORIES OF DAYS AFTER ELK AND MOOSE	755
LOUIS, THE HEAVYWEIGHT HOPE	756
REPORTS FROM THE MOORS	756
FISHING MIRACLES	757
SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN PARTRIDGE DRIVING	758
EXPERIMENTS IN SCRUMMAGE	760
BRITAIN'S LOST RYDER CUP	760
AUTUMN TINTS AND TRAVELLERS	761
DEATH DUTIES AND THE LANDED PROPRIETOR	762
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	763
IN THE CITY	766
NEW BOOKS	767
MAKING THE LAND	768
SAFETY IN STORMS	770
WORKS OF ART AT LOW COST	772
LAND SETTLEMENT AT POTTON	775
SILVER FOX FARMING	775
FARMING NOTES	776
SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRY LORE	777
FLOWERS AT OLYMPIA	777
CHAUFFEURS AND OUTSIDE EMPLOYMENT	778
FIGHTING THE FIRE MENACE IN THE AIR	780
A SPORTSMAN'S TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND	781
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	782
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	786
RIVER REPORTS	741
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	747
SPORTING CALENDAR	748

For page continued

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

Acc. No. 594
Date 25/12/06

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." *THE FIELD HOUSE,*
Telephone: No. 7682 Holborn. *BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

A THREAT TO HORSE TRANSPORT?

IT was hardly to be expected that a statement made by the Minister of Transport, in reply to a question asked in the House of Commons, that he was considering the possibilities of a scheme for the gradual elimination of horse traffic from certain London streets and in other large cities should go unregarded. The council of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, in conjunction with various other bodies interested in horse traffic, have taken the matter up, and at a council meeting of the association dissent was expressed at any action being taken which might threaten the future of horse transport. There are many interests involved and, quite apart from any question of sentiment, it was urged that those firms which use horses to-day, including the railway companies and great carrying organisations, have surely the right to employ what they consider to be the most economical or useful form of transport for their particular purposes. Stress was laid upon the far-reaching consequences of any serious curtailment of horse-drawn vehicles as affecting the livelihood of many small tradesmen and the unemployment which would face numerous drivers, horse foremen and stable hands, not to mention others who still rely on the horse to provide their work, such as wheelwrights, blacksmiths, saddlers, hay, straw and corn merchants, together with veterinary surgeons, the agriculturists who breed the horses and produce the hay, straw and corn. Probably the breeders would be the hardest hit by any revolutionary legislation, for it takes four or five years for a transport horse to come to maturity, and that time is long enough for the most patient of minds to wait for the small modicum of profit that comes after a period of no little worry and risk.

The mechanical age is automatically taking toll of this side of the horse industry and also of the agricultural horses bred in this country, a source from which the majority of the London cart horses is drawn. This is a natural decline which has to be faced. Any sudden artificial curtailment will work untold harm. The council of the National Horse Association hold the view that horse-drawn traffic is not the main cause of traffic congestion. They may have solid reasons behind this view, and for one they could certainly point to tramways in London constituting a far greater problem in some thoroughfares. But there is little doubt that in crowded streets the slow-moving horse vehicle lagging the side-walk can be an obstruction to traffic and also a danger to the pedestrian with a view of fast-moving vehicles it often conceals.

Whenever this question of horse traffic is considered it seems obvious that it should be divided into categories, and a distinct line drawn between the light cart and the heavy vehicle. Moreover, an experimental period could surely be arranged, during which the effect of banning heavy horse traffic from various busy thoroughfares at certain hours could be ascertained. There would be difficulties in carrying this out, but, without doubt, many of them could be overcome and, in any case, a trial would help to solve them. Possibly horse owners are unduly alarmed and there is a saving clause in the words "the gradual elimination of horses from certain London *streets*," which does not portend ruthless action. Before any steps are taken it would behove the Minister of Transport to get into touch with those who are entitled to represent the interests of horse owners to ascertain their views and also to ask them to contribute their schemes to help solve difficulties with which he is faced.

THE CASUALTY LIST

FOR 38 weeks, up to September 21st, the average number of persons killed on our roads was 10.12 in every 100,000 of the population. Put this way perhaps it is not so grave a case as to know that in Great Britain 4,594 people were killed and 159,[illegible] were injured on the highways. By country and town the roll of dead and injured has been carefully tabulated by the Ministry of Transport, and a gruesome record it is. For the comparative weeks ending September 22nd, 1934, and September, 1935, there is a welcome drop, if a small one, but even taking two weeks such as these few towns (Salisbury is one) or districts can show a clean sheet. Place large and small vie with one another in the 38 weeks' total. London Metropolitan area supplies 771 killed and 30,409 injured, and even Penzance can return its 44 maimed; next to Lerwick, [illegible] 9 injured, Hartlepool is the town which supplies the lowest figures—1 killed and 13 injured; after which on the minimum side comes Glossop with 1 killed and 15 injured, and Inverness, with 1 killed and 20 injured. In face of the huge casualty roll trivial inconveniences must not be allowed to stand in the way of any measures Mr. Hore-Belisha considers should be tried to avert these massacres.

THE "FIELD" HUNTING NUMBER

On October 19th we shall publish our 1935 Hunting Number, which will, as usual, contain the annual talk of Hunts and particulars of Staghounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Beagles, Drag-hounds and Otterhounds, as well as lists of Masters, secretaries, huntsmen, whippers-in, kennels and convenient hunting centres. In addition there will be a coloured hunting plate and special articles including the following: Amateur or Professional Which Makes the Best Huntsmen, by "Spray"; Riding by Grip and Riding by Balance, by Captain J. E. Hance; Great Hounds I have Known, by A. H. Higginson; If I had My Way—, by Lord Dorchester, who discusses what he has done and would not do if he became dictator of the Field; The Strangest Hunt I ever Knew, by Leveson-Gower; Can Women Make Good Masters? by Lady Apsley; and The Perfect Hunt Fences, by M. V. Tufnell.

PRAISE FROM AMERICA

We hear so much from Britons of what America can teach us that it is very gratifying to quote a word of praise from an American for our International 14-foot dinghies. Major B. Heckstall-Smith, writing in the *Yachting World* on "The Largest Y.R.A. Class," quotes Mr. G. E. Ford, chairman of the Dinghy division of the Rochester Y.C. of America, as follows:

"The boat we imported from England has made many friends here, and I feel quite sure that within two seasons we can really show a nice little fleet of these boats. The old boats we used to sail were very unseaworthy, and required an acrobat to keep them from capsizing. Due to this trouble, we could not interest many people in this class, but we feel sure that your type of boat will alter all this. If we had not been fortunate enough to have seen your boats in the two International series, I guess we would still be sailing our old type. We most certainly owe the men who developed this class in England a vote of thanks."

INDOOR SAILING

While on nautical topics it is appropriate to mention that the Little Ship Club are starting their Seamanship and Navigation classes on October 7th and 14th respectively. Mr. Higley Halliday, M.I.N.A., M.I.A.E., will instruct in seamanship and Commander John Irving in navigation. These winter classes have been deservedly popular and are a tribute to the enterprise of the club in making the art of sailing all the more enjoyable for its members.

PIG CONTRACTS NEXT

As soon as the milk contracts have been settled, at least temporarily, farmers are faced with trouble over the pig contracts for next year. The Marketing Boards cannot yet get a clear run. In the case of [illegible] the trouble is due to the failure of the importers as to maintain the price of bacon at a level which allows the curers to offer farmers a remunerative contract price for their pigs. The Board of Trade and the Ministry of Agriculture will have to keep a closer watch on bacon imports until such time as agreement can be reached or a better way found for protecting the home producer.

ANOTHER PHELPS WIN

Congratulations are due to E. A. Phelps, member of the famous family of watermen, on retaining his title of professional sculling champion of England over the University course. The challenger, H. A. Berry, in none too good condition at the outset, gave him a good race to the Mile Post, when there was only a matter of 2sec. separating the scullers. After this, however, Phelps went away, reaching Hammersmith in 9min. 13sec., Chiswick Steps in [illegible] 16sec., Barnes Bridge in 20min. 49sec., having led by half-a-minute, and the finish in [illegible] 21sec.

LORD CORNWALLIS

Known generally as "the Squire of Kent," the passing of Lord Cornwallis has robbed both agriculture and sport of a notable and lovable personality. For many years he took a deep interest in the affairs of the Royal Agricultural Society of England; he was an authority on tithe rent-charges, and was a member of the Royal Commission which was set up last year to inquire into this vexed problem. In 1888 Lord Cornwallis founded the Linton Beagles, which he hunted till 1903, when the establishment was broken up. He was a good Master, a very fine judge of a hound, and one of the best authorities on beagling. During the war he sent hounds to his son on the Salonika front, and the British, when engaged in hunting, were, it is said, often mistaken by the enemy for cavalry in action.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Provincial newspaper:

"While grouse shooting can be enjoyed in most parts of Scotland, the districts in England where the birds exist are few and favoured. . . . The best grouse birds feed on Bilberry Moors, and that is why these particular moors are preferred to the Scottish moors, where the grouse live on heather."

THE LATE MR. J. F. ABERCROMBY

The death took place last Sunday of a man whose name is known to hundreds of golfers—J. F. Abercromby. Since the war he had sole control of the popular Addington Club, one of the best organised in the world. An interesting personality, who knew most of the leading players, Mr. Abercromby was rarely seen without his "pork-pie hat" and his old green Norfolk jacket, and up to a few weeks ago he took an active interest in the welfare of the club for which he did so much. Apart from being a very capable organiser, Mr. Abercromby will be remembered as one of the few really first-class course architects—on this subject he had decided views. He designed both the Addington courses, reconstructed Worplesdon, and, from a wilderness of bushes and trees, made Coombe Hill, apart from many other tasks. The courses which he designed will long perpetuate his memory.

POPULAR SHOW BREEDS

Next week, on Wednesday and Thursday, the Kennel Club's great show at the Crystal Palace takes place. The entries are a comment on the popular show breeds of to-day. Cocker spaniels head the list with a total of 363, but if foxterriers smooth and wire are taken together they top that figure by one; next come Irish setters with 202, then Cairn terriers with 187 and, curiously enough, smooth Dachshunds with 184. If the whole family of Dachshunds, long, smooth and wire are totalled they make 354, which would place them among the leaders.

THE FISHERMEN'S WEED TROUBLE

Michaelmas, which saw the passing of another trout season, has seen also the passing of what has hitherto been a perennial sore on the Hampshire chalk streams—the cut-weed nuisance. Weeds must be cut if the streams are not to become mere flowering swamps, but hitherto the mid-river and lower proprietors have had to submit to the intolerable incursion of islands of floating débris surrounded with "minor disturbances" whenever an upstream owner saw fit to curtail the over-abundance of his weed: prayers, petitions, regulations and threats had proved powerless to avert the arrival of the man with the scythe.

This year a type of weed rack, devised on the Houghton Club water, has been adopted on both the Test and the Itchen. Provided the site for the rack is wisely chosen it does not dam up the water and needs no clearing, nor does it rob the water of insect life. Only once a year, after the trout season has closed, are the slats raised and what is left of the season's weed cutting allowed free access to the sea.

DESTROYING WINDS

In the third week of May this year the foliage of trees in many parts of the country was blackened by frost and icy winds, and owners of orchards suffered severely. This untimely visitation has now been followed in September by an astonishing storm of salt-laden wind which has seared the trees throughout the whole of the west and south-west of England as if they had been scorched with fire. Throughout the New Forest, Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, Devon and Cornwall the trees and hedges are green on the north and east sides, and brown where the south-west wind has blasted them. When was such a spectacle last seen? It is an extraordinary coincidence that both these destroying storms should have visited the country in the same year.

LAMENT FOR GREEN FIELDS

Ages past the naked Earth
Clothed herself in green, for mirth;
You, a field, were given birth.

Interspersed with green of blade,
Primroses and cowslips made
Food for bees, as well as shade.

In your hedges many a nest
Cradled eggs and feathered breast.
In the hedge-roots mice found rest.

In your trees' shade sheep and cows
Were content, all day, to browse;
As were boys to dream and drowse.

Now comes man, with rule and tape,
Ruthlessly to plot and shape;—
Not a daisy shall escape.

And, where now the spider spins,
All too soon will garbage bins
Harbour paste and salmon tins!

D. HARRIS.

DO TOURS OVERTAX OUR ATHLETES?

What the South African Trip Has Proved

IF one may judge by certain newspaper denunciations of the recent Oxford and Cambridge athletic tour in South Africa, it would seem that the modern "star" athlete should be wrapped in cotton-wool and only taken out of his box on special occasions.

The athletes themselves do not share this view; the amateur has a perfect right to compete where and when he likes, and it will be a bad day for British sport when things are otherwise. Why must a man be nursed right through the third year of an Olympiad for competition at the Games in the quadrennial year? Apart from that, the policy of nursing champions, if adopted, would be peculiar to Great Britain. National circumstances prevent America from holding annual international matches, but championships and intermural meetings serve the same purpose. The men, too, are in competition almost all the year.

British athletes have, at the most, but three or four chances a year of representing their country. Continental nations have three or four times that number of international fixtures, which provide first-class experience in the best athletic company; and, since both American and Continental athletes thrive on these systems, it must be obvious that what our men want is not less, but more, international competition.

The sending of a small Oxford and Cambridge team to tour in South Africa at the end of what some people regard as a strenuous athletic season, for Great Britain, provides the present bone of contention, so let us deal with that matter on its merits. In 1929 the Achilles Club sent a team of fifteen to South Africa, which included some of the Oxford and Cambridge Blues who had but a few days before landed from the Combined 'Varsities tour in Canada and America. Those particular individuals covered 23,212 miles, in all, between June 21st and October 7th, and took part in ten matches. Of their number, however, J. M. Pumphrey, R. M. N. Tisdall and R. Leigh Wood all put up new national records towards the end of the South African tour, so neither travelling nor repeated competition had overtaxed their resources.

The team which will arrive home on October 14th have lost only one out of seven matches, that being when six of them took on the combined strength of South Africa at Johannesburg. Wherefore it may be held that their success has been phenomenal, or else the contention that much travelling has an adverse effect upon the athlete must be unsound.

Arriving in Cape Town on September 2nd, the team flew straight to Port Elizabeth (400 miles) and there defeated Eastern Province on the 4th. On the 5th they returned to Cape Town, where they beat Western Province and the Combined Universities on the 7th. Next day they started their 860 miles journey to Pretoria and there defeated the South African Police and the Transvaal on the 11th. Two days later they travelled 50 miles back to Johannesburg, where misfortune overtook them owing to the illness of J. A. Judson and injuries being sustained by A. G. K. Brown and J. C. Horsfall, so that they were beaten by South Africa in the Test Match on the 14th. The next move was 260 miles to Bloemfontein where they conquered the Orange Free State. Next day the team went about another 200 miles to Durban and defeated Natal comfortably. Finally, they won many events against the combined S.A. Universities at Queenstown.

Now let us see how individual athletes have stood up to the alleged strain.

R. L. Howland, who captains the team, is admittedly a strong, seasoned athlete, who holds the English shot putting record of 47ft. 8¼in. In South Africa he has taken part in seven shot putting contests, breaking two records, exceeding his own English best with a put of 48ft. 9in., and being only once beaten. He won all his six discus throws, twice beating 126ft., and also breaking a record.

F. R. Webster, not yet 21 and therefore the youngest member of the team, has been out of competition most of this summer owing to a strained tendon. He found his form quickly in Africa, however, by making new records in the first two matches, in the fifth match at Johannesburg he improved nearly a foot, and at 12ft 5¼in. was within measurable height of his own English pole vault record of 12ft. 6¼in. Since he has also run well in the relays and performed creditably with the javelin and shot it is obvious that even a young freshman need take no harm from going on tour abroad.

A. W. Sweeney, British Empire dual sprint champion, being a sprinter and having had a really strenuous season, should have been the most likely man to break down. In Africa, however, he has done exceedingly well, showing evens three times for the 100yds., being barely beaten once in 9⅘sec, and also returning 21⅘sec. for the furlong, besides beating 22sec. on three occasions.

A. G. Pilbrow is another who has stood up magnificently, he having finished first in nine out of twelve hurdles races. In the high hurdles he has been round about "evens" all the while, and when beaten by S. Kiel in the Test match must have touched 14⅘sec. in the "Highs" and 25sec. in the "Lows."

A. G. K. Brown at first showed good form at 880yds., then ran in a sprint, and, although beaten by Grimbeek, he beat Sweeney and "evens." Sprinting again at Pretoria he pulled a muscle, Brown's injury, however, cannot have been serious, for he won the 440yds. in 49⅘sec. in the last match of the tour.

M. J. K. Sullivan took a couple of matches to get acclimatised, and then won three half-miles in a row, with a best performance of 1min. 55⅕sec.

W. T. Squires has won four out of seven one mile races, and certainly improved as the tour progressed, coming down from outside 4min. 56sec. to inside 4min. 34sec.

J. A. Judson, who went out as anchor man for the relay teams and second string to Brown at 440yds., rose nobly to every occasion, and after dead-heating at 440yds. in 52⅘sec. in the first match was running very close to 50sec. in the fifth and sixth matches.

A pulled muscle has kept J. C. Horsfall out of competition most of this year, and at Pretoria the wretched thing went again, after he had taken second place in the long jump at 22ft. 1¾in.

It is certain that the team's experience of competing after long journeys, of living communally and learning to make the best of strange quarters will be an excellent preparation for those who are good enough to get into Great Britain's Olympic team next year.

DEADHEAT.

Taylor & Tilley

OFF WITH THE TUFTERS—THE DEVON AND SOMERSET AT DUNKERY BEACON

EIGHTY YEARS OF STAGHUNTING

A Devon and Somerset Celebration Which Recalls Great Hunting Days

CONDITIONS have greatly altered on Exmoor since 1856, the year in which the present Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, Colonel W. W. Wiggin, was born, and whose birthday staghunters celebrated last week-end. The year of the present Master's birth is appropriate, for it will always be remembered as one of the most important in the history of staghunting on Exmoor, because it was during that year the great revival of the sport set in. The old staghounds were sold in 1825, and from that year to 1855 staghunting was carried on under very difficult conditions indeed. The deer diminished in numbers on account of stealers and poachers, farmers had little use for the herds because of damage, and getting no sport or venison in return, while funds and supporters were lacking.

Despite the great handicaps which at times seemed insurmountable, a few loyal supporters came forward from time to time with money or hounds and kept the sport going—just enough at least to hold the poachers at bay, and keep alive the hunting spirit of the neighbourhood—thus saving the deer from complete extinction.

In 1855 the time seemed favourable for a definite move to be made to establish staghunting on a more permanent and firm basis, and it is to Dulverton we must turn for the signs of the times. Several sporting gentlemen of that little town and the district met to consider the possibilities, and Dr. Palk Collyns was among them, no doubt the most enthusiastic and experienced, he having done much during the previous desperate period to keep staghunting alive. The outcome of the meeting was an offer from that fine sportsman, Mr. Froude Bellew, of Rhyll, to present a draft of the biggest hounds of a foxhound pack recently purchased in Cornwall. This offer was accepted as a nucleus, but before proceeding further arrangements had to be made to find and appoint a Master and staff, establish kennels and get

Taylor & Tilley

MASTER AND HARBOURER
Colonel W. W. Wiggin with Ned Lang at Cloutsham

subscriptions—all very difficult of accomplishment in those days!

Mr. Fenwick, later Mr. Fenwick Bisset, M.P., the shooting tenant of Pixton Park, Dulverton, was persuaded to accept the Mastership. Jack Babbage, of Anstey, who had previous experience of staghunting, was appointed huntsman, and Arthur Heal from a pack of harriers in Devon was made whipper-in. The secretary was an excellent sportsman in the person of Mr. Sam Warren, of Dulverton, and the harbourer was Jim Blackmore, of Frogwell Lodge, Haddon, the head keeper to the Pixton estate. During the first year or so hounds were kennelled at Churchtown, Anstey, no doubt because Babbage lived there or nearby.

But the hounds presented by Mr. Froude Bellew were not enough. Other good sportsmen came forward with help. The Rev. Jack Russell and Captain West (the latter had come to Exmoor earlier in the '50's for a season or two, and hunted the deer with his own pack) gave four-and-a-half couple between them; one-and-a-half couple of old hounds and four couple of puppies were purchased from a Mr. Gilbert, these evidently being foxhounds. This gave the new Master a total of eighteen couple, a mixed lot requiring the combined skill and "persuasion" of Babbage and Arthur to lick them into shape and train them to hunt the stag. Under their stern discipline hounds soon improved, to, later, show splendid sport. From the time of the establishment of this 1855 pack they became known as the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, and to compare them with the two magnificent packs on the benches at Exford Kennels to-day is most interesting.

But the new times were not to be perfect, for Mr. Bisset. Poachers remained in the field, promises of subscriptions were broken, many landowners showed little or no interest, harbouring was very difficult on account of deer scarcity,

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET AT A CLOUTSHAM BALL MEET

hounds were discovered to be sheep-killers, while as Mr. Bisset wrote at the time, "... Master, men and hounds were all new to their work. ..." further stating that he himself knew too little about the sport, while there were many who knew too much!

Those crafty fellows the poachers were not timid of daylight and discovery in those exciting days, and it is on record that a deer killed by some of them, on being brought into Exford village was a sign for general jollification among the inhabitants. Could anyone knowing Exford to-day even dream of such a state of affairs when he perceives the loyalty, affection and profound admiration held by the parishioners for their Master at Stockleigh?

At a meet in the year 1855, according to Fortescue's *Staghunting on Exmoor*, a notorious poacher arrived exhibiting to Mr. Bisset the slot of a hind which had been shot a day or so previous, "to encourage the new Master"! But Mr. Bisset was not the man to be perplexed. Against all discouragement, disappointment, odds, he faced the future with dignified and strong determination, supported by a loyal staff and a few keen followers, until he succeeded in bringing the Devon and Somerset out of danger; driving the poachers back to their hovels; increasing the herds of deer from a few dozen to hundreds; greatly augmenting subscriptions and fields; improving and increasing the pack; bringing the Quantock Hills into the stag-hunting territory; building the kennels, lodges and stables at Exford—in fact refounding this great and historic institution almost as we know it to-day.

This fine sportsman was Master for 25 eventful years, and of the nine Masters who have held the great responsibility since him, Colonel W. W. Wiggin with his great reign from 1919-1935 comes second to him in respect of longevity of Mastership.

In 1855 there remained very few deer in the country, and these scattered in different parts on account of repeated attacks by the poachers and deer stealers. In that year only two stags and two hinds were killed, plus one stag saved in 25 hunting days. Compare this with the record of the Devon and Somerset, the Quantock and the Tiverton Staghounds with a total of 225 deer in about 276 hunting days for the year ending April, 1935, and we see how things have changed during the present Master's lifetime.

When the first meet of 1855 was held at Simonsbath on August 21st, a stag was taken, but proved to be one that formerly had been turned out by Captain West, so he was let go again. Those who hunt with the Devon and Somerset and the two subsidiary packs at the present day, may from the above be more able to appreciate the change that has come about during the last 80 years.

At the meet held at Sandiway last Saturday Colonel Wiggin was presented by hundreds of his friends and followers with a portrait of himself, Ernest Bawden the huntsman and the pack, in honour of his birthday which took place last Sunday.

ANDREW VOWLES.

Photo: Tasler & Tilley

AFTER THE TUFTERS HAD FOUND

The Devon and Somerset pack near Webber's Park being laid on the line

W. A. Rouch

A STYLISH THREE-YEAR-OLD

Night Owl (Buchan-Gay Bird) winner of the John Porter Stakes at Newbury. Owned by Mr. J. H. Whitney, he was trained by Capt. C. Boyd-Rochfort at Newmarket

FRENCH-BRED WINNERS OF ENGLISH RACES

Are They a Menace to the Bloodstock Industry?

THE remarkable increase in the number of winners of English races bred in France cannot fail to have attracted the attention of racing people, and the question arises whether it constitutes a menace to bloodstock breeding in this country. Up to the end of last week no fewer than 95 races had been secured by French-bred horses and the likelihood is that the total will be largely augmented by the close of the season.

Several prominent owners, notably the Aga Khan and Lord Derby, are now breeding many horses on the other side of the Channel, but the big jump in the number of French-bred winners is mainly due to the importation of horses-in-training by other owners. Presumably this means that likely winners can be purchased more cheaply there than is the case at home, and the flood of recent importations from France suggests that all is not well with racing in that country at the moment.

As a fact, a decline in keenness on the part of many racing owners in France has lately been commented on by competent authorities, some of whom blame the totalisator and the pari-mutuel, which now take an increased percentage from backers, for the falling off of support. We imagine this to be only a passing phase in the history of French racing, and we do not believe the export of some of its surplus thoroughbred stock will inflict any serious damage to the breeding interests of England and Ireland.

Happily, the English Turf is quite strong enough to absorb the newcomers, and it may be that some of the French-bred horses, when they go to the stud, will afford some valuable outcrosses for our breeders. Easton is a case in point. Years ago the importation of Roi Hérode produced remarkable results in breeding here, and there is no reason why the best French strains should not continue to be of good service.

In any case the prestige of the British thoroughbred is not seriously assailed, because to set against the large number of French-bred winners under Jockey Club Rules this year we can point to the fact that a substantial proportion of the best horses in France, such as Brantôme, are for the most part bred on English lines.

Recent results have had an interesting bearing on Cesarewitch prospects, though several of the prominent candidates for that race, notably Doreen Jane, are expected to compete for the Nottingham Handicap on Monday. Will Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort's stable supply the winner of the Cesarewitch for the third consecutive season and thus set up a new record for the race? It is manifest that his three-year-old colt Woodstock, the property of Mr. Loel Guinness, has an excellent chance of success on his form in the Newbury Autumn Cup.

This son of Blenheim is not without a touch of class, and at 7st. 3lb. he is undoubtedly well handicapped. At the date of writing, however, no jockey has been secured for him, and this is obviously a question of supreme importance in a race like the Cesarewitch, especially in the case of such a well-grown, long-striding colt as Woodstock, who needs a good deal of holding together.

Assuming that the riding difficulty is satisfactorily settled, it is safe to assume that Woodstock will be one of the favourites. At all events he is reasonably certain to beat all the Cesarewitch horses which finished behind him at Newbury, where he would have won but for the rather unexpected intervention of Sir Abe Bailey's colt Cecil, who set a 5lb. penalty at defiance. In at least two of his preceding races this season Cecil has stopped short in his stride when tackled, and had thus acquired the reputation of being ungenerous. Perhaps there were other reasons to account for his lapses, and the fact remains that last week-end, when his jockey wisely refrained from riding him into the ground, the son of Foxlaw gave a completely honest performance and showed himself to be one of the best natural stayers of the time.

Curiously enough Cecil had so far lost caste that he was omitted from the entry for the Cesarewitch, but this is not a matter of acute regret for Sir Abe Bailey, seeing that he has two other entrants of great promise in Shining Cloud and Doreen Jane, who, according to present arrangements, are both to take their chances on the 16th. Incidentally, Woodstock is included in the list of French-bred winners in this country, but his dam, the Golden Orb mare Helvetic, is an English mare who was only in France for a few seasons. His sire, himself a Derby winner, has come strongly to the front with Mahmoud, the Bossover colt and other good winners.

A most unfortunate feature of the Newbury Cup was the accident in which Gordon Richards was involved. Those who witnessed the fall of Tommaok were left to wonder how the jockey escaped more serious injury, as he came down directly in the path of a number of horses. Tommaok was badly cut about, and as a result can hardly be at his best for the Cesarewitch, but Richards providentially got off with some bad bruises and slight concussion. It is expected that he will be in the saddle again before long.

Among the three-year-olds which ran at Newbury Rippon Tor was perhaps unlucky to be beaten in the John Porter Stakes. This was only his second appearance in public, but his trainer was satisfied that he would win. The only danger, it was thought, was that the colt might be handicapped by lack of racing experience. It was precisely this which brought about his narrow defeat.

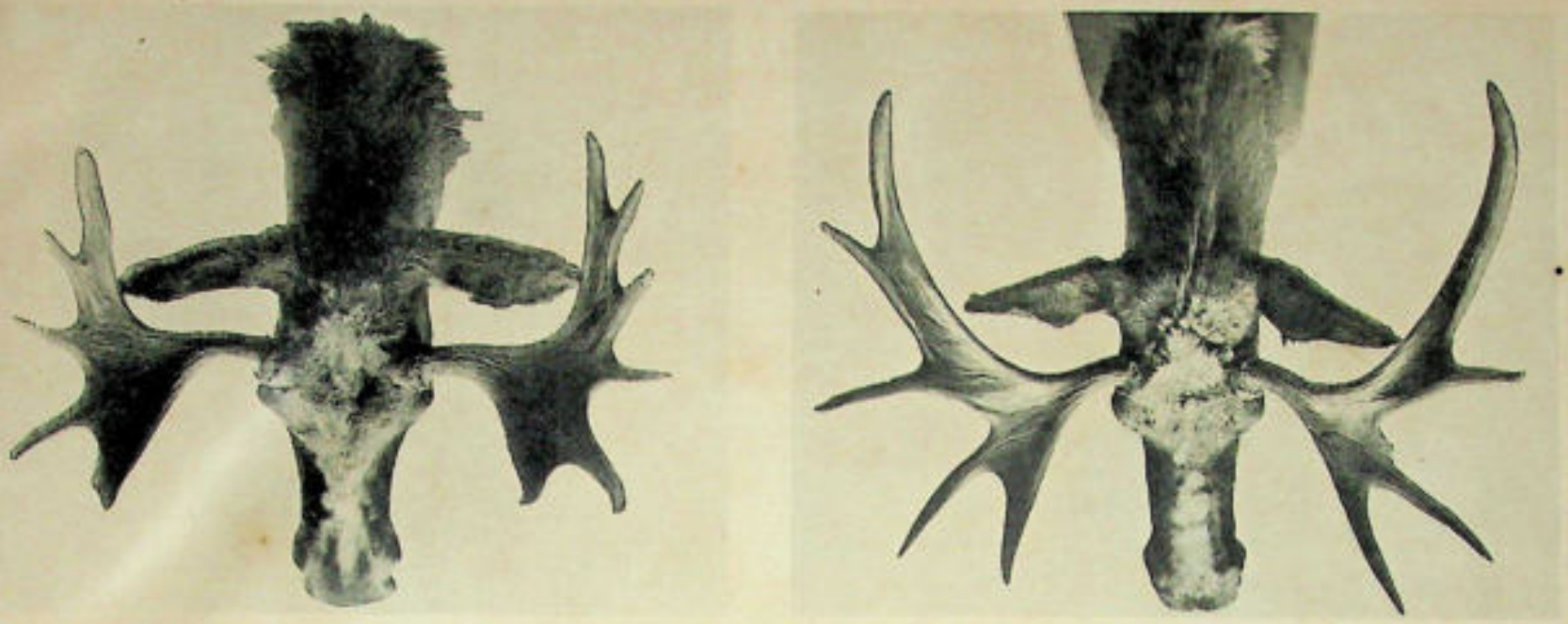
As soon as Rippon Tor got in front he showed distinct evidence of greenness, and Night Owl was accordingly able to run him out of it. The sire of Mrs. Washington Singer's colt is Lightning Artist, who has acquired a good reputation in the United States by reason of the handsome achievements of his son Cavalcade. Rippon Tor's dam is that good mare Leighon Tor, most of whose offspring have displayed good form on the racecourse. Lord Astor was responsible for the breeding of Night Owl, who is by Buchan out of Gay Bird by Gay Crusader from the famous Popinjay, but officially the breeder of the colt is Mr. J. H. Whitney, who gave 1,000gs. for Gay Bird when she was carrying this foal.

Captain Boyd-Rochfort, having just missed the mark with Woodstock, was consoled by the success of Night Owl, and as the Manton stable, though disappointed with Rippon Tor, scored with Cecil and Concordat, it was a fair distribution of the honours. To judge by the ease with which Concordat carried off his race he must be a better two-year-old than has been generally supposed. From his breeding there is no reason why he should not be one of the best, for he is by Coronach out of Short Story; the winners between them of the highest classic honours of 1926.

Many owners, trainers and jockeys will no doubt welcome the proposal of racecourse executives that until the end of the season seven races should be included in each day's programme in place of the usual six. It is intended that these races shall be confined to two and three-year-old events, which will, as the going has become more yielding, give the younger horses a chance to display their best form. Many two-year-olds, in fact, have not yet faced the starter, and so it has been impossible to gain any definite idea of juvenile form.

AN AMATEUR RIDER'S FINE PERFORMANCE AT GATWICK

Our Hope, the grey, well placed for victory in the United Services Cup at Gatwick, in which he was ridden by his owner, Mr. J. Gubbins



TWO TYPES OF NORWEGIAN ELK

The author's two Norwegian elk heads which illustrate the palmated and cervine types of antlers.

MEMORIES OF DAYS AFTER ELK AND MOOSE

Some Experiences in Norway and Canada

By G. SECCOMBE HETT

THERE is a fascination in hunting allied species or varieties of the same species in different countries that gives an extra interest to big game shooting. This is a difficult thing to do systematically, and to collect every specimen of, say, mountain sheep would be a task of many years. But sometimes one has chances that have all the charm of the unexpected. Thus it was that shortly after two seasons of elk hunting in Norway, I found myself in Southern Alberta with three weeks to spare.

Now, my experience with elk has taught me to respect them as difficult and interesting beasts to hunt. The season is only ten days (since I believe reduced to five days), the elk travel hard, and often have to be followed over a large stretch of country, and the animal is experienced in the ways of man. In two seasons, hunting every day over good ground, I had two chances each year. This I believe to be the average luck one may expect.

Most readers of the *Field* will know of the method of hunting in Norway. Simply, one goes out with a guide who has a trained elk hound on a lead. One then tries to find the tracks of a good bull elk and follow them. Practically this is a very delicate business, for, whether he is alarmed or not, the elk appears to take it for granted that he is being followed, and he will do two things.

Firstly, he will enter a stream during the course of his wanderings and travel up or down it for some distance, often coming out again on the same side. Secondly, he will invariably circle on his tracks before lying up, so as to catch the wind of any pursuers.

Therefore, supposing that one has set out at about seven in the morning, has been lucky enough to find the tracks of a good beast about ten, and is successful in holding the trail in spite of rivers and swamps, then one should begin to approach the animal in the early afternoon when it is resting. One will soon know if one is approaching the beast, for the elkhound, which has been pulling at its lead, will now redouble its efforts and begin to whine softly through its nose. There is something ludicrous about a husky dog making a noise like a sick canary at such a moment.

It is then that the guide must decide where to leave the trail so as to avoid giving the elk the wind, and he must do this at a point from which the dog can pick up the scent of the beast itself. Then, very quietly, the three must move forward.

I have never known quite how long this part of the hunt takes. One is keyed up to a pitch of excitement, the dog whining and tugging at its lead, the guide suppressing the dog and peering through the trees, and oneself intent not to step upon a dry twig, or slip up on mossy boulder or rotting log. There is silence in the forest, and time seems no longer to exist.

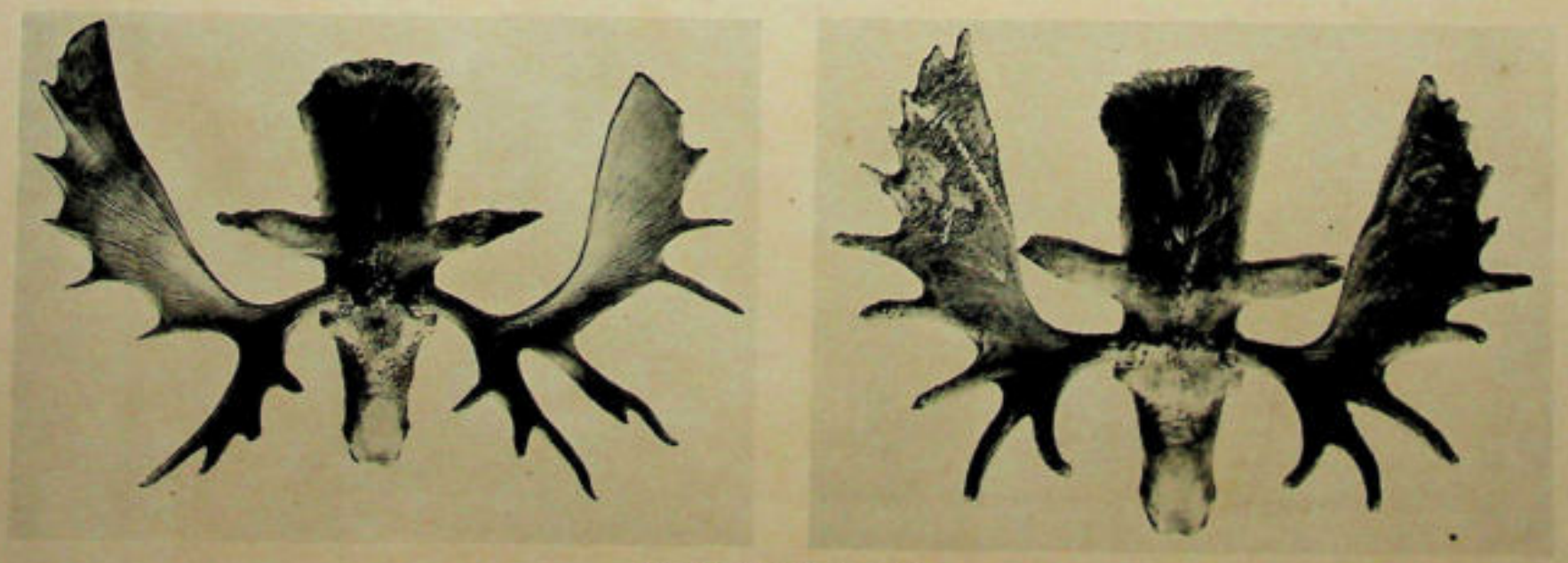
If all goes well, there will come a time when the guide will stop and point. Noiselessly a grey shadow will rise up from the ground and melt into the trees, looking like some spectral beast, relict of the Pleistocene Age. There is time for one shot.

Remembering this, when my guide in Canada suggested spending one day after moose before leaving for the Rockies to hunt sheep, I was sceptical. He was as good as his word. We rode out of camp one morning, and by noon we had reached a valley, reputedly the haunt of good heads. On our journey we heard frequent crashings through the wood, made by moose that we disturbed on the way. This surprised me, for I had never known elk make such a noise, though possibly the patches of dead and fallen timber accounted for the difference.

We tethered our horses at the head of the valley and went forward to reconnoitre. As the guide had predicted, we found our quarry, three large bulls, feeding on the slope of a hill that was dotted with fir trees. We made no pretence of stalking them, only crouching a little behind some alders. The beasts saw us and began to move off, and this did not give me time to examine and select as I had wished. I took the largest, and the guide shot another.

On going up to them, I was distressed to find that they were still in velvet, mine stripped nearly clean, but the other still covered. The guide was surprised, saying that he had never known them strip so late in the year. It was then September 1st, and the opening day of the season. It should be noted that a special licence is necessary to shoot moose at this time in Alberta.

During the remainder of my trip I had plenty of opportunity to observe moose, and indeed I became rather tired of seeing them. It was rare not to come across two or three in any one of the long valleys



TWO ALBERTA MOOSE HEADS

The specimen on the left displays well developed brows whilst the head on the right is still in velvet though killed on September 1st

JOE LOUIS
The next Heavyweight Champion of the World provided he is given the chance

of muskeg that lie at the foot of the Rockies, and I once saw nine old bulls together. This is in marked contrast to the elk, which usually live singly, or in company with a cow and a calf. The moose were all very unsophisticated, and not nearly as alert as the wapiti and mule deer which were also plentiful in the district.

I had no chance of observing whether the moose adopted the same tricks as the elk in wading along streams to throw off pursuit, and circling on their tracks before lying up. Their great folly seemed to consist in keeping to relatively open country, where their poor eyesight makes them easy game. I should be very interested to hear from any reader of the *Field* whether the moose of Eastern Canada differ from those of the West in point of wiliness.

I did, however, notice one quaint trick that the moose share with the elk, and that is that when alarmed in sparsely wooded country, they will stand broadside on to the danger, but with their shoulder covered by a tree. The habit is most marked and is not accidental. Perhaps it was this same trait that was the basis of Julius Cæsar's statement that elk slept leaning against a tree.

There is also an interesting comparison in heads. Nearly all sorts of deer develop heads that may be classified into types as, for example, the woodland and barren ground caribou. The European elk (*Alces machlis typicus*) has a similar difference, the orthodox head developing a broad shovel with small, even points, while the wilder form of head has few and large points, but shows little tendency towards palmation.

A similar rough analogy can be traced in the moose heads, for, where as the majority grow an orthodox type of antler, a few tend to divide the shovel into a palmated brow reaching forward, while the relatively narrow palm sweeps back. My guide's head, which I have kept preserved in velvet, is of the orthodox type, while my own is of the second wilder variety.

It is interesting to note that both in North Norway and in Alberta, the two types of head that I obtained came from the same district, which tends to discount any theory of local conditions or racial variety as an explanation of the difference.

REPORTS FROM THE MOORS

CAITHNESS.—At Bruan Lodge the season's bag was 135 brace of grouse, killed by four guns: Mr. S. Donnithorne, Mr. R. Donnithorne (for three weeks August), Mr. G. Seccombe Hett (for August), and Mr. C. Campbell-Dick (three weeks in September). The weather turned stormy after two weeks, and birds became very wild. The moor would easily have stood another 100 brace being taken off it. In addition 56 partridges (corn not all cut when we left), 14 rock pigeon, 25 snipe, 21 golden plover, 19 hares, 21 rabbits, were shot. Twenty-four trout were caught, the three biggest scaling 1¼lb. each.

PERTHSHIRE.—At Moness on August 12th, 37 brace of grouse were killed by four guns of Mrs. Russell's party, out for four hours. The total bag up to September 24th was 2,463 brace. In August, driving on the 13th, 16th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 26th, 28th and 30th, with seven guns, the bags were 158 brace, 220 brace, 190 brace, 146 brace, 240 brace, 150½ brace, 176 brace and 165 brace. In September, on the 10th, 12th and 13th, and 21st, 23rd and 24th, the bags were 196½ brace, 194 brace, 174 brace, 167 brace, 94 brace, and 66½ brace, the last two days with six and five guns.

LOUIS THE HEAVYWEIGHT HOPE

A Better Boxing Outlook in America and a Poor One at Home

By BRIAN VESEY FITZGERALD

THE "in my day" attitude of mind is not confined to Anglo-Indians. It is a failing common to all mankind. We magnify the incidents and glorify the actors of our youth and as the years pass so does the stature of these ordinary mortals increase, completely dwarfing their modern counterparts. And just because of this queer failing of ours comparison between past and present, always invidious, becomes impossible.

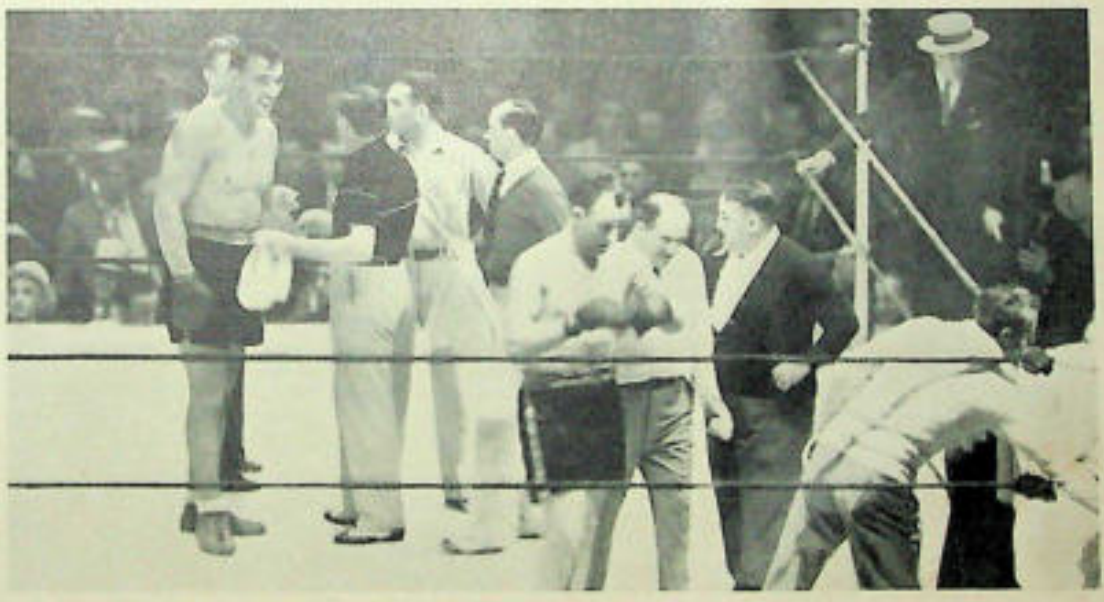
One cannot compare Dr. Grace and Jack Hobbs: the 1924 and 1905 All-Black teams. But clearing away the fog of hero-worship it becomes obvious even to the most die-hard supporter of the "in my day" school that the standard of sport generally is immeasurably higher than it was twenty years ago, let alone fifty: *ipso facto* the standard attained by the champions in each particular sport is also immeasurably higher than it was. That is true of almost every sport, but it is definitely untrue of boxing.

Personally I believe that the Jack Dempsey of 1919–1921 would have beaten any heavyweight of any time with or without gloves. But no one will persuade me that there is any man boxing to-day at any weight comparable to the champions of ten or twenty years ago. There is not; the general standard of boxing is appallingly low. The standard of heavyweight boxing—and it is with heavyweights that this article is particularly concerned—is lower than it is has ever been. Why?

winning it. Schmeling, despite giving Sharkey a terrible beating, lost his crown. Sharkey was duly knocked out by Carnera. Maddison Square did not worry. A year later, in the worst, the most farcical fight ever staged, Max Baer beat Carnera. A year later Baer was beaten by Braddock. A year hence Braddock will be beaten by—well, it does not matter who beats Braddock: nothing matters so long as there is a new champion each year and New York promotes the fight.

Compare the reigns of Dempsey and Tunney with those of Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera and Baer. Is it any wonder that the skill has gone? Why trouble to perfect boxing skill when anyone may be selected irrespective of merit as the next champion. Examine the method by which Braddock was selected. Why Braddock and not Loughran? Why Braddock at all? But Braddock is champion of the world.

The only way in which this vicious circle can be broken is for some man of outstanding merit and rigid principles to arise as a heavyweight star. Luckily for boxing such a man is, seemingly, ready to hand in Joe Louis. It is early days to hail him as the greatest ever. His win over Baer was nothing outstanding. Louis's greatest performance was stopping Carnera. But greatest ever or no, the negro is undoubtedly the next champion of the world provided he is given the chance and a fair showing. His colour is against him. The colour-



SHARKEY'S EXIT. CARNERA ACCLAIMED AS CHAMPION IN 1933 AFTER HIS VICTORY IN THE SIXTH ROUND OF THE FIGHT

Twenty years ago—ten years if you like—America could produce 40 first-class heavy-weights, any one of whom was quite capable of putting paid to the aspirations of any foreign invader without troubling the reigning champion—and without recourse to doubtful means. To-day America can only find seven first-class heavyweights in the world, according to her official ranking list. They are Braddock, Louis, Baer, Schmeling, Carnera, Loughran, and Ford Smith. I have, I confess, never heard of Ford Smith. Baer, Braddock and Carnera would not have found a place in the first twenty ten years ago. Louis, Schmeling and Loughran would, in their prime, have reached the first ten. Louis alone could be called in his prime. What is the reason? Lack of competition and the influence of money.

Tunney's retirement was premature. America had to find another champion in a hurry. Her choice most unwisely fell on Sharkey—and to that choice can be traced the present deplorable state of affairs. Sharkey, a man of quick temper, was matched with Schmeling. He lost on a foul. Dempsey quite fairly gave the decision to the German. The World Championship had gone abroad.

American boxing business became panic-stricken at the prospect of millions of money following Schmeling abroad. They set about ensuring that a similar contingency should not arise again. They passed the "no-foul" rule. They forced the champion and challenger to sign contracts tying them to defend the title in America a year after

line is still very rigidly drawn in the States, but it would be the best thing possible for boxing if this negro became world champion. He has the great gift of knocking opponents out. He would be difficult to tie down by contract. He would encourage competition again. Jack Johnson was responsible for the great wave of competition that ultimately produced Dempsey. Louis may well be responsible for a similar wave and a similar product.

So much for American heavies. The English situation is in no way different. We have no single heavyweight of note. Petersen is apparently to fight as a cruiser-weight in future. Harvey and Phillips are both cruisers, and, in my opinion, the equals of Petersen. Gains and Cook are veterans. There remains only Foord, who has all the physical assets, and with a few good fights might well blossom forth as a potential challenger to the poor best of America and Schmeling. This is a poor position for the home of boxing to be in—but it is not in point of fact any worse than it always has been. On consideration it would appear that of recent years Joe Beckett has been our best—at least he did not boast!

America is in a very poor way. But her heavyweights could, I think, still lick any of ours. The coming season will show whether I am right or wrong. Loughran is over here. He is now a veteran so far as boxing goes. But he would still beat Baer (he has done so) or Braddock, given the chance. He should show us whether or no we are as bad as I, at least, think we are. He may also show us if Foord is as good as I think he is.

TROUT FISHING IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS

A picturesque reach of the Ithon near Llandrindod Wells where the local association has five miles of water

FISHING MIRACLES

How Luck Sometimes Lends a Helping Hand

By WEST COUNTRY

THERE are people who aver that there is no such thing as luck, good, bad or indifferent, and that everything which happens is due to some definite action on our part. I can only suppose that these curious folk are not anglers, for at times the Goddess Chance plays extraordinary tricks upon followers of the gentle art.

It must be these manifestations of fortune, good or ill, which has given anglers as a class the reputation for "drawing the long bow." But truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and some of the things which actually do happen in fishing are so amazing that no novelist would dare to put them into his stories.

A good many years ago an old professional fisherman told me a wonderful yarn of how he hooked, played and eventually landed a salmon, and then found that his devon minnow had disappeared, and he asked me to guess how it had happened. As everyone knows, the devon type bait slides up the trace when a fish is hooked; his devon was made of solid brass which could not possibly crack and so slip off, and therefore only by a break in the line or trace could it be lost. Yet a break in 99 cases out of a hundred means that the fish is lost, too.

But not so in this instance. At some time during the fight the single steel wire trace had kinked and broken. It must have gone exactly at the devon, which immediately dropped off and was lost. But in some miraculous fashion the two ends of the wire had caught up in each other again and held with sufficient firmness to allow the fish to be landed. I must admit that at the time I found it difficult to credit this story, but several years later I read an account of an exactly similar happening described by someone else who also had been vouchsafed a miracle.

The odds against a fish which becomes unstuck getting caught up again instantly must be great, yet three times in the last 25 years I have had this happen with salmon. Twice fish which I knew were hooked in the mouth came unstuck, but instead of going free the triangle went in somewhere else. On the other occasion a salmon ran out of the head of the pool through very fast water, and came back another way, getting the line foul round a rock. During this performance the hook was torn out, but as the fish rolled down through the rapids the one small triangle caught up in the trace and noosed the salmon round the body, and so it was eventually landed forty minutes later.

One of the luckiest experiences I have ever heard of happened to an angler on the Wye. He hooked a big fish which soon broke the line. He put on another bait and began spinning again, and presently picked up the lost line and re-tied it to the original. Once more he started to play the salmon, but again his rotten line parted. Once more it was recovered, and this time he managed to kill the salmon, which weighed over 40lb.

I once lost a bait and trace which hung up in a crevice on a rock in mid-stream. I could see the bait at times and tried to pick up the trace by casting over it with another devon, but failed. Some days later, however, in fishing over the same place I felt an added resistance, and reeling-in found I had got my lost tackle. The interesting part of the episode was that the hook had not just caught up in the wire, but had actually gone through the eye of the swivel at the top of the trace. One might try to do this for a whole lifetime and not succeed, and the odds against it happening must be colossal.

Last season a gillie I know hooked a salmon, but his reel jammed and the fish broke away carrying devon, flight, trace and a few yards of line. Less than a week later the same man spinning a pool a quarter of a mile higher up the river picked up his own gear minus the devon from the bottom. This is also interesting as showing how quickly fish get rid of the hooks when they go off with part of the angler's tackle.

I once caught a sea trout in a curious way. It was not dark enough to begin fishing, but I threw a short line into the pool near the bank and left it there to soak the cast. Some time later I picked up the rod to find there was a fish on, and in due course a peal of about 2lb. was netted.

By this time it was pretty dark, and I felt about for the fly, but could find no trace of it, although the gut went into the fish's mouth. Thinking the fly must be right down in the gullet, I went some way back from the water and turned on an electric torch. Still there was no sign of the fly inside jaw or throat, but finally I discovered that it had gone in at the mouth and out of the gill opening on the right side of the head. Then the hook had caught up in the cast and so noosed the fish securely.

About the third or fourth salmon I ever hooked was lost in a remarkable way. I was spinning the tail end of a shallow pool in a flood and presently the minnow stopped and remained immovable. I pulled once or twice and nothing happened; then suddenly the tail and half the body of a fish of about 12lb. appeared above water and began to lash violently.

Three times this was repeated; then the line came free and I reeled in to find that the trace was broken and the devon gone. I imagine the salmon had taken the bait just as the trace went under the rock and wedged there. When the fish tried to move it found that it was anchored. Rather an unkind blow for a beginner, I thought.

It would be interesting to know just how big a part luck really plays in fishing. The record of "curiosities" which the correspondence columns of the *Field* frequently contain is proof enough that it is appreciable. However much the materialist may mock at it, luck must be an essential factor in every fishing day, though it is only the occasional "miracle" which calls attention to it.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING IN HAMPSHIRE
A busy moment for a well placed line at Lord Basing's shoot at Upton Grey

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN PARTRIDGE DRIVING

Points Which Can Make or Mar Good Organisation

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

SPORT would lose a great deal of its attraction were its gifts not largely counterbalanced by its denials. Tiresome though it may be when our best-laid plans miscarry, it is from incidents unforeseen or unprovided for that we learn many a lesson to our ultimate profit. Misfortune may be unpredictable or the outcome of sheer bad management; the only certain thing about it is its occurrence somewhere and somewhen. And possibly one may hazard the suggestion that of all forms of shooting, partridge driving lends itself most commonly to disappointment from one cause or the other.

Given the primary essentials to success—an abundance of birds and an adequately extensive area over which to drive them—there are yet other major factors of no small importance. You cannot make partridges go where they do not want to go because they are creatures of set purpose and regularity of habit. With the partridge there is a time and place for everything; for his toilet, his refreshment, and his subsequent siesta; and unless you study his preferences for certain retreats at certain times of day and plan your beats accordingly, he is not likely to suit himself to your convenience. Then his movements are further influenced by the extent of holding cover and the strength and direction of the wind, so that his outmanœuvring depends very largely on your grasp of local geography. All these details, therefore, demand co-ordination, even though they involve a good deal of preliminary thinking out. You cannot always guarantee a first-rate show of birds, but at least you can evolve alternative plans for outwitting such as may be in residence. Yet many a shoot resolves itself into more or less of a fiasco, simply because some pig-headed individual of one cut-and-dried idea refuses to adapt himself to circumstances.

LORD BASING'S PARTY AT UPTON GREY
From left to right: Mr. G. W. Hayes, Brigadier the Hon. W. D. Sclater-Booth, Admiral Sir Rudolf Bentinck, Lord Basing, Lady Basing, Sir George Thursby, Mr. C. Courage and Mr. G. W. Harrap

A common cause of failure is that beats are not adjusted to the capacity of the birds; in other words, the length of partridge flights, particularly early in the season, is governed *inter alia* by their strength. In this connection, temperature is an important factor. If, as often happens even early in October, the weather is so sultry as to cause beaters to mop heated brows, it is unwise, to say the least, to attempt to drive young birds too far and too often. And it is downright folly to do so in half a gale. It must be remembered that partridges, if they can, will always make for that holding cover which they normally frequent at certain times of day. And if, following up, you drive them out of it, their natural instinct urges their return as soon as possible. So it is essential not to give them time to straggle home on their own; you must determine how far they may safely be sent so that they may be more easily persuaded to the return journey. Wherefore, beats should hinge on one another, not necessarily consecutively, but in pursuance of so definite a scheme that return drives may be taken over ground made good earlier in the day. But here is a point of importance. No wind, I think, is too strong to deter partridges from *returning* to their favourite haunts. But with a hefty wind behind them they should never be pushed too far, lest their stamina be unequal to a long battle homewards, and they return not straight but by devious ways. Moreover, against

a head wind your driving should be slow; if you hurry and fuss your birds, they will simply scatter and sweep back over the beaters' heads.

Too straight a line of beaters is always a mistake. You cannot drive partridges by dressing by the right and marching like a Guards' platoon across any type of country. Birds *will* run for hedgerows, and unless the flanks are well protected, back along the ditch bottoms they will go. In a cross wind, in fact, success very often depends entirely on the intelligence of the flanking beaters, and a crescent line has the effect of persuading birds, inclined to scatter to the flanks, towards the centre of a beat and thus impelling them in the requisite direction. And if you can drive your partridges over tree belts, so much the better. For coveys are more inclined to spread, their height permits of safe shooting at any point of the compass, and they are easier to hit clean, silhouetted against the sky.

At one time or another most of us probably have suffered courteously but ungladly that dual control which is fatal to any shoot. If for no better reason than that the responsibility of "field-mastership" devolves on him, it is no part of a keeper's duty to issue executive orders to the guns. In many instances far too much licence is allowed in this respect. The keeper's job is to control his beaters, not to direct where so-and-so shall stand at such-and-such a drive. On the other hand, once his plans have been approved he should be left in peace to develop them. After all, if he knows his job at all he knows a good deal better than his employer the whereabouts of his coveys and the local influences on their movements. Moreover, he has no easy task in welding the homogeneous mob that nowadays constitutes an average beating line into some sort of harmonious entity. He cannot always rely on getting the same men two days running, and very often the most he can expect is that a posse of unemployed, leavened by a few ancients learned in beating lore, will display a moderate intelligence if every detail is explained *ad nauseam* beforehand. If, therefore, he is subject to constant interference involving last-minute changes of plan, he cannot justly be blamed if things go wrong. And if anyone doubts this statement, let him take command of an average crowd of beaters for half an hour. He will soon be convinced of its truth.

Beats are sometimes spoilt by neglect to screen gun positions beforehand, but quite as often partridges go contrary because the guns themselves forget that birds have eyes as well as ears. The least a man can do is to stay put in the place assigned to him, not wander up and down to "have a chat" before the beat develops fully. Admittedly, directions are sometimes vague. Where stands are not properly marked out the whole line must conform as to distance from the screening hedge to the position of the right or left-hand gun. Probably half the guns are then facing dead ground or hedgerow-gaps and a constant reshuffle takes place when the first coveys are already on the wing.

The bugbear of all shooting parties is the unpunctual guest. It is nothing short of downright bad manners, where beats are meticulously worked out beforehand and time is an important factor, to risk throwing out a whole day's programme and spoiling other people's sport. Little less tiresome is the man who brings 50 cartridges in lieu of a requisite 200, without a man to carry them, and "borrows" the latter from the outraged keeper, and the former from his fellow guests. He is usually the type of individual who brings also a half-trained dog, is invariably a few minutes late at every stand, mistakes the exact place to which he is directed, and then argues about it at the top of his voice to the fury of his fellows and the ultimate salvation of almost every partridge in the parish. For his malady there is only one cure; the erasion of his name from any future list of guests.

So, when all is said, without cohesion in a settled plan of campaign, the best partridge ground imaginable will yield indifferent results. Admittedly, to drive partridges to the best advantage is one of the high arts, but its mastery is not superlatively difficult if all parties to the proceedings confine themselves to minding their own business. Unfortunately they don't, at least, not always, and probably it is not untrue to say that most days of unhappy memory have been due, not so much to a scarcity of birds, as to misunderstandings arising from too scanty preparation—in other words, bad management.

WHERE HEIGHT PERMITS OF SAFE SHOOTING AT ANY POINT
The line among the roots and a covey overhead at Lord Rasing's shoot

AFTER THE PICK-UP: THE GUNS ABOUT TO MOVE OFF TO THE NEXT BEAT

"There is nothing finer to see in Rugby than a properly executed wheel, the forwards sweeping down the field dribbling the ball in a well organised rush . . . but wheeling is dying out"

EXPERIMENTS IN SCRUMMAGE

Will a 3—4—1 Rugby Formation Come to Stay?

By F. I. WATSON

FEW things have changed more in Rugby football than the play in and around the scrummage. In its earliest form the scrummage was practically Rugby football. With teams of 20-a-side the normal formation was fifteen forwards and five backs, and the forwards spent most of their time massed together in prolonged scrummages, hacking away cheerfully for a ball they could seldom see. Even when the number of players was reduced from 20 to 15 the forwards remained predominant, but their number was gradually reduced, first from ten to nine, and then to eight—that is, eight forwards and seven backs, which is still regarded as the orthodox formation for a Rugby team.

Now there are several ways in which eight players may dispose themselves in the scrummage to shove against the opposing forwards. Most of them have been tried out at different times in this country, but the majority of clubs long ago decided that the most serviceable for all purposes was the formation consisting of three forwards in the front row, two in the second row, and three in the back row. Other ideas came from overseas teams. Players in New Zealand made themselves masters of a seven-forward formation — the 2-3-2 formation — the success of which had much to do with the great triumphs of the teams which visited this country in 1905 and 1924. The South African team which was here four years ago exploited a 3-4-1 formation with pronounced skill and effect. And now we have seen the present visiting side from New Zealand following their example and at times dropping the single man from the back row and pushing 3-4 in the scrummages.

It is quite conceivable that in this the New Zealanders are pointing the fashion for the future. Conditions have changed a good deal since David Gallaher, the captain of the 1905 visiting team, wrote of the old New Zealand 2-3-2 formation: "We are overwhelmingly convinced that our formation of seven is infinitely better than any formation of eight." The 2-3-2 formation is not only unsuited to present-day conditions; it is virtually put out of court by revisions that have been made in the scrummage rules, which place at a great disadvantage any formation of less than three players in the front row. In experimenting with 3-4-1 formation the New Zealanders may be anticipating, as did the South Africans, what will probably be the future function of the scrummage.

So far most players in this country have adhered faithfully to the traditional principle that the scrummage is not merely a means of heeling the ball to the backs or enabling wing forwards to break away quickly, but that it should also play a more positive part in the variation of tactics. It is not always politic for the forwards to heel the ball. Their backs may be outplayed and incapable of making the best use of it, or they may hold an advantage which can best be driven home by a forward rush from the scrummage, in which case the forwards should be able to wheel the scrummage and break away with the ball at their feet. There is nothing finer to see in Rugby than a properly executed wheel, the forwards sweeping down the field dribbling the ball in a well organised rush.

The orthodox 3-2-3 formation is undoubtedly better adapted to wheeling than the 3-4-1 formation. It is more compact and therefore facilitates the quick adjustment of weight and push in the direction required; and the second- and third-row forwards are better placed to break away with the ball—two players backed up by three is better than four players backed up by only one. But the point is that wheeling is dying out. The true art of it is already lost or ruined by the development of wing forward play, and the tendency will probably be to use the wheel less and less.

The trend of scrummaging is, in fact, almost wholly towards quick heeling back of the ball and quick breaking away of the forwards when the ball is out; and, properly applied, the 3-4-1 formation—or the 3-4 formation if the forwards are strong enough—facilitates both these things. In essence, the 3-4-1 formation is only a modification of the 3-2-3 formation; it merely means that the two outside players in the back row move up to the second row. These are the forwards who are now expected to break away quickly on either side of the scrummage to harass the opposing backs if they have the ball or to reinforce their own backs if they have it. Obviously they are in a more advanced position to break away if they are packing in the second row instead of the third. Moreover, while they are in the scrummage they are nearer to the ball when it is put in and can see more quickly on which side it is coming out. Yet another point, equally worth considering in these days, is that the four players in the second row help to shield their own scrum-half and hamper the opposing scrum-half.

One drawback to the 3-4-1 formation is that it inevitably loses some of the concentrated straight shove through the middle of the scrummage obtained with the 3-2-3 formation. The New Zealanders experienced this noticeably in their first matches—though they themselves attributed it partly to the fact that they were taken unawares by their opponents' practice of shoving as soon as the scrummage was formed. (Incidentally, among the Rugby Union "Notes for Referees" is an explicit instruction that "one team is not entitled to gain ground at the expense of the other before the ball is available to restart the game.") Then, last Saturday, the New Zealanders were beaten so badly forward by the Swansea pack, using the orthodox formation, that they might well have been discouraged from continuing with the 3-4-1 formation. This victory of Swansea's must have put tremendous heart into British players, who have not seen a New Zealand team beaten in this country since 1905.

After the visit of the South Africans, several clubs in this country tried the 3-4-1 formation, but none of them persevered long enough with it to master its peculiarities. Cambridge University tried it without success, which was not at all surprising in a side subject to many changes and lacking sufficient practice for a new departure. Undoubtedly the formation is not easy to master as the New Zealanders have discovered; but progressive clubs may yet see in it another development of what is going on in Rugby as in all games—the general speeding up of play.

BRITAIN'S LOST RYDER CUP

Our Team's Poor Display

By E. R. TIPPLE

A VISITING side has yet to win the Ryder Cup. Last week the hopes of Britain retaining the coveted trophy were dashed to the ground at Ridgewood, New Jersey. It was more than a defeat; it was a débâcle.

Beforehand the British prospects seemed reasonably bright. Few people, if any, anticipated a victory, but everyone hoped for it, and had good reasons for so doing. But no one expected the team to fare as it did, to be beaten by eight matches to two with two matches halved. There are no excuses to offer. The Americans won and, by all accounts, won how they liked in the majority of cases.

The match began disastrously for the British team. Only one couple scored full points in the foursomes, the other three being defeated by overwhelming margins. Perry and Busson did not make a happy partnership, and at the end of the first round were five down. Padgham and Alliss fared worse and were seven holes behind, whilst Cox and Jarman began in the afternoon facing a deficit of six. These stark figures tell a sorry tale. The difference between the respective players, judged on their individual ability, by no stretch of the imagination could be put to such a wide margin as seven holes in eighteen, or six, or even five. For two of this country's best golfers to take 80 for a round and two others to require 77 strokes is surprising. Such golf would be no good over here, and is definitely a waste of time in America.

Undoubtedly this sorry display in the foursomes had the naturally discouraging effect on the singles. Recovery was well nigh impossible, and the players must have known it. As has been mentioned in the *Field* on several occasions, foursome golf requires practice and again practice, especially for first-class competitions. Only one day was devoted to this purpose before the team sailed, and half of that was given over to the more popular four-ball games. Lack of serious preparation cannot bring success, and it is time the golf authorities realised that and gave their representatives chances to get together and establish sound, reliable partnerships.

Perhaps the most astonishing feature of the singles was the fact that Charles Whitcombe dropped himself out of the play and only acted as a spectator. Hagen, the American captain, did the same thing. Whatever the reason, the policy was not sound, for C. A. Whitcombe is one of the best match players in the country. Percy Alliss deserves praise for being the only British player to record a victory. He fought a losing battle most of the way, and a brilliant patch of putting in the afternoon pulled him through. Cox and Perry halved, the former making an excellent début by turning a deficit of five holes at the end of the first round into a one-hole lead at the ninth in the afternoon. Busson and R. A. Whitcombe more than held their own for three-quarters of the game but collapsed on the last lap. After that the details make sorry reading!

Obviously the British team as a whole did not touch the form of which we know they are capable. Perhaps the occasion proved too great a strain for most of them—especially the newcomers. It does seem that the Americans have a flair for giving of their best just at the right moment. Yet, in fairness, I believe a week was not sufficient time for the players to get their "land legs" and to accustom themselves to the strange conditions. Two years ago when the American team arrived in this country with only a few days for practice they found that this was true. However, this cannot be accepted as the real explanation of the defeat. Personally I believe the British players to be the equal of the American in shot production, but they fail because they do not realise that they are good golfers.

American critics said that the British players did not attack the flags, but played safely for the greens instead. Over-cautious no doubt. And it was suggested that the wet clover on the fairways, the small greens and narrow fairways proved too difficult for our representatives. Such a suggestion cannot be taken seriously. If it were to be, then the professional golfers must be deemed a poor lot, and they are not as we know. Have we not clover in England, and narrow fairways and small greens?

Although we have lost the cup there is one consolation: the young professionals, Cox, Busson and Barton, have gained experience of international golf, and this experience may help the 1937 side regain the trophy. British golfers are still hopeful even if depressed.

AN OCTOBER ARRIVAL

The redwing, which comes to us for the winter, differs from the thrush not only in its social habits and in the chestnut-red patch on the flanks and under the wing from which it takes its name, but in the very pronounced light eyestripe, as shown above

AUTUMN TINTS AND TRAVELLERS

Winter Birds Arrive, Dormice Sleep and the Fox Puts on New Raiment

By FRANCES PITT

ELMS are golden, the maples in the fences are blushing fiery red, and the bracken is withering before the chill breath of the autumn mornings. The afternoon sun may shine warmly, especially into those sheltered corners by the wood where thistles and teasles raise their heads and afford rich fare for small birds, but the breeze blows coldly at break of day and reminds us that stern times are ahead.

The chilly air of the autumn dawn gives hint to many a bird and beast of what is in store, and that winter arrangements must not be delayed. The dormouse must now finally quit its cradle in the honeysuckle-draped nut bush and seek a snug dormitory below, and the hedgehog must get in more leaves, grass and moss and really tuck itself away in the rabbit hole it has annexed for winter quarters.

Yet many of these creatures are strangely, nay absurdly, optimistic, and try to carry on with summer activities that should long since have been finished. I have twice seen young dormice in October, babies which had small chance of surviving. One lot were found by a man who was trimming a fence. He brought them to me, and I did my utmost with creamy milk, a paint brush, and then a fountain pen filler, but it was in vain.

Woodpigeons are birds that likewise often try to carry on springtime activities into late autumn, and I have known of freshly-built nests and newly-laid eggs in October, when the invading armies of foreign woodpigeons were already arriving here from overseas and the voice of the fieldfare came chuckling through the air.

Whether these mistimed efforts of the pigeons come to anything is another matter; probably very seldom, for such flaring up of the nesting impulse is like the late summer growths of trees and bushes, liable to be checked and cut off by autumn frosts.

Yet October's days are the normal time for certain young things to come into this world, namely the pups of the great grey seal, which are invariably born in the autumn, usually during October and November. When we remember that the grey or Atlantic seal is an animal of our wildest coasts, especially our western shore, where the equinoctial gales pile up their worst storms, it does indeed seem that an autumn breeding season is the worst it could choose; yet in fact it may be the best, for the helpless babies, in their silky white natal jackets, lie safely on their storm-swept island homes, or in the innermost recesses of the great caves, guarded by wind and sea, and usually immune from human interference, which they would not be at any other time of year.

As the days pass, the portents of the advance of the year come thick and fast. Leaves begin to fall, winter visitors arrive more and more numerously, and the sound of passing fieldfares catches the ear, while the busy flocks of redwings in the meadows catch the eye.

Some persons seem doubtful in what respects the redwing differs from our homely song thrush—apart from habits, and in particular its social inclinations; apart, too, from the red tinge beneath the wing to which it owes its name, it has a very pronounced light eye stripe.

Now is the time to keep a lookout for unusual bird visitors. It is probable that crossbills will be seen in many parts of the country this winter. They are due for one of their periodic irruptions, when they leave their headquarters in the fir forests of central and northern Europe to travel abroad, and flocks have already been reported from many quarters of England.

With crossbills coming in it is possible this may be also a waxwing year. The waxwing comes here as an erratic invader from the northern pine woods of the Continent, sometimes not being recorded for a season or two and then arriving in numbers. In the distance the birds are not unlike a flock of starlings, which resemblance is noticeable in this photograph of a company in the treetops, but near at hand they are most striking and unmistakable. On the forehead is an erectile chestnut crest, and on the tips of the shafts of the secondaries are those curious "wax ends" from which the bird's name is derived. They look like lumps of red sealing-wax affixed to the feathers.

Reverting to the birds and beasts of our woods and coppices, most of the latter are now looking their best, from the squirrel in its new coat of beautiful golden red with thickly plumed tail as yet dark and unfaded, to the fox, which is also putting on winter furs.

But no creature decks itself more beautifully in preparation for cold times than the lovely pine marten, now, alas! so rare in these islands that few people know what it is like. Some years ago I had a pet female, one of the most lovable and beautiful of animals. She came to me as a wee "kitten" from the Lake District—where one or two pine martens still hold out—and I had her for a long while.

She shed her winter coat in the spring, and during the summer was a small dark creature; but in September she began to grow a new jacket and underwent a gradual change, which, by the end of October, transformed her into a dream of loveliness. Her fur was now thick, long and silky soft, her general hue chocolate, but deepening to a very rich dark brown on her under parts, paws and brushlike tail, while her throat patch, formerly dirty white, had become a rich cream fused with orange, approaching "peach" in tint. Her little prick ears were edged with cream, which served to emphasise her intelligent, affectionate, yet mischievous expression.

The "mart's" lovely colouring was, however, but a fleeting glory of October and early November, for she soon faded and lost her richness of hue, as does the red squirrel, though this does not alter the fact that its tints now vie with the reds of the autumn foliage flaming upon bush and tree.

Photographs: Alfred Hilgreeht

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THIS MAY BE WHAT IS KNOWN AS A "WAXWING YEAR"

"In the distance the birds are not unlike a flock of starlings but near at hand they are most striking and unmistakable. On the forehead is an erectile crest and on the wings are what look like lumps of red sealing wax affixed to the tips of the secondaries"

DEATH DUTIES AND THE LANDED PROPRIETOR

How the Law Operates

By a SOLICITOR

WITHIN the last few months millions of pounds have poured into the National Revenue from the death duties, and already the first six months of this financial year have seen half the Chancellor of the Exchequer's year estimate of £80,000,000 exceeded by £10,000,000. In 1934 the half-way figure was £40,200,000, and in 1933 £44,290,000. The tax on Lord Woolavington's estate swells the exchequer by £3,510,828. The expansion of the charge of estate duty since its inception just 40 years ago is one of the most remarkable features of modern taxation. When the tax was levied in 1894 only twelve rates of estate duty were payable, the maximum rate being a modest 8 per cent. To-day there are 33 rates with a maximum figure of 50 per cent.

Fortunately, few of us are concerned with a duty of 50 per cent. (involving an estate over £2,000,000 in value), but the effect of raising the maximum figure has been to increase the intervening rates, and in this respect the landed proprietor has certainly felt the blow. In the course of this short article I wish to mention a few points in the law of estate duty which are of particular interest to the landowner.

Dealing first with real estate, I suppose it is almost superfluous to say that estate duty is payable on such property at its market value at the date of death, subject to a deduction for the amount of any mortgages. In the option of the taxpayer, the duty may be paid by eight yearly or by sixteen half-yearly instalments—an important concession if there should be a shortage of cash at the date of death—but if the property should be sold the unpaid balance of duty immediately becomes payable. In connection with real estate, it may be interesting to mention the "quick succession" rebate of estate duty which is given in certain circumstances. Where estate duty becomes payable on any land or a business, and within five years estate duty again becomes payable on the same property, the amount of duty payable on the second death is reduced as follows:

	Per cent.
Where the second death occurs within one year of the first death, by.....	50
Within two years, by	40
Within three years, by	30
Within four years, by	20
Within five years, by	10

If the value of the property on the second death is greater than on the first the allowance is given on the lower of the two values. For example, suppose that X. died leaving his country seat to his brother Y., and that Y. in turn died within three years. On the death of X. the value of the estate was £6,000, which at a rate of, say, 4 per cent., would give duty of £240. On the death of Y. the value was £8,000, which at the same rate would give duty of £320. In terms of the statute the rebate is 30 per cent. of £240 (not £320), namely, £72—quite an important concession, and particularly when the second death occurs within one year of the first.

To qualify for the allowance the second death must be that of the same person to whom the property passed on the first death. For example, if the successor on the first death sold the property and the *purchaser* died within the period of five years, no rebate would be given. The rebate applies to land or any interest therein which includes the buildings but does not include mortgages in England or heritable bonds in Scotland (Glen *v.* Commissioners of Inland Revenue, 1926, S. C. 44).

A concession in respect of agricultural property was given to the landowner by the Finance Act of 1925. Where an estate includes such property, it is valued separately and is liable to duty at a lower rate than the rest of the estate. The agricultural property is charged at the rate appropriate to the total value of the estate under the Finance Act, 1919. For example, if the total value of the estate liable to estate duty was under £30,000 and included agricultural property, the ordinary estate would be liable at the rate of 10 per cent., but the agricultural property would only attract a rate of 8 per cent. The concession does not operate unless the total value of the estate is over £12,500, the reason being that below that figure the rates payable under the 1919 Act and later Acts are the same.

The liability of timber forms another specialty of interest to the owners of private estates. Timber is not liable to estate duty until sold. Where an estate includes timber, the value thereof is not taken into account in fixing the rate of duty payable. Estate duty is payable from time to time on the proceeds of sale of timber, when it is felled or cut and when sales are effected. Deduction is competent against the gross proceeds of sale of all necessary outgoings such as felling and carting. Duty is payable at the rate appropriate to the total value of the estate. Timber does *not* form part of the agricultural property, and accordingly does not get the benefit of the reduced rate of duty already mentioned. If, however, timber is sold unfelled, duty then becomes payable on its value at the date of death.

Turning now to personal estate, it may be interesting to observe that power is given to the Treasury to remit the estate duty on any pictures, prints, books, manuscripts, etc., which appear to be of national, scientific or historic interest and which are bequeathed for national purposes or to any university, county council or municipal corporation. Property which receives the benefit of the remission is not taken into account for the purposes of fixing the rate of estate duty. A similar exemption exists in the case of such articles although not bequeathed for national purposes, so long as they are enjoyed in kind. If, however, a sale of the articles should take place, estate duty then becomes payable.

SOME OF THIS YEAR'S DEATH DUTIES

	Estate. £	Duty paid. £
Lord Woolavington	7,150,000	3,510,828
Mr. A. S. Wills	3,499,777	1,740,156
Mr. Peter Ralli	1,330,657	567,444
Mr. Gerald Ashburner France	837,761	333,768
Mr. C. B. Orme Clarke	749,317	295,040
Mr. T. J. Callaghan	734,603	222,436
Sir Alexander Kleinwort...	607,017	239,471
Mr. T. E. Morel	475,911	150,986
Mr. George Shrubsall.....	445,000	141,463
Sir John Edwards-Moss....	400,836	128,516
Mr. R. Heywood Thompson	353,765	102,638

A very important point in connection with the liability of *inter vivos* gifts to estate duty is that the subject-matter of the gift requires to be valued as at the date of death—not, as one might expect, at the date of gift (Strathcona *v.* Inland Revenue Commissioners, 1929, S. C. 800). In the case of a gift of cash, the value of course is always the same; but if the gift should take the form of shares or stocks in a limited company, it must be borne in mind that the value requires to be stated at the date of death—even although the market value of the shares has increased considerably since the gift was made. Conversely, if the shares had fallen in value between the two dates, the taxpayer would get the benefit of paying on the lower of the two values. A similar position would obtain in the case of a gift of any personal estate such as furniture, jewellery, motor cars, etc., i.e., the value would be stated as at the date of death.

A word or two on the general liability of gifts to estate duty. Foreseeing that the objects of the tax might be defeated by a man giving away his estate before his death, the Legislature enacted that gifts made within three years of the date of death of the donor should be liable to duty. To this rule there are several exceptions which are not generally known. First, gifts which in the case of any one donee do not exceed the total sum of £100. A gift of £100 in cash, therefore, would not be liable—provided no other gifts had been made to the same donee within three years of the date of death; second, gifts made in consideration of marriage. For example, X. settles £5,000 on his son on the occasion of his marriage and dies within the statutory period of three years. No estate duty is payable on his death in respect of the gift; and third, gifts which are proved to the satisfaction of the commissioners to have been part of the normal expenditure of the deceased and to have been reasonable, having regard to the amount of his income or the particular circumstances. It should be observed, however, that gifts out of capital are not regarded as normal expenditure.

Few aspects of the death duties cause more heartburning than the vexed principle of aggregation, which was introduced by sect. 4 of the Finance Act, 1894, and simply means the adding together of the value of all property passing on the death in order to determine the correct rate of estate duty payable. Thus it happens that a landowner dies leaving real and personal estate of the value of £12,000, which, in ordinary circumstances, would involve the payment of estate duty at a rate of 3 per cent. But because he was also the life tenant of £32,000 settled by his father and £10,000 settled by his uncle, the rate of duty payable on his death becomes 15 per cent. (*i.e.*, the rate applicable to a total estate of £54,000).

"Why," a man may ask, "should my estate be mulcted in an additional rate of 10 per cent. because I enjoy the income of certain funds settled by other people?" "Why," I echo, "should it?" The law says so, and there the matter ends.

In these days one hears a great deal concerning the avoidance of death duties through the machinery of private companies and *inter vivos* gifts. It is a notorious fact that such avoidance is proceeding on a large scale and no doubt will continue to do so, so long as the crushing burden remains.

Some hard things are said from time to time regarding estate duty avoidance, but no man need have any qualms about embarking on such a scheme, keeping in view the remarks of the Lord President of the Scottish Court of Session in a famous case in 1929. "No man in this country," he said, "is under the smallest obligation, moral or other, so to arrange his legal relations to his business or to his property as to enable the Inland Revenue to put the largest possible shovel into his stores. The Inland Revenue is not slow—and quite rightly—to take every advantage which is open to it under the taxing statutes for the purpose of depleting the taxpayer's pocket. And the taxpayer is, in like manner, entitled to be astute to prevent, so far as he honestly can, the depletion of his means by the Revenue. . . ."

"Signor Mussolini Takes the Field."—A reader sends us the above newspaper heading with the suggestion that it may be taken literally.

WINE SALE

from October 7th

Specimen offers—

Cockburn's Port, Vintage 1908 in magnums, from the cellars of an old country family, bearing the family crest embossed in the glass

45/- a magnum

Fine Champagne Cognac Denis Mounie Vintage 1863

55/- a bottle

Write for WINE SALE LIST

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY, LONDON. REGent 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd.

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.

COSTS OF DEER-STALKING

SIR,—With reference to the article in the *Field* of September 14th, entitled "Deer-stalking for the Poor Man," it would be interesting to know where it is possible to get a fortnight's stalking for the two best weeks of the season, and where any good stags are likely to be killed at the low rent of £50. Of course, there are forests where the owner would be glad to have old stags with poor heads shot. As to the other expenses quoted in the article, I have not been able to hire a good pony at less than 7/- per day, or a gillie at less than 6/-, lunch included; 30/- per week, too, seems a small allowance for coal, light, and food. I must say I consider your correspondent, H.S.T., has been lucky.

Yours faithfully,
Inverness. STALKER.

GAME BIRDS AND GRIT

SIR,—In his letter of September 14th, Colonel H. Ramsden-Jodrell states that he has never come across more than 76 grains weight of grit in the gizzard of a grouse. In my article, "Game Birds and Grit," I wrote that the total weight of grit in a grouse's gizzard "is about 120 grains," and in my experience of gizzard contents, at any rate those of cock grouse, this weight is about the average. During the last 30 years I have examined and weighed a large number of grits from the gizzards of grouse shot in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and in Westmorland. The grits have been taken from the gizzards and washed, and were then weighed when dry. On neither of the two shoots has imported grit been used, the birds relying entirely on the natural supply. I shall at any time be glad to send Colonel Ramsden-Jodrell the grits from a Westmorland grouse if he cares to examine them.

In my experience the weights of grit in the gizzards of hen grouse are less than those in the gizzards of cock grouse. I append a few weights culled from my game book.

			Weight of gizzard grits
September.			
Cock	22¼oz.	.....	129 grains
,,	22½oz.	.....	135 ,,
,,	21½oz.	.....	110 ,,
,,	(weight not taken)	.....	133 ,,
October.			
Cock	25½oz.	.....	170 grains
,,	25½oz.	.....	103 ,,
December.			
Cock	25oz.	.....	109 grains
October.			
Hen	22½oz.	.....	95 grains
,,	22oz.	.....	50 ,,
November.			
Hen	22oz.	.....	80 ,, (plus 4 hawthorn stones)
,,	21¼oz.	.....	77 grains
December.			
Hen	18oz.	.....	85 grains

I have weighed the contents of a number of grouse crops, when the latter were fairly full, the birds being shot in the evening. One crop, for example, consisted of heather shoots and seeds, a few grass seed-heads, and one strand of sheep's wool. Weight of crop contents, 1¾oz.

Colonel Ramsden-Jodrell says that "one can safely assume that each grouse requires approximately ½oz. of food daily." In my experience, after weighing the contents of crops of birds killed late in the evening when cramming their crops to last them over night, the weights have been three times as much, or more, than Colonel Ramsden-Jodrell's estimate. Grouse make their chief meal in the evening, whereas those killed in the morning have their crops nearly empty, the food picked up during the day being passed direct to the gizzard for pulping and digesting. The weight of food taken during the day, when added to that eaten just before dark, must certainly total 2oz. or 3oz., if not more.

I quite agree that if biologists can provide a cure for or preventative of grouse disease, it will be welcome, but so far Nature's remedy has had to run its course. Even if disease is entirely eliminated by biologists there always remains the fact that a certain area of ground in winter will only carry a certain stock of grouse, and should the ground become overcrowded, owing to the fact that shooting has not reduced the stock sufficiently, the grouse must still either starve or migrate. We should hear little of disease if *all* moors were properly shot, and the stock of birds as a whole was kept from reaching bumper proportions. In time of snow, if the latter gets crusted, the heather must be exposed by raking, otherwise grouse cannot reach it. In soft snow it is different, especially where there is heather of a reasonable length. Even in time of snow and frost the gizzards of grouse will still be found to contain plenty of grit.

The Grouse Commission, in *The Grouse in Health and in Disease*, tell us that every healthy grouse contains strongyles, but so long as the bird can get plenty to eat it remains healthy, therefore, the matter of food seems most important after all, for grouse disease is really nothing more than starvation. Yours faithfully,

Troutbeck, RICHARD CLAPHAM.
Windermere.

THE PRICE OF A HUMANE TRAP

SIR,—Your correspondent's estimate that a sum of £5,000 is needed for experimenting with humane traps is, to my mind, very wide of the mark. During the last five years I have invented at least a dozen different types of humane rabbit traps, and my total expenditure on these has certainly not exceeded £20. There should be no cost for trials; as any professional trapper will be glad to do this for you free, if you send him a sample.

I have at last got a trap, which I believe is the only type that can possibly take the place of the gin for catching rabbits alive and unhurt; and I am now having four of these made by hand at a cost of 9/- each for testing. If it will hold rabbits, as it certainly does other fur-bearers, I hope that it will soon be on the market at a price of about 2/-. At present this trap cannot be supplied; but if the trials prove successful I will send you full particulars for publication in the *Field*. In the meantime I shall be glad to send readers full particulars of the best rat and mole traps on the market, with full instructions for using long nets under varying conditions, and also other ways of catching rabbits. Yours faithfully,

Wappenham, C. VAN DER BYL
Towcester. (Major).

HARVEST MITES

SIR,—My experience with harvest bugs may be of interest to your correspondent, Mr. F. N. Horne.

A good many years ago when partridge shooting in Berkshire my wife and I suffered much from the attentions of harvest bugs. A friend suggested sulphur. I procured a flour dredger, by means of which we impregnated the inside of our stockings with flowers of sulphur; and this afforded us complete protection. Of course if we were rash enough to sit down on a corn sheaf, so that the creatures could reach our clothing above the protecting sulphur, we had to submit to recurrence of the torment. Yours faithfully,

2, St. Albans Road, W. 8. W. NEILL.

SIR,—If your correspondent would try anointing his ankles and legs with Elliman's Embrocation (horse strength) before going out into grass or other places where he might be attacked by harvest mites, he will find this remedy as near as possible perfect.

Having been bitten he will find that by gently roughening the surface of his skin an application of perchloride of iron will immediately kill the insects and heal up the spot. Care should be taken to allow the solution to dry before putting on pyjamas or other clothes, as it has a tendency to stain.

Yours faithfully,
Yeldon, H. S. PERRY.
Eype, Dorset.

SIR,—For keeping off these little nuisances, and also insects of all kinds, the usually recommended essential oils are of only temporary value when used alone, because they are so volatile that their virtue soon passes.

The following recipe, which any chemist will make up, is from a very old number of the *Shooting Times* and was recommended by a correspondent as a "great medicine," which he had used in Canada and Florida with capital results. This is the recipe: vaseline, 3oz.; camphor gum, ½oz.; oil of pennyroyal, 2dr.; oil of lavender, 1dr.; carbolic acid, 10 drops. This is to be rubbed on the skin before going out. Larger quantities in proportion.

When harvest mites have already penetrated the skin there is nothing better than any kind of mineral oil, or spirit, dabbed on with the finger or a small wad of cotton wool. It kills the mite instantly and allays the irritation, as I myself have proved over and over again. Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, C. NICHOLSON.
Truro, Cornwall.

SIR,—I have seen several letters re harvest mites, and I give you my experience.

In Devonshire years ago, walking partridges was absolute torture until I hit on the following, after which they never touched me.

On getting out of the morning bath, rub the side of the damp soap (any soap will do) all over leg, from ankle to knee, *and let it dry on*.

Yours faithfully,
Berks. SENEX.

SIR,—I too have been a sufferer from the attentions of these little pests and, although I believe complete immunity is too much to hope for, I have obtained *almost* complete immunity from them, thus:

Get a piece of Calvert's strong carbolic soap (the sort sold wrapped in lead paper in a tin box), and after the morning bath, wet a small piece of sponge and rub it on the soap until a rather dry lather is obtained, soap the body from the *waist* down to the ankles with this, and also the wrists and armpits and *let it dry on*. The process is not very unpleasant, and the results entirely satisfactory, even when constantly wearing shorts as I do. Yours faithfully,

Athlumney, Navan. R. H. METGE.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING

SIR,—I believe that the majority of sportsmen will agree there should be a longer close time for woodcock. My own experience convinces me that if woodcock shooting ended on February 1st there would be an increase in numbers very soon. When I first knew this shoot 40 years ago woodcock were quite plentiful, but as it was a pheasant shoot for 25 years and was held by syndicates afterwards, 'cock became very scarce. I took it over in the spring of 1931 and made up my mind to try to get it back to the old days, so decided that I would limit myself to 25 woodcock for the season and to stop shooting them on February 1st, whichever came first. The following shows the result so far: Season 1931-32, 16 shot; 1932-33, 22 shot; 1933-34, 25 shot by January 26th, 1934; 1934-35, 25 shot by January 25th, 1935. During all these seasons my neighbours complained of the scarcity of woodcock. But here the birds have undoubtedly increased, and while rabbiting after January 25th I saw enough to shoot another dozen. I was not looking for them, but found them casually when walking along rides to the brakes where the rabbits are.

Yours faithfully,
Furzetor, Horrabridge, M. C. COLLIER
South Devon. (Colonel).

OBSTRUCTIONS ON SALMON RIVERS

SIR,—In the olden days when a dam was formed on a river it was invariably formed for the purpose of leading water from that river to supply the power to run a mill. In those old days (and it is well to bear this in mind) the only known power was water. To-day, with electricity and crude oil, the water mill has become obsolete, and, in fact, some mills are actually closed down for ever. The dykes, however, that formed the dams for those mills which are closed remain and act as a very serious obstruction to salmon, especially in the spring months when the temperature of the water is low.

No matter how efficient a salmon pass may be in a stiff dyke, fish are very reluctant to run that pass in the snow waters of the earlier part of the year. The result is that the dyke acts as a trap and thousands of salmon are netted out below. In cases where there is no netting allowed on a river, the result is no less serious, for the fish get congregated in such numbers below the first obstruction they come to that they contract disease, and later, when the temperature of the water suits them to proceed on to the upper reaches of the river, they are but little use either to an angler, or for the purpose of propagation, for, disease, once contracted, invariably ends in death.

It would be interesting to know what chances there are of being able to insist upon compensating proprietors to the extent of putting new power into their old water mills and thereafter removing the obstructions from the rivers concerned.

Yours faithfully,
45, Hanover Street, T. & J. SPEEDY.
Edinburgh.

IS THIS THE WORK OF SIR FRANCIS GRANT OR THOMAS WOODWARD?
(See Letter "John Peel's Son")

JOHN PEEL'S SON

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a very fine oil painting which I possess in the hope that some of your readers may be able to help me to identify the subject and the artist definitely.

The gentleman from whom I bought the picture was informed that it represents the son of John Peel—hero of the famous hunting song—and that it was painted by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., and he also feels sure that he has at some time seen a print of it, as does also that well-known sporting journalist, Major Fairfax-Blakeborough.

Another extremely knowledgeable friend of mine is confident that the painting is the work of Thomas Woodward, a regular exhibitor at the Academy and a friend of Landseer's and Grant's.

Yours faithfully,
GEOFFREY D. S. BENNETT.

93, Alexandra Road,
London, N.W. 8.

RABBITS IN DOMINICA

SIR,—I was interested to read the account of a wild rabbit's nest above ground, and in the reference to the does eating their young in captivity.

In Dominica the nests of all rabbits kept in captivity are placed high above ground, as hutches set on poles are easier to isolate from carnivorous ants, which account for many young rabbits. English rabbit fanciers may be interested to know that in this country rabbits are fed almost exclusively on green food with no ill effects, and that the floors of hutches are often made of wire netting, which makes cleaning very easy.

Mr. Percy Agar, of La Haut, who combines the hobbies of orchid-collecting with rabbit-breeding, believes that after parturition the doe-rabbit suffers from thirst. He gives them all the water they can drink at this time and never loses any young rabbits from maternal cannibalism. Is this a discovery? His methods are not recommended by any book that I know.

Yours faithfully,
STEPHEN HAWEIS.

Mount Joy,
Dominica.

WIDDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR

SIR,—On the outskirts of the Dartmoor village of Widdecombe-in-the-Moor stands a very curious signpost illustrating the old and famous song, "Widdecombe Fair"; telling of the seven men who borrowed the grey mare to go to Widdecombe Fair, and how, dying under their weight on the way home, her ghost with the seven men on her back wanders around the moor at night time.

Widdecombe Fair is held on the second Tuesday in September.

Yours faithfully,
M. WHITCOMBE.

Bewdley,
Worcs.

BIRD LIFE IN WALES

SIR,—I read with surprise Mr. J. W. Dew's letter about the scarcity of bird life in Wales. I live in one of the counties he mentions. Buzzards and ravens are so common that one hardly notices them. From a golf course on the coast I saw six of the former ringing the sky on September 5th—their orbits were intersecting, so I presume it was a family. I once saw eleven at one time.

I think it would be almost impossible to walk the hills anywhere within 20 miles of here without seeing several buzzards and ravens. One can hardly look up without seeing the former, and I knew of eight to ten nests of ravens within four miles of my house this year. A friend tells me there were seven pairs of peregrines this spring, the farthest twelve miles away. Six of them were robbed, so perhaps you had better withhold my address.

I saw two pairs of choughs this spring, the first I have ever seen in this district.

Yours faithfully,
F. C.

North Wales.

SIR,—Regarding the scarcity of birds in Merionethshire, what your correspondent says is quite correct. I have lived in the county all my life, and have been struck with the paucity of birds. It is possible to walk through the woods for miles and see nothing but birds of prey. Buzzards, peregrines, magpies, ravens and jays abound in most parts of the county, otherwise our woods are very silent. Yet the greater part of the county is a sanctuary for birds and only disturbed by an occasional sheepdog.

One reads in the papers from time to time of the toll of the road on birds by motor cars. So far as I can discover no one ever sees a dead bird killed by a motor in Merionethshire.

Yours faithfully,
MERIONETH.

Aberdovey.

CANOEING DOWN THE WYE

SIR,—I have just been reading the account of a trip down the Wye in the *Field* of September 14th.

When I was on the Indus, the training ship for boy artificers in the R.N., before the war, four of us, in two Canadian canoes, came down from Builth to Monmouth. Looking at the log, I see we each capsized once above Glasbury, but after that got on all right. We had an A.1 time, and put up at farms or "pubs" each night.

We also came down the Severn one summer, and the Usk another. The latter gives you a really exciting time, and a watch of mine and a pair of shoes are there now, or I expect so.

Yours faithfully,
J. DENIS DE VITRE.

Wantage,
Berks.

SIR,—In the article "Canoeing Down the Wye" I note with interest that the author recommends the right side of the island at Monnington Falls. I had the fortune to descend these falls last March when the river was moderately low, and the right side appeared to be too shallow. After examination my friend and I successfully shot to the left-hand side of the island where there turned out to be a considerable depth of fast water.

In making this comment I hope that some other canoeists will give their opinions, but to us the left side looked the obvious one.

Yours faithfully,
H. I.

Worthing.

[It seems to be a controversial point as to which side of the island canoeists should go down Monnington Falls. Some authorities say the left side and others the right. In any event on flood water it is impossible to go down the left side, while the right side presents no difficulty at all.—ED.]

WITH "UNCLE TOM COBBLEIGH AND ALL."
(See Letter "Widdecombe-in-the-Moor")

YOUR sense of taste and your sense of smell are Johnnie Walker's best advocates. They tell you—enthusiastically—that here is a whisky well acquainted with time, slowly and lovingly matured, fragrant of its Highland home. It is simply these honest qualities which have put Johnnie Walker on the map—literally everywhere!

By Appointment to *His Majesty the King*

Johnnie **Walker**

Born 1820.. *..Still going Strong!*

"REFUSING TO SWIM THROUGH THE DIP, THE OX WENT FOR THE 5FT. WALL AND CLEARED IT"
(See Letter "Cattle Dipping")

CATTLE DIPPING

SIR,—Readers at home may be interested to see these photographs of "cattle dipping," as practised on a farm in the Orange Free State, South Africa. The more experienced cattle think nothing of these anti-lice and tick measures, but the ox "Freeman," refusing to swim through the dip, went to jump the 5ft. wall—and cleared it, as shown in one of the photographs.

Yours faithfully,
L. A. ANCO.

Bultfontein, Norvals-Pont,
Cape Province, South Africa.

AN ADOPTED ROE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a young roe deer which you may think of sufficient interest for the *Field*. It was found in Sutherland when only a few hours old, evidently deserted by its mother, and has been "adopted" by a crofter's family, who brought it up on a bottle. They told me that they always understood when the doe has twins, which is not usual, she leaves one—which might account for this one being deserted. On the other hand, they may treat their young the same way the red deer hind does by leaving them and coming back at intervals.

BROUGHT UP BY A CROFTER'S FAMILY
(See Letter "An Adopted Roe")

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to supply some information on this subject.

Yours faithfully,
G. WHITAKER-CANTRELL.

South Cerney House, Cirencester.

FLEAS ON A DOG

SIR,—Noticing the hair a little ruffled at the root of my Dane's tail I examined it to see whether she had any irritation, and had been biting it. Judge of my amazement when, upon parting the hair, I found a patch nearly as large as the palm of my hand of *fleas*. They were so thick that no vestige of skin was visible. They resembled a swarm of bees, and were very lethargic, not attempting to move. I got a large cake of carbolic soap and made a thick lather, thoroughly wetting the hair some inches round this well-defined patch of fleas. Then I combed through the lather, dipping the comb in boiling water.

It took me about 20 minutes or more to remove literally *hundreds* of fleas—the ordinary large reddish dog flea—they made no attempt to escape. There were none on any other part of her body, and she did not seem in the least inconvenienced! She always has pine shavings for bedding, and this is the very first time I have ever found a flea on her in four years. She has a dense and exceptionally fine coat like black satin. It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have experienced anything of the kind.

Yours faithfully,
R. L.

Oxford.

[We have never experienced a case similar to that you describe, and it is difficult to imagine what can have caused the fleas to congregate in that manner, or to account for their sluggishness. The spot you mention is a favourite one for fleas or lice, and so is the back of the ears. Ordinary insect powder will usually stupefy the insects, and allow them to be brushed on to a sheet of paper, which can be burnt. Spirits of camphor rubbed well into the coat act in a similar manner.—ED.]

SHRIKE ATTACKING CHAFFINCH

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Bunyard's note in a recent issue, the following may be of interest. I had under observation a pair of red-backed shrikes, whose haunt was a very high thorn hedge, whitethorn and blackthorn intermixed, and was desirous of finding their larder. I saw the male shrike fly into a patch of blackthorn, and after staying there a very short time he left, leaving a flurry of loose feathers in the air. I immediately went to the thorn bush and this is what I found: a freshly-impaled young brown linnet, this bird was nearly fully fledged, primaries in good order and tail three-parts grown, so must have been very strong on the wing. Other items in the larder were the following: one wing of a young willow warbler, one wing of a young robin, one wing of an *old* cock chaffinch.

From time to time much evidence has been published of the red-backed shrike taking well-fledged young and also old birds. Seebohm, in his *British Birds*, Vol. I, pages 607 and 608, writes very fully on this point.

Yours faithfully,
R. E. COLES.

New Milton, Hampshire.

PIGSTICKING AT CAWNPORE

SIR,—It may interest you to have news of the doings of this club. The bag for the season was 43. This includes six 31in. boar and five over 32in. Two of the largest, in succession one morning, were tracked on hands and knees by two terrified spears in very jumpy surroundings. Two horses had to be destroyed as a result of injuries caused by pig. One of our members had a most unusual and very disconcerting experience. During a hunt a boar charged him. His horse shied and he was thrown, landing on the ground in a sitting position with his back to the boar. The boar attacked at once, and the force of his impact threw the rider on to his hands and knees. The foe, fortunately, considered the target thus presented to him unsuitable for his tushes, so was constrained to use his teeth and bit him, fastening on to the seat of his breeches. Before any further damage was done another "spear" dismounted and transfixed the boar. Even when pinned to the ground the latter hung on, but during the ensuing tug-o'-war the severe strain on the breeches caused the entire rear portion of one leg to part company from the rest of the fabric. Much to everyone's relief we found that but for a punctured wound in "the left gluteal region" (I quote from the medical report) the rider was unhurt.

The last boar but one of the season met his end in a villager's hut, 8ft. by 4ft., into which two "spears" followed him, after quite an eventful five minutes among the household pots and pans. The show of pig was good, far more being lost than were killed. This, which is as well for the supply, is inevitable, as our country is not easy. Covers with one exception were in excellent condition, though not all came up to expectations in the matter of sport.

We are greatly indebted to the officials of the district—R. F. Mudie, I.C.S., I. W. Lewys Lloyd, I.C.S., R. N. Marsh Smith, S.P., W. Colville, S.P., and B. N. Lahiri, S.P.,—for their invaluable assistance and whole-hearted support.

Yours faithfully,
R. A. EVERETT
(Honorary Secretary).

Cawnpore Tent Club.

HATCH MANSFIELD
& CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King
23 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

Special Bottlings of
SANDEMAN
VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919*	120/-	Per dozen delivered
VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922*	90/-	
VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929*	60/-	

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

AFTER A SEVERE THUNDERSTORM IN YORKSHIRE
(See Letter "Horses Killed by Lightning.")

HOBBY IN SURREY

SIR,—On September 12th I noticed a small falcon which I was at first puzzled to identify. It was busily engaged in "hawking" at dragonflies or similar insects over Frensham Great Pond. Its size was that of a small kestrel with long pointed wings, and colour a dark chocolate-brown, with slightly barred under-plumage.

I had it under observation for quite half an hour, during which time it was several times within half a gunshot of my boat. It showed marvellous activity in swooping down to the water, and only just avoiding a ducking in pursuit of its prey. I conclude that it was a hobby in the first year's plumage. Yours faithfully,

Parliament Mansions, J. C. M. NICHOLS.
Orchard Street, S.W. 1.

AN OLD EARTHSTOPPER

SIR,—I was interested to see in your issue of August 31st a letter under the above heading. It may interest "J. B. L." to know that I have an engraving of the same picture, which has been in the possession of my family for many years.

The inscription under the picture is as follows: In the left-hand corner, "N. Drake Pinxt."; in the right-hand corner, "Val. Green Sculpt." "Arthur Wentworth of Bulmer near Castle Howard, Yorkshire. Aged 75" [all on one line]. "Earthstopper to Charles late Earl of Carlisle; to Hon. Brewster Darley Esq. and now to Wm. Tuffnell Jolliffe and Mann Horsfield Esq. Published according to Act of Parliament 1st Aug. 1767."

Yours faithfully,

Little Faringdon, CHARLES H. REYNARD.
Lechlade, Glos.

PARTRIDGES PERCHING

SIR,—A curious thing happened one morning when I was out after woodpigeons. I was walking through a group of oak trees and noticed a disturbance in the top of one of them, and on coming closer to the tree a covey of partridges flew out. I managed to drop a brace of the birds, and found that they were of the red legged variety. I have seen red legs perching on low fencing rails, but never in the top of a tree.

Yours faithfully,

"New Lodge," Anslow, DONALD STREET.
Burton-on-Trent.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Partridges in Jorrocks's Country.—On September 28th three guns, walking and driving, killed 37 brace of partridges 10.8 miles from London Bridge. Before being finally engulfed by the building flood, it seems noteworthy to record this ultimate flicker of activity in John Jorrocks's country. We also killed Old Tom—five of him——JOHN MARSHAM TOWNSHEND, Scadbury Park, Chislehurst, Kent.

Clifden Nonpareil in Sussex.—A good specimen of the clifden nonpareil moth was taken here on September 16th, and has been handed over to the Lewes Borough Museum.—V. GERARD SMITH, Littlecourt, Seaford, Sussex.

Horses Killed by Lightning.—I enclose a photograph of four horses which were killed by lightning during a severe thunderstorm in Yorkshire. Subsequent examination showed that one horse had been leaning against the bole of the tree, and that the others had been in contact with it.—R. N. TREAKSTON, 11, Westbourne Crescent, Paddington, W. 2.

Sheep Shearing by Machinery.—Your correspondent, Mrs. Hardy, probably saw stud sheep shorn by hand. I understand that usually machines are not entrusted with this task. Surely machine shearing was in vogue in Australia long before 1912.—JOHN JEREMY, Argyll.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, are anxious to help a young man who lost his leg in an accident when only seventeen years of age, but since then has struggled very bravely to make a living. He is engaged on work which entails a great deal of pedal cycling, and his present artificial leg has worn out. It is absolutely imperative that he keeps his job as he has a wife and three small children to support. As he is an honest, hardworking man, the Friends of the Poor would like to help him to obtain a new artificial leg. £10 is required for this purpose, and donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

HIGH PHEASANTS
in
HUNGARY &
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Bags of 5,000 can be guaranteed. Accommodation in the castle of the owner, who personally superintends all shooting arrangements, and accompanies the guns.

Clients are sent only to estates where the pheasants are known to be high and where shooting is conducted on English lines.

Wild Fowl Shooting

(1) 30 miles from Vienna on the Danube. Usual bag 50 duck per day per gun.
(2) HORTOBAGY PLAIN. 100 miles from Budapest. Best day to one gun last year 94 Geese.
(3) The famous Danube Delta—the resting-place of hundreds of thousands of migratory Wildfowl. Comfortable self-propelled HOUSE BOAT available with expert shooting guides.

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
WHITEHALL 9797
Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON"

IN THE CITY

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

TWO weeks ago some details in condensed form were given regarding several American shares which seemed to the writer to offer scope for capital appreciation as the forces of recovery in the United States gained momentum. It is now proposed to outline in greater detail the position of the common shares of Montgomery Ward & Co. Ltd., a company which was included with those then mentioned, because its fortunes seem to be inevitably bound up with the general prosperity of the U.S.A.

It will be recalled that Montgomery Ward is engaged in the catalogue and mail-order business, and in addition it operates nearly 500 chain and department stores. For the most part the stores are situated in medium-sized communities where the purchasing power of the population is largely dependent upon agriculture. When it is realised that about 20 per cent. of the population is engaged in agriculture, and nearly half of the population is rural, the reason for the foregoing statement that the fortunes of the company seem inevitably bound up with the general prosperity of the country will be appreciated. Recent figures on the relative importance of the store versus the mail-order business are not available, but it is understood that the store volume is slightly the greater.

Apart from $1,905,000 in long term debt, the capital of the company consists of 201,554 shares of no par value class "A" 87 cumulative stock and 4,517,240 shares of no par value common stock. As a result of the severe fall in commodity prices and the consequent plight of the farming population the earnings of Montgomery Ward fell severely during the depression, and dividends on the class "A" stock fell into arrears (the accumulations were paid off on July 1st last). Below will be found the net sales, the balance available for common dividends, together with the amount earned and paid in recent years on the common shares (after deducting the annual dividend due on the preference shares whether or not paid):

	In thousands of $				
Year to Dec. 31.	Net Sales.	Available Com. Divs.	Common shares. Earned.	Paid.	Number of Com. shares.
1928	214,350	16,276	$4.77	$5.00	3,410,983
1929	267,326	12,007	2.59	2.625	4,620,768
1930	249,097	Dr. 1,005	—	2.25	4,565,005
1931	198,119	Dr. 10,140	—	—	4,514,193
Jan 31.					
1933*	176,489	Dr. 7,234	—	—	4,465,240
1934	187,632	817	0.18	—	4,467,240
1935	249,805	7,750	1.71	—	4,517,240

*Period January 1st, 1932, to January 31st, 1933.

From the foregoing figures it will be noted that net sales showed a remarkable recovery last year, being only slightly below the record established in 1929. Moreover, the upward trend in sales has been continued, and in respect of the six months ended on July 31st, 1935, they were 20¼ per cent. in excess of those for the corresponding period of last year. The fact that despite the increase in sales net profits last year were substantially below those for 1928 and 1929 and that for the six months ended on July 31st the company earned only .80 cents as compared with 77 cents per share last year is attributable to higher taxes, much lower profit margins owing to the very keen competition in the company's mail-order business and to lower prices generally (as is usual during years of depression). It cannot be said that taxes are likely to decrease, but the company's operating costs should not expand very rapidly in future, and as recovery in America progresses the margin of profit should improve.

Since class "A" dividend arrears have been paid off it seems reasonable to anticipate a resumption before long of dividends on the common shares, though the rate of payments is likely to be moderate in view of the money still required to modernise the company's stores. The chief uncertainty in the outlook is that the "processing" taxes levied under the Roosevelt Administration may be declared unconstitutional. No matter what one may think of the legality and desirability of these taxes (which were designed to raise commodity prices and so help the farmer), it cannot be denied that, in conjunction with the vast unemployment relief expenditures, etc., they succeeded in artificially increasing the farmers' income and thus enabled the agricultural communities to trade with the large retailing undertakings such as Montgomery Ward. Consequently, if these special taxes were to be abolished the purchasing power of Montgomery Ward's customers (numbering some 20,000,000) would be adversely affected and the shares might then fall back in price. However, taking the longer view it is difficult to visualise prosperity in America without satisfactory agricultural conditions and hence without benefit to the common shares of concerns such as Montgomery Ward. At the time of writing the shares can be bought at about 33½ London, which compares with the recent "high" of 38. PACTOLUS.

New Books

MEMOIRS OF A GREAT SPORTSMAN

An Arctic Tragedy—Common Sense Bridge

WHEN the first of the Duke of Portland's books appeared, it was apparent that it had a character of its own, but the second, his racing and hunting memories, is a very definite advance on the first. Of course the subject has a much wider appeal, but both the story and the manner of the telling, apart from the great authority with which the author is vested, combine to make this one of the outstanding sporting books of recent years. It will be quoted in arguments on racing for many years to come. The Duke of Portland is in an unostentatious way one of the greatest sportsmen living to-day, and I use the word sportsman in no academic sense. More than that, it will be a fertile source of search to the gentry who con books of reminiscences for good stories, garnish them somewhat, and launch them forth as their own.

As the owner of St. Simon the Duke has probably influenced British bloodstock breeding more than any man living, and it is interesting to note that he says "during my fifty years' experience of the Turf I have only known two animals which could possibly be called 'wonder horses.' They were St. Simon and Ormonde, neither of whom were ever beaten, and to whom all courses were exactly the same. Both of them treated all comers alike; and they won their races either running away or with their heads in their chests." It is also of interest to note that very close to them he places Isonomy. "In my opinion he was an even greater thoroughbred than Ormonde, though perhaps not quite so brilliant a racer, for he was absolutely sound and genuine in every way, and no doubt would have won the Derby and the other great three-year-old races if he had been trained for them." And of the three St. Simon was *facile princeps* at the stud, thus establishing himself as perhaps the greatest thoroughbred of the last hundred years. Such at least is the officially expressed opinion of the *Field*. Interesting as it is to read how nearly the Duke failed to secure St. Simon, it is no less interesting than to learn how nearly he became the owner of Gainsborough, patriotic economy alone preventing the purchase.

There are charming portraits of Mat Dawson and John Osborne, two of the great trainers of all time, who had the Duke's horses in their charge. Mat was an altogether delightful character. Here is one of his stories about Mr. Merry, M.P. for Falkirk, for whom Mat trained. He was heckled for racing in France on a Sunday. He admitted it and went on to say, "And what is more, I won a great deal of money, and I mean to spend most of it in auld Falkirk." At this there was a general cry of "Hear, hear, Mon. . . ." The heckling ceased.

Although the hunting chapters will not be consulted as a standard work in quite the same way as the racing ones, they are to me even more interesting. The Duke of Portland was one of the best heavy-weights across Leicestershire of his day, and refused the Mastership of the Quorn, of which pack he once owned a two-third share. He places Bay Middleton and "Doggy" Smith first among the Meltonians of his day, with the rider that "while Doggie Smith and his mounts always appeared to be on good terms, I have often seen Bay Middleton very much at a difference with his."

Of the many good stories I will only give one. The Duke, after one of his wins received a request for a £25 loan from a young man jealous of his brother's bicycle, and anxious to be saved by the loan from the "Crime of Cain." The Duke replied that he had informed the local police (which of course he hadn't) who were much better able to prevent his correspondent committing the "Crime of Cain" than he!

One of *the* authoritative books of the year.

R. M.

Memories of Racing and Hunting. By the Duke of Portland. (Faber & Faber; 25/-.)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GINO WATKINS

PEOPLE complain that there is nowadays no outlet for a spirit of adventure in the younger generation. Mr. Scott's biography of his friend, Gino Watkins, proves what can be done by young men of small means. Watkin's, whom eminent geographers have placed on a par with Scott, Shackleton and Nansen, had the usual public school and university education. Perhaps his later talents were given freer scope for development by an indulgent parent, who, apparently, saw nothing wrong in his son returning to Switzerland two days after the Cambridge term began, because he wanted to continue ski-ing.

The book tells the story of Watkins's three expeditions, to Edge Island, Labrador, and Greenland, the brave attempts to raise money for a national antarctic expedition, and the last ill-fated journey. Only one of these enterprises was for the sake of exploration alone; the others were with a view to ultimate commercial exploitation for the benefit of the Empire. It is interesting to learn that to be an explorer wanderlust is not enough; it must be reinforced by scientific training and business acumen. In a foreword, Mr. Stanley Baldwin writes: "They talk about decadence in this country!" Few people will do so after reading this book. One of the quotations from Watkins's diary gives the essence of all his journeys: "Besides instruments our load was mainly food, but we knew we would be hungry before the trip was done." Yet this book is no mere catalogue of hardships. Some travellers pretend that difficulties and dangers are things desirable in themselves, but Watkins never posed. The discomforts of exploration he regarded as necessary evils, to be treated when possible as rather a joke, and certainly nothing to boast about. His attitude to danger was much the same. "If he wanted something he went for it, not blindly, but with his eyes open and his mind alert, using his experience, his intuition and the advice of others. . . . If he wanted to go somewhere, he went; but he only followed a dangerous course if there were no others . . . risks were, in a sense, the currency with which he bought results, and he was careful how he used them."

It should be the constant prayer of a reviewer that he will not fail to recognise a really good book when, once or twice in the year, one comes to his notice. *Gino Watkins* is such a book. There is nobody who would not find both pleasure and profit in reading it. Mr. Scott was Watkins's trusty lieutenant on two expeditions, and the quality and distinction of the writing as well as the subject-matter raise it head and shoulders above the average biography or travel book.

M. L.

Gino Watkins. By J. M. Scott. (Hodder and Stoughton; 20/-.)

THE BEST OPEN-AIR BOOK OF THE MONTH

For the months of August and September we chose as the best open-air book, "About Fishing," by Robert Hartman. (*Arthur Barker*; 15/-.)

CONTRACT BRIDGE SIMPLIFIED

PLAYERS who are tired of conventions and of explaining to partners the intricacies of various complicated artificial systems will welcome the publication of this book by the Cards Editor of the *Field*.

In it is expounded a simple and natural method of bidding, easy to understand and easy to play, which involves no preliminary catechism between partners. It is based mainly on the procedure at the Portland Club and other clubs where artificialities are barred, although the author makes clear that no official recognition of the particular system is claimed.

The advantages are many. The disadvantages are few. Some players think that it is impossible to dispense with "forcing" bids. If they read the arguments of the author, fortified by numerous examples from club and tournament play, they may be convinced to the contrary.

To be free from the tyranny of arbitrary conventions in bidding gives a glorious sense of freedom. The player is no longer bound by mechanical devices, but can exercise his individual judgment and, by deduction and inference, obtain the best results.

All the same system is necessary. Mr. Manning Foster does not suggest that no rules in bidding are needed, nor that a player may, especially when opening, do exactly as he pleases. There must be method to promote understanding and partnership.

In admitting to the simple system the bid of opponent's suit to show a void he may be accused of stultifying and contradicting the principles he inculcates. But he makes out a strong case for this use, and shows how by inference and without pre-arrangement between partners the significance of such a bid can be deduced logically and naturally.

The main idea of the system is to induce players to employ their own common sense and card sense rather than rely upon rules of thumb and mathematical counts which convert them into "Robots."

The section devoted to the play is brilliant. The illustrative hands have been well chosen and a study of them will drive home many useful morals. They show how to win the extra trick or tricks which make all the difference.

This is a book to buy and study.

A. G. P.

Contract Without Conventions; A Simple System of Bidding. By A. E. Manning Foster. (Seeley Service & Co. Ltd.; 6/-.)

THE GREYHOUND STUD BOOK

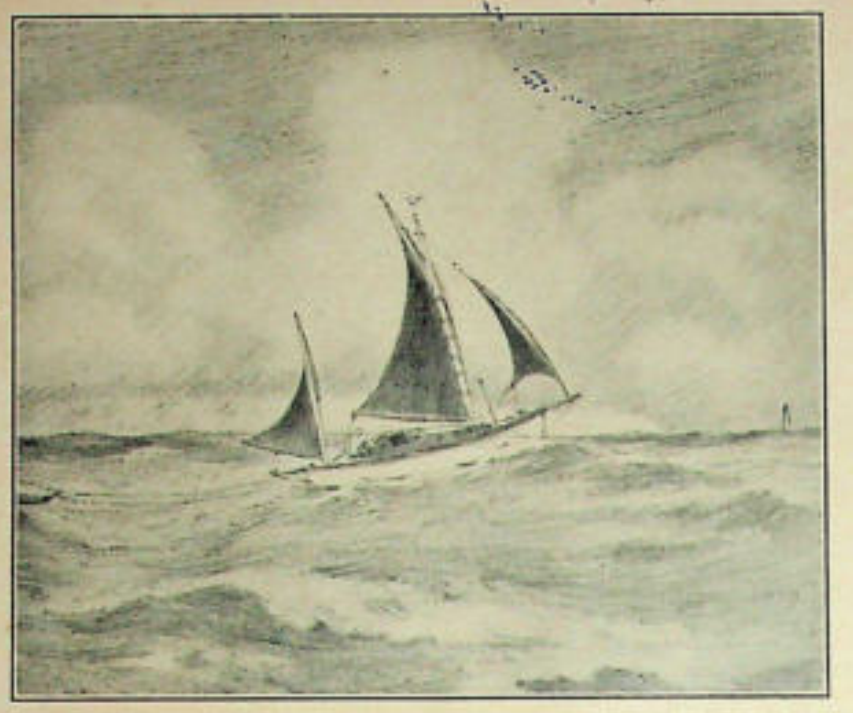
THERE can be no doubt that coursing is more than holding its own at the present time. This statement can be borne out by facts taken from the 54th volume of the *Greyhound Stud Book*. Meetings held during the season were well up to the best average, and there is every prospect of another full and interesting season in 1935-1936 which, by the way, is a Jubilee year for the oldest of our field sports, being the 100th anniversary of the Waterloo Cup, first run for in 1836 with a silver snuff-box as prize.

Both coursing and greyhound breeding have advanced considerably since those days, for in 1935 there were 13,153 registrations in the *Stud Book* and 1,655 litters were returned.

This surely proves that coursing is in a healthy condition. There have been, it should be noted, several important alterations and additions in the rules, especially with regard to registrations, taking dogs to the slips, bets, and the allocation of fixtures. As these are of considerable importance, secretaries of clubs should not fail to obtain the revised book of rules from the secretary of the National Coursing Club, 11, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, especially as Rule 45 lays it down that "the secretary of every meeting shall have in his possession at the meeting an up-to-date copy of the rules of the National Coursing Club."

W. F.

The Greyhound Stud Book (Vol. 54). (The Field Press (1930) Ltd.)



GUERNSEY IS SIGHT

MAKING THE LAND

Conditions Which Render It a Difficult Job

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

WITH all the pleasures afforded us by science and modern invention, there are few which give a seaman—amateur or professional, it makes little difference—that same wonderful satisfaction when towards a voyage's end the first suggestion of dim cliffs or the white outline of a lighthouse, begins to take on reality.

It is one of the world's most ancient joys to discover that all seafaring and navigating have availed to bring the ship whither she was intended to arrive; and I once heard a distinguished master mariner emphasise in public that through every new voyage this thrill came with the same original delight. The yachtsman never quite forgets that first experience on a dull, misty afternoon, when he saw the white Kentish cliffs fade, and at last Cape Grisnez loomed up instead.

The joy of contending with rushing tides, the satisfaction of picking up Calais pierheads on the correct bearing, are incommunicable and personal, but extraordinarily actual. Self-confidence leads to higher ambition, and then one fine day he is making the longer passage across to the Channel Islands; but if the interval between land is longer, how much keener becomes the gratification of sighting the hills of Guernsey, then the tall bleak light of Les Hanois at the bowsprit end! In spite of leeway and cross-currents, the uncertainty of wind, and the interruption of fog, hope has been swallowed up in accomplishment.

There are plenty of spots where everything seems to ally for making conditions the most difficult. Your modern 21-knot steamer, with her range-finder, echo-sounding gear, revolutions indicator, has a fairly easy time even between Southampton and St. Malo, which is about the trickiest passage of all our passenger ferries; but the small sailing yacht, however reliable her auxiliary motor, with her simple navigation instruments and her restricted crew, has a job incomparably more difficult.

Making the land on the French coast after Guernsey and Jersey have disappeared astern, is not unaccompanied by anxiety in clear weather during neaps. But Cape Fréhel, with a five-knot spring tide and the frequent fogs that enshroud this rock-strewn Gallic shore, is no hospitable welcome. One slight error, one mistake as to position, and you are swept on to any of the thousand islets.

Every day of every week in every year, and at the end of several days' careful reckoning, the ships coming up from Finisterre get hold of Ushant as if seizing the hand of a friend. The island is like a sentinel; pass round it, and the English Channel with all its associations of home opens out at once.

The other day I was coming up from Oporto in a small steamer loaded with a cargo of wine, that would someday be passed round polished tables with never a thought of its sea transit. Oporto is not too good an anchorage, and ships have been known to drag whilst waiting for the hogsheads to come off in lighters. The entrance is ridiculously narrow, with a roaring tide, shifting sandbanks, and the full Atlantic swell to meet the ebb. On this occasion there was also a thick fog, so that the pilot could not be dropped till off another harbour.

But at last the breeze came, sun ate up the thickness, the bay was kindly, and presently a day's sail from land were seen the French tennymen cruising about under reefed canvas. Their job of making the land at places like Sables d'Olonnes, after boxing about for a week beyond all sight of the continent, is infinitely more difficult than the task of a steamer on a straight, direct run from "lamp-post to lamp-post." Sometimes these fine, deep-keeled yawls never get home at all; only a few summers back there came such a heavy gale, suddenly, that the Bay of Biscay overwhelmed them and left streets of houses widowed.

There is usually along the French shores an efficient and even plentiful line of lights; but off the Rhône embouchure no mariner makes the land without anxiety. During century after century these manifold mouths have kept on depositing so much silt that the coast extends further and further into the sea. After you get past Faraman Lighthouse it is a low-lying, featureless shore, with nothing more conspicuous than a fringe of yellow dunes, ruined tower, or some occasional trees.

The land seems such a long way off, yet the temptation to close it must be resisted. If only there were a lightship, or a lightbuoy, shifted periodically to keep up with the encroaching sands, many a mariner would be thankful. Personally, I went past there with something of a shudder just as the seas were getting steep and a westerly wind was making up against the strong current. A few weeks later the British liner City of Paris got stuck here, but was hauled off next day. This spring, however, a 40-ton British yacht also was unlucky enough to get aground off the deceptive spot. Evidently the place puzzled her owner (a distinguished naval officer, who commanded one of the crack ships at Jutland), as it has wrecked many a good ship since time immemorial. Most luckily, in spite of an easterly gale springing up, this yacht was towed afloat again; but the Rhône mouths area is ever a bad landfall when crossing the Gulf of Lions.

Much more kindly to mariners are such heights as the Rock of Gibraltar, or the precipitous cliffs of the Balearic Isles; because even from a long distance they still preserve their identity of character. And they allow a ship to stand in near without danger of hitting anything. But it is curious how very different do many familiar coastlines appear when viewed ten miles, or further, seaward of the course most yachtsmen are accustomed to follow. Beachy Head, for example, seems so essentially prominent—especially when beating round in a sloppy sea—yet when regarded from a few miles out this cape loses its distinctness in the background. Ships coming up from Ushant, passing well north of the Casquets and bound for the London River, get hold of the English shore about here, and very soon the slim white pillar of Dungeness Lighthouse sticks up from the Romney marshes. The rest is just a matter of mere pilotage.

For many an amateur sailor the passage of 40 odd miles between Portland Bill and Torbay is the initial experience of making a trip during which the land disappears; in fine June weather with a northerly wind one can sometimes follow with the naked eye the whole arc of West Bay. More usually the Dorset country fades to invisibility a few miles west of the Bill, and the Devonshire hills show up much later than one would expect. For Berry Head is something of a delusion; as one creeps round its base when cruising from Torquay to Dartmouth, and looks up towards the lighthouse, the mind exaggerates the height which, five miles away, forfeits all its impressiveness.

I remember shortly after the war sailing single-handed from Weymouth to Torquay and seeing nothing except some submarines, their mother-ship and the stern of a trawler. One minute after passing Portland Bill a heavy cloak of cotton-wool fog shut down visibility to a few hundred yards; and so it remained during the 40 miles. At the end of a certain number of hours I reckoned that the wide mouth of Torbay ought to be just about due with Hope's Nose Point to the north and Berry Head rising sheer from the sea to the south; yet nothing could be descried but clammy fog of great density. With the west-going stream, a low-powered craft is likely to be set further to the southward by the outset of West Bay, and I was a little nervous of suddenly hearing the gulls off Berry Head.

Still wondering how much deeper into the bay this thickness would last, I was proceeding with caution, ready to put about at the first suspicion of jagged rock when the Head at one side and the Point at the other became as quickly manifest as if they had shot up through a trapdoor. It was a strange phenomenon, since the whole of Torbay remained sunlit and clear with no suspicion of haze; whilst the separation from the English Channel was most definitely marked by the fog bank.

Nor is this an isolated experience. Several years later I chanced to be racing in this same bay aboard one of the big cutters at regatta time and the conditions were much the same as above related. As we were heading for one of the anchored mark-boats (a fishing lugger) there burst through the Channel fog the bold grey hull of a famous battle-cruiser. Whilst she passed, and her name became legible, I recollected that her captain was a personal friend. When next we met I therefore ventured to offer him congratulations on his having found his way in so easily. But what this officer (now an

Charles E. Brown

A LOCAL BOAT OFF JERSEY

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN Kolkata Acc. No. 594 15/12/06

The Famous WHITCOMBE *Brothers*

who consistently use Dunlop Golf Balls,

wear and recommend

Dunlop

STORMCLOTH

GOLF COATS

Dunlop Stormcloth is a rubberless proofed fabric of an ultra close weave which keeps out both rain and wind and yet never makes the wearer feel "stuffy," no matter how vigorous the game, for the special proofing does not impede the fabric's natural ventilation. *Every* player in this year's Ryder Cup Team wears a Dunlop Stormcloth coat, and below are opinions of the coats expressed by the three Whitcombe brothers.

"Within recent months I have worn one regularly in wet and fine, always with a feeling of freedom and comfort."
C. A. Whitcombe

"Never before have I worn a jacket which gives such unrestricted freedom of movement and yet which is capable of keeping out the heaviest of rain."
R. A. Whitcombe

"From my own experience I know that Stormcloth Golf Coats are equally comfortable in sunshine or storm—they always afford the same degree of protection and comfort."
E. R. Whitcombe

A. H. PADGHAM, another devotee to Stormcloth, says:

"For quite a time I have worn a Stormcloth jacket—your claims about this fabric are fully justified, for in all kinds of weather I have been perfectly comfortable and on no occasion has it felt 'stuffy'."

37/6

Dunlop Stormcloth Jackets with zipp fastener fronts, elastic web waistbands, two roomy pockets, and self-lining, affording double protection throughout, sell at 37/6.

A similar model lined on shoulders and half sleeves only. **30/-** Models with button fronts, for ladies, obtainable at the same prices.

From Golf Professionals and Outfitters everywhere.

THE 1935 RYDER CUP TEAM WORE DUNLOP STORMCLOTH GOLF COATS

Write for illustrated leaflet, or call at:—

"DUNLOP RAINWEAR" (Department SG), 58, Great Marlborough St., London, W.1.

DUNLOP PRODUCT

C.F.H.

SG1/35

INDIVIDUALITY

In their humble homes the crofters of the Outer Hebrides weave the world-famous Harris Tweeds, the finest all-weather cloth. Each is a craftsman who weaves his individual designs—designs jealously handed down from one generation to another.

Harris Tweed is a cloth of marked individuality. To preserve that individuality the Trade Mark is stamped on the cloth itself. This Trade Mark has been registered by the Board of Trade and can be applied only to Tweeds produced in the islands.

HARRIS TWEED

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH

The Trade Mark is a guarantee that the Tweed is made from pure virgin wool, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides, and hand-woven by native craftsmen.

HARRIS TWEED

ISSUED BY THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

IMPROVED SEAMLESS KNEE-GRIP

BREECHES JODHPURS by 'DEGE'

FOUNDED 1885 A.D.

J. DEGE & SONS, LTD.

Sporting, Military, Mufti and Diplomatic Tailors

SPECIALITIES: LADIES' BREECHES, RIDING COATS, ETC.

13, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 1325 Telegrams: Harkforward, Picc, London

TRAVELLING REPRESENTATIVE DETAILS UPON APPLICATION

Admiral of fame) answered may be summed up thus:

"To tell you truth, I never sighted Berry Head and wasn't at all sure we were inside Torbay. Then I caught sight of the fishing lugger, and was altering course to ask where we'd got to; when, all of a sudden, we were out of the fog into the sunshine, with Torquay Harbour and Daddy Hole signal station ahead!"

And, believe it or not, there were some strange landfalls made during the war. It is not a sea-yarn, but historical fact, that one day a Spanish ship coming across to Europe lost her convoy and became a straggler. The steamer was bound for France, so her master held on and on, expecting in due time to pick up the convoy again. As a matter of truth he picked up the Margaretta shoal, instead, which lies in Galway Bay, on the west of Ireland! And not till Captain F. W. Hanan, R.N., the local senior naval officer, went aboard this stranded ship did the Spanish master mariner learn what country's waters he had invaded!

I will likewise guarantee that in May, 1916, the sailing ship Terpsichore (1,935 tons) bound from Halifax for the Manchester Ship Canal made the most extraordinary landfall. There was a fog off the Irish coast on May 14th, and nothing could be seen, though she imagined her position to be somewhere near the Old Head of Kinsale. She then heard to the north two bang-bangs, which gave her greater confidence, since that headland has an explosive fog-signal giving two reports every six minutes. So, with a nice wind on the quarter, she held on (as she imagined), passing the south Irish coast at a safe distance.

You can imagine the "old man's" surprise when a few miles later the fog lifted enough for him to see islets and an opening into a kind of lagoon. Then the ship brought up with a full stop, with a jerk, on the only bit of sand for miles. He had come up Roaring-water Bay and got mixed up with the Carthy Islands. What he heard was not the Old Head of Kinsale, but Mizen Head, whose fog signal is two explosions every *seven-and-a-half minutes*. This is a perfectly true story, for we shared between us the sum of £2,000 for extricating her from her strange position.

But the following yarn was given me by an American yachtsman who was once lying in the next berth to me in Toulon, and if you do not believe it, no more do I.

The master of a certain United States steamer was afflicted with an extremely inefficient navigator. One day the latter was ordered to fix the ship's position—they were well out in the Atlantic—and write down on a chit of paper the latitude and longitude.

The junior officer presently came up from the chartroom on to the bridge, and the master read the strange figures. Then slowly the latter raised his eyes and spoke.

"Remove your hat," he ordered, and proceeded to set him the example.

The inefficient navigator obeyed, but wondered.

"Waal," the Master drawled, "I'll say you're some navigator, but . . ."

"What's wrong with my hat, Cap'n?"

"Nothing at all—it's a mark of respect. According to your reckoning we're on vurry ancient territory. Your latitude and longitude fix this ship right'n the centre of Westminster Abbey."

SAFETY IN STORMS

The Fallacy of the "Keep Ahead" Theory

By COMMANDER JOHN IRVING

"WAVES OF THE SEA," says a Greek philosopher, "are the rods wherewith the sea gods are wont to chasten impious mariners." More especially am I prompted to recollect this by the suggestion in a contemporary yachting paper that, when running before a heavy sea in a gale, it is safe to "carry on to keep ahead."

A SMOKY SOU'-WESTER BREWING

The Sally Ann off Newport, U.S.A. From "Yachts Under Sail," published by John Lane

One must stress the lamentable results which might accrue from the broadcasting of such a view—especially as it is one which already has considerable foothold. Nor does it lack seeming evidential support: apostles of the "carry on" creed cite yachts which, with dry decks, have made 10 knots before a whole gale and heavy sea when, under similar conditions, the same ships under bare poles at 6 knots and with oil bags out have been "pooped" time after time. Viking sagas are quoted in support—one might also roam through Hakluyt and Purchas for literary examples: coasting skippers, fishermen and not a few deep-sea mariners add their advice to "carry on to keep ahead"—and so the dissemination of the theory has grown.

What, however, is the actual truth behind the supporting evidence? I am here disposed to examine it from the experience I myself have had of running before gales in yachts and other small ships in our own temperate and northern latitudes and in a very small ship in the Southern Ocean. The supporting instances which are so often cited—of safety due to speed in a heavy following gale—are, I consider, instances in which the ship concerned has, relative to the size of seas encountered, been a big ship, and a well-found ship whose hull-form and sailing and keel length, rig, and handling has been allied with her skipper's judgment that the particular gale of the moment was one which could be used to advantage and was not severe enough to compel speed reduction for safety. Then, in our own home cruising latitudes in the cruising season, it is very much to be doubted if any weather is likely to be encountered in which a well-designed cruiser under reasonable sail should not be able to run in safety. It is very certain, however, that neither she nor her big-ship sister could ever hope to "carry on to keep ahead." If one considers that with a wind force 7—a moderate 30-knot gale—the resulting waves in open sea will be some 400ft. in length and 20ft. in height and with a group velocity of some 13 knots the more one sees the fallacy of the "keep ahead" idea.

To keep ahead of a 13-knot wave undulation is undoubtedly beyond the average yacht's performance. In her own weather and properly canvassed she could, no doubt, run with perfect safety—if a well-balanced ship with moderate displacement, a good length of keel, and a tucked up counter—but she could never exceed the 13-knot speed of the wave-group. Moreover, if she tried to attain this speed she would find that, long before it was reached, the following seas were steepening immediately astern of her and that each wave as it thundered forward along the keel would take longer to pass clear—and, as speed increased, would break farther and farther aft. She would hang poised on each passing crest for a longer and longer period—increasing the time-factor of broaching-to risk, and her steering would become heavier and less certain.

The real secret of safety in a following sea lies, I think, in appreciating the formation and behaviour of waves themselves. A strong wind blowing on a water surface tends to blow it into "mounds" with a steeper face to leeward that there is to windward. The "mound" so created oscillates vertically without any significant forward motion, but has an undulation over the sea to leeward similar to that produced when a length of line is snaked. In deep water the length between these undulations increases with the wave height and wind strength.

Actually in each "mound" the separate water particles are rotating anti-clockwise to leeward so that at the top of the mound their direction tends to be horizontal and to leeward. When, therefore, in open water, a wave is seen to "break" it is only the few inches at the top of the "mound" where its forward face is steepest that have toppled forward—the horizontal leeward motion of the upper water particles being sufficient to fling the broken drops forward into foam. When, however, the free deep-sea wave enters shoal water the sea-bottom exerts a drag upon the underside of the "mounds" front slope with the result that it is slowed down while the crest is hurried on by the wave-creating force. In consequence the front face steepens more and more until the whole upper part of the wave topples forward and breaks—the heavy-water breaker of shallow seas and over broken sea beds. Similarly, the effect of a weather-going tidal stream is to force the whole body of water contrary to the direction of the wave-creating force with the result that the wind causes the crest of its wave to launch forward, steepen, and topple and break—the short steep familiar "wind-against-tide" sea of the Solent and East Coast.

So much for theoretical considerations—but, if a yacht is sailed hard her transverse wave system and her stern wave increases with the speed, and, as those waves face aft, provide a definite resistance to the for'ard undulation of the following sea. The ship wave system grips the base of the following wave while the wind is hurrying its crest forward—and if the yacht's stern waves are powerful enough the following sea will suddenly steepen and break into heavy water.

Time and again in yachts in our own cruising latitudes and again in a small ship week after week in the Southern Ocean and off the Horn, I have watched, when carrying on before a strong wind and big sea, the crest of each succeeding following sea break farther and farther aft along the keel as speed increased—to the accompaniment of a grimly ominous steepening of the sea dead astern and a growing heaviness on the helm. Then a reduction of sail or engine revolutions—and the tops of the threatening seas astern have rounded and lowered the heads, and the wave crests thundering past have expended their vice farther and farther forward.

Safety in such seas I have found to lie always in easing speed when the waves just astern began to steepen ominously: the only occasions when I have been in ships that were pooped—no matter how slightly—were when we have been running fast before the gale, much too fast I think. And so I do not hesitate here to refute the "carry on to keep ahead" theory: neither the yacht under sail nor the average power-cruiser can sail fast enough to keep ahead of the seas in a following gale. If they attempted to do so, long before the desired speed was attained, their own stern wave systems would have steepened the advancing faces of the following seas immediately astern, and these would reach forward and topple, pooping the ships—rods chastening the impious mariner in a way never to be forgotten.

CORDINGS

waterproof boots safeguard health

Our "Newmarket" Waterproof Boots will safeguard your health. Though you walk all day long, ankle-deep in mud or knee-deep in water, fish, shoot, go through ditches and streams, no matter, you shall keep your feet and legs both dry and warm. They will stand years of rough usage, stubbornly waterproof to the end. The tops are made of a tough-wearing tan twill interlined with a stout layer of pure rubber. Special tan leather covers the foot part and only first-grade sole leather is used. Also in lighter weight for ladies.

To order subject to approval, please give pencilled outline of foot in sock, or state size of boot worn.

New List of Waterproof Boots at request.

19 PICCADILLY, W.1 and CORDING HOUSE, 35 ST. JAMES ST. S.W.1

What the eye doesn't see...

the mind cannot grasp! These limitations are conveniently overcome with

THE VEDET Pocket Prism TELESCOPE

which can be carried in pocket or handbag.

Of similar construction to prism binoculars but with only one barrel. Very quickly focussed—weighs only 7 ozs., is but 4 ins. in length, magnification X 8 **£3 : 17 : 6**

Complete in soft leather case with sling

Write for full particulars :—

W. WATSON & SONS LTD.
313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

FOR the ESTATE

WATTLE HURDLES

Easy to Erect, Economical, Durable, and they look better than ordinary fencing.

FRUIT CABINET

Prevent your apples rotting by storing them in this specially constructed cabinet.

10 Trays (approx. 40 sq. ft.) - 39/6

10 Trays (approx. 30 sq. ft.) - 29/6

LOCKING DEVICE 2/- EXTRA.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Papworth Industries, Cambridge

ENHAM INDUSTRIES, ANDOVER

The Queen Dominates

White to play and mate in two moves.

There is a beauty of design . . . a subtlety . . . about Chess problems which is well matched by the Whisky which we hope you have at your side when solving them. "Highland Queen" is distinguished by a perfection of blending, a rare degree of maturity, which the connoisseur will instantly detect. *"10 years old — no less,"* and produced to the standard expected of *Scotland's largest independent firm of Distillers,* Macdonald & Muir, Leith, Edinburgh—also Glasgow and London.

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

10 YEARS OLD — NO LESS

ROSE & SON

HUNT TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS

ONGAR - ESSEX

And at 62/63, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., by appointment.

Breeches, Jodhpurs, Hunting Coats, etc., in fine quality materials and almost entirely hand-made in traditional West End Style but at prices which compare very favourably with usual West End charges.

PATTERNS ON REQUEST.

KELVIN

MARINE ENGINES

GIVE ENDLESS SERVICE

The range of 38 models, petrol, paraffin and Diesel, provide a suitable and reliable power unit for every type of craft from the 15 ft. runabout to the 500 ton auxiliary. "Kelvin" engines have been first favourites with yachtsmen for thirty years and some of the very earliest engines are still in service.

The BERGIUS Co., Ltd., DOBBIE'S LOAN, GLASGOW

The Country House

WORKS OF ART AT LOW COST

Opportunities for the Modest Collector at Grosvenor House

A DERBY GROUP TYPICAL OF THE BEST PERIOD OF ENGLISH CHINA
From Messrs. Stoner & Evans

THE important Exhibition of Works of Art that have been brought together at Grosvenor House, London, exemplifies the enormous and growing interest shown for beautiful things and particularly for those made by the craftsmen of the eighteenth, seventeenth and earlier centuries.

A certain section of the community, particularly those who have in many cases not had the privilege of visiting the residences of those who are collectors or who have inherited charmingly furnished houses from their forefathers, have no conception of what it is to be surrounded by furniture, china, silver and glass and walls suitably covered with fine pictures, and cannot realise the restfulness of living under such conditions. People not having such opportunities most likely have never troubled to visit the great picture galleries and national and provincial museums throughout the country where priceless examples of the work of past ages can be seen. If they only took the trouble they also might become imbued with the wish to have a few or even in time to furnish their homes completely with antiques. There are also many who know only too well the worth of fine furnishings and wish to have them but would say that the last statement verges on the impossible, that prices are prohibitive. This is incorrect.

One of the primary ideas of the organisers of these exhibitions to increase the interest in antiques originated with the British Antique Dealers' Association in 1928 at the Grafton Galleries; then came an exhibition at Christies in 1932; followed by an independent number of prominent antique dealers, headed by Mr. Cecil F. Turner, organising the 1934 show at Grosvenor House. And then came this year's greatest of all fairs and exhibitions at the same place.

One cannot help being moved by the great pictures at the National, Portrait and Tate Galleries; the furniture, silver, English china and oriental porcelain and early works of art at the Victoria and Albert and The British Museums; specimens beyond price, which can only be gazed at. Stand in the Gallery at Grosvenor House and view the display of over one hundred stands of lovely things all over a hundred and mostly two hundred years of age, practically in the same condition that they left the craftsmen's hands, and you have a vista of the works of craftsmen, many of which can be purchased by any ordinary person, particularly now that prices have dropped very considerably below the high ones that were being paid during the boom years of 1919 to 1928.

The exhibition enables the dealer in antiques to prove that beautiful old works of art, which may be non-exceptional, can be acquired at really moderate prices. A piece of oriental porcelain for 30/-; a nice piece of Old English Silver £3 10s.; a piece of English china for £3; a cup and saucer for less and a Dutch picture over 100 years of age for a few pounds.

The fair, of course, includes works of far greater values—the very finest antiques, many previously unknown, the country having been thoroughly raked by the exhibitors who naturally wish to interest and attract their patrons of the Arts. For example, the Chippendale sideboard illustrated, is unique; such an example of the work of the great craftsman being previously unknown; it will no doubt disappear into the collection of a wealthy connoisseur.

The Derby group shown is typical of the best period of English china. It is arguable, but is usually acknowledged, that Chinese porcelain is far ahead in texture, colour and craftsmanship of any other (one of a pair of Chinese porcelain plates is here illustrated) but there is a beautiful freshness and restfulness about old English china which will always appeal to a great army of collectors and no doubt it is more in keeping with English furniture.

ONE OF A PAIR OF YUNG CHING PLATES
Of egg-shell china with the well-known ruby backs and petal-shaped panels surrounded with beautifully decorated borders. In the possession of Messrs. F. Partridge & Sons, Ltd.

The table illustrated is an oak piece of the seventeenth century. Such antiques are greatly in demand for country houses and cottages. In addition to those works of art mentioned there is a great display of lovely glass, pictures, tapestries, carpets and the last but not least, pewter, one of the first things to be seriously collected. In these days of rush and pleasure it should be remembered that the fair closes on October 18th, and anyone who does not seize a possible opportunity of visiting it will miss something really worth while.

AN OAK MONK'S BENCH OR CHAIR TABLE

A REMARKABLE CHIPPENDALE SIDEBOARD

The first piece is in fine condition with carved frieze on all four sides. It comes from Messrs. J. W. Welsey, Ltd. The sideboard, from Messrs. H. N. Lee & Son, is unique, such an example of the great craftsman's work being previously unknown

SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRY LORE

A Belief in the Supernatural Which Still Exists

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

THE fairies, elves, ouphes, bolgoblins and sprites who flit through Shakespeare's plays were very real beings to his contemporaries. They believed in them as naturally as they believed in trees and stones.

At intervals through the centuries the statement is made that belief in fairies was common in the past but unknown in the present. Chaucer stated that in King Arthur's days the fairy queen and her "jolie company" danced in our meadows, but that in his day none saw them. Yet two centuries later Shakespeare wrote of fairies as one who had been familiar with them and their ways from childhood. And even in these prosaic days there are countless folk who believe in fairies, and not a few who assert that they have seen them. But who has seen, or even knows where is Fairyland? It is as sadly true now as when Spenser wrote

"None that breatheth living aire does know
Where is that happy land of Faerie."

It is interesting to reflect on the changes these supernatural beings, as seen through mortal eyes, have undergone, for Shakespeare presents to us not only the fairies and hobgoblins of Elizabethan times, but those dating back to a remote past, being still feared by humbler folk in his day, but well-nigh forgotten by their betters. The elves of Saxon times, of whom we have glimpses in *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* were gigantic in stature, fearsome, and carry us back in thought to remote times, when man fought not only with nature for possession of the land, but against unseen beings who resented the increasing domination of man. There are still remote regions of these islands, notable in Skye, the Outer Hebrides, and Western Ireland, where the inhabitants, whose finer faculties have not been stupefied by modern inventions, not only believe in, but fear these beings.

The "fairies" from which Imogen prayed to be delivered were not "fairies" as we understand the word, but the terrifying elves our Saxon ancestors feared. Macbeth also dreaded "night's black agents."

Yet in remote centuries they believed also in elves of rare beauty, bright elves exceeding in beauty the fairest of mankind. These were the "sheen bright elves" of Saxon days. Did not Caedmon, extolling the beauty of Sarah, describe her as "sheen as an elf"? Ariel conveys but little to our dulled minds, but in that glittering elf a Saxon audience would have recognised a being familiar to them from childhood. For Ariel is the old English bright elf and Prospero subdued him with magic as our ancestors subdued elves with incantations and herbal decoctions. And does not the jealous yet lovable Oberon recall the Fairy King Oberon of the mediæval tale, whose very dwarf was apparelled "in a gowne so rich that it were marvaile to recount the riches and fashion thereof, so garnished with precious stones that the clearnesse of them shined like the sunne"? And in the plays the mischievous elves of mediæval times play their part too. In Puck Shakespeare's audiences would recognise that tormenting but beloved lord of misrule—Robin Goodfellow—known through the centuries.

These impish spirits were believed to have the power of changing their guise in countless ways. It was thus they tormented the hapless Caliban:—

"Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
their pricks at my footfall; sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness."

Even their queen, the Queen Mab of the popular tales, was impish, like her followers, and as such Shakespeare depicts her.

At times it pleased the beneficent elves to bestow wealth in the shape of fairy gold on humans, but he who revealed his good fortune lost it. The Shepherd in *The Winter's Tale* found fairy gold.

Shakespeare ranged the realm of fairy-lore and he did more than any other writer to turn men's minds from the dread elves, the joyless impersonations and creatures of darkness of mediæval times to the fairies we associate with flowers and everything that is lovely. "Fairies use flowers for their charactery," and Shakespeare's fairies are indissolubly associated with flowers.

The fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are genuinely childlike and consequently entrancing. They are easily frightened and, like children, their first instinct is to hide themselves:—

"All their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there."

Like children, they have a horror of creeping things, such as "spotted snakes," insects such as "long-legg'd spinners," and "beetles black," and such must not come nigh their sleeping queen. Titania's attendants, whose very names are suggestive of those given each other in play by children, throw themselves with abandon and delight into the task of waiting on Bottom and entertaining him. To "hop and gambol in his walks," to feed him with fruits and to steal honey-bags from the humble-bees are enchanting pastimes for them. Like children they delight in frolicsome games, to dance in "ringlets," to "hop as light as bird from brier" and to sing ditties while they "dance it trippingly."

Being childlike themselves, they have a fondness for children, and from time immemorial have been accused of stealing them. Oberon and Titania's quarrel was over

"A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling."

Shakespeare's unique contribution to the realm of Faerie was Titania. Queen Mab's outstanding characteristic was impishness, but the exquisite Titania, Shakespeare's own creation, is a Queen, albeit a wayward queen, whose passing fancy for a mortal is in keeping with the most ancient traditions of Faerie. A queen who holds her court in groves and on greens by "stangled starlight sheen," who dances "to the whistling wind,"

"By paved fountain or by rushy brook
Or on the beached margent of the sea"

and who, sung to sleep by her attendant fairies, slumbers on banks "where the wild thyme blows."

Yet Oberon, Titania and all their train were confined, in common with the whole world of Faerie, to the hours of darkness. With the lark's song they had perforce to vanish.

Puck: "Fairy King, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark."
Oberon: "Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon."

Oberon proudly claimed, however, that being "spirits of another sort" than the "damned spirits," they can remain longer than the latter and tread the groves

"Even till the eastern gate all fiery red
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."

THE LAST BIG GARDEN SHOW OF THE YEAR
A section of the great crowd which attended the Autumn Flower Show at Olympia on the opening day

FLOWERS AT OLYMPIA

New Plants at the Autumn Show

AS usual, the R.H.S. Autumn Show was magnificent and, in spite of the arctic weather in late spring, only three firms cancelled their sites.

Each year the shrub nurseries are making more notable displays of ornamental shrubs and particularly those with fine autumn foliage and berries. Possibly because in these rather lean times we are realising more and more the value of shrubs for making a colourful display twice a year and yet involving little labour in upkeep. Messrs. Hillier were awarded a gold medal; they had staged a most attractive group which included *Pyrus magnifica* with dangling bronze fruits, *Pyrus aria majestica* with corymbs of deep red berries, *Sorbus hupehensis*, *Aronia arbutifolia* with crimson and bronze foliage, and in the centre a fine specimen of *Aralia chinensis var. argentea* with large variegated leaves and creamy flowers.

Messrs. Cheal and Messrs. Waterer both had fine displays, amongst the former's exhibits being two charming altheas—*A. caeruleus plenus* with double blue flowers and *A. spectabilis* with pink flowers—and lovely maples, notably *Acer virginicum rubrum* with green, orange and silver foliage. Amongst Messrs. Waterer's exhibits were a standard yellow fruited crab, *Pyrus* Golden Hornet, and a beautiful thorn, *Crataegus Ferentaria*, loaded with glinting red berries.

Up in the gallery one of the most fascinating items was a tall *Styrax Japonica*, clustered with greenish fruits, in Messrs. W. J. Marchant's display. The Donard Nurseries had some choice subjects—*Nothofagus Dombeyi*, *Berberis nepalensis*, with strikingly handsome leaves, and *B. Stapfiana* with scarlet berries remarkable for their exquisite bloom.

Dahlias were naturally amongst the outstanding border subjects. The showiest of all were Messrs. Dobbies', who were awarded a gold medal. Their staging was a masterpiece of that difficult art. Messrs. Stuart Ogg had very fine groups, and their specimens of Miss Belgium attracted everyone's attention. Messrs. Carter showed a curious new dahlia—Chancellor—scarlet with a dark zone. Dahlias of immense size continue to evoke admiration, but I think thousands of us are more attracted by the charming miniature and pompon dahlias. Messrs. Cheal had a particularly attractive group of these small dahlias that are so useful for indoor decoration, also paony-flowered and star dahlias.

The most interesting new border plant was, I think, the new hardy chrysanthemum *C. erubescens*, rather like a pink pyrethrum and very floriferous. It should prove a useful addition to the autumn border, in which as a rule true pinks are far from common.

E. S. R.

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

FOR LONG-DISTANCE CRUISING: MR. SCOTT-PAINE'S 23 M.P.H. THREE-ENGINED "POWER" BOAT
Alongside is one of the 1936 light 20 h.p. Daimlers

CHAUFFEURS AND OUTSIDE EMPLOYMENT

A Pernicious Practice and its Consequences

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

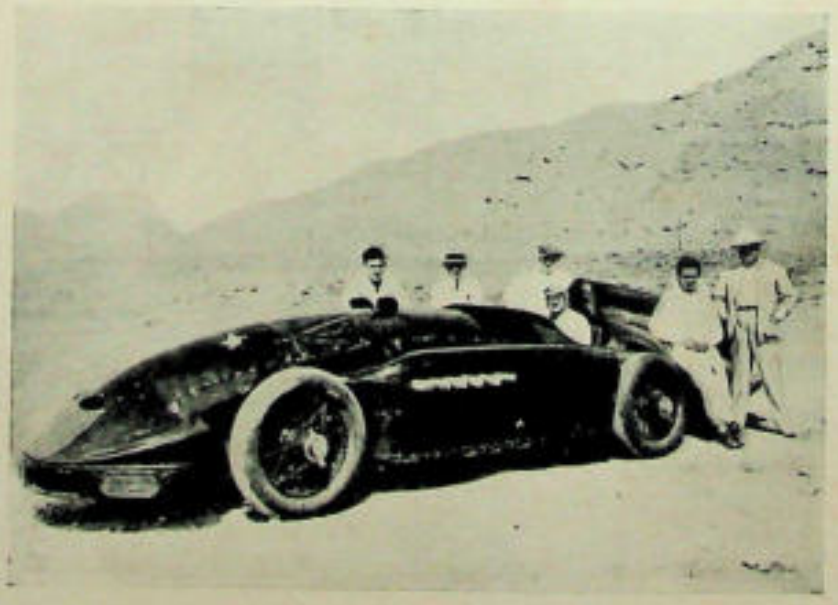
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

IT is fairly common knowledge that quite a number of chauffeurs add to their income by doing odd jobs of work on cars belonging to persons other than their employers. In some cases this is winked at by the employer. In a few it is even authorised. Apparently, the practice has reached dimensions that come very near to being an abuse. I have even heard of instances where a chauffeur has actively competed with the local garage man by submitting estimates for certain repair work.

I should not care to lay down a hard-and-fast rule that a chauffeur should in no circumstances work on a car which does not belong to his employer. There are cases in which a little emergency assistance by an expert driver-mechanic is not only permissible, but meritorious, being performed out of that spirit of camaraderie which, I hope, will always animate the relations between motorist and motorist. But between such allowable assistance and making a business of the thing there is a wide gulf—one that cannot be bridged.

The usual explanation, no doubt, would be that the outside work was done in the man's own time. In the cases I have in mind that explanation would as often as not be untrue. Obviously, the chauffeur who stands to make extra money out of casual work will put that work before the interests of his employer. It is so easy to find excuses when asked why the car was later than ordered. Slight ignition trouble or a choked jet which took time to find and put right will be accepted more often than not, since there is no way of proving that such troubles did not, in fact, exist.

To my mind, the practice is a pernicious one. Not only is it demoralising to the chauffeur concerned, but it is even more so to the one who employs him *sub rosa*. It seems grossly unfair of him to filch time that is paid for by a fellow motorist, employ his tools and utensils for repairing or cleaning his car, just because he can save a little money on the job. That is what lies at the root of an altogether undesirable practice.



ANOTHER WORLD'S SPEED RECORD BREAKER
Captain G. E. T. Eyston in the cockpit of his car, "Speed of the Wind," after breaking the 24-hours' record at the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, with an average speed of 140.522 m.p.h.

The legitimate trader cannot hope to compete with what is, to use a plain term, blackleg labour. He has his establishment charges to meet, while his illicit competitor has none. The motorist who gets his work done in this way should ask himself a plain question: "How should I look at it if matters were reversed, and if it were the man next door who was employing *my* chauffeur in this way?" He would have to answer: "Not at all."

It seems that as a matter of strict law the position may be as follows: A chauffeur, either expressly or impliedly, contracts to give all his time—or a sufficiency of his time—to his employer. If he does not do so, he breaks his contract, and is liable. Anyone who induces him to break his contract is guilty of a tort and liable in damages.

Apart from the above technical rules, however, there is the question of liability in case of accident.

An employer insures his chauffeur against Workmen's Compensation claims, either by a separate or within his comprehensive policy. In either case his insurance is limited by his statement of employment of the man as a chauffeur only, or as chauffeur-mechanic for his own car. If the chauffeur engages upon repairs to somebody else's car it seems clear that, in the event of an accident, the insurance policy would not be available for the protection of the employer.

The accident would not have arisen "out of and in the course of the employment," the words "in the course of the employment" meaning in the course of the work the man was employed to do, and not "during the time of the engagement." The chauffeur would not be entitled to compensation.

I have been looking through some figures relating to road accidents in America, which make rather interesting reading. They show that there are 24,000,000 motor vehicles in use in the United States, against some 10,000,000 owned in all the other countries of the world combined. Last year the number of road fatalities was 36,000. This seems to show that America is a safer motoring country than this. There are eight times the number of cars in use and only five times the number of fatal casualties. It is interesting to speculate why this should be.

My own idea is that in America they have concentrated largely upon road education, sometimes luridly, to say the least. They make no bones about graphically illustrating the most ghastly occurrences, believing that the best corrective of want of care and thought is to drive home the results by showing to the last detail what happens when somebody, for instance, steps off the kerb in front of a heavy lorry.

Such methods do not commend themselves in this country. I recollect that some time ago the Safety First Association staged a dummy smash on a Surrey road—and the general opinion was that it was in rather bad taste! Possibly the American method of education against road dangers is at variance with our own ideas of what is good form in publicity, but it certainly seems to be more effective.

A New 40/50 h.p. 12-Cylinder

ROLLS-ROYCE

'PHANTOM III'

Rolls-Royce Limited have pleasure in announcing that they are able to accept orders for a new 40/50 h.p. 12-Cylinder Rolls-Royce car. Many outstanding features distinguish this car from its famous predecessor the Phantom II.

(1) 12 CYLINDERS giving greater engine smoothness, flexibility, silence and acceleration.

(2) GREATER COMFORT arising from *independent front wheel suspension.*

This is particularly noticeable in the back seats under all road conditions, and is further enhanced by remarkable road holding qualities and stability on corners even at high speeds.

The new chassis frame provides for wider and more comfortable back seats, whilst a modification in the position of the change-speed and brake levers gives easy entrance to the driver's seat from the offside.

(3) IMPROVED CONTROLLABILITY—The steering is lighter in operation, has a larger steering lock and the car is more easily manoeuvred by reason of the shorter wheelbase.

Although the body length is the same as the Phantom II, the length of the car is reduced.

This new car retains all the characteristic features which have gained for the Rolls-Royce car the accepted title "The Best Car in the World."

Chassis (including Lamps, etc.)		£1,850
Saloon Limousine	from	£2,535
Pullman „	„	£2,575

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

Masterpieces of Craftsmanship

THE STUDLEY BOWL

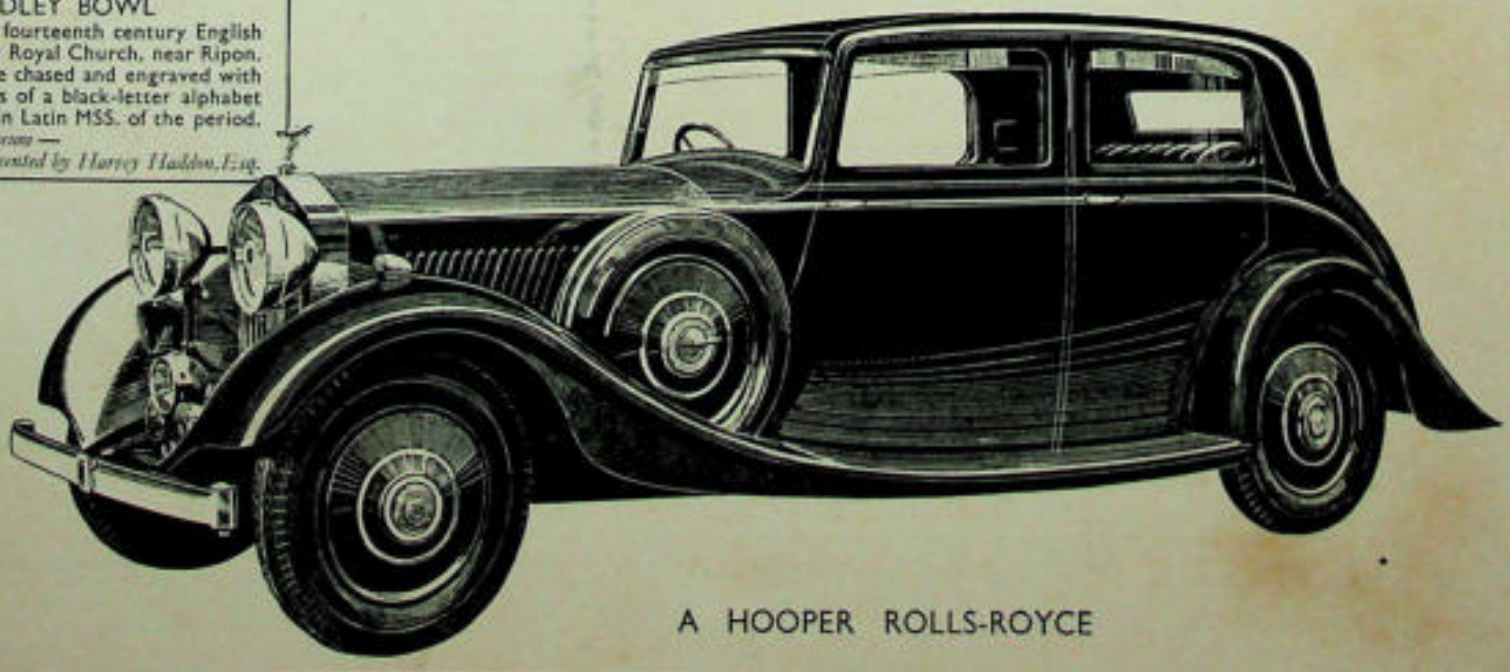
A fine example of late fourteenth century English silver-gilt from Studley Royal Church, near Ripon. The cover and bowl are chased and engraved with wreaths, the characters of a black-letter alphabet and contractions used in Latin MSS. of the period. *Victoria and Albert Museum — Presented by Harvey Haddon, Esq.*

By Appointment to H.M. The King *By Appointment to H.M. The Queen* *By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*

Hooper & Co. have had the honour to supply carriages and motor cars to the Royal Family continuously for more than a century.

HOOPER & CO (COACHBUILDERS) LTD

54 ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

FIGHTING THE FIRE MENACE IN THE AIR

Public Doubts That Must Be Allayed

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

IT is a most regrettable, but nevertheless indisputable, fact that one spectacular crash to an aeroplane produces a far greater impression on the public mind than the most reassuring statistics of safety in the air provided by the annual reports on civil aviation issued by the Air Ministry and the League of Nations. And when, as during the past few months, there are several such accidents in close succession, it is not unnatural, perhaps, that many should find themselves confronted with doubts as to whether flying is quite so far advanced and reliable as they had supposed.

Whatever the cause of this attitude—whether it be sensational and exaggerated newspaper reports or a still existing unfamiliarity with flying—there can be no doubt of its reality. The man in the street has not yet come to regard an air crash as he looks upon a train disaster—as something quite abnormal that in no way makes him hesitate to make a railway journey.

Probably the aspect of air accidents that gives rise to the gravest disquiet is that of fire. The general public has become more or less convinced, as the result of the unfailing work of the air services and by outstanding long-distance flights, that the aeroplane itself is a reasonably safe vehicle, as a vehicle. But it is inclined to feel, not unjustifiably, that if anything does go wrong, the chances of escape are likely to be considerably lessened by the spontaneous outbreaks of fire.

Putting aside all elements of sensationalism, it must be admitted that this fire risk is something that aviation as a whole, and particularly the air-line section of it, will have to face with the utmost frankness. Fire is, of course, not the only risk connected with aviation; but it is undoubted that which creates the gravest doubts in the public mind; and until those doubts have been allayed, commercial flying cannot expect to attract the volume of traffic to which it is entitled on its safety record and its proved usefulness.

Whatever the contributory causes of fire may be, the main origin, in the great majority of cases, is the bursting of the petrol tanks under the force of impact. A first step towards minimising the fire risk would seem to be, therefore, discovering a means of eliminating this source of danger.

In this connection, the claims of the compression ignition or Diesel type of engine are very frequently advanced. It is urged that, the highly inflammable nature of petrol being the greatest danger, the obvious remedy is to substitute some fuel which does not so readily ignite. Undoubtedly there is much in favour of this argument, but although the C.I. engine has proved its suitability for many forms of surface transport, and is expected to meet the requirements of lighter-than-air craft, it will undoubtedly be some time before power units on this principle are available for the various types of heavier-than-air craft.

It is heavier, on a power for weight basis, than the petrol engines now in use. It is still not entirely out of the experimental stage, and its reliability cannot be taken for granted, as is that of the contemporary petrol engine. In short, it is, at the present juncture, less efficient from an all-round point of view; and few, if any, airlines would be prepared to adopt it in its present stage of development.

In the future it may be that this type will entirely replace the present petrol engines for aviation purposes, as it is doing for heavy transport on the roads; but that time is not yet. Every encouragement should, however, be given to the designer of the heavy-oil unit, for it will undoubtedly play a great part in the future of air transport.

Another line of development to which increasing attention should be given is the protection of the fuel tanks in such a way that the risk of ignition is very materially reduced, if not eliminated. From time to time various so-called unburstable tanks have been tested with varying results, and some years ago an Air Ministry competition was held to discover an efficient type. None has been adopted to any noticeable extent. There is without question an important and fruitful field for research here, the more so since it is likely that air-line operators would be prepared to face a reasonable increase in fuel-tank weight if fire risk was reduced thereby.

Actually, of course, a good deal can be done by wise placing of the tanks so that in the event of accident the resultant flow of petrol is less likely to come in contact with such hot spots as the exhaust pipe, etc. Designers can do much in this direction, and it is conceivable that a combination of proper placing, greater resistance to bursting, and fireproof construction, would give the aeroplane a comparative freedom from fire risk.

In the present stage of development, no ready-made solution for the problem of fire risk lies to hand. The important point is, however, that the problem is one that assumes large proportions in the public mind, and is one to which the industry should devote the closest and most searching attention. The fire menace stands as a considerable obstacle in the path of progress of commercial flying.

Those who are close enough to aviation to see the fire risk in its true perspective may well feel that it has been overstressed. But the fact remains that it is to the general non-technical public that aviation must look for its support; and until that public is completely reassured, its fullest co-operation will not be forthcoming. The confidence of the customer is as important to the air operator as to any other commercial undertaking.

BRITAIN'S LATEST AND FASTEST FLYING BOAT

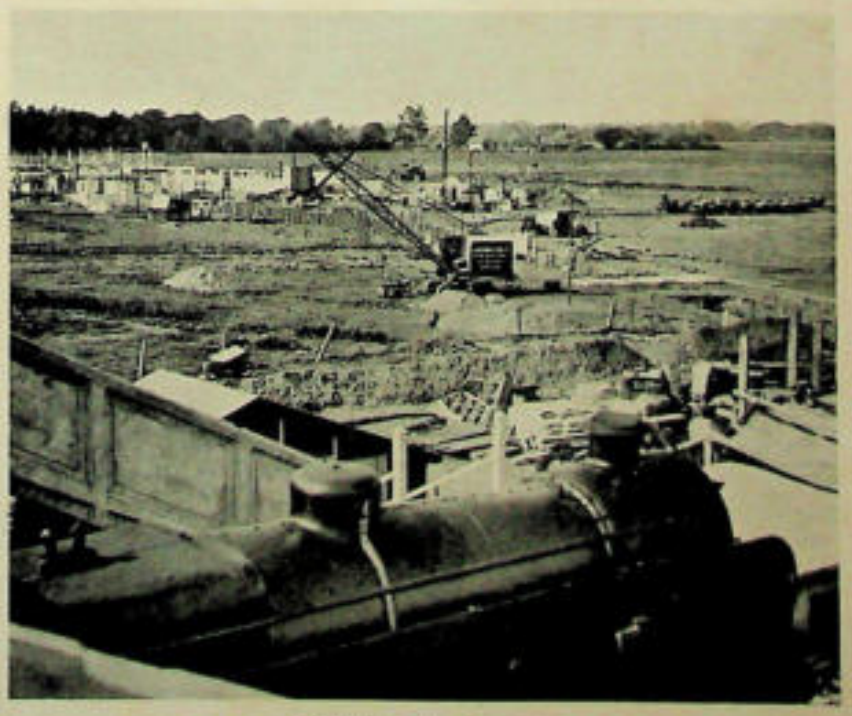
An overhead view of the "Stranraer," an R.A.F. craft capable of a speed of 150 m.p.h., silhouetted against the flat coastline of Essex, near Walton

PRESENTATION TO SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

At a banquet given at the Dorchester, Park Lane, on Tuesday, September 24th, the directors of the

Daily Mail presented to Sir Malcolm Campbell a portrait plaque of himself in 18-carat gold.

The following wording is inscribed on a gold plate below the plaque: "Presented to Sir Malcolm Campbell, M.B.E., by the Directors of the *Daily Mail* to signalise his great achievement in setting up the new land-speed record of 301.129 m.p.h. at Bonneville Flats, Utah, U.S.A., 3rd September, 1935." The order for this was entrusted to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



LONDON'S NEW AIRPORT

What will be known as "London South Airport" is now under construction at Gatwick, 25 miles from London. A new railway station (Tinsley Green) will be connected by subway to the main booking hall and control tower of the aerodrome and passengers will thus be under cover from the time they leave London to entering the plane. The journey between airport and London will only take half an hour

A SPORTSMAN'S TOUR IN NEW ZEALAND

To the Inland Sea of Rippling Waters and on to the Castle of the Rainbow Gods

By H. E. TOWNER COSTON

NEW ZEALAND is a country which gives you very little peace of mind; so alluring and fascinating are the stories one hears of its various districts, one is imbued with a violent desire to see them all. On one occasion, being unable to resist the lure of the distant ranges, three of us set out from Napier in Hawkes Bay to visit the "Inland Sea of Rippling Waters," or as it is known by its Maori name, Lake Waikaremoana, and to carry on right through the centre of the North Island, returning by way of Rotorua and Taupo.

We used a five-seater car which we loaded with guns, rifles, fishing gear, and camp duffle, for we intended to stop and camp just wheresoever we glorious bush, and even our eagerness to be up and doing would not permit us to hurry through such scenery. The lake, set as it is in the heart of the bush which clothes the steep sides of this jewelled bowl, by then purply green in the light of the dying sun, beggared description.

We had travelled far and fast that day, and the camp had to be set up, food prepared and our fishing gear retrieved from the depths of the car before we could settle down to our enjoyment. However, we decided on a short snack to keep us going as we all had a fancy for grilled trout fresh from the water. We were fortunate in securing a nice brace of fish—one of 4½lb. and the other of 6lb., both

Photographs by courtesy of the High Commissioner for New Zealand

TWO GLIMPSES OF LAKE WAIKAREMOANA

Panekiri Bluff is shown above, and on the right is a view of Opono Bay taken from the hostel

fancied and to live mostly on the country.

The road up the east coast to Wairoa and then inland to Waikaremoana is, on the whole, very good, though to overseas visitors it may appear a little strenuous. Gradients are moderate and care is necessary; but that should be exercised on roads in any part of the world.

If you had just heard of a fisherman getting four fish in one day's fishing, the weights of which ranged from 12lb. to 17¾lb., I wonder what your reactions would be? Well, we had heard something to that effect from a reliable source, and as it was in the vicinity of Waikaremoana that this monstrous catch had been made, we were, to put it mildly, just a little eager.

The drive from Wairoa to Waikaremoana is through the heart of the most caught on small red Matuku flies, before we became too hungry to fish any more.

I think fishermen fall into two schools: those who fish lakes and are never happy on a river, and those who must have the song of the stream constantly in their ears. We fell into the latter category. After fishing with moderate success until breakfast called, next morning, we broke camp and moved on to where a feeder ran into the lake, and here we were happy for a while. And this is the joy of auto-camping; you are dependent on no one for food or transport and can move absolutely untrammelled where you will.

We stayed but for a day or so then moved on over the Huirau Range towards Ruatahuna, passing through the Uriwera country. Ruatahuna is the stronghold of the so-called Maori prophet Rua. He is quite a friendly old boy in his own way, though he causes a fair amount of trouble to the tax collectors. One of the best stories told about him is when his followers all gathered at Whakatane to see him perform the miracle of walking the waters. On the appointed day at the appointed hour he addressed the gathering with much korero and somewhat in the following manner:

"To prove to you that I am the true prophet possessed of divine powers I am going to walk dryshod upon the waters." Cries of "Aye, etc., etc." "You, my faithful followers are gathered here to watch the miracle. You have every faith in me?" More cries of assent. "You have every faith in my powers?" Deafening cries of encouragement and unanimous assent. "Then since you have so much faith in me and my powers—there will be no need for me to perform the miracle." Dead silence and a few feeble "Kapais."

Camping here and there for but a night to fish any likely looking rivers we passed on our way, we found our endeavours handsomely rewarded, and many a cotton tail fell to the talk of the guns. It may be as well to state here, that if you require fishing in excelsis, the same applies to New Zealand as to everywhere else, virgin or lesser-known waters yield the greatest rewards.

At Te Whaiti we found a Maori who was willing to guide us in a pig hunt and supply the dogs. The whole of the area round here and Waikaremoana is teeming with deer and pig, and a fair amount of feathered game has also been acclimatised. But for pig, unless you are very lucky in a stalk, dogs are necessary. I have not the space to describe this hunt, but it likewise was very successful and wild pig graced our larder for several days and made a welcome change of diet.

At Rotorua, famous for its thermal springs, we fished and heard of a little known thermal zone at a place called Orakei Korako, about 40 miles away. The road led for several miles past the Government afforestation blocks, which were thick with healthy young pines; then getting a trifle rough, swept over to the Waikato River, which it followed until it reached our terminus at a Maori Pah.

Around us bubbled mud volcanoes, and geysers hissed at intervals into the air, but the main sights were on the other side of the river. This we crossed in a crazy dug-out canoe just above some screaming rapids, piloted by an old Maori.

At first we were introduced to a marvellous alum cave which winked and glittered in the light of the candles we carried. Then came a track past which ran a boiling hot stream and another which was icy cold, both apparently pouring from a common womb in the hillside. Bursting through the encircling scrub, we then came right to the home of the Rainbow Gods. Before us stood the most awe-inspiring, magnificent spectacle I have ever beheld: marvellous pink cliffs formed by years of precipitation of silica from the warm stream which trickled over it, gave birth to a rainbow whose perfection words could only be hopelessly inadequate to describe.

Later the rapids yielded good fish for the limited time at our disposal, and we spent the following day fishing the Waikato River at Taupo, where our dry flies were taken eagerly, and a 100yds of line seemed painfully short. Then over the ranges again and home.

Special licences are necessary other than the ordinary fishing licence, to fish the Rotorua district which included Waikaremoana, and another one for the Taupo area. In spite of this our total costs including benzine, oil, food, licences for the three of us were under £10. Over 70 fish had been killed, and we had not fished over long, the weights of which averaged 4¾lb., and the distance, if I remember rightly, was under 500 miles.

WHERE TO STAY

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

MARTIN HOTELS

Shooting and Fishing in Wales.

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
via Oswestry.
SHOOTING 21,000 acres. Large stock wild Pheasants, walking up 25/- a day. Also Grouse, Blackgame, Partridge. Secluded country house from 3½ guineas weekly. 4½ hours London. Riding. Tennis. Fishing on renowned Lake Vyrnwy season opens 1st March, 1936.
Tel. LLANWDDYN 2

OAKELEY ARMS HOTEL
Tan-y-bwlch.
Sea Trout fishing river Dwyryd, season ends 15th October. A modernised old Coaching Inn at the foot of Moelwyn, 2,500ft. Beautiful Country, mild climate. Easy reach golf at Harlech. Tennis. Near the new Trawsfynydd Lake season opens 15th March, 1936.
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH 31

Mr. and Mrs. Martin have specially studied the requirements of sportsmen and their families.

MOULSFORD MANOR HOTEL
Moulsford, Berks.
On the main Reading-Oxford Road.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Modern Comfort. Excellent Cooking.
'Phone: Goring 25.

EXMOOR The Riding and Walking Playground of England.
CROWN HOTEL, EXFORD, NEAR MINEHEAD.
Centre of Exmoor. 800 feet above Sea Level. Staghounds. Foxhounds. Harriers. Shooting. Electric Light. H. and C. in all Bedrooms. £4 4s. per week. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Exford 43.
Proprietor, R. G. SPILLER, CASTLE HOTEL, TAUNTON

HUNTING
NEWTON HOUSE HOTEL
(THE LUXURY HOTEL AT MODERATE PRICES), NR. BEDALE, YORKS.
8 GOOD BOXES. SADDLE ROOM, ETC. CENTRE OF BEDALE HUNT. GOLF COURSE. SWIMMING POOL. VERY REASONABLE INCLUSIVE TERMS. APPLY MANAGER. BEDALE 56.

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
6,000 acres good rough shooting. 14 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING. Electric light: h. and c. in bedrooms. Telephone: Lifton 4.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone, 4680 Brighton.

BUDE.—GRENVILLE HOTEL.—Charming first-class Hotel, second to none in Cornwall, in gardens by sea; beautiful ball and public rooms; string band. Sunday Golf.

HARROGATE.—CROWN HOTEL. FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Adjoining Pump Room and Royal baths. MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS. Phone 4045. Write MANAGER.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—A QUIET AND PEACEFUL HOLIDAY. Niton, unspoiled country by the sea. The NITON-UNDERCLIFF HOTEL. Most southerly hotel in the Island; six acres grounds, 320ft. above sea level, within sight of St. Catherine's Lighthouse. Palm court 75ft. by 40ft. Licensed. A.A. and R.A.C. H. and c. water in all bedrooms. Accommodation available September or October.

KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER (English Lakes). Most interesting centre for scenery and excursions. Leading Hotel in the district, the Keswick.

MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S, Prospectus Free. *Great Britain's Greatest Hydro.* Tel. 17.

NEWMARKET.—RUTLAND ARMS HOTEL. 'Phone 16. The Best.

SOUTHPORT.—PRINCE OF WALES. "The Leading Hotel." Great golf centre (7 links).

20,000 ACRES GOOD ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game, keeper and dogs provided, combined with trout, sea trout and salmon fishing, latter free to guests.—Cobden's Hotel, Capel Curig, N. Wales.

TRUST HOUSES
Full particulars of this chain of comfortable country Hotels from
TRUST HOUSES ENQUIRY OFFICE - 81, Piccadilly, W.1
(Close to Green Park Tube Station)

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE PRINCES HOTEL, TORQUAY

TORQUAY exercises a strong and constant attraction. Sheltered by well-wooded hills from the north, east and west winds, it has an ideal winter climate, while the beauty of its situation and the beauty of the whole visible coastline are most striking and memorable.

Standing on high ground in the fashionable quarter of the town and overlooking Torbay, you will find the Princes Hotel, once the home of the Earl of Cork. The building nestles quietly in two acres of land, and is sheltered on the north side by rising ground and well-planted trees, which are agreeably vocal when winds are stirring. Surely there is nothing of its kind more fascinating than listening to the wind in the trees on a cold winter's night from a warm bed or a comfortable fireside.

One of the most pleasant things about Princes is the genial country house atmosphere which pervades the hotel. The proprietor at some time acquired some fine old pictures and furniture from another country house near Torquay, which was apparently the home of one of the aristocrats of France who settled in the "Riviera of the West" during those fateful years of France's history when the guillotine had as many victims per week as the roads of Great Britain have to-day. Beautiful French oil paintings, old gilt settees and chairs in the salon, and a huge carved black oak clock will at once attract the attention and the admiration of visitors.

Yet the *pièce de résistance* must necessarily be Napoleon Bonaparte's own writing table, with its heavy, ornamental fittings and graceful curves. If you stand for a few moments and look at the table it may occur to you that all sorts of plans and love letters lay dormant in its drawers while the "little man" was away on some campaign. Among the other treasures must be named a 300-years-old painting of The Barbican; Plymouth, the actual spot from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed on their historic adventure:

"Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation."

Along the outside front of the hotel is an attractive stone terrace, along which as many as five cars can be driven abreast. Inside you will find well-decorated lounges, comfortable and lofty bedrooms, and a spacious ballroom, all harmonious parts of a typical English country house.

As the hotel has an admirable garage the motorist will be at once at home here. Because there is surprisingly little difference in the seasons at Torquay motoring, even in an open car, must always be a pleasure in the district. There is not only a strong appeal but an adventure about exploring the moors of South Devon, veined with numberless little streams and overrun by shy, shaggy ponies. Yet it is the quaint and lovely villages which nestle in the shades of the forests and the beautiful red cliffs of the coastline which make Devon so attractive. Its country lanes are surcharged with the unexpected, so that you can never really tell what will be awaiting you around the next corner, or what beautiful span of unspoilt countryside will greet you at the top of the next hill.

Within easy motoring distance of Princes are Brixham, a well-known fishing village where William of Orange landed in 1688; Bovey Tracey, which commands a sweeping picture of Dartmoor; and the ancient village of Widecombe-in-the-Moor. In all the villages you will find a secluded calm, and humble thatched and whitewashed dwellings which suggest centuries of quiet life spent far from the madding crowd. It is worth while making contact with the men who inhabit those quaint villages, if only because it was their ancestors who were the most gallant and adventurous of our seamen in the spacious days of Good Queen Bess.

The Princes Hotel, like Devon itself, will remain clear in your memory when, as even recent holidays have a way of doing, your happy and restful stay in Devon seems far away and almost unreal. You will often think of the friendly atmosphere of the hotel, the enchanting loveliness of the Devon coast, and the winds and noises of the moors, and you will find yourself counting the days until you can return to Princes Hotel, Torquay, for a much longer stay.

When in London Stay at

Brown's Hotel

¶ Brown's Hotel remains to-day a living witness that the spirit of more spacious days can be satisfactorily allied to the comfort which modern methods have achieved. In its solid dignity it preserves the atmosphere which has long made it the home in London of the English County families, something standing for all that is best in the older order of things, something we connect with meets of hounds, and old houses standing by broad lawns and the wide sweep of Scottish Moors.

Yet every bedroom at Brown's has a private bath or running water, exchange telephone.

Rooms and suites with or without central heating.

DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1

Telephone: REGENT 6020 (15 lines)
Telegrams: BROWNOTEL, LONDON

CHELTENHAM SPA

The Health Resort and Holiday Centre in the Heart of the Cotswolds.

Abundant Amusements—Municipal Music Daily—First Class Hotels—Sport for all. Centre for Delightful Excursions to Wye Valley, Oxford, Upper Thames, Shakespeare's Country, Cotswold Hills, etc.
Send for Free New Guide to Dept. V, Town Hall, Cheltenham Spa.

TRAVEL BY RAIL
"Monthly Return" Tickets at 1 jd. a mile 1st, 1d. 3rd class—any train, any day.

NOEL ARMS HOTEL, Chipping Campden. for HUNTING QUARTERS. All rooms fitted h. and c. water. Terms from 3 guineas Hunters and hacks, and horses taken at livery. 'Phone 317.

TO THOSE WANTING AUTUMN OR WINTER QUARTERS in very comfortable and attractive XVIth century Country House, THE DRAGON HOUSE, WASHFORD, SOMERSET, offers all the conveniences and independence of hotel life with the amenities of a private house. It resembles neither the one nor the other, but combines the desirable conditions of both. Comparatively plain, but very perfect cooking. Plumbing, etc., of the most modern. Near Minehead and Exmoor, and consequently within easy reach of several Hunts. Terms 4 guineas weekly.

SCOTLAND

"THE ROMANY HOUSE" (late Dr. Rogers), Yetholm, Kelso. Beautifully situated in own grounds midst Cheviots. A perfect spot for quiet autumn holiday—a home for winter months, or for those wishing to avail themselves of hunting. Good stabling.—Mrs. MUIRHEAD.

IRELAND

CONNEMARA.—ZETLAND HOTEL, CASHEL BAY, RECESS; fishing, salmon, sea and brown trout, sea fishing; modern, electric light, garage.

DUBLIN.—SHELBOURNE, The Premier Hotel. Private baths and toilet, h. and c. running water.

MILFORD, CO. DONEGAL.—MILFORD HOTEL. Salmon and Trout Fishing. Shooting. Golf. Garage.

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL.—Open all the year. Reduced terms from October. Good rough shooting; Bridge; electric light, central heating; mild climate; excellent cuisine.—Apply MANAGERESS, Connemara, Co. Galway.

PAYING GUESTS
30 words 6/- (minimum), each extra seven 2/-

CO. WEXFORD.—Hunting. The Island and Wexford Foxhounds. GUESTS would be RECEIVED in comfortable Country House. Good hunters obtainable, stabled and groomed; good rough shooting; garage.—Box 3184, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

CO. MEATH (Navan district. Hunting—Hunts, Meath and Ward).—PAYING GUESTS. Excellent accommodation in country House, with adequate loose boxes, garage. Telephone.—Apply BROWNE & DOWSE (Agents), Gradon Street, Dublin.

COMFORTABLE HOME OFFERED, suitable for hunting or riding people; three bedrooms, dining and sitting room; wood fires; every comfort and attention.—Miss EARL, Court Place Farm, Cove, nr. Tiverton, Devon.

"QUANTOCKS EDGE" GUEST HOUSE, ST. ANDRIES (Somerset).—Staghunting, foxhunting, harking, shooting and golf. Very comfortable accommodation at moderate terms in the heart of excellent hunting country. Inclusive terms with no extras.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL - Harrogate
THE FINEST POSITION.
OVERLOOKING STRAY
150 Rooms. Private Suites. Bedrooms with Private Bathrooms. Cuisine and Service irreproachable. Free Garage.
EVERY HOME COMFORT.
Reduced Winter Terms now in Force.
Phone—4676 (3 lines) Telegrams—ELEGANCE

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4321. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1935

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE {INLAND 2½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 5½D.}

LORD BURGHLEY, M.F.H.

This season Lord Burghley, who retired from athletic contests a few years ago, is to hunt the Marquess of Exeter's old country twice a week with a private pack. He will hunt hounds himself

HARMONIC
STABILISER

Another
Proved Feature
of the

ROVER

CONTENTS

Tuberculosis in Our Herds	865
Amateur or Professional Huntsmen?	866
Racehorses of Promise	868
Can Women Make Successful Masters?	869
Some Famous Foxhounds	870
Lady Masters of the Season (*Illustrated*)	871
Photographing Big Game: The Country Life Exhibition	872
The Care and Cooking of a Pheasant	874
Changes in Mastership and Prospects for the Hunting Season	879
"If I Had My Way." By Lord Dorchester	883
Riding by Grip and Riding by Balance	885
Strange Hunts	886
The *Field* List of Hounds, Masters, Hunt Secretaries, etc.	888
The Problem of Fences	908
New Books	911
The Wylye: Changes and Chances on a Famous Stream	912
Sporting Dogs and Others at the Crystal Palace	913
Encouraging the Wild Pheasant	914
The Night-Life of the Badger	915
International Lawn Tennis	916
Golf in the Mud	916
Field Trials	916
Letters to the Editor	917
In the City	922
Shakespeare's Gardens	923
Mute Swans in Flight (*a picture*)	924
The Nation's Butter and Cheese	926
Next Week's Dairy Show	928
Farming Notes	930
Driving at 300 Miles an Hour	933
Last Minute Surprises at Olympia	934
Expanding the Auxiliary Air Force	936
Bermuda as a Winter Resort	938
Winter Voyages to the West Indies	941
Cards, Chess and Billiards	943
Answers to Correspondents	944
River Reports	849
Hunting Appointments	858
Sporting Calendar	860
The *Field* Guide to Cruising	*Third page Cover*

WITH TWO COLOUR PLATES.

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

HUNTING FINANCE

"IT'S a disagreeable thing to talk about money," said Mr. Facey Romford to the secretary of the Larkspur Hunt when he was negotiating for hunting that country with the renowned pack of hounds which he had obtained for nothing! And in that charming book *The Sport of Our Ancestors*, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke more or less re-echoed the same sentiments when he wrote, "part of the delight of fox hunting is to steep the senses in forgetfulness of everything to do with finance." Nevertheless, £ s. d. has to be looked in the face, and it is an interesting if not very profitable pursuit to see where the money goes now that the expense of running a hunt is so often being deplored. The prices of the "raw materials," as Richard Bragg termed them, are not so very much in advance of those that prevailed in 1914. In that year the average price of oatmeal per ton was from £18 to £20, as compared to £24 to £25 per ton at the present time, while oats in the year of the war ranged from 21/- to 24/- per quarter, against some 27/- per quarter. Hay was then £4 per ton, and to-day is from £3 to £4 10s. per ton for new, though old seed and meadow hay is £7 per ton, possibly owing to the rumours of war. And so one can continue the list, stopping, however, when it comes to clothing. Before the war a hunt servant could be equipped from the sole of his top boots to the top of his velvet cap for £25; now that sum has nearly doubled.

It is not in these directions that the increased cost is reflected, but naturally enough in the expenses which have to be met for damage done by the hunt over land which has passed, and is passing, into a far greater number of hands; into those of people who cannot afford to shoulder extra burdens. To quote from the experience of one hunt in the Home Counties last season, the bill for damage came to £421, that for poultry claims £467, and for repairs and replacements in connection with fences, hedges and gates the total was £621. In all a sum of £1,500, upon which a small pack of hounds could be run in good style in the old days.

But it is no good harking back to a time when £40 would pay for a season's hunting with some of the Shire packs or, on the other hand, predicting the end of hunting owing to its cost. Present-day fields show how many people want to hunt, and there are a good many youngsters coming along to follow in their footsteps. And even if dropping a half-crown into a hat looks like "the preliminaries to a sweepstake on board a liner," as Lord Willoughby de Broke put it, the half-crowns make a substantial contribution to hunt damage funds—one hunt in the Midlands reaped £390, and another nearer London £460 from this source alone.

Fox hunting is a part of our national life, not the only part and not, perhaps, the most important one, but it is nevertheless the most individual characteristic of the English countryside. It reflects, therefore, as much else the changes in the social history of our time. The opportunities and indeed the incomes of what was once a privileged class are now shared by many. We may deplore this, but it is a fact. It would seem, therefore, that if these many can be induced to become fox hunters the future is reasonably assured. And this would appear to be the case. In the last year there has been a remarkable return of confidence and in the spending power of our people. It has already been reflected in the letting of beats on famous rivers, and in the increase in preserving, a sure sign of confidence in the shooting world. It is not too much to hope that there will be increasingly large numbers of persons in this hunting season willing and able to make definite contribution towards the costs which fall so heavily on Masters of hounds and some of the larger subscribers. If a sport is worth enjoying, it is certainly worth paying for.

FOX HUNTING

THE *Field* proposes this season to deal with the subject of fox hunting in a different form and under different conditions as regards space from those which have been customary hitherto. Years ago, before the *Field* became an illustrated paper, and when it was possible for Saturday's issue to go to press on Friday night, hunting runs with various packs were reported at length. To-day illustrations must to a large extent take the place of printed matter, and satisfactory illustration demands an earlier date in the week for going to press. In addition to this, the London morning papers have taken to the daily reporting of runs, so that accounts appearing in a weekly paper must often be stale or second-hand. In short, the business of reporting hunting runs has shifted from the columns of an illustrated weekly paper to the news columns of the dailies.

A NEW FEATURE

We propose, therefore, to discontinue our hunting reports in the abbreviated form in which they have hitherto appeared, and to substitute for them articles of general interest to all hunting men and women. We shall continue to comment in our columns on the news and the best sport of the week. We shall publish each week special articles on hunting topics by well-known authorities, and we hope in addition to be able to print each week accounts, specially written for the *Field*, of the best run or runs of the week with particular packs. Our pages will be fully illustrated, and we invite from hunting readers pen or pencil sketches of hunting incidents of personal interest to the followers of individual packs. We hope in this way to present week by week a lively account of sport with hounds in every part of the country. Details as to the points which should be emphasised in accounts of hunting runs will be found in our hunting columns on page 880.

A SCOTTISH RUGBY REVIVAL

Some of the old glory of Scottish Rugby is being restored among London clubs by the London Scottish team, who last Saturday added another to their succession of victories this season. In four games so far they have scored 67 points against 18, the best record among the first-class London clubs. Something like the traditional Scottish forward play, which is sometimes said to be a thing of the past, had much to do with a great triumph over the Harlequins, their first defeat of the season. Last Saturday the Scottish forwards again held the upper hand over Rosslyn Park. Behind the scrummage, the value of H. Lind, the Scottish international, is unmistakable. Lind is the type of player who can make a moderate back division look good—and the Scottish backs are rather more than moderately strong.

SHOOTING ACCIDENTS

Often the cause of a shooting accident is very difficult to explain. When a barrel bursts the expert verdict may be that it was caused by an obstruction, and the victim may be equally positive, as far as he or she is concerned, that every precaution had been exercised to prevent mud or anything entering the barrel. A reader gives an unusual experience which shows how easily unforeseen contingencies may result in an accident. She writes: "I was climbing through an overgrown hedge and ditch when one of our men pointed out to me that I had got a small crab apple down the barrel of my gun; on examining it I found that the crab apple was firmly wedged about 4in. down the barrel." It was a chance in a million that someone should notice the incident, and emphasises the care needed in passing through an obstruction. Incidentally such an accident can be prevented by unloading before crossing a fence and by looking down the barrels before re-loading.

VILLAGE HALLS

Anyone who has to run village events knows that many village halls badly need bringing up to date. Some are too small. Others have no proper stage or dressing rooms. Some are regarded by the licensing authorities as death traps in the event of fire breaking out. Others badly need an additional room for the young people or for a reading room. Proper heating, lighting and sanitation is also often required. In order to help village hall committees to carry out these and similar improvements, loans free of interest of half the cost of a scheme are now available. The loans will be made out of funds provided by the Development Commission and the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees on condition that a loan made will be not more than one-half of the cost of any scheme, with a maximum loan of £250. The remainder of the cost of the improvement scheme must be raised by the Hall Committee *in cash* given unconditionally and expended on the work before the promised loan may be paid over. The Loan Fund is intended to help comparatively small, isolated, rural communities, and is therefore confined to villages with a population of not more than 4,000. Full particulars can be obtained from the National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From the short story in a London daily paper:

"If you were a middle-aged financier, and you were out shooting at partridge with three City friends on a Yorkshire moor, and suddenly, to your great surprise, you received a full charge of swan shot in the after-part, you would not, I'm sure, feel like starting to cheer or anything of the sort.

"Anyhow, Mr. Felix Carboy did not start to cheer when the above happened to him. . . . Mr. Carboy changed over to his other side, and made a solemn vow that never again would he risk his precious and well-nurtured frame on a partridge moor."

OUR COLOURED COVER

Our coloured cover is by an unknown artist, and the portrait, unidentified, is reproduced by courtesy of the Stuart Galleries, 44, Duke Street, London, W. It would be interesting if any of our readers can name the subject.

FAMOUS RACING COLOURS

Those who saw the two good Derby winners Captain Cuttle and Coronach win the Epsom Derby will be gratified to learn that the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan has registered the colours in which they won for her father, the now famous "white, black hoop and red cap" which so many jockeys have carried to victory since 1911.

As Mr. James Buchanan he raced under the *nom du course* of Mr. "Kincaid" with colours of white, violet sleeves and red cap. These were carried when Epsom Lad—bought for 1,050 guineas and subsequently destroyed—won the Eclipse Stakes. This was probably one of the most thrilling races ever seen for that important race, for the girths broke and Gomez, the Argentine jockey, finished with the saddle in his hand.

ARCHIBALD THORBURN

In Archibald Thorburn, who died at his house at Hascombe on October 9th, naturalists have lost the greatest artist of his time in a particular genre of painting. Thorburn excelled in the minute delineation and colouring of figures of animals and birds. He was not greatly concerned to put his subjects in motion, but he had a sound knowledge of anatomy, and he could place a live creature on flat paper. Especially he studied and could transfer into his pictures the shining plumage of birds, and for that matter the texture and shape of flowers. He was a modeller and sculptor, too, on a restricted scale, but the painting of birds came first. Apart from his work, his friends have lost a man of singular modesty, uprightness and kindliness. He bore his last illness with courage and will be remembered as an example of the best type of naturalist and lover of the country.

CLOSE OF THE TAY SEASON

Last Tuesday, which saw the closing of the Tay season, marks the beginning of the end of salmon fishing for the present year. By the end of the month nearly all the principal streams will have "gone out," leaving only the Tweed among the more substantial rivers to carry on till St. Andrew puts the 1935 season into the limbo of auld lang syne. It will be interesting to see what the final verdict about this year's autumn fishing will be. "Back-enders" have been for long a vanishing race, but the Tay this year seems to have had a run of genuine autumn fish. Spey, on the other hand, if anglers' estimates may be accepted, has not seen a fresh-run fish for weeks. But what of the generality of one-time autumn streams? For two years past lack of water has been deemed a sufficient reason for non-arrival. This year salmon will be hard put to it to find a plausible excuse for their absence.

CROSSBILLS AND COMMAS

It has been an unusual summer for birds and butterflies. Large numbers of crossbills have appeared in parts of the country where they have not been seen for years, and they are still to be seen flying in their seemingly aimless way about woods and gardens. Will they remain in their present quarters to nest in February? Here is an opportunity for new observation—not, let us hope, for the egg-collector. As regards butterflies, the comma appears to be not only extending its range, but to be changing its habits. According to Mr. F. W. Frohawk, who enshrines a life's experience in his book *British Butterflies*, the first eggs laid by the mating female in the spring always produce the abnormal form *Hutchinsoni*, and the subsequent mating of the *Hutchinsoni* produces a brood in August which are all of the normal type, and continue on the wing in October, eventually hibernating. This year, both *Hutchinsoni* and the ordinary form emerged in the August brood, and *Hutchinsoni* were to be seen on the wing at the beginning of the week. Presumably, therefore, there will be *Hutchinsoni* mating next April.

AN AUTUMN EVENING IN BIRKNESS COMBE

Beneath my feet the blue depths of the lake,
Above me frown the crags, fantastic, sheer;
Jet black against the sky their outline clear
The daylight fades, the clouds to splendour wake,
Their sombre folds in reds and crimsons break,
And the far ranges glow with sudden fire,
As earth and sky in pageantry conspire
And from Day's furnace its last embers rake.
Soon pales the red to rose, the rose to grey,
And starpoints glimmer on the pall of night.
The hunter's moon climbs slowly on her way
And floods the hollow with her silver light.
A raven croaks, the tinkling stream shrills on,
And I, too, like the day, must get me gone.

DONALD CURRIE.

TUBERCULOSIS IN OUR HERDS

Ulster Experiments Which Open Up Fresh Possibilities

EVERYONE is agreed that it is time that a determined effort was made to rid our dairy herds of tuberculosis. Efforts in this direction have been going on for a number of years but no real progress can be reported. It is unfortunately true to say that bovine tuberculosis is still a serious scourge in this country. Let us see where these efforts have taken us.

There is the Tuberculosis Order which makes it an offence to keep any cow that is obviously infected with tuberculosis. This law has done little to eradicate the disease because animals are not reported until they are so obviously emaciated and suffering from tuberculosis that they have little or no value. They would have to be discarded within a short period whether the Tuberculosis Order was in force or not. The operation of the law has however made farmers and dealers rather more careful in sending suspect stock to public markets. They are liable to a fine, and where the local authority is jealous of the good name of its market an occasional heavy fine proves a useful warning.

Then there is the Ministry of Health's scheme for approving and licensing dairy herds that are regularly subjected to the tuberculin test and are kept free of reactors. There are only a small number of "Certified" and Grade "A" (T.T.) herds in the country, and it cannot be said that a big contribution has been made in this way to the eradication of tuberculosis. All too often the cows that react to the tuberculin test are sold in public markets or transferred to other premises where their owner also carries on milk production. The number of infected cows in the country is not reduced.

If general encouragement were given to the production of milk from tuberculin-tested herds, we might look for advance on these lines, but it is only the fortunate few who are able to obtain a premium for "Certified" and Grade "A" (T.T.) milk, and since extra costs are necessarily involved there is no incentive for others to qualify for the Government licence.

At long last the Ministry of Health has realised the limitations of its scheme. In several particulars the provisions are to be amended but the proposals so far put forward do not find favour with milk producers, and unless the Ministry will meet the objections raised by those who are genuinely anxious to maintain clean herds and ready to co-operate in any practical scheme there will be no progress on this line. The Ministry of Agriculture is also trying its hand at tuberculosis eradication, and the Diseases of Animals Division produced the attested herds scheme this spring. The conditions for qualification and the Government bonus of 1d. per gallon on milk produced are considered so impracticable that only 50 milk producers have attempted to qualify. Talks are now going on with producers' representatives, and possibly the conditions for the attested scheme may be made more practicable. It may be judged that all the efforts so far made in this country to reduce tuberculosis in dairy herds have been ineffective and producers may be excused if they have almost lost interest in the problem.

Into this depressing atmosphere the Government of Northern Ireland has dropped a bomb by publishing an official report which establishes the claims of Mr. Henry Spahlinger to have found a vaccine which renders calves immune to tuberculous infection. As readers of the *Field* will recall, the Spahlinger vaccine was talked about a great deal five years ago, and a test of its powers was made in Norfolk with apparently satisfactory results. The Ministry of Agriculture was then asked to make an official test, but because Mr. Spahlinger did not satisfy the Ministry's veterinary officers about the exact composition of his vaccine they declined to have anything to do with "a secret remedy" for tuberculosis. Their colleagues in Ulster did not however stand on professional etiquette, and the Ministry of Agriculture of Northern Ireland decided to make a thorough test of Mr. Spahlinger's vaccine.

Thirty-two calves were purchased for the experiment, being the progeny of cattle that had passed the double intradermal tuberculin test and had been reared in the open. They were then likely to be free of tuberculous infection. These calves were divided into vaccinated and unvaccinated groups, the inoculations being carried out when Mr. Spahlinger visited Northern Ireland in December, 1931. Mr. Spahlinger proposed that the immunity conferred by his vaccine should be tested six months after vaccination by injecting into the blood stream of all the animals through the jugular vein a lethal dose of living virulent bovine tubercle bacilli prepared and injected by the Ministry of Agriculture's veterinary officers. This was done.

The results may be summarised by saying that of the control group of unvaccinated calves, numbering seven, five died from acute generalised tuberculosis 43 days (on the average) after the injection. The other two survived, but post-mortem examination later showed that they had tuberculous lesions of a non-progressive type. The eleven vaccinated calves all resisted the injection in a similar manner. After nearly three years during which they were subject to intense natural infection and had also undergone the strain of a calving and lactation period, these animals were slaughtered and examined most carefully by several authorities. The meat was passed for human consumption. It is most unlikely that any similar degree of infection to which these animals were subjected would be met with under natural conditions, and "it is difficult," the Ministry's report states, "to resist the conclusion that in this vaccine there exists a means of securing a high degree of immunity to any form of tubercular infection acquired under natural conditions."

So much for the official report. It has since been stated that the Ministry of Agriculture of Northern Ireland will carry out further tests to arrive at a more definite opinion on the dose of vaccine necessary to give immunity under more normal conditions on the farm where animals are not subject to such intense infection. Then it will have to be decided whether the use of the Spahlinger vaccine shall be made compulsory in Ulster to eradicate tuberculosis from cattle throughout the province.

What is the Ministry of Agriculture in London doing about these developments? Is England to be behind Ulster in applying science to the eradication of animal diseases? There are other vaccine experiments with a similar purpose being carried out at Cambridge, and a report on these may be expected shortly. Then the Ministry will have to make up its mind. In the meanwhile it will not be surprising if enterprising dairy farmers who realise the advantages of having herds immune to tuberculosis adopt the use of the Spahlinger vaccine without waiting for Whitehall to move. Mr. Spahlinger may be unorthodox in the eyes of the veterinary profession, but in these days, when we willingly submit our children to vaccination against diphtheria as well as smallpox, farmers are ready to try new ways. The old ways have not taken us far towards the goal of tuberculosis eradication.

BROADLEAZE.

CALLING HOUNDS OUT OF COVERT WITH THE BURSLEY

AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL HUNTSMEN?

A Question as to Which Shows the Best Sport

By "SPRAGGON"

IN a controversy between the two schools, the unpaid huntsman starts with something the worst of the argument, owing to the quite unjustifiable misuse of the word "amateur." In picturing him as one who is merely playing at his job one falls as far wide of the mark as if one accused the professional of not being in love with his calling, which would indeed be a travesty of the spirit which actuates these fine fellows day in and day out, season after season.

The amateur, on the other hand, can claim an advantage over the professional in what, I believe, is called "security of tenure." That is to say, the one, if he cannot catch foxes or please the field and the farmers, should he in short fail to make good, can take a fresh country, while the other man may be compelled to take a "pub."

There is one important point in which the M.F.H. who carries the horn himself must surely be handicapped as compared with the professional, namely the control of the field. We read of

> "The Master's vain chiding,
> As vain as the Norseman's
> reproof to the sea."

Its vanity, if day to day observation in the hunting field tells us anything, is a small matter compared with the vanity of a deputy or field Master's exhortations to which no one ever seems to pay the attention which he deserves. Clearly no huntsman can hope to concentrate on his work or catch his fox if he is to be perpetually harassed by a thoughtless crowd following him when he is making a cast and pressing on hounds at each critical phase of the chase. It is not very good for the temper either, judging from what we sometimes hear.

"Same thing again. Same thing again," remarked a privileged spectator, more in sorrow than in anger, to the most famous gentleman huntsman of his day, after listening to one more harangue. "First you lose your fox and then you lose your temper!"

I think it will be found that many of the great huntsmen of the past owe some part of their reputation to the fact that they were fortunate enough in their early career to serve under a Master who, by his ability in the field, could always at a critical moment guarantee them free space for manœuvre, and so afford both huntsman and hounds a fair chance to do themselves justice. Charles Payne and the fifth Earl Spencer, Tom Firr and Lord Lonsdale, Frank Freeman and the late Lord Annaly, are outstanding partnerships which can be quoted and doubtless a reader will think of plenty more.

When taken as a child to a meet of the late Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds, the present writer was privileged to see in the middle of the pack a huntsman who was none other than the first-named of these and so can claim a link with the now legendary days of Whyte Melville and his like. After Colonel Jack Anstruther Thomson succeeded to the Mastership, Charles was never really happy with the Pytchley. The methods and outlook of master and man were too often at variance, and the latter was lucky to find so perfect a situation as Wynnstay in which to spend his remaining years.

With the huntsman's craft in mind I have turned again to Mr. Tom Smith—of all amateurs excepting perhaps Peter Beckford the most quoted and surely the soundest in everything that pertains to the practice of foxhunting. Not only had he the whole science at his finger-tips, but he possessed the knack not given to all of imparting the right information to others. By virtue of his patent cast alone he has earned the gratitude of countless imitators, and the noses which ornament kennel doors as the result of its employment would, if we are to believe all we are told, reach from one side of England to the other. Yet I should like to express the belief (with due apology for such temerity) that the foxes whose lives have been saved through misuse of the principle are by no means few. The idea, it will be remembered, is first a short cast up-wind in order to dispose quickly of the least likely alternative, and then a wide and comprehensive sweep down-wind "as he (the huntsman) now knows the fox must be gone on this cast is continued all round in front . . . till he again reaches the line *behind*."

This expedient was no doubt recommended for use at a critical stage of a run, when it was a case of bringing a sinking fox to hand. But it surely was not intended that a huntsman should resort to it at every moment when hounds, through the stain of cattle or what not, are brought to a check from the first moment that they leave covert. I have written "*behind*" in italics above, and it will be seen why the word is important. Hunted foxes from an instinct of self-preservation run down-wind

"VIEW HOLLOA!"

From the painting by George Wright, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. A. Ackermann & Son, Ltd., 137, New Bond Street, London, W.1

nearly always unless they have an immediate objective in view.

At any rate the rider as he follows will generally find the wind blowing on to one or other of his shoulder blades. Clearly, therefore, if the huntsman is going to adhere to Mr. Smith meticulously at every opportunity he will, whenever he is in doubt, be repeatedly casting back among the field and the second horsemen with disastrous results to his reputation.

"No master of foxhounds, alive or dead," wrote the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, "has a better right to be heard than Mr. Thomas Smith." And in his introduction to Smith's *Life of a Fox* (the edition published by Edward Arnold in 1920) the huntsman who is not too proud to learn will find several gems from his Lordship's wise and witty pen. Among other hints the reader will appreciate the following: "If when he (the fox) turns, the horsemen ride the hounds past the point, and the huntsman aggravates the difficulty by picking up the hounds and setting out on a casting experiment before they have time to get their heads down, the most sensitive noses in the world will be doing no more good than if they were plunged into the oatmeal and flesh in the kennel trough. The proper place for a foxhound's nose is on the ground."

In the matter of feeding and kennel management one might picture the amateur at some disadvantage. He probably lacks, a critic might say, the professional's early training in kennel, and has neither the time nor the diligence to walk out with and condition hounds or supervise their feeding. All I can say is that in the revolution which has come over the feeding and management of hounds in the last few years the younger generation of amateur huntsmen has played an inestimable part. The old rough and ready methods have passed away, and, thanks to the study which these gentlemen have devoted and are still devoting to the question, hounds are now fed with a scientific regard to their needs. To cope with present difficulties they need more than ever to take the field in the highest pitch of condition, and no huntsman, amateur or professional, is satisfied with anything less.

In conclusion, it may be of interest to add what "Brooksby," whose writings so long graced the columns of the *Field*, wrote concerning the question of huntsmen. Since he "the huntsman . . . has to forsake his meal, to forego his glass and his smoke—to ignore the fatigue that we all recognise so wearily (who do none of his work during the hot or chilly day). His welcome home is the news that his loveliest puppy is dead; his task that the next best must be saved, if possible. And to-morrow he must work hard as ever!" To which piece of sound reasoning I would add that everyone should be chary indeed of criticising a huntsman either in field or kennel. Criticism and actual performance are two vastly different matters.

"HOUNDS MARKED THEIR FOX TO GROUND"

From the painting by F. A. Stewart, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vicars Bros., 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.1

A MORNING WITH THE CUBS IN A SOUTH BERKSHIRE WOODLAND

This season Sir William Mount and Mr. J. G. King have taken over the pack with V. Clarke as their huntsman

W. A. Rouch

A LEADING THREE-YEAR-OLD OF 1935

Buckleigh (Sansovino—Sarbine) which should win Lord Glanely good races next season

RACEHORSES OF PROMISE

Three-year-olds of the Season and Their Future

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the weights for the Free Handicap for three-year-olds, lately compiled by the Jockey Club's handicapper. Many had expected him to place Bahram more strongly in advance of the best of his contemporaries than he has done. The hero of the Triple Crown is appraised 4 lb. in front of Bobsleigh and 6lb. ahead of Field Trial.

These weights seem to do less than justice to the wonderful reputation Bahram has built up. But Mr. Arthur Fawcett has to take into account the fact that the other colts we have mentioned have had the fates against them this year, and no doubt the compiler of the weights is perfectly right in giving them such prominent places in his handicap. Any horse needs a certain amount of luck if he is to go through a reasonably busy racing career without defeat, and it will be generally agreed that the luck was on Bahram's side when Bobsleigh was unable to turn out against him, either in the Derby or the St. Leger.

It cannot be contended that the Aga Khan's brilliant colt would have failed to win those races even had he been opposed by a perfectly fit and sound Bobsleigh. Yet it has to be remembered that Lord Derby's colt had a great home reputation. At Stanley House it was quite confidently expected that he would reverse the Two Thousand placings with Bahram at Epsom, and faith in him was justified to some extent when he won the Newmarket Stakes.

Alas, we have seen no more of Bobsleigh since that race, and the question of whether he was actually a better three-year-old than Bahram can never be settled. The son of Gainsborough—Toboggan is now in active work and possibly will run for the Liverpool St. Leger next month. In any case, we hope to see him free of all his troubles next season, which may open successfully for him in the Chester Vase.

Field Trial has been a little more fortunate than Bobsleigh this year in that he has never suffered an actual breakdown, but a spell of coughing and the loss of work it entailed ruined any prospect he may have had of winning the St. Leger. That he is a colt of exceptional class is generally realised, and his rivalry with Bobsleigh next year is something to be keenly looked forward to.

Although Bahram has run his last race, it is satisfactory to know that most of the other leading three-year-olds remain in training. In addition to Bobsleigh and Field Trial we have Theft, Solar Ray and Buckleigh to add to the interest of next season. There is a likelihood of Theft becoming the best miler of his age, though from his breeding it is doubtful whether he will ever distinguish himself over a longer journey than eight or nine furlongs. He will, as a fact, be a difficult colt to place at four years old, though it would not be surprising to see him win a handicap like the Royal Hunt Cup under a stiff weight.

We do not think any the worse of Solar Ray for his recent defeat at Newmarket. The probability is that the colt was let down a little after his fine effort in the St. Leger and his form suffered accordingly. This son of Solario stays well and should do good service for Sir Malcolm McAlpine in 1936.

A glance back at the Free Handicap for the two-year-olds of last season serves to remind us that the Fitzroy House stable has encountered its disappointments as well as its triumphs. For instance, who would have supposed that Maltravers, reckoned the fifth best youngster of his year, would have failed to win any race at three years old? Shahali, who was only 1lb. below Maltravers in the handicap, has also failed to add to his successes but this is not altogether surprising in view of the doubt as to his wind. This colt is now in India, and it will be interesting to observe how he shapes there.

Hairan is another from the same stable which has appreciably lost ground during the present year. Sea Bequest, Fair Trial and Plassy are all placed on the same mark by Mr. Arthur Fawcett. The first had a consistently good record up to the time of his victory at Ascot. Then he went amiss and has not been out since. Fair Trial, too, has been on the retired list since Windsor Lad proved too good for him in the Eclipse Stakes, though there is no reason why this colt should not gain further laurels over distances up to a mile and a quarter.

W. A. Rouch

POSSESSED OF BRILLIANT FINISHING SPEED

Robin Goodfellow (Son and Heir—Eppie Adair) which may run prominently in the Cambridgeshire

Plassy we must count as a colt of immense possibilities. He gives one the impression of being a genuine stayer and if all goes well with him we are prepared to see him supplement the triumph of his sire in the Ascot Gold Cup. It is significant that Robin Goodfellow is handicapped below some of the colts which finished behind him in the Derby. Evidently Mr. A. Fawcett is among those who believe he was fortunate to finish where he did at Epsom. In subsequent races the Son and Heir colt has shown himself to be possessed of brilliant finishing speed, and should he be the choice of H. L. Cottrill's stable in the Cambridgeshire he is assured of a strong following.

Last season Caretta, Annabel, Mark Time and Berenda in that order were accounted the best of the fillies. The first-named failed to win another race, and as her limitations of stamina were obvious, it was decided to take her out of training after the Ascot meeting. She will be an important acquisition to the resources of the National Stud. Annabel we saw but once this season, and she is now in Colonel Giles Loder's paddocks, where as a daughter of Beresford and Arabella she is obviously of his value.

Mark Time has done well as a sprinter, having won two of her five races this season, and been second twice. Mrs. Dawson Waugh intends to send her to the Newmarket December Sales. Berenda, bought at a tall price by Mr. Arthur Sainsbury, has also shown herself to be a smart sprinter, and it must have been a joy to her owner when she managed to upset the long odds betted on Shalfleet at Newmarket early this month.

But the best fillies of the present season are two which failed to win a race in their first year in training. One was Quashed, who was thought to be an exceedingly lucky winner of the Oaks. The daughter of Obliterate—Verdict went on to indicate that there was no fluke about the unlooked-for Epsom result, and it is noticeable that Ankaret, believed at the time to have been unfortunate in failing by a short head to beat Quashed in the Oaks, is now handicapped to receive 4lb. from Lord Stanley's filly. Quashed will return to Lady Barbara Smith at the close of her racing career, and will probably show, like her famous dam, that ineligibility for admission to the General Stud Book will be no barrier to the production of good winners.

Coppelia, who comes close behind Quashed among the fillies in the Free Handicap, ran into form in the middle of the season and carried off three stakes of genuine importance. The Sledmere Stud assuredly made a wise investment when acquiring a young mare so well endowed with the stout qualities of Son-in-Law. This famous Yorkshire stud has once more come to the proud place it possessed in the days of the two Sir Tatton Sykes and under the regime of Mr. Henry Cholmondeley. Judicious purchases of mares bred from the best blood in the *Stud Book* have obtained this desirable state of affairs. This year the stud had a very successful sale, not quite so good as last, but still very satisfactory for all that. Lord Glanely was an extensive buyer of Sledmere bred stock, and it is unfortunate that he has had the misfortune to lose the good-looking colt by Manna from Overmist, which made a long price, owing to the colt having been cast in his box and breaking a leg. Under the management of the very knowledgable Mr. Adrian Scrope, who acts as whipper-in to Captain T. Wickham-Boynton during the winter, there is every likelihood that winners will come from Sledmere in considerable numbers.

Another piece of Turf news which has its tragic tinge is the passing of Captain Mark Weyland, a familiar figure on practically every Southern racecourse. Although he never owned a really good racehorse, Captain Weyland had a deep and profound knowledge of every phase of racing, and was very strict in the true interpretation of its rules. He acted as steward at many South country meetings—Alexandra Park was his favourite course—and took his duties most seriously, all for the betterment of the sport generally. Unconventional, particularly in the matter of dress, he generally spoke his mind and had no use for anything approaching sharp practice on the Turf. This rather abrupt manner may have been inherited from the training he received in the Royal Navy from which he retired some years before the war, in which, by the way, he joined the Army and rose to the rank of major. He however, always insisted in being addressed as "Captain," the rank which he held in the senior service. His death has robbed racing of a true, keen and most intelligent supporter.

W. A. Rouch

A POSSIBLE WINNER OF THE LIVERPOOL ST. LEGER

Lord Derby's Bobsleigh (Gainsborough-Toboggan) now in active work at Newmarket

CAN WOMEN MAKE SUCCESSFUL MASTERS?

How Their Efforts May Be Appreciated

By LADY APSLEY

WHEN a woman is elected Master of a pack of hounds either she represents in her person a respected member of the *ancien régime* or else the last remaining straw between the country being carried on and the extinction of its traditions. On occasions, of course, there are pessimists who croak: "The country has gone to the dogs anyhow"; but usually one hears: "Thank goodness Miss X., Mrs. Y., or Lady Z. is taking on the hounds," said in the spirit of "Anything is better than having the country run by a committee; she does know all about it, and (or) she has got the money to do it with." So there is a general appreciation when a lady becomes a Master; such a feeling alone is half way towards success, as measured in most hunting countries.

Undoubtedly it was the feeling when the late Lady Portal took the Vine, or Mrs. Fernie kept on her famous husband's hounds, and was followed in the lean wartime years by another lady, Mrs. Walter Faber in the Mastership of the Fernie—arrangements which would surely have distressed the old "Squires" beyond measure. One wonders what Assheton Smith would have said at the idea of two women Masters in his beloved Tedworth country—Lady Wright and Lady Yarrow (with the Woodland)!

Contrary to general opinion, it is no new thing to have Lady Masters of Hounds. A Royal mandate of Henry III addressed to the Chief Forester of the County of Essex commanded him to "let the reverend and pious Ladye Mabel de Boxham, Abbess of Barking, have her dogs to chase hares and foxes"; Queen Anne, wife of James I, had her own pack of beagles; an eccentric Lady Mary Montagu hunted her staghounds in Richmond Park; the Countess of Oxford (1694–1756), of whom there is a delightful Wootton picture at Welbeck, hunted her own pack of harriers; and there was the famous and gallant-hearted Marchioness of Salisbury, and probably the first authentic woman M.F.H., who kept a pack of dwarf foxhounds at Hatfield from 1775 until her seventieth year in 1819. Her hunt uniform was very gay—sky blue with black velvet collars—and her establishment was carried on in great state.

On the whole, hunting has survived down the ages traditionally as a man's game; but modern civilisation—whether measured in terms of better-bred horses or in the convenience of horse-boxes and hound-vans—increasingly robs hunting of its most arduous and therefore most typical male characteristics. Squire Osbaldeston, so renowned in his times for the feat of hunting 50 miles from home, can be surpassed to-day by any young Diana straight from a riding school with a motor trailer! Old values have so altered in the hunting field that physical strength is a long way less necessary to a Master than a capacity to take pains, a readiness to pay for other people's enjoyment, tact, a gift for administration, and other attributes common to both sexes.

Wherein really lies success in a Master of Hounds? Success in any field is an ephemeral quality, dependent on luck, a "good press" sometimes as much as on hard work, or even on what the cinema world calls glamour. Surely the supreme test of success with an M.F.H.—whether male or female—is to carry on a country for some years without major rows, to be able to hand it over to a successor with a friendly spirit abroad, adequate litters, no closed coverts, a pack of hounds proving themselves bred for the country by hunting up to and killing their foxes in handsome style in a country without either a reputation for wire and other obstacles to spoil it or a name for vast expenditure? Judged by such standards, many women have and still are proving their success. Several lady Masters have shown the unfairness of the generalisation that a woman in command is but a temporary alleviation from financial embarrassment. There have been few more successful "Masterships" than that of Mrs. Inge with the Atherstone, the Countess of Harrington, the Hon. Anne Lewis, Miss Guest in her own country, Miss Frances Pitt with the Wheatland, and Lady Maud Baillie with the High Peak Harriers.

No doubt continuity under single control over a number of years is a great boon for any hunting country, and particularly so for a poor one in which it is more than ever necessary for landowners, tenant farmers, owner-occupiers and smallholders to know the Master. In a provincial country the disadvantages of a very long Mastership—extreme conservatism, a gradual slowing down of everything, a trifle maybe of obstinacy and probably a tendency to autocracy—are outweighed by the manifold advantages of continuity.

Few women really desire to be Masters; they

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LADY MASTER
Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Holles, afterwards Countess of Oxford, who hunted her own pack of harriers
From the painting by J. Wootton, and reproduced by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Portland

ROYALTY IN THE SHIRES IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF FOXHUNTING
The Empress of Austria hunting with the Pytchley being piloted by Captain "Bay" Middleton (centre foreground)
From the painting by G. D. Rowlandson, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. A. Ackermann, 157, New Bond Street, London, W.

almost always have that honour thrust upon them. The most successful women Masters I know seem to have an old-established connection with the Hunt or the country, and to be those who "carry on" the régime of a father or husband loved and revered by all. In such cases "the Master" starts with good wishes and, what is of more practical advantage, the sympathetic help and consideration of people she has known for a number of years. In this connection we might instance the Duchess of Northumberland; Lady Curre, who carries on the late Sir Edward Curre's famous white pack; and Miss Lubbock, now Countess of Londesborough, whose father had a long connection with the Blankney country.

I am always sorry for a woman taking on hounds in any other circumstances. It is a most difficult job for anyone, male or female, in these days when almost everyone has to balance expense against expediency, look after the pounds if not the pence, satisfy a country of landowners, keep on the right social side of richly town-bred shooting syndicates and those sickening "poultry farmers" who invariably select the best bits of your hunting country in the proximity of a covert to knock up their contraptions of rusty iron and old wire, and to provide an adequate amount of jumping and galloping to compensate followers for what they privately think is an inordinate subscription.

No! It is not an easy job—one false step, one minute's loss of temper, one act of impatience, one unguarded word and irreparable harm has come to the country. Memories are regrettably long among a certain type of hunting people—or rather people who come out dressed in hunting clothes—for fancied slights. On top of everything, the life of a Master of Hounds—male or female—is lived in public as much as that of a Member of Parliament. A breath of scandal has finished the brilliant career of many an M.P., old and young, and though a breath of scandal has enlivened no end of what are often rated "dull days" out hunting, it has also accounted for most of the disastrous feuds, rivalries, quarrels and divisions which have ruined sport and split countries in twain. "If only," I heard someone say the other day, "Masters of Hounds were allowed to be polygamous by law what a lot of trouble it would save"!

With all of this a woman Master has to cope; if young and attractive, she has to have more than usual intelligence, tact and probably self-sacrifice to be above reproach, and those deadly little whispers among second horsemen, chauffeurs and mischief-makers of all sexes, who so quickly and so finally put the grit of their probably unfounded twitterings in the hunting machine to the ruination of its delicate tune. The most successful women Masters seem to be those that most firmly, for one reason or another, have put "entanglements" of any kind most firmly away from them. The matter in hand, showing sport and killing foxes, is a whole-time job, even if for those who do not carry the horn.

Most women Masters are generally more in the hands of their huntsman or kennel-huntsman than their male counterpart; he is often an old and valued friend. It is not easy to find a first-rate Hunt servant to serve a woman, unless he has been brought up to her rule. If successful and popular he is apt to act the Master himself and if unsuccessful to lay the blame on her. Several women have managed at one time or another to carry the horn with success—Miss Guest, hunting the piece of country granted to her father by the Blackmore Vale; Lady Bailey, who hunted harriers in Ireland; Miss Dorothy Musgrave with the West Waterford; Mrs. Simmons, who first with the Tedworth and latterly with the S. Hereford, have all shown admirable sport. All those who love hunting and desire to see hunting carried on as in the past should wish this season's new lady Masters the best of luck—such as Mrs. E. M. Vaughan with the Albrighton; Miss Parkinson, who joins the Hon. Anne Lewis in the Monmouthshire; Mrs. A. Masters, famous as a Point-to-Point rider, who is going to hunt the Tipperary, of which Mrs. Ellis was Master last season; Mrs. Brocklehurst, the North Herefordshire; Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley, who goes Joint with her husband in the delightful South Dorset country; Lady Zia Wernher with the Fernie; Miss R. Sanders in the South Wold; and many others.

Yes, decidedly women can and do make successful Masters of Hounds. For one reason they generally know what they are doing.

However, granting their success and admitting the necessity of the times, I feel that I voice the idea of the hunting community as a whole in the profound trust that, all things being equal, the day is far off when a Hunt Committee will elect a woman as Master in preference to a man. We will, I think, always prefer the rule of a Master—if he can be obtained.

THE CATTISTOCK IN FULL CRY

From the painting by F. A. Stewart, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Vicars, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.

SOME FAMOUS FOXHOUNDS

Experiences of the Leading Kennels

By A. H. HIGGINSON, M.F.H.

TO answer the question of the best foxhound I ever saw is to write something about several of the great foxhounds I have known and seen during my career as a Master of Foxhounds both in this country and the United States.

It seems to me that if one looks at the matter from the point of view of work, no one is really fitted to pass judgment unless he has hunted behind a hound on several occasions, certainly not less than half-a-dozen. One might easily go out with a strange pack in order to see a certain hound at work, and unless one was possessed of an exceptionally quick eye—and ear—and beside this was lucky enough to happen to be "up" at every critical moment in a hunt, one would miss a great deal; in fact, I think that to speak critically of a hound's working qualities from first-hand knowledge, one should have actually hunted the animal oneself. If I am asked "What was the best hound you ever hunted," I can answer instantly and without much hesitation, a white bitch bred by the late Sir Edward Curre, drafted as an unentered hound to the United States, and entered by me at Middlesex in 1916. Daisy was by Mr. Curre's Dervish (1912) out of his Marmalade (1913), and this latter bitch is by that great sire Four Burrow Whipcord (1905), whose blood is so fashionable to-day. In after years when I had come to know Sir Edward he told me that my Daisy was bred along the lines that he liked best, and certainly I never hunted behind any foxhound who in all parts of a hunt, displayed such sterling qualities. But she was no beauty, and I was never lucky enough to get any whelps from her, so that I never knew what sort of a matron she would have made.

Then there was Mr. Fernie's Somerset (1905), by Belvoir Vagabond (1899) out of Mr. Fernie's Songbird (1901), who came over the water to me in his fifth season, and was brilliant in his work until his death in 1913, although, of course, he could not run up toward the end. He was a good-looking dog, too, had been Reserve Champion at Peterborough in 1906 or 1907 and a sire who left a good many ones behind him. Old Somerset and Daisy are the hounds that come to my mind when I look back on past performances in the hunting field in America. In 1908, when I visited several kennels in England, I was particularly struck with the get of Milton Potent (1901), and both Mr. Fitzwilliam and Will Barnard, who was huntsman at Milton in those days, told me that there never had been a bad Potent in the kennel. The old grey-pied dog was not a beauty, but he had wonderful stamina and mated with that skill which Mr. Fitzwilliam always showed he certainly got some wonderful sons (and daughters, too, for that matter) at Milton as good to look at as they were in their work.

As I write this article there hangs before me the photograph of a painting that hangs in a place of honour at Milton to-day—a striking likeness of old Potent and his four sons—Glatton (1905), Saladin (1906), Rector (1906) and Plato (1907), two of them winners of the Champion Cup at Peterborough, and a third Plato winner of the special for the best young dog of his year. Plato came to me in after years, and I have seen him hunt an American fox—and no stouter fox is bred in the British Isles—over the snow-clad hills of New England, throwing his tongue at every stride and holding his own with the best of them.

In 1912 I was in England again—in the hunting season this time, and one of the first kennels I visited was the Meynell. The late Mr. Gerald Hardy was Master at that time, and when I asked him which of his many stallions he valued most he turned to Harry Andrews, the then huntsman who had been showing me some of the famous Peterborough winners, Waverley, and Warner, and Crannner, etc., and said, "Bring out the old dog, Harry." And Andrews drew Meynell Why Not (1904), then in his ninth season, but still looking fresh in spite of his grey muzzle. Ten-and-a-half couples of bitches by old Why Not they had in the kennel, and several dog hounds; perhaps the best of them was Meynell Windsor (1909), who with several of his sisters crossed the water to my kennels in America just after the war broke out.

What workers they were those Why Nots! The sort always impressed me as outstanding in their work, particularly in carrying a line down a dry road. I thought the Meynell bitches at that time quite the loveliest looking in England and considered myself very lucky to have some of them in my kennel. And how they could hunt! Grafton Rakish (1911) was perhaps the best looking foxhound I saw during my visit to England that year, and all in all I do not think that I have ever seen a more perfect example of a foxhound before or since. There will be some who may see this article who remember her, and I feel sure that they will agree with me that for looks at any rate she was one of the most beautiful foxhounds of modern time. I never saw her in the field, so I cannot say if she was as good as she looked.

But I did see one foxhound that season when I had the honour of hunting with the late Duke of Beaufort that I shall never forget, and that was Challenger (1907). He was a very good-looking dog, but even had he not been so he must have been one whose name was bound to appear in the pedigrees of the future on account of his work. What a wonderful note he had and how well he used it leading the Duke's pack that day in a hunt over the stone wall country near to Tetbury.

I suppose that nine old men out of ten think—and like to think—that the hounds they knew and hunted with in their younger days were better than the hounds of to-day. I know it is that way with me, and as I think over these old hounds about which I have written, it seems to me that they were better than the hounds of to-day. I know that I have no hounds in the Cattistock kennels that seem to me the equal of my old Daisy and of Mr. Fernie's Somerset, though Tuner (1927), bred and entered by Sir Edward Curre, has done more to make the Cattistock pack what it is to-day than any other one hound, and he certainly was a wonder in his work when I first had him from the Itton kennels. Lord Bathurst's Salient (1925), Peterborough Champion in 1927, was one of the loveliest bitches I have seen since I came back to England in 1928, and the few days I have had with his lordship's hounds showed me that the Cirencester pack is as good in the field as it is on the flags.

LADY MASTERS OF THE SEASON

W. A. Rouch

LEICESTERSHIRE AND SHROPSHIRE

Lady Zia Wernher, who has taken her husband's place in the Fernie Mastership (left), and Mrs. E. M. Vaughan, who controls the Albrighton, and is well known in the show ring

The Marchioness of Bute, who this season takes over the Pentyrch in Wales. She at one time had the Eglinton, from 1922–23, and is a very good horsewoman and first-rate judge of hounds

W. A. Rouch

Mrs. Ringrose, who with Commander Ringrose and her father, Colonel W. H. A. Wharton, will control the Cleveland. She is seen here with F. Morris, the huntsman

Bassano

W. A. Rouch

Bassano

MASTERS OF COUNTRIES IN WALES AND STAFFORDSHIRE

(Left) Miss Patricia Parkinson, who this season joins the Hon. Anne Lewis (centre) in the Pembrokeshire Mastership, and (right) Miss R. M. Harrison, who has been Master of the North Staffordshire since 1930

WILD NUBIAN IBEX IN THE EGYPTIAN NATIONAL RESERVE

A photograph by T. W. Russell showing the difficulties of hill stalking with a camera even in an area where the animals are afforded protection

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD ANIMALS

A Notable Exhibition

NATURE photography is an art which is becoming more widely appreciated every year, and so the admirable collection of photographs of birds, small mammals and big game which *Country Life* has gathered together in an exhibition which is being held for the next six weeks in the Whale Room of the South Kensington Museum will find many friends. Let me say at once that this exhibition is the most interesting one of its kind that I can remember, and one which those to whom open-air life appeals should make a point of visiting. In the limited space at their disposal the organisers have made an admirable display, and the exhibits, which combine in just proportion both old favourites and new work, reach an undeviatingly high level. Next week we will deal with the small mammals and birds, but here I will confine myself to the Big Game Section.

Of no subject is greater nonsense talked than Big Game Photography. It is constantly and quite falsely compared to big game shooting. You might as well compare photographing a snipe to shooting it. The one is a sport in the proper sense of the term, and the other is—science, recreation, what you will, but definitely not a sport. Both in their own way are admirable, both can be abused, and in both cases, provided that their exponents can retain some sense of proportion, the one can be made the handmaiden of the other.

What, however, is not true is that shooting with a camera is a dangerous a business as shooting with a rifle is on occasions. The danger in shooting in ninety cases out of a hundred comes after the shot has been fired and not before it. Of the "professional" photographers the majority are covered by a rifle during their operations, and those who are not (I can only instance two) have a real knowledge of the habits of game. I say this because too many reputations for intrepidity are made from motor cars on the Serengeti Plains.

Actually it is probably considerably more difficult to get a good photograph of a "dangerous" animal than it is to shoot it, even if it is less dangerous But there is one distinction both of danger and difficulty which must be clearly stated, for it is quite naturally apt to mislead the uninitiated. The difference as regards both difficulty and danger in taking what one may very broadly term "National Park" photographs and those taken under circumstances where the animals have not to some degree at least come to regard man with sophistication is enormous. Turning to the present exhibition we might take the large number of lion photographs, many of them admirable, as a case in point. I suppose about 80 per cent. of them were taken under at least reasonable conditions of safety, allowing, of course, that a lion is always a lion. Anybody who has to handle big game pictures in large numbers will know that for every picture of buffalo or rhino, one will get half a dozen of elephant and perhaps 20 of lion. In this respect it is interesting to note that in the exhibition there is only one buffalo picture, a fine study by Frank Anderson. One should add that the "mother and child" picture wherever it is taken must entail danger if the female is of the "dangerous" game. No. 888, "Grizzly and Cub," by W. M. Rush, is a perfect specimen of the "mother and child" picture, while one must also mention Herr Francenhausen's "Wild Boar and Young" (No. 783).

Personally I would less soon photograph a rhino uncovered than any other animal, for he is such an uncertain animal, while the *unwounded* buffalo will generally leave one alone. It is, I think, a maxim that one should not photograph elephant uncovered, but if one has confidence, a knowledge of their habits and a respect for wind, there should be no trouble. Lion pictures should be judged far more critically. Only when the balance and composition of the picture is perfect should a lion picture pass the test. In this connection we would cite two of the lion groups which are the work of Mrs. Moore, who could tell us better than most of the degree of danger involved in photographing these lions.

I suppose Major Radclyffe Dugmore's famous picture of a charging rhino (which all *Field* readers will remember) is perhaps the most remarkable "charge" photograph ever taken, but among the dangerous game I particularly noticed Captain H. C. Brocklehurst's Elephant Stampede (No. 988), Captain F. W. Hudson's Black Rhino (No. 1048) and Mr. Murray Smith's strikingly balanced lion group (No. 942), the best I thought of the lion pictures.

The "National Park" versus "wild" argument holds good also in the pictures of the non-dangerous animals. Of the few which are really successful taken outside national parks or sleeping sickness areas (from the point of view of game the distinction is often the same) one in fifty is the result of luck, while the remainder are probably the work of an expert, the result of long preparation. In this class I would cite the most striking picture in the exhibition, well known to *Field* readers, Mr. J. R. Dugmore's Impala mirrored in a water hole. I am sorry that his Zebra Watering (reproduced in the *Field* in 1934) is not also included, as it is the most perfect example of grouping in Nature photography that I know. The "luck" element I suppose comes in getting a good head to pose. There is such an infinity of difference for instance between a good and a bad waterbuck. Though technically the finer example, Sir Bernard Bourdillon's Waterbuck (No. 995) cannot compare therefore as a photograph with Colonel Hoare's (No. 1083).

The most significant thing in Big Game photography that I know is the fact that no *really* good pictures of hill game have ever been taken outside the national parks of Canada and Northern America. Pride of place in this class must go to the pictures taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Stockley (himself one of the first Himalayan stalkers of his generation), though they may not be as striking as many African lion pictures. To the cognoscenti, however, they represent an achievement of real value. Especially would I cite the picture of two Ammon rams reproduced in the *Field* about two years ago. I have never seen a *really* satisfactory picture of a markhor, though Mr. Napier's Chitral Group which was reproduced in our pages about six weeks ago was not far removed from it. These pictures show the enormous difficulties of hill stalking with a camera and their absence in bulk is a silent comment on the difference between wild and national park photographs of the hill game.

Among the National Park Big Hill photographs, perfection of grouping, background and technical achievement seem to have been achieved in Nos. 841 and 848, Moose and Big Horn Sheep, Yellowstone Park, by Frank W. Child; No. 805, Chamois, by Dr. Franz Graf Zedtwitz. Mr. G. A. Lewis's Rocky Mountain Goat (No. 896) also deserves mention, though I do not know if it was taken in a reserve. I once got as close to a Rocky Mountain goat myself. *My* photograph did not come out!

It must not be thought that I am decrying these photographs which are by no means easy to get, and which are each near technical perfection. But National Park photographs, through no fault of their own, may mislead many people. If I have a criticism of the exhibition it is that I would like to see every exhibit catalogued with details of where and how it was taken, and (as a matter of interest to technicians) the camera used.

One would, for instance, particularly like to know where Colonel F. R. G. Hoare's pictures of Greater Kudu and Sable (1084 and 1088) were taken, and Sir Bernard Bourdillon's Uganda Kob (No. 998) and Mr. Murray Smith's Impala (1048).

There remains auto-photography. I am the last person on earth to criticise auto-photography, provided that it is carried out by a responsible person who does not scatter detonating illuminant at random through the bush or jungles, which do as much harm as random shooting. It is a means of getting first-class pictures of wild animals under exceptionally interesting conditions, and it requires real knowledge of the habits of animals and infinite patience. But it can in no sense be considered as a form of big game shooting. The 6ft. enlargement of Mr. Champion's *Field* picture "A Hunting Tiger of the Siwaliks," by Wallace Heaton, is as fine an example of auto-photography as one could hope to find. There are many other examples of Mr. Champion's art in the exhibition which our readers will recall with pleasure. Perhaps I should add that there are no examples in this exhibition of a type of photograph which one occasionally meets with, and which should be absolutely tabboo, the photograph of an animal taken at close quarters, and which appears to be quite natural, but which is really of a wounded animal at bay or unable to make off.

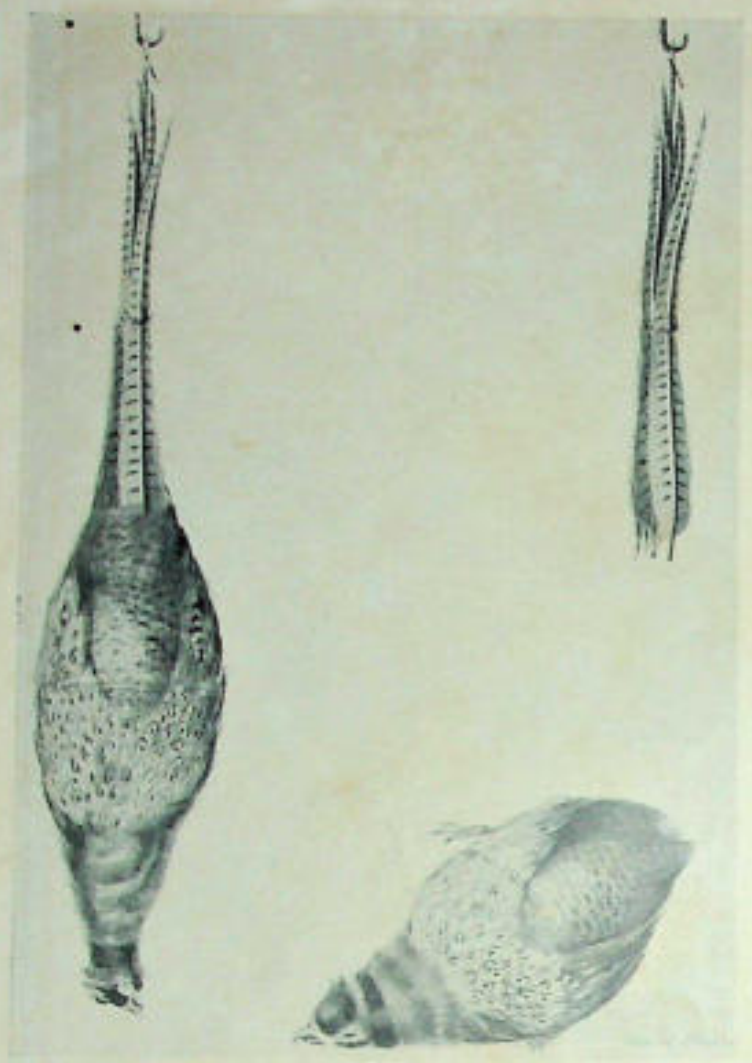
A most interesting afternoon. R. M.

FROM THE "COUNTRY LIFE" EXHIBITION

DANGEROUS GAME AND DIFFICULT STALKING

On the left is perhaps the finest elephant picture in the exhibition, "In the Gada Elephant Sanctuary," taken by Sir Bernard Bourdillon when Governor of Uganda: clearly a case of manifest risk to the photographer whether taken in a reserve or elsewhere. On the right is a Rocky Mountain goat ("Benign Surprise") photographed in Idaho by George A. Lewis; a fine example of stalking with a camera

BUFFALO, BY FRANK ANDERSON. A FINE PICTURE OF AN ANIMAL RARELY PHOTOGRAPHED



"YOU CAN HANG IT BY THE TAIL AND EAT IT WHEN IT FALLS"

THE CARE AND COOKING OF A PHEASANT

Some Variations of the Eternal Roast

By ELSIE TURNER

I HAVE heard many men say they never want to see a pheasant again after shooting it, and this probably is due to eating roast pheasant early in October before it is properly hung and when even the youngest bird is very tasteless.

Pheasants are undoubtedly at their best early in November, by which time they are plumper and have the gamey flavour which can only be acquired by hanging.

A pheasant should hang from four days to a month, according to the game larder and the weather, and though all good sportsmen like shooting high birds they do not all like eating them. The flavour of a pheasant depends on Mrs. Hawker's skill in hanging to suit the taste of the colonel, who naturally comes first, and the guests whom she may hope to please. There is a good old-fashioned idea that when the tail feathers pull out easily, the bird is ready for cooking. "You can hang it by the tail and eat it when it falls," I have often heard said. Then you can promise yourself that the gamey flavour is there and has not fallen out in the cooking!

When giving away pheasants, cocks are often far more acceptable than hens, but as far as I am concerned I should be overjoyed to receive hen birds, as they are infinitely more succulent. I imagine it is the gorgeous plumage of a cock pheasant which makes him more expensive to buy, and in consequence people imagine he is better to eat.

In the country it is essential to understand how game should be plucked and dressed at home. When bought, of course, this is done by the poulterer, who also "obliges" by doing it for customers who receive presents of game. Every feather and stump of feather must be carefully removed, and the birds singed with a taper or piece of lighted white paper; never use newspaper, as the printing ink when alight throws off a peculiar flavour which can taint your bird. Cut off the head, slip the skin back from the neck and cut the neck off close to the body; the flap of skin which remains is to fold over the back. You can now remove the windpipe and the "crop," which is a little bag of skin lying close to the neck. Put your first finger down the neck and loosen all the inside, you will feel some ligaments, but they break away quite easily. Now turn the bird round and cut the skin across the tail end, again inserting your finger and loosen from this side. You then take hold of the gizzard and everything draws out quite easily. Remove the lungs and any soft fat, and cut away the oil bag found at the back. Look carefully inside to see it is all perfectly clear of internal organs and wipe most particularly inside and out with a damp cloth. Inside the gizzard you will find a bag of stones which must be pulled out, and carefully take the gall bladder from the liver. Put the neck, liver and gizzard on one side and use them for making stock.

Next place the pheasant on a board and cut through the skin 2in. below the leg joint; crack the bone by bending the leg at this cut, pull out the tendons and the claws which come together if you twist them. Turn the bird on its breast, pull down the flap of skin left on the back and cross the ends of the wings over this; turn over again and push the rump through the slit in the skin. Do not push the legs forward towards the wings as in the old type of trussing. Have your trussing needle threaded with fine twine and sew through the right wing and the top of the leg, push it right through the body and catch the leg and wing on the other side; turn over again and sew the points of the wings to the skin of the neck, tying the ends of the twine together, and leaving several inches at both ends. Bring down these ends and tie round the rump, press the legs down and tie them. Your pheasant is now ready for roasting, boiling, or one of those many more modern dishes where the bird is cooked in a casserole. These should be made with plenty of vegetables, and are considered by many experts far more delectable, as the flavour during slow cooking mingles with the juices from the contents, the vegetables being flavoured with the game, and the pheasant with the vegetables.

A young bird should always be chosen for roasting—they are easily distinguished by a shorter and rounder spur; in old pheasants these are long and pointed. Cover the breast with a slice of really fat home-cured bacon, and roast in a good oven, basting frequently with butter for about half to three-quarters of an hour. Remove the remains of the fat bacon and all traces of the trussing twine. The pheasant can now be cut up into neat pieces, a wing from each side, pieces off the breast, and the legs each in two pieces, and served on a very hot dish. If preferred, it can be sent whole into the dining room and carved as required. Hand in sauce-boats some good brown gravy, bread sauce and browned bread-crumbs. Potato chips or straws, and braised celery or chestnuts, make the nicest accompanying vegetables. Claret or Burgundy are generally considered as the best wines to drink with roast pheasant.

For pheasant cooked in a casserole, the following recipe is useful: Stuff a pheasant with about half a pound of sausage meat well flavoured with sage, place in a fireproof casserole with small carrots, onions, some little rolled slices of bacon and a little good stock. Cook slowly for half an hour on a small fire, then add a little more stock and keep it cooking for two hours. Cook some mushrooms in butter and keep them warm. Remove the pheasant from the casserole and crush all the vegetables through a sieve, put the bird back in the casserole, add the gravy obtained from the crushed vegetables, put in the mushrooms without any grease with them, and let the whole simmer for half an hour longer. Serve in the casserole and send to the dining room a hot dish on which the pheasant is carved, but serve the gravy handed round in the casserole.

Another useful variation is pheasant pie with macaroni: Boil an old pheasant till it is quite tender; taking care of the stock as it makes very good soup. Cut off all the meat in thin slices or cubes if preferred, boil 2oz. of macaroni till it is quite soft, flavour with salt and a little onion, stir in half a pint of cream. Line a dish with good pastry and fill with the above mixture, cover the pie with pastry and bake for about half an hour. This pie can be eaten hot or cold, but when hot it is very rich. It is known as "Roman Pie" and is equally successful with chicken, or rabbit, as are so many of the recipes for cooking a pheasant.

Boiled pheasant sounds very uninteresting, but is a useful way of using up an old bird, and if boiled long and slowly enough it is excellent; and a variety of sauces can be used. Dress, clean and truss the pheasant and place in a saucepan, half surround with boiling water, and cook slowly for four or five hours till very tender; add a little salt the last hour of cooking. The liquor should be reduced to two cupsful and used for making the sauce with two tablespoonsful of butter and flour cooked together. Add to the sauce one teaspoonful of lemon juice, the yolk of two eggs, a little cream and flavour with salt and pepper. Pour carefully over the bird and sprinkle with a little finely chopped parsley.

If you have several pheasants to cook an excellent sauce can be made by adding the chopped livers, which have been lightly fried in butter. Other suitable sauces are celery, egg, onion, oyster, curry, tomato, parsley, devil, and even cheese sauce, according to taste.

Pheasant croquettes make an easily packed dish for a picnic lunch and can be served either hot or cold. Chop up half a pound of cold cooked pheasant with a little ham or tongue, and add about half a pint of white cream sauce, two or three chopped mushrooms, and a pinch of mace or nutmeg. Enclose in a covering of thin pastry similar in shape to a sausage roll, brush over with egg, dip in crushed vermicelli and fry in hot fat.

There is no greater compliment when you entertain your friends, than to remember what dish they are particularly fond of, or, alternatively, very much dislike, and men who shoot a great deal get tired of eating a pheasant unless it is cooked in a way that is varied and out of the common.

HIGH PHEASANTS
in
HUNGARY & CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Bags of 5,000 can be guaranteed. Accommodation in the castle of the owner, who personally superintends all shooting arrangements, and accompanies the guns.

Clients are sent only to estates where the pheasants are known to be high and where shooting is conducted on English lines.

Wild Fowl Shooting

(1) 30 miles from Vienna on the Danube. Usual bag 50 duck per day per gun.
(2) HORTOBAGY PLAIN. 100 miles from Budapest. Best day to one gun last year 94 Geese.
(3) The famous Danube Delta—the resting-place of hundreds of thousands of migratory Wildfowl. Comfortable self-propelled HOUSE BOAT available with expert shooting guides.

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
WHITEHALL 9797
Telegrams and Cables "FISHOOT, LONDON"

A refresher between drives
DEWAR'S
The Jubilee Spirit

IN FULL CRY: FROM THE BORDER TO THE WEST

FOR many years Mr. F. A. Stewart's paintings, exhibited annually at the galleries of Messrs. Vicars Brothers, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1, have attracted the attention of the hunting world. This artist's work not only shows how faithfully he has studied country familiar to followers of the various hunts he deals with but also how much at home he is with horse and hound, while his pictures gain a lively interest from the well-known hunting personalities who figure in them. Mr. Stewart's first volume of his subjects will, therefore, be welcomed. It appears under the title of "Hunting Countries," contains twelve full-colour illustrations (two of which are here given) and numerous line drawings. The text consists of interesting accounts of typical and outstanding runs in the various countries of the hunts dealt with, namely, the Heythrop, Buccleuch, North Northumberland, Meynell, South Atherstone, Cheshire, County Galway (the Blazers), Tipperary, Cattistock, Cottesmore, Berkeley and Blackmore Vale. The modest price of this handsome volume is 21/-, and the publishers, Messrs. W. Collins & Sons, should have a great demand for it.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S

THE two paintings reproduced on this page showing hounds in full cry are typical of Mr. Stewart's work. He not only succeeds in getting action and realism into his scenes, but also has the knack of incorporating the details of the country, so beloved by every hunting man, without making his pictures mechanical. Prominent among the figures in the foreground of the scene with the Duke of Buccleuch's are the Earl of Dalkeith, who some years ago took his father's place as Master, Lady Susan Askew, the Earl of Haddington, M.C., and George Summers, huntsman since 1902. Lady Alice Scott, a regular follower of the Buccleuch, has evinced great interest in this picture, which we reproduce by courtesy of the artist and Messrs. Vicars Brothers. In the painting of the Earl of Berkeley's hounds, with the Severn and Monmouthshire hills in the distance, the figures, from left to right, are: Will Morris, the huntsman, Mr. R. G. W. Berkeley, M.F.H., Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Murray, D.S.O., M.F.H., Captain W. R. Jenkins, the hon. secretary, the Hon. Mrs. Berkeley, Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Turner, D.S.O., M.F.H., and Mr. F. H. Lister. The original of this picture is owned by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, through whose courtesy it is reproduced.

THE EARL OF BERKELEY'S

From Churchill Covert—making for the Rhine Country. River Severn and Monmouthshire Hills in distance

IN THE HUNTING FIELD ONCE MORE

Changes in Masterships and Prospects for the Season

Bay Wrighton

SIR NELSON RYECROFT, BT.
Master of the Vine since 1932

THERE has always been ever since the age of Surtees and Nimrod a certain amount of pessimism about the future of hunting generally. Both the writers referred to left it on record, one through the mouth of John Jorrocks, the other as his own firm and definite opinion, that hunting would not survive very long in the land. It is true that Nimrod thought that the railways would ruin every hunting country, but Surtees considered them the finest "kiver 'acks that ever were seen," and both came to the conclusion that hunting had not much longer to live. And yet neither saw the Golden Age of the sport, nor the era of Tom Firr and Frank Gillard, nor the difficulties that hunting has had to face since their deaths.

And what difficulties! The break up of the great landed estates, death duties, the passing of the family packs, wars and rumours of wars, barbed wire, slippery roads, villadom, industrialism, attacks by captious critics, curtailment of country, all these things have menaced hunting at one time or another, and from them all it has emerged triumphantly, shorn perhaps of a little of its glory but still fox-hunting. Someone once told me that hunting would end with the passing of the carriage and pair, someone else that hunting only endured because there were enough people with money to keep it going. Like most generalisations of this description it is hardly accurate, for the value of hunting cannot be regarded in terms of hard cash, or else why do the moorland and fell packs of Northumberland and Yorkshire keep going and show sport of the best on a subscription that would not pay the boot polish bill in other more fashionable countries? It is the same with the Cumberland-Westmorland foot packs and some of the sporting countries in the West of England.

The true reason seems to be that hunting continues because it has never been the prerogative of any particular class. If it had been based upon exclusiveness it would have perished long ago. It is in point of fact both national and local. The majority of country dwellers, even in these days of short Masterships, know the name of their M.F.H. more readily than that of their M.P., while the huntsman is an integral part and parcel of the countryside. It is partly for these reasons that the horn is still heard in the land, and that probably in the year A.D. 2000 the Pytchley will be drawing Waterloo Gorse and the Quorn holding their opening meet at Kirby Gate.

So one may premise to deal with more immediate matters that the hunting season of 1935–1936 dawns bright and fair. Practically in every part of the country cubs are reported plentiful; the hard summer rather delayed cubhunting operations, but the welcome rain that followed it allowed hounds to hustle the cubs about and learn the lie of the land. Then there is no hint of foot and mouth disease, and although there were many gaps in the lists of Masters left at the end of last season they have nearly all been filled and no pack of foxhounds has been given up. As will be seen in our "Annual Table of Hunts," more and more ladies are taking over the responsibilities of Mastership, and in some cases are hunting hounds themselves in addition to acting as whippers-in and secretaries.

This is the case in the Tedworth country, where Lady Wright, of show jumping fame, has taken over from Lord Melchett, who has joined the Misses Farrar in the control of the Oakley. In the Cleveland country Squire Wharton has been joined in the Mastership by his son-in-law and daughter, Commander and Mrs. Ringrose, and is carrying on the pack of which he has been Master—with a short interval—since 1886, a long Mastership which ranks with that of Mr. J. C. Straker of the Tynedale—the senior Master of Foxhounds, having assumed office in 1883—Sir William Watkin-Wynne, Lord Yarborough, Colonel R. W. Williams, Mr. G. W. C. Fitzwilliam, all of whom were on the active list in the eighties of the last century.

In the Shires the most noteworthy change is in the personnel of Fernie's, for Sir Harold Wernher has resigned his joint-Mastership, his place being taken by Lady Zia Wernher, in conjunction with Commander F. J. Alexander and Captain D. Hignett. With the Grafton Lord Hillingdon is joined by Mr. G. Beale, while Lord Willoughby de Broke's and Mr. P. R. Dunne's place with the Warwickshire has been taken by the Hon. R. Samuel and Mr. J. Lakin, who have appointed G. Gillson from the North Shropshire as huntsman in place of E. Cox, who has gone to the Enfield Chace, a pack which, under the Mastership of Captain F. L. Trotter and Mr. R. Dore, now hunt the country formerly covered by Major Smith Bosanquet's hounds. There was, too, by the way, a pack of staghounds of this name who hunted the same country, but which have been missing from the hound list for many years.

The Woodland Pytchley now have Sir Julien Cahn as Master, and the Burton, of which he was previously in control, will be run by committee with Mr. C. Wilson as chairman. It has been decided, too, that the Woodland Pytchley will hunt the Market Harborough side of their country on Wednesdays instead of Mondays, as was previously the case. Lincolnshire, where the aforesaid Burton country lies, has also some other changes, although one is purely nominal, the former Miss Marigold Lubbock still retaining the Blankney Mastership with her husband, Lord Londesborough, while in the adjoining Southwold country Miss Diana Brackenbury and Major T. Jessop have resigned in favour of Miss R. Saunders, who has appointed Arthur Harris as huntsman, he having come from the South Staffordshire, where Mr. G. Joynson—his brother, Mr. Brooke Joynson, has taken the Staintondale over from the old Rugby international Mr. G. T. Unwin—is the new Master.

Another lady well known in the show ring, Mrs. E. M. Vaughan, who owns that fine heavy-weight Heeland, has now the Albrighton and has engaged A. Cluett from the V.W.H. (Cirencester) as huntsman. Nor must I forget that Mr. W. E. Seeley—a fine Point-to-Point rider who won many races on a very fine stamp of hunter named Soldier Boy some years ago—has taken over the South Notts from a committee, and Mrs. George Evans has joined her husband in the Mastership of the H. H., a pack whose hunt buttons still bear the Prince of Wales's feathers in memory of George IV of sporting and festive fame.

Probably the most important change of all is in the Duke of Beaufort's country where Mr. H. C. Cox has resigned his joint-Mastership with the Duke, who will now be partnered by Captain F. F. Spicer, whose father was one of the stalwarts of coaching in the days of the driving revival, and who also hunted the southern portion of the country—now known as the Avon Vale—from 1888–1895 with hounds lent him by the eighth Duke of Beaufort. Still keeping to the West it should be noted that Lord Knutsford—a very fine judge of hunters and a most successful Master of the Avon Vale from 1924–1933—has joined Lord Bathurst with the V.W.H. (Cirencester) and that Mr. B. K. Ronald is now the acting Master of the Seavington.

The Llangibby have instead of Mr. Harry Buckland, who used to ride the late Mr. Walter Winans's show jumpers, Captain W. R. Bailey who will carry the horn and Mr. G. B. Dawson as joint-Masters, while their neighbours the Tredegar, once again a private pack, is Mastered by Mr. C. G. Williams, and the Pentyrch has been taken over by Lady Bute, who at one time had the Eglinton. The Teme Valley have lost Sir Robert Green-Price as Master, but Captain J. R. H. Harley carries on with Colonel the Hon. T. Lawrence. With Major W. E. Royds as deputy Master, Mr. F. W. Rickett, of Abyssinian concession fame, has taken over the Craven; Mr. J. Long is to guide the fortunes of the Hambledon, and Miss Parkinson joins the Hon. Anne Lewis in joint control of the Pembrokeshire. There is another Berkshire change, for Sir William Mount and Mr. J. G. King now have the South Berkshire in place of the late Mr. F. T. Spanton, and have appointed Victor Clarke, who was with Major Smith Bosanquet for many seasons, as huntsman in place of the late Bert Savage.

From Essex comes the news that Captain F. C. Parks, formerly of the Mendip, has accepted the Mastership of the Essex Hounds from Capt. G. B. Hoare, while the Essex and Suffolk on their Essex side will now be hunted by Captain C. G. L. Marriott instead of by his colleague Colonel C. G. Mangles. Then after a long and most popular reign, Mr. Douglas Crossman has given up the Cambridgeshire, and his place is taken by a triumvirate of Masters, Mrs. Douglas Crossman, Mr. R. H. Parker, and Mr. W. H. F. Brunskill, who formerly had the South Oxfordshire and who will hunt hounds.

Lord Guilford has given up the East Kent, and his successors are Captain D. C. Speed (who is also in sole control of the West Street) and Major Nutt, while Commander H. S. Egerton is no longer Master of the East Sussex, his place being taken by Mr. John Gosden and Mr. F. A. Cox. Hounds will be hunted by Sydney Morris. As was the case last season, the Old Surrey and Burstow country will be again hunted with two packs. The Sussex side of the country will be hunted by Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Clarke, and the Surrey side by Mr. G. M. Burt with J. Hewitt as huntsman. The Cowdray, which the late Viscount Pearson started with his brother, is now a subscription pack and will be hunted by Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Sutton, who will have C. Gosden as kennel huntsman.

Bay Wrighton

THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM
This season he takes over the Stanmington Mastership from Major Gordon B. Foster

Farther north the Earl of Feversham has taken over the old-established Sinnington pack from that fine huntsman and good hunter judge Major Gordon Foster; and Sir Archibald White, the old Yorkshire skipper, is succeeded in the West Percy country by Mr. Maurice Ropner, who for some time acted as honorary whipper-in to the South Durham, who now have Sir F. Milbanke in the same capacity. Crossing the border we find Mr. Norman Adams and Miss Ena Adams in control of the Eglinton in place of Lord Inverclyde. For some time Mr. Adams and his daughter hunted a portion of North Yorkshire with the Cowesby Harriers and then had the Brancaster Basset Hounds in Norfolk. Their huntsman is to be F. Medcalf, who was with the Cleveland for a time, and a draft from the Sinnington has reinforced the Eglinton kennel.

In Ireland the Marquess of Sligo has joined Mr. Bowes Daly in command of the Galway Blazers, and following the resignation of Mrs. A. F. Ellis, Mrs. A. Masters will partner Messrs. J. Perry and R. Dibden in the Tipperary country. She will also hunt hounds herself. Lord Longford having given up the joint-Mastership of the Westmeath, Captain C. E. Winter will carry on alone and hunt hounds three days a week. Such is a short résumé of the principal changes to be found in the hunting personnels of the English, Scotch and Irish packs, all of which are anticipating a good season with plenty of foxes, no fog, snow or frost—and, if it is so willed, no foot and mouth disease. May such wishes come true.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

Hay Wrightson

MR. J. E. B. LETHBRIDGE

He has had the Eggesford since 1930 and hunts hounds himself two days a week

AS HOUNDS RAN

Points Which Matter in an Account of a Run

ON our leader page this week reference is made to the proposed reporting in the *Field* of the best run of the week. For the benefit of correspondents and the general interest of readers we give an idea of the lines a précis of the report of a run should take.

The space to be allotted to these detailed reports is roughly six hundred words. What information ought those six hundred words to convey? There are certainly two separate considerations—how good the day was and why it was good. The one hundred words in the daily paper can only mention where hounds found their fox, the country which they crossed, how the hunt ended, the time, the pace and perhaps the point. The six hundred words in the weekly paper ought also to include something about the weather and the conditions underfoot, as affecting scent; who it was whose covert provided the fox; something about the fox himself; a good deal about the hounds and the huntsman, giving credit where credit is due; something discreet about the field and their style of riding; and finally some attempt to compare the day with others of the same or of previous seasons.

That is all easier said than done. But perhaps it should be something in this style:

"The frost was hardly out of the ground by 11 o'clock on Saturday, February 1st, when the Mayfair Hounds met at Knightsbridge Green. There was a cold east wind blowing, too, but a little delay while Mr. Harrod entertained the field across the road at Brompton Hall worked wonders in improving the outlook. Unfortunately the fox which has several times raided Mr. Tattersall's yard was not to be found in Trevor Square Covert and, though hounds found a fox in Hyde Park, close to the Albert Memorial, they soon marked to ground on the banks of the Serpentine. The fact that there seemed to be a good scent merely added to our disappointment.

"Then followed rather a depressing draw through the rhododendron coverts towards Hyde Park Corner and it was twenty past one before the first hound spoke in the Prince of Wales's snug little covert at Marlborough House. Two minutes later the field, marshalled on the up-wind side, heard the first whipper-in halloa a fox away towards Buckingham Palace. There was an ugly rush round the covert. 'Which way have they gone?' 'Hold hard, sir! They have not gone yet.' Hounds were in fact hunting another fox in covert, presumably the vixen, but just when hopes of a gallop seemed to be extinct the huntsman, Jack Scarlet, appeared with the pack, having most cleverly taken advantage of a momentary check to draw them off the line of the vixen and lay them on to the dog fox. They soon settled to his line and away they went at a good hunting pace.

"Was he a traveller? It was at any rate a good sign when he left the earths at Buckingham Palace untried on his right-hand side and better still when hounds ran straight through Sloane Square Wood without a moment's hesitation. Still running well, though not at top pace, they left South Kensington Station on the right-hand side and pointed for Olympia. However, the fox was evidently headed on the Cromwell Road, for hounds turned left-handed again and hunted beautifully through the grounds of Baron's Court before the fox remade his point, and they entered Hammersmith Broad Wood—a four-mile point in 35 minutes.

"The fox who had evidently travelled up-wind the previous night in search of a vixen, had now reached home and Jack saw him in the covert—the same big, dark fox with a white tag to his brush. But luckily the earths there had been put-to, being on the edge of the day's draw, and hounds, being now close to him, gave him no rest. Turn up-wind at this stage he dared not, so he was obliged to go on down-wind over the cream of the Chiswick Vale.

"For another 20 minutes hounds fairly raced over this beautiful line of country, with not a strand of wire to be seen and with the thin red line of horsemen growing gradually thinner and thinner. Then they threw up among some sheep close to Kew Bridge and we began to wonder whether the fox meant to swim the river to Richmond Deer Park. But no, he was well out of his country, and as the pack were being cast down towards the river the Master caught a view of him creeping down a fence towards Brentford Station.

"Jack had hounds on his line in a moment, and they killed him in the middle of the next field on Mr. Buckwheat's farm at exactly half-past two. Hounds had made an eight-mile point in one hour ten minutes, of which the 20 minutes from Hammersmith Broad Wood was quite first-class. Besides the Hunt staff only ten people saw the end, and it will be a long time before they forget the day, or allow their neighbours to forget it—perhaps the best hunt seen in the Mayfair country since the twelve-mile point of four seasons ago."

It is generally agreed that no one has ever written better accounts of sport with foxhounds than Captain Pennell-Elmhirst, who wrote for the *Field* over the *nom-de-plume* of "Brooksby." If you pick up any one of his books and open it at random the accounts are as fresh to-day as when they appeared 50 years ago. Why? One obvious point is that the pages are not overloaded with names of places. After all, those who are familiar with the country concerned have probably heard where the hounds have gone before the account appears in print. To those who do not know the country, the proper names are almost meaningless. What both parties went to recapture is some of the thrills of the pace and the line of country, of the joys and disappointments, to hear (if you dare to tell them) who led the way and why the staff were thrown out at some critical point, with results that were nearly disastrous. There is no need to be facetious or to make covert references to those who fell by the wayside.

Actually "Brooksby" had a wonderful gift for picking out the amusing and the human incidents which serve to enlighten the poor days and which flicker for a moment in the epic story of a great day's sport. But then "Brooksby's" accounts were not confined to 600 words.

The story can come just as well from a so-called bad or rough country as from the most fashionable of the packs in the Midlands. From the simplest point of view the scribe ought to concentrate on saying how much he enjoyed what he saw of the day's sport and why he himself enjoyed it. With more ambition he can set out to tell exactly what happened to the fox, the hounds and the field, again why the day was so good and finally, with the mature judgment of the connoisseur, just how good it is considered to have been. There is nothing to be gained by many adjectives or by wonderful similes. The whole effort can be, and indeed should be, no more than a sketch, conveyed just in those few lines which put the subject in proportion and yet give the impression of spirit and pace.

Hay Wrightson

MAJOR C. A. BRANFILL

In 1930 he took over the old-established Haydon pack, which hunt a fine sporting country in Northumberland

LATER HUNT DETAILS

THE following particulars came to hand too late to be included in our Table of Hunts. The Joint-Masters of the Mendip are Captain Roland Corbett (who will also hunt hounds) and Major S. C. Houston, while the Thurles and Kilshane are to be carried on by Major W. Gibson, who will hunt the country five days a week in succession to Major E. Archer.

The Ribblesdale Foot Harriers under the Mastership of Mr. G. F. Barnes, hunt the country formerly hunted by the Pen-y-ghent Beagles and later by the Catteral Beagles, which consists mostly of pastures and a large extent of grouse moor. No foxhounds hunt the country, and there is little or no barbed wire. This is a private pack owned by the Master, who bears most of the expense, the rest being made up by a few subscribers. Any subscription is accepted and capping is practised only occasionally. The pack was started in 1934 to hunt the country which used to be that of the Catteral Beagles.

Hay Wrightson

MR. STANLEY PALMER

Deputy-Master of the Mid-Surrey Draghounds with Major E. Howard and a director of the International Horse Show

"IF I HAD MY WAY"

Making Hunting a Joy for All

By LORD DORCHESTER

GONE AWAY! G-O-N-E A-W-A-Y!!
A cub-hunting morning with the Cotswold

IF only I could *really* have my way, a long cherished vision would soon become a reality. The last week of November would see me and a chosen friend installed at Melton, and nowhere else, each with a four-days-a-week stud of good blood hunters ranging in age from seven to ten years old; too few rather than too many if a choice had to be made, since most of our discomforts and disappointments arise out of unfit and over-fresh horses.

A dream which can never be realised! So for present purposes I picture myself to be a benevolent dictator of fox hunting, charged with defining the principles that should guide us under certain circumstances.

Good manners may be summed up as consideration for others, and where this is lacking there can be no lasting pleasure in any sport or game, hence their supreme importance whenever two or three or two or three hundred are gathered together to enjoy themselves. Good manners are both positive and negative, and should not stop at mere lip-service such as saluting the M.F.H. and obedience to the various unwritten laws of fox hunting.

Each hunting day will afford us a multitude of opportunities for helping to make things pleasant for other people, and at very little trouble to ourselves.

Many a horse becomes fidgetty when his rider attempts to light a cigarette, tighten a girth or is leaning forward to adjust a twisted curb chain; your steadying hand on his rein will facilitate all these operations for his rider. Later on you may even catch the said horse and lend his remounted owner your spare dry gloves. Your sandwich case can be shared, and often a small detour will enable you to show a friend a short cut home, far more effectively than by giving him confusing verbal directions. Many a stranger has been made happier by the self-introduction of an habitué who puts him wise to men and events, and thus prevents him from feeling "out of it" among a lot of people who know each other but who do not know him.

We can often help the foot and bicycle followers by advising them of the next draw, the best way to reach it, and where to stand so as not to head the fox. The ride home, too, affords many opportunities for giving a little pleasure, by telling those interested all about your day, especially farmers and their labourers over whose land the hunt has passed; nor should you omit to answer the invariable query of the small boys, "Hi, mister, 'ow many foxes 'ave yer ketched to-day?" Insignificant little acts these, and not laid down in our unwritten code, but for all that they are positive examples of consideration for others.

On the negative side I count the avoidance of breaches of etiquette, the "don'ts" of hunting which are too well known to need recapitulation, such as over-riding hounds, cutting in out of turn, etc.

The perfect sportsman is not only considerate to others, but is prepared to forgive the bad manners of others when these are caused by temporary excitement—say during a quick thing—or by mental and physical discomfort owing to a fractious or unmanageable horse.

So with regard to management. I consider a joint-Mastership of two to be the best arrangement for a four-days-a-week country in these days of increasing population and a multiplicity of small properties and holdings. Landowners, farmers, shooting tenants, keepers and poultry farmers all look to the Master or Masters to safeguard their interests, and however good the secretary may be, or however active, a personal visit from a Master is a far greater compliment and much more likely to achieve results, than any action the secretary may take. Quite apart from any question of results, it is the duty of the Master to visit all parts of his country.

In the case of a sole Mastership, it is absolutely impossible for one man to cover a four-days-a-week country and to carry out adequately all the duties incidental to his position and at the same time to give proper attention to his hounds, horses and staff.

To illustrate how much journeying is involved in being even a joint-Master, in the year 1926–27, when I shared the Garth with the late Captain H. S. Chinnock, I covered 8,312 miles on Hunt business, without counting the mileage involved in motoring to and from the actual hunting.

If, in addition, a sole Master hunts his own hounds, whether four times or twice a week, the burden becomes almost unbearable, and he must delegate to his secretary or some member of the committee much of the work which would otherwise fall to the lot of his colleague.

The committee understand this, and so do some of the field, but it is otherwise with many of the farmers, owners and occupiers of land. From their point of view the Master has all the fun of hunting hounds over their land, but does not (they do not realise that he *cannot*) trouble to visit the very people whose courtesy and kindness make his enjoyment possible.

The ideal arrangement is a joint-Mastership of two residents living at opposite ends of the country, so that each has his local sphere of influence ready made in a district where he is entirely familiar with all the personalities, country, coverts and circumstances with whom and which he will be called upon to deal. As regards the Hunt establishment, they can settle between themselves as to who has the greater flair for hounds or horses, and so arrange a division of management, one taking the kennel, the other looking after the stud.

Finally, I prefer a professional huntsman. Admittedly there are exceptional amateurs, but the majority are not prepared to give up the whole of their time to their hounds. No huntsman will ever get the very best out of his pack unless he is with it, in season and out. He may know each hound by sight and voice and how he carries himself in the field, but unless he practically lives with his hounds he will never know them intimately; they will know him better than he knows them.

The £3 or £2 cap for a day's hunting is now universally recognised, but there still exist individuals who resent the daily half-crown which is now levied with many packs. I personally fought for years to have it introduced into the Garth country, and finally conservatism yielded to financial depression.

It is a very small tax in itself and cannot press hardly upon any man, woman or child who can afford to hunt at all, yet in the aggregate it may amount to anything between £400 and £700 at the end of the season in a four-day-a-week country. It is, moreover, a perpetual reminder to every individual that he or she does a certain amount of daily damage, often much more than the half-crown would pay for, especially towards the end of the season when grass has been harrowed and rolled and fences made up against the summer. In addition to these minor matters there be major disasters such as slipped lambs, calves or even bloodstock.

No one should escape—except farmers, *bien entendu*.

I think it is unpolitic to allow anyone to compound for a lump sum at the beginning of the season. This custom is creeping in and may quite possibly vitiate the palpable principle of the daily cap by converting it into a kind of super-tax over and above the regular Hunt subscription.

The half-crown cap should be a daily affair and should be collected from the smallest and largest subscribers, from the man who owns his thousands of acres and equally from the sportsman who lives in a semi-detached villa; especially should it apply to the coveys of spare children and relations who hunt capless under the cloak of a family subscription.

Hounds have more liberty of action, and are less pressed upon in a wired-up area than in more favoured districts—and that is the only benefit conferred by wire. Bugbear as it is, however, we are beginning to deal with it by means of jumping places and chicken coops, and I have heard recently of a very cheap and practical remedy.

Take two lengths of board about 9in. deep and join them at intervals by wire; these lengths can be hung on any wire fence where a jumping panel is required. They can be removed and stored in the summer, and if creosoted would last for years, and any cheap wood would serve the purpose. No horse could be injured by the wire if he hit the boards, and if he did fall he would have fallen just as readily over timber.

The only satisfactory solution of the wire problem is its complete removal during the hunting season, but to do so calls for money, and tact in obtaining the necessary permission.

So far I have made no reference to "having my way," because the English are more open to suggestion than compulsion, but I would like to dictate in the matter of wire. The farmers must have it as a cheap and practical form of fencing; but I would insist upon the whole country being divided into areas, and I would see to it that each area parish by parish was organised and supervised by its resident fox-hunters. It should be their duty to take account of all wire, to arrange for its removal, if possible, or to cover it with boards or chicken coops, or to create jumping places, and in the last resort to see that it was properly marked.

"THE BRIGHTEST OF MEMORIES EVER STAND FOR CHARLES JAMES FOX"

VICARS BROTHERS Ltd.

PHEASANTS By J. C. HARRISON

ANNUAL EXHIBITION
DRAWINGS OF GAME BIRDS by J. C. HARRISON
OPENS 28th OCTOBER, 1935

THE BLACKMORE VALE

Size 8¼ × 24 inches By F. A. STEWART

50 Remarque Artist's Proofs @ 3 gns. } All printed in colour
150 Artist's Proofs @ 2 gns. }

The whole will be published next month. Other subjects include The Meynell, Berkeley, Heythrop, West Kent, Essex Union, Craven, North Northumberland, etc.

12, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Scotts' Hunting Hats: 1935

One of the new bowlers with low crown and small straight brim; rough or smooth finish, price 35s. Top hat with a neat, well-shaped crown and small, straight brim, price 50s.

SCOTTS Ltd., 1 Old Bond Street

HUNTING SEASON, 1935-36

THOMAS & SONS (TAILORS) LTD.

BEG TO CALL ATTENTION TO THEIR

SPECIALITIES
FOR THE COMING SEASON

For HUNTING COATS, BREECHES, etc.

Pink, Black and Oxford Waterproof HUNTING COATS.

COVERT COATS, DRIVING COATS, and APRONS.

HARRIER COATS in Cloth and Plush.

JODHPUR BREECHES.

LEGGINGS of every Description.

SCARLET CLEANING FLUID (Qt. 7/6, Pt. 5/-. Carriage, 1/6 & 1/-).

Special Department for HUNT SERVANTS' CLOTHES.

THOMAS & SONS (TAILORS) LTD.
Sporting and Military Tailors and Breeches Makers
5, CARLOS PLACE, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
Telegraphic Address: "SPORTINGLY, LONDON." Telephone No.: MAYFAIR 2132

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR FASCINATING COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL CARPETS & RUGS

We take a genuine pride in showing you the Real thing — from Kirman, Bokhara, Shirvan, Shiraz, China, India, Turkey.
Also a comprehensive range of Axminster, Wilton carpets at keenest prices . . . at the CELEBES STORAGE Co., Ltd.
Not in expensive Showrooms, but in our Dockside warehouse only a few minutes from London Bridge, Liverpool Street and Cannon Street Stations (nearest Underground: Monument or Bank).

CELEBES STORAGE CO., LTD.
107, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
Write for free list or send 5/- for beautiful coloured book on CARPETS. A saving of 20 per cent.

ETHICS OF EGG-COLLECTING

By ERIC PARKER (Editor-in-Chief of "The Field")
With Preface by Lord Desborough

5/-

(Postage 6d.)

A summary of letters on the subject 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

FROM "THE FIELD," FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

DIFFERENT STYLES OF HORSEMANSHIP
Jumping a brook with the Staff College Draghounds, near Camberley

RIDING BY GRIP AND RIDING BY BALANCE

Debatable Points in the Practice of Equitation

By CAPTAIN J. E. HANCE

THE various debatable points in the practice and theory of riding which are so constantly being raised never fail to prove of interest to those who really love the game. This question of whether it is better to ride by grip or balance is an old friend, and is typical of the many problems on which I have been asked to give an opinion.

Before attempting any further discussion on the relative merits of these two factors in horsemanship, I would like to begin by setting down a phrase which in the course of instruction I have uttered many thousands of times. "Riding is a combination of balance and grip, and one is useless without the aid of the other."

A GOOD EXPOSITION OF THE SIDE-SADDLE SEAT
One of the Household Brigade field taking a drop fence in the right style

If one may give rein to the imagination and suppose that it should be necessary for all riders to pass an examination prior to appearing in public upon a horse, the truth of this statement about balance and grip would be more generally realised, for in these circumstances it would, of course, be necessary for all to go to a really qualified teacher, just as a soldier whatever his rank must undergo a course of instruction at Woolwich, Sandhurst, or with the unit to which he is posted. Make no mistake, I am not in agreement, as I have repeatedly said, with all the military methods of instruction, but I *do* feel that their instructors are correct in their primary initial objective, namely, in striving to give both officers and soldiers an independent seat, that is security in the saddle which relies neither upon reins nor stirrups.

Having come so far, let me digress for a moment and consider what relationship our subject has to another well-known controversy, which still exists, namely, the question of astride v. side-saddle for ladies. In this case there is no question, whatever one's ultimate preference may be, that with a very few lessons side-saddle a lady can "stop on" a horse safely, whereas with *only the same amount* of instruction astride, she would appear and be extremely insecure. Of course, security astride is perfectly attainable by ladies, a fact which was born witness to this year by the unique example of two ladies, Lady Wright and Mrs. Peacock, both clearing 7ft. in the same High Jump Competition at the International Horse Show. In the hunting field, also, there are a very large number of ladies who can show the way to men over an ordinary country.

If this is so, then the fact that some one can merely "stop on" side-saddle after a few lessons does not really give them any advantage over the astride saddle, as they would be useless either at Olympia or over a country without a deal of training.

I do not want to confuse this article into an astride v. side-saddle argument, but the pommels of a side-saddle which are of so much assistance to a lady must help in the explanation as far as the *grip* side of the question is concerned.

Because of this so-called security by grip alone, many ladies go for the side-saddle at once, generally because they think they will be able to "hunt sooner." This is, of course, because they have never looked in a shop window or a large looking glass; if they had, they would certainly never give that as the reason!

If a person wishes to ride either way, time is an essential factor. It is absolutely necessary that everyone should sit correctly, be it side-saddle or astride. The time that must elapse in the case of an astride rider before he or she can be anything like proficient, must be taken up in developing the muscles in order to give an independent seat with and without stirrups, and over a variety of fences with and without reins (or stirrups for that matter). In the case of the side-saddle, assuming that this saddle fits the rider (this is a most important point, not one in fifty does so), the early part of the instruction should be devoted to endeavouring to teach the lady concerned exactly how to sit in the saddle correctly and still maintain that position during the various exercises required during training. The time required for this is longer than most people realise. The position until mastered is constrained at the outset yet vital to the attainment of ultimate success. In view of this, the absurdity therefore of anyone purporting to teach riding in twelve lessons becomes apparent.

The sum total of the matter appears to amount to this: (a) That as a practical basis the position in the saddle either sideways or astride is the first

WHERE BALANCE MIGHT WELL BE APPLIED
A lady follower taking an ugly place in Leicestershire

A MEMORY OF JORROCKS'S COUNTRY

Sir Edmund Antrobus, Bart. (Master of the Old Surrey from 1836—1847), with seven other sportsmen and a lady and child with hounds. The celebrated Tom Hills, seen on left of painting, was huntsman, with the exception of three years, from 1816—1861; two other members of the Hills family were also servants of the Hunt. The scene is at the foot of the Addington Hills

From the painting by William Barraud, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. A. Ackermann, 191, New Bond Street, London, W.

important point; (b) that security in the saddle without the aid of the reins is next; and (c) through the aid of (b) the use of the hands can be cultivated without the worry that lack of security in the saddle gives.

I think we can now dispense with the side-saddle and deal with the astride point of view. It has been said in recent years that balance (astride) was from the foot. This statement when read without considerable explanation is, I think, most misleading. In order to avoid the chance of unnecessary strain, riding is now taught in the early stages with stirrups. After a few lessons the beginner is asked to take his or her feet out of the stirrups for a few strides, and the result is practically always the same, a certain amount of rolling from side to side, a grab at the saddle, a pull up with the remark, "You see I haven't any grip."

Quite true the rider has not the necessary grip, but in reality it was not the lack of grip which caused the trouble at that moment. Try this out for yourselves unless you are experts, and in that case experiment on someone less experienced. The cause of the trouble was not lack of grip but alteration of the point of balance due to the lowering of the knee. Balance (except at a walk, when it is really from the seat bones) is from the knee. The knee, when we start, is placed in a certain position, and the height of it is maintained by the length of the stirrup leather and irons. Therefore, through weakness in the elementary stages and later on owing to knowledge (or slackness), balance still frequently comes from the foot. But a different story is told on those occasions when an iron is lost, possibly through a thick place during a hunt, or during a steeplechase or point-to-point when a saddle slips or a leather is broken. Are there not frequent-enough examples of people "carrying on" under the circumstances? But a man cannot balance on thin air, so why should anyone lay down that balance is from the foot when in the instances I have quoted it is obviously from the knee?

Though men have ridden for centuries without them, the stirrup leather and iron were eventually given us by someone whose name should ever be blessed for that contribution to human comfort. Being there, they are raised to a certain height at the will of the rider to ease the strain on his muscles. If, however, one or other break, then he should certainly be able to go on for some considerable time without. How then, I ask, can balance be from the foot? There is a large flat muscle on the top of the thigh, which when properly developed allows the rider to maintain his position in the saddle without reins or stirrups, because it enables him to keep his knees at the desired height, and, therefore, the point of balance, i.e. the knee, remains unaltered no matter what the rider does, with the body moving from the waist to make the various compensating movements necessary according to what the horse is doing.

In my opinion a strong correct seat should be cultivated first, so that with the knowledge of security the use of the hands can be taught afterwards with ease on the part of the instructor, and confidence on the part of the rider.

STRANGE HUNTS

Good Scenting Days and Other Memories

By CECIL LEVESON-GOWER

ONE of the strangest hunts I had during the time I was hunting the Old Surrey, and certainly one of the best, was in February, 1914. The meet was at Godstone Station, and having been stopped by frost for some time it was not to be wondered that a large field put in an appearance, despite the effect the night and morning frost had upon the land. It was more than doubtful whether hunting would be possible, but after waiting an hour I decided to do so. Lagham Wood was the first draw, and at the bottom end of the covert hounds picked up a line, and screaming along were soon well ahead of the field. The going, I may add, was of the worst possible description and dangerous to a degree, slippery on top and hard as iron below, which made it very difficult to keep up with hounds. Hounds were running hard, and crossed the road by Crowhurst Lane End.

When I got there I saw a yokel standing in the road and asked him if he had seen the fox. He replied, "Fox, no. But I see'd a large stag jump the hedge just in front of hounds." This was no doubt a deer called Valentine the Surrey Staghounds had left out a fortnight before. I galloped as hard as I could go to try and stop hounds, but on reaching Foyle saw, to my delight, hounds screaming ahead with the fox about a field in front. The going had now improved and we were able to get in touch with hounds as we reached Staffords Wood. Through this large covert hounds never dwelt, and carried a good head over that fine line of country at Mowshurst, farmed by that good sportsman Mr. Finn Kelcey. Turning right-handed they crossed the railway on to Crouch House Farm, went over the road and across the River Eden, through Gabriels on to Marsh Green.

Here hounds turned right-handed again and on to Starboro' Castle, where we ran into the Surrey Staghounds, who had just uncarted their deer, but hounds quickly righted themselves, ran on to Ford Manor, and having traversed that estate from north to south turned sharp back, and then turning right-handed once more brought us out to Stock Hill, went through Mr. Kent's garden at Bella Vista, Cowden Pound, and from there hunted him away into the West Kent country by way of Warren Gill and Chippens Bank.

Up to this point hounds had run without a check, but now this wily old dog fox commenced to run short, but the Old Surrey bitches stuck to him well, and crossing the railway line at Hever Station ran almost to Hever Castle.

Here the first real check ensued, but making a forward cast hounds hit the line and ran very fast over Brocas Farm and crossed the River Eden. From here hounds never left their fox, although we ran through a pack of harriers on Brocas Farm. But carrying a great head hounds raced their fox over a piece of grass country, past Bough Beech on to Whitbreads, where they never dwelt, and drove him over Water Lake, pointing for Winkhurst, but he could not reach this big covert and turned sharp right-handed, and hounds killed him close to Chiddingstone, after a hunt of nearly three-and-a-half hours, with an eleven-mile point, and quite sixteen as hounds ran. No fewer than three countries were touched during the run, the Old Surrey, Burstow and West Kent. Of the 18½ couple out that day 18 couple were up at the death—a good performance considering we ran through two other packs.

Another strange experience I had while hunting the Old Surrey Hounds for my brother, Mr. Charles Leveson-Gower, who took over the Mastership in 1910, was when we met at the residence of a Hebrew gentleman, who, though he had amassed much fine gold in the City, had about as much knowledge of foxhunting as Mr. Marmaduke Muleygrubs! I was considerably startled when arriving with hounds at the meet to be taken aside by my host, and told that "'e had a fox already for zee hunt in the back garden." I replied that I did not think we would or could hunt foxes of that description!

After a large and sumptuous breakfast, we went to a covert called French's Wood, where we found a very faint-hearted fox, and after running him for a short time, hounds rolled him over. I was even more astonished when breaking the fox up to be asked by my host "'Ow much zee four feet?" I replied that he could certainly have them, and no doubt my first whipper-in would be very pleased with a gratuity. The whipper-in gave him the four pads, whereupon he exclaimed "Ah, but how much zee tail." I told him he could have this as well. Nothing daunted, he asked me "Then how much zee head of this fox?" and later on "I will also take zee skin." That is a day's hunting I shall not forget in a hurry! George Travess, my first whipper-in, benefited by this incident.

Another very strange hunt I had was in 1912, and I describe it as the best scenting day I have ever known. We met at Tandridge and found our fox at Foyle. There was a screaming scent, and it was a great job to live with hounds as they raced via Pipers Wood to Stow Copse. Through this covert hounds did not dwell a moment. I viewed their fox about two fields ahead of hounds as they came out of covert, but to my astonishment after hounds had left covert another fox came out and for fully two miles hunted the line of hounds!

Our hunted fox went through Oakhurst and Yew Tree Farm, over Tanglewood to Lloyds Gorse. The bitches were now screaming at him and drove him through Horne Court Wood away to Sangers, where he turned right-handed and hounds killed him in the open at Lower Harisham. There was not a semblance of a check—a nine-mile point and fully twelve miles as hounds ran.

Extra *Nourishing* because of the specially selected Wheat and the fresh Butter

McVitie's Digestive biscuits are always welcome at any time of the day. Only the finest selected home-grown wheat and dairy-fresh butter goes into them. That is why they are so delicious and so nourishing. It is the reason for their universal popularity. Ask your grocer or confectioner for McVitie's Digestive.

McVITIE *and* PRICE LIMITED

McVitie's *Digestive*

BISCUITS

"THROW YOUR HEART OVER AND THEN FOLLOW IT AS QUICKLY AS YOU CAN"

Lucy Glitters in *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*

A picture of the famous horsewoman "Skittles," who was well known with the Shire packs in the middle of the last century. She is believed by many to be the original of Surtees' creation, Lucy Glitters

From the engraving by C. Rost after the painting by F. C. Turner, reproduced by courtesy of Mr. R. C. Calleby, M.H., Reedham, Norfolk

New Books

SERVICE AND SUCCESS

A Norfolk Poacher—A Statesman of Washington

FEW men have been held in so high esteem by a very wide circle of friends as the late Lord Lovat. Few men have touched life at so many points, fewer still have so constantly succeeded in adorning that which they touched. It is therefore likely that the first thoughts of those, other than his personal friends, who read Sir Francis Lindley's careful and balanced picture of his brother-in-law will be to ask themselves how a man like Simon Lord Lovat, who was capable of such great achievement, and who did indeed achieve so much, who had such gifts of personality and character, should be to-day unknown and forgotten to the ordinary man in the sense of the reader of the popular "National" daily papers.

The reason lies not so much in the defects of his character as in its strength. Man, Aristotle tells us, is a political animal. But Simon Lovat was no political animal. In the author's words, "while Lovat would leave no stone unturned, no wire unpulled, to help a friend, or further a cause he had at heart, it must be admitted that he took an almost perverse pleasure in creating an unfavourable impression on those with power to further his personal fortunes. He preferred the fun and moral satisfaction he got from this behaviour to the solid advantages which would have followed a more accommodating attitude. As it never occurred to him to complain of the results of this preference, it does not become his friends to do so. . . ." But granting all that, one is still left wondering whether it may not after all be true that men of the highest character and achievements may find it increasingly difficult to come to the front in a modern democracy.

The part of Lovat's work which will live longest in the public memory is the raising of the Lovat's Scouts, and one cannot but think what a loss he was to the British Army. Had he worked at Oxford he would have passed into the infantry and entered the Scots Guards, his family regiment. As it was he joined the 1st Life Guards, and soon found that there was not sufficient outlet here for his abundant energies. Had he been able to suffer subordination to incompetence and hierarchical pompesity sufficiently gladly he might well have commanded an army, or even more, in the late war. As it was he became Sir Douglas Haig's Director of Forests, and performed a task which perhaps no other man could have achieved. Lovat's Scouts were probably the finest body of specialists ever enlisted in any army. Let Corporal Angus Chisholm speak for them. "Going along a road he called the attention of the officer in command of the detachment to a mark in the snow made by a rising pheasant, which would be said unless alarmed have merely hopped on to the low wall. The enemy must be in the little wood. The officer surrounded it and captured them." One would hardly expect that from Private Thomas Atkins or even Ensign Stubley.

But Lovat's most enduring monument in this country will probably rise in future years, when the countryside begins to reap the benefits of his work as virtual founder of the Forestry Commission. He was an ardent forester, and an ideal chairman. His charm, his quick mind, his desire to avoid quarrels, his vast range of personal friends, the prestige associated with his name, and above all the way he treated his subordinates all served to help him achieve what no other countryman of our generation could have done. But these were only a few of his activities; grouse disease, county council work, plantations in Brazil and cotton growing in the Sudan, organising backwoods peers, or managing his great estates—these are but specimens.

Sir Francis Lindley has done his work well, the better because he never complains of the comparative lack of public recognition that Lovat received. Yet to measure his character and his work against his public recognition is not a study in the failings of democracy: it is a re-orientation of values. R. M.

Lord Lovat, 1871–1933. By Sir Francis Lindley. (Hutchinson; 18/–.)

"'TIS MY DELIGHT"

THERE are quite one or two good songs which glorify the poacher. And there are for ever writers of prose and poetry who insist on crowning the evil-doer with the wild parsley of Romance. Charles Kingsley is one of these laudators and Charles St. John is another. Mr. St. John's "Ronald" (Ronald's original was one Kennedy) is a far more picturesque figure in *Wild Sports* than is its author's honest gamekeeper, Donald. There is also Mr. Bartram's fictional Fowsey, an unsavoury old scamp, but not unlovable. Fowsey might have been the hero on whom the author of this autobiography, *I Walked by Night*, modelled his own long ago boyhood. His book is the only true and personal record that I remember of an actual poacher of the old, or any other, school.

The anonymous author, he calls himself "King of the Norfolk Poachers," has been fortunate in finding a most accomplished editor in Miss Lilias Rider Haggard, and, in Mr. E. Seago, a delightful illustrator. But the book is its author's own, and a very excellent entertainment it is. It was not (says Miss Rider Haggard) written for publication. Rather was it the outcome of an old man's loneliness, who must now (as he says) "make himself content till the finish." It was written in penny exercise books and in a little cottage overlooking the Waveney Valley, where the author and his dog live alone—two old and unrepentant lurchers whom "the game has given up"—never they the game.

LORD LOVAT
"Having known him I now understand the whole course of Highland history"

Some of these memories came into the possession of a farmer for whom the old man worked as mole catcher. The farmer's wife, knowing that Miss Haggard had "a fancy for such things," put the ex-king's autobiography into her hands, and I at least am in her debt inasmuch as she has published a sufficiency of it exactly as its author wrote it down.

The story goes back a long way. It goes back to the days of child-labour and transportation—the last (says he who amply qualified for it) being often the making of the transportee. It goes back to the days of public executions. It goes back to the days of spells (by which one's warts were magically removed), and "wise women" who could not only bewitch the lice from off a boy's head, but could tell a lass (along with the door-key and the Book of Ruth) if her lover were a true lover or if he was "false and fleele."

The "shiney nights" begin for our author when he, a child of thirteen, went to prison for a month with hard labour for killing a "rabbitt" on common ground. With an interval of ten years' goodly service as gamekeepr to a gentleman who put into happy practice the proverb about setting a thief to catch a thief, the rest of the autobiography is mostly that of an old-fashioned poacher. But a poacher with definite ideals which, while they permitted the robbing of a dovecote, made a henroost sacrosanct. The methods of taking game, fur and feathered, here set forth are not new and one wonders how, in a county of intensive preserving, they were carried out with (except for that initial "rabbitt"), practically, a lifelong impunity.

Here is a book that I very heartily recommend. It is entirely archaic: it is full of odd conceits and philosophies, of folklore and old songs. And throughout it, unstudied and occasional, goes, as a thread of gold, the author's love for his girl wife whom he lost many years ago. She was as good a poacher as he. She could "run and jump" as he. She was "a dear pall as well as a loven wife." His book is, perhaps, an unconscious tribute to the memory of a loyal and joyous lass. P. R. C.

I Walked by Night. (Ivor Nicholson: 15/–.)

A GREAT NEGOTIATOR

MR. HAROLD NICHOLSON'S biography of *Dwight Morrow* lacks something of the delicacy of his study of Lord Carnock, and something of the brilliance of his Curzon, but as a literary achievement it is probably his best work. He is perhaps the only modern English man of letters who could have achieved a satisfactory life of a Great American. There is no doubt of the book's success from the point of view of the British reader; sane, tempered, enthusiastic, penetrating, it is not till one has completed it that one realises that it is something of a *tour de force*. And from the American point of view? Will the cultivated and informed American regard it in the same way as the Briton of similar pretensions would regard M. Maurois on Shelley?

The publisher on the jacket tells us that this is a sort of supplementary volume to Mr. Nicholson's Diplomatic trilogy. Yet one might as well describe a life of Wesley as a sort of Prelude, a history of the Oxford Movement. For of the four hundred pages less than a hundred are devoted to professional diplomacy, and though Morrow was a superb negotiator he was anything but a professional diplomat. Here is one of Morrow's domestic catechisms. "Question: Do you know what an Embassy is? Answer: The home of the Dodo. Question: And who, pray is the Dodo? Answer: The Dodo is somebody who is dead but doesn't know it." Nor was one of Morrow's greatest achievements, the settlement in some measure of the quarrel between Church and State in Mexico, "professional." It was very much the reverse. Yet would one not prefer the prayers at a thousand thanksgiving services "for that good man who helped the church to find the way to peace" to the smug and placid blandness of an applied etiquette? "As the Church bells rang for Morrow's achievements he called across to his wife, 'I have opened the churches in Mexico.' The noise continued unabated and was increased by the explosion of fireworks and maroons. 'Would you,' Morrow asked after half an hour of this inferno, 'now like me to close the churches in Mexico?'"

No, the great interest to an Englishman in these volumes is the fact that a man who was internationally honoured for integrity and achievement as Grey was among Englishmen, or Bethmann-Hollweg among Germans, should have found so comparatively little scope in public life, and to feel, with something of the bland smugness of the professional already referred to, that it must have been otherwise in this country. Though it is true that Morrow as a Morgan Partner was as much suspect in public life as the owner of a greater Daily Newspaper would be in England, it is curious that he remained and remains the "prophet not without honour" to the mass of his compatriots. R. M.

Dwight Morrow. By Harold Nicholson. (Constable: 18/–.)

PADDOCK PERSONALITIES

FOR over 30 years Mr. J. Fairfax-Blakeborough has played a prominent part on the Turf, especially in the North, where he has been trainer, owner, journalist and judge. There is little wonder, then, that he has been much behind the scenes and seen many racing men come and go. Of an older generation, of those who are still actively engaged in various spheres of Turf activity he writes charmingly in a volume of some three hundred pages which he has aptly enough called *Paddock Personalities*. But it is something more behind the title than that, for not only does the author give us vignettes of owner and trainer and jockey, but also intersperses them with many a good story seasoned with dry and pungent wit. He pays, too, a striking tribute to the late Mr. Dobson Peacock, and he has also much to say of William l'Anson and others who contributed their quota to Turf history, not forgetting that quaint character, Martin Gurry, who was quite illiterate, and whose favourite saying was: "I never push myself forward, but I'll take d—d good care no one ever pushes me an inch back!"

A most readable volume is this, which is something more than a catalogue of Turf doings, sayings and deeds, but rather a book which rings true and reflects a Yorkshireman's love for the thoroughbred and racing for its own sake. W. F.

Paddock Personalities. Introduction by the Marquis of Zetland. (Hutchinson, London; 12/6 net.)

ON THE UPPER WATER OF THE WYLYE
A big one in prospect

THE WYLYE

Changes and Chances on a Famous Stream

By A. H. HALL

OF the many lesser chalk streams in the South of England probably none excel in beauty the tributary of the Salisbury Avon, which flows from near Warminster down to Wilton. I remember it first in the late 'eighties, when my father used to be granted fishing by the Earl of Pembroke. Large stretches of the water were weedbound and unfishable; trout were comparatively scarce, and so were grayling, but they were simple in those days, and there were sufficient fish to afford quite good sport.

Mr. Collins, the then secretary of the Hungerford Club, was getting dissatisfied with the Kennet fishing, and my father suggested that the Wylye was worth consideration. In 1889 or 1890 the old Hungerford Club took over the water from Steeple Langford to Wilton, and under the title of the Wilton Club, has fished the water ever since.

After extensive netting, when large quantities of pike, roach, dace, and a few perch were removed, the water was restocked. After a few years of short seasons and restricted limits, sport became good. This state of affairs continued with normal fluctuations until the war. Occasional 3lb. trout, and a fair number of two-pounders, were caught, grayling increased, too, and fish from 1¼lb. to 2lb. were plentiful and rose well.

The war came. Army horses stationed a few miles upstream were washed with disinfectant, and much of the food in the river was killed. The fishing deteriorated rapidly, and, in spite of stocking and the killing off of coarse fish, sport was poor for some years afterwards. In the year 1923, and subsequently in 1925-6-7, there were good hatches of mayfly, which normally appears only in small quantities. These brought up the large trout, and some very fine ones were caught, one over 7lb., and quite a number of six- and five-pounders, but the general stock was still low. In 1927 one member, fishing an alder in May, had the remarkable catch of six trout weighing a couple of ounces under 21lb., in one day. From that year the mayfly has been scarce, and captures of large fish infrequent, though the stock of trout has much increased, and for the past two years may be said to have reached its normal level.

It is a difficult river to fish, the water is very clear, and in many places the banks are high and without much cover. Added to this, the valley is open and downstream winds prevail. The hatch of fly is rather uncertain, but probably not more so than in most chalk streams, and killable fish can usually be obtained, as, with the exception of the large trout, they are free risers. There are too many grayling usually, and no close season for them is observed from May onwards till the end of the year. They seem to be in good condition at any time. Until the last two years, bags of ten brace, with the best dozen averaging 1½lb., were by no means uncommon. Since then the number of large grayling has notably diminished, and what has happened to them remains a mystery. Above the Wilton Club's water grayling were unknown in the last decade of last century, but now they swarm, and one theory is that a further migration of the bigger fish has taken place.

Smaller grayling there are in plenty, and still a fair quantity of the larger ones, but with the low water of the past three years, they have taken to feeding near the surface, and off the tail of weed banks like trout. They are, as Dr. Barton recently said, very hard to hook, and sometimes it seems as if one's strike was too slow, but at other times too fast. The trout are noticeable for the slow strike necessary to hook them firmly, and the rule of allowing one second for each pound that the fish is estimated to weigh, gives not infrequently too quick a strike. It will sometimes be found when fishing dry, that a similar pause before striking will hook more grayling than a quick strike. When fishing the nymph, the strike can hardly be too quick, and the Yorkshire rule to strike as soon as the fish leaves the bottom for the rise is a sound one.

Though the Wylye will never compete with the Itchen or the Test as a big-trout stream, good sport may be had with fish from a pound to a pound and a half, and it will be a pity if the grayling fishing, of a quality as good as can be found in this country, is to disappear, though this seems unlikely with the present stocks.

In the years in which I have known the river various changes have taken place in the hatch of fly. The black gnat, which in July and August has occasionally brought out the big trout, now rarely appears, and the blue-winged olive is much less common than heretofore. The iron blue used so rarely to be seen that my father's fly box contained no examples; now it is one of the most abundant species in the fishery, and, as usual when a rise is on, the trout are difficult to catch. In the second half of the season, at any rate, a small red tag seems to be more successful than an imitation of the natural fly. The trout have all the vices of their larger brethren of the more famous streams, bulging, minnowing and tailing with the best.

In few valleys are the conditions more pleasant, stone curlews make their weird calls from the downs on both sides of the river, snipe drum overhead, kingfishers flash past, while reed and sedge warblers provide the music beloved by the fisherman. The bird population too has somewhat changed with the years; whinchats are now uncommon, but grasshopper warblers have increased; coots have almost disappeared, on the draining of a large swamp in the middle of this reach; but the most noticeable decrease is in the greenfinch. Nowhere in this country have I seen so many as used to be found near Wishford. In one day two of us, in the meadows adjoining the river and in less than two miles, found no fewer than 135 nests with eggs or young; in one large bush there were actually five tenanted nests. Now they are not nearly so common as chaffinches.

The vegetation too has seen some striking changes; the great gales of 1929 destroyed most of the poplars which were a feature of the landscape, watercress was uncommon, but now has to be severely restricted in places. After the war, the unusual sight of poppies growing near the water's edge was observed in several spots, and the beautiful yellow mimulus increased rapidly. Now the poppies have quite disappeared, and mimulus is only seen in a few favoured places.

GOOD COVER NEAR KINGSMEAD
A point of vantage for the angler on the Middle Wylye

SPORTING DOGS AND OTHERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Cockers and Terriers the Favourites

By A. CROXTON-SMITH

MRS. ELMS'S BLOODHOUND MARKSMAN OF REYNALTON

A successful entrant in a particularly fine class

THOSE people who say that one dog show is very much like another are really not particularly observant, for those who are capable of looking beneath the surface find that each has its own particular atmosphere. Cruft's is one thing, Birmingham another, and the Kennel Club is entirely different. In a sense, the Kennel Club show of to-day, such as that staged last week at the Crystal Palace, represents an orderly progression among the gundogs that is attached to Cruft's. Coming after the opening of partridge and pheasant shooting, and in the midst of the field-trial season, it is not to be expected that we should see such an assembly of retrievers, pointers, setters and spaniels at the Crystal Palace as at the Royal Agricultural Hall, but for all that the event is representative, and last week the gundog section had an average of entries that compared well with any of the others.

That the terriers should have been the most numerous of the five groups into which dogs are divided is not surprising. War-time conditions and the all-round increases in the cost of living swung breeders round to the smaller dogs when operations were resumed in peaceful times, and so it came about that terriers had a considerable impetus. Gundogs, too, have not been uninfluenced by the movement. Last week, as is customary nowadays, Cocker spaniels put up by far the largest entry.

In this show, the dog challenge certificate for a change went to a black, a colour that, in the early days of Cockers, was predominant. The lucky one was Marksman of Glenbervie, entered by Mr. A. Badenach-Nicholson, of Drumlithie, Scotland. The most successful bitch was Diana of Sunnybank, another black owned by Messrs. A. R. Dennison and H. S. Lloyd. What a contrast this show was from those at the beginning of the century. At that time Cockers, although they excited a good deal of interest, had not enjoyed a separate identity long enough to have enabled breeders to get a really fixed type. Some will say that that was a matter of no importance for field work, but the steps that were taken 34 years ago have no doubt been responsible for bringing these spaniels into line with working requirements. The removal of the weight limit of 25lb. permitted the production of a stronger dog, capable of retrieving, and one imagines that the greater length of jaw now fashionable is also helpful to the same end.

Mrs. E. Walker's beautiful Red setter Ch. Hartsbourne Vanity, is one of those outstanding dogs that shine in any company, and the bitch certificate went to her. On the second day she was awarded the Send Gold Vase, presented by Mr. Gordon Stewart for the best gundog, and she was a serious claimant for the trophy presented for the best in the show. The judges, however, preferred two of the terrier kind for the first place and as runner-up, the Scottish terrier, Ch. Heather Realisation, being made the supreme of all exhibits. This good dog belongs to Mr. R. Chapman, of Glenboig, Scotland, who bred him, and has also bred many other great Scotties.

The reserve was a Wire foxterrier bitch, Mr. E. Grice's Stockfield Sequence, and Hartsbourne Vanity, and Miss A. Doxford's Saluki, Ch. Sarona Gemil also remained in the ring. No one would have quarrelled with the judges if either of these beautiful bitches had gone to the top.

The challenge certificate in Irish setter dogs, by the way, went to Mrs. Selwyn's Shaun of Matsonhouse, one that has been winning consistently for some years. He must be a laster, as he was whelped in December of 1927. Lorna Lady Howe had her usual triumph in Labradors with that good dog, Ch. Banchory Trueman and his daughter, Bickley Jane, both of which were made the best of their sex. The more one looks at Trueman the better one likes him, and if he had challenged for the best in show on the second day there is no doubt that he would have given the judges something to think about.

Lord Chelmsford, who is working so hard to encourage the exhibition of beagles, was showing one of them as well as bloodhounds and bassets. His beagle Pirate has a wonderful front, and is altogether an attractive hound. The two challenge certificate winners in this breed were most delightful little hounds, the dog being Miss W. M. D. Wills's Mischief, and the bitch Mrs. E. D. Stockley's Crocus. A couple of bloodhounds of the highest class were most successful in a fine lot. They were Mrs. Elms's Marksman of Reynalton and Mrs. Michael Sadleir's Ch. Sarah of Barchester.

BEST DOG IN THE SHOW

"The judges preferred two of the terrier kind for first place and runner up, the Scottish terrier Ch. Heather Realisation being made the supreme of all exhibits"

WELL-TRIMMED FOR THE RING

The poodle, which was once a common sight in London streets, is now a rarity except on the bench. Phidgitty Swift, an entrant at the Kennel Club Show, is seen above

LADY HOWE'S BANCHORY TRUEMAN

"The more one looks at Trueman the more one likes him"

T. Fall

MR. A. BADENACH-NICHOLSON'S MARKSMAN OF GLENBERVIE

Winner of the dog challenge certificate in Cockers, which went to a black for a change

ENCOURAGING THE WILD PHEASANT

How to Restrain His Wanderlust and Attract His Appetite

By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN GOODWIN, K.C.B.

IN writing of the "wild" pheasant, I am considering only the genuinely wild pheasant, the bird which has never known, and whose parents probably have never known, the feeding whistle of the keeper or the fostering care of the domestic hen.

The really "wild" hen pheasant is by no means the careless and incompetent mother that she frequently is supposed to be; on the contrary, she is a very careful and devoted parent, and will bring up a good brood of chicks despite many difficulties and dangers, although not so efficiently as in the case of the partridge; but then we must remember that the hen pheasant is single-handed as regards the care of her offspring and cannot look to her polygamous mate for any assistance, whereas the cock partridge takes his full share in the brooding and care of the chicks and, should any disaster befall the hen bird, he himself will take over the entire care of the young covey.

There are both advantages and disadvantages regarding wild pheasants on a small shoot. One drawback is that pheasants are essentially "wanderers" and not "home-lovers" as are the partridge, and it by no means follows that birds which have been hatched and reared on the ground comprising a "small shoot" will be found there in November or even in October.

Pheasants love the vicinity of water and will follow the course of a stream for miles, and when the acorns and beechmast begin to fall the pheasants wander along the hedgerows for long distances; when the shades of evening approach the birds roost in any convenient tree or even—a most dangerous procedure—on the ground, and continue their travels next day.

However, taking everything into consideration, the wild pheasant is a really sporting bird, and well worthy of care and attention on a small shoot, care which will be amply repaid. It must not be expected, of course, that on a limited area of ground anything in the nature of a "covert shoot" can be expected, that is to say, a "set piece" with a small army of beaters and "stops," some half-dozen guns and a good bag by the end of the day. The most that can be hoped for is an occasional "small" day with three or four guns and the same number of men, while a few reliable dogs will be found invaluable.

Such a day may be—and usually is—really sporting, for the wild pheasant is an exceedingly knowing bird and takes a good deal of circumventing, so that every bird out-manœuvred and shot is "worth while." Probably all of us have heard it said that the hand-reared pheasant does not fly well, and almost annually we hear and read diatribes about the "slaughter of half-tame poultry." Well, once on the wing and 'swinging high over the guns I can see no difference between the flight of a hand-reared and that of a really wild pheasant; both can be missed—by me at all events—with equal facility, but I think there is one essential difference, and that is in the much greater wildness of the wild bird.

In a covert shoot one often sees a stream of well-handled birds coming straight and high over the guns; then one particular bird, rising a little way back, rockets up through the trees and, having cleared their tops, swings away back, high over the beaters' heads; I think that such a bird is usually a wild one.

Apart from such "small" days when attention will be devoted to shooting spinneys, copses, and so on, a very great deal of sport may be obtained with one other gun, or even single-handed, accompanied by a dog or two, reliable steady spaniels which will face any cover and work through any brake or hedgerow, however thick and thorny, and make certain of the recovery of every "runner." On such a day every bird will have to be worked for really hard, and at its end both men and dogs will be tired, but every bird has been earned and every shot fired lingers in the memory with pleasant retrospect.

One obtains a good idea of such days in a very accentuated form when one reads the old diaries of Colonel Hawker, that indefatigable sportsman (and I fear poacher!). Colonel Hawker preferred to shoot by himself; in fact he wrote, in 1818: "I consider more than two guns a party for fun and society and not a party for sport." On October 1st, 1832: "Out from 7 in the morning, and wet to the skin, till 5 o'clock dinner. All the pheasants I set eyes on, the whole day, were three splendid cocks and a fine young hen. My bag was three pheasants, two rabbits and a jack snipe, so that our first of October was a very satisfactory day."

Note the entry in his diary for October 1st, 1847: "I do not think that many men nowadays would be content to work hard for over five hours for two pheasants and one hare as he did on that occasion, and he was then over 60 years of age, in poor health and suffering greatly from an old war wound."

"I suppose that pheasants—however 'wild' they may be—are less seasoned and experienced now than they were in those days, and I much fear that the men of our generation are less keen and less willing to endure physical hardship and exertion for the sake of sport. Nevertheless, even though we and our birds may be of a 'softer' strain, yet there are still many of us who can enjoy most thoroughly a 'rough' day, are willing to work hard and are content with a very moderate bag, more especially if such a bag be a varied one. I think it was Jean Paul who wrote: 'Variety of mere nothings gives more pleasure than uniformity of somethings.'" So that, taking everything into consideration, the wild pheasant is well worthy of every attention and care by the owner of a small shoot. Much may be done by the destruction of vermin, the improvement of any small coverts, brakes or spinneys, and the provision of food and water. Pheasants must have water and, if this is not naturally existent on the shoot, watering troughs should be provided. Grit should be put down in suitable places, for pheasants require grit to grind their food.

With regard to food much may be done to keep the pheasants on or near their homeland by putting down food; in doing so it is not necessary—or even advisable—to put down large quantities; make the birds work for their provender, doing so will keep them interested and occupied. A cartload of "rakings" forms a great attraction; this should be turned over occasionally and grain scattered thereon and covered over so that the birds have to scratch and search for it.

Towards the end of the season I think it is wise not to be too hard on the cock birds; personally I think that the hen birds are attracted by—and search for—the cocks and, if a fair proportion of the latter be left on the ground they will inevitably collect around them a number of hen birds.

During the spring months care and attention must be devoted to the birds and their nests protected. If this be done a satisfactory result in the ensuing autumn and winter may be confidently anticipated, for pheasants are probably less affected by adverse climatic conditions than are partridges.

With regard to vermin, carrion crows must be rigorously dealt with or a large number of pheasants' eggs will be lost. One hesitates to mention the fox when speaking of vermin, but a fox—especially a vixen with a litter of cubs—is a terribly bad neighbour for the wild pheasant but, like all bad neighbours, he (or she) *must*—in a hunting country—be tolerated and mischief prevented so far as possible by adopting every precaution that can be devised.

If adequate attention be given to the wild pheasant during the spring and summer months the resulting reward may be looked for with confidence, for the birds will afford good sport, and let us hope that many of them will offer shots which will linger in the memory.

WITH THE LEAF ON THE BOUGH—FIRST SHOTS AT THE OCTOBER PHEASANT

THIS "FLASHSHOT" OF A PAIR OF WILD BADGERS LEAVING THE "SETT" WAS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR AT 1/12TH OF A SECOND EXPOSURE

THE NIGHT-LIFE OF THE BADGER

Revealed by Flashlight Photography

By L. J. LANGFORD

ABSOLUTE silence and stillness are imperative when photographing the badger. The unwelcome attentions of countless midges and mosquitoes must be ignored so far as is humanly possible. A badger's sight is not so perfect as his sense of smell, but he can see a head turned quickly or a hand raised suddenly. The fox and the otter appear to be warned as much by sight as by scent, but Brock does not appear to see a motionless observer even though he may be only 8ft. distant.

As the ring-doves flock into the pines, and as the roosting chatter of the blackbirds gives place to the hoot of the tawny owl, the fox is first away. Suddenly, a white-striped head is seen at the entrance to the sett, to be as quickly withdrawn into deeper gloom. This first appearance of Brock is often so rapid that one is left to wonder whether it is not some illusion of strained sight, but in a few minutes, if all is well, the shadow is again broken by the stripes as the uplifted sensitive muzzle carefully tests the air. The stripes even in such poor light are so white as to appear almost to glow. It is as if the white hair were slightly luminous. If the air coming to the sett is clean the badger, after this first reconnaissance, comes boldly out, to be followed perhaps by cubs or its mate. Sometimes six or seven adults may be seen to leave in succession at short intervals of perhaps two minutes, to wander off noisily through the undergrowth or along well-defined tracks far afield.

It is not difficult to design a simple flashlight apparatus to enable photographs of such scenes to be taken. Pictures so obtained are a permanent record and often reveal facts which were not apparent to the observer at the time, as the following example shows. The earliest record the writer has of cubs being abroad was on May 9th. On that evening, the south to south-west wind was not too constant, and I remained some little distance to the leeward of the sett smoking quietly until 8.30. Smoke indicates with certainty the direction of the many conflicting air-currents which almost invariably go with the broken nature of such ground and undergrowth as is peculiar to the site of a badger's fortress. One notes now often eddies of air work back towards the sett. The wind, too, is often fickle as daylight fades into night.

Very quickly ascending a tree which overlooked the sett I was surprised to see a badger's head. On subsequent glimpses, which were frequent, it seemed a very small head. At 8.45 the animal came outside—a small cub. Shortly before 9 o'clock two badgers could be seen waiting to emerge. Ten minutes later an old sow came out, and the cub was beside her flank. The cub nuzzled the sow as soon as she was clear of the hole, and she at once turned her head to caress the youngster. As this was the very moment at which I pressed the bell-push to fire the flash the resulting negative was badly blurred by the movement of the sow's head, but it revealed a second small cub tailing behind the adult, of which, until then, I had been entirely unaware.

It is popularly supposed that the badger moves backwards down the shaft if disturbed. This is true if he is not completely out of the earth. He is capable of extremely rapid movement in reverse, but if he is a yard or so clear of the hole then he turns to go down. If he is completely clear of the sett he is comparatively fearless and seems to be determined to go ahead.

TYPICAL ENTRANCE TO A BADGER'S "SETT"
Note the earth and stones thrown out during the autumn clean-up

Flashpowder usually requires some protection against the humidity of the atmosphere out of doors, and a sealed container made of thin celluloid sheet has been found most convenient, though the explosion of a full charge of powder so protected is, of course, more violent. Sashalite and other flash bulbs have the advantage of silence as there is no explosion. These bulbs have an exposure speed approximately equivalent to a shutter speed of 1/25th of a second and are thus sufficiently rapid to permit the use of an open shutter, unless the subject is moving quickly. The light given by a single bulb without a reflector is sufficient to yield a good negative on an ultra-fast plate at distances up to 12ft. or 15ft.

A well-designed reflector directs the light and decreases the tendency of the Sashalite, a bulb packed with metal foil which resembles tinfoil in appearance, to reflect very strongly what natural light there may be. For this reason I prefer to use flash-powder for animals like the badger, though nothing more than a silent flash should be used on a nesting bird, unless it be a little owl.

As the reflex movements of most animals are instantaneous, it is desirable to synchronise the camera shutter with the maximum brilliance of the flash. Any shutter of the between-lens type can be operated successfully by means of the magnets and armature from an old electric bell. Shutters of the roller-blind and focal-plane types can also be operated in the same way, but are more difficult to synchronise because of a natural lag or delay in the commencement of the movement. Relatively high speeds of from 1/25th to 1/50th of a second are easily synchronised in the case of the between-lens shutter.

On one occasion a between-lens shutter at 1/50th and a focal-plane shutter at 1/300th of a second were operated on the same circuit. The experiment proved definitely that the subject, a young black rat, which was reaching for bait suspended above it in the between-lens negative, had resumed an all-fours position by the time the focal-plane camera had operated. In this work it is advisable to permit one lead to the electric battery, which is used to fire the flash and to operate the shutter, to remain disconnected until all arrangements are complete and the remainder of the circuit in order.

An alternative method is to allow the animal to operate the mechanism by touching a fine trip wire or bramble placed in its path and attached at one end to a spring contact. Wire is much better than thread for this purpose as the latter contracts in a damp atmosphere and tends to give abortive exposures. Care must be exercised if protected flash powder is used that the flash is out of reach of children.

INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS

A Notable French Junior

AFTER a pleasant two days' play at Queen's Club last week, the International L.T.C. of France beat the International L.T.C. of Great Britain by eleven events to four. It was the thirteenth meeting between the two sections of the I.C., and the friendly rivals are now at six all with one match, 1930 at Auteuil, drawn. Seven matches have been played at Queen's and six at Auteuil, and curiously France has only won once and Great Britain only twice at home. The constitution of the teams always has an added interest owing to the inclusion of veterans, thus the matches become representative in a special degree.

This feature was present again at Queen's. The French team were M. Bernard, F. Blanchy, J. Borotra, B. Destremeau, P. Feret, A. Gentien, G. Glasser and R. Rodel; the British team were E. R. Avory, I. G. Collins, J. C. Gregory, W. A. Ingram, A. H. Lowe, J. S. Olliff, E. C. Peters, A. D. Prebble, N. Sharpe, R. K. Tinkler, C. R. D. Tuckey, F. H. W. Wilde and D. H. Williams. The two captains were P. Gillon and H. W. Austin, who was unable to play on account of shoulder strain; the hon. referee was Colonel A. R. F. Kingscote. Thus the history of the past was represented as well as the promise of the future.

In the essence of these matches and their underlying idea there is something valuable to the game which is unattainable through any other form of competition. They are an international advertisement of permanence and superior to any parade for a prize. Just a lawn tennis party, if you will, but with whole-hearted play to accompany it, and distinct from the humdrum of the season's round.

As to the play technically it sufficed to bring out in this country the French junior champion, B. Destremeau. He is eighteen years old only, and his future seems bright. He hits cleanly and has the ranking instinct for the volley. He is tall, and takes advantage of it, but not so as to press height to do rhythm's job. Jean Borotra was again the irrepressible enjoyer of his favourite surface, and R. K. Tinkler on our side showed how near he is to the best. J. E. C.

GOLF IN THE MUD

When Circumstances Warrant Lifting the Ball

By E. R. TIPPLE

A ROUND of golf after tea is no longer possible. Indeed we have now to begin early in the afternoon if we wish to reach the eighteenth before darkness overtakes us. With the rain and cold winds of winter comes mud, the bugbear of all players. A few players who do not deserve to be styled golfers, put away their clubs during the winter, but the vast majority go out in any sort of weather.

Even in these modern times, and despite the wonderful systems of drainage, there are precious few inland courses entirely free from mud and sodden fairways and greens. Several of the more famous clubs and all of the wealthy ones, manage to preserve a reasonable state of appearances and a game can be had free from worm-casts, but on other courses there is a different story told. Members have literally to plough their way round and you can see their tracks as they plod wearily through casual water—which is not so casual really for it stays all the winter—and mud.

Most golfers, it has to be admitted, play the game for fun; but is it fun to hack a golf ball out of a muddy lie and get dirty yourself in the process? If golfers are to continue playing in winter, and if they are to obtain their deserved enjoyment, then they need some assistance. Clubs should face this question frankly and bring into force special winter rules permitting golfers to place, or in some cases tee up, their ball through the green. I am well aware that many diehards consider such an act as placing a ball on the fairway contrary to all golfing ethics, but what about golf in the mud without such a rule?

There is nothing to be gained by walloping a golf ball out of a muddy hole. Indeed, such a performance can do a good deal of harm both to the course and to the player. Bad lies mean huge divots, and with many golfers playing the consequent damage can be easily imagined. Turf needs care and attention if it is to withstand all the wear it receives to-day. Placing the ball saves the club much expense as regards upkeep as well as helping each player to preserve what swing he possesses.

No club wishes to be looked upon as having a muddy course, yet common sense should take the place of vanity and winter rules be instituted. In America at this time of year one can see in the club houses notices, "Winter Rules in Play," and the players pick up their balls, clean then, and place, them wherever they choose. I met one man who used to hunt for three or four worm casts, mould them together like a child making a sand castle, and place the ball on top. He would then take his driver and frequently play a bad shot. The hand of fate, his opponents called it! At any rate, a clean wooden peg tee would have been more serviceable. Even when we know it is not real golf we manage to enjoy ourselves, more because of this generous allowance and, besides, a little "cheating," which is officially permitted, can be very pleasant. Any golfer respects a club which faces facts and bows before the dictatorship of the weather and allows placing, for at more than one, whose course is in a bad state, the committee maintain there is no need for such a procedure. The English spring may be all that poets claim, but in an English winter golfers at any rate need all the encouragement they can get if they in their turn are to obtain some enjoyment.

Mention of enjoyment recalls one of the most popular of competitions, the Branksome Challenge Cup. This year's event takes place on Sunday, October 27th, over the Parkstone Club's course near Bournemouth—no mud there!—and is the sixth anniversary. Play is over 36 holes, and the winner is the player who returns the lowest aggregate scratch score. Other prizes will be given for leading handicap returns, and there is no entrance fee. Those stopping at the Branksome Tower Hotel are eligible to compete, and entries must reach the Editor, *Golf Illustrated*, 28, Woburn Place, London, W.C. 1, by first post on October 21st. Those who have stayed at this hotel and enjoyed its hospitality will be eager for another opportunity of renewing its acquaintance, whilst those who have not taken part in this golf tournament need only enquire of those who have to be assured that the experience is well worth while.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT RUCKLEY

THE Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever Society held their trials on October 10th and 11th at Ruckley, near Shifnal, by kind permission of Captain G. Reid Walker and Colonel Howard MacLean. The weather was fine, but windy on the first day. The judges were Messrs. J. C. Rogers-Coltman, J. L. Somerville and R. Barber-Starkey. There was an abundance of game, but the partridges were wild and difficult to handle.

In the All-aged Stake judging was done by the new method, i.e., four dogs down only and the middle judge with a roving commission to watch any work done by either. The majority of people present, including the judges, considered this method to work very well. Mr. Eccles's Haulstone Bob was first; his marking was extremely good, and he was only defeated by one strong runner which was lost. Second, Sir Edmund Spriggs's Yellow Labrador F.T. Ch. Janet, though nine years old, showed most of her old pace and all of her old intelligence. Equal third, Mr. H. Corbet's F.T. Ch. Adderley Trim was not in her usual form, and Croughton Syren, although finding nearly all her game, had a bad delivery.

Scent on the second day, when the Non-Winners' Stake was run, was the worst I have experienced, and as an instance ten dogs were tried on a simple dead partridge in the same roots and all failed. The judges decided to award only two prizes and no certificates of merit. The winner, Sir George Cuyler's Togo of Clan, is a very quick retriever with an excellent pick-up and return. Second, Miss Woodward's Jean of Dalnaspidal, did some useful plodding work and gathered most of her game.

Certificates of merit in the All-aged Stake went to Mr. J. H. Hulme's Lab. d. Withington Sprat; Mr. H. R. Cooke's Flat-coat d. Quick of Riverside; and Mrs. Fletcher's Lab. b. Vena of Bronwylfa.

Mr. King, the headkeeper, managed the trials exceedingly well, and the two days were much enjoyed by everybody.

R. E. B.

AT IDSWORTH

AT Idsworth, on October 11th and 12th, the Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society held their trials, by kind invitation of Lorna Countess Howe. Bramshaw Mischief, winner of the Kennel Club Stake the previous week, repeated his success in the All-aged Stake. Banchory Varnish, first in the Non-winners' stake, is a very promising young dog, with good nose and style. There was plenty of game, though partridges were scarce on Chalton owing to the cold in May and June. The judges were Major Benson, Mr. C. Campbell and Mr. W. East. The awards were:—

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Sir George Thursby's Lab. b. Bramshaw Mischief; 2nd, Major Despencer-Robertson's Lab. b. F.T. Ch. Quest of Wilbury; 3rd, Colonel Ulric Thynne's Lab. d. Mentham Hoodie Crow. Res., Mrs. Hextall's Golden b. Avishay's Luba. Certificates of Merit: Mrs. Jervoise's Lab. b. Herriard Bridget; Miss Newton-Deakin's Golden b. Silence of Tone; Mr. H. W. Hoskyn's Golden b. Tiny of Perrott; Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d. Banchory Smiler; and Mr. H. Venable's Kyrke's Golden d. Anningsley Stingo.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Lorna Countess Howe's Lab. d. Banchory Varnish; 2nd, Sir George Thursby's Lab. b. Bramshaw Brownie; 3rd, Mrs. Hextall's Golden d. Avishay's Brush. Res., The Hon. Lady Ward's Lab. d. Spice of Chalton Foliat. Certificates of Merit: Sir George Thursby's Lab. b. Bramshaw Bogey; Mrs. Charlesworth's Golden b. Nonnby Dierdre; Mrs. Jervoise's Lab. b. Herriard Ann; and Miss Despencer-Robertson's Lab. b. Painted Lady of Wilbury.

LABRADORS AT KINMOUNT

AT Kinmount, Annan, the Yellow Labrador Club held their eleventh field trials on October 7th and 8th. Everything was extremely well organised by the keeper and first-class ground was provided by Captain E. W. Brook, whose hospitality is greatly appreciated by the club. The judges were: Mr. J. Eccles, Dr. T. W. Stanton and Captain J. Steel. The awards were as follows:—

JUNIOR STAKE.—1st, Mr. A. Wormald's d. Knaith Bolt; 2nd, Mr. H. A. Bromet's b. Champagne; 3rd, Mr. A. Card's d. Vesper's Gift; 4th, Lord Middleton's b. Birdsall Wisdom. Reserve and certificate of merit were awarded to Mr. F. T. Bedford's d. Invader.

ALL AGED STAKE.—1st, Miss Hyde Harrison's b. Pavenham Virginia; 2nd, Mr. S. Gold's b. Sienna; 3rd, Mrs. Macpherson's b. Brucroy Ruddy; 4th, Mrs. Wormald's F.T. Ch. Knaith Brock; 5th, Mr. A. E. Dawson's d. Ready Money. Certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. A. Wood's b. Nansdip Nesta, Mrs. R. Straker's d. Riff Raff, and Mrs. E. W. Brook's b. Kinmount Nada.

Miss Wethered's Return.—Readers of the *Field* will no doubt be interested to know that Miss Joyce Wethered has resumed charge of the golf department at Messrs. Fortnum & Mason. Miss Wethered returns to England with an added store of wisdom and experience in the game as a result of her brilliant play during her golfing tour in the United States and Canada.

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.

GREY SQUIRRELS AS FOOD

SIR,—I was surprised to note that in your editorial remarks on grey squirrels it was stated that they are useless for eating purposes. Many people, including myself, have eaten them, and everyone who has done so agrees that their meat is quite palatable and well worth preparing for table. Personally, I consider the flavour and texture of grey squirrel much superior to rabbit—more comparable with chicken, in fact. In country districts of America they are much prized and even used as a special delicacy for invalids. They can be cooked in any of the usual ways for rabbits or game; simply roasted they are quite good and one squirrel is a convenient meal for one person with a hearty appetite. I find it best to chop off the head, forelegs and thorax, using only the hind legs and back, as there is not much meat on the fore-end.

The only objection to grey squirrel meat appears to be a curious æsthetic one. Some people dislike the idea because they think of the squirrels as such pretty little animals, while others regard them as repulsive beasts akin to rats! Actually, the food of these squirrels, consisting mainly of green shoots, buds, fruit, nuts and grain, is obviously conducive to a pleasant flavoured, tender and nutritious meat. If more people realised this unexploited source of good food, there would not be such a plague of these animals all over the country.

Yours faithfully,
Oxford. A. D. MIDDLETON.

SIR,—I was amused to read in the *Field* that the grey squirrel was "useless for food." If you told an American that, he would laugh at you. Not only are they excellent eating but well worth killing in the cold season for their coats, and if I lived in a district where they abounded I should soon have a nice muff and tippet made from their fur.

Yours faithfully,
Horse Farm, Old Sodbury. MARGRET HEINEMANN.

VAGARIES OF SCENT

SIR,—It seems that all people interested in hunting have been imbued for years and years with tales of the vagaries and the utter fickleness of scent. Various signs of good and bad scenting days have been handed down with the intention of helping one to make some forecast at the meet. Most of these have proved false some time or other and ruined one's faith in them. But supposing one starts the study of the subject with a knowledge of the following true facts one can go a long way towards understanding the supposed uncertainty of scent.

(1) Scent obeys gas laws, and
(2) Depends on meteorological conditions.

No wonder in a climate as changeable as that of England that the vagaries of scent are difficult to understand at first. Between eleven in the morning and five in the evening one day may include all sorts of weather, and each change in the weather may bring a change in scent.

When a huntsman arrives at the meet he has no means of improving the conditions for scent, but a true forecast would be invaluable for him. Should he know scent will be better in the afternoon than in the morning his whole draw may be affected; should he know scent in covert will be bad all day he will handle his hounds with the intention of preventing them from drawing over their foxes. And such points as these may frequently turn a poor day into a moderate day and generally raise the standard of sport throughout the season.

For four years research on this subject has been carried out at a station in Northern India, which is blessed with a pack of hounds and a meteorological office of the R.A.F. In addition meteorological conditions have been examined for any outstanding good or bad scenting day in the records of the Hunt there for over 25 years. It is now possible with an 80 per cent. degree of accuracy to foretell general scenting conditions for the following day. But there are many further directions in which discoveries may be made. Perhaps one of the greatest advantages of the climate at that station is the comparatively few changes in weather that occur during the day *vis à vis* the same period in England. As general deductions the following appear to be true. Scent depends on: (1) Lapse-rate, *i.e.*, variation in temperature at different heights from the ground; (2) humidity, i.e., at least 45 per cent. required if hounds are to run at all; (3) nature of the soil—moist land is usually better scenting than dry land. At the same time it appears that actual temperature has no effect on scent unless considered with other factors. Scent up wind is good, but a cross wind tends to cause a dispersal of scent. Heavy rain will wash out scent, but if the quarry swims a river the scent will spread and hounds can carry a good head and hunt with a grand cry if close enough to their quarry to reap the advantage of the spread of the scent before it disperses.

However efficient a forecast of scent can be made the glorious uncertainty about hunting will continue because of the effect of incidents in each hunt, *e.g.*, a fox with a long start may make a good scenting day appear only a moderate one; poor scenting foxes appear to exist and also good scenting ones; a headed fox gives a poor scent, also a vixen at certain times of the year; a fox well warmed up before leaving covert may make a moderate scenting day appear to be a good one; a fox running up or down wind will improve or lessen the scent respectively.

Interest in this absorbing subject has been stimulated by H. M. Budgett's book, *Hunting by Scent*, and about a year ago an article appeared in a military journal on "Poison Gas, Smoke and Hunting Scent." But surely with the elaborate meteorological machinery that exists in England, and with the results of twelve years gas research, very valuable data and facts can be discovered on this subject.

Yours faithfully,
Kent. H. S. G.

HEATHER BEETLES

SIR,—The following observations of the habits of the heather beetle in Wales during the past two years do not altogether coincide with published accounts of its life history.

The grubs swarmed throughout June, but by early July all had disappeared under the surface vegetation. The pupal stage lasted throughout July and August, and the beetle was first noted early in September. The areas most affected have usually been dry slopes where sphagnum is absent and often with a south aspect; this applies as much to the very dry Denbighshire moors as to the much wetter ones further west.

The insect has been unusually common during the last two years, and my own observations suggest that dry conditions and dry weather favour its increase though this is not in agreement with generally accepted ideas.

It would be interesting to know what other observers have noted both in Wales and the north.

Yours faithfully,
Glyn Orig, Cemmaes, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire. F. C. BEST.

LOW WATER SPINNING

SIR,—Perhaps Colonel Godfrey and other anglers may find the following notes on playing a salmon on a thread-line and fixed-spool reel of some assistance.

It should be kept in mind that the function of the slipping clutch is to enable various strengths of line to be used on the same reel with safety. In salmon fishing only two tensions are necessary—a full tension and no tension at all. The full tension is used when fishing, *before the salmon is hooked*. Its purpose is to ensure that the hook penetrates when the fish is struck. Immediately the salmon has been hooked the tension adjuster should be pushed round to "off" as far as it will go. This means that there is no tension on the reel at all, and that nothing which the fish can do, short of snagging or running out all the line, can cause a break; obviously, since the slightest movement of the fish pulls the line from the drum.

Most anglers, to begin with, feel entirely helpless when playing a heavy salmon on the "no strain" method with the fixed-spool reel. When they turn the handle to bring the fish back nothing happens, because the weight of the fish brings the slipping clutch into action. Although the mechanical tension has been removed from the reel, the angler must use the most effective of all brakes—a finger pressed on the lip of the spool—lightly when the fish is running, firmly when he wants to bring it back to his own side of the river. When that is the case he does not wind in at all, he merely walks backwards. Nine times out of ten the fish will follow him. He then approaches the fish rapidly, reeling up as he goes. If there is no space to walk the fish backwards he can walk it down or up, or bring it over by "pumping," but that is a laborious process.

All the efforts of the angler should be directed to keeping the fish on the move. A dour fish may sometimes be stirred up by pointing the rod at it and turning the handle of the reel rapidly. This causes an action which seems to irritate the fish. It is useless to attempt to get a dour fish to move by strain—the amount of strain which one can apply through a comparatively supple 5-oz. rod is negligible. If a fish refuses to move by any method which the angler adopts, such as vibrating or jerking the rod top—not severely, of course—stoning should be resorted to. This will move the dourest fish. The angler need not worry his head about slackening the line. There is little likelihood of the hook coming away—always provided, of course, that he is using small, fine-wire hooks.

Yours faithfully,
Glasgow. A. WANLESS.

[The practice of stoning is illegal in England.—ED.]

STALKING FOR THE POOR MAN

SIR,—With reference to the article on "Stalking for the Poor Man," by H. S. T., in your issue of September 14th, I could write an equally good article on how to obtain free food and free drinks from one's friends and others in London for the cost of one's taxi cabs.

Perhaps "H. S. T." does not realise that in the first place, to kill 47 stags one would require two stalkers, whose wages would come to at least £80 a year each—total £160. Then, as he requires garden produce, a gardener must be added, or another £80 a year. The assessor would probably assess the forest at, at least, £5 per stag, or, say, £250. The occupier's rates on £250 at, say, 5/- in the £, would come to £62 10s. The occupier's taxes on one-third of this rental at 4/6 per £ would amount to £18 8s. There are also the rates and taxes on the lodge to be added to this, which although not occupied still have to be paid for. The question of rent does not arise as there is less than nothing left for this.

In all, to provide "H. S. T." with his sport costs the proprietor at least £320 without considering rent, upkeep of lodge, rates and taxes on lodge and owner's rates and taxes, towards which "H. S. T." suggests his friends should contribute £50 or £100, leaving them indebted to the owner to the extent of over £200.

Yours faithfully,
Inverness. H. P.

LATE BIRD MIGRATION

SIR,—Perhaps the following records of late swifts will interest your readers: At Stowmarket, Suffolk, I saw two birds flying with martins and swallows on August 31st. A few days later, on September 4th, there was a single bird near Colchester, Essex, and on the evening of the same day I saw another flying over the Countess of Warwick's stables at Easton Lodge, Essex.

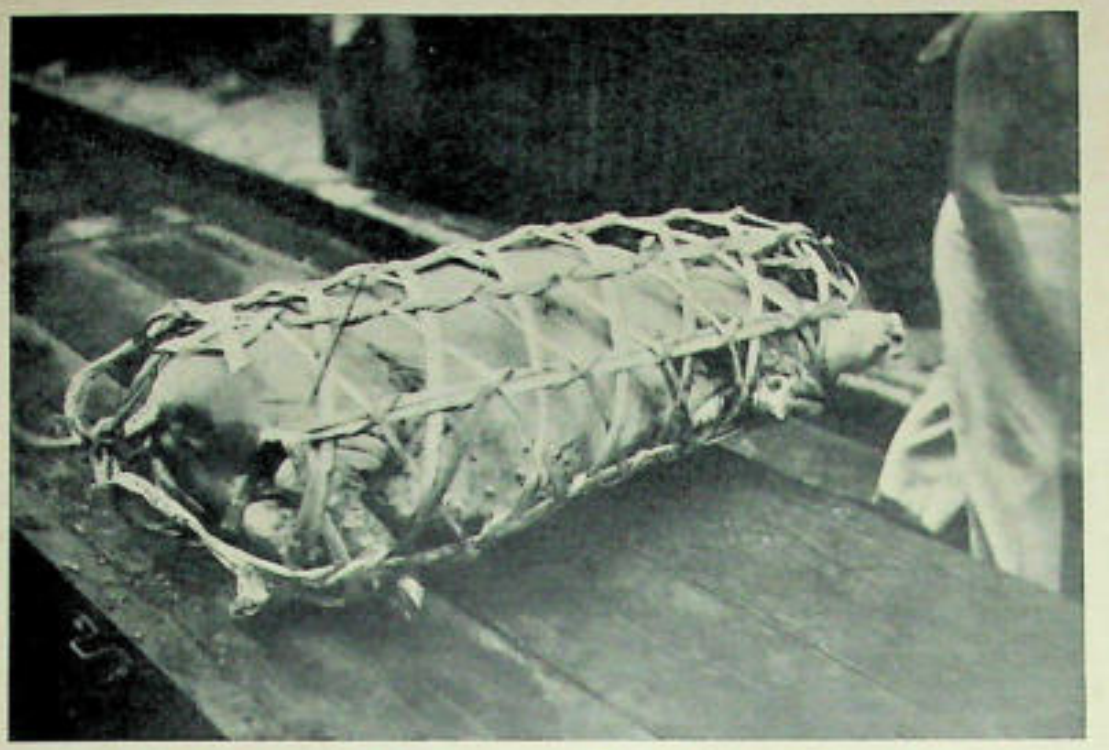
On returning to Ilfracombe I saw over a hundred swifts flying over the town on September 8th. By the morning they had all gone, but on the 11th I saw another bird leisurely hawking insects around the sea-cliffs. On the following day I watched six more, in company with martins, and although these were the last I saw, my friend Dr. W. J. Moon saw a pair of swifts near the Ilfracombe Golf Course on September 14th.

Yours faithfully,
Torrs Park, Ilfracombe. MICHAEL BLACKMORE.

SIR,—I was very much interested in an article in your issue of September 14th referring to the late stay of the summer birds in many parts of the country. I have just been out (September 18th) and seen a whole lot of swallows flying around and hawking after insects as though it were the month of June, and showing no sign of departure whatever. Furthermore, I actually saw this afternoon, a swift, a bird I never remember to have seen so late in the year before. As far as my observation goes, the swallows are usually gathering on the telegraph wires prior to departure before this time, and I think to see a swift in the North of Ireland so late as this must be almost unprecedented.

I have been wondering whether the dry summer could have produced a super-abundance of insect life, and if this may perhaps be a factor in the case.

Yours faithfully,
Hillmount, Cullybackey, Co. Antrim. KENNETH J. FRAZER.



"SEVERAL OTHER PIGS SIMILARLY CAGED WERE PUT ON THIS TRUCK"
(See Letter "Transport of Livestock in China")

TRANSPORT OF LIVESTOCK IN CHINA

SIR,—The enclosed photograph was taken in the town of Sun Cheong on the South West River. If photographs were vocal your readers would be unable to hear themselves express their own compassion for the noise this unhappy pig was making at the time.

And small wonder either, for she was covered with innumerable cuts and scratches from the sharp edges of the bamboo strips and from being humped, bumped and banged about. Shortly after this photograph was taken several other pigs similarly caged were put on this truck together with a goat lashed in a kneeling position on top. A twin of this cargo passing, the two of them indulged in a wild race down the street. The happy heedless yells of the coolies and urchins, the bang and clatter of the iron trolley wheels, the cheers of the onlookers, nothing served to drown the agonised squealing of these unhappy pigs. The goat was too busy preserving her precarious balance to bleat or else the sound was drowned.

The springs of compassion for animals have not yet been uncovered in the Chinese constitution.

Yours faithfully,
Canton. "THE GOAT."

NESTLINGS IN DROUGHT

SIR,—The two photographs enclosed may interest readers of the *Field*. They illustrate the difference between two young wrens which had just left the nest, the one in a normal season, the other during a spell of exceptionally dry weather this year. Both were able to fly about the same distance, and both left the nest voluntarily. It will be seen that while one is a perfect fluffy bird, the other is a stunted little specimen and the sole survivor of a family of six. The rest of the nestlings in the latter nest were dead, but had only died a day or two previously.

I have found other similar cases of stunted nestlings: wagtails, thrushes and others during a prolonged drought, the parent birds either being unable to find enough food for them or the food itself lacking sufficient moisture to promote their normal growth.

Yours faithfully,
Fayrer Holme, Windermere. C. M. CLARK.

IN AND OUT OF THE BOAT

SIR,—I should like to tell you of a somewhat unusual experience I had while fishing recently on Loch Maree from a boat fitted with an outboard motor. I hooked a sea trout of about 1¼lb. and having, as I thought, played it out, I got it within about 4ft. of the stern when, much to my surprise and that of the gillie, it leapt clear over the engine and on to the seat by my side, but before I could lay hold of it it jumped out again. The line got round the propeller, but I managed to free it and again got in touch with the fish and ultimately landed it. I have often heard of a fish jumping into a boat, but never of a case when it jumped out again.

Yours faithfully,
Gleninver, Dunblane. GEORGE F. GILCHRIST.

IS THE LARGE TORTOISESHELL A MIGRANT?

SIR,—When visiting the Scilly Isles in September, Major A. A. Dorrien-Smith showed me a specimen of the large tortoiseshell butterfly which was captured in the Tresco Abbey gardens early in August, 1934, and Mr. J. C. Moore, who also resides at Tresco, showed me two other specimens of this butterfly, both taken last year. One was found floating on the sea in an exhausted state, but in perfect condition, on July 16th, after an E.S.E. gale, and the other specimen flew into his house a week later. As this fine butterfly is not indigenous to the Scillies, these three specimens, captured within a month, were probably immigrants, but whether from the mainland (a distance of 27 miles from Land's End), or from the Continent cannot be ascertained.

Although there is no record of the large tortoiseshell as a migrant to the British Isles, it may prove to be so, which would undoubtedly account for the abundance of this species in certain years and its scarcity in others, but it is nevertheless a resident also. In years such as 1872-3, 1893 and in 1911, its unusual abundance may have been due to immigration. It was not until 1928 that the small tortoiseshell was known to migrate to this country, for it was in that year that I recorded in *The Entomologist* the occurrence of over 20 specimens out at sea which were flying towards the Sussex coast, and in August, 1929, I observed large numbers arriving on the Dorset coast, flying in from the sea from the south-east.

Yours faithfully,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

LEACH'S PETREL ISLAND

SIR,—On September 19th a bird picked up on the common near here (between Basingstoke and Reading) was brought to me for identification. It proved to be a Leach's fork-tailed petrel, and although alive when found it soon died. It was in perfect condition, with the forked tail, characteristic of the species, very evident, and measured, when lying on its back, dead, approximately 8in.

Its nearest haunt is, I believe, St. Kilda, and although presumably blown here by the gale, I would be interested to know if a specimen has been found so far south before.

Yours faithfully,
Bridge House, Tadley, Hants. IVOR I. J. SYMES.

[Leach's fork-tailed petrel, which breeds also in the Hebrides, is not infrequently driven inland during gales.—ED.]

RABBIT CATCHING

SIR,—Some years ago I used to know two brothers who sold a lot of rabbits, and one of them lately told me how they caught them, viz.:

"We used to tie up balls of hay of sizes to fit tightly into the holes of a warren during the daytime. At night, when the rabbits were out feeding, we went quietly and pushed the bundles of hay an arm's length into the holes. Then with a yapping terrier we scoured around and drove the rabbits in. When they came to the hay they would stay there until we put our arms in to pull them out."

Yours faithfully,
Cheltenham. J. G. H.

A YOUNG WREN OF 1935 AND (BELOW) ONE REARED IN A NORMAL SEASON
(See Letter "Nestlings in Drought")

HATCH MANSFIELD

& CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King

23 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

* * *

Special Bottlings of

SANDEMAN

VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919* 120/-
VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922* 90/-
VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929* 60/-
Per dozen delivered

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

IN THE SHEARING YARD AND (RIGHT) PACKING THE WOOL WITH A BOY IN THE SACK TO TREAD IT DOWN
(See Letter "Shearing in the Inner Hebrides")

SHEARING IN THE INNER HEBRIDES

SIR,—I enclose some photographs of shearing in the Inner Hebrides. They are rather unique, as Jura is the only island, I fancy, where they pack the wool with a boy in the sack to trample it down. One of my photographs shows the shearers at work, in the other they are packing the wool for market, with the boy in position.

Yours faithfully,
Royal Oak Hotel. FLORENCE L. LAMBARDE.
Sevenoaks.

[The practice of treading wool as described is usual on many farms on the mainland as a convenient way of packing the sacks tightly.—ED.]

INDIAN FISH NETS

SIR,—The fish net described and illustrated by Mr. G. O. Boast in your issue of September 7th is also in common use by the shore fishermen of the Coromandel Coast of Southern India. There, the strand is invariably sandy, very gently shelving and, even in the calmest of weather, subject to great breakers sweeping in from the Bay of Bengal. When bathing in the early morning, with a tropical sun low on the eastern horizon, I have often revelled in the very beautiful scene of a succession of translucent breakers affording momentary views of shoals of fish of all sizes silhoutted within the walls of rapidly moving water.

The net, before casting, is hung over the fisherman's left shoulder; he waits until a breaker has receded, advances rapidly seaward, halts, spins round in a clockwise direction several times with the net flying out horizontally, and releases it into the oncoming breaker. The net is also employed for small fish in the calm waters of the Adyar River in Madras.

When I was a boy in Hampshire, and before the disappearance of dace from the middle reaches of the Test, an identical net was used for their capture. They were subsequently used on night lines for pike.

Yours faithfully,
Andover, Hants. W. SMITH.

RAINBOW TROUT IN IRELAND

SIR,—Towering above the Atlantic some four miles off the Donegal coast lies the large island of Arranmore. As this island can claim the distinction of possessing the only waters in Ireland where the rainbow or Californian trout successfully propagate their species, possibly the history of their introduction, as narrated to me by an islander who assisted in the stocking of the small lake, may prove of interest.

Over 30 years ago the lake, which is known as Cowan's Lake, as well as the only other two small lakes on the island, were stocked with fry imported from New Zealand by an officer of the Royal Navy. Although these three lakes are in, comparatively speaking, close proximity to each other and resemble one another in outline, nevertheless Cowan's Lake is the only one that produced

COWAN'S LAKE, ON THE ISLAND OF ARRANMORE
(See Letter "Rainbow Trout in Ireland")

results. So successful, however, has the experiment proved on this lake that to-day it is alive with rainbow trout.

During some six days in which I fished it in company with my brother, we never failed to take rainbows, though weather conditions were anything but favourable; and the season—the last week of August—was rather too far advanced. While we failed to take any trout of more than a pound and a half we were advised that a few fish of over three pounds have been taken under better conditions. Unlike most of the small Donegal loughs which I have fished there was a very noticeable hatch of fly round its banks.

The lake may be described as being almost virgin water, as none of the islanders fish for trout, and owing to it being situated off the beaten track few anglers from the outside world penetrate its precincts. There is a small but very comfortable hotel on the island, which is reached by motor boat from the little fishing village of Burtonport

Yours faithfully,
Woodhill, P. M. B. GALWEY FOLEY.
Ardara, Co. Donegal.

[Our correspondent's reference to the season in August being "too far advanced" suggests that these rainbows have adopted autumn instead of spring spawning. It would be interesting to know if this is the case.—ED.]

For
FACE & HANDS

Skin beauty . . . a radiantly clear face and soft, delicate hands . . . quickly follows the regular use of Larola. Face and hands gently massaged with this famous complexion milk are instantly refreshed and softened, and, in addition, completely protected from redness, roughness, and irritation caused by keen winds and weather extremes. Larola gives real skin comfort and a feeling as well as an appearance of delightful smoothness and beauty . . . never be without Larola, the Queen of all Toilet preparations.

BEETHAM'S Larola 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.
Write for free copy of Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"

TREECREEPERS AT THE NEST

SIR,—In a recent issue of the *Field* a correspondent, Mr. J. H. Vickers, comments on the rarity of photographs of the treecreeper. I cannot myself remember to have seen a satisfactory photograph of an adult of this species. Doubtless such photographs exist, but they cannot be numerous. It is surprising that it should be so, because the bird is both common and widely distributed, besides being a particularly interesting species. Personally, I have exposed a great number of films on the treecreeper, but I must admit that most of the results were hopeless failures. The creeper is not an easy subject. This is in no way due to the shyness of the bird; on the contrary, it is usually very confiding. The difficulties are owing partly to the fact that the nest is often not easily accessible, but mainly, in my opinion, to the incessant, quick, restless movements of the bird.

In a recent experience I had of photographing the treecreeper the behaviour of the birds struck me as very interesting. The entrance to the nest was through a crack between two wooden palings. Near the ground the crack was too narrow to admit the birds, but a few feet up it widened sufficiently to allow them to slip through. Never once did either bird alight at the entrance, but always at the base of the palings; then very rapidly they would creep up to where they could get in. To anyone watching them, it seemed a very roundabout way of reaching the nest.

Yours faithfully,
Windermere. M. S. W.

CRITICISING A REVIEW

SIR,—A friend has sent me a review (which appeared in your issue of July 13th) of the book *In a Bengal Jungle*, by John Symington, M.D. Having read the book and also having spent several years in the section of Bengal of which the author treats I feel qualified to pass judgment on the review. It strikes me as being unfair, apart from the fact that "E. O. S." is mistaken in most of his criticisms. To take them as they come:

He states that "squirting muddy water over their riders simply is not done" by elephants. I can only say that his experience of elephants must be limited, as I have more than once been subjected to this annoying habit.

The same may be said of his statement that "elephants have only one pace." If he had ever been on the back of a bolting elephant I think he would hardly call it a "hurried shuffle."

He says the author "does not claim to be an authority on natural history, and it is not of much importance that he calls a hare a rabbit." On this point the Encyclopædia Britannica says: "Some hares look more like rabbits than hares and are frequently referred to as such. For instance, the American 'cottontails' and 'jack-rabbits.'"

It is of jack rabbits that the author writes, designating them as such.

APPROACHING THE ENTRANCE
(See Letter "Treecreepers at the Nest")

It seems to me a pity that a thoroughly interesting, authentic and informative book of this description should be unfairly presented to the public. I think the reviewer has given an unfortunate impression of the book, having practically ignored the gist of it and expended his energies on criticising small points which he acknowledges are of no importance anyway, and on which in most cases he is wrong.

In other words, he is quibbling.

Yours faithfully,
New Wilmington, Pa. JEAN BAKER.

[Our reviewer is probably the greatest living authority on wild life in Bengal.—ED.]

BEDTIME STORY

The desire to sleep is perfectly normal providing it keeps in time with the clock. But how alarming, at three in the afternoon, to find the head nodding ominously during some momentous business conference. And how equally disturbing to lie in bed at night listening to the grandfather clock in the hall chiming the merciless hours.

For such an unnatural state of affairs, Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is the natural remedy. A teaspoonful in a tumbler of water, first thing in the morning, keeps you fresh and alert all day, and at night brings deep and dreamless sleep.

LEATHERCORD

A Durable Material for the Hunting Field

OUR readers will recall that some months ago we drew their attention to the excellent properties of the new breeches material which has been aptly enough christened "Leathercord." As a very comfortable cloth to wear, having strong wind and weather resisting properties, this material has not only commended itself to all riding folk, including many polo players, but should appeal also to hunting men and women, for the heavier cloths can be made up into coats and habits of wearing durability and smart appearance. Leathercord does not lose its shape, and is easy to clean—an added recommendation in its favour. This boon to hunting people may be obtained in any shape or weight from any of the leading tailors or breeches makers.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £12 on behalf of two sisters (gentlewomen), aged 70 and 72. They worked in France and Belgium as governess and nurse, but their savings were spent in helping a delicate sister now dead. A friend helped them to come to England, but they are not eligible for the Old Age Pension and as their only income is £35 a year they are now on the verge of starvation. Work is out of the question, the elder sister being almost blind and the younger crippled with rheumatism. The Friends of the Poor ask for gifts to make their lives easier. All donations will be acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

IN THE CITY

A SOUND INDUSTRIAL

THE £1 ordinary shares of Geo. Bassett & Co., Ltd., can be bought at about 61/–, at which price the yield is 5¾ per cent. with dividends at the rate of 17½ per cent. as paid for each of the past three years. The company has an excellent record, and the high yield afforded does not appear in any way commensurate with the risks involved.

Geo. Bassett & Co. was registered in 1926 to acquire the confectionery manufacturing business of a company of the same name originally established in 1864. The company manufactures "Liquorice Allsorts," toffee, gums, etc., and owns factories at Sheffield, including a new plant completed last year.

There is no debenture stock in issue, and the capital of the company consists of £100,000 in 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares and £250,000 in ordinary shares of £1 each. The financial position is satisfactory, and the company's substantial earning capacity is best shown by the following tabulation of results in recent years.

Year to May 31	Balance for Ordinary Dividend.	Ordinary shares. Earned (per cent.)	Paid.
1928	£48,245	24.1	17.5
1929	51,995	26.0	20.0
1930	58,078	29.6	20.0
1931	47,697	24.6	20.0
1932	42,641	22.8	20.0
1933	30,053	16.0	17.5
1934	30,366	15.9	17.5
1935	37,688	19.5	17.5

The recovery in the company's profits last year is worthy of note, more especially since the accounts covered a period during which the company had to transfer its machinery, etc., to the new factory in the middle of its busiest season. At the annual meeting in August the chairman stated that the transfer had been completed and that the company was producing its leading lines under ideal conditions and at lower costs. In regard to costs it might be mentioned that the price of sugar has risen somewhat during the past year, but it is understood that operations are so efficiently managed that as costs rise the company gains business from the small and newly established concerns which are unable to compete unless the price of sugar is very low.

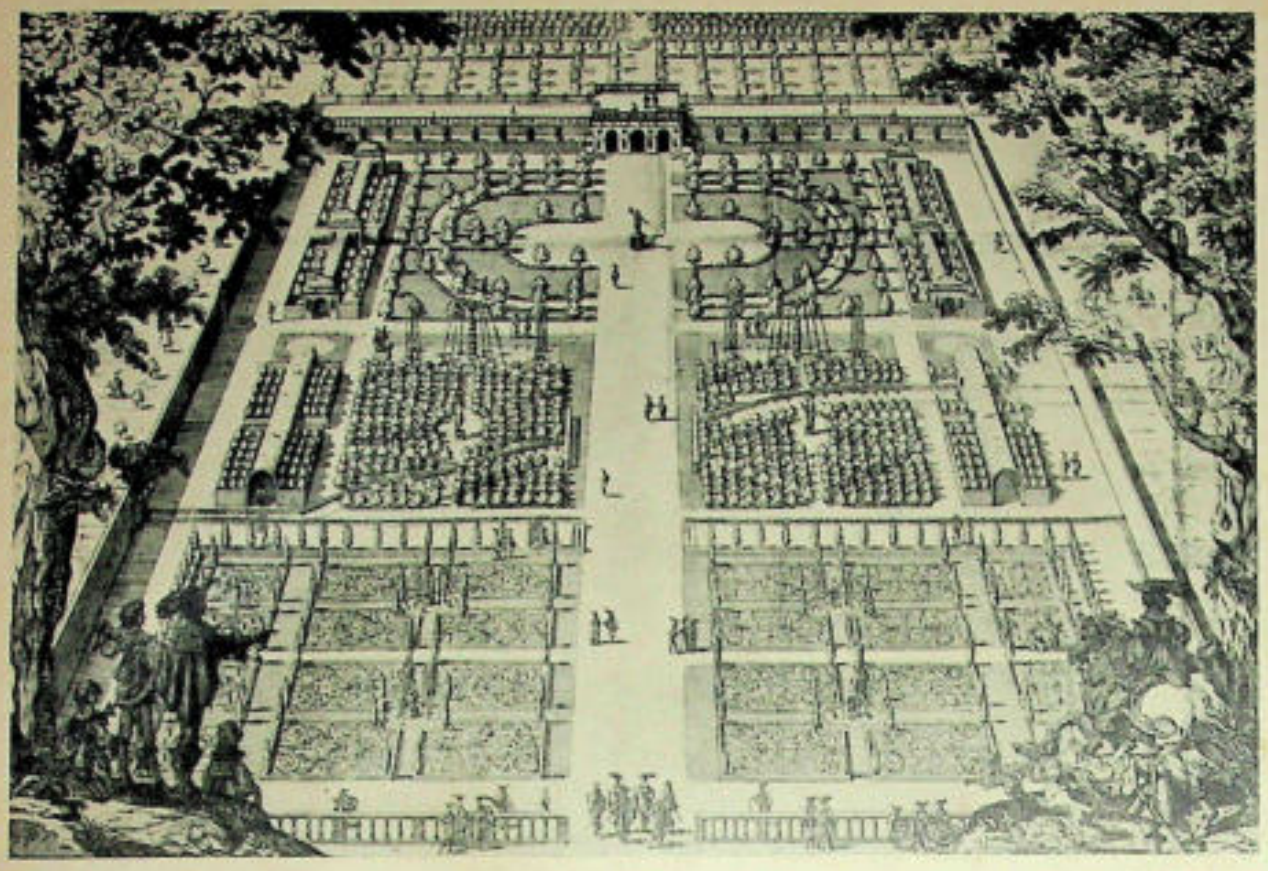
In view of the company's good earnings record and the recovery in net profits shown by last year's accounts a dividend of at least 17½ per cent. may reasonably be expected for the current year, and the shares are regarded as a sound industrial investment offering scope for enhancement as regards both capital and income.

CANADIAN PACIFIC DEBENTURE STOCK

About three months ago attention was drawn to the fact that the price of the 4 per cent. consolidated irredeemable debenture stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway had fallen back from 100 to 88½, at which time particulars were given of the company's past earnings, etc. The stock then certainly appeared "a very fair medium for obtaining a yield of about 4½ per cent.," and the recent further fall to the current price of about 82 seems to provide a really attractive opportunity for purchase. The yield at 82 is fully 4¾ per cent. after expenses of purchase.

From the point of view of the Canadian Pacific Railway as well as of the Dominion generally, the recent rise in the price of many commodities is of considerable importance, more especially the rise in the price of wheat. October wheat in Winnipeg is now selling at about 92½ cents per bushel, as compared with 88¾ cents a month ago, and 78½ cents a year ago. Part of the rise in price in recent weeks is attributable to "war scare" buying, but it is also due to a reduction in the world wheat surplus by another short crop in North America last year, and the deterioration of crops in Argentina and Australia. Furthermore, quite a substantial part of this year's wheat harvest in Canada and the United States is understood to be of very low quality, and much of it may be unfit for human consumption. Recent wheat prices at Liverpool have been higher than those prevailing in any year since 1930, and the benefits which should accrue to the big agricultural population of Canada are considerable. It seems reasonable therefore to suppose that, even though there may be some decline from present levels, the rise in the price of wheat will add very considerably to the purchasing power of the Canadian farming population and hence add to the traffics of the Canadian Pacific.

PACTOLUS.



WILTON GARDEN, WHERE SHAKESPEARE IS SAID TO HAVE ACTED ON THE OCCASION OF JAMES I'S VISIT
Reproduced from "Wilton Garden" by Isaac de Caux, published about 1645

The Country House

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDENS

Where Scenes From His Plays Were Performed

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN one of his happiest phrases Shakespeare dubbed this island our "sea-walled garden," and fortunately this epithet is as true to-day as when he wrote it. Britain is pre-eminently the land of gardens. Like ourselves, the Elizabethans found recreation for the body and refreshment for the mind in gardening and the art was cultivated by high and low alike.

Twenty-nine of the scenes in Shakespeare's plays are laid in gardens and orchards, but in one case only is the garden specified as a garden known in his day—"The Temple Garden, London." What gardens, that he knew, had he in mind in the other scenes?

Traditionally Shakespeare's name is associated with two famous gardens still in existence—those of Wilton House and St. John's College, Oxford. There is a well-founded tradition that Shakespeare acted in *As You Like It* at Wilton on the occasion of James I's visit to William, third Earl of Pembroke, son of Mary Sidney (who married the second earl) and nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. It is more than probable that on the occasion of James I's visit, *As You Like It* was acted in the garden. Even in Shakespeare's day, Wilton Garden was already eight centuries old, one of the oldest in England. In 800, when dying, Egbert, the Saxon King, transformed the oratory founded by Earl Wulstan in 773 into a Benedictine priory, and his sister Alburga (widow of Wulstan) became the first prioress. In 871 King Alfred fought against the Danes at Wilton, and during the fight his baby daughter, Princess Elfleda, was abandoned by her nurse and drowned in her bath. In her memory the King made Wilton an Abbey, endowing it with valuable property. For centuries this abbey was one of the most famous in this island, and princesses and daughters of noble houses were sent there to be educated. Amongst the pupils in the eleventh century was Edith, daughter of Earl Godwin, and subsequently wife of Edward the Confessor.

Exactly what Wilton garden was like when Shakespeare acted there we do not know for certain, but it would doubtless have been very similar to what it was in Charles I's time, and of this we have a pictorial plan in that rare book, *Wilton Garden*, by Isaac de Caux. The third Earl of Pembroke was an intimate friend of Charles I, who stayed at Wilton every summer until the Civil War, and it was at the King's suggestion that part of the house was rebuilt and the garden altered to the design of Isaac de Caux. Amongst the outstanding features of this magnificent garden as shown in the pictorial plan are the "curious knotted gardens" and "pleached alleys."

Is the garden of St. John's College, Oxford, connected with any of Shakespeare's plays? No less an authority than the late Dean Hutton states that Shakespeare doubtless visited St. John's, and he even goes so far as to picture a meeting between Laud and Shakespeare. According to Aubrey it was Shakespeare's custom to stay at John Davenant's Inn at Oxford every year. John Davenant's son Robert, an intimate friend of Shakespeare's, was a Fellow of St. John's, and Aubrey states: "I have heard Parson Robert say that Mr. W. Shakespeare has given him a hundred kisses."

Was Shakespeare familiar with the garden belonging to Gerard, the author of the famous herbal? I think there is little doubt that he was, for Shakespeare and Gerard were near neighbours when the latter was at the height of his fame. From 1598 to 1604 Shakespeare lived in the house of Mountjoy, a Huguenot refugee, and this house was at the corner of Mugwell Street (now Monkswell Street) and Silver Street. Gerard's garden is now believed to have been on part of the site of what is now Fetter Lane. Apart from being near neighbours, the house where Shakespeare lodged was just opposite the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, and in 1598 and again in 1607 Gerard was appointed examiner of candidates for admission to the freedom of the Barber-Surgeons' Company. The population of London in those days was comparatively small, and two such distinguished men could scarcely have failed to know each other. Is it even likely that Shakespeare, whose own writings are so full of herb-lore, was unacquainted with the garden of the greatest herbalist of the day, when for six years they were near neighbours? Agas's pictorial map (*circa* 1560) gives an excellent idea of this neighbourhood in Tudor times.

Holborn in those days was a village, the great house being Ely House, which in Shakespeare's day was one of the most important palaces in the vicinity of London. In this garden grew the celebrated strawberries, desired by the Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III), and for which he asked at the council meeting held to make arrangements for the coronation of the young king Edward V.

The other London garden immortalised by Shakespeare—the Inner Temple garden, the scene of the rival roses—had probably been a garden since the Templars moved from Holborn and built their vast monastery by the river side. In laying the scene of the rival roses in the Temple garden, Shakespeare relied probably on tradition, for historically it has no foundation. During the early years of the nineteenth century the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster were still grown in the Inner Temple garden. As late as 1864 Broome (gardener of the Inner Temple) exhibited at the Horticultural Society's Show twenty-four bunches of roses grown in this garden.

One noted garden in the city of London is in the same ownership now as it was in Shakespeare's time. I refer to the garden of the Drapers' Company. In Henry VIII's reign this property belonged to Thomas Cromwell, when he was Secretary of State, and in Agas's map the fortress-like dwelling he erected is clearly depicted. The garden then was comparatively small and Cromwell desired to enlarge it. For the man who was second only to the King this was an affair of the utmost simplicity. He sent men to remove his neighbour's palings without even troubling to inform the said neighbours, and in each case took twenty-two feet of ground, enclosing the space thus gained with a high brick wall. One of the victims was the father of Stowe, the author of the famous survey of London, and Stowe records the affair with considerable acrimony, concluding with the reflection that "the sodaine rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves."

"WINTRY STORM."—A CHARACTERISTIC STUDY OF MUTE SWANS IN FLIGHT, BY ROLAND GREEN

An exhibition of water-colour drawings of wildfowl and game birds by Roland Green was opened by Lord Desborough last Wednesday at Messrs. Arthur Ackermann & Son's Galleries, 157, New Bond Street, W. 1, and will remain open until November 16th. As was only to be expected from an artist whose name has become almost synonymous with the accurate portrayal of Broadland bird-life, the vicinity of Hickling figures largely in Mr. Green's backgrounds, but this exhibition proves—if proof were needed—that his genius is by no means localised

As G. K. Chesterton has observed, it is the new things men tire of most and the old things which are ever new. That is one of the reasons why garments made from Wool enjoy an always recurring popularity. Cranks may talk about fancy new fabrics, but in the end they discover that there is nothing like Wool. Wool keeps the body well ventilated. Wool guards the health of its wearer. When man first began to spin and weave Wool into cloth, he took a step forward which modern invention has improved but cannot surpass. The wisdom of the ages agrees with modern standards of comfort in bidding you wear Pesco Pure Wool Underwear.

Pesco

From leading Outfitters in Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Vests, Long and Short sleeves, Kilt, Knicker and Ankle Trousers, Combinations, etc. Also Sports Wear and Half Hose. Names of nearest agents on request.

PETER SCOTT & Co. Ltd. (Dept. 117), HAWICK, SCOTLAND

PES

COUNTRY LIFE

Four Good Books for Sportsmen

JUST AN ORDINARY SHOOT

By MAJOR KENNETH DAWSON

By the Author of *Marsh and Mudflat*. With 12 Plates from original etchings by Winifred Austen, R.E. Crown 4to. 10s. 6d. net.

In just an ordinary shoot, as the title indicates, Major Kenneth Dawson, well known from his previous books, not only as an authority on shooting, but for his knowledge of wild birds and wild life generally, deals with the sport from the viewpoint of the average owner or tenant of a few hundred acres of mixed shooting.

RIDERS OF TOMORROW

By CAPTAIN J. E. HANCE

Illustrated with practical sketches by Robert Bartlett, and with a Foreword by Countess Fortescue. Crown 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

"The quintessence of his many years of experience."—*Morning Post.*

". . . based on the principles and rules which have made him one of the most successful of modern ridingmasters."—*Horse and Hound.*

MOUNT & MAN: A KEY TO BETTER HORSEMANSHIP

By Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

With a Foreword by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby G.C.B., etc. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards. Crown 4to 136 pp. 26 Plates and many diagrams. 12s. 6d. net., by post 13s. **New Edition.**

It is now ten years since *Mount & Man* first appeared and began in this country the famous controversy between the "forward" and "orthodox" riding schools, and the publishers considered that the time had come to give the author the opportunity for a thorough revision, so that a large part of the new edition has been entirely re-written in the light of the author's experience in teaching. Also a number of new Illustrations have been included.

MORNING FLIGHT: A BOOK OF WILDFOWL

By Peter Scott.

With 16 colour and 48 half-tone plates. Edition limited to 750 copies. £3 3s.

To be published November, write for illustrated prospectus.

Illustrated Autumn List on application.

COUNTRY LIFE, LTD, LONDON, W.C. 2

Memories of Racing & Hunting

The Duke of Portland

K.G., G.C.V.O.

'These sporting reminiscences of the Duke of Portland are so rich in famous names, equine and human, and notable events in which they were concerned, that one despairs of the task of doing justice to them in the space of a review. The book is agreeably written but in truth that part of it which deals with the author's career on the Turf contains such remarkable material that the story almost tells itself. The hunting section, too, includes memories of some of the greatest days of the Shires, when the Quorn was enjoying the Coupland-Tom Firr era and Frank Gillard was Huntsman of the Belvoir. . . . The volume itself is handsome and finely illustrated, the price appearing a moderate one for the value given.'—*Times Literary Supplement.*

In this fine volume we are given a wealth of good stories drawn from a wealth of great experience, for the Duke has won all the classic races, and his friendships reach back to the first Lord Wilton and Mr. Little Gilmour, both of whom figure in Sir Francis Grant's well-known picture, 'Melton Breakfast', painted in 1835.

With 64 pages of illustrations. 25/-

FABER & FABER

PRODUCED BY A FIRM FAMOUS FOR THEIR MOTOR-CYCLES—THE NEW BROUGH SUPERIOR DUAL-PURPOSE CAR
The car is seen by Silbury Hill, near the village of Avebury on the Bath Road. This is one of the largest man-made hills in Europe and near it a Dendical stone circle is now being excavated

DRIVING AT 300 MILES AN HOUR

A World's Record in Retrospect

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

ONLY now, after an interval of weeks, can I fully realise that at last my ambition to reach a speed of 300 miles an hour has been realised.

I had known of the existence of the salt beds in Utah for several years, and had in fact sent representatives on two different occasions to report on their suitability or otherwise; but even after I had received their reports I was still somewhat sceptical. The whole point at issue was whether we should be able to obtain that essential factor—perfect wheel adhesion when travelling at full speed—for if the rear wheels started slipping when picking up the maximum speed any attempts would be abortive.

It was only after waiting for weeks at Daytona early this year that I decided to take a chance and make my next attempt on the record in Utah. The salt beds are under water during the autumn and spring, and it is only from May until early October that they are fit to run on. It was therefore quite useless for me to inspect the site in February and March when I was in America.

I shall never forget my first impressions when at last we arrived at our destination. Here we were in a veritable desert, stretching as far as the eye could see, with high mountains in the background. All around was an endless sea of salt extending more than 300 square miles. The surface on the edge was comparatively soft, but in places it was as hard as rock.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce at Salt Lake City, who were sponsoring these trials, had already carried out a thorough survey and had picked out a course which was thirteen miles in length. A longer stretch was not possible, since the surface at the northern end soon commenced to get soft and the southern extremity abutted the highway which runs straight through the desert region.

The authorities had used a scraper over the course that had been selected, and had removed the top crust, which was waved in ridges over its entire length. When I examined the track I did not feel at all sanguine as to its suitability, since ridges ¼in. to ½in. thick still existed all over its surface. It was decided to remove these entirely by running a much heavier scraper than that previously used over the entire distance, and a considerable improvement was thereby effected.

Blue Bird had already arrived and was housed in a wayside garage at a small village called Wendover, six and a half miles away from the desert. As my mechanics had promised to have the car ready for its first trial by Sunday evening, I announced that we would make our first test run early on the Monday morning, since the timing authorities had already arrived and the course itself was ready.

SIR MALCOLM INSPECTING THE DAMAGED TYRES AFTER THE ATTEMPT
A terrific strain is imposed on tyres under these abnormal conditions, and it says much for the Dunlop Company that those employed stood up to it as well as they did

The preparation of the course was no easy matter. Apart from levelling the surface, we had to have a black line 8in. wide painted from one end to the other, as without a distinctive marking of this nature it would not have been possible to drive at high speed in a perfectly straight line. At Daytona it was not necessary to do this, since the course was comparatively narrow, having the sea on one side and sand dunes on the other; but driving in a desert is quite a different proposition.

At 6 a.m. on Monday morning, September 2nd, we towed Blue Bird out on to the course, and eventually got under way about 8.30 a.m., but by this time the sun was high in the sky, and the heat and glare were terrific. The moment I let Blue Bird go I realised that the course was as nearly perfect as possible, and although I purposely did not exceed a speed of 240 m.p.h. on that first run I knew that with luck we ought to reach our goal on the following day.

After hurtling up the course on two-thirds throttle, I pulled up, and when the mechanics had gone all over the car and found no adjustments necessary, I announced that the attempt on the record would be made the following morning.

At daybreak Blue Bird was once more towed on to the course, as I was anxious to make a start as early as possible to escape the tremendous heat which always follows sunrise. Unfortunately some delay was caused by motorists having driven over and broken the electrical timing wires during the night, and in consequence it was not until after 7 a.m. that a repair was effected and I received the word to go.

Never shall I forget that momentous run. The car seemed a live thing, and the acceleration was far greater than I had ever known it to be before. In the first half-mile we had reached a speed of over 100 miles per hour, and after covering two miles the instruments recorded a road speed in excess of 225 m.p.h. Up and up the needle soared until, with two more miles to go before reaching the measured mile, we were travelling at

"TO EASE THE HORSE AND EASE THE RIDER"

One of the Bicester and Wardes Hill Hunt horses being unboxed from a Curtis three-horse box mounted on a Bedford chassis. The horsebox and hound van have proved their utility from every point of view—comfort, quickness and dispatch, as the old mail coachmen used to say

over 280 m.p.h. It was at this juncture that I closed the radiator shutter to still further increase the speed of the car, and it was now that my troubles commenced, for the moment the air was cut off from the radiator a film of oil started creeping along the inside of my windscreen, and at the same time I started to inhale the fumes from the engine.

By the time we were hurtling over the measured mile my visibility was reduced almost to nil: I could barely see the black line immediately in front of the car, and my head was becoming dizzy from the fumes I was breathing. I shut off the motor as soon as the end of the measured mile had been passed, but by this time I had wandered off the black line, and in swerving to bring the car back on its course once more the near side front tyre went off with a tremendous report. Fortunately Blue Bird answered to the helm at once after her initial plunge to the left, and I managed to continue to hold her straight, although the steering got heavier and heavier as we proceeded. With two more miles left the tyre caught fire and I commenced to brake heavily; the wind brakes I had applied much earlier on, and I finally managed to bring the car to a standstill about half-a-mile from my mechanics, who were at the far end of the course.

After changing all four wheels we started off on the return journey. This time I kept glancing at my front tyres as we rapidly gathered up speed. I was amazed to notice how, as we neared the maximum velocity, their shape entirely changed; the treads instead of being flat now tapered off to a point. This change was due to the enormous centrifugal forces which come into being when wheels rotate at tremendous speeds.

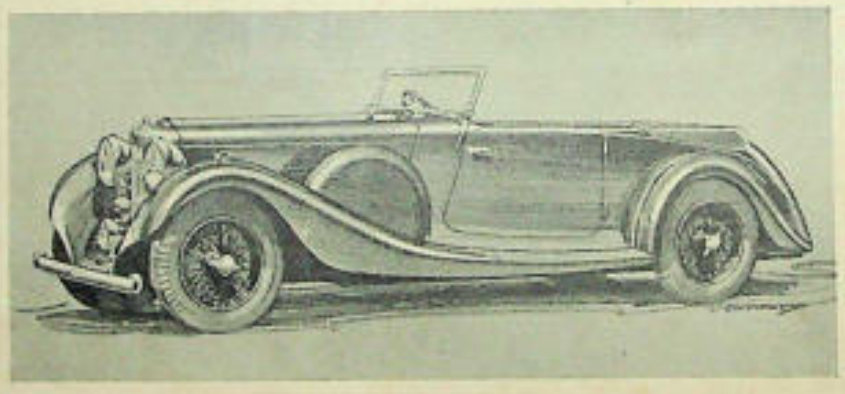
I had decided not to close my radiator shutter on the second run after my unpleasant experiences a little earlier that morning, and having passed over the end of the measured mile I cut the engine off quicker than I should have done in my anxiety to slow down quickly, and in consequence the car went into a nasty skid, but once again answered immediately to her controls. I just managed to pull the Blue Bird up in time before arriving at the end of the course, but there was little to spare. It is at this end that the highway abuts the end of the track.

Our speed running north was accomplished at the rate of 304.311 m.p.h., and south at 298.013 m.p.h., bringing the average mean speed in both directions to 301.1292 m.p.h. At last, after many difficulties, I had succeeded in reaching my objective—the coveted goal of 300 m.p.h.

LAST-MINUTE SURPRISES

New Cars at Olympia and the Albert Hall

THERE are always certain manufacturers who enjoy keeping a surprise, so to speak, up their sleeves, in order to dazzle the eyes of all beholders on the day the show opens. The Standard Company, for instance, after apparently showing all their 1936 models, have suddenly introduced a new range of cars known as the "Flying Standards." These are streamlined six-seaters of decidedly modern appearance, in which wind resistance has been reduced to the nth degree compatible with comfort and ease of getting in and out. These new cars have specially low underslung chassis and engines with high-compression aluminium heads. They are available in 12 h.p., 16 h.p. and 20 h.p. form.



THE NEW 4½-LITRE LAGONDA TOURER. PRICED AT £1,000

A thoroughly unorthodox British car is the Mastra, made by Trojan Ltd. This has a six-cylinder two-stroke engine of which the cylinders lie flat and is carried almost directly over the back axle. This, of course, means that all fumes are carried away towards the rear and the coachbuilder has full scope for his talents. The model shown at Olympia is a nicely streamlined saloon. A side-line on the design is that the petrol, water and oil fillers are all under the bonnet, although the engine is beneath the luggage compartment at the rear.

The Mastra is not, of course, the only rear-engined car at Olympia, for the Mercedes-Benz Company show a family saloon of modest power with the engine unobtrusively fitted in what would normally be the luggage locker.

Ford cars will not be seen at Olympia, because the Ford Motor Company prefers to stage its own exhibition at the Albert Hall. This display is of immense scope, including not only the private cars but commercial vehicles, tractors and marine and agricultural units produced by the company.

The Albert Hall has been decorated to resemble a vast manufacturing centre, and some of the most interesting machine-tools from the factory are on view and attendants will explain to visitors how they work. One of the new "Flying Flea" aeroplanes, powered by a 10 h.p. Ford engine, hangs from the roof of the Albert Hall, and apart from the wonderful system of coloured illuminations there are band concerts every day and free cinema shows to entertain visitors. The Show is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day until October 26th, and the price of admission is 1/3.

The centre of interest for the ordinary motorist, however, is the new V-8 Ford saloon selling at £220. This has a smaller engine than the famous 30 h.p. V-8 and is taxed at £16 10s. per annum, while the fuel consumption and insurance rates are correspondingly low. Thanks to ingenious design, the weight of the new V-8 has been reduced by 1¼ cwt. Both cylinder blocks are in one casting and the water-jackets, instead of being cast integrally with them, consist of light steel plates welded in position. Aluminium cylinder heads are also used.

Despite its lower power, the new V-8 is said to do 75 m.p.h. and to run very smoothly and quietly.

A type of body which will appeal strongly to country users is that of the new Ford Utility model. Built somewhat on the lines of a shooting brake, of light varnished wood, it is fitted with detachable seats to take eight persons. There are two doors each side and the back of the body opens as well, in order to load up, if required, with bulky articles. The top, similar to that of a van, is permanently in position and rigid celluloid sidescreens slide neatly up into the lining of the roof when not required.

The new De Luxe 10 h.p. Ford has been made roomier, besides being improved in appearance. The equipment now includes a clock on the facia board instead of being incorporated in the driving mirror as previously, but the price remains the same as before—£135.

Apart from the new eight-cylinder commercial vehicles, the new Ford Tug attracts considerable attention. This is a light three-wheeled tractor for general farm work, being a miniature edition of the so-called "mechanical horse." The engine is that of the 8 h.p. popular Ford, but the rear axle, owing to the heavy loads to which it is subjected, is that of the V-8.

'COLD-PROOF' PETROL

A new petrol, which has been rendered "cold-proof," ensuring summer starting in winter weather, is now being delivered from all Esso pumps throughout the country. This new Esso petrol should prove a boon to motorists during the winter, for it gives double-quick starting, however cold the day may be. The quickest starting petrol, however, cannot function if the lubricating oil is so thickened by cold that the self-starter cannot swing the engine quickly enough to cause a spark. The company accordingly market winter grades of Essolube motor oil, which remain fluid even at zero.

THE NEW V-8 FORD HAS A SMALLER ENGINE THAN THE FAMOUS 30 H.P.

Why motorists should insist on Esso Ethyl

1 Sir Malcolm Campbell's sensational world's record of 301 m.p.h. was on special Esso Ethyl petrol.

2 Esso Ethyl is the only petrol in which the powerful anti-knock Ethyl fluid is blended with the world's most advanced No. 1 petrol—Esso High Test.

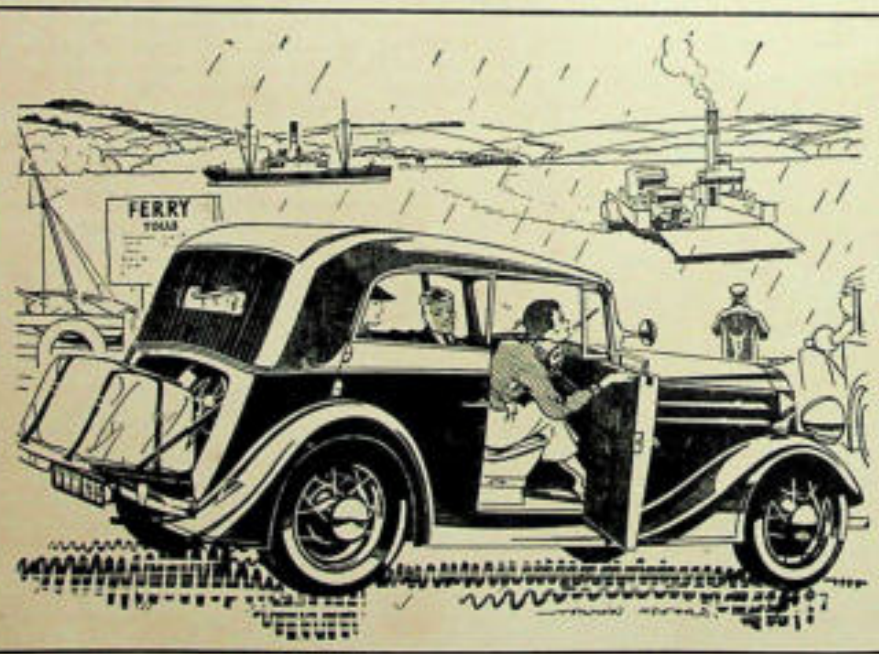
3 Biggest jump in quality ever known. The proof which means most to you is actual performance in your own car.

BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY ETHYL PETROL IN THE KINGDOM

STAND No. 42, OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW, OCT. 17-26

FOR LUBRICATION USE Essolube THE 5-STAR MOTOR OIL

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL COMPANY, LTD., WESTMINSTER, LONDON. S.W.1 *Established* 1888



SALOON TO TOURER *at a touch!*

YOU can change this Vauxhall Wingham Cabriolet from a completely closed saloon to an entirely open tourer in a matter of seconds. It's delightfully easy. You just undo two clips on the windscreen pillars and give the head a gentle push . . . *then* the patent Wingham self-acting mechanism takes charge and lowers and *folds* the head neatly down. Just as easy to raise the head—a gentle push and it rises of its own accord.

AT OLYMPIA you can see the latest Winghams on the Martin Walter Stand, No. 33, or the Vauxhall Motor Stand, No. 97. Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer, or write direct to the designers and patentees, Martin Walter, Ltd., Folkestone.

Vauxhall

WINGHAM Cabriolet

On the VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX, 12 h.p. or 14 h.p. - - **£295**

On the VAUXHALL BIG SIX, 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. - - **£395**

On the VAUXHALL BIG SIX, REGENT CHASSIS, 27 h.p. **£550**

Just a gentle push and the patent Wingham self-acting head automatically lowers and folds itself neatly down.

EXPANDING THE AUXILIARY AIR FORCE

A Wise and Welcome Move

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

CONCERNING the expansion of the R.A.F., no recent news has been more welcome—and none, incidentally, less commented upon—than the Air Ministry's announcement of increases to the Auxiliary Air Force. Three new squadrons are to be formed, these being No. 609 (West Riding) Bomber Squadron, No. 610 (County of Cheshire) Bomber Squadron, and No. 611 (West Lancashire) Bomber Squadron.

According to the official announcement, No. 609 will be based on Leeds and No. 611 on Liverpool, the headquarters of No. 610 having not yet been fixed. It will thus be seen that these three squadrons will introduce the opportunity for A.A.F. service to areas hitherto not providing it; and there can be little doubt that the response from youth in the north will be more than adequate.

The decision to enlarge the A.A.F. as part of the general scheme of building up our air defences has a very great deal to recommend it; it will be remembered that this course was suggested as a suitable one when the general topic of Air Force expansion was discussed in these columns some time ago.

First and foremost, any step of this kind must be judged from the standpoint of pure efficiency. Do A.A.F. squadrons contribute materially to our air defences? Of this there can be no doubt whatsoever. When the scheme for forming squadrons on Territorial lines was first put forward soon after the war, there were many who felt that it was doomed to failure. The military pilot, it was argued, was a very highly trained specialist, and no part-time officer or man could hope to approach his standard.

Events have proved this theory to be a mistaken one. The A.A.F. squadrons, in spite of difficulties due in part to their Territorial basis and in part to their long condemnation to obsolescent equipment, have attained a standard that may be judged by the most exacting tests. The general public has had ample opportunity of judging their ability from the formation flying and displays by auxiliary units at the Air Force Display; while those who have been privileged to see the work of these squadrons during their annual training have been immensely impressed by both their efficiency and keenness.

There is, too, another important aspect, that of cost. This is, of course, intimately linked with the question of efficiency, for there is no economy more false than that of saving money by putting low-efficiency units in the air. Here, again, the A.A.F. can challenge any criticism. Taking its high standard into account, it might well be said that the auxiliary squadrons give a very high return indeed for the sums expended on them. They are exceptionally good value for money; and under existing conditions, when it is desired to create the greatest strength at a minimum expenditure, that is a very big point in their favour.

Cost and efficiency are the two primary criteria on which a judgment of the wisdom of A.A.F. expansion must be based; but it must never be forgotten that the efficiency and usefulness of any defence unit depends to a large extent on the backing received from the public. In this connection the A.A.F. is doing—and in its larger form will continue to do—very great work indeed over a wider field.

In the past, districts have taken a great pride in the fighting units connected with them. Towns and counties have had a sense of ownership in the regiments and battalions bearing their names; the naval bases have looked on the ships attached to them as their special property. This local interest has, for various reasons, been lacking from the R.A.F. squadrons, which have been distinguished by numbers only.

In the organisation of the A.A.F., however, the local basis is inherent. Thus, whenever a squadron is formed, the inhabitants of the district concerned are given a direct and personal interest in the work of the air defence. From this it follows that the wider the A.A.F. net is spread, the closer the people of the country will be brought into active touch with military flying; and to-day this is of vital importance.

It would, of course, be ridiculous to suggest that the main emphasis of air force expansion should be laid on the auxiliary squadrons; it could not be, and the bulk of the available funds must necessarily go to the creation of new regular units. But it is good to know that the immense value of the A.A.F. is recognised, and that its claims to growth are not being overlooked.

There is to-day a large part of the young public eager to play some part in our aerial defence, but debarred from offering itself for full-time service with the R.A.F. The A.A.F. opens the way. Moreover, it is concerned with one of the most serious problems of air defence—providing ample trained reserves for emergency. The A.A.F. links together a means of meeting an air defence need and an outlet for enthusiasm.

To suggest that every county should have its own A.A.F. squadron would be, perhaps, a counsel of perfection. But it is by no means impracticable, and it is an ideal to which those concerned might work, not only in the immediate interests of available air strength, but because the A.A.F. has an immense propaganda value that cannot fail to be realised in better recruiting for the regular service.

11,000 FEET ABOVE LONDON

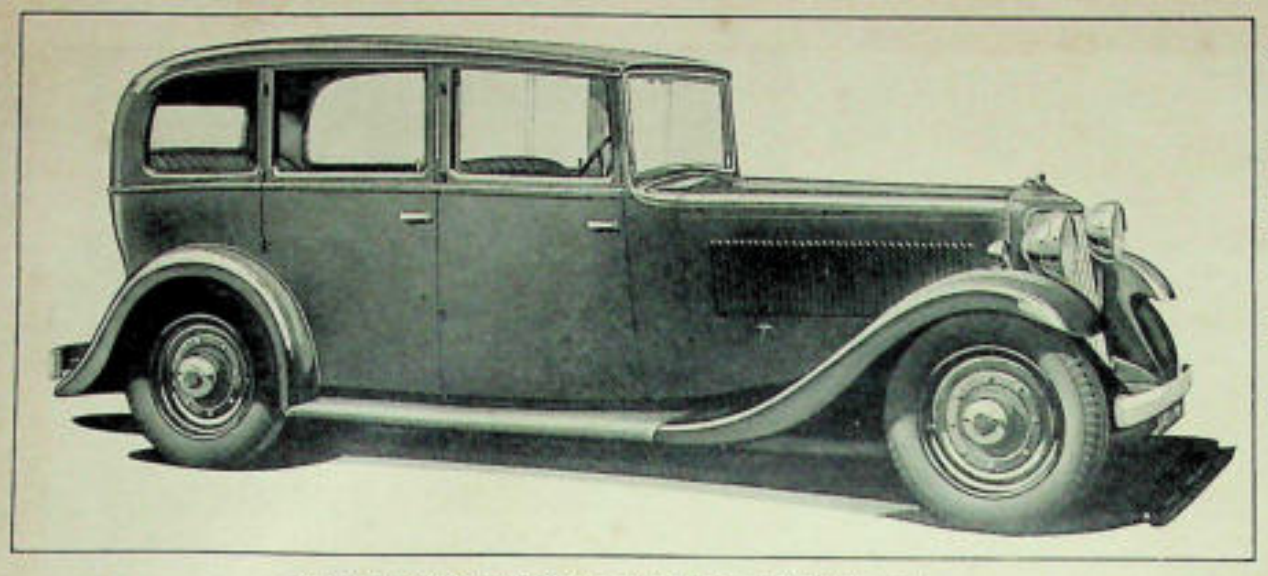
Planes of No. 604 County of Middlesex Auxiliary Squadron on manœuvres. This squadron has recently been equipped with Hawker "Demon" Fighters, the fastest two-seater aircraft in the Royal Air Force

Photographs, Charles E. Brown

NO. 603 COUNTY OF WARWICK SQUADRON IN "V" FORMATION OVER BROADSTAIRS

THIS YEAR'S MOTOR BALL

THE ninth Annual Motor Ball and Carnival in aid of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund is taking place on the Wednesday of the Motor Show, October 23rd, 1935, and will be held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Tickets (including supper) are £1 1s. each and can be obtained from the Secretary and Organiser, Mr. A. H. Dawson, 204/6, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. 1, the usual agencies, and at Stand No. 133 at the Motor Show.



The Twenty h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon, a car of dignity and distinction, £550.

Armstrong Siddeley have the finest range of quality cars at Olympia

Twelve - *from* £275
Twelve-Plus *from* £295
Seventeen *from* £385
Twenty - *from* £550
and the **Siddeley Special**

Please write for Catalogue "R.171"

EXCLUSIVE carriagework dominates the Armstrong Siddeley cars. They are new conceptions of luxurious coachwork. Without any sacrifice of comfort or roominess their modern lines give them the very smartest appearance. Every model has a coachbuilt body made of the best materials with the highest standards of finish which carriage building craftsmanship can attain.

See and Try the new Twelve-Plus (14 H.P. R.A.C. Rating)

ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY
with the only proved self changing gear

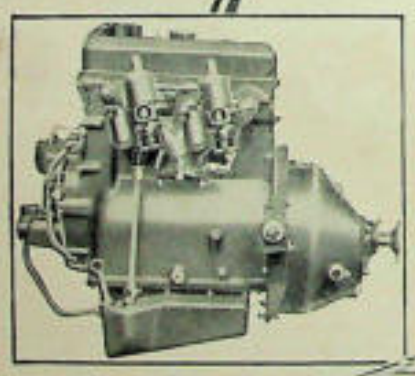
OLYMPIA
STAND No. 115

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CENTRES

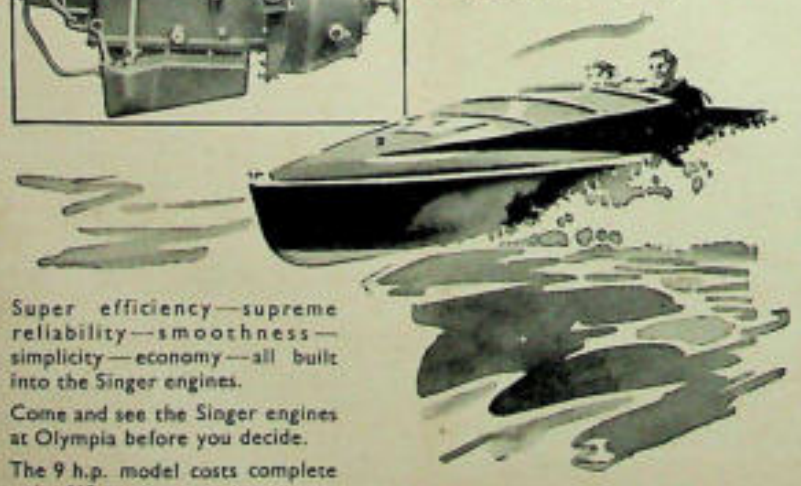
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

ARTISTIC

Singer Marine Engines



SEE THEM AT
OLYMPIA
STAND · 157



Super efficiency—supreme reliability—smoothness—simplicity—economy—all built into the Singer engines.

Come and see the Singer engines at Olympia before you decide.

The 9 h.p. model costs complete only £65.

SINGER & CO. LTD.,
COVENTRY

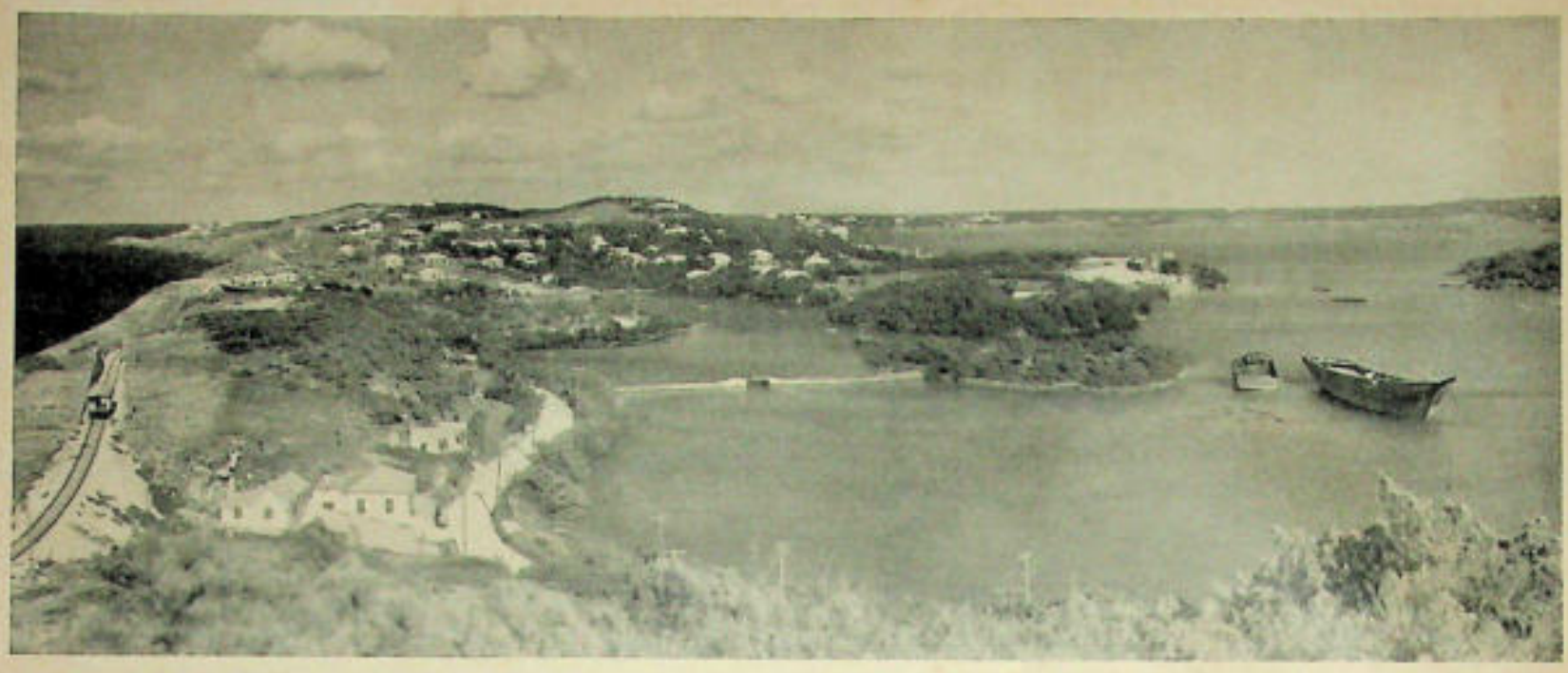
SINGER

9 H.P. & 1½ Litre *Marine Engines*

PLAYER'S
"NO NAME"
TOBACCO

Men whose opinions command respect choose 'No Name' because of the excellence in leaf and blending which has won for it pre-eminence among those pipe-tobaccos which cater definitely for the tastes of knowledgeable smokers.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. PNN22A



A PANORAMA OF WOODS AND SEA AND WHITE HOUSES BUILT OF CORALLINE STONE, WITH THE OLD TOWN OF ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA, IN THE BACKGROUND

BERMUDA AS A WINTER RESORT

"In December One Rides, Plays Golf . . . . Clothed as for a Warm June Day at Home"

WHILE winter and political uncertainties cloud the face of Europe, Bermuda basks serene. Of all the islands I have ever visited these "Somers Islands" have the finest climate. In December one rides, plays golf, walks through the country lanes with their hedges of hibiscus and poinsettia, clothed as for a warm June day at home.

"Isn't Bermuda very American?" enquired a friend a few days ago. "'American' in the sense of having some of the best hotels in the world and 'American' in that you can spend an enormous amount of money in an incredibly short time; but isn't that true of any place in the world that lives by catering for visitors?" That was my answer.

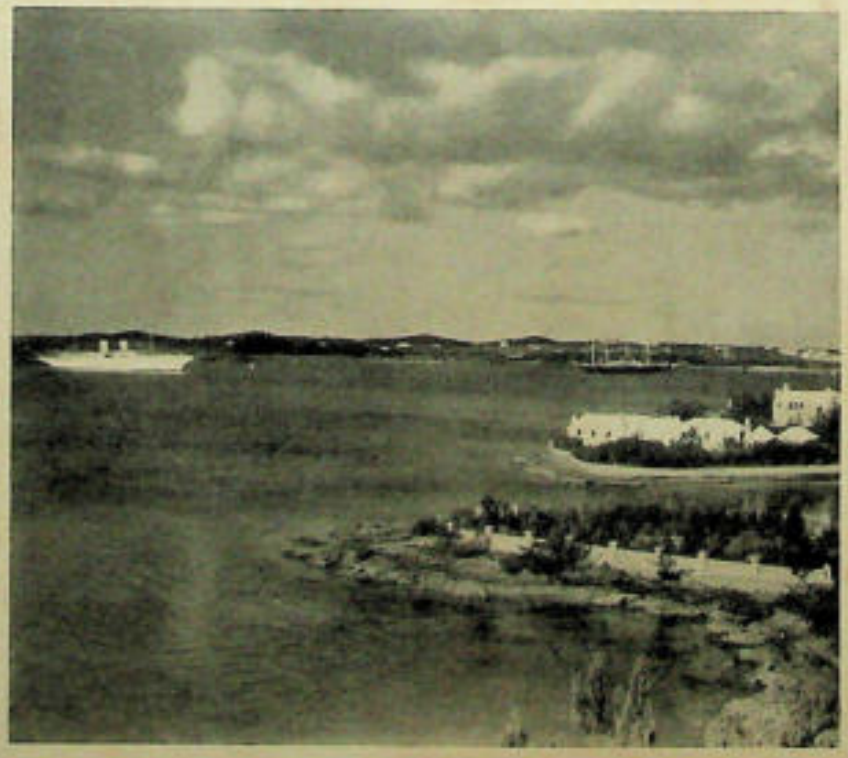
Bermuda is in fact an amazing combination. As you enter that great land-locked harbour that leads up to the deep-water wharves at Hamilton, where twenty-thousand tonners lie, as it were, in the streets of the town, you realise that here is a setting comparable to the legendary harbours of the world—San Francisco, Sydney, the Jamaican Kingston, Rio de Janeiro. Yet it has a character all its own.

There is a profusion of sailing boats, for that is one of the chief attractions of Bermuda. The pine trees, dark and cool in the bright sun, grow right down to the azure water. Among the trees are set houses, neat and well-cared-for, whose gardens are ablaze with reds and purples and blues. Like some strange chequer board, the white roofs are almost dazzling in their cleanliness. And to add a touch of true modernity flying boats from Miami or from the great naval dockyard pass overhead or land like great sea-birds in the spacious haven.

From the English point of view the competition of Florida is a blessing, for the shops are good and they stock both English and American goods. From the American aspect the "Britishness" of the island is at least as great an attraction as the glorious weather. From both points the absence of motor cars is a welcome relief that only those who know Bermuda can fully appreciate. For transport there are "flies," or the Diesel-powered railway that cuts through the coral rock and skirts the coast for a dozen miles.

The aquarium is perhaps the most fascinating in the world. This is no zoo, but a great under-water garden with shells and plants complete, and fish the like of which you never dreamed existed save in the imagination of some teller of fairy tales.

Soon Bermuda will leap into prominence as an airport. In the next twelve months it is likely that the liaison between Imperial Airways and Pan-American will start operating the first link in the trans-Atlantic air route from Hamilton to New York. Already the Americans are talking of 50-ton flying boats, and our own company is said to have placed orders for experimental machines to link Bermuda with Europe. But even without air communications Bermuda is not difficult of access. The largest and most luxurious boats run from New York, among them the mammoths of the Furness Line.



SEEN FROM THE WARWICK SHORE

The yacht anchored in Granaway Deep is said to be the world's largest privately-owned vessel—the Savarona

Arrived in New York you will travel comfortably to Bermuda overnight—Tuesday's dinner in mid-winter with snow thick on the ground and a biting wind from the Arctic, Wednesday evening out of doors in the warm sun and all around the scent of flowers—fields of Bermuda lilies, frangipannies laden with blossom, banana plantations and tomatoes ripening in the fields for the markets of America and Canada.

Such a contrast is hardly possible nearer home, for to be certain of real summer weather in winter nothing short of Egypt will suffice, and even Cairo has been known to have snow in January.

Although bananas flourish, Bermuda is not tropical. It is not in the least like the West Indies either in geography, in vegetation or in physical appearance. It is a huge island of coral, strangely indented by the Atlantic, which has formed two large natural harbours and countless smaller ones well suited for fishing boats and sailing yachts.

Granaway Deep, which forms the main approach to Hamilton, is on a scale sufficient to house in safety the whole Atlantic Fleet. Witness the famous floating dock, which the Navy erected at Bermuda over a quarter of a century ago as a tribute to the importance attached by the Admiralty to our western Atlantic outpost.

The other great inlet through the coral is St. George's Sound. A peaceful, enchanting sight this is as you see it from the rolling hills above. Here again the gardens and the pines fringe the very edge of the sea. Palms rustling in the cooling breeze stand like sentries poised upon the dazzling sands. On still days the red hibiscus, and oleanders pink and white, are reflected in the water. Yet in spite of the brightness, in spite of the intense clarity of the air and the wealth of sub-tropical plants, Bermuda is never too hot. It is, I believe, the ideal climate—where summer and winter you can wear light clothes, where there are few mosquitoes, no malaria, where the whole atmosphere of the place seems to say, "Here you cannot help feeling and being fit."

In London most of the travel agencies have the requisite data on hotels and steamship passages. There is, in addition, a branch of the Bermuda Trade Development Board, the London office of which is at 329, High Holborn. M. R.

Films of Scotland.—Owners of home cinema projectors are reminded that the Scottish Travel Association, of 2, North Charlotte Street, Edinburg 2, maintains a library of 16 mm. scenic films showing many different parts of Scotland. These films are available for loan to responsible persons, only postage being charged. A list of the films may be had on application to the address given.

WINTER VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES AND BEYOND

Some Forthcoming Cruises and What They Offer

VOYAGES to the West Indies promise to be particularly popular this winter, and no wonder. Sunshine is there in abundance. Scenery of a charm all its own beautifies islands of both volcanic and coral origin. Coral beaches glisten in the sun. Tropical fruits, flowers and birds grace the landscape. And you cannot go far among the West Indies without reminder of the early buccaneering days that lent an atmosphere of mystery and romance to the islands.

Jamaica is the largest and certainly one of the most attractive of all the British West Indies. "One of the brightest jewels in the British Crown," it was once described. With its Blue Mountains rising to over 7,000ft., it provides unusual variety of climate and scenery, while the richness of its tropical vegetation is apparent everywhere. Kingston, the capital, is as interesting for its native life as for its splendid harbour; and the visitor is invariably regaled with the legend of Port Royal, once the rendezvous of pirates—"the wickedest city on earth"—and now lying beneath the waters of Kingston Harbour.

Barbados is another supremely beautiful island, with its verdant terraces and coral shores, proud of its three centuries association with Great Britain. Quiet roads wind among sugar plantations and banana groves; lofty palms sway gracefully in the air. Bridgetown, the capital, is full of the colourful atmosphere of West Indian native life. Barbados is considered the healthiest of the West Indian islands, and invites rest and relaxation.

As the most southerly of the West Indies, Trinidad is the most tropical in character but none the less lovely—"the Riviera of the Caribbean" it is sometimes called. The famous Pitch Lake from which Sir Walter Raleigh caulked his ships more than 400 years ago has provided material for the making of excellent motor roads, by which the beauties of the island may be seen easily and comfortably.

Nassau, in the Bahamas, is becoming increasingly popular as a winter resort, affording facilities for sport and recreation as well as the natural charm of white coral beaches and gorgeous verdure. St. Lucia, too, is as dainty and delightful an island as one could wish to see, with one of the finest harbours in the West Indies.

While visiting the West Indies, it is well worth while to continue to Panama, not only because of the great interest attaching to the canal, but because Panama is itself a most attractive country, with winter resorts that are annually becoming more fashionable.

There are two ways of enjoying a voyage to the West Indies and Panama. Either you can take one of the specially organised cruises, which mostly leave in January; or you can go out by one of the regular services, with the alternative of making a round voyage in one ship or staying ashore for a time at a port of call and continuing by another vessel. In any case, a month should be a minimum to allow for the voyage.

The new P. & O. boat Strathmore will be making her first cruise to the West Indies in January. This will occupy no more than a month, and is a good illustration of what can be accomplished in the time. She will call at Madeira on the outward voyage, visit Jamaica, Trinidad and Barbados, and return via the Canary Islands and Casablanca, covering altogether over 9,000 miles. Enjoyment of the sea voyage on this new boat requires no emphasis; but there will be time for eighteen hours ashore at Madeira, 35 hours at Jamaica, twelve hours at Trinidad, ten hours at Barbados, eleven hours at Santa Cruz and eleven hours at Casablanca.

On a 38 days' cruise, leaving in February, the Lamport & Holt Line's Vandyck will include calls at Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Panama, Jamaica, Havana (Cuba), Miami, Nassau, Bermuda and the Azores, a cruise offering plenty of variety of scene. Havana, the capital of Cuba, is well worth seeing, for it is a brilliant city with much fine Spanish architecture and lovely parks, framed by hills. Then there is Miami, the famous Florida resort, on its picturesque lagoon, with luxurious holiday amenities forming a striking contrast to some of the West Indian ports.

Still more extensive will be a 50 days' cruise by the Canadian Pacific Duchess of Richmond, leaving in January. This will include visits to the island of Curaçao, capital of the Dutch West Indies; Cristobal (Panama Canal), the American island of San Juan and the French island of Martinique, birthplace of Napoleon's Empress, Josephine—these in addition to Trinidad, Jamaica, Cuba, Miami, Nassau, Bermuda and Madeira and the Canary Islands.

The Swedish American Line's well-known motor liner Gripsholm will visit Mexico in a comprehensive cruise of 54 days, leaving in January, and including Miami and Colon (Panama), as well as several West Indian islands.

Longer cruises, extending through the Panama Canal to Honolulu and California, will be made by the Royal Mail Atlantis (74 days) and the Blue Star Arandora Star (76 days). The Atlantis will visit Barbados, Trinidad and Jamaica.

For those who think of visiting the West Indies by one of the regular services there is an excellent choice. The French Line are running winter pleasure voyages by their boats Cuba and Colombia, with the alternative of making a round voyage of about six weeks, or proceeding as far as Trinidad only and staying there a fortnight or longer. There are four of these round voyages, running monthly from December 27th, and they include visits to Guadaloupe, Martinique, Barbados, Trinidad, Venezuela, Curaçao, Columbia, Panama and Costa Rica.

The Fyffes Line services to Bermuda and Jamaica give opportunities for making voyages out and home, with several days' stay at either Bermuda or Jamaica as the case may be, the voyage there and back occupying about a month. The Harrison Line Services include more ports—Antigua, St. Kitts, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad, Demerara and St. Lucia—and the round voyage occupies about six weeks. Other lines by which visits to the West Indies and Central America can be made from British ports are the Royal Netherlands and the Hamburg-American. W. F.

CLIMBING FOR COCONUTS
A photograph taken in Grenada

AT ANDROS AND NEW PROVIDENCE IN THE BAHAMAS ARE GLORIOUS TRACKS FOR RIDING
By the edge of the sapphire sea are grey-green palms, hibiscus, sweet jasmine and flowering oleanders

New Empire Air Link.—Imperial Airways are making a series of survey and experimental flights with a view to the provision of a regular connecting air service between the England—Australia route and Hong Kong, China. The object is to gain practical experience as to the operation of a Penang—Hong Kong service on a permanently commercial scale, and connecting with Imperial Airways' London—Singapore service at Penang.

CARTING SUGAR CANE IN BARBADOS

WHERE TO STAY

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

ALMOND'S Hotel CLIFFORD STREET, W.1

At Almond's in Clifford Street you will find that faultless personal service which your ancestors expected and received here. Nowadays you will also find a bath and a telephone to every room. Phone Regent 0535 or write to Mr. Branchini for the 1935 Tariff.

900 ft. up in the Surrey "alps", in pine-filled, glorious gardens, "Moorlands", a fascinating hotel under the same management. Lift, h. & c. all rooms. Golf, riding, tennis—or resting! Write or 'phone Hindhead 10 for Tariff.

MOORLANDS HINDHEAD SURREY Hotel

MARTIN HOTELS

Shooting and Fishing in Wales.

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL via Oswestry.
SHOOTING 21,000 acres. Large stock wild Pheasants, walking up 25/- a day. Also Grouse, Blackgame, Partridge. Secluded country house from 3½ guineas weekly. 4½ hours London. Riding. Tennis. Fishing on renowned Lake Vyrnwy season opens 1st March, 1936.
Tel. LLANWDDYN 2

OAKELEY ARMS HOTEL Tan-y-bwlch.
A modernised old Coaching Inn at the foot of Moelwyn, 2,500ft. Beautiful Country, mild climate. Easy reach golf at Harlech. Tennis. Near the new Trawsfynydd Lake; season opens 15th March, 1936. Sea Trout fishing river Dwyryd.
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH 31

Mr. and Mrs. Martin have specially studied the requirements of sportsmen and their families.

MOULSFORD MANOR HOTEL
Moulsford, Berks.
On the main Reading–Oxford Road.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Modern Comfort. Excellent Cooking.
'Phone: Goring 25.

EXMOOR The Riding and Walking Playground of England.
CROWN HOTEL, EXFORD, NEAR MINEHEAD.
Centre of Exmoor. 800 feet above Sea Level. Staghounds. Foxhounds. Harriers. Shooting. Electric Light. H. and C. in all Bedrooms. £4 4s. per week. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Exford 43.
Proprietor, R. G. SPILLER, CASTLE HOTEL, TAUNTON

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.
ULBSTER ARMS HOTEL, HALKIRK.
Salmon and Trout Fishing Free to Guests. Spring Salmon Fishing on the famous Thurso River.
All in terms from £7 7s. per week one person. Two from £10 10s.
Trout Fishings on Loch Watten and Loch Calder Free.
Write for Terms and Booking List.

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
7,000 acres good mixed shooting.
14 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.
Electric light; h. and c. in bedrooms.
Telephone: Lifton 4.

TRUST HOUSES
Full particulars of this chain of comfortable country Hotels from
TRUST HOUSES ENQUIRY OFFICE – 81, Piccadilly, W.1
(Close to Green Park Tube Station)

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE THREE SWANS, MARKET HARBOROUGH

IT is hard to realise as you pass through parts of Market Harborough to-day that the town supplied the setting for Whyte-Melville's famous hunting novel of that name. In the course of time attractive old buildings have disappeared and new have taken their places, yet if you visit the Three Swans Hotel, you will not be disappointed if you desire an old-world peaceful atmosphere with modern comforts. From the outside it may appear as other old and well-built hotels, but inside you will find that the main portion of the walls date from the days of Charles the First. It is probable that the Big Room, which is 56ft. long, had a low-raftered ceiling until about 1800, when it was raised to 14ft. and given a balcony with elegant iron banisters. In some of the bedrooms are pretty little Adam grates.

Many a traveller of the road during the early days of the stage coach—when drivers used to fall asleep from sheer weariness until the coach-proprietors devised a hard, uncomfortable seat for them on the bed of the axletree in such a manner as to shake every bone in their bodies and make repose impossible—must have been glad to alight and get into the warmth of the Three Swans on a winter's night. Later these tired-out drivers were succeeded by the dashing charioteers of the palmy days of coaching, and many broken heads and broken limbs were probably attended to in the inn parlour. The driver of those days, in his striped waistcoat and smart attire was, according to Washington Irving, "generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakings of the tap room."

So long as coaching thrived the Three Swans thrived too, but with the coming of the railway the inn took on a somewhat neglected appearance and lost some of its brightness and cleanness which is the essence of the English hostelry. The coachmen themselves thought that the railways "couldn't last long," but their passengers, while perhaps regretting the disappearance of the romance of travelling, were not proof against the saving of time and money and gradually deserted the horse-drawn vehicle for the speedier steam-driven locomotive. Slowly the coachmen lost their lordly manner until finally they were in many cases compelled through want to drive the omnibus between railway stations and hotels.

For many years the Three Swans remained more or less derelict until last year when Mr. John Fothergill, author of *The Innkeeper's Diary*, bought the place and carefully redecorated the whole inn and gave it running "h. and c." softened water and other proper appointments. It has now a charm and individuality which give to it all its old attractiveness as a stopping place. If you hunt you will know that the meets of the Fernie, Pytchley and Woodland Pytchley are held in this district, and to these packs Market Harborough is what Melton Mowbray is to the Quorn.

Here and there in the town you will see good-looking old houses, one of the most noticeable being a quaint timbered grammar school of 1614 standing on wooden pillars with a small market place beneath. There is, too, the house where Charles I is said to have slept on the eve of Naseby. This house stands near the Parish Church, supposedly built by John of Gaunt when his conscience was troubling him about his liaison with Catherine Swinford. But if it is open to argument whether or not Charles slept in Market Harborough or whether John of Gaunt had a conscience, there is certainly no argument concerning the comfort of the Three Swans. Here is a middle-sized English inn which give you a warm welcome, remarkably good food and wine, and a comfortable night's rest.

When in London Stay at

Brown's Hotel

DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1

¶ Brown's Hotel remains to-day a living witness that the spirit of more spacious days can be satisfactorily allied to the comfort which modern methods have achieved. In its solid dignity it preserves the atmosphere which has long made it the home in London of the English County families, something standing for all that is best in the older order of things, something we connect with meets of hounds, and old houses standing by broad lawns and the wide sweep of Scottish Moors.

Yet every bedroom at Brown's has a private bath or running water, exchange telephone.

Rooms and suites with or without central heating.

Telephone: REGENT 6020 (15 lines)
Telegrams: BROWNOTEL, LONDON

CHELTENHAM SPA

The Health Resort and Holiday Centre in the Heart of the Cotswolds.

Abundant Amusements—Municipal Music Daily—First Class Hotels—Sport for all. Centre for Delightful Excursions to Wye Valley, Oxford, Upper Thames, Shakespeare's Country, Cotswold Hills, etc.
Send for Free New Guide to Dept. V, Town Hall, Cheltenham Spa.

TRAVEL BY RAIL
"Monthly Return" Tickets at 1¼d. a mile 1st, 1d. 3rd class—any train, any day.

BATH *Centre of healing*

Special features of Bath methods are the Deep baths; re-educative movements in the Hot Pool; Thermal Vapour Baths; Mud baths and mud packs from local deposits combined with radio-active thermal water. An effective cure before the winter. A variety of diversions daily. Full information from The Director, Information Bureau, Bath. Travel by Rail from London (Paddington Station) by the G.W.R. Spa Expresses at 11.15a.m. and 1.15p.m. From the Provinces by LMS and G.W.R.

THE MODERN BRITISH SPA

GRAND PUMP ROOM HOTEL
Only Hotel with private lift and stairway to Baths. Spacious lounges, etc. Up-to-date in every detail. Moderate inclusive terms. The premier Hotel in the West of England.
'Phone Bath 3286 "Grams: "Pumpotel Bath."

EMPIRE HOTEL
Overlooking the River Avon and facing the Abbey and Parade Gardens. One minute from the Pump Room and Baths.
100 self-contained suites and bedrooms.

SPA HOTEL
9 acres beautiful grounds. Golf course adjacent. H. & C. (softened) water and Radiators in all rooms. Every modern comfort. Motor (free) to Pump Room (3 min.) Week-end terms.
'Phone, Bath 4224-5. "Grams," Spaotel Bath."

PULTENEY HOTEL
Close to Baths and Pump Room. Many Private Suites. H. & C. running water. Own Garage. Electric fires. Moderate terms. Unremitting, unobtrusive service. Send for brochure.
'Phone: Bath 3281.
'Grams: "Pulteney Hotel, Bath."

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone, 4000 Brighton.

BUDE.—GRENVILLE HOTEL.—Charming first-class Hotel, second to none in Cornwall, in gardens by sea; beautiful ball and public rooms. String band. Sunday Golf.

HARROGATE.—CROWN HOTEL. FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Adjoining Pump Room and Royal baths. MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS. Phone 4045. Write MANAGER.

KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER (English Lakes) Most interesting centre for scenery and excursions. Leading Hotel in the district, the Keswick.

MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S, Prospectus Free. *Great Britain's Greatest Hydro.* Tel. 17.

NOEL ARMS HOTEL, Chipping Campden, for HUNTING QUARTERS. All rooms fitted h. and c. water. Terms from 3 guineas. Hunters and hacks, and horses taken at livery. 'Phone 217.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4322. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1935

REGISTERED. PRICE 1S.
POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D. FOREIGN 3D.}

LORD DESBOROUGH

The whole world of sport will unite in congratulating Lord Desborough on his eightieth birthday, which takes place next Wednesday. His reputation as a sportsman and a nature lover is well known throughout the British Empire, and it was a source of world-wide satisfaction when the King made him a Knight of the Garter in 1928. His varied activities still find wide scope at his two historic houses, Taplow Court and Panshanger, while he is actively interested in the famous bird sanctuary at Hickling

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.

5/-

(POSTAGE 6d.)

FROM BOOKSELLERS OR FROM "THE FIELD," BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C. 4

CONTENTS

INTENSIVE ROWING AT OXFORD	961
RED DEER AND CHAMOIS IN AUSTRIA	962
PROBLEM OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE	962
OUR TEAM FOR THE WESTCHESTER CUP	963
MOORLANDS MENACED BY BRACKEN	965
BIG WOODS AND PHEASANT WASTAGE	966
LIGHT TACKLE FISHING FOR THE WINTER MONTHS	967
A MUCH-ABUSED FISH—THE GRAYLING	968
HUNTERS IN FIELD AND SHOW RING	969
AN "INVASION" OF SHORT-EARED OWLS	970
SKILFUL PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT	971
UNIVERSITY RUGBY	972
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	973
IN THE CITY	976
SMALL FENCE REPAIRS WHICH SAVE GREAT EXPENSE	977
WHEN THE LANDLORD PAID	977
FIELD TRIALS	978
THE HARDY LABRADOR	979
NEW BOOKS	980
SHAKESPEARE'S GATHERERS OF SIMPLES	984
FOURSOME GOLF AT WORPLESDON	985
BOROTRA'S RECORD	985
SQUASH RACKETS	985
THE AGRICULTURAL DILEMMA	986
A USEFUL VEHICLE FOR COUNTRY ESTATES	988
HAVE AIR SPEEDS REACHED THEIR LIMIT?	991
A WINTER IN SOUTH AFRICA	992
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	995
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	996
RIVER REPORTS	933
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	936
SPORTING CALENDAR	3rd page Cover

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*
Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.

THE IMPORT OF HORSES

HORSE breeders in this country have for some time been faced with many difficulties, such as falling markets, the increase of mechanisation, and the curtailment of Government subsidies. Those who breed for transport and commercial purposes have been particularly hard hit. And now there is added the menace of imported transport horses from the Continent. This trade has within recent times assumed considerable proportions, so much so that the National Horse Association has taken the matter up and is showing how unfair this foreign competition is. It may not be generally known that there is no tariff on imported horses in this country except in the case of Ireland, upon which country a duty is levied in connection with the land annuities dispute. Imported horses, very few of which are of the light-legged breeds (though even some of the latter have been imported from Germany), are brought principally from Belgium and Holland and are sold in this country when the market is good.

Last year the number of horses, including ponies, which came into this country and Northern Ireland was 9,802, which in terms of hard cash represented some £658,596, while we on our part only exported 2,695 horses and ponies, of a value estimated at £464,850. Even as a trade balance this shows an appreciable difference, and in view of the facts the National Horse Association made representations to the Minister of Agriculture that this traffic should be made the subject of a suitable tariff. Breeders in England, the Association pointed out, have given close study to every description of breed for centuries past, and it seemed a poor reward for their industry that they should be cold-shouldered out of the horse market by foreigners who in most cases supply cheaper but inferior animals, which are also not, as far as can be ascertained, guaranteed free of ailments. To these questions the Minister replied that, although he was sympathetic as to the general trend of the representation, in his opinion the horse traffic had not assumed such proportions as to warrant tariff measures being enforced. And yet the figures seem to speak for themselves. That is the position at present, and it is satisfactory to know that the National Horse Association is not allowing the matter to drop.

As regards Ireland, always one of the main sources of supply for the racecourse, the hunting field and the polo ground, the position seems even worse. There is no doubt that the 40 per cent. tariff which is demanded on Irish horses, or rather horses from the Free State, has had a retrograde effect on Irish horse breeding. Before the present Government in Ireland made themselves responsible for this state of affairs the import of horses into this country was about 12,000 per annum, but since the tariff was placed on all livestock the figure has dropped to under 8,000, and it will go lower. It falls particularly hard on bloodstock breeders, who if they send an in-foal mare to an Irish sire have to pay duty on three times the fee of the sire of the foal. This in the case of a foal by a 400- or 300-guinea sire works out at a very considerable figure. And the foal may in the end prove to be entirely useless for racing purposes.

For horse breeders in Great Britain or Ireland the future may thus not seem hopeful. But Irish affairs will settle themselves sooner or later, whereas our heavy horse trade is an entirely different matter. Breeders are well within their rights in asking for protection when they contend they are being undersold by inferior imported animals, and any action that can be taken by the National Horse Association to forward their case will be widely approved. There is a rider to be added, however, and it is to the effect that whatever action is taken it must not be of a nature which, in face of a demand for heavy horses of good type, would lead to fancy prices. Such would neither be to the interest of the farmer nor the breeder.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

IN the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, who died on Saturday, October 19th, at Bowhill, Selkirk, at the age of 71, after a long illness, the nation has lost a great nobleman and a great landowner beloved by his tenants. His death casts a shadow on what would otherwise have been an occasion of public rejoicing. It was only on August 30th that the news of the engagement of his third daughter, Lady Alice Scott, to the King's third son, the Duke of Gloucester, was received with the greatest satisfaction throughout the Empire, and the deepest sympathy of the nation has gone out to the Duke's family, and in the circumstances especially to Lady Alice, in their bereavement. His loss will be felt in many homes. It is more than fifty years ago that the late Duke sailed as shipmate in the Bacchante with King George V and his elder brother the late Duke of Clarence, and it is unlikely that either Prince George or Lord John Scott, as they then were, foresaw at that time their future positions. The nation will offer their respectful sympathy to His Majesty in the loss of a personal friend.

THE "FIELD" HUNTING YEAR BOOK

On our book page will be found a notice of the "Field" Hunting Year Book for 1935-1936, which is now issued by the Field Press Ltd., price 10/6. This year's issue contains the usual tabulated information of the present and past seasons, thoroughly and intelligently indexed. Besides this there are details of point-to-points, puppy shows, pony clubs and hunt balls, and accounts of the principal polo tournaments, while the awards at the principal agricultural shows are also included. We may safely recommend this book to our readers as the most comprehensive Handbook of the Horse in the market.

EIGHTY NOT OUT

On Wednesday next, October 30th, Lord Desborough, the subject of our frontispiece, will reach the age of eighty. The *Field* offers to him and to Lady Desborough, in the name of its readers, its heartiest congratulations and good wishes. Lord Desborough in his time has played many parts, and no man has played them with more honour. His athletic and sporting distinctions alone would fill a page. He has played in the Harrow cricket eleven and rowed in the Oxford eight; he has been President of the O.U.B.C. and of the O.U.A.C., representing Oxford in the three miles race against Cambridge; he has swum Niagara twice; has won the Punting Championship and stroked an eight across the Channel; and as Chairman of the Thames Conservancy, ex-President of the London Chamber of Commerce and of the British Imperial Council of Commerce, as a Member of Parliament, and as Chairman of innumerable Committees, he has done more valuable public work than any other living Englishman. His countrymen watched with admiration that ended in sorrow the gallant careers of his two sons, both killed in the war, one of whom, Julian Grenfell, wrote that greatest of war poems, "Into Battle." In 1928 Lord Desborough received from the King the Order of the Garter, an honour never awarded to a more knightly recipient.

SPECTACULAR FOOTBALL

Which is the most spectacular type of football to watch? The question has often been discussed, with advocates for both Rugby football and the Rugby League game, as well as for Association football as played by the leading professional clubs. Writing from Brisbane to a correspondent in Somerset, an old Oxford player of both Rugby and Association football, adds to the list the Australian National game, played mainly in Victoria by professional teams. He says that in his opinion it beats all other football games for speed and cleverness, and is certainly the most spectacular and the best game from the crowd's point of view. It is played in four breaks of half-an-hour each; there is no off-side rule, no scrums or lines-out (forcing the ball out of bounds is penalised), and no knock-on penalty.

AN AUSTRALIAN "WONDER GOLFER"

J. Ferrier, whose activities on the links have caused much comment and praise, recently surpassed his previous performances by winning the New South Wales championship with a total of 266 for the four rounds—said to be the lowest record aggregate ever returned for four rounds on a championship course, the length of which, however, is not reported. This aggregate was made up of rounds of 67, 65, 70 and 64. He was sixteen strokes ahead of the runner-up, and ten below the par total. He is said to be uncanny with his putter—rather different even from most first-class golfers—and is a long hitter besides. As he hopes to come to England next year for the various tou[illegible] golfers in this country look forward to [illegible] 20-year-old boy in action, this young [illegible] who is hailed as yet another "prodigy."

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

The electrification of railways was s[illegible] time of its inception to be the first move for the ruin and abolition of foxhunting. Nothing so drastic as this has fortunately happened; but electric railways have taken their toll of wild life in general. For example, the Master of the Southdown writes us that on a portion of the railway line between Glynde and Polegate, a distance of eight miles, which was only electrified in June, up to recently twenty-three badgers and four otters had been found killed, but not a single fox. The badgers apparently crawl over the line in a very leisurely manner and get killed every time. The otters, on the other hand, crouch under the electric line and get a fatal shock from above. The fox apparently hops over the line in an agile manner and does not get interfered with, or so it seems. This is heartening news for hunting people, but a cause of concern to naturalists and others.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an Irish newspaper:

Hounds to the number of 20 were laid on Mr. John Fitzpatrick's land, which was drawn blank; a move was made into the covert and after some trouble with rabbits a young vixen was afoot after giving a good hunt of half-an-hour. She fell a victim of a well-directed shot by John Fitzpatrick when she tried to break to the country.

ICE HOCKEY AMATEURS

The controversy between the controlling authorities of amateur ice hockey and the rink-owning interests regarding the amateur status of ice hockey players who have come over from Canada to join English clubs has been amicably settled, for the present season at any rate. Mr. Ahearne, secretary of the British Ice Hockey Association, announced upon his return from Canada, where he met Mr. E. A. Gilroy, president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, that the question never arose of banning Canadian players who had previously played in England under British Ice Hockey Association rules. The Canadian Association having accepted these men as amateurs last season would accept them again this year.

What the 1936–37 season may bring forth, however, is still in doubt, as the League Internationale de Hockey sur Glace, the international controlling body of amateur ice hockey, will certainly be forced to take very strict measures after the next annual meeting.

A GAME GUARD'S RISKS

Mention was made in the *Field* of August 12th of the adventurous life of a Uganda game guard. In Captain A. T. Ritchie's annual report of the work of the Kenya Game Department the death of Dirvan bin Ahmed is referred to. "Dirvan was probably the most efficient servant this department has ever had, and I have little hope that we shall find him a worthy successor. Descended from the Sultans of Pate, Dirvan was not only a very great and brilliant gentleman, but also, perhaps surprisingly, a very energetic and enthusiastic one. For years he carried his life in his hand, working as he did in communities, savage and less so, where the arts of the poisoner are studied and held in esteem. It was perhaps his personality that saved him, and his intelligence, and the mercy of Providence." He died suddenly from some obscure diphtheria-like affection. Captain Ritchie's report is as amusing as ever, and its appearance after three years is very welcome.

UNPROTECTED TROUT

St. Luke's little summer, though it came like a foretaste of spring this year after the sodden weeks of early autumn, is a tantalising time for the fisherman. Apart from the favoured individual who are within reach of belated [illegible] there are few of them whose [illegible] away for the winter, or are [illegible] in a corner awaiting the time when an access of energy or moral pressure from those responsible for household management compels them to be so entombed. Yet the sunshine [illegible] the window calls to rippling streams and leaping trout. There is still one kind of trout over which the law extends no protecting hand—the rainbow. Their old-time disability—unexplained disappearance—seems now to have been overcome. Would it not be worth while for more country estates to stock their ponds with rainbow trout and thus extend the season to Christmas—long after the brown trout streams have closed their fishing?

SPRING IN AUTUMN

It is usually about the third week in October that sharp frost comes to the garden, and punctually enough the night of the 20th brought six to eight degrees with it, to blacken the dahlias and hang the nasturtiums in sodden wreck. But colchicums and sternbergias still glow purple and yellow under the orchard trees, and it only needs the warmth of sunlight to open the autumn-flowering crocuses and gentians in the rock garden. Among the heathers it will not be long before *Erica carnea* will be blushing pink and crimson, and with those bright blossoms we shall see the spathes of snowdrops pushing through the grass. There is no interval between autumn and spring.

THE LAND OF HEATHER

Northward lie the pathless hills
From Derwent to the Tees,
And westward from Black Hambledon
To Whitby's wintry seas.
Wastes of purple brown and gold,
Range after range against the sky,
And mellowing woods in every fold,
Deep hued in autumn's pageantry.
Here is the land of my heart's desire,
Apart from the ways of men:
Here may I roam till my footsteps tire
And the half is not travelled then.

DONALD CORRIE.

Two of the three Oxford crews who started training as early as mid-September being coached by Mr. Haig Thomas

INTENSIVE ROWING AT OXFORD

Determined Efforts For a Dark Blue Revival

By E. E. D. TOMLIN

SOME three weeks before the beginning of the University Michaelmas term, the preliminary preparations for next year's Boat Race began at Henley, where Mr. Ralph Hope, [illegible] President, had brought together a number of selected oarsmen. He entrusted the [illegible] to Mr. Haig Thomas and Brigadier Gibbon, who have both trained Oxford crews before, and to Mr. Michael Mosley last year's Oxford president. It is reasonable to assume that from the two crews eventually formed the members of the next University Boat will be drawn. Mr. Hope's recent retirement from the presidency is a source of much regret, but we may be quite confident that Mr. Sciortino, who now takes his place, will worthily carry on the work that his predecessor so early had to abandon.

The task of an Oxford president is hard enough to accomplish in the most favourable of years, but one which, during a period when victory and defeat have been fairly evenly distributed, does not present the difficulties peculiar to the situation that has now developed. Never before has Oxford sustained so long a series of reverses, and for this reason alone, if for no other, every move on the part of those ultimately responsible for the direction of her fortunes on the river tends to acquire an exaggerated significance, and is regarded with an interest more critical than normal years would provoke.

The causes of the decline in the Dark Blue fortunes have given rise to much discussion, and their remedy provides material for endless speculation; but to those who take a general interest in the rowing affairs of the rival Universities as exemplified in the Boat Race, the fact that last year's exceptional measures proved unsuccessful in achieving their immediate end would seem to indicate that such a line of action, at any rate, ought to be abandoned in future. It has, indeed, been pointed out in this connection, that to start practice in mid-September was far too early for a Boat Race the following April; to train three trial eights, the most important of which was never raced, was to repudiate in effect the very reason for their existence; to keep the Oxford crew in the early stages entirely away from home waters was of doubtful advantage owing to the excessive inconvenience involved; and, finally, to make radical changes in that crew within a fortnight of the race, was to undo most of the advantages that this long period of preparation had promised to afford.

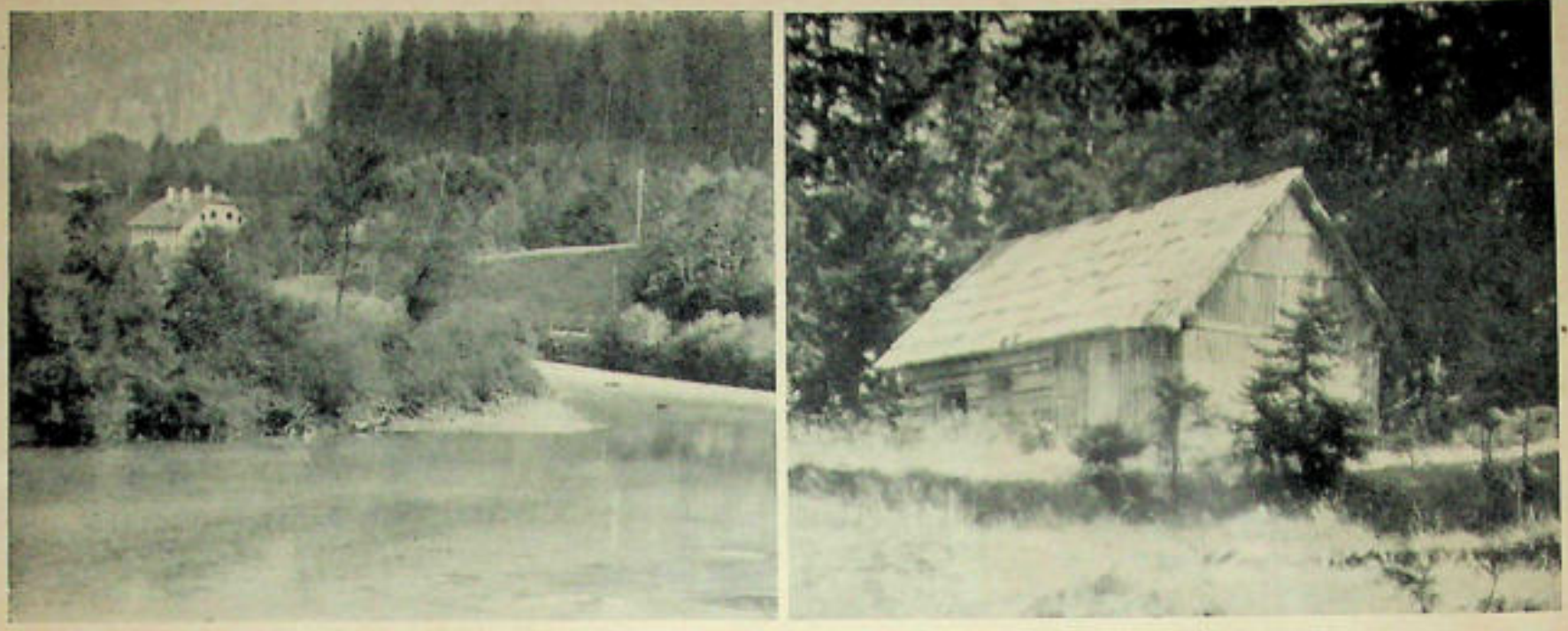
Now, although there is no question that a good deal of such argument is fully justified, one cannot help feeling that the true significance of the measures that Mr. Mosley decided to adopt when he became president in 1934 has somehow escaped the serious attention of many who reason in this way. In fact those who have seen the early results of the course he planned, and whose knowledge of its details extends beyond mere names and dates, are glad to see that Mr. Hope, and Mr. Sciortino, so far from utterly rejecting the measures of their predecessor, have even gone further and elaborated the schemes which met so undeserved a reverse last April. By keeping more men under supervision, and organising more crews in the nature of trial eights, they have already shown this intention. Further developments are sure to follow.

It cannot be stressed too strongly that Oxford oarsmen to-day are working not so much for an isolated Boat Race victory—invaluable as that would be at the present time—as for a general revival of that prestige which for so long remained unquestioned. At the same time, however, they are fully aware that a victory between Putney and Mortlake would do more towards this end than many less spectacular achievements.

But to start in mid-September is, according to all the accepted traditions of Boat Race training, a little early. Three, or even four trial eights, are more than are usually regarded as sufficient for the purpose. To train a crew entirely away from the Isis has seldom been contemplated before. Granted. But both Mr. Mosley and his successors have, in a sense, been misrepresented as to their motives where merely eight men for a Boat Race crew are in question. To train a few men for a "freak" victory while ignoring the hundreds of other oarsmen who, in actual fact, represent Oxford in the truest sense of the word, would have been a short-sighted policy indeed. When, therefore, one sees three crews starting practice at Henley before many of their companions have taken serious thought of returning from the Long Vacation, and when other innovations such as the presence of two of the most famous Cambridge coaches in charge of the Oxford crew are made known, it is not only with a view to the Boat Race crew alone, but also with an eye to Oxford rowing in its widest application that such a course is adopted. The University rowing of to-day governs the Boat Race crews of to-morrow.

It is most encouraging to see that the work that Mr. Haig Thomas and his colleagues have done is already showing good results; for whereas last year only some ten or twelve men were available, that number has been doubled this autumn, although this includes at least two freshmen, and we can depend on the 25 men who came to Henley last September to pass on the knowledge they acquired there to the individual colleges from which they were drawn. Mr. Sciortino has a promising task before him, for most of the men selected have already had valuable racing experience at Henley and Putney, while the reinforcement brought by some of the members of this year's successful Eton Eight should prove to be of very real value in the near future.

Oxford supporters have every reason to be confident this year that everything possible will be done to send the Dark Blue flag up first at Mortlake next spring. If Fortune ever receives assistance, Oxford will supply it now.



THE LODGE AND THE BOTHY IN CENTRAL EUROPE
On the left is Prince Elie Bourbon-Parma's shooting lodge at Gschöder, and on the right is the hut used by the sportsmen high up in the forest

RED DEER AND CHAMOIS IN AUSTRIA

Some Comparisons Between Highland and Central European Stalking

THIS autumn I was very glad to have the opportunity of stalking in Austria, and I hope that my experiences may be of interest to others, because although we regard Austria as a far country, actually its sport is as accessible to us as that of the Highlands of Scotland. It is true that when the railway first crept forward to Inverness the hills of Styria seemed almost as remote as those of North America. But times change and to-day Imperial Airways will take you to your Austrian shooting ground as fast as you and I normally travel to Sutherland or Caithness. I myself left London at 8 o'clock, reached Vienna the same day and was at Gschöder, near Maria Zell in the Styrian Alps, late that night. It is certainly a remarkably simple and easy arrangement. The cost of the return ticket is £27. I wonder if it is fully realised how near these great shooting grounds are to us?

I do not for a moment suggest that Austria offers better shooting than Scotland, or that Austria should replace Scotland. But I do suggest that the man who looks forward to a little stalking every year will find an interesting and pleasant variation in the contrasts of central Europe. If one has a forest of one's own and recalls that Royal head which should have reached to full maturity by this autumn, one is naturally loth to leave it, but that applies to only a few of us.

I was lucky enough to shoot over the estate at Gschöder of Prince Elie Bourbon-Parma, who has always done everything possible to keep the stalking on this very large property at a very high level as his father did before him. There is on the estate a great acreage of woodland covering the lower slopes of the mountains which is the home of the Styrian stag, and above that is the open hillside rising to the mountain tops which is the home of the chamois. The Styrian stag is a true red-deer, but he is a heavier beast than his Scottish cousin, and carries fine antlers, notably as regards beam. This is not to be wondered at when one takes into account the better feeding of the forests. The Austrian red deer of the plains is again a far heavier animal throwing a tremendous head, but he is generally a park specimen.

Before going to stalk a stag in Austria one must remember that he is a true stag, and a forest dweller. We are too much inclined to consider all stags in terms of Scotland. We imagine that he is to be found and stalked in the open hillside. Actually he is the only stag in the world that lives in the open. All other stags broadly speaking live in a forest. Therefore "stalking" is not really the term to apply to any stag outside Scotland. For stalking postulates a spy and approach in the open. The New Zealand stag is often shot in the open, like the barasingh, but the forest is there.

Now to get any animal out of a forest, whether he be a bongo or a barking deer, is often like looking for a needle in a haystack. So that the shooting of a stag must normally be during the rutting season, when if one cannot see him one can at least hear him. Although I cannot claim Sir Robert Pigot's very wide experiences I have shot stags under varying conditions in three continents and I can absolutely endorse what he says. On or about September 15th the orchestra tunes up, and until then it is very little use hunting the stag. It is very necessary to make this point because English sportsmen, still with the Scottish parallel at the back of their minds, are apt to consider the "decoying" of deer by a false call as unsporting. Actually the decoying of deer in the rut by answering their challenge is practised in most parts of the world in a rough and ready manner. In Central Europe, where the tradition of hunting is far more ancient and honourable than in any other part of the world, it has been brought to a fine art. The Austrian Jäger with his horn is in his own way as great an artist as the Highland stalker at the spy and crawl game and that is saying quite a lot. One does not try cacophony on a Highland forest, because it would not work, and it would not be particularly sporting if it did. In Austria it is almost an essential, and it is very interesting indeed to watch experts practising this method.

A TYPICAL FOREST FOR STAG BELOW THE HIGH TOPS

One starts one's stalking under the finest possible conditions in magnificent alpine scenery and amid delightful and very simple people. Why is it that the English shooting man takes so readily to hillmen of any colour, class or creed? Here in these secluded valleys—although the Viennese radio occasionally pursued—one was able to forget that the word Abyssinia had ever existed. Every little village seemed if possible more beautiful than the last, clustering round their church spires with the images waiting their offering of flowers at every cross-road. Above, the mountains rose out of the forest pointing their granite fingers to heaven.

Prince Elie has a most comfortable modern lodge at Gschöder, but most sportsmen, unless they are trying for stag on one of the near in beats, go up to one of the really charming huts high up in the mountains. Here your local Hubert will look after you, and he will show you that he can not only call up a stag but cook an omelette! And Augustus Grimble would not have asked for more.

When we arrived, the real rut had not begun, although there was a good deal of calling. One is out at dawn on the hillside and then one tries to locate a roar such as betokens a master stag. One then gets as near as possible, answering roar for roar as one approaches, to keep him vocal. If one is lucky one may get a glimpse of him through the trees. Far more likely one has to sit down and "move" him, as there are certain to be hinds about. On more than one occasion we called to stags not more

THE VILLAGE SHRINE—A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGES

than three hundred yards off for a couple of hours without getting him to move, and then the alarm was given by a hind. "I called him, I called him, he wouldn't come, he wouldn't come, I called him, I called him, he wouldn't come at all" run the words of the bugle call. I often thought of them.

Once I got a glimpse of a fine pair of ten-pointer antlers, and the top of a stag's head through the foliage, but that was all and so I would not shoot. May it be noted in Elysian Game Books to my credit! Eventually by a perfect piece of calling my Jäger brought out a fine stag into an open glade where I could not miss him. He measured 39ins. and carried a fine thick horn, but his poor brows spoilt his head of eight points.

More fascinating to me, however, was the stalking of the chamois. Here, somewhat paradoxically, we are back in the realms of Scottish stalking, though the true comparison is with the Tahr or the Rocky Mountain goat. Indeed I was constantly drawing parallels between the three in my mind. Actually I should say that the Austrian chamois, if the Bourbon-Parma estate is to be taken as typical, is rather more difficult than the ordinary chamois or Rocky Mountain goat. His habitat is perhaps a shade easier than the ground on which the old billies retire to, but more difficult than that where the nannies and kids resort. Under any circumstances he is a pretty sophisticated gentleman to stalk, and the changing winds of the high alps make things no easier. There was one great cup in the hills, where I actually shot my chamois, which reminded me of a nullah near Hanlé where I shot my first Ammon—shall I ever forget either?

It is stalking of the most delightful nature, and though I would not want to shoot an unlimited number of chamois or indeed of any other animal, the fun to be had from picking a good head is considerable. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Austrian Jäger does not as a rule use a telescope.

As many readers will probably be aware most continental sportsmen use rifles with telescopic sights. Personally I have an old-fashioned prejudice against them as I feel that Messrs. Holland and Holland with their .375 Magnum have made me quite deadly enough, and it is up to me to make a close approach. The British sportsmen must explain to his Jäger that he wants to get up to 150 yards or less of his chamois, as he may otherwise expect him to shoot at longer ranges. I enjoyed those stalks after chamois tremendously.

Readers of the *Field* are probably aware that the killing of a stag or chamois in Austria is a matter of ceremony, and one English sportsmen well used to the ceremony of fox-hunting will not of course treat these charming little manifestations in a cavalier manner. To the Austrian the chamois *bard*, or beard of hair along the spine, is a badge of honour, and he wears it as the familiar shaving brush in his hat. Your Austrian Jäger incidentally always wears the heavy nailed boots of an alpinist, though I personally found that rubber studded shoes answered my purposes well enough. British sportsmen will want to know something about costs. In Austria the shooting is charged for by the head. If one shoots nothing one pays nothing. Of course, as most of the estates are in private ownership prices vary, but those I mention here are a guide. A stag costs fifty Austrian schillings per point, thus my eight pointer cost me 400 schillings, or about £16. A chamois cost 200 schillings or about £8. Blackcock, capercailzie and so on can all be shot on a capitation basis, as also can roe-deer.

Besides this one can calculate all the expenses of one's board and lodging at the rate of about ten (English) shillings per day, and one will be very comfortable for this most reasonable expenditure. And as regards tipping I gave each of my Jägers £1—my chamois Jäger was different to my stag Jäger—and they appeared enchanted with this modest tip. One can train or motor out from Vienna, and a car from Vienna would cost £3–£4. Actually I went by train, motor-bus, and the estate carriage for considerably less than this. The journey out from Vienna to Gschöder is an unfailing delight and one should not make it by night unless one has to.

ON THE LEFT THE JÄGER IS SEEN CALLING A STAG ON HIS HORN; ON THE RIGHT IS THE AUSTRIAN EQUIVALENT OF THE GARÇON

When in Vienna I was taken over the Lainzer Park, the old Imperial Park of some 6,000 acres, only a short journey by electric train from Vienna and bordering on Schönbrun the Austrain Versailles. Although a park, it is such a wild one as to make it anything but parklike and it is full of game, boar, fallow and roe-deer, red-deer and moufflon, which incidentally have grown on the fattening grasses of Vienna far bigger than their Sardinian cousins. (There are also "wild" moufflon on a few estates in Styria.)

One may shoot in the Lainzer Park if one wishes to and the licence fees are given to the disabled soldiers fund. The charge for a stag rises from £16 for an eight-pointer by £8 for every additional two points. There are some very big beasts in the park. A fallow deer varies from £4 to £12 according to size, a wild boar is about £12, and a moufflon from £8 to £18 according to size.

In conclusion I should recommend anybody wishing to shoot in Austria to get in touch with the Osterreichische Verkehrswerburg (which had a branch office at the Austrian Travel Bureau in Regent Street) where the shooting arrangements are in the hands of that experienced sportsman, Herr Alfred Lewis.

R. M.

CHAMOIS COUNTRY, WITH TWO HUNTERS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND

PROBLEMS OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Horses Likely to Run Well in Next Week's Big Race

WHEN the prospects of the Cesarewitch were reviewed in these pages a week before the race, the opinion was expressed that the winner would be either Woodstock or Near Relation. The first of these was an acute disappointment. To judge by his sweating and shaking in the paddock he was suffering from stage fright. "No Woodstock for me," said a good judge, after noting the colt's demeanour in the parade ring.

Near Relation vindicated all we had written of his courage and stamina. There is reason to suppose that owner and trainer expected Lucky Patch to finish in front of his stable companion, and it is a tribute to their good judgment that it was eventually decided that both horses should run.

In a recent issue of the *Field* attention was drawn to the remarkably large number of races won by French-bred horses here this season. It was only by a narrow margin that the Cesarewitch was not added to the long list. If the head which decided the issue had been the other way round, English blood-stock breeders would now be bemoaning the capture of our premier long-distance handicap by a gelding not only bred but trained on the other side of the Channel.

Candidly, we range ourselves among those who believe that the Cesarewitch should have been won by Nightcap III and not by Near Relation. Held back just for another half furlong, the Frenchman would have prevailed. At least, that was our reading of the race. Nightcap III has been purchased by an English owner, but he will be a difficult horse to place in long distance handicaps.

If France narrowly missed the mark in the Cesarewitch, she was able to claim the Middle Park Stakes with M. M. Boussac's Abjer. And now we have to face the possibility that classic honours next season will fall to that colt. His breeding suggests to us the likelihood that he will be seen to less advantage in the Derby than in the Two Thousand. His sire Astérus was not a genuine stayer, though at a mile he was particularly brilliant, and at ten furlongs he defeated Colorado in the Champion Stakes, being fortunate perhaps in catching the Stanley House horse when not quite at his best.

We may now be sure that Abjer will be one of the winter favourites for next year's Derby, so it will be as well to examine his pedigree on either side of the house. His dam Zariba is also the mother of Goyescas, who, like Astérus, was a winner of the Champion Stakes. Zariba, one of the best racing mares of her time in France, was by the famous Sardanapale out of the English mare St. Lucre, by St. Serf out of Fairy Gold. The last-named mare became the dam of the great American stallion Fair Play. It will be observed, therefore, that Abjer's pedigree has some strong features.

And yet we do not think he will win the Derby. For one thing is the doubt we have mentioned as to whether he is bred to stay. But the chief prejudice we take against him arises from the fact that it is now considered necessary to run him in a hood. We have all seen good horses win good races in a hood—Felicitation in the Ascot Gold Cup being a recent case in point—yet that does not prevent us from regarding with suspicion the temperament of any two-year-old for whom the blinkers have to be employed.

We repeat our belief that the Middle Park Stakes winner, decisively though he defeated the Fossover colt and Mahmoud, will not win the Derby. It is unfortunate that Mahmoud should have lost some ground at the start of last week's important two-year-old race. Many estimates have been made of what would have happened had the Aga Khan's colt struck off as well as most of the others. We think Abjer would still have prevailed, though not by so wide a margin as two lengths. We look with as much suspicion on the staying qualities of Mahmoud as on those of Abjer. Further, we shall be surprised were the Fossover colt, bred essentially for speed on the maternal side, to prove equal to staying a mile and a half next season. All this is equivalent to suggesting that premier classic honours will not fall to any of the three colts who at the moment are hailed as the best of their age. Who, then, *will* win the Derby? We venture to predict that it will fall to a colt who at the moment has yet to establish his reputation.

ABJER (ASTÉRUS—ZARIBA) WINNING THE MIDDLE PARK STAKES AT NEWMARKET

"If France narrowly missed the mark in the Cesarewitch, she was able to claim the Middle Park Stakes with M. Boussac's Abjer. And now we have to face the possibility that classic honours next season will fall to this colt"

We would like to be as successful in our attempt to find the winner of the Cambridgeshire as we were in the Cesarewitch, and there will certainly be no cause to complain if one out of two shots again finds the mark. We think the best-handicapped horse in the race is Pegasus. What better public trial could be wanted than his success a few weeks ago in the Norwich Handicap, run over exactly the same course as the Cambridgeshire?

For the greater part of the season Mr. Basil Jarvis has had it in mind that Pegasus might win the Cambridgeshire, and all the preliminaries so far have worked out satisfactorily for the Newmarket trainer. A good jockey at 7st. 11lb. has been secured in the person of Kenneth Robertson, who is now having the best season of a long career in the saddle. For this reason he ought not to be lacking in confidence when he gets on the back of Pegasus next week, though the importance attaching to the riding of the favourite for one of the chief races of the year may lead to a little over-anxiety.

At the end of the week Pegasus was joint favourite with Law Court, a gelding whom many people have noted for this race for a long time past. Mr. Walter Nightingall, who has done so well with Law Court, was a little doubtful about him a month ago, but at Newmarket last week the gelding was sound and well and will probably be able to improve a little on the form he showed on that occasion. Yes, it would be impossible to leave Law Court out of the reckoning.

It is similarly difficult to overlook the chance of Finalist, whose record shows him to be one of the best milers in England. But will he stay that final furlong at Newmarket? One of the longer-priced competitors who appear to us to be worthy of most careful consideration is British Quota, unpenalised for her recent success at Kempton Park.

Last season this filly ran well in the Cambridgeshire with 7st. 4lb.—actually she finished fifth. Now that she is a year older she has only an extra 2lb. to carry. We are prepared to see her give a good account of herself. To sum up, we take Pegasus and British Quota as a likely pair to supply the winner of the last of the season's big handicaps at Newmarket.

OUR TEAM FOR THE WESTCHESTER CUP

The Hurlingham Selection Committee's Prompt Choice

WITH commendable promptitude the Hurlingham Selection Committee have announced the players chosen to represent England against the United States in the Westchester Cup matches next June. The team will be: Captain M. P. Ansell (No. 1), Mr. H. H. Hughes (No. 2), Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin (No. 3) and Captain H. P. Guinness (back). Reserves: Captain P. B. Sanger and Captain G. E. Prior Palmer.

Naturally no team would pick itself as the saying is, and no choice will be exempt from criticism or alternative suggestion. British polo would have sunk to a low level if it had. But the choice is likely to meet with a wide measure of approval. It now remains for the British polo world to place themselves behind the team in every possible way, and to give them the loyal support they may expect. They will have little enough time for practice as a team, but if we start tackling the pony problem at once, and alloting the ponies to players, if the side are able to get together and consider the problem before them, that will be something. Certainly Hurlingham have acted as promptly as they could. It will be interesting to know who is coming over from the United States.

Turning to the individual members of the team, the only member who has previous international experience is Captain H. P. Guinness. He is the only member of the side who can claim to be an almost automatic selection. As back he will be in a position which he knows inside out. He hits a remarkably long and accurate ball, and he is a hard rider well able to combat the attentions of a hard-riding No. 1. He has also the right sort of temperament for international polo.

Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin is playing 3. He has earned this place by his consistently good form throughout last season's polo in London, and he seems to have played very well in America. The only other obvious choice for this position was Captain C. T. I. Roark, who, on his day, is one of the best players in the world, and who has great match-playing ability. On the other hand, since his recent serious accident, Captain Roark's play has been patchy and this, no doubt, has influenced the Selection Committee.

Mr. H. H. Hughes is to play No. 2. Mr. Hughes has come right to the front in London polo in the last two years. He will meet the Americans at their own game, and he is able, besides being a strong and vigorous rider, to hit a very long ball. His rival for the position would seem to have been Captain P. B. Sanger, who did well in America last September from all accounts, playing in the same position. He is a brilliant player, but the Selection Committee have had plenty of opportunities of judging both his play and Mr. Hughes', and their selection is a fair one. Captain Sanger is still a young player, and his day will come.

The No. 1 position is always the hardest to fill. Few first-class players are used to consistently filling this position, which is one of great importance. Captain M. P. Ansell, who has been chosen to play No. 1, has generally been a No. 3. Actually he played very little in America owing to a broken wrist, but the Selection Committee were evidently able to gauge his capacities against those of Captain Walford, the other possible No. 1. Captain Ansell is a superb horsemaster, and should be able to fill this place satisfactorily. Finally, and not least important, it would appear that these four players are likely to make an harmonious combination, and that there should be no unfortunate clash of personalities in the team. Good luck to them!

DOWN WIND—A GROUSE MOOR STUDY BY ARTHUR RICKMAN

During next month Mr. Rickman's annual exhibition of game-bird paintings will be held at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur Greatorex, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1, by whose courtesy we reproduce the above picture

MOORLANDS MENACED BY BRACKEN

A Threat to Heather Growth and a Remedy

DURING the last few years observers in many districts have been calling attention to the spread of bracken on the moorlands. Their reports tend to show that in recent years this plant has been steadily encroaching, and that growths of bracken are even appearing on ground which from time immemorial has been occupied by heather.

For thousands of years these two plants must have contended one against the other, and in course of time the heather succeeded in establishing a position of supremacy, for it covered the greater portions of the moors in unbroken masses, and confined the bracken to comparatively small areas where some favourable factor of soil, or situation, enabled the latter to maintain its position. Until recent times the bracken beds were chiefly confined to broken ground, and such places as the steep sides of moorland ravines and rocky glens. This state of affairs probably existed for centuries, and it is only during the last 40 years, and chiefly during the latter half of that period, that a change has taken place and the bracken has spread to other portions of the moorland.

Such a pronounced change must have some underlying cause, and it is pertinent to ask what new factor has been introduced within the lifetime of man which has destroyed the pre-existing state of stablisation and encouraged the bracken to encroach upon the heather-covered areas. The answer is, that within the period named the present universal system of heather culture by systematic burning has come into vogue.

Before this innovation the moorlands were covered by a solid mass of mature heather, 3ft. or more in depth, wiry and tough, and very difficult to walk through. Though these were the natural conditions to which the grouse had been accustomed, they were far from ideal and did not encourage the maintenance of a large stock of birds. In fact, the numbers shot on any given moor 80 to 100 years ago were absurdly small in comparison to the present-day bags. Could the sportsmen of that period visit the same moorlands to-day, they would be astonished by the transformation which has taken place. Gone are the unbroken stretches of mature heather, to give place everywhere to fresh young growths, the tender shoots of which provide unlimited feeding for the birds. To-day a very large proportion of the heather varies from 6in. to 12in. in length, while on many moors the longest patches rarely exceed 20in. By comparison with former times, the moorlands of to-day appear almost nude.

In the present system the heather is burnt in patches from two to four acres in extent. These small portions of the oldest heather are destroyed, at intervals, all over the moor, the burning being done in March before the grouse begin to nest. It is considered bad practice to burn areas larger than the size stated, for then, when the young growth reasserts itself, there is too large an area of heather of the same age; in one piece. The heather is a plant of slow growth, and it is usually two years (though this period varies) before young seedling heather begins to show on the bare ground thus created.

The moorland keeper's ideal is to have grouped closely together, numbers of these small patches carrying heather in all stages from the young seedling growth, to the longest heather now tolerated. Grouse can then satisfy the needs of the moment without leaving their immediate surroundings. Everywhere the birds find, conveniently at hand, tender young shoots for the immature birds, much medium length heather for the adults, whilst the longer growth, besides providing food, also gives shelter in bad weather, a ready refuge from winged enemies and ample cover in which to nest. Every part of the moor, except those portions recently burnt, is producing abundance of food, and may be expected to provide its due quota of birds. Hence the present-day ability to carry greatly increased stocks of grouse.

This comparatively bare state of the moorlands also fits in admirably with the present-day driving methods, for amongst this short heather birds will not lie closely, and a comparatively thin line of beaters is sufficient to put the birds on wing and drive them forward to the guns. In fact, after the first week or two of the season, it is now rarely possible to shoot grouse over dogs, as was done in the old days, for the heather is so short that the birds see the approach of danger from afar and rise beyond gunshot.

The bracken is a hardy plant of the fern family whose roots penetrate from 6in. to 2ft., or more, into the ground, according to the nature of the soil. Unlike most species of fern, whose leaves radiate out or grow in tufts from a common stem, or crown, from which below ground grow fibrous roots, the bracken is peculiar in that its roots are cord-like, running along beneath the soil, and from these at intervals spring the single leaf-fronds. These horizontal root-stocks run in all directions beneath any area covered by bracken, crossing one another at all angles and forming an underground network of runners. From the edge of such a bed of bracken the roots penetrate the adjoining ground, running out beneath the soil for some distance, at intervals putting up fresh leaf-shoots, thus gradually extending the area occupied by the plant.

In the old days the mature heather adjoining such a bracken bed was able to resist any attempt at encroachment, for its growth was so long and dense as to be able to smother the encroaching leaf-shoots by denying them the air and sunlight needed for their existence. But the present-day treatment completely robs it of this power of resistance. Even the longest growth of heather now permitted is much too short to be able thus to confine the bracken to its own area. The bracken roots penetrate the ground beneath it, the shoots spring up tall enough to enable the foliage to spread out above the heather and obtain all the air and sunlight required, so that healthy development takes place unchecked and in time the ground is occupied by a mixed growth of the two plants. The bracken leaves wither and die in the autumn, the vitality

of the plant being concentrated in the roots during the winter period. When the times comes for this portion of the moor to be burnt, the heather is completely destroyed, but, though the dead foliage of the bracken is consumed, its roots remain undamaged, for they lie deep enough in the soil to escape the effects of the fire.

When, a few weeks later, new life stirs on the moorland, the bracken springs up with renewed vigour and, now being the only occupant of the soil, it consolidates its position. Two years later, should heather seeds germinate on this soil, the bracken has become sufficiently dense to cut off from the seedling plants the air and sunlight needed for their development, so that the heather fails to re-establish itself and the bracken is left in undisputed possession.

Having noted the reason for the increase of the bracken, it is necessary to consider by what means its progress may be checked and the heather encouraged to reoccupy those areas from which it has been ousted. But first we must consider, briefly, one or two facts in the plant's economy. As with most plants, the raw food it requires is extracted from the soil by the roots. This is then passed up the stem into the leaves for elaboration there. In the leaves of plants this foodstuff undergoes rather complicated chemical changes, brought about by the action of sunlight and the addition of materials extracted by the leaves from the air. Until these changes have been completed, the plant is unable to make use of such foodstuff for its support, or to promote further growth. *Consequently this leaf-action is vital to the life of the plant.*

Before the bracken leaves wither and die in the autumn the plant stores sufficient elaborated food in its root-system with which to make new growth in the spring. It is important to note that all the plant's activities until the new growth springs up and fresh leaf-action begins have to be carried out at the expense of this store of food. If, then, when the new shoots have sprung up and the leaves are about to open, the new growth is cut down, it is obvious that the plant has suffered a reverse, for much of this stored food has been destroyed. The plant is then called upon to make a second effort and new shoots soon appear, this growth again taking place at the expense of the plant's store of food. Should these in turn be destroyed before leaf-action can begin, the plant is on the verge of exhaustion, for most of its reserves have been used up. A subsequent but much weaker growth will appear, all the remaining strength of the plant being put into this effort to obtain leaf-action, without which the depleted stores of food cannot be renewed. Should this be destroyed the plant is doomed: its reserves of vitality are exhausted.

"But," someone will say, "I have known bracken to be cut annually for many years without seriously affecting the growth of the plant." So have I. I have seen a rough moorland pasture on which the bracken has been cut *twice* each year for a period of ten or twelve years, the effect being merely to stunt the growth and check the further spread of the plant. But, even here, the importance of the prevention of leaf-action had not been grasped. The time of cutting was regulated by the convenience of the farmer and not by the time of opening the leaf. Consequently the foliage was not destroyed until some little time after the leaves had appeared, this interval allowing the plant to renew much of the food reserve expended in making the new growth. The stunted third foliage being small and insignificant, was allowed to remain without interference but, nevertheless, was sufficient to enable the plant to accumulate a reduced winter reserve. Under such treatment the bracken appears able to exist indefinitely. Only prompt and persistent destruction of the growth each time the leaf-shoots appear will ensure its eradication.

Many owners of grouse moors have now awakened to the menace and much bracken has been cut during the last year or two, but the essential point, viz., the prevention of leaf-action is not generally realised. On rough pastureland I have known a chain harrow to be used successfully against the young bracken shoots. Before the leaf opens the shoots are extremely brittle, and readily snap off near the base on the application of side pressure, and the action of a chain-harrow causes them thus to break. It should do its work more rapidly and with less effort, and be free from the mechanical breakages and other troubles incidental to the use of grass-cutters for such rough work, while one man and one horse can manipulate it with ease. The time during which this means can be successfully employed is necessarily short, for after the bracken leaves open the stems soon become sinewy and tough and a harrow then ceases to be effective.

Lastly, in any attempt to destroy bracken on the moorland the work should be confined to one section at a time, for it must be remembered that persistent destruction on a given area throughout one summer will do successfully what the same amount of effort spread over a much larger area will fail to accomplish.

A. S. Franks.

A WIDE WARWICKSHIRE RIDE

BIG WOODS AND PHEASANT WASTAGE

Experiments in a Difficult Problem

ON shoots of moderate size it will scarcely be questioned that smallish coverts, so disposed that birds can be driven from one to the other, are not only conducive to economy in beating, but also to providing the most sporting type of shooting. For obviously large straggling woods, which must of necessity be taken in two or three miniature beats, being almost impossible to stop effectively, must offer the wary pheasant every loophole for escape, whereas coverts which can be taken in one sweep should provide the maximum show of birds with the minimum of beaters, provided the latter are efficiently controlled.

Unfortunately, these well laid-out plantations of modest size are not characteristic of many small shoots nowadays. Possibly as the result of the sale piecemeal of big properties my own experience has been that most often, on, say, a thousand acres of ground, one finds a few insignificant copses dotted round a more or less central wood of anything from 60 to 80 acres. (Or two covets may have joined up through neglect of annual clearance.) And the problem then turns on the best way to deal with it if one is to shoot or even see the vast majority of one's birds.

To cut it up into smaller coverts is the obvious solution if you happen to be the owner of the land. It may entail a good deal of expense to start with, but in the long run it will pay handsomely, because big woods, which do not lend themselves easily to vermin clearance, are veritable death traps for young and innocent pheasants before they have learnt to roost. Consequently, the rate of mortality from "accident" of one kind or another is bound to be abnormal, particularly among hand-reared birds, and of the percentage of survivors you will not get your just quota. The first time through, led probably by the wild pheasants, your season's stock, running to all points of the compass, with no other home sanctuary to make for, will simply watch the subsequent proceedings from beyond your boundary. Whereas, by sacrificing such a proportion of the large timber as will approximate your big wood to the size of surrounding coverts—in other words, by cutting it into a requisite number of sections—each section will be "home" to the pheasants you turn in. Thus will you not only get better rises, but also make certain of seeing the maximum quota on each day out. Of course, the ideal wood for treating in this manner is one that covers undulating ground. By clearings of a couple of hundred yards in width over the lowest levels, you may easily transpose a straggling wilderness into two or three hanging woods from which you may drive birds at almost any height.

But that solution is impracticable, as a tenant, whose landlord objects to interference with his timber, or if your wood is situate in a flat country. Then, I think, the best course is to strengthen the undercover all round the wood boundaries, by planting quick-growing shrubs, in order to form wide belts. Narrow thickets will, of course be useless: they must be of such a depth as to hold birds for some length of time. But if on the *inner* side of the belts so formed you make clearings of the undergrowth to a more or less equivalent width (leaving intact the tall trees) you will have an inner shrine with an all-round flushing area. The point is this. Pheasants will run through covert, but will fly over a cleared space. Therefore, provided your thickets are wide enough, not only will you have three or four such (according to the conformation of the wood), each forming useful holding covert, with underwood at all stages of growth, but also from each belt you may drive the birds in either direction. For example, cut a couple of wide rides at right angles through the centre of the wood: make them your principal feeding places, and you may drive your pheasants back over the clearings from the outsides, which method, following the principle of putting birds out, in order to drive them home again, conduces to the encouragement of high flyers. But I should emphasise the wisdom of leaving, at fairly wide intervals, avenues of undergrowth between the central wood and the outside belts, so that birds may run up and down. And, of course, these channels, as well as the outsides, will need careful stopping on shooting days.

Naturally, one does not assume that all big coverts will lend themselves to this treatment, but there are few in which some such system of wide clearings cannot be devised. Without them, I feel sure, control over birds cannot be exercised, although I have heard the opinion expressed that a wood can be effectually divided by a system of wire netting. But netting is not in itself a method of getting pheasants up. It is certainly more efficacious than the futile method of cutting narrow rides in a wood that cannot be taken in one beat. For unless you have a veritable army of stops—and most often, despite that army—a large percentage of the birds simply run across from the area which is being beaten at the moment into the safety zone, while the remainder fly at a height at which it were pure indecency to shoot. And even though you net flanking rides of this kind, old man pheasant simply hops over and lies doggo till the beating line is past, and then in all probability hops back again.

I have based these suggestions mainly on my own tenancy of a shoot which, after a couple of seasons' disappointment, we converted into quite an attractive proposition. There were sundry small outlying coverts, but the main wood of 76 acres formed more or less an isosceles triangle, the base being a flat plateau about 150ft. higher than the apex. From the top the ground first sloped sharply, and then bellied into a very gentle gradient. The wood was unworkable in less than two beats, and to get any birds worth having the only position for the guns seemed to be in the valley. Then invariably it happened that those driven off the topsettled first in the concave section of the wood, and 80 per cent. eventually came out too low. So we cut a wide clearing along the inner sides of the triangle running up the hill, a narrow ride along the base about 50yds. from the covert's edge, and a wide ride three-quarters way down, just below the concave section. There we put the guns and the beaters were sent in to drive the birds *uphill*. They ran up to the clearings, where they found themselves betwixt the beaters and the narrow ride, which was heavily stopped, and then they turned in a continuous rise to come back at a good height over the gun positions. Most of them then sought sanctuary in the outer belts from which we got fair rises later in the day. There is no question that big woods present a difficult problem, and methods suited to one place may be hopeless in another. But, after all, because a covert has been beaten in the same old way for 20 years it does not follow that there is no better way of taking it.

J. B. Drought.

ALONG THE SHORE

Light-Tackle Fishing For the Winter Months

By FLEUR-DE-LYS

TO the sea angler the question of bait is an all-important preliminary to every expedition. King rag worms are a great standby, for they can be obtained by post from various dealers on the south and east coasts. When fresh they are bright red and very lively, making a tough and most attractive bait. With care, they can be kept in good condition for several days. If it is not too late in the year, live prawns are available at those seaside resorts where they make a business of catering for anglers. They can be kept alive for many hours in a suitable bag or basket.

As the autumn goes on, it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain mackerel for bait, but herrings, and in the west pilchards, can be got instead. Mussels, soft crab and lug worms are also to be had in some places. The angler will waste much valuable time if he relies on his own exertions to obtain bait. It is very much better to resort to dealers who supply fishermen's needs, and buy whatever bait is wanted.

At this time of year our shores are quiet and free from bathers, while speed boats cease to trouble the water. What wonder then that it is at this season the shore fisher can expect considerably improved sport? In the west a certain number of bass linger on within casting distance of the shore right up to Christmas, and the surf fisher has always a chance of getting one of these fish from any likely beach. For fishing from such foreshores, where the water is comparatively shallow, and the bottom clean, the paternoster is the best tackle. The lightest lead that will hold the ground should be used, for thereby the fishing is made pleasanter. Any good free-running reel will get two ounces far enough out to find the fish. Bass will take a variety of baits on the bottom; a slice of mackerel or pilchard, king rag, lug worm and soft crab are all effective.

When, however, a float is used, with the hook only 5ft. or 6ft. from the surface, the lure should be a live bait: prawn, sandeel or some small fish. It is rare for a bass to take a ragworm near the surface, yet pollack will take this bait with great freedom, though fished well off the bottom. In fact, it is often nearly as effective as a live prawn. Fish that can be taken with the paternoster are codling, whiting and pout. Large whiting do not come into very shallow water, so that those piers and breakwaters which run a long distance out give a better chance for the larger fish, as they enable the angler to command a greater depth of water. Good-sized codling, on the other hand, often come within easy cast of our eastern beaches, where fine specimens are frequently taken in winter.

Let us suppose that an angler has decided to stay for a time at some place or other on the British coast, and that he prefers to fish from pier, rock or beach, rather than go afloat. He has probably a strong preference for some particular part of our long shore line, and has made up his mind more or less where to go. It is no use setting to work haphazard. Local knowledge of the best places, and how to fish them, is absolutely indispensable. The quickest and easiest way to learn something about a district is to join the local angling club, if there happens to be one, and make friends with some of the members. If there is no club, the only way is to pump the local boatmen and fishermen judiciously.

Of course if there is a pier the nature of the sport to be obtained from it can be discovered at once. Where, however, the fishing is from rocks and beaches patient cross-examination of the local anglers is important. As an instance of the value of inquiries made on the spot the experience of an angler who lately visited Polperro may be cited. He was told that when the rising tide attained a certain level at a rock, which was pointed out, there was an excellent chance of getting bass. He accordingly repaired to the spot with a supply of live prawns and as soon as the water reached the indicated level got four fish in rapid succession; after that, though he tried for some time, he never got another run. The explanation seems to be that fish move along fixed routes at certain states of the tide, and by being within reach of their line at the crucial moment you are able to show them your bait.

Another instance may be given of an angler who was paternostering near Lowestoft. The men right and left of him were casting 70yds. and 80yds., while his first throw only went about 60yds.; he promptly hooked a codling. His line was an Ashaway dyed in different colours every 20yds., so he noted the distance and kept to it. He went on catching fish, while the others did nothing. By good luck his bait had dropped on a patch where cod had collected.

Quiet, out of the way places, where the water is never disturbed, are likely to give the best sport. It is particularly noticeable what far greater numbers of fish are found inshore in the Far East and India than around the popular parts of our coast; in the sea lochs of Western Scotland and in the sounds and voes of Shetland, there are plenty of fish, but the weather there is cold and wild in late autumn. Forty or 50 years ago bass were in great numbers round Brixham. Torbay was quieter in those days, while quantities of fish offal used to be thrown overboard in the harbour by the trawlers. Nowadays an angler is lucky if he gets a brace of bass for several hours' fishing.

There are still places where bass are yet in numbers, not, alas! anywhere round our own coasts, but "In Far Cathay, very very far away." Wonderful bags are made along the China coast, by the few men out there who take up fishing. Then, too, in Karachi Harbour I frequently had bass among my catch while paternostering from the rocks. However, it is not the bag but the quest which makes the greatest appeal to shore anglers.

FROM THE CHINA COAST
A fine sea bass at Pei-Tai-Ho

Besides the quieter water conditions, autumn and winter have the further advantage of early dusk. As the light fails, pollack and whiting come inshore and start feeding in earnest. Conger, too, leave their rocky fastnesses and wander about in search of their prey. Dartmouth and Kingswear are excellent instances of the advantage of darkness. Up to dusk one would imagine that there were hardly any fish at all in this tidal reach of the Dart. Given, however, favourable weather and tide conditions, the smaller-sized pollack of ¼lb. to 1¼lb. often give excellent sport on a light rod and fine drift line from one or other of the pontoons. The shore angler, therefore, who fishes late can always be certain of getting *something*.

It is the same with conger: after dusk these eels can be taken from any beach which has rocks in its close vicinity. It is the smaller conger up to 10lb. which give the best sport, for they can be fished for with quite light gear. A 9ft. or 9½ft. spinning rod weighing 1lb. or a little over, furnished with a leger lead, either on fine wire or gut substitute, with a comparatively small hook on a 12in. link of fine chromium steel wire, is quite capable of dealing with eels of this calibre. Small conger give most excellent sport on an outfit of this kind, while one has very few blank evenings if the fishing place has been judiciously selected.

A little more may be added regarding the chromium steel wire. In its finest size it is practically invisible, and also more or less rustless. It is so pliable and soft that it can be readily straightened out with the fingers when it becomes curly. The finest size has a 12lb. breaking strain, and its pliability is such that it makes satisfactory hook links even for whiting fishing. It gives great security against crabs, wrasse and conger, all of which can cut gut substitute with ease.

A word as to rods. The stiff poles so much in evidence in shops are no use whatever. A generally useful type of rod which has sufficient spring to cast well, yet is strong enough for most fish taken from the shore, would be 9ft. to 9½ft. long, of built bamboo, with a few large porcelain rings; weight, 15oz. to 17oz. Saddle-pattern porcelain rings are excellent, and the piled-up whipping is very protective. For those people who find a broken ring not infrequent, there is a pattern in which the wire holding the porcelain is pulled tight into the groove with a tie of flax thread. If the ring breaks, it is only necessary to cut the thread, take out the broken ring, substitute a spare one, and retie the wires together with a fresh piece of thread. The end ring should be nearly at right angles to the rod.

SURF FISHING FOR BASS
"In the West a certain number of bass linger within casting distance of the shore right up to Christmas"

WHERE GRAYLING ARE NO LONGER WELCOME
Fishing a reach of the Test, where grayling defy nets and angler alike

A MUCH-ABUSED FISH

Facts and Fancies About Grayling

By W. CARTER PLATTS

I ALWAYS feel a sneaking sympathy for the grayling. It seems to me that, in the words of the old song, "'e dunno where 'e are." His feelings, if he has any, must be closely akin to those of the returning ne'er-do-weel when it is even betting whether the fatted calf or the prodigal son is in more imminent peril of his life. No other fish excites such opposite emotions in the breasts of trout preservers; either they love him as an angel, or they hate him like the devil.

A galaxy of angling writers, including Halford, Senior, Sheringham, Walbran, "Rickerdyke," Cholmondeley-Pennell, "Ephemera," Marston, Rolt and Pritt, have extolled his sporting virtues; yet, in the face of the evidence of this cloud of witnesses, there are many others who do, to quote William Caine, "most venomously abuse him." The attempt to arrive at a general verdict as to the desirability, or otherwise, of the grayling in trout waters is about as unsatisfactory as was the ancient controversy of the devout, with an eye on fast days, as to whether the otter was a beast or a fish, from which we can only conclude that what was one man's meat was another man's *poisson*.

In the case of the grayling the matter is largely one of—that blessed word!—environment, and the mischief lies in the fact that the fish so often finds its most favourable environment where it is least wanted. A limestone river or a chalk stream is its special delight. It provides an abundance of food to strengthen and sustain it during the rapid growth—much more rapid than that of the trout—of its early years; but the water must be reasonably pure. On this point the grayling is more insistent than the trout. As a generalism it may be assumed that water which will support grayling will support trout, but this does not hold good *vice versa*.

During the past few months it has been reported that the grayling seem to have deserted one reach of a south-country river, while on another they have suddenly invaded the higher waters. In neither case have I heard that the trout have been seriously affected. Without an inquest and reliable evidence as to changes in the environment it would be hopeless to hazard a guess as to the cause of these particular migrations but, speaking by and large, pollution, especially in times of severe drought, might easily be the cause of such a phenomenon.

None of our rivers is absolutely free from pollution, though in times of normal flow that pollution may be diluted to the grayling's standard of tolerance. Comes the drought; roughly the same amount of pollution, however modest it may be, finds its way into the stream, which is now no longer in sufficient volume to render it innocuous, and the grayling are the first to seek more salubrious quarters. I have in mind two cases in which increasing pollution cleared out the grayling, but not the trout, for miles from two rivers. Gradually the pollution was very materially diminished, and still more gradually the grayling, or their descendants, returned to the old ancestral haunts. It will be interesting to learn if they return to the deserted south-country reach—not necessarily so suddenly as they left it—when normal conditions once more prevail.

However diverse may be opinions on the economic value, or harmfulness, of the grayling in the trout stream, it must be admitted that it is capable of yielding capital sport to the rod through the autumn and winter months, after the trout has temporarily retired from active service to attend family matters. Indeed, there is a disposition among modern angling writers to regard the grayling almost exclusively as an autumn and winter quarry, and to jeer at Walton and Cotton for, respectively, acclaiming him "very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May, and in the hot months," and, on March 8th, and in comparison with the trout, admonishing Viator to "pray eat of the grayling, which upon my word, at this season, is by much the better fish." The present popular theory is based on the fact that the grayling spawns in spring; therefore, it is argued fallaciously, that all grayling must be out of condition during spring and the earlier part of summer. You have only to shout a fallacy loudly enough and people will believe it; shout it long enough, and you may come to believe it yourself.

A few years ago, with the kindly aid of Mr. J. A. Hutton, I made an effort to get the truth, if not from the grayling's own mouth, at least from its scales. Scales from hundreds of grayling, caught by rod and line in various rivers, were read under the magnifying glass, and the result astonished me. The great majority of the fish which had assisted in the investigation proved to have been young grayling which had never spawned. Very few had the spawning mark. Such fish must be in condition all the year round. I ate some of these early-spring unspawned grayling and found them excellent; I had some served *as trout* to friends, and they failed to detect the fraud, which appeared to me conclusive evidence that Walton and Cotton were not so far off the mark as had been supposed. Of course, the minority which had spawned would have been out of condition from, say, March to August.

It would seem, then, that with a few exceptions it is the grayling which have reached the 2+ and 3+ stages that are of sporting interest to the fly fisher. In their riper years they fall from grace, abandon all youthful habits that are genteel and gymnastic, and model their conduct on that of the big black grayling of the Hungerford shallows which, "H. T. S." assures us in a footnote to the Jenkins' edition of *Ronald*, "feed thereon, taking no notice of the angler and his futile efforts. The smaller grayling will rise at times, but the big ones evidently know all about everything."

It has been said that the only way you can get these knowing old rascals to move is by wading up behind them and kicking them; but there are alternatives which the winter angler may try and occasionally find effective. He may try "grasshoppering" in the manner in vogue on the streams of the West Midlands and the Welsh Border, or he may swim the worm in the north-country style, taking care to keep his bait just clear of the bottom. The worst of it is that, if you happen to hook one of these outsize grayling, it does not, as a rule, put up the lively fight you might expect from one of its calibre. It indulges in no spectacular aquabatics. Instead, solemnly and sedately, as becomes its dignity, and with no undue haste, it traverses the hidden depths as though it were decorously conducting its own funeral procession, and if your tackle is fine you can do no more than keep a tight rein on the fish until the mournful pilgrimage comes to an end in the yawning landing net.

No, it is the younger members of the family that will provide the winter fisherman with his fun. Even after the trees have joined the nudist movement and the night frosts have strewed their sparkling jewels over the hedgerows, sparse hatches of duns are apt to make their appearance about the middle of the day, and for an hour or two grayling will rise to the artificial, wet or dry; or if the fish will not come up to the fly, you may induce the fly to go down to the fish by lapping on the hook a thin strip of lead under the dressing. Or, again, you may discard the fly, and creel both fish and golden memories by adopting the aforesaid "grasshoppering" or swimming-the-bait tactics.

It is during the late autumn and the earlier part of winter—say, up to the end of January—that the grayling are in their finest fighting fettle, not one whit, in my estimation, less sporting than the trout. In some instances their play is indistinguishable from that of the trout; in others they introduce little characteristic dodges of their own which render yet more uncertain their passage to the landing net.

There are fisheries in which the grayling and trout apparently do well together; there are other trout fisheries in which the grayling, through its vast colonising powers, is a positive nuisance; and there are coarse fisheries in which the unwanted pests of the trout streams would be welcomed as honoured guests. With modern facilities the transfer may be made—has been made—with little or no loss. By mutual arrangement enterprise in this direction might be extended enormously, and the sport of thousands materially improved. Success in introducing grayling into coarse fisheries may be somewhat of a gamble, but if the water is fairly pure free from acidity, possesses an alternation of deeps or glides and gravelly streams, the experiment is well worth trying.

HUNTERS IN FIELD AND SHOW RING

Some Which Shine in Both Spheres

By MAJOR W. E. MASSEY

DO show horses ever shine in the hunting field? If you asked the average hunting man this question he would probably answer "not they," and at first thought you might be willing to agree. Further consideration, however, would bring to your memory really quite a number that were either proved performers or that felt like being pleasant companions if they got the chance.

The difficulty is not to confuse "show horses in the hunting field" with "hunters in the show ring." Quite a number of really good hunters are good enough and do win classes at local shows, but very few are just good enough if promoted to first-class competition, so I am taking the show horse to mean one that is good enough to win or at any rate have a chance in really good company and will only, so far as memory serves me, mention those that are or have been known to be really good hunters.

Possibly 40 per cent. can or could shine at both jobs. Remember that some do not get the chance. A valuable show horse is not improved either by blemishes or by showing wear at the joints; for this reason quite a few do not get a chance of hunting till they have finished their show career. By that time they have possibly acquired a certain cunning and anyway are old enough to dislike learning new tricks.

We have all heard the show horse described as a glorified carriage-horse, but some of the hyphenated animals that in a way fulfil this description have wonderfully straight knee action coupled with perfectly correct conformation, and can put up an undeniable show a few times round a ring—one feels that a ploughed field or fifty acres uphill over ridge and furrow would contract that pleasant stride. This, however, is conjecture, not evidence, and one must judge on the day! This kind also generally prefer the top of the ground which they get in the summer months.

As a matter of fact these *are* the horses that do not go hunting. I have anything but pleasant memories of trying to make some of them, and it is these spurious animals when they do get to the top of the tree in the show ring, that make people belittle the show horse as a hunter.

Touching on good action in the commoner horse, I should like to say a word about knee action in the blood one, still referring to the glorified carriage-horse; one sometimes hears a horse of this kind crabbed for too much action in the trot and canter, not a pretty thing in the show ring, generally on the top of the ground, but an advantage, I think, in heavy going—the farther they go the nearer to the floor they get, and their feet come out of it better than the daisy cutters. Do not think that I am talking of sound-actioned ones that cannot gallop, but some can. I rode a horse of this kind not so many years ago, and I think got second; anyway he was shown a bit but could never quite get there, too round in his action, in trot and canter. Two years later this one looked like winning the National at the last fence. It set me thinking a bit about action.

Getting down to facts, I will try to show that there are, anyway, quite a few show horses that are or were undeniable performers in the hunting field. I can only speak of the ones I have ridden either hunting or in the ring, or have known in either capacity, and will confine myself to post-war competitors. To start with the present year, I conclude that Heeland would be generally considered the most outstanding horse in the show ring, and here you have an animal that you cannot put wrong, a hunter that can and does win hunter trials and Point-to-Points, and does not he feel like it when you ride him in the ring! Another well-known winner, Middleton II, is, I understand, a very good hunter. Both these animals at, I think, eight years of age, have made their mark in both capacities and neither of them shows much sign of wear.

Sunkist, a winner the year before, carried a very well-known Master to hounds. On one occasion he beat Heeland. Once I had the pleasure of judging them both in the same class; as a matter of fact I put them the other way round, but they were not a very silly pair to be first and second. A black horse from the same stable—I forget his name, but well remember the ride—was a year or two earlier, I understand, a wonderful hunter, and just about the top of the tree as a show horse. Looking at an old catalogue I see these two horses were champions at Peterborough in 1930 and 1933. Parkstone just before that again won a great number of prizes, and was afterwards the best mount of a Master hunting hounds in Leicestershire.

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HUNTERS OF THE PRESENT DAY

Lady Helen McCalmont's John Peel III, a champion at Olympia, Richmond and Peterborough, with Mr. S. Marsh in the saddle

From the painting by Miss M. M. Latham

Then there was a big brown horse that Mr. John Drage showed afterwards with great success. I think this was the biggest jumper I ever sat on. When I first rode him, as we changed horses, his then owner advised me to let down my leathers. In the middle of lunch there was a holloa. I filled my mouth with sandwich and started off; the caution was all right, I was on the bowsprit! Over the first fence you wanted to practise what in the days of my youth was called the "gentle art of sitting back"; we are advised to do it the other way now. I wonder sometimes, if it is a good thing, on certain animals, but I am not so sure!

Perhaps I shall probably be called to account for missing out some notable performer, but such as Broghill, Home Rule, The Duke and Golden Friar, more or less recent cup champions in their class, were, I believe, equally at home in the hunting field.

AN "INVASION" OF SHORT-EARED OWLS

The Field Vole's Arch-Enemy at Work

By SETON GORDON

BROODING HER YOUNG
A photograph taken by the author in the Outer Hebrides

SHORT-EARED owls are wanderers, and in autumn are sometimes met with in unexpected places. Last autumn several made their appearance in the neighbourhood of the small Northumbrian coast town of Alnmouth and, finding the district to their liking and mice abundant, settled down and made their winter home there.

The short-eared owl hunts by day and at Alnmouth they could often be seen about the golf course or beating up and down above a south-facing bank of bracken where hunting was good. At times, like a seagull, they flew along the shore at the margin of the tide, or crossed the river estuary to the country of sand dunes beyond. A favourite hunting time is sunset, and the owls as they beat up and down above the bracken bank sometimes resemble fulmars in their flight, swinging gracefully in from a height, dipping and again rising buoyantly, gliding gracefully and swerving suddenly.

But at other times, when hunting near the ground in calm weather, their flight resembles a butterfly's, and they have a habit, rare among birds, of abruptly checking their flight when almost touching the ground and then, as though propelled by some invisible force, quickly and without effort moving forward once more.

One day I watched a short-eared owl and a kestrel hunting the bracken bank at the same time, and it was interesting to see that the former's method of hunting was to all appearances much more successful than the falcon's. The owl frequently dropped to the ground (and presumably some of these "stoops" were successful) while the kestrel hung as though suspended by an invisible thread high above the bank, and apparently sighted no prey. But when the owl had unwittingly flown immediately beneath him the kestrel was roused to instant action and stooped angrily at his more successful rival.

I think field voles must have been unusually abundant last winter, and the owls captured more of these rodents than they were able to eat. On the bank, in a radius of a very few yards, were lying several short-tailed field voles. The carcases were tucked into the long grass, and only the heads had been eaten.

One afternoon when I was watching a short-eared owl hunting I was interested to see him close his wings and dive gracefully into the heart of a patch of thick bracken. This slanting dive reminded me of a gannet's plunge, but beneath the owl was no yielding water, and I wondered how he avoided injuring himself. Presumably he "threw up" just before he hit the earth—but at that moment the long bracken hid him from my sight. These short-eared owls were tame and not at all afraid of the numerous dogs which are rarely absent from the shore and golf links. A retriever, scenting one of the owls in a patch of thick bracken, was attacked with angry cries by the bird and retreated in surprise.

"THE SHORT-EARED OWL HUNTS BY DAY"
A fine flight photograph by Captain H. Morrey Salmon

"AN EXPRESSION LIKE THAT OF SOME MILITARY OFFICER OF HIGH RANK WHEN DISPLEASED BY THE ACTIONS OF A SUBORDINATE"
This photograph of a short-eared owl on the nest was taken by D. Kreger (Holland), and is in the International Exhibition of Nature Photography organised by "Country Life" at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

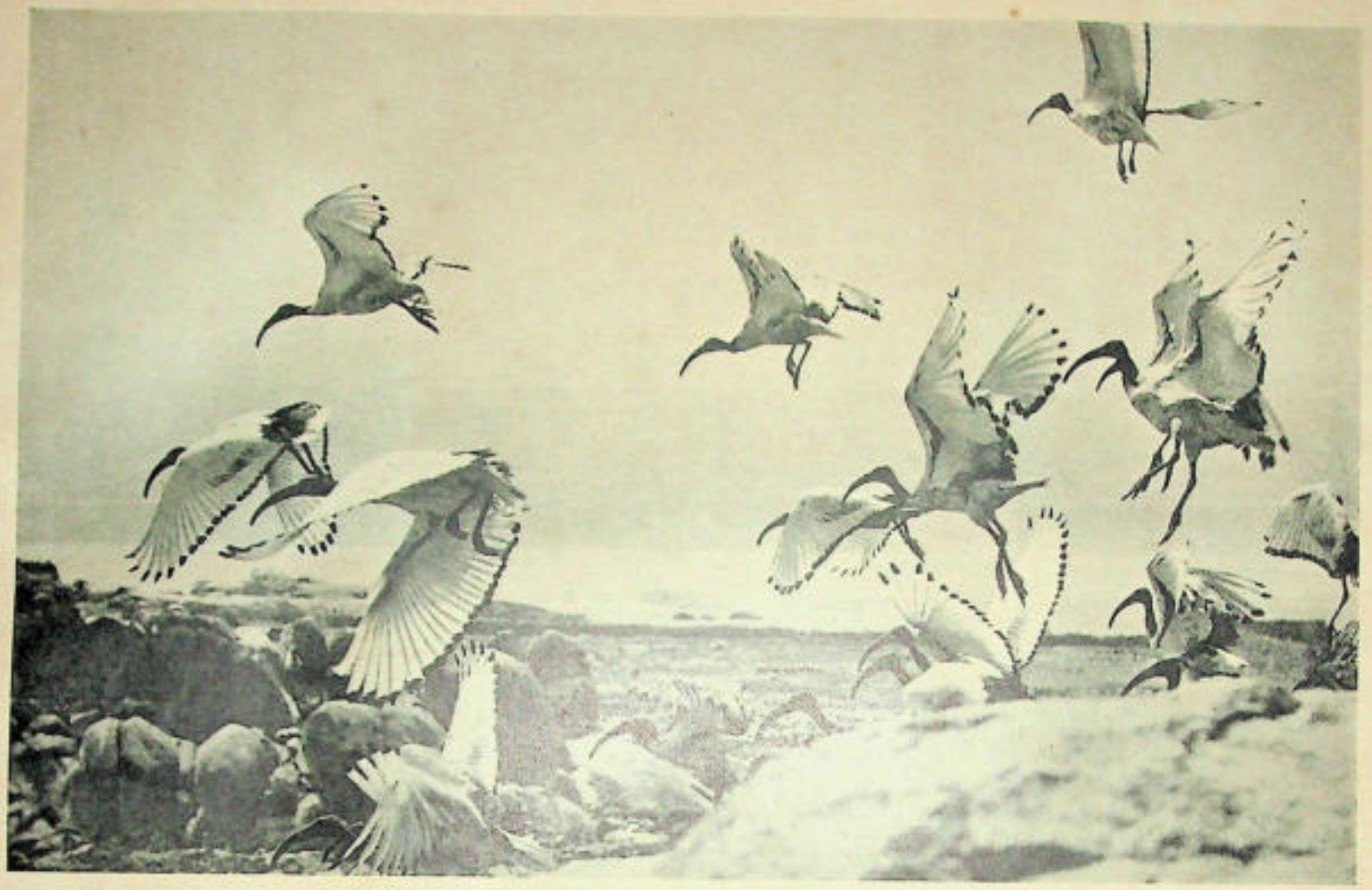
Although the field vole is the chief prey of these owls they occasionally attack birds. One of the "hands" on the golf course saw a fieldfare being carried off, and a starling was also eaten, while a golfer surprised an owl tearing up a redshank. It is, of course, possible that the redshank was dead when it was discovered. On one occasion a short-eared owl was observed striking angrily with its talons in the bracken at what was believed to be a stoat or weasel.

At sunset one day I saw a short-eared owl perched on a low thorn bush which barely emerged above the dead bracken fronds. He was lethargic, and as he seemed in no hurry to begin (or resume) his hunting, I set about stalking him, and in the end approached so closely that my telescope would scarcely focus him. I sat (my collie dog beside me) in full view of the owl and all the time I watched he gazed fixedly at us. He seemed rather cross, and perhaps resented our want of manners in intruding on his privacy and his meditations. His small ears were raised, this giving him a curiously elf-like appearance, and his expression was that of some military officer of considerable rank when displeased by the actions of a subordinate!

In the Outer Hebrides, where the short-eared owls hunt in the strong sunshine of a midsummer day, I have photographed them at the nest, and they were apparently in no way inconvenienced by the strong daylight. It is possible that the short-eared owl is chiefly a daylight feeder, hunting between dawn and sunrise, at intervals through the day, and again from sunset until dusk. The bird perhaps also hunts at intervals during the night hours, but it seems probable that a part, at all events, of the night is passed in sleep.

Nature in the Wild.—On the opposite page we give a further selection of pictures from the International Exhibition of Nature Photography (organised by *Country Life*) at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The exhibition, which is staged in the Whale Hall, and remains open until the end of November, contains the best work of many of the world's best nature photographers, and no one should miss the opportunity of paying at least one visit. A very attractively produced souvenir volume containing a great many reproductions, on art paper, of pictures in the exhibition has been published by *Country Life* under the title *Nature in the Wild*, price 5/-. Copies can be obtained in the Whale Hall.

SKILFUL PHOTOGRAPHY OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT



THE POETRY OF MOTION IN BLACK AND WHITE

Captain C. W. R. Knight's magnificent photograph of sacred ibises in flight and Mr. E. Crapper's artistic study of a common tern alighting are examples—from Africa and the British Isles respectively—of the very fine material gathered together in the International Exhibition of Nature Photography, organised by "Country Life," in the Whale Hall at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

THE SWALLOW IS FLIGHT, BY J. A. SPEED.
Another picture in the exhibition which combines artistic conception with clear delineation of plumage

A LEADER AT CAMBRIDGE
K. C. Fyfe, this year's Cambridge Rugby captain, is a Scottish international three-quarter, and has also won his blue for golf at Cambridge

UNIVERSITY RUGBY

A Cambridge Defeat Which Showed Latent Talent

UNIVERSITY Rugby teams in the making are always intensely interesting to watch. Frequently you see such crudities to begin with—such weaknesses and such shortcomings, which are apt to be misleading as to the talent beneath the surface. The form of the Cambridge team at Twickenham last Saturday was like that. They were not only well beaten by the Harlequins, they were thoroughly outplayed, and no one could imagine on this form that they might eventually prove capable of inflicting as heavy a defeat on Oxford as did last year's fifteen.

The Cambridge captain, K. C. Fyfe, has a very nice nucleus round which to build his side. G. W. Parker remains at full back—and it will need little short of a born genius to displace him. Under severe trial last Saturday, his defensive work was consistently good. At centre-three-quarter and stand-off half there are the great Welsh pair, W. Wooller and C. W. Jones, besides Fyfe himself at wing-three-quarter—a fine attacking trio; and forward, J. R. C. Lord, C. D. Laborde and H. P. Dinwiddy remain from last year's strong pack.

Perhaps Cambridge were a little unfortunate to find the Harlequins in their liveliest and most devastating mood. The University team were frequently bewildered, particularly by the pace set and maintained by the Harlequin forwards. But the Cambridge forwards were undeniably slow and lacking power in the scrummages. They were not packing solidly, and the back row players were apt to relinquish their shove too soon, without being able to imitate the quick break-away of the Harlequin back row. But they were never worn down, and now and again they showed signs of the promise that is in them. The rattling they received from the Harlequins should do them no end of good.

The Cambridge back play naturally suffered from the fact that their forwards were outplayed, and also because the half backs were not well together; but it was fairly clear that Wooller and Jones are again going to be the big factor. A freshman from Glenalmond, G. M. Milne, was tried at scrum-half and did several things that only a clever player can do. His chief fault was that his passes from the scrummage were not quick enough nor long enough to enable Jones to stand well back with confidence.

One thing that every University team ought to be able to do is tackle and there Cambridge were disappointing. Yet their defence was strong because of their consistent backing up.

Oxford's forwards hardly did themselves justice against Cambridge last year, when they were unexpectedly slow in the open. So it is a pointer in the right direction that the pack put in the field for the first match last Saturday, including four of last year's eight, were good enough to hold the dashing Old Merchant Taylors forwards; this in spite of the fact that they were reduced to seven owing to an early injury to the captain, K. L. T. Jackson. This is very promising form, indeed, for a first match.

It was generally considered that Oxford made a mistake last year in relegating C. F. Grieve, a fine attacking stand-off half, to the position of full back, for which he was not well fitted. With admirable unselfishness, Jackson, himself a stand-off half, gave the position to Grieve in the first match last Saturday. For his part, Grieve proved his worth convincingly. Jackson's injury prevented a comparison of his play at centre-three-quarter: but it seems likely and sound policy that he will concentrate on this arrangement now that those two great centres, Cranmer and Lorraine, are gone.

Oxford meet the New Zealand team on November 7th, and will, no doubt, not be unmindful of the great game played by the University against the last New Zealand side. The present visiting team can hardly hope to make a reputation while their forward play is so surprisingly poor. Once again they failed in forward play against the Combined Services at Aldershot last Saturday, though they scraped home by a single point. What has happened to forward play in New Zealand if these are the best exponents of it? We are forced to the conclusion that it must have deteriorated badly since 1924, when the visiting New Zealand team had a really great pack, who set the pace and beat stronger packs than the present side has so far met.

Yet another convincing victory last Saturday went to confirm the all-round excellence of the London Scottish this season. Blackheath this time held the Scottish forwards in the open, only to reveal the strength of the Scottish defence, in which Lind once again played with the astute judgment that makes his skill so effective. Scotland will surely keep an eye on him again.

F. I. W.

SKIPPER AT OXFORD
K. L. T. Jackson, captain of Rugby at Oxford, is also a Scottish international half-back and is a cricket blue at Oxford

A GOOD BREAKAWAY BY THE COMBINED SERVICES FORWARDS AGAINST THE ALL BLACKS
Once again the Tourists failed in forward play in this match, though they scraped home by a point

Letters to the Editor

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

EXPORT OF OLD HORSES

SIR,—I am sure all animal lovers will wish good luck to the Empire and Foreign Affairs Committee of the R.S.P.C.A. From what I have seen in Rotterdam and Vaugirard (Paris) markets very many horses will be thankful for the valuable assistance such as they will be able to give. I have seen blind horses in both these markets, and I know Sir Robert Gower (Chairman, R.S.P.C.A.) is personally and specially working to see what he can do for those at Vaugirard. In the case of the old horses exported from the United Kingdom the Bill only deals with aged horses: it does not interfere with the ordinary trade in four-year-old remounts and the like. In my humble opinion only a law to prohibit the old horses being shipped can really bring this shame of England to an end. Sir Robert, in your issue of September 28th, honours me by quoting from my letter of September 7th, viz., that I could not prove that any of the horses I saw in Rotterdam market, on my last visit, were British: but I added that I had seen very many old horses shipped to Holland in the last few years and had I seen some of those lame and otherwise decrepit ones in the United Kingdom I should not have questioned that they were British horses. I am sure this mean and shameful trade would be best nipped at the source. Two or three years ago I added up the ages of 27 consecutive horses I saw embarked, and found the average to be 11¼ years. At twelve years old the horse begins to depreciate. I think that brings out clearly the base and despicable attitude of people who sell horses to go abroad because they are old and have given their best service.

When I go abroad I am told, in effect, "You come over to see how they are treated, and all the time your country is the aggressor through sending them." It is, as I have said, a national disgrace—and the law is slow in expunging this blot on a so-called animal-loving country.

Yours faithfully,
United University Club, Pall Mall East, S.W. 1. H. HUME POLLOCK (Major).
Hon. Treasurer, Blue Cross (O.D.F.L.)

FLIGHTING WEATHER

SIR,—One reads various accounts of duck flighting, where the moon plays a conspicuous part in enabling the sportsman to see the birds which, until the advent of nature's night-light, had remained quite invisible. What strikes me as strange, is that, in my experience, a moonlight night is useless for duck flighting, and unless one wants to shoot the birds sitting on water, the moon is the "flighter's curse." A wild, wet, windy evening, with heavy dark clouds overhead, I have found to be the ideal flighting weather. The birds can then be distinctly seen in silhouette against the dark background of clouds, and with wind and rain against them they keep low and well within shot.

I have tried going out on a bright moonlight night and found it a complete failure, for although duck could be heard flying around and overhead, not one could be seen. Perhaps some sportsmen who are well up in the grand sport of flighting will give their opinion on the "best flighting weather."

Yours faithfully,
Crowborough, Sussex. R. E.

"OVER DOGS"

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to Mr. Hickman's letter (in your issue of September 14th), in reply to an article written by me on "Shooting Over Dogs." May I say that I heartily welcome his criticism and am also grateful to him for his appreciation of my humble effort.

Mr. Hickman has me beaten in the number of years he has shot grouse over dogs, but I regret to say that, if I live another two years, it will be 50 years since I killed my first grouse, and "over dogs" at that. My article was primarily written for the tyro and not for seasoned warriors, who probably know more of the game than I do.

To dissect Mr. Hickman's letter. As to hours. If a young man cannot walk after dogs for eight hours, it is, in my opinion, time he went on to milk and soda out of a feeding bottle! As to running to a point. I could always do it and, may I ask, how is it that if one can run a quarter of a mile after a stag and then get him with a bullet, one cannot in a few yards get a grouse with a scatter gun? The whole object of my article was to try to instil keenness and fitness into the present young generation.

As to Mr. Hickman's objection to a handler being somewhere about 25yds. ahead of the guns at the start. There is method in my madness! If you "press" hounds they will always get their heads up. Similarly, when you unleash pointers or setters, they will frequently run a bit wild—often to the rear—hence you require your guns a little way behind the handler.

I lost the Kennel Club Open Stake this year simply, in my opinion, because the judges were too close to the handlers and my dog Victory (who subsequently won the Pointer and Setter Championship) could not get to the back of a pair of partridges through the close proximity of the judges. A "line," as we shooting folk understand it, is impossible to keep when shooting over dogs owing to various reasons.

Yours faithfully,
The Manor House, West Tofts, Brandon, Suffolk. J. D. LLOYD (Major).

GAME FOR THE TABLE

SIR,—I should like to enter a protest in your columns against the sweeping statements on the culinary value of certain game by Mr. Patrick R. Chalmers in his article, "Side Lines of the Grouse Moor."

The statement that capercailzie when shot are only fit for a highly seasoned game soup or cock-brue, and cooked to any other recipe are like the cedar wood pencil to the agonised composer, is very far from the truth; though not liked by many, if properly cooked caper much resemble turkey. He then goes on to say that the blackcock, like the caper, is of little use except as a trophy for the taxidermist. This is even further from the truth, for like the ptarmigan the blackcock is near to the grouse in culinary excellence.

The woodcock if flushed from the heather is admittedly an easy shot, but if found flitting in and out of the trees in a pine forest he is by no means an easy prey, and at all times most excellent eating.

The snipe? Should a leash disappear in a lodge after a day's shooting as not worth making the toast for, I should consider it was high time that the cook was brought to book, as they are a great delicacy and well worth making toast for. Lastly, "the blue hare is never shot until December," a very wild statement, for few are the times that he is not included in the bag of a day's driving, sometimes as many as 20 or 30 and more, and they are very good eating when roasted whole, and much appreciated by the farmers.

Yours faithfully,
Ormond Lodge, Englefield Green, Surrey. HERBERT E. EATON.

DO TROUT EAT NEWTS?

SIR,—I had an interesting day's fishing this year in the Highlands on a loch which has been noted for the last 30 years for big and "difficult" trout. It is little fished, as it is over 2,000ft. up, under a mountain top, and a blank day is very common. A day of one or two trout is good, but big trout are always seen rising "to themselves." The loch is about a quarter of a mile long with a stony bottom and very little weed; it is sword-shaped and the wind *must* be blowing over the hilt along the blade.

We got it just right, and in a long afternoon my wife and I got six weighing 12lb. We used small flies with 2x gut, and a battle with a 3-pounder was a prolonged affair! Another fish just over 2lb. leapt fourteen times. They fight and eat like sea trout, beautiful fish, with small heads, shoulders like perch and pink flesh. They stand the acid test of boiling!

I opened five, and in three found what I thought were small trout. In other lochs this would have been of little interest, but there is no burn running into this loch, and no young fish have ever been known in it, so I examined carefully. Digestion was very far advanced in the first two, but the last showed traces of legs, and on closer examination the others. Heads flat and horseshoe shaped, eyes far apart—in fact, lizard or newt, not trout.

I kept both kinds of newts as a boy, and feel sure they were larger than the small green one. All pigment was gone except dots for eyes and no trace of flattened tail or dorsal crest.

The mossy banks of the loch are haunted by common heather lizards (I caught one which dropped its tail as usual!) and the "remains" were more like these than newts—though I have never heard of a lizard swimming.

The rest of the post-mortem was interesting. Masses of caddis with cases made of pieces of reed (I thought twice I saw an alder fly on the water), water beetles of different kinds and their larvae and wind-blown insects including "click beetles" (wire-worm at 2,000ft. !), a good many "freshwater limpets," but not a single *Limnaea*. In all but one fish, caddis was the principal food, and it is probably the condition-determining factor. The exception was the second largest, and the only one of the six not in perfect condition: a longish female, 2½lb., stomach and intestines packed with coarse heavy grit in which nothing could be made out. It looked as if she had shovelled in the loose sand and lived on the limpets included. Flesh deeper red than the rest, pointing to shellfish feed, but not enough of it!

If I ever get up there again, and *if* I get them bending again, I shall have a wide-mouthed bottle of methylated spirit ready in case the gralloch is of interest.

Meantime I want to know, please: (1) Do trout eat newts? and (2) Do lizards ever swim, like their cousins the snakes?

Yours faithfully,
Aspatria, Cumberland. I. M.

BUTTERFLIES IN 1935

SIR,—Mr. Hyde Parker's reference to the almost complete dearth of red admirals this year is interesting. They were certainly less common here than of recent years, but the feature was the almost total absence of the peacock and brimstone butterflies, not more than one of each having been seen in the garden. The buddleias have been poor in floral display and rather soon over in spite of the rains in August and September. The hummingbird hawkmoth has been seen only once, in great contrast to 1933 and 1934.

Yours faithfully,
Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

IGNITION OF CARTRIDGES

SIR,—I notice that in an answer to a correspondent you name .0080sec. as the time from pulling the trigger to exit of shot from muzzle. Probably you have good reasons for adding to time up barrel the variable and unknowable time of the trigger's motion—it may be fast or slow according to individual method of pulling. The *Field* used to publish the times from impact of the striker. Speaking from memory, for it would take some time to look up, I believe that the figure you quote would count as a hang-fire or at best as slow ignition. Powders of the old 42 grains load type were credited with a time up barrel of .0045sec. whereas E.C. and Smokeless Diamond shortened it to about .0034 or 5.

Vaguely I call to mind from reading one of the handbooks that when the several operations involved are subjected to mathematical analysis .0025 of the total must be allotted to the time taken by the shot in passing from a state of rest and gaining speed till it finally quits the muzzle, leaving the difference for indentation of the primer, exploding the detonating compound within and setting up explosive force in the powder itself.

If we assume that the distance of travel in the barrel is the round value two feet, about true for 26in. total, we obtain for the value .0025, a mean velocity in the bore of exactly 800ft. per sec.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. 1. "MATHEMATICAL PURIST."

["Mathematical Purist" apparently overlooks the fact that the time .0080sec.—trigger pull to exit of charge from muzzle—was quoted as *approximate*, which is necessary as time not only varies with different makes of primers but with various types of powder, recent experiments having proved variations of .0076–.0080sec. trigger to muzzle time and .0027–0035sec. barrel time.—ED.]

PIG-STICKING IN EAST AFRICA

SIR,—The following may interest you. The Narro Moro Tent Club have had a good season, 114 pig having been accounted for. Pig far bigger than it was thought existed in the wart hog world have been killed, measured, and weighed. Two 32½in. wart hog were killed and thus changed our ideas as to the height it was possible for these to grow to. Casualties have been very heavy both in horse and rider. The wart hog has maintained his reputation as a fighter.

There have only on one occasion been more than three spears out, and three times we have killed nine boar in a day.

The head of pig is likely to increase as cattle are now vaccinated with a "dead" rinderpest virus, instead of a "living," which spread the disease far and wide and killed hundreds of wart hog.

Yours faithfully,
Kenya. "SPEAR."

THE ROCKY FORESHORE OF DEVON'S FIRST BIRD SANCTUARY
(See Letter "A New Sanctuary for Birds")

A NEW SANCTUARY FOR BIRDS

SIR,—Readers of the *Field* will be interested in the opening of the first bird sanctuary in Devonshire, under the auspices of the county's Bird Watching and Preservation Society.

Situated on the south coast, in Wembury Bay, between Plymouth and The Start, it is an important focal point for bird life, and many interesting records have been taken there, particularly of birds on passage. Members of the Society and readers of the *Western Morning News* subscribed the whole of the money for the purchase of a quarter of a mile of cliff and foreshore. There were few big subscriptions, and the whole of the amount came from interested people as the result of quiet and persistent propaganda. The purchase was timely, for already the area around is being laid out for building development.

Major Anthony Buxton, of Horsey Hall, Norfolk, whose work for bird sanctuaries is so well known, came down to Devon specially to perform the opening ceremony; and afterwards showed the members his films of rare birds. It is not often that the birds behave "according to plan," even in a bird sanctuary; but, while the opening ceremony was in progress, oystercatchers called, curlew whistled, a gannet dived in a spectacular way, ravens and terns passed over, wheatears rested on passage, and a flock of turnstones arrived!

Yours faithfully,
Plymouth. JAS. L. PALMER.

THE LAST WOLF?

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an interesting exhibit which has just been lent to the Carmarthen Museum. The three pads are believed to have belonged to the last wolf killed in Wales, somewhere in South Carmarthenshire, probably at Marros or Laugharne. No date is given with them, but it would probably have been the early seventeenth century at the latest, for it is said that the last wolf disappeared from England in the reign of Elizabeth, though they were found much later in Scotland and Ireland. (Sir Edward Coke, the great Elizabethan lawyer, mentions wolves in a list of forest beasts still in existence.)

There seems to be some controversy as to where the last Welsh wolf was actually slain, and a Pembrokeshire correspondent makes a claim for the village called Wolf's Castle, in that county (close to Scaleyham, where the breed of dogs of that name originated). The name may have been derived from the fact; on the other hand there are plenty of place names into which the word "wolf" enters, which make no such claim! In the absence of any documentary evidence the matter may now be beyond a definite proof.

Yours faithfully,
Hereford. M. W.

MOVEMENTS OF JAYS

SIR,—I wonder whether other readers of the *Field* have noticed the remarkable movements of jays which seem to have been a feature of the present autumn. I give below a list of observations made by myself and others:

(1) September 30th to October 1st.—A head-keeper in the neighbourhood of Buriton, saw a flock of just on 70 come over the top of Butzer Hill.

(2) October 3rd.—W. Witcher, head keeper at Idsworth, saw a flock of 53 fly over Windmill Hill high up.

(3) October 3rd, 9.30 a.m.—37 jays passed over high up flying south, down Meon Valley.

(4) October 3rd, 11 a.m.—35 jays observed by head keeper flying south, three gun shots up, near Andover.

(5) October 4th.—On Winchester—Southampton Road, near Stoneham, 187 counted in a short time passing over, 9 a.m., making south.

(6) October 4th, 11 a.m.—Near Wickham, Hants, 47 counted in one flock: "two gun shots up."

(7) October 4th.—Nearer Southwick, three miles from above, 53 or 55 counted in one lot passing high.

(8) October 8th, 8 a.m.—A single bird, then 5, then 7, passing over about 300ft. up, moving south.

(9) October 9th.—A "large flock" flying 300ft. up passed over Southwick Estate.

(10) October 14th.—55 going northwards near Kingsworthy Park and S. Ry., 11 a.m.

Have such movements as these been noticed in other seasons?

Yours faithfully,
Hampshire. M.

"AN OLD EARTHSTOPPER"

SIR,—Your correspondents who have copies of the old engraving of the earthstopper engraved by Nat Green after N. Drake may be interested to know that Daniel's *Rural Sports*, published in 1801, has an illustration of a very similar picture of the same man differing only in that the light-coloured terrier is in front of the pony, which has no white star on the forehead, and that the landscape has been omitted. It was engraved by J. Scott after Drake.

Yours faithfully,
Cranleigh. J. B. WALDY.

ANTIRRHINUM RUST

SIR,—You ask about antirrhinum rust in the *Field* of September 14th. Last year some plants were attacked in late summer. I broke off and burnt all affected parts, leaving the main stem about 3in. high and a few tiny low-down shoots. These have flowered prolifically this year and there has been no trace of rust on any one of the plants. I shall be interested to see in your paper what other readers have experienced.

Yours faithfully,
Manor Cottage, (Mrs.) A. M. SLADEN.
Buckland Ripers, Weymouth.

ELK AND MOOSE HEADS

SIR,—In the *Field* of October 5th, two illustrations are given of small moose heads from Alberta. In describing them, the owner says that elk and moose heads "may be classified into types, the orthodox head developing a broad shovel with small even points, while the wilder form of head has few and large points, but shows little tendency towards palmation."

BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED IN CARMARTHENSHIRE
(See Letter "The Last Wolf?")

With regard to the two moose heads illustrated, I should like to point out that the variations are entirely due to a difference in the ages of the animals. The head with narrow palmation and fewest points is that of an old bull past his prime and horns deteriorating, whilst the other head is that of an animal in the prime of life.

Yours faithfully,
Hyde, C. E. RADCLYFFE
Wareham. (Major).

RABBIT-BITE

SIR,—Mr. Patrick Chalmers writes that he can recall no case of a man being rabbit-bitten. More than fifty years ago a rabbit which I had shot, and which I was picking up, fastened its teeth in my finger so firmly that I had the greatest difficulty in getting free. It was a very cold day and my finger bled freely for hours. I have always understood that the bite of an animal in its death struggle is especially poisonous, so the bleeding probably saved me from a poisoned finger. I can still see the scar on my finger.

Yours faithfully,
Effingham, Surrey. I. B. L.

By Appointment to *His Majesty the King*

YOU should savour your Johnnie Walker slowly, appreciatively. Much time, much traditional skill have gone to the making of it. Its unusual smoothness, its distinctive Highland flavour make it a whisky apart. No wonder Johnnie Walker has friends in every corner of the world.

Johnnie Walker

Born 1820—

Still going Strong!

PREPARING A THRESHING FLOOR AND (RIGHT) THE CATTLE STAMPING OUT THE CORN
(See Letter "Farming Methods in India")

GROUSE SHOOTING AND "PICK-UP"

SIR,—With reference to the very interesting letter on this subject which appeared in your issue of September 7th, may I suggest that a "Printator" is far more useful than separate squares of cardboard for marking where one's birds fall. No pencil is necessary, as it can be marked either with the finger-nail or a stick of heather or a match, and it will stand up to quite a fair amount of wet. I was given this tip when shooting in Aberdeenshire some years ago and have passed it on to several friends and they all agree that the "Printator" is by far the most useful and simple device for marking the fall of grouse from a butt. It can be obtained for a few pence from any stationer.

Yours faithfully,
Ilmington, Warwick-shire. K. J. CHANNER (Captain).

TARPON FISHING

SIR,—I have just seen Mr. J. P. Birch's letter in your paper of August 10th headed "Tarpon Fishing." Some years ago my friend Dr. Branch was fishing at the old Naval Dock Yard in this island. His boat was moored to one of the old wharves, and he was fishing with a light hand line.

He was getting in a small baracouta about a foot long, and was just lifting it into the boat when to his surprise a tarpon appeared pursuing the baracouta quite near enough for him to have touched it if he had stretched out his arm. So he said, "My dear chap, if you really want it, take it," and the tarpon did actually take the whole baracouta.

FROM THE TIDAL WATER OF THE LEVEN
(See Letter "Low Water Spinning")

There ensued a quite Homeric contest, which ended ultimately in the honours for the tarpon!

Yours faithfully,
Bishop's Lodge, Antigua. EDWARD ANTIGUA (Archbishop of the West Indies).

FARMING METHODS IN INDIA

SIR,—Recently you published two pictures taken on a farm in Alberta, Canada. They showed the up-to-date machinery used by a farmer in that country for discing and ploughing. In India the bullock is still used for all phases of farm life in which animals are necessary. In this country everything is done in the most ancient way imaginable, and the two pictures I send show the preparation of the threshing floor and the threshing. The farmer's wife prepares the floor for threshing by smearing a mixture of cow's dung and water over the ground, and when dried this forms a fine hard, clean surface, on which the wheat or rice is laid, and then stamped out by cattle, as shown in the next picture. This method, although effective, is very slow.

I do not think that the Indian ryot is as conservative as some would have us believe. It is not choice, but necessity that makes his methods so age old. Due to the system of land tenure, where nearly every villager owns an acre or two, the return from the ground is so little that the farmer only gets just enough to meet the needs of himself and his family and has nothing to spare to enable him to buy expensive modern implements and machines.

Yours faithfully,
Block No. 31 A, G.I.P. Railway, Amla, C.P., India. G. O. BOAST.

LOW WATER SPINNING

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence on this subject earlier in the autumn, the enclosed photograph may be of interest.

It shows a 7lb. 6oz. salmon killed by me in three-and-a-half minutes while I was using a 7ft. split bamboo spinning rod, Illingworth No. 3 reel, and a gut substitute line of approximately 7lb. breaking strain. The fish was killed in the tidal water of the Leven.

Yours faithfully,
Lane House, Troutbeck, Windermere. RICHARD CLAPHAM.

GREY PHALAROPES AT BRIGHTON

SIR,—The recent storms in September have been the means of bringing numbers of grey phalaropes to Brighton, and as the bird is by no means a common autumnal migrant to Sussex this may be worth recording.

A specimen was picked up dead near the Palace Pier on September 22nd which bore faint traces of the red summer plumage. On the same date, at about 6 p.m., four flocks each numbering about 30 birds got up from the beach and flew from west to east.

Yours faithfully,
50, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

HUMMING-BIRD HAWK MOTH AND GERANIUMS

SIR,—Ever since the great invasion of the migratory humming-bird hawk moth at Yarmouth, about 1870, when I was amused to see several of these insects hovering vainly in front of cottage windows, behind which were geraniums in bloom, I have always found this moth very partial to geraniums whenever obtainable, and usually selecting them in preference to other flowers. In the Scilly Isles recently I found these moths very abundant, especially in the Tresco Abbey gardens, where I watched numbers feeding on geraniums although other flowers abounded.

As a rule geranium blossoms appear to have but little attraction for butterflies or moths. Occasionally I have seen the common white butterflies (both the small and green-veined white) pay a brief visit to the flowers, and one or two other butterflies hover over them without resting to feed. Probably the scent of geraniums is not attractive to most insects, and with regard to the humming-bird hawk moth it is the brilliant colouring of these flowers which attracts them and not scent as was made obvious by those I observed hovering in front of closed windows.

Yours faithfully,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

WHICH FOR YOU? Here are just four of the wines in the famous Sandeman range—each an excellent wine and very good value for money. Since 1790 Sandeman have shipped the finest Ports of the Douro and the rarest Sherries of Jerez.

PORTS
THREE STAR (Select Old Ruby or Tawny)
Per Bottle 6/- Per Doz. 72/-
PARTNERS (Finest Old Ruby)
Per Bottle 9/- Per Doz. 108/-
SHERRIES
APITIV (Extra Dry Pale)
Per Bottle 6/- Per Doz. 72/-
BROWN BANG (Fine Old Dessert)
Per Bottle 9/- Per Doz. 108/-

Geo. G. Sandeman, Sons & Co., Ltd.
20 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4

SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

THREE BRITISH WAR VETERANS, IN REGULAR WORK IN BELGIUM SINCE 1919 OR 1920
(See Letter "Ex-Army Mules on the Continent")

A NEW ZEALAND "MONSTER"

SIR,—I wonder if you or any of your readers can identify the fish shown in the photograph. It was found washed ashore on the sea coast near Wellington. It measured 9ft. 3in. long with a girth of 3ft. 8in., had a tapering tail like a ling, and was without visible scales. The silver on the sides rubbed off on the hand like fresh paint.

Yours faithfully,
D. J. GIBBS.

125, Glenmore Street,
Wellington, N.Z.

[Mr. J. R. Norman, to whom we sent the photograph has kindly identified it for us as either an oar fish or ribbon fish (*Trachypteridæ*). He adds, "it is impossible to give a more exact identification from a photograph, but there is no doubt it belongs to this family."—ED.]

EX-ARMY MULES ON THE CONTINENT

SIR,—I noticed quite recently in the *Field* some correspondence regarding the neglected state of horses that had been exported to the Continent.

It may be of interest to some of your readers to know that in various parts of France and Belgium, during a motor tour on the Continent last August, I came across at least twelve ex-British Army mules that had been purchased by their present owners at the end of the war. Although some of these animals were showing signs of age, they were all, without exception, in good working condition, well groomed and properly shod.

The enclosed photograph shows three of these mules which I saw trotting along very actively in a light van. The driver informed me that they have all been in regular work since purchase (1919 or 1920). On examining their teeth I found that all three of them appeared to be between 21 and 25 years old. The Government A brand on the quarters was easily discernible.

Yours faithfully,
F. C. O'ROURKE, F.R.C.V.S.
(Lieutenant-Colonel, retired).

Dog and Partridge Hotel,
Yateley, Camberley, Surrey.

OAR FISH OR RIBBON FISH?
(See Letter "A New Zealand 'Monster'")

HUNT TABLE CORRECTIONS

Puckeridge Hounds.—The Puckeridge always hunt four days a week, and it is regretted that Friday appeared as an occasional day. This is inaccurate, as hounds always meet on Friday.

Newcastle and District Beagles.—Dr. F. J. G. Slater is additional to the names of whippers-in given for this pack.

Holcombe Hunt.—The whips of these harriers are Messrs. F. M. Cornall and G. D. Mucklow. H. Steenson replaces G. Bishop as kennel huntsman. The kennels are at Bury.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1 appeal for £9 to help an ex-farm bailiff, aged 78, who is now unable to work, owing to age and increasing rheumatism. His only income is 10/- weekly and a few odd shillings earned by looking after his landlady's poultry. The old man asks little of life, but wants a clean home and regular food which he cannot afford. The Friends of the Poor are anxious to give him a regular allowance, however small. Donations are urgently needed, and will be acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

★

Suggestions for sport this Winter

1. **TIGER SHOOTING—India.**
   30 days with all arrangements properly organised beforehand will give very good chances of tiger and panther.
2. **PIGSTICKING—Iraq.**
   All arrangements under the direction of one of the leading exponents of the game.
3. **TARPON FISHING—Mexico.**
   Our clients had wonderful sport last year.
4. **WILD GOOSE SHOOTING. —Hungary. November.**
   One of our guns had 236 geese in 14 days.

★

Make your requirements known to:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 9797
Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

★

IN THE CITY

J. ALFRED PRATT & CO. (1928), LTD.

As long ago as February, 1934, attention was drawn to the £1 ordinary shares of J. Alfred Pratt & Co. (1928) Ltd., which were obtainable at that time around 19/9 to yield 6 per cent. Since then anticipations have been fulfilled by the publication of a very satisfactory report for the last financial year ended on October 31st, 1934, and early this year the company increased the ordinary share capital from £95,000 to £120,000 by an issue of shares on bonus terms. During the present year the ordinary shares have changed hands up to 27/6, but they can now be picked up at about 23/3, at which price the yield calculated on last year's available earnings of 16¼ per cent. (mentioned below) works out to about 14 per cent. Many company promoters would like the chance of offering the shares of a company so closely connected with the building trade on such a basis.

The company, which was originally established in 1871, carries on the business of building material merchants. Depots have been established in a score of towns near London and the company owns a controlling interest in various affiliated concerns. No debenture stock is outstanding and the balance-sheet as on October 21st, 1934, showed that the capital consisted of £100,000 in 7½ per cent. cumulative preference shares and £95,000 in £1 ordinary shares. Results in recent years compare as follows:

Year to Oct. 31st.	Earned for Dividends.	Preference Dividend Amount Required.	Times Covered.	Ordinary shares (per cent.) Earned.	Paid.
1929	£28,473	£7,500	3.8	26.6	10
1930	29,919	7,500	4.0	27.5	10
1931	16,414	7,500	2.2	10.8	5
1932	11,386	7,500	1.5	4.4	3
1933	18,504	7,500	2.5	14.0	6
1934	24,080	7,500	3.2	20.8	6

The wide margin of revenues over dividend payments is worthy of note, and even allowing for the increase in capital in February earnings for the last financial year were equivalent to 16¼ per cent. on the ordinary shares now in issue. At present levels around 23/3 the shares yield fully 5 per cent. with dividends at the rate of 6 per cent., and in view of the continued activity in the building trade the accounts for the year now ending should make a very satisfactory showing when published in about two months' time.

MOORES STORES

Moores Stores Limited was incorporated in May last to acquire the business of retail grocers founded in 1907, and now consisting of 114 branches in the Middlesbrough, Sunderland and Newcastle-on-Tyne area. The company has no debenture stock in issue, and the issued capital consists of £150,000 in 5½ per cent. cumulative £1 preference shares and £125,000 in ordinary shares of 5/- each. Profits in recent years, before charging income tax, have been as under:

1925	...	£11,238	1930	...	£17,831
1926	...	13,770	1931	...	18,181
1927	...	16,430	1932	...	22,906
1928	...	13,098	1933	...	26,953
1929	...	19,412	1934	...	28,379

The average annual profits for the past ten years have been £18,819 or the equivalent of 8½ per cent., and for the last three years the average has been £26,079 or 14½ per cent. on the ordinary capital. The net profit of £28,379 for the last financial year ended on May 1st, 1935, was equivalent to over 16 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

The steady expansion in profits in recent years is noteworthy, more particularly in view of the exceptionally depressed industrial conditions existing in the territory in which the company's stores are situated. In this connection it might be mentioned that the large expenditure which the Government is contemplating for rearmament should be of very material benefit to this company's sales which should reflect the increase in the purchasing power of the company's customers.

At the statutory meeting at the end of August the chairman stated that profits had been well maintained, and that negotiations were in progress for further extensions and branches, adding that the directors hoped it would be possible at a later date to declare an interim dividend on the ordinary shares. At the time of writing the 5/- ordinary shares can be picked up around 7/3, at which price the yield on earnings is 10 per cent. Doubtless the rate of dividend payments will be conservative, but even so the shares should afford a satisfactory rate of income return. In addition the ordinary shares appear to offer scope for capital appreciation and to be a good media for participating in the recovery of one of the "depressed areas." PACTOLUS.

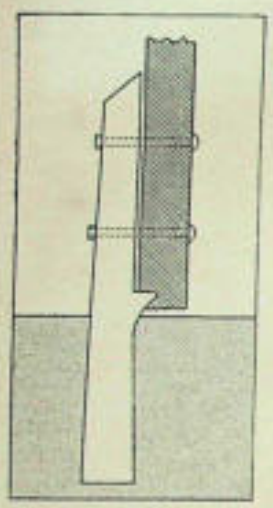
The Country House

A SPUR IN TIME

Small Fence Repairs Which Save Great Expense

AN URGENT CASE FOR FIRST AID

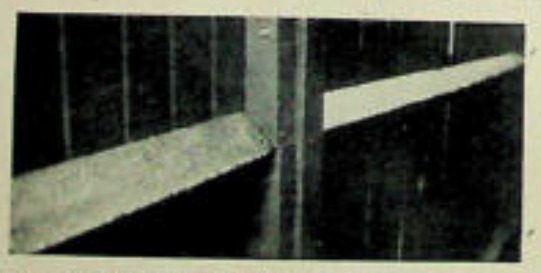
ERECTING fences is at any time an expensive job, and the costliest of all for guarding the privacy of a house or estate is high board fencing. In this type the heaviest strain is thrown on the stout posts carrying the fence rails, and it is interesting during the present spate of building to note how these posts are being put into the ground. In many cases the procedure is to dig the hole for them, insert the raw wood into the earth, and then creosote the upper portion after the rails and boards have been placed in position.



SECTION OF CONCRETE SPUR SHOWING FENCE POST BOLTED IN POSITION AND WOOD CUT AWAY TO REST ON PROJECTING SUPPORT

If the posts are of oak the fence will endure for many years, but if unprotected soft wood is buried in damp soil the natural sequence is that the wood will rot below the ground-level after a few years, and the first high wind that comes along will wreck the fence and probably break the rails when the posts snap off. A heavy bill for repairs will result.

"All what you want is a 'spur,'" the fence-repairer will say when inspecting a post which



ONE WAY OF DEALING WITH BROKEN FENCE RAILS

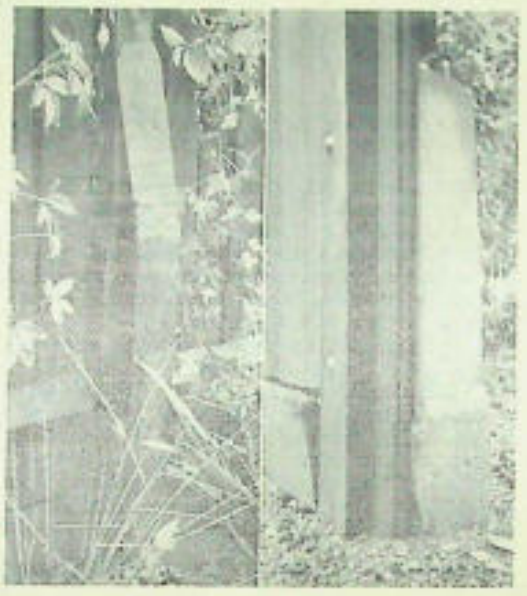
The tongue having broken away from its slot in the post a firm support for the rail is made by cutting a length of timber to fit it above and below and nailing it to the fence post

shows signs of decay. But a spur is a temporary expedient, as it is simply a reinforcement which will rot in its turn and often becomes a deceptive piece of wood, adding its burden to the post it is supposed to support. In some fences recently put up on a new estate, the builders had endeavoured to give extra strength to the posts by imbedding them in concrete. This retained the wet and accelerated the process of decay while presenting a pretty problem to those who had to hack the cement away from the posts when repairing them.

An excellent system for supporting insecure posts has been evolved by the construction of spurs of reinforced concrete. These, made by William Way of Wimbledon, are of scientific design. The spur carries a good broad base and is buried up to a projecting ledge upon which a sawn off portion of the wooden post rests. Two galvanised pins are then inserted through holes bored in the post by a brace and bit and, passing through corresponding holes left in the concrete support, are firmly bolted into position. The result is a workmanlike and durable repair. It would indeed seem a sound scheme if these spurs were included in all new fencing.

Sometimes trouble is encountered in fences by the tongue of the rails breaking away from the slots in the post. A simple way of overcoming this trouble is here illustrated. Two strips of wood are fitted to the rails and nailed to the side of the post. A nail or two driven through the strips into the rail, and it is fit to stand up to the winter gales.

It is not often realised what can be done to stop



A TEMPORARY EXPEDIENT AND A REALLY GOOD JOB

1. The old wooden spur which has a deceptive appearance of strength and is more or less hanging on the insecure fence post. 2. The concrete spur in place and a post as solid as a rock. The angle of the post previous to repair can be gauged by the board at the bottom

deterioration by the aid of a hammer and a few nails. An odd job man going around occasionally can easily keep an eye open for loose boards and nail them back in place, whereas if they are let go the result will be several boards out and probably some of them smashed and needing replacement—all for the need of a nail at the right moment.

WHEN THE LANDLORD PAID

A Post-War Contrast in Maintenance

SHORTLY before the war, and, for reasons economic rather than political, immediately after it, many landlords were reluctantly compelled to sell the farms and homesteads in their ownership. In most cases the tenants in occupation were given the option of buying, and some took the opportunities offered them; others thought they could do better for themselves by bidding in the open market. Whatever the means of acquiring them, many of the new owners started with a heavy mortgage, trusting in their abilities and the good times (as they then were in the case of farmers) to pay the debt off.

In purchasing on these terms two factors were not given sufficient consideration by the vendors. One was tithe, chiefly in the case of farmers, of which we have heard quite enough in the last few years and will hear more when the Royal Commission reports; the other was maintenance and repairs. It was natural enough that neither of these considerations should weigh heavily because in both cases the burden had been borne by his landlord until the date of purchase by the tenant. With the responsibility of ownership on his own shoulders, the tenant has now begun to realise what his landlord did for him in the past. The question of tithe is *sub judice*, but to many small owner-occupiers the problem of repairs is a nightmare.

For years little has been done, small repairs that would, in the old days, have been seen to on a request to the agent, have been neglected; roofs have been allowed to leak, timber has been rotting overhead for twelve years or more while a desperate effort has been made to pay off mortgages, repairs have been neglected, and the accumulated years of *laisser faire* are being brought home to many a small owner-occupier. The bill is going to be a heavy one. Only last week, while on holiday, I shot over an estate run by a good landlord on old-fashioned lines. The buildings were in excellent repair, water was laid on in all, or practically all, the fields, and the farmers, so far as the maintenance of their buildings was concerned, had no worries. I also shot partridges in the same district over a farm run by an owner-occupier. The contrast was too awful to be fairly described. The roof of the farm had been patched up with the flattened-out sides of old road tar barrels, water could get in anywhere; the privy closet had no door and was open for the world to pry in. Gates and fences were in a deplorable state. The contrast was typical of my argument.

So far as income tax is concerned, under Schedule "A" deductions are allowed at a fixed rate based on the value of the farm for maintenance and repairs. The owner has, however, the option, if he considers that his repairs come to more than the fixed rate, of submitting accounts for five years and, within reasonable limits, deducting a larger sum for maintenance and repairs from his assessed Schedule "A" account.

Many owner-occupiers have not done so; they have been content to have the deductions made on the fixed basis. Repairs have been few on buildings which were taken over twelve years ago in perfect order. Now they are needed, and the bill will be heavy, particularly after such a gale as swept the country on the night of September 16th.

Most estate agents will agree that it pays to have the deductions made on the actual cost of repairs. There is a real value in the submission of accounts of repairs to the Inspector of Taxes, while the moral value is great. The account is worked out on a five-years' average, and the moral effect of the submission of details in trying to keep up to that average by doing repairs as soon as they ought to be undertaken is important. So long as a man is strictly honest in the submission of his account of maintenance and repairs and tries no deceit or concealment, Inspectors of Taxes, who are, after all, as human as the rest of humanity, are very reasonable men.

J. W. B.

★*Propert's Saddle Soap keeps young leather supple — makes old leather young again.*

POLISHED HORSEMEN

for 70 years have used

PROPERT'S

Saddle Soap

R. BEDDOW & SONS LTD., 142 Battersea Park Rd., London, S.W.8

AT THE FLATCOATED RETRIEVER SOCIETY'S MEETING AT BIRDSALL
The Nomination Stake being worked through a field of kale

FIELD TRIALS

SPANIELS AT FELTWELL

THE Eastern Counties Spaniel Society held its retrieving trials at Feltwell, near Brandon, on October 11th and 12th. The society owes a great debt of gratitude to Captain H. F. Hardy and Mr. G. Morse for so kindly giving their ground at very short notice. Better ground would be difficult to find, and there was every kind of cover in which to test the dogs. Conditions were excellent in every way, and game was very plentiful. The judges were Mr. W. Perree and Lord Henniker. Dr. G. P. Humphery acted as referee.

The Open Stake was won by Mr. McNeill's Springer Donna Susie, a very high-class spaniel in every way. She is very fast out and in, quick in her pick-up, a fast and systematic hunter with a first-class nose, and very easily controlled.

Mrs. Wilkinson's Cocker Spider of Silverlands was second, a very keen little dog, who hunts at a great pace and is very handy. He performed every task given him quickly and well.

Third was Captain Rhodes's Springer Spank O'Vara, another really good one. He is a fast and persevering worker, with an excellent nose, a quick retriever and is easily handled.

Captain Selby-Lowndes's Springer Higham Ticket was fourth. He is a quick dog, and generally put up a good performance in every way.

Colonel C. D. Horsley's Springer Mist of the Cairnies was reserve, and certificates of merit were awarded to Mr. Charles McNeill's E. s. Kim of the Cairnies, the Honble. R. W. Bingham's Cocker d. Simon of Corran, and Miss Mavrojani's E. s. b. Jesty.

The work in the Novice Stake was a little disappointing. It was won by Colonel Horsley's Springer b. Bi. She was consistent throughout, a quick and persevering hunter, and did some very good work. Spider of Silverlands again occupied second place, and well deserved it. Third was Major Richards's, Springer Nell of Brecklands, a nice hunter, keen and handy. Higham Ticket was again fourth, and did some good work. Reserve was Mr. Malcolm's Springer Jock of Glenmoag. This is a high-class dog, very fast and quick in every way, easily handled and a great gamefinder. But for a lapse in his behaviour, he would certainly have been higher in the awards.

The Members' Stake produced some very interesting work. Donna Susie won again and there was no doubt as to her superiority. Spank O'Vara was easily second and did very good work all through. Miss Hooper's Springer d. Rompson of Ranscombe and Colonel Horsley's Springer b. Mist of the Cairnies divided the third and fourth prizes. These two and the reserve, Mr. Neilson's Springer Holefield Gem, thoroughly deserved their awards.

Certificates went to Mr. C. McNeill's E. s. Kim of the Cairnies, Mr. J. Kent's E. s. d. Joburg of Chrishall, Miss A. Mavrojani's Jesty, and Mrs. J. B Neilson's E. s. b. Holefield Gem, placed reserve.

MR. H. R. COOKE'S QUICK OF RIVERSIDE

RETRIEVERS AT WEST BARSHAM

BY kind permission of Mr. J. A. Keith, the Eastern Counties' Retriever Society held their 23rd Working Trials at West Barsham, Fakenham, on October 15th and 16th. The judges were Mr. J. Burgess, Mr. W. Marchant and Major A. Wormald. The awards were as under:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Messrs. Clouston and Ruffell's Lab. b. Kirtsie; 2nd, the Earl of Effingham's Yel. Lab. d. Ming; 3rd, Mr. B. R. Riviere's Lab. d. Delmore Brandy; 4th, Colonel P. K. Wise's Lab. d. Bob of Bisley. Res. and Certificate of merit went to Dr. F. Douglas Wolff's Gol. d. Sterling of Bears. Certificates of merit were also awarded to Mrs. Hardy's Yel. Lab. b. Pavim; Mr. C. H. Kennard's Lab. d. Pettistree Dan; Mr. F. P. Basuttil's Lab. d. Rector; and Dr. T. W. Stanton's Yel. Lab. d. Folkingham Sand. The special prize awarded to the best dog handled by a gamekeeper went to Ming.

AT ORBLISTON

THE North of Scotland Utility Gundog Association, by kind permission of Sir Edmund Findlay, held their 2nd Field Trials on October 10th and 11th at Orbliston, Morayshire. The judges were Captain Leslie, Mr. W. Macdonald and Mr. T. Dinwoodie. The awards were:

GAMEKEEPER'S STAKE.—1st, Mr. Charles G. Oswald's Lab. b. Gaach Jetsam; 2nd, Mr. Isaac Sharpe's Lab. b. Stylish Patsey; 3rd, Mr. R. McVittie Grant's Lab. d. Balmuto Tanco; 4th, Mr. A. Riddell's Lab. d. Black Jerry. Res. and Certificate of merit were awarded to Colonel R. T. B. Yates's Lab. d. Ardhuncart Scout, and a Certificate of merit to Mr. R. Munro's Yel. Lab. b. Woodend Randy.

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mrs. M. K. Macpherson's Yel. Lab. Braeroy Ruddy; 2nd, Mr. D. Macdonald's Lab. d. Lile Airman; 3rd, Mr. D. Black's Lab. d. Balmuto Hewildo; 4th, Sir Ian Forbes-Leith's Lab. b. Faith of Fyvie. Res. and Certificate of merit to Mr. P. Kynoch-Shand's Lab. b. Mosenga. Certificates of merit were awarded to: Mr. R. McVittie Grant's Lab. d. Balmuto Tanco; Captain R. G. Sharp's Lab. d. Hero of Clava; and Mr. A. Riddell's Lab. d. Braeroy Gyp.

AT BALBIRNIE

ON October 15th and 16th, the Scottish Field Trials Association held their 24th Retriever Trials, by kind permission of Colonel E. W. S. Balfour, at Balbirnie, Markinch, Fifeshire. The judges were Captain W. S. Medlicott, Mr. G. T. Johnson Houghton and Major W. H. Callander. The awards were as follows:

THE OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. Hugh Peacock's Interbred b. Greatford Quickstep; 2nd, Mr. D. Black's Lab. d. Balmuto Hewildo; 3rd, Captain J. Steel's Lab. d. Rotchell Jaunt. Res., Miss I. M. Woodward's Yel. Lab. b. Jean of Dalmaspidal. Certificates of merit were awarded to Captain F. G. Byng Stephen's Lab. b. Blackhambleton Minnow; Mr. A. A. Sibney Villar's Lab. d. F.T. Ch. Rockstead Footpad; Mr. D. M'Donald's Lab. d. Lile Airman; Major R. Houston's Lab. d. Jem of Lintrathen; and Mr. J. Eccles's Interbred d. Houlstone Bob.

THE NON-WINNER STAKE.—1st, Mr. D. Macdonald's Lab. b. Lile Fanny Atkins; 2nd, Mr. Allan Campbell's Lab. b. Raeburn; 3rd, Major R. Houston's Lab. d. Jem of Lintrathen; 4th, Mr. Hugh Peacock's Greatford Quickstep. Res., Captain R. G. Sharp's Lab. d. Punch of Clava. Certificates of merit were awarded to: Mr. John Annand's Lab. b. Glenhead Biddy; Mr. J. Dinwoodie's Lab. b. Lochar Nessie; Mrs. Chambre's Lab. d. Thunder Cloud; Hon. W. J. Hewitt's Lab. b. Sh. Colne Buddy; Mr. R. Hunter's Lab. b. Minnette; Hon. J. Arthur Joicey's Lab. d. Friar of Flodden; and Mr. J. K. Hutchison's Lab. d. Tombain Joker.

FLATCOATS AT BIRDSALL

THE Flatcoated Retriever Association held their twelfth meeting at Birdsall House, Malton, on October 17th and 18th. The judges were Lord Middleton, Mr. John Bell and Captain W. S. Medlicott.

On the first day scent was poor, and many birds were picked by hand, after dogs had had a good trial; on the second day scent was decidedly better, and the work of the dogs showed an improvement. The ground was roots and kale and rough grassy hillsides. Generally speaking the work was not of high class, the commonest faults being failure to mark, inability of handlers to place their dogs at required spots and too wide ranging; in addition, four dogs ran into shot, which is a rare occurrence nowadays.

1st, Mr. H. R. Cooke's Quick of Riverside certainly deserved his success when compared with the rest, he had no serious faults, and might have looked a very much better dog had scent been better; he did not turn to whistle too easily, and it was not always easy to get him to concentrate his efforts on the right place, but he did a lot of good work and brought much to hand. He is a quick, good hunter and perseveres. 2nd, Mrs. E. G. Oliver's Brynasaph Susie. She is under good control and keeps working on a bird in the right area without ranging off too far, uses her eyes too much in preference to her nose, and lost a cock pheasant in consequence; she is a bit short of drive and pace. 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Elwes's Coleshourne Jet. She was placed here because it was obvious she would never do any harm on a shooting day, and would certainly gather much game to hand provided it was easy ground.

No. 3 lost her chance at the last shot of the trial running in to shot; up to then she was one of the best in the stake, under very good control, and having all the other good qualities required in a retriever.

Certificate of merit, Mr. R. E. Birch's Brynasaph Quickstep. W. S. M.

MR R. E. BIRCH'S BRYNASAPH QUICKSTEP

THE HARDY LABRADOR

Litters Raised During Canadian Winter Months

SEVEN COMPETITORS READY FOR A SWIMMING RACE, AND A TETE-A-TETE WITH A RAVEN IN WHICH THE BIRD IS VOICING A PROTEST

MR. R. LECKIE-EWING, of Ewing's Landing, in sending a batch of delightful pictures of his Labradors in British Columbia, gives some interesting particulars of their breeding. He says:

"Possibly it may be news to many of your readers that Labrador bitches can successfully raise their litters during our cold Canadian winter months. I like to have a litter or two born in the months of November and December, so that they may be ready for field work the next autumn. I would not risk a winter litter from a newly imported bitch, but it is quite safe to do so from bitches raised in Canada, where they have been acclimatised to the rigours of our climate.

"The breeding stock of course has to be good and sound, strong and healthy, and the bitch should already have been breeding once or twice before and accustomed to the raising of a family. Given these qualifications there is no necessity for any coddling or artificial heat. A good non-draughty shed and a deep bed of hay and dry cedar shavings is all I ever use, and I have had litters whelped when the thermometer registers 15 or 20 degrees of frost, and I seldom lose a pup, although of course they require watching.

"When the pups are six to eight weeks old they run around out of doors when the thermometer stands at zero and even lower, and feel the cold no more than do the older dogs. If well fed and looked after, and given lots of good fresh milk and a liberal dosage of cod-liver or pilchard oil, my winter pups are in appearance and strength little behind spring or summer pups. These winter pups most certainly tend to produce a strong and hardy type, and they carry on the great traditions of the finest all-round gundog in the world to-day—the Labrador."

ON GUARD WITH THE BAG

A camera study among the reeds after the morning's work

THE BEST OF COMPANIONS FOR THE CHILDREN BUT ALWAYS READY FOR THE SERIOUS SIDE OF LIFE

Hounds Off to Draw—from the wrapper of the "Field" Hunting Year Book

New Books

THE "FIELD" HUNTING YEAR BOOK

Yoga Without Yeats-Brown—The Rarest Beast

ONCE again the hunting community will welcome the appearance of the "*Field*" *Hunting Year Book*, which to all who are interested in hunting, polo or the light horse generally is much more than a bare book of reference. It is a guide to all activities in the world of horse and hound which is indispensable to all who take part in them.

The initial success of this work, last year's edition having failed to satisfy the demand for it, has inspired the producers to even greater efforts, and the contents of the new volume are on a much more ambitious scale. Nothing so far produced has covered so great a field or shown such painstaking work in indexing and tabulating information for the current year and results of the past season.

Hunting, of course, comes first, opening with the invaluable list of Masters and Secretaries of Foxhounds, followed by the hunts, in alphabetical order, with all particulars available as to Kennels, Masters and Secretaries, hunt servants, uniforms, subscriptions, hunting days, names of adjoining hunts, descriptions of country, hunting centres, and dates of point-to-point meetings and hunt balls where obtainable. In addition to these particulars the results of the point-to-point meeting are given for each hunt, together with puppy show report, list of principal meets and particulars of pony club. Harriers, Beagles, Basset Hounds, Staghounds, Draghounds and Otterhounds follow on in their respective categories, with separate sections for Ireland and Scotland. At the end are useful particulars of hunts in India and the Dominions and Dependencies, of hunts recognised by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America, and of various hunting associations and hunts in France, Germany, Holland and Italy.

This closes the hunting section proper, but then comes what was recognised last year as one of the most valuable features of the book, the complete register of all horses placed at point-to-point meetings held during the year, showing horse, rider, owner, meeting, race, where placed, number of runners, and distances between first and second and second and third horses. Here is also given an index to the reports of point-to-point meetings other than hunt meetings (seen under hunts) and reports of various military and social meetings.

It is when turning to this section that one may note the ease with which the information may be turned up, the pages being cut through for thumb spaces which enable point-to-point, polo or show sections to be referred to in a second without wading through an index. And while on the subject of point-to-points it is worth while noting that the National Hunt Rules (Appendix C), as applying to point-to-point steeplechases, are given in the introductory pages to the book. These contain several other useful features, such as a short review of the 1934–35 season, an article on hunters and hunter breeding, a description of the activities of the pony club, a list of associations and societies connected with hunting and kindred activities, illustrated plates of English hunt buttons and a review of the pig-sticking season which should be appreciated in many quarters.

The polo section gives the constitution of the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee for 1935, and a précis of play in the principal tournaments, with tables showing the progress of the winners on their path to the final. This might gain added value in the future if the goals scored were included. Details of clubs in England, the Dominions, India, the Crown Colonies, the United States and in foreign countries are appended.

Under the heading of Agricultural Shows the results of the principal meetings contain the awards in hunter classes, in riding and jumping competitions, and in children's pony classes, together with the placings at the leading hound shows, as, for example, the awards at Peterborough.

The volume concludes with a list of convenient hunting centres, together with adjacent hunts, and it would, indeed, be hard to find any important omissions in matters which touch on horse and hound. The editor's boast that his information is "all in the open and never goes to ground" is justified, for there is no reference book in which it is easier to find one's way about. No better standard work for the horse world could be imagined than the *Field Hunting Year Book*, which, at the modest price of 10/6, is certainly a bargain volume. It is obtainable from the Field Press, Ltd., or any of the leading publishers.

WHITE PAPER WHIMSIES

ON opening my *Times Literary Supplement* two days before I began to review this book for the *Field*, I was surprised to see that the publisher's advertisement stated, in inverted commas, that the *Field* had described the book as "Yeats-Brown without Yoga." I am sure that this very regrettable error was the result of a misunderstanding, but it is only fair to our readers to point out that this description is taken from a review I wrote of Major Handley's previous book, *Hunters' Moon*, published two years ago. Actually this book could not possibly be described as "Yeats-Brown without Yoga." It does, indeed, follow after the model of *Bengal Lancer*—an Indian cavalry officer revealing himself in a series of pictures alternating between cantonements and more untrodden ways. But it is not more than a simulacrum of that famous work. It lacks the deft touch and the sense of occasion of Yeats-Brown. The author devotes a lengthening passage, and sometimes a purple one, to what *Bengal Lancer* would have illuminated with a telling phrase. The Yoga is there all right, the author has been at pains to bring it in, but it is Yoga without Yeats-Brown.

This is the more sad because *Hunters' Moon* showed us that Major Handley had a talent for descriptive writing and could show us certain aspects of life in India from an individual angle. He appears to have become conscious of this, with the inevitable results of over-emphasis. But the book improves enormously as one goes on. I definitely disliked the first two chapters, the "Kashmir Interlude" was an improvement, the account of the voyage along the Malabar coast and of Peshawar City were both good if a little over-emphasised, while the glimpses of the lost empires that have crumbled away round Chitor and Panipat I liked best. And it is quite clear that the author is of the stuff that may improve on this a good deal.

Perhaps the fault of the earlier chapters lies in the somewhat perverse association of dislike of Anglo-Indian social life with an equal dislike of the White Paper Policy, two rather strange bedfellows. Although I never much cared for the former and more or less oppose the latter, I feel that the author's sketches, though possibly true in themselves, cannot be taken as presenting a fair picture. The British Indian officer drinking himself drunk with his Indian friends in the mess is not a general experience, and while it is easy (like Mr. Wenham) to refer to the selecter parts of Cheltenham as the "Black Hole," or to regret the passing of Suttee when referring to the relict of a senior member of Council, one has not then told the whole story of the Englishman in India. The White Paper Whimsies are too catching a complaint in the circles where Major Handley cares not to consort for him to abandon himself to their ravages, for he has revealed talents better employed elsewhere. R. M.

Times Delinquency. By Leonard Handley. (Hutchinson; 10/6.)

UNTRAVELLED SANDS

ARABIAN ADVENTURE is the book I have been awaiting for many years—happily I am not disappointed. The hunting of a truly rare beast—if not the rarest—in its inimitable desert setting of unknown Arabia. To me the greatest point of Mr. Carruthers's book is that it is the downright story of a successful hunt without any frills. It is not a dull text-book of travel, but a living account of a man with a fixed purpose. That he achieved this and kept the torch of his enthusiasm burning brightly after 25 years, shows how he must have loved his trip.

There are not many mad zealots of rare game and exploration left these days—they are being side-tracked by aeroplanes and motor cars—but to all survivors of the old type—the trek lovers—this book is to be commended as a book to buy and to keep. If it does not supply the spark to one last adventure, it will at least be another card up one's sleeve. For ten years I have hankered and quested for news of Arabian oryx and, once at least, I have wandered on the fringe of their habitat, and now at last comes definite news from the only man who knows. It is a short book—I wish the author had given us a page or two on the actual stalk and the killing, sudden though it was—but it is amazing how many points stand out in his quick telling.

Where to go and what to expect in oryx hunting. It is not a question of only find his true habitat and the prize is easy, but a sudden spy perhaps thrice in a six weeks' journey and a fleeting quarry. Therefore an elusive beast after the devil's own difficulties. You see a picture of the Bedawin Arabs of those parts with every rare human spotted on the desert sky line a potential enemy. The uselessness of disguise, save as a veil from idle curiosity. (I always distrust the traveller's yarn, who says that he got through in disguise. A Frank to travel among these wild men unsuspected? Bah.) The absolute necessity of a rafiq, as safe conduct from tribe to tribe.

Above all is the author's avoidance of a picture of sudden death. He paints the stranger Bedawi arriving time and again with rush and brandish of rifle, ripe for loot if it is going, but not always out for death and murder. The Bedawi is not quite so black as he is painted; he is a queer, aloof, truculent customer, but accidents do not happen always. The most alluring camp was at Hausa wells, a few miles north of Gebel Tubaiq and only 100 miles east of the Hedjaz railway. Here the author saw his first oryx, shot a good ibex and saw in flesh or track gazelle and cheetah. Tempting lures these; if there is one spot on earth I could wish myself to, it would be there. The author admits his error when he bade farewell to the Shararat and thus trebled his journey—but he succeeded.

You need not know your Arabia to enjoy this book. Every other line of it is a picture, too, of the Libyan desert—rare beasts, unsolved problems, the lands of the nomads. Do you wonder that the Arabs have outlasted every known civilisation? If ye doubt, go ye likewise and be struck divinely mad. H. C. M.

Arabian Adventure. By Douglas Carruthers. (Witherby; 8/6.)

GLOVE AND BALL

THE game of Fives has, during the last ten years, made a great revival, both in the schools and amongst the Old Boys clubs, but up to the present time there has been no authoritative work dealing with Eton and Rugby Fives in all its phases. Fortunately for those who have just begun to play this interesting game, or who are considering taking it up, Messrs. Seeley Service have lately published a book on Eton and Rugby Fives, which is a complete handbook of practical advice, instruction and rules.

This volume is written by two great authorities on the game, Mr. David Egerton, who is the founder of the Eton Fives Association and winner of the Kinnaird Cup, and Mr. John Armitage, who is in the first flight of Rugby Fives players and a member of the Jesters Committee. These two authors have learnt their subjects from experience, and it would be hard to find any two persons more capable of conveying their ideas on paper.

In particular the game of Eton Fives is at first difficult to learn and still harder to follow from the spectators' point of view, yet Mr. Egerton not only gives sound advice, but also explains the intricacies of the game in a concise and easily intelligible manner. H. G. de G. W.

Eton and Rugby Fives. By David Egerton and John Armitage. (Seeley Service; 2/6.)

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS ONE?

½ BOOTH'S DRY GIN
¼ GRAND MARNIER
¼ PASSION FRUIT JUICE
1 Dash Grenadine

THE BETTER THE GIN THE BETTER THE COCKTAIL

The experts know that no cocktail can be a winner without Booth's Dry Gin. For three successive years at the British Empire Cocktail Competition they have proved this beyond question. In 1933, the winning cocktail was "Red Lion," in 1934 "Royal Romance," whilst in 1935 "Cliftonian" won first prize. The basis of all three cocktails was Booth's Matured Dry Gin. The experts know that maturity makes Booth's unapproached for flavour or purity.

Therefore, when you mix cocktails at home you cannot do better than follow the advice of the experts—*the better the gin the better the cocktail!*

BOOTH'S
Matured
DRY GIN

New Books

COURAGE AND COURTESY

Lord Plumer's Methods and Manner

Of the five Army Commanders in the late war, Gough, Rawlinson, Byng, Horne and Plumer—I except Birdwood, who came late, and Allenby, who found fame elsewhere—only the last named was never criticised in any quarter. The fame of the second army and its staff was known throughout France and Flanders. Divisions, indeed, thought themselves lucky to be in such an Army, under such a commander. Plumer, who very closely resembled Haig in his simplicity of character, in his absolute personal integrity and lack of self-seeking, in his faith in God, and perhaps even in his intellectual limitations, was the only possible alternative as Commander-in-Chief, and he could have been Chief of the Imperial General Staff had he wanted.

With Plumer the name of Harington, his Chief of Staff, will always be associated. It is one of the great historic associations between commander and staff officer, like Napoleon and Berthier, or Hindenburg and Ludendorf. As in the latter case, there were those who said Harington was the power behind the throne. But in his life of his old Chief he makes it abundantly clear that this was not so, and it is at last being clearly understood that the man who makes the decisions and takes the responsibility can never really be "run" by a staff officer.

Sir Charles Harington's life of his Chief is a simple, unaffected and uncontentious story. It has none of the arts of the professional writer: indeed, if criticism must be made it is that it is too simple. But Sir Charles has wisely avoided any polemics, especially on the subject of Passchendaele, which, as he very rightly points out, is Mr. Duff Cooper's sphere of action, and, therefore, this book remains as simple as it is sincere, and as free from extraneous contention as was its subject. Therefore the author has perhaps achieved something which the higher arts of literary technique would have rendered impossible. One would have liked a little more of the methods of the Matabele and Boer campaigns, as this would have given a key to the success of the Second Army, which was, as the author says, due to the fact that its commander never forgot that he had been a regimental officer.

I suppose the outstanding achievement of Plumer's career was the battle of Messines, yet perhaps the incident quoted here is an even greater achievement. Haig sent for Plumer on March 21st. "How well I remember the Commander-in-Chief's words: 'What can you do to help?' The older man (Plumer), with his hand on the younger man's (Haig's) shoulder, just ready to give the maximum and more help to his Chief. His answer: 'I will give you twelve divisions in return for tired ones.' To me it seemed impossible. The Commander-in-Chief was obviously moved by it, and said: 'That means giving up Passchendaele.' 'Not a bit of it!' replied my Chief without a moment's hesitation?" And to those who think that the autumn battles of 1917 were fought by commanders who sacrificed their men's lives to their own vain prejudices I would call attention to the picture of Sir Herbert Plumer at zero hour at the battle of Messines. "The rest of us went up to the top of Cassell Hill to see the mines go up. Five hundred tons of explosive. I can see the glow in the sky as I write. Not so the Army Commander. He was kneeling by his bedside praying for those gallant officers and men who were at that moment attacking." R. M.

Plumer of Messines. By General Sir Charles Harington (John Murray; 12/6).

STALKING IN TWO HEMISPHERES

EXPERIENCES in Scotland and New Zealand form the basis of Lord Latymer's book on Stalking, and a very good book it is too. It lays no claim to be more than personal impressions and recollections, but they are the impressions and recollections of one with an intimate knowledge of managing a Scottish deer forest, and who claims the "record" that though many British sportsmen have promised to return to New Zealand after their first visit, he (Lord Latymer) is the only one who has! The book is charmingly written, and there is no stalker, however much he knows—and even reviewers are not omniscient—who will not only find entertainment here but also instruction.

Lord Latymer is an advocate of feeding stags in winter and continuing well on into the next summer. "The benefits you reap from it are, first, heavier stags and better heads; secondly, a considerably longer season, as a stag which has not starved all winter loses his velvet very much earlier than a poor beast which has barely come through alive. Many a time have I seen a clean stag in a forest where feeding is the rule, on August 1st, and by the 10th more will be clean than in velvet."

There is also an interesting chapter called "A Little Law." Prosecutions for trespass by hikers is a pretty hopeless business, and prosecutions for the poaching of deer are not always satisfactory. But the poacher is very unlikely to have a rifle licence. "The penalty for that offence is very much higher than for shooting at the deer, and the police will press for a conviction. *Verb. sap.*"

Not the least interesting part of the book is the account of the two expeditions to New Zealand in search of the perfect head. In this connection the author has some very pointed things to say about the policy of the New Zealand Government in destroying red deer wholesale. (They have a splendid word there for shooting an old beast who is going back—"culling.") These accounts give a very fair and accurate picture of the difficulties of organisation required in the almost unexplored valleys of Westland, of the "tough" life that one must be prepared to face, and of the results that one may hope to achieve. Lord Latymer's best head was actually a 13-pointer of 43½in. by 40in., but he shot several others of fairly similar pretensions, and each one of the heads was the result of genuine hard work. It is interesting for those who may be thinking of going to New Zealand to note that Lady Latymer accompanied her husband on both these expeditions.

I read this little book with real pleasure. It is one of the two or three best sporting books I have read this year. R. M.

Stalking in Scotland and New Zealand. By Lord Latymer. (Blackwood; 8/6.)

MAN AND BIRD

IF this book achieves its purpose the *Field* and its editor may congratulate themselves upon having accomplished a very praiseworthy undertaking. Before the recent correspondence in that periodical comparatively few members of the public had the least idea to what lengths our egg-collectors were prepared to go to fill their cabinets with the eggshells of rare birds, and so "wipe-the-eye" of rival collectors. The majority of the letters which are reprinted in this volume are written by bird-lovers, the minority by self-admitted egg-robbers. The latter, it must be confessed, make out a very poor case indeed for their chosen hobby—a case which is made all the weaker by the fact that scarcely one of these champions of private egg-collecting appears able to express his ideas at all lucidly in writing. With each series of these letters from egg-collectors and egg-protectors Mr. Eric Parker has written an admirable and most judicious commentary.

Many points are brought clearly into daylight by these letters from both camps. One is that there is no doubt this lust for egg-lifting is on the increase. Apparently the crowning achievement of the modern adult egg-collector is to possess the last egg laid by a British bird. The miserable remnant of kites in a locality in the West Country is a good example of the ruthlessness of these collectors. Only a few pairs still exist, and still lay their eggs, and very seldom is a clutch spared to be hatched out, for year after year, in spite of laws, in spite of the money and care devoted by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the last of their race have their nests robbed and their eggs blown to add to the oologists' plunder. The full story is repeated in this book of the scandalous case of the Norfolk crossbills, and the equally disgraceful one of the well-known collector who raided the neighbourhood of Aviemore last year. This is what a local correspondent reported to the *Field* about this particular egg-collector: "Three fruitless months were spent this year in trying to catch a notorious collector. He was after greenshanks, crested tits and dotterels. All the keepers in the Cairngorms were after him, but in the present state of the law, when only police may search, the pursuit was hopeless. He cleared the district of eggs. Following him came another collector, but he, on hearing who had been before him, left."

Such collectors as these will stop at nothing to satisfy their lusts. If the birds' eggs have been marked with an indelible pencil they are useless to the collector, so what does he do when he finds the nest of some rare bird which has been previously visited by a lover, not a destroyer of birds? He smashes the eggs in the hope that the birds will lay again, and so that he may get unspoiled eggs for his cabinet. Hitherto no sound argument has been advanced to justify the formation of private egg collections. The collectors, or oologists, as they grandiosely term themselves, claim that they advance scientific knowledge by collecting eggs, but not one of them has been able to demonstrate how the science of ornithology has been improved one iota by their private collections. The truth is that this pernicious and anti-public form of collecting is not only illegal and retrograde, but is merely a selfish form of egoism, acquisitiveness and self-indulgence.

One clear fact which emerges is the urgent need for a strengthening of the laws to protect our birds and their eggs, and facilities to arrest and convict the culprits, who, after all, form but a small clique which breaks the present laws with impunity. A strengthening of these laws combined with a powerful public feeling may yet preserve some species of our rarer birds from extermination at the hands of the collectors; for once a species is exterminated neither laws, public opinion, nor science can ever replace it.

Lord Desborough, who has done as much as anybody in England to preserve and protect rare birds, writes a short but valuable foreword to this very readable and most opportune book. P. G.

Ethics of Egg-Collecting. By Eric Parker. (Published by the *Field*; price 5/-.)

EXMOOR
The Riding Playground of England
By CECIL ALDIN
Cap 4to. 5/6 net.
"There could be no memorial more in sympathy with Cecil Aldin's devotion to horse and dog than that this tribute should be read by all those who enjoyed the kindly genius of his pencil and pen."—THE LATE FREDERICK WATSON.

ARABIAN ADVENTURE
To the Great Nafud in Quest of the Oryx
By DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS
33 Plates and Maps. 5/6 net.

"Worthy of at least a near place in the book-shelf to 'The Seven Pillars' and 'Arabia Deserta.'"
—BIRMINGHAM MAIL.
"Some of its illustrations are amazing."
MORNING POST.

RAPID RIVERS
By WILLIAM BLISS
(Author of "The Heart of England by Waterway")
Demy 8vo. 8 Plates and 8 Maps. 8/6 net.
To those who love their England, her little villages, her seldom-trodden ways, her quiet woods, her simple inns and the simple and kindly people who still frequent them, this book will come like meeting a friend.

SLAVES AND IVORY
Adventures among Abyssinian Slave Raiders
By MAJOR HENRY DARLEY
Third Impression. 7/6 net.
"Besides being a remarkable record of exploration and high adventure during seven years of wandering, gives a valuable insight into the whole Abyssinian problem, as it now faces the world."—MORNING POST.

EVERY GARDEN A BIRD SANCTUARY
By E. L. TURNER
Illustrated. 5/- net.
Contents:
Introduction — Marsh Sanctuaries
Natural Enemies of Birds — On Drinking and Bathing
Man the Arch Enemy — On Taming and Feeding
The Garden Sanctuary — On Nesting Boxes
Woodland Sanctuaries — Education

THE MODERN FOXHOUND
By C. R. ACTON
Large Crown 8vo. 16 Plates. 7/6 net.
Mr. Acton traces the evolution of the modern Foxhound, deals with its development in recent times, and describes its handling in kennel and field.
A firm believer in the excellencies of the pure-bred English Foxhound, and eyeing with suspicion the recent revolutionary innovations introduced by experimentalists, Mr. Acton is fortunate in having his views endorsed by a Foreword from the pen of Earl Bathurst, than whom there is no greater living authority.

PRACTICAL HORSEMANSHIP
By Capt. J. L. M. BARRETT
Large Crown 8vo. 13 Plates. 6/- net.
This is the first cheap edition, entirely reset, of Capt. Barrett's well-known book—originally published at 12.6 net.

H. F. & G. WITHERBY LTD.
326, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY

Sanderson's

SHAKESPEARE'S GATHERERS OF SIMPLES

Types Which Appear in His Plays

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALMOST every type of gatherer and dealer in simples is mentioned in Shakespeare's plays. A humble gatherer of samphire on Dover cliffs figures in one of the most familiar passages in *King Lear*.

Albeit illiterate, he had inherited from his forefathers no inconsiderable store of knowledge of wild plants, and to what dim, past ages does he not carry one back in thought?

In the Queen in *Cymbeline* we have an amateur of a very different kind, a type known doubtless in every age and clime—the amateur dabbler in physic. Shakespeare credits the Queen with the knowledge of herbs possessed by every Elizabethan housewife. In the days when a doctor could not be summoned at a moment's notice, it was the housewife's business to attend not only to the sick of her own household, but also the village folk. In a sense, the Elizabethan housewife was not an amateur, for a knowledge of the medicinal, culinary, and cosmetic uses of herbs, the crafts of distilling and preserving, was part of the education of every girl of position.

QUEEN: "I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections."

The highest in the land took a pride in their collections of herbal recipes, exchanged them with each other and in most still-room books the names of the donors of recipes are affixed. Nor was a knowledge of herbs considered the province of the housewife alone. The most charming Elizabethan still-room book—*Delights for Ladies*—was written by that great dandy and courtier, Sir Hugh Platt. Even kings did not disdain to take an interest in herbal concoctions. Henry VIII was a keen herbalist, and the recipes he devised are preserved in the Sloane collection. In the same MS. are others by his favourite physician, Dr. Butts, who figures in *King Henry the Eighth*, and two other physicians.

A perusal of the prescriptions of those days fills one with a profound respect for the constitutions of our ancestors. Many of the medicines administered would kill modern weaklings, even if in robust health. Nauseating ingredients were commonly added, but possibly ignorance of the fact enabled many to survive them. To quote Leontes:

"There may be in the cup
A spider steept, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th'abhorr'd ingredient to his eye make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts: I have drunk and seen the spider."

The humblest dealers in drugs and simples were pedlars and mountebanks. Their wares, consisting of ribbons, ballads, perfumes, counterfeit jewellery and other gauds, afforded a vast amount of harmless pleasure to folk, chiefly womenfolk, in out-of-the-way parts. Autolycus' stock-in-trade included all the usual trumpery: "I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, etc., to keep my pack from fasting." Mountebanks provided theatrical entertainment, at least of a sort, for those who would otherwise have rarely enjoyed it, and both pedlars and mountebanks were almost the only means of obtaining news of the world in remote districts. As within living memory, the cheap medicines and charms sold by mountebanks found a ready sale, and in Shakespeare's time it must have been a considerable trade. They were also vendors of poisons. Laertes bought from a mountebank the "unction" wherewith he anointed the sword he used in his duel with Hamlet.

Love potions sold by the mountebanks were commonly associated with charms. To quote Othello:

"I will a round unvarnisht tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic."

The use of charms and spells met with no approval from the Church. Drugs, they taught, should be administered with prayer:

AGUECK: "I will not let him stir,
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again."

Eight experts in simples figure in the plays. Six doctors—the English doctor and the shrewd Scotch doctor in *Macbeth*, the excitable French physician in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the physician in *Cymbeline*, Dr. Butts, the friend and confidant of the King in *King Henry the Eighth*, the kindly doctor in *King Lear*, the apothecary from whom Romeo bought the "dram of poison" and Friar Lawrence. Although of not the same position as doctors, apothecaries were men of standing. The post of Court Apothecary was an old one and, like the Court Physician, he wore a green robe as befitted one learned in the virtues of plants. From the fourteenth century until James I granted them a separate charter, the apothecaries were of the same guild as the pepperers or grocers. In London the apothecaries congregated chiefly in Bucklersbury. Hence Falstaff's allusion:

"Like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time."

The apothecary Shakespeare depicts in *Romeo and Juliet* was a disgrace to his honourable profession. With a mind bent wholly on this earth he saw nothing as he went "culling simples" save a means of gain, and for gain he was willing to sell even a man's life. In striking contrast is the picture of Friar Lawrence emerging from his cell to gather herbs. Unlike the apothecary he had looked up, not down. He had found infinity, and beyond infinity, to use one of Shakespeare's loveliest phrases, "God's gentle-sleeping peace."

The Duchesse has an ESSE

ESSE

EXTRA LARGE CAPACITY
BIG BOILING HOT-PLATE
LARGE SIMMERING TOP
AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL

COOKER	£65
Plate-rack and back panel	£5
COOKER & AUXILIARY OVEN	£80
Plate-rack and back panel	£5 : 15 : 0

Supplied on Hire Purchase without deposit if desired.

THE DUCHESS, whose entertaining, like her presence, is on a grand scale, is a remarkable woman. Ah . . . her cuisine—what distinction . . . her dinner parties—what enchantment . . . (Lord Biggleswade, it is said, was recently sent to Coventry for attempting to pass off an old invitation card) . . . her revival of the lost art of cooking.

Of course there is a reason for her epicurean excellence.

She has a very fine cook. The cook has a very fine cooker, an ESSE. Both play their part. The Duchess would part with neither.

She is convinced that only heat-storage cookery can make her dinners the delight they are—and that means an ESSE. It is the ideal cooker for the Duchess, who could, if it occurred to her, entertain to dinner both of the 'Varsity crews, complete with coaches.

No other cooker offers the same capacity and flexibility. (The ESSE has three very large ovens, a massive boiling hot-plate which stores a considerable amount of heat and a capacious simmering top). The ESSE is British in design and manufacture and is fully guaranteed. Finished in porcelain enamel, it is made in a choice of colours to suit special colour schemes.

British Patents Nos.: 370680, 390119, 390674, 390749, 394177 and Licensed under British Patents Nos.: 205071 and 332444.

Write for full particulars of the ESSE, as illustrated, and also of the new smaller model—the ESSE MINOR, to Dept. F.2.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND
PROPRIETORS—SMITH & WILLETTFOOD LTD.

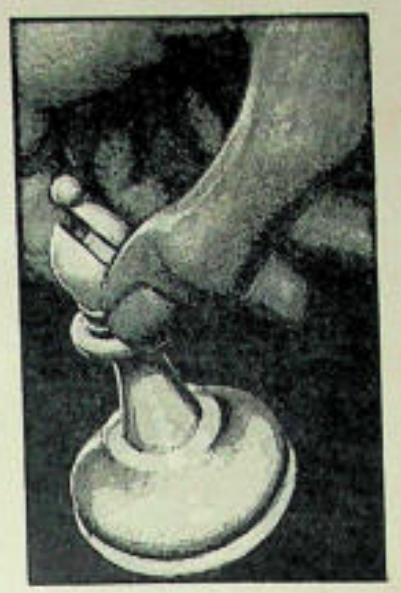
London Showrooms: 11, Ludgate Circus, E.C. 4 (Est. 1854)

A Jugoslav poet called Peter
Wrote odes without sense, rhyme or metre,
Till he turned from Slavonic
Despair to Schweppes Tonic
And verses like this one but neater.

Schweppes

TONIC WATER

- does you Good



BISHOP'S MOVE

THIS OLD AND FAMOUS SPUN CUT

Now reduced in price to 1/- the ounce

We take pride in the fact that though Bishop's Move has never been extensively advertised, its rare, mellowed qualities have found such increasing favour among men who are very fastidious about their smoking, that now we are able to offer this superb tobacco at only 1/- the ounce.

Bishop's Move

SPUN CUT

TOBACCO

IN 1 & 2 OUNCE TINS 1/- THE OUNCE

THE QUEEN'S NEW CAR, A CENTRE OF INTEREST DURING THE OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW, IS ALMOST A REPLICA OF THE KING'S (SHOWN ABOVE)
Her Majesty's car is a Daimler Double Six "50" with Hooper coachwork, and has been on exhibition on Messrs. Hooper & Co.'s stand during the Show

A USEFUL VEHICLE FOR COUNTRY ESTATES

The New Ford Utility Car—and The First £100 Saloon

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

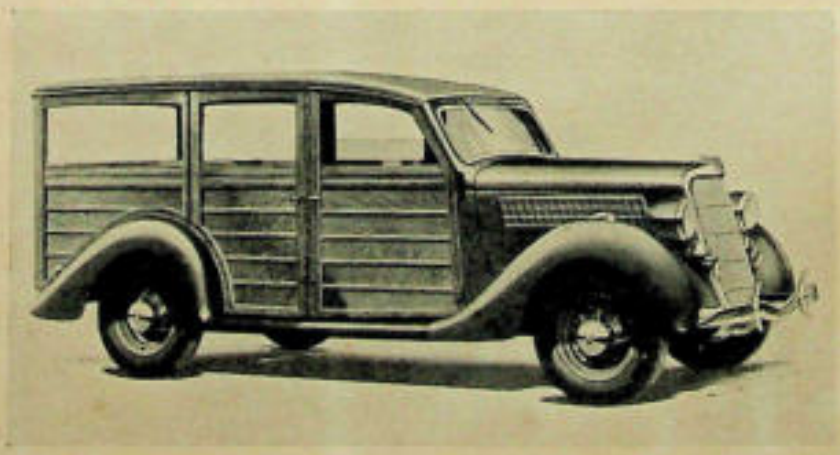
OF particular interest to *Field* readers is the new Ford Utility Car, without a doubt one of the most interesting vehicles turned out at Dagenham for a very long time. The chassis selected for this purpose is the standard V-8 30 h.p. model fitted with a seven-seater body, the panels and framework being constructed of hard wood and varnished, leaving it in its natural wood colour.

This body has been designed for general utility purposes, but more especially for those who live in the country and require a shooting brake, a vehicle for carrying large quantities of luggage to and from the station, or for taking parties to race meetings or for the transport of servants; its uses, therefore, are many and varied.

In outward appearance the Utility Car is quite attractive, its pleasing lines being considerably enhanced by the natural wood colour, added to which there is the great advantage that there is no paint to chip or scratch except the metal mudguards, bonnet and roof. There is liberal accommodation for seven passengers, two being seated in front (three could be taken at a pinch), two more are accommodated amidships on seats of armchair type and three on the back seat, access to which is between the two middle seats. There are four wide doors, and there is ample leg room for the tallest of passengers. A quantity of luggage can be carried, since the tail-board can be dropped and serves as a commodious luggage grid.

The tail-board, a very massive affair, is supported by covered drop chains, and lowers flush with the interior of the body, thus facilitating the handling of luggage. When up it is securely locked by anti-rattle catches, and it is easily opened by merely pulling these back. The spare wheel is secured firmly at the back of the tail board and cannot shake loose. Safety glass is fitted to the windscreen and to the front door windows, and close-fitting side curtains of celluloid which slide in channels into the roof can be pushed up or down as required.

Although the rear seat can be removed entirely, thus enabling additional luggage to be carried, the two centre seats are fixtures and I would suggest that these also should be made detachable so that very bulky objects can be carried if necessary.



THE NEW FORD V-8 UTILITY CAR

The Ford Company recently suggested placing one of these cars at my disposal, and as in any case I intended proceeding up North with a very large quantity of luggage I was glad to fall in with their suggestion. The journey extended in all to a distance of over 500 miles, and besides transporting far more luggage than I could have hoped to have taken in the very largest of touring cars I carried two passengers. The journey was made in the maximum of comfort, and the same power was available as on the standard V-8 Saloon, which, as is well known, is more than ample for most requirements.

This new type of utility vehicle should command a very ready sale when its existence becomes more widely known. It can be used as an ordinary touring vehicle and costs no more to run, since I do not think that its total weight exceeds that of the standard saloon. My petrol consumption for the entire journey worked out at an average of 18 miles per gallon, and taking into consideration the bad weather we encountered, and the abnormally heavy load carried, I consider this a remarkable performance. On speedometer the car showed that it was capable of reaching the 80 m.p.h. mark.

The price of the Utility Car, complete and ready for the road, is £240, but it can also be supplied with the smaller type of V-8 motor; the annual tax being £16 10s. instead of the £22 10s. which has to be paid if the larger engine is used.

Another step in the right direction has been taken by the Ford Company in the production of a reliable four-seater saloon at the extraordinary low figure of £100.

The car is by no means an unknown quantity since it has been in large-scale production for three years and has established itself as a most successful light car under the name of the "Popular" Ford. Previous to this year's show it was marketed, first at £120 when it was first produced, and then at £115. The present low price has only been made possible by the success of the car in the past and the resulting manufacturing economies.

The Popular Ford saloon is an all-British light car, and has a 4-cylinder 8 h.p. engine, thus making the annual tax only £6. Space is by no means cramped, four adults being able to drive in comfort with adequate head and leg room in both front and rear seats. Acceleration even with a full load is good, while a cruising speed of 45–50 m.p.h. with a very much higher maximum is obtainable.

For a small engine the crankshaft is extremely sturdy and rigid; it runs in three bearings and is counterbalanced, thus imparting a smooth engine operation and long life with as little wear and tear of moving parts as possible. Oil is supplied to the main and other bearings under pressure from the submerged gear pump, the oil being conveyed to these points by means of ducts cast in the engine block and drilled in the crankshaft, thus eliminating the need for pipes, which are liable to fracture.

Synchronised gear-change, with silent second speed, is embodied, while the usual Ford transverse suspension, assisted by four hydraulic shock absorbers, gives comfort and freedom from jolting in riding.

For Winter Motoring.—The need for a special winter petrol was first recognised some years ago by the makers of Shell, and since then "Winter Shell," a specially blended fuel for use in cold weather, with a greater proportion of lighter and more volatile petroleum fractions, has become an established popular brand.

HAVE AIR SPEEDS REACHED THEIR LIMIT?

Why the Answer is in the Negative

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

FEW people can fail to have been impressed by the fact that Sir Malcolm Campbell's magnificent achievement in setting up a new world's land-speed record of slightly more than 301 m.p.h. has very materially lessened the gap between motor-car speeds and air speeds. It is not unnatural, therefore, that many should be asking the questions whether the practical limit of air speeds has been reached, and if further progress in the direction of still greater velocities will be very difficult of achievement.

It is interesting to examine this problem in rather greater detail. The present absolute air-speed record is held by the Italians at about 440 m.p.h. which, when all is said and done, is a very considerably greater speed than has been attained on land. It was set up, of course, by a specially designed seaplane, just as Sir Malcolm's record was established by a specially designed car. Here, then, the air seems to have a big advantage as regards actual figures.

But when landplanes are considered, the advantage is so small as hardly to be worth taking into account. The present official record for this class of machine stands to the credit of the French pilot Delmotte, who, on a 400 h.p. Caudron with Renault engine, put up a speed of 314.321 m.p.h. last January. Lately, Howard Hughes in America is stated to have flown at 337 m.p.h. over a measured mile, taking the course in each direction; but this figure is not, as yet, officially accepted, and the attempt does not appear to have fulfilled the F.A.I. conditions for a record attack.

Nevertheless, even if the higher figure from the U.S.A. is taken, the aeroplane has no very marked superiority over the car in this direction. Indeed, it might well seem that at the present time there is little to choose between the speed possibilities of aircraft on the one hand and the automobile on the other.

A little thought, however, shows this to be an erroneous point of view. The true comparison of absolute speed lies not between the landplane record and Sir Malcolm Campbell's, but between the latter and that of the Italians. These represent, for the time being at any rate, the ultimate achievement in each sphere: both were created by machines specially built and designed for speed only. The existing official landplane record was, however, created by a machine of virtually standard design, and equipped with an engine of no more than 400 h.p., as has already been stated.

This point—an important one—reveals a striking difference between air-speed records and their counterparts on land. The former are nearer to what is realisable in ordinary practice: the latter go entirely outside it. During the past year or eighteen months, a revolution has taken place in our attitude towards airway operation. Until quite recently a cruising speed of round about 100 m.p.h. was deemed satisfactory: to-day cruising speeds of 150 m.p.h. or more are being not merely sought but maintained; and the trend is increasingly upward.

In the Royal Air Force and in the air services of other nations, there are machines capable of 250 m.p.h. and speeds in excess of that high figure. The gap between these velocities, which are attained as part of normal flying, and the 314 m.p.h. landplane record is small indeed: and it has been suggested that, if one of our existing high-speed fighters were specially prepared for the purpose, it could easily lower the standing figure.

On the other hand, the 300 m.p.h. of Sir Malcolm Campbell is not within practical possibility on the roads. One-fifth of that figure—60 m.p.h.—probably represents the maximum that the majority of motor vehicles on the average road will ever attain in everyday use. Thus, air travel remains supreme as a means of practical high-speed transport.

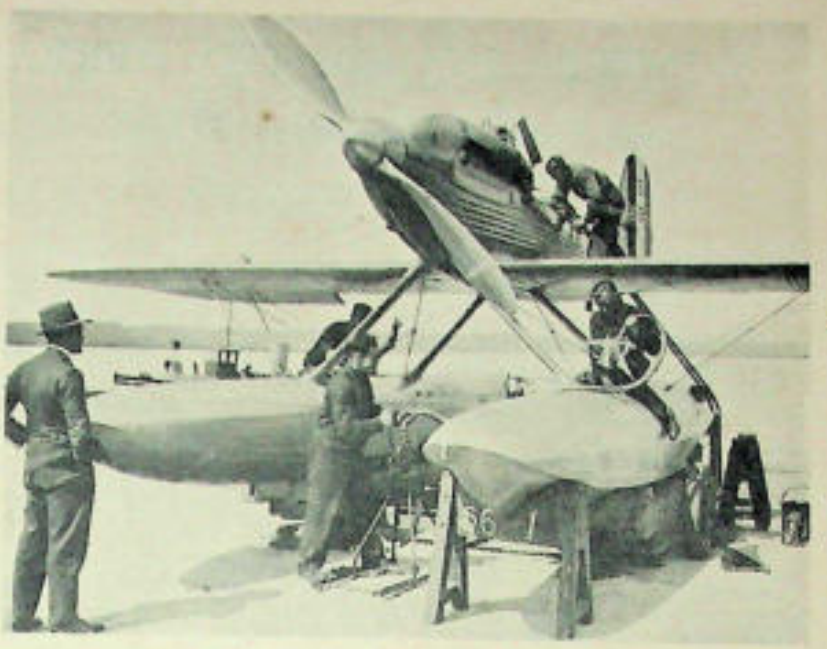
The question as to whether a limit has been reached in air speeds is one to which it is possible to reply with an unqualified negative.

When the record was put up to 440 m.p.h., the Italians used a machine which was, in essential details, one that had been designed for the last Schneider Trophy contest; it did not represent the latest word in high-speed aircraft. By simple evolution from the Supermarine S.6 machines which won the Schneider Trophy outright for this country, there is no doubt that higher records could be established, if the time and money were available.

But all existing records and achievement in high-speed flying have been made at comparatively low heights. Aviation is only just beginning to visualise the natural advantage provided by the lessened air resistance at high altitudes. In the past two or three years, the variable pitch propeller has been brought within the range of practicability, and proved its worth in the Melbourne air race. This device, in conjunction with supercharged engines designed to give their greatest power, not at ground level, but at great heights, makes it possible to utilise the reduced air resistance of the upper air.

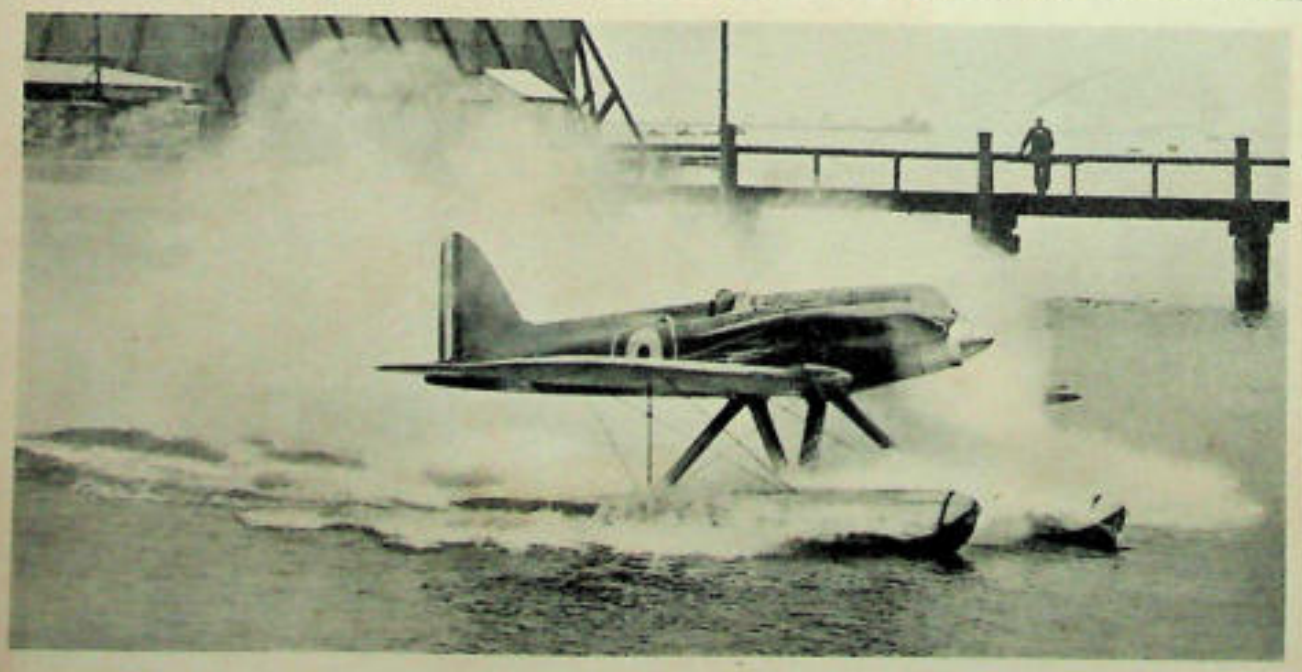
Stratosphere flying is a stage further along this same road. Its possibilities cannot yet be assessed, but it is certain that, when it does prove to be practicable, it will be accompanied by considerable increases in speed—increases that may bring the speed of ordinary machines up to the level of the record-breakers of to-day.

He would be a foolish man who was prepared to say that a limit had been reached in air speeds. He would be no less foolish who would suggest what the ultimate limit may be. The simple fact is that the boundaries of high-speed flying have barely been crossed, and that the best of to-day will almost certainly be less than the average to-morrow.



BRITAIN'S SCHNEIDER TROPHY WINNER, THE SUPERMARINE S-6, BEING FILLED UP FOR A FLIGHT

TWO VIEWS OF THE S-6, THE PLANE WITH WHICH BRITAIN WON THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY FOR ALL TIME



A WINTER IN SOUTH AFRICA

And How It Should be Spent

By J. P. KAY ROBINSON

OX-WAGGON, horseback, mule-back, train, and car, and aching feet: I have journeyed through South Africa in, on, or by, all these, and still I am not satisfied. Failing all other means of transport, I would gladly set out again in a wheelbarrow, provided, of course, that I could find that still greater enthusiast who would push me. South Africa has the Circe-touch for those who loiter over long in her solitudes. Let my case serve as a warning.

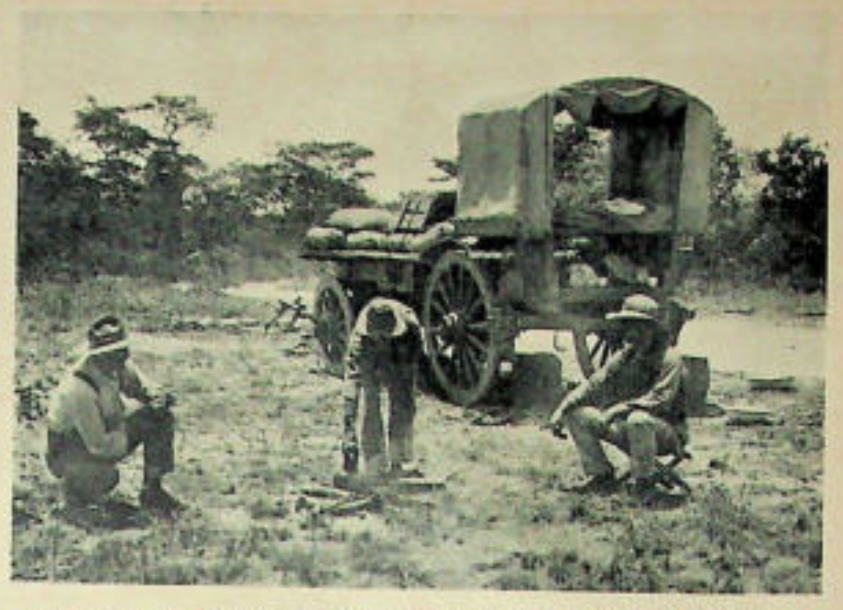
In South African travel, the means is almost as important as the end. The train and the motor-car are the only two which need concern the tourist. It is doubtless very pleasant to be able to say afterwards that one has travelled by ox-waggon from Somewhere to Somewhere Else. It is pleasanter far, believe me, to watch the country unrolling itself beneath the flying wheels of a dining car or *stoep lit*. The train for all long journeys, and the car for short trips and for sightseeing, is a golden rule to follow.

If I appear to have stressed this small point it is because I have heard so many tourists speaking feelingly of the misery of the natives "as seen from the train." One needs to go further afield to see the truth of the matter.

There is an increasingly large number of annual visitors to South Africa, who have discovered in the Cape summer an admirable refuge from the English winter. The majority are people who broke the "Riviera habit" once as an experiment in favour of the Cape, and have booked to the Cape ever since. The long sea journey to, and from, South Africa, is an added expense, but the climate is superior, and there is a total immunity from the "foreign adventurer" type of tourist. Also—and this is important—you may dress for comfort in the Cape, not for show.

"I WOULD SPEND AT LEAST A MONTH AT HERMANUS"

Much travelling by train is apt to produce one painful impression on the visitor. No one, for instance, who has done the northward journey through the Cape Province, via Kimberley, to Bechuanaland can have failed to be struck by the squalor and apparent misery of the natives living by the railway. It would be as unfair to the South African native as to the Administration to accept these dingy settlements as being in any way representative of the native life of the country. A large proportion of them are occupied by labourers employed temporarily on the railway line. That the women and children look downcast and miserable as they beg from train-passengers is only natural. The ability to look woebegone is the beggar's chief stock-in-trade. The well-to-do Basuto or Zulu in his kraal looks down on these wayside mendicants with contempt, but he will beg as readily.



"TRAVELLED BY OX-WAGGON FROM SOMEWHERE TO SOMEWHERE ELSE"

Until you have tried, you will not realise how difficult it is to lay down even the simplest set of rules for the guidance of a number of unknown people. If you know a man to be a keen fisherman you can lead him to water. Whether he drinks it, or catches fish, is his own concern. It is the tourist in the mass; his likes and dislikes all unknown, who is so difficult to deal with.

South Africa in the mass is even worse. We are too apt to forget that it is a sub-continent, and not a country in the ordinary sense. Nothing, I think, brings home its vastness so much as the discovery that it normally contains three or four climates and seasons within its borders.

When it is early summer in the Cape it is the Cold Weather (which is another name for the Dry Season) in the Karoo. Travelling northward you may, if you hurry, overtake the Rainy Season in Bechuanaland. When, as not infrequently happens, there is no rain, it is called the Dry, or Hot Season. A little confusing at first, but it sorts itself out somehow.

This complication of seasons need not deter the tourist from following out any programme of ordinary travel. At the worst he will only be seeing a number of places not quite at their best.

My own choice, given the period covered by the English winter, would begin and end in the Cape, with a possible break from hotel-life into the mountains of Basutoland with pack-horses, and a guide, and a sure-footed, Roman-nosed Basuto pony to ride.

For a trip of this character, however, it is best to organise a small party. And let that small party be extremely select. One grumble is sufficient to turn the scales from enjoyment to misery.

Another outlet for energy is provided by Hermanus. I would spend at least a month there. There is at least one hotel, a quite adequate amount of scenery, golf (if not there, somewhere not far off, I feel sure: there's *always* golf), and there are fish. Albacore, Cape salmon, red steenbras, and kabeljouw (whose other name is white sea-bass, and who weighs, it is said, up to 300lb.) are among the aristocrats, but there are others. These fish appear to go to Hermanus in order to be caught. Anglers have been known to do the same thing. It is unwise, at Hermanus, to allow your enthusiasm, or a bigger fish than you had counted on, to drag you from your fishing rock, for the deep water below swarms with sharks at certain periods. There is so little risk, however, that it may almost be ruled out.

Mountain climbing has yet to come into its own in the Cape. Table Mountain alone has something like a score of recognised "ascents" to offer. These vary from easy scrambles to some of the most difficult pieces of rock-climbing known to the mountaineering world. The Capetown Mountain Club is very helpful to the stranger in the shadow of its mountains.

Incidentally the Cape has no rival as a place in which to do nothing but be as lazy and as comfortable as you please.

Photo: S.A. South African Railways

"TABLE MOUNTAIN HAS SOMETHING LIKE A SCORE OF RECOGNISED 'ASCENTS' TO OFFER"

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4323. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1935

REGISTERED, PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D. FOREIGN 3D.}

From a portrait specially taken by Mr. Kotarsh Cullinge

LADY ALICE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT

The future Duchess of Gloucester is the third daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch and one of five sisters. The eldest, Lady Margaret, married Commander Geoffrey Brooke Hawkins, R.N., in 1926; the second, Lady Sybil, married Mr. Charles Bathurst Hele Phipps in 1919; and a younger sister, Lady Mary, married Lord Burghley in 1929. Lady Angela Scott is the youngest sister

INTER-AXLE SEATING

Another Proved Feature of the

ROVER

CONTENTS

IS SHOOTING CHEAPER?	1015
NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING	1016
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN SPORT AND WORK	1017
THE OPENING MEET	1019
THE CARE OF HUNTING TACKLE	1020
ENCOURAGING YOUNG JOCKEYS	1020
UNPROFITABLE SPECULATIONS ON PARTRIDGE DRIVING	1021
"MR. FARU" OF KENYA: AN APPRECIATION OF THE RHINO	1022
WILD LIFE IN COLD WEATHER	1023
WHERE TO FISH ON NORFOLK WATERWAYS	1024
THIS SEASON'S INDOOR SKATING AND ICE HOCKEY	1025
SHOULD THE STYMIE BE ABOLISHED	1026
BETTER RUGBY AT LAST	1026
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1027
IN THE CITY	1030
NEW BOOKS	1031
RASPBERRIES	1035
FIELD TRIALS	1035
AYRSHIRE CATTLE REGAIN THE HONOURS AT THE DAIRY SHOW	1036
NEXT YEAR'S PIG CONTRACTS	1036
FOOD IMPORTS: 1935 COMPARED WITH 1934	1036
SILVER FOX FURS	1038
AGRICULTURE'S VOICE IN THE ELECTION	1040
A VERY SUCCESSFUL MOTOR SHOW	1041
TOWARDS A TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' AIRWAY SERVICE	1042
SHOOTING FROM HOTELS	1045
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1047
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1048
RIVER REPORTS	1003
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1008
SPORTING CALENDAR	1011
PRIZEWINNERS IN THE *FIELD* PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION	*Third page cover*

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London."
Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

MORE RUGBY REFORMS

CHANGE follows change in the rules of our national games and still the demand for alteration does not subside. Fifty years hence—perhaps less—it may be almost impossible to recognise some of our popular games as they were played, with much less fuss, by our predecessors. Rugby football has had its full share of rules revisions in the last few years. Yet suggestions for further radical alterations come from South Africa, whose delegates are to place them before a conference between the Rugby Union and Empire representatives, to be held in London on December 18th. These proposals are for a reduction in the number of points awarded for a goal from a fair catch and for a dropped goal. At present 3 points and 4 points respectively are awarded. South Africa would like to see them reduced to 2 points and 3 points.

As the laws stand, the goal from a fair catch is equal in scoring value to a penalty goal or a try, and on the face of it there is a good case for reduction. The free kick awarded for a fair catch is in no sense a penalty against the opposing team for an infringement. It merely means that a player has done what players are constantly doing throughout a game—caught the ball from a kick, knock-on or throw forward—but has claimed a kick by making his mark in the prescribed way. Why, then, should it rank equal to a penalty kick, which is awarded for a definite infringement of the rules, or equal to a try, which in most cases has entailed much skill and hard play to obtain? In practice, however, goals are not very frequently scored from a fair catch, which is claimed more often in defence as a means of putting in a long kick to touch; and there would probably not be very much opposition to a reduction.

The argument for a reduction in the value of the dropped goal is more contentious. This has been described as a lucky type of goal, which it certainly is not, for a drop kick made in the fraction of time usually available demands considerable skill and judgment. Nor is it right to compare the scoring value of the dropped goal at 4 points with that of the try at 3 points, for the try is itself a means to the attainment of 5 points for a placed goal. The argument for reduction is based mainly on the fact that matches are frequently won by the extra point received for a dropped goal as against a try, and it is considered that a side which cannot force its way over the goal line does not deserve to win by a mere kick. This sounds logical enough as far as it goes, but it does not take into account the fact that the side scoring a try without converting it has missed a chance which good place kicking should have turned into 5 points, nor that the side attempting to drop a goal has first to make the opportunity and runs the risk of losing their attacking position if the kick is unsuccessful.

It should not be forgotten that the basic object of Rugby football is to score goals and that drop kicking is one of the finest and most spectacular arts of the play, which it would be a pity to discourage by reducing its rewards. Those who now question its scoring value should look rather to the decline in the art of place kicking as a means of converting tries. Improvement in that direction would quickly restore the balance between tries and dropped goals. But if any alteration were to be made at all it might be preferable to facilitate the conversion of tries by allowing any sort of kick to be taken instead of limiting it to a place kick.

NEW FOREST WILD LIFE

IN the report of the New Forest Association is published an interesting letter sent to the Council of the Association by Mr. W. Parkinson-Curtis, president of the Society for British Entomology, dealing with the question of the increasing scarcity of butterflies and moths in the Forest. Mr. Parkinson-Curtis considers that this cannot be due to the collection of specimens by entomologists, pointing out that though certain species which have been common in certain years, such as the Large Tortoiseshell, are now rare, others, such as the White Admiral and Comma, have recently become commoner. He thinks that pheasants are some of the worst enemies of butterflies, and many entomologists will agree with him. But he also contends that the close planting of conifers must be inimical to insect life—which is certainly true—and he urges that our native deciduous trees should be planted instead so that the New Forest should be allowed to be "what it was once, an open English woodland." Who that prefers bluebells and blackcaps to acres of lifeless fir plantation will not agree?

AN OCEAN RACING CONTROVERSY

Since the conclusion of the season's ocean-racing there has been a certain amount of comment and criticism, albeit kindly and constructive, on the Royal Ocean Racing Club's rating ruling as applied to yawls. One hears it said that in taxing the mizzen sail area as is done in our own R.O.R.C. ruling, a wide gulf has been opened up between it and the American ruling which does not tax the mizzen at all. Then again, there is the alleged complication of the mizzen staysail, which is not taxed at all.

It is a problem which can be approached in terms of percentage, the more easily as a yawl's rating is, in itself, based on a percentage. A yawl rates at 98 per cent. of its measured sail area, a figure arrived at arbitrarily and indicating a very fair comparison of the performance of a yawl and cutter of even sail area. Of the yawl's total sail area the mizzen presumably represents, at its best, some 12 per cent. As she already has an asset of 2 per cent. for her rig the yawl, therefore, really pays 10 per cent. of her S.A. for the privilege of a mizzen which may be responsible for, say, 5 per cent. of her total driving power on a good reach, but is of very little value on any other point of sailing. That is an examination of the ruling as it would appear under R.O.R.C. conditions—but under American rulings it must be remembered the mizzen goes free.

A JUST RULING

Now a mizzen staysail is an admirable off-shore sail on a reaching wind. It is easy to set and stow, easy to handle, and it undoubtedly adds to the ship's total driving power of the rig—with a reaching wind only. Drawing well on a reach, this sail, together with its mizzen, may even be credited with as much as a sixth of the rig's power—but the combination is comparatively useless on a wind or running free. Averaging the merits and demerits of the mizzen plus its staysail, therefore—that is to say, forming an entirely empiric opinion of its uselessness running and trying, and its considerable value on a reach—one might set out the average value of mizzen plus staysail (in terms of the rig's power) as being under 10 per cent. And as suggested above, the value of the mizzen in the same terms is about 8 per cent., and by R.O.R.C. rulings the mizzen staysail is untaxed, so the ruling is about as right as it can be. To this extent, therefore, it would appear that the R.O.R.C. ruling is more just than the American ruling, especially when one notices the universal use of mizzen staysails in American ocean-racing yawls.

LAWN TENNIS RESERVES

When the Surrey Covered Court lawn tennis championships took place at Dulwich last week they served to consolidate the improved position which F. H. D. Wilde had earned for himself at the National Championships at Queen's Club. At Dulwich he was in the singles, and men's and mixed doubles; at Queen's he distinguished himself, particularly as a volleyer in the singles, and was in the final of both the men's and mixed doubles. For some time he has had to seek only increased self-control to obtain higher ranking, and he would now appear to have found it. As a doubles player R. J. Ritchie, Wilde's opponent in the final of Dulwich singles, has been attracting considerable attention of late; his overhead work has the quality of surprise as well as surety, and the trajectory of his ground strokes is correct. He lacks some of the punch and power of Wilde, but he has perhaps more subtlety. Both S. W. Butler and H. Billington are also to be highly commended for having that elusive thing the doubles sense and being able to make use of it.

TAKING THEIR MEDICINE

With a view to assisting young lawn tennis players an "Intermediate Championship" was established by the New Zealand authorities on the ground that many young players emerging from the junior ranks would get discouraged and cease to persevere if beaten by those who had more experience of the game. It is to the credit of the old hands that a motion has been carried abolishing such a championship. The view supported by ten ex-champions of New Zealand and five others who had represented their Dominion was that youngsters who cannot take beatings and plenty of them in the proper spirit are far better out of competitive lawn tennis.

AUSTRALIA AND THE L.B.W. RULE

In view of the decision to continue the experimental leg-before-wicket rule in English cricket next summer, it is satisfactory to know that both Australia and New Zealand have agreed to try the new rule during the M.C.C. team's tour this winter. Many Australian cricketers are believed to be in favour of the rule, and it seems likely that, on normal Australian wickets, its effects will be even less marked than they were in this country last summer. Not enough has yet been seen of the new rule on bowlers' wickets, and it would be particularly interesting to have experience of that kind from Australia and New Zealand. Since the M.C.C. team is not fully representative, the results of matches are comparatively unimportant. But it is hardly surprising that Australia has declined to agree to the rule during their more serious tour in South Africa on the ground that they would be handicapped by lack of experience of the new rule, which the South Africans have already had.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an advertisement of a well-known stores in a daily paper: "Rainbow Trout. Every day supplies arrive at —— fresh from the sea."

"A LIVE HEDGEHOG"

A correspondent sends us a cutting from a local paper in which the writer describes the feeding of a tawny owl by a friend. He found himself unable to provide it with a mouse or rat or any other "single specimen of vermin," the "only available food" being a live hedgehog. "Accordingly that prickly creature, rolled into a tight and formidable ball, was presented to the owl, without much optimism." In the morning, to the owner's surprise, "all that remained of the hedgehog was a skin turned inside out and scraped clean." This apparently merely interested him. He does not seem to have considered that any cruelty or suffering was involved as regards the hedgehog. And it would not have taken the owl so long to attack and swallow a piece of raw meat.

REVERSING THE ORDER

To hole out in one stroke is the cherished ambition of many a golfer. Those who have achieved this remarkable fluke have discovered it an expensive experience, especially nowadays when all free gifts have been banned by the authorities. Rounds of drinks and tips to caddies, plus the proverbial 12/6, leave the golfer with little change out of several pound notes. It is now reported that the secretary of the Wildernesse Club, Sevenoaks, Kent, has decided to come to the rescue of all those who score an "ace" at his course. Instead of the player himself treating others he himself will be treated. The club will refund his green fee if he is a visitor, and his caddie's fee and his meals will cost him nothing. At least from a publicity point of view this idea is sound, but it would be well to remember that there are in existence the Rules of Golf, and whilst it is not desirable for an amateur to receive anything which savours of a cash award for his prowess as a golfer there is nothing against his being rewarded with free refreshment.

WILD LIFE OF MARSH AND MOOR

This is the season of art exhibitions when we look forward to inspecting the new work of those artists who have succeeded in capturing on board or canvas the wild life of field and moor and marsh, and ever welcome among them is Mr. Roland Green. His autumn exhibition which was recently opened by Lord Desborough at Messrs. Ackermann's Galleries, New Bond Street, is eloquent of his versatility. Norfolk has long been his favourite hunting ground, and on its Broads and coastline he has made some remarkably fine studies of Montagu's harriers, mallard, teal, wigeon, pink-footed geese, white-fronted geese and the smaller bird life of the marshland. He looks at birds with the eye of a naturalist and can set them in flight on paper. From East Anglia Mr. Roland Green takes us to Scotland, and the harvest of his patient watching among the hills is seen in his paintings of the golden eagle and of ptarmigan. There is action in his pictures of driven partridges, of grouse coming towards the butts, while the gorgeous colouring of pheasants in flight is shown over the rich autumn tints of the woodlands. This is an exhibition which should not be missed by sportsman or naturalist.

BLAGDON'S SEASON

Now that the final result of the 1935 season at Blagdon is known, it is rather surprising to find that the number of trout caught, in spite of exceptionally bad conditions, differs but little from that of last year. The total number of fish actually exceeded last year's count by twenty-three, though the average weight has dropped by a couple of ounces and is now 2lb. But the disturbing part of the report is the small number of really big trout—fish of 4lb. and over. In 1933 there were 44; last year's total dropped to 13; and this year it is only 10. Reflection suggests that the reduction in the effective area of the lake by drought is responsible. Even the best of lakes will only produce a certain amount of fish-flesh per acre; two years of low water is now showing in the returns.

BACK-END

It's wistful at the year's back-end:
Mist on the river,
Curling leaves,
And little brittle branches underfoot.
Yellow reeds a-quiver,
Mould that cleaves
To rake, and turning spade, and lifted root.
Plaintive the sound of winds sighing,
And all things dying;
The silver filigree the first frost weaves:
The sweet sad twitter of a lone bird, crying
Across forgotten sheaves.

DERIC HARRIS.

What will science substitute for this?

IS SHOOTING CHEAPER?

Improvement of Method Against Rising Prices

THAT shooting is "the rich man's sport" is a well-worn cliché, fostered largely by journalists whose imaginative faculties so often afford us entertaining compensation for their ignorance of the subject. The plain truth is that the cost of all field sports depends very much on individual taste. There is more to shooting than perpetual banging, hot cornets and big bags. And many a man gets as much fun out of a small wilderness of bog and mountain at an all-in cost of £50 a year, as does another from two months on a grouse moor at a hundred times that figure.

But in debating whether shooting is becoming any cheaper, one is up against a very complex problem. To institute a comparison between pre-war costs and those of to-day is valueless. Our economic standards have completely changed. Nor is it very easy to visualise the immediate post-war era in true perspective. For four years keepers had been hunting bigger game; moors and woodlands had been neglected; vermin swarmed; and most shootings stood in need of such reconditioning as involved a heavy expenditure. Then, too, in 1919, as the result of taxation, which bore more heavily on the landed gentry than on any other class, began the process of breaking up the big estates, which has continued uninterruptedly until the present day. There are few properties on which the sporting rights have been held in constant ownership, and fewer still which acre for acre have remained intact during the last sixteen years. For this reason, albeit with access to the books of several shoots, I have found it impossible to proffer any comparison of "all in" costs as between 1919 and 1935 which would not be misleading.

Take moor rentals for example. No one will deny all-round decline from the maximum post-war levels, but it must not be forgotten that in many instances these were out of all reason. In 1919 and for two or three years after that, millions of American money poured into this country and a good deal of it stuck to the pockets of Scottish landowners. The visitors not only paid fancy prices for their shoots, but also forced up the wage-standard of keepers, drivers and gillies. Then came a period during which national and individual finances were subject to violent fluctuation. In common with other countries, we suffered a depression which forced most people to cut out luxuries. Sport was one of the first items on the sacrificial list; keepers were dismissed wholesale and shoots maintained by skeleton staffs with a corresponding reduction in rents and wages. Then three years ago the tide turned once again but, despite an all-round rise in rentals due to increasing demand, they have never attained to the levels of the boom years, and it may be doubted whether the average moor to-day yields a return of more then 3 per cent. on capital.

But grouse shooting is essentially a sport de luxe, which never has and never will command more than a limited number of followers. Whereas the converse is the case with low ground shootings. Demand exceeds supply. And for this reason I am inclined to think that rents all round are bigger, particularly for good partridge ground and coverts which lend themselves to rearing. But this does not imply an increase in individual expenditure. Rather the reverse, now that syndicates are the rule rather than the exception, and partnership in a shoot carrying a thousand pheasants and other etceteras involves no greater outlay than around £120 without the attendant worries of management.

Now let me enter a little more closely into detail. The cost of first-grade guns is static and always will be, since they cannot be turned out by mass production. Second-hand weapons—always a variable quantity—have probably never been cheaper, as anyone who tries to sell will probably testify. The price of cartridges, due to the increasing popularity of shooting, shows a marked decline, from 5/6 per 100 in those of first grade down to 3/- in those of lesser quality. But keepers' wages (and perquisites) remain much the same. Not, of course, at the inflated rates of £8 a week or more, which in some instances were offered to head keepers during the American invasion of the Highlands. The head man on a first-rate shoot will command up to £5 a week, and a single-handed or beat-keeper from 30/- to £2 with cottage, outfit, etc. And we still pay beaters 5s. a day, with food and beer, or 6/- if they find their own grub. But dog kennels, coops and indeed all accessories to artificial rearing show a fairly substantial drop.

The game farms, I find, have reduced their average charges for pheasant eggs by £8 to £10 per 1,000 as compared with 1919. This no doubt is due to a heavy increase in artificial rearing. But the drop in manufactured food-stuffs is negligible. Summarising the relative prices of leading firms, I make it slightly less than 3 per cent. And although the wheat quota has encouraged the wider cultivation of grassland, to the advantage of the partridge's natural food supply, corn, in common with most products of local farmers, is dearer than it was some years ago. Rates on shootings vary a good deal, but one fears their tendency in most districts is to swell rather than to shrink.

But there is little doubt, I think, that just as improved technique nowadays conduces to lower running costs, so has wider research in the last few years resulted in an all-round increase in game stocks on efficiently keepered shoots. The establishment of game estates, on which practical experiments are tested in the light of scientific discovery, has with the co-operation of the sporting Press, been instrumental in supplying the average game preserver with that essential knowledge which he previously lacked. It may be no exaggeration to say that any student of up-to-date methods can so increase his stocks of game as to shoot half as much again as he shot a few years ago for the same money. And every extra hundred head to market goes to offset substantially any increase in working expenses.

Here, then, to my mind, is the conclusion of the matter. Item for item, the costs of shooting seem to have varied little (save in rentals, which always fluctuate in accordance with supply and demand) in these post-war years. But modern research, which is everyday contributing to the numerical increase and greater welfare of our game birds, is thereby slowly but surely assisting to reduce the costs of preservation. In other words, anything we are losing on the swings we are more than gaining on the roundabouts. Which seems to me sufficient justification for assuming, in the thankless mantle of the prophet, that as the years go on the costs of shooting will tend to decrease, thanks to the progress of research, and to the universal improvement in technique which must inevitably follow in its train.

J. B. DROUGHT.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN SOUTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND, DURING HIS AUSTRALASIAN TOUR
He is seen second from the left in the party visiting the Franz Josef Glacier which is eight-and-a-half miles long and descends from an altitude of 8,800ft. to about 674ft. above sea level

NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING

Countryside and Sporting Interests of Lady Alice Scott and H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester

As was officially announced from Sandringham on the day preceding the death of the Duke of Buccleuch, the marriage ceremony of the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Scott, which was to have taken place in Westminster Abbey, will be held privately instead in the Chapel in Buckingham Palace, on Wednesday, November 6th. Lady Alice Scott will, therefore, not have the experience which fell to the lot of the Duchess of Kent, of measuring for herself the depth of affectionate enthusiasm of a London crowd, who love a wedding, are immensely interested in the appearance of a bride, and take every opportunity of doing honour to members of a Royal Family which is beloved as has been no other, for the simple reason that the British people know and understand that a palace can also be a home. But if the public are debarred from openly attesting their loyalty and offering their good wishes on the occasion of this marriage, the Duke of Gloucester and his Duchess may rest assured that those good wishes are only strengthened by the sympathy which is felt for them in the loss which for the moment has clouded their happiness.

If there was one fact which delighted the public when the engagement of the Duke of Kent to Princess Marina was announced, it was the realisation that the marriage was not in any sense arranged, but was linked to the kingdom of romance no less surely than to circumstances of royalty. The same recognition is accorded to the choice of the young couple who are to be married next week. They have known each other for many years. The Duke of Gloucester has been a frequent guest of Lady Alice's father, as it was natural that he should be since His Majesty King George and the late Duke, shipmates in the Bacchante more than 50 years ago, were life-long friends.

Lady Alice Scott is one of those gifted persons who are able to take a part in any sphere of active life. Her friends hold her in affection for her sweet temper, her unselfishness, her industry, and an energy which in Selkirkshire has done much to assist and forward the movements of the V.A.D. and the Girl Guides. They would not describe her

LADY ALICE SCOTT AT A MEET OF THE BUCCLEUCH AND WITH HER FAMILY AT BOWHILL
She is seen in the group with her mother, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and her sisters Lady Margaret Hawkins and Lady Angela Scott

in terms either of "society" or of sport, but recognise that she is equally happy in a London ballroom or on the Scottish moors. She is fond of animals, and, though one of her great pleasures is hunting, no one would ever think of her as with even a tinge of "horsiness." She does not shoot, but makes an excellent marker in a grouse butt. As to other activities, her independent nature, which makes her far more capable of looking after herself than are most women, has taken her far afield. Last winter she travelled to India, to visit her youngest brother Lord George Scott, who is in the Duke of Gloucester's regiment, the 10th Hussars, which was formerly also the regiment of her elder brother, Captain Lord William Scott, M.C. Besides India, she has several times visited Kenya, where she has spent much of her time at Deloraine with her uncle, Lord Francis Scott. She first acquired a love for the wilds of Africa in 1926, when she went out to South Africa as bridesmaid to her sister, Lady Margaret, who married Commander Geoffrey Hawkins, D.S.C., R.N., at that time on the staff of the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone.

In Kenya, where she was most successful as an expert rider in gymkhanas, her love of life in the open air took her on adventurous journeys in which she succeeded in obtaining an exceptionally interesting series of photographs of lions, and it was with one of these photographs that she won a prize in the *Field* photographic competition of August 25th, 1934, reproduced overleaf.

Besides her skill as a photographer, she possesses the eye and hand of a painter of no mean attainments, who has sketched much in water colour and has held exhibitions of her paintings, mainly of scenes in Kenya, at Walker's galleries in Bond Street in 1933 and in the present year.

Lady Alice Scott, with her many interests in the open air, comes of a family associated with all the best traditions of sport. The Buccleuch Hounds have a name throughout the hunting world for nose, drive and cry, and there is no greater living authority on hound breeding than her uncle, Lord George Scott. The Langholm moors are famous. It was on Roan Fell, on the borders of Dumfriesshire and Roxburghshire, that on August 30th, 1911, 2,523 grouse were killed by eight guns—Lord Dalkeith (who has succeeded to the dukedom), Lord George Scott, Lord Henry Scott; Lord Francis Scott, Lord Whitchester (then a boy at Eton, using a single 16-bore gun), Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Hon. D. Cairns and the Hon. J. Dawnay. Out-of-doors activities distinguish the whole of Lady Alice's family. Her sister, Lady Mary, in 1929 married Lord Burghley, who, recently nominated President of the Amateur Athletic Association in succession to Lord Desborough, won the Olympic 400 metres hurdles in 1928, was President of the C.U.A.C., has held no fewer than eight British athletic championships, and is now Master of his own pack of hounds. The Duke of Gloucester's own record in the world of sport is described below. It is safe to say that his Duchess, whose modesty and discretion are joined to an ability to hold her own in any company, will admirably fill the high position to which she has been called.

THE DUKE IN SPORT AND WORK

ALL members of the Royal Family have enjoyed the simple pleasures of life, and the Duke of Gloucester at Sandhurst as Prince Henry led the life of an ordinary cadet, and rejoicing in the hitherto unknown freedom of his leisure hours, dashed about the neighbourhood, not as a prince in a Rolls-Royce, but on the more humble push-bike.

Prince Henry was gazetted to the 60th Rifles in 1919 but owing to the post-war re-organisation of this regiment there was necessarily some delay in his joining a battalion, and so a year at Cambridge ensued. Meanwhile the Prince developed a love for a horse, and he was therefore attached to the 13th Hussars pending transfer to another of the King's Regiments, the 10th Royal Hussars, who were in troublous Ireland. The 13th left also for Ireland about the time that the Prince was gazetted to the 10th, and the young officer served for some months as A.D.C. to Lord Cavan, who was then commanding at Aldershot. The 10th returned to Canterbury in 1922, and there followed seven years of duty with his regiment at Canterbury, Aldershot and Hounslow, including a year's course at the Equitation School, Weedon.

The Prince led then, and has always led, exactly the same life as any cavalry officer, living in barracks, doing his turn of orderly officer and carrying out

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN VARIED ACTIVITIES

A FINE TROUT CAUGHT IN THE DELTA AT TOKAANU, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND

AT THE WATER JUMP ON BIRKHALL IN THE RACE FOR THE SALISBURY OPEN CUP IN 1924

BIG GAME SHOOTING IN EAST AFRICA IN 1929

all the other duties of a regimental officer; possibly the R.E. expended an unusual quantity of paint on his quarters, possibly he was away a little more than some of the others. Military duties came first, but he had also to undertake certain public engagements throughout the country, to attend Courts, the King's Birthday Parade in London, and other functions of that nature. These however were usually taken out of his leave and would involve long and late motor journeys to get back to barracks for duty in the morning. Playing polo in the summer, shooting, hunting, and riding in Point-to-Points in the winter occupied his spare time. Quick to make friends, he loved his regiment and the life, and the lack of formality which necessarily characterised his treatment as a junior officer.

His first trip abroad was to Kenya and Tanganyika in company with the Prince of Wales, where his skill with a rifle added many excellent heads to the bag before the King's serious illness necessitated a hurried return via South Africa.

The departure in 1929 of the 10th Hussars on their tour of foreign service to Egypt and India was a great blow, as the state of those countries at that time did not permit the presence of a Royal Duke. The Duke (Prince Henry had been created Duke of Gloucester in 1928) was extremely anxious to accompany the regiment but it was not to be, and it so happened that the departure of the 10th coincided with a demand for his services on ambassadorial duties It was time in any case that he took rather a more prominent part in public life. He was comparatively unknown to the people of England and to the Empire, and his personality was still somewhat undeveloped.

It is probable that at this time, if he had not been definitely a keen soldier who loved his regiment, his Army career would have been terminated.

There was every excuse for it. His regiment was going abroad for seven years, and the public work of the Royal Family was increasing. But the Duke of Gloucester stood out for remaining in the Army, and from that time has gone from strength to strength, not only in a military but in a princely capacity.

His soldiering during the last few years has necessarily been varied, and perhaps a little spasmodic, but due to his own enthusiasm and application it has been of the greatest value. A year as Staff Captain, two years commanding an armoured car squadron of the 11th Hussars, and back to a mounted unit again to command a squadron of the 16th/5th Lancers. Every soldier knows that it is not easy to take over a command in a strange regiment, and it does not make it any easier being a prince, as it presupposes the idea that soldiering is a mere sideline. The fact that the Duke has been able to do it with complete success on two occasions speaks volumes for his character and ability.

The first ambassadorial duty that fell to his lot was as head of the mission to Japan in order to present the Order of the Garter to the Emperor. In the following year he was again selected by the King to represent His Majesty at the coronation of Ras Tafari of Abyssinia as Emperor of Ethiopia. He will never undertake a more interesting mission, particularly in view of to-day's events. During a fortnight of strange and unprecedented functions in Addis Ababa, he was the chief representative of all the European Powers, and the cynosure of all eyes, which even then were watching each other with an underlying suspicion in the centre of that unknown Black Empire. No one could have maintained the dignity and prestige of the great Power that he represented better than the Duke, as well as earning the affection of all with whom he came in contact by his cheerfulness and "easiness" when "off parade." Three weeks' shooting in the wilds of the Arussi country, a short official visit to British Somaliland, and a week's shooting in the interior of that country near to the Abyssinian border brought that tour to a conclusion.

Nearly four years elapsed, broken only by a private shooting trip to the Sudan during his winter leave, before the Duke commenced an Empire tour of great magnitude and importance. Representing the King at the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations, he toured Australia and New Zealand, returning via Fiji, Samoa and Jamaica.

It is all still so fresh in the public memory (and never will it be forgotten in the country and towns which enjoyed his presence), that it is only necessary to say that never has a member of the Royal Family enjoyed a greater personal triumph or knitted more closely the bonds of our Empire.

The Duke's experience of people and places has not been confined to his military and official life, either at home or abroad. Sport has made for him a multitude of friends and experiences. Incidentally, like other members of the Royal Family, he has a most remarkable memory for people whom he has met and for minor incidents in his life. He has shot big game and small in Kenya, Tanganyika, Abyssinia, British Somaliland and the Sudan. Lion, elephant, buffalo and innumerable species of antelope have fallen to his rifle, but perhaps the most prized specimen is the mountain nyala secured in Abyssinia, of which he personally wrote an account in the big game volume of the Lonsdale Library. There are, however, included in his collection at Sandringham the heads of hartebeest, puku, Ward's reedbuck, fringe-eared oryx, eland, Soemerring's gazelle and greater kudu, which will be deemed worthy of inclusion in Rowland Ward's next edition of *Big Game Records*. Able to hold his own with a shotgun on any day in any company, he probably prefers a day's rough shooting with his own particular friends, when the bag is small but varied, to any highly organised battue.

Foxhunting claimed him for its own early in life. The majority of his sport has been obtained with the Quorn and Belvoir at Melton, where he has always had some well-known performers in the stables, which were built to his own design. His popularity in this district is great among all classes, and not very long ago a farmer of the county council, making a speech at the official opening of the council schools, stated that the Duke by his presence in the hunting field had done far more good to agriculturists than ever the Minister of Agriculture was likely to do! Incidentally, the Duke has been president of the Royal Agricultural Society, and this year is president of the Hunters' Improvement Society.

His hunting has not been entirely confined to Melton, as he has visited various packs in Yorkshire and elsewhere, and during his year at Weedon hunted with the Pytchley, Warwickshire and Grafton. This was rather an unfortunate season as, in addition to a nasty fall hunting, he sustained another in the riding school. This was not the only one at the school, for on one occasion a half-trained remount flattened him in a wet cinder "lane," and when he got to his feet unhurt his face was so black that his officer-instructor asked him what he had done with his banjo!

Among his hunters have always been one or two that can "go," and he has had several Point-to-Point wins to his credit. His first success was at the Cavalry Brigade meeting at Aldershot in 1921, when, still an officer of the 60th Rifles, he won the Infantry Cup on Rathgarogue. This good horse was also piloted to victory in the Bicester Hunt Race in 1922 and the King's Cup, open to past and present members of the 60th Rifles. Ocean III won the Past and Present 11th Hussars Race and the Regimental Heavy-weight, whilst Birkhall provided the most recent of other winning rides at a Bona-Fide meeting at Tidworth in 1934. Here the Duke was always racing fit, as he rode early morning and worked regularly with Percy Woodland.

He is a great dog lover, Winks and Dougal, his two black Scotties, are well known to the public. They are spoilt, and the Duke's Sunbeam, piled up with their rugs and baskets, its owner bareheaded at the wheel (he always drives himself), is quite a familiar sight. There are others, too, who get their share of royal affection, a bull mastiff, which has won in the show ring, a Labrador and innumerable greyhounds, who inhabit the stables.

Space has not permitted to speak of the Duke's official work in England, and in particular of his work for the National Association of Boys' Clubs, but sufficient has been written to depict a full and useful life, a life that he has made for himself to a great extent, abounding in varied knowledge and experience, with friends and acquaintances in many spheres of life. There is no doubt that not only the British public, but the whole Empire will join in the most enthusiastic felicitations and good wishes when the Duke of Gloucester leads to the altar a daughter of the great family of Buccleuch.

THE TUG OF WAR—AN AMUSING PHOTOGRAPH OF LIONS ON THE SERENGETI PLAINS TAKEN BY LADY ALICE SCOTT
This picture was awarded a prize in the "Field" photographic competition in August, 1934

SCOTTISH SHOOTINGS

In Ross-shire at Inchbae Lodge, Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Chenevix-Trench and party got twelve stags on Inchbae, including two royals, an eleven pointer, a ten-pointer and two nine-pointers. Stags were in good condition.

On October 4th, Sir J. D. Ramsay and party, eight guns, shooting over Banff Moors, had 52 brace grouse, 3½ brace blackgame, and 60 hares. Birds plentiful and strong; no signs of weakly or diseased birds. A large proportion of the young birds killed still had nesting feathers, showing the presence of late broods.

LORD LECONFIELD'S HUNTER TRIALS AT WISBOROUGH GREEN, SUSSEX
The Mid-Surrey Drag team well together over a fence

THE OPENING MEET

Some Aspects of the Curtain Raiser to the Season

"THE opening meet" and all that the phrase implies, means many different things to many different people. To the Master of Hounds it marks a stage in the season where he may pause and take stock before entering into the new era of foxhunting proper. Cub-hunting and its attendant problems is over and he may ask himself if they have been successfully overcome. Have enough cubs been killed in one place, or too many in another? Is the fox supply good and well spread or patchy, and if so, why? The regular season depends on the right fox supply, and as cubbing shapes that supply, it may be said to shape the season from that aspect.

In the cub-hunting season anything in the nature of a gallop is looked upon as a gift from the gods; but when the regular season starts a gallop will be, for the majority, the routine object of a day's hunting. To ride up to hounds it is necessary to get across country (not only into a field but out again) and if there is wire this cannot be done with any certainty. Indeed, it is where wire is scarce that it is most dangerous. Wire can be dealt with in two ways: it can either be taken down or marked. Obviously the positive measure is the better; but it requires infinite tact, patience and organising ability. Nowadays, wire is the very core of the difficulty of running a country. It cannot be denied, from the farmer's point of view, that it is the cheapest, most mobile and least troublesome of all fencing. Equally, it cannot be denied that, if unchecked, it ruins a hunting country. The task of compromising between the farmer's justifiable desire for cheap fencing and the interests of the Hunt, rests with the financial resources of the Hunt and the personality of the Master and those helping him. The last is often the more important of the two. As the day of the opening meet approaches, so the anxiety of the Master concerning these and many other problems increases, until they are solved by trial.

The Huntsman, also, has his problems and anticipations; but they are naturally more concerned with showing the sport which the administrative measures of the Master will allow the field to enjoy to the fullest possible extent. During cub hunting, in big woodlands or even in the open, when horses are not really fit and wire perhaps holds up the field, the Huntsman has time to leave his hounds alone and allow the young entry to develop their natural genius for hunting a fox. When the regular season starts, especially with a big subscription pack, he will sometimes have to hustle and hurry and deceive his hounds till it almost breaks his heart. Nowadays, with a big field, things must be kept moving at any cost, and he can only hope that the comparative quiet of cub-hunting days will have given his hounds the steadiness to stand the immense amount of handling necessary on a bad scenting day with a big field out. On a good scenting day things will generally look after themselves.

During cub-hunting the Huntsman will have noticed many things. He will look for any change of character in his old hounds and any outstanding quality among the young entry. He notes which of them will draw thick stuff and which of them will not; which hounds will go straight to a fox's kennel in a big cover; which hound will carry the pack over a patch of bad scenting land; which hound will turn short with a beaten fox. The run of his foxes and their crossing places will receive special attention, for these often change from year to year. All these things will be stored in his mind for use during the regular season, when knowledge of them may extricate him from an apparently hopeless situation. When that season comes, he can only hope for a good scent, a straight-necked fox and a field's start.

To some followers the opening of the regular season is a trial, to the majority a relief, but to all an excitement. Will the new purchase that went so brilliantly in a twenty-minutes' dart stand up to forty-five minutes over the vale after a week's rain? The one-horse man hopes for a season of morning hunts, when he will not have taken the steel out of his mount jogging from cover to cover and in the afternoon, after twenty minutes, have to pull up and watch more fortunate mortals sailing away from him over the cream of the country. Everyone prays that the going will be sound, that each horse will come in his turn, that there will be no hard frost and no foot and mouth disease.

The time has come when informality is over and the chase is conducted with pomp and circumstance. The mental anticipation of the opening day is, alas, often the most satisfactory part of it; but if that mental anticipation is realised, the dream is fulfilled and that day will be remembered. Then, ideally, "Tally-ho-back" will be no more heard in the land. A shrill "Gone Away-Away" and hounds will be streaming down to the vale, behind the biggest, toughest, longest legged dog-fox "wotever was seen"; their cry drifting back on the breeze, an invitation to "catch them if you can." The prologue is over and the curtain is rising to the play.

A. V. H. L.

WAITING FOR THE DRAW FOR THE FIRST RUN OF THE SEASON
The West Street opening meet at Knowlton Court

THE CARE OF TACKLE

Hints on the Cleaning and Preservation of Leather and Steelwork

A HORSE looking through a good bridle may be £10 thereby better value, but badly kept tackle will certainly spoil the looks of almost any horse.

As soon as possible after returning from hunting all mud should be washed off the leather, cold water being better for the purpose than hot. It can then be wiped over with a cloth and left to dry. All steel work should be immediately cleaned with silver sand applied with a damp cloth, then dried, then polished with a burnisher and finally thoroughly dried with a rubber or chamois leather and at no time afterwards should steel be touched with the hand, as it will mark.

People who go into a saddle room and take hold of steel bits probably have no idea of the anguish they cause in the mind of the owner or the groom responsible. Examine a bit by holding the leather only. Nickel and stainless steel may be dried off and left till the following day, when they can be polished with Brasso, and a steel bit which has once been plated but from which the plating has partly worn off is best treated as plain steel. If the exercising bit and irons are of steel it is not necessary to clean them every day. Rattle them about in a bucket of water and dry them well. A weekly cleaning will then keep them in good condition. A good tip is to leave them covered with bran until the following day. Nickel is not satisfactory for bits, and nickel irons should never be used for hunting, nickel being a soft metal, liable to bend, and irons of this metal may one day at a crisis pull out of shape, thus causing a super-crisis.

Glycerine bar-soap is the best for leather work. The bar should be dipped in water and the sponge rubbed on it. By wetting the sponge a lather is formed and this should be avoided. The smooth sponges of a close texture known as leg sponges are far the best and will last five or six times as long as an ordinary bath sponge. When a hunting day has been very wet, neats-foot oil should be applied to all leather and allowed to soak in before soaping, but not until the leather is thoroughly dry. The underneath of the saddle flaps should, in any case, be treated with oil, also the insides of leather girths. It is a good plan to keep a strip of well-greased thick flannel or felt (a strip may be stolen from an under-carpet) in the fold of the girth. This will keep it supple. Oil freely used may cure a squeaky saddle but, if not, melted mutton fat well rubbed in is a fine thing.

Tackle once cleaned must be kept dry. If no saddle room with a fire is available, an airing cupboard makes an excellent place. The saddle, especially, must be bone dry before it goes on to the horse's back again. Even if left in a dry stable it will absorb any moisture in the atmosphere, and a damp saddle is certain to cause a sore back. If necessary, put a dry sack under the saddle when starting out. It can be removed before you get to the meet. Some horses intensely dislike the feel of a cold saddle on their back. In these cases the saddle may be put on over the rug for a few minutes.

The stuffing of a saddle often gets hard. It should then, when quite dry, be lightly beaten with a cane for as long as necessary. This will loosen the stuffing and make it nice and firm.

There are two schools of thought as to the right way of putting on a folded leather girth. One theory is to put the fold to the back, on the grounds that, with the open edge backward, more mud gets in, which is true. But, by putting the folded edge forward there is no possibility of a stake or anything else catching it when jumping and, though the chance of any such thing happening is about one in a billion, it is as well to be certain.

There is a point about boots which is well worth noting. As soon as they have been taken off they should be put on trees—which is not the same thing as putting the trees into the boots. The usual method is to put in the foot piece, then the front and back leg pieces and lastly to thrust the middle part in and force it down as far as possible. A much better plan is only to push down the middle piece until it grips and then to turn the boot upside down and work the boot up on to the tree. It is very little more trouble and helps to work out the wrinkles. Do not let the inside loops go down inside. They will eventually cause a permanent lump.

Bishop's Move Tobacco.—It was incorrectly stated in the *Field* recently that Bishop's Move spun cut tobacco could be obtained in 1oz. and 2oz. tins at a price of 1/- per ounce. This should have read that the tobacco can be obtained in 1oz. and 2oz. packets for 1/- per ounce, but that it is 1/1 when bought in tins.

RACING AT SANDOWN PARK LAST WEEK

The winner of the Hefin Williams Memorial Cup, Apple Peel (centre), with Brush and Comb second (on right), and (on left) Tinker, which was third

ENCOURAGING YOUNG JOCKEYS

The Jockey Club and Apprentice Riders

FOR several months past the Stewards of the Jockey Club have been carefully considering the question of giving further encouragement to apprentice riders. An increasing dearth of capable jockeys of 7st. and under has been complained of. During the present season there has been scarcely any handicap of importance in which overweight has not been declared for a number of riders, the apparent reason being that owners and trainers have been unable to secure jockeys of the requisite weight.

It has been felt that the existing system of granting allowances to apprentices in certain races does not go far enough. The Stewards have now decided that the best way out of the difficulty is to increase the number of races in which apprentices may claim the 5lb. allowance. At the meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket this week the motion before the members was that in future apprentices should "claim 5lb. allowance in all selling races and in handicap sweepstakes to which not more than £500 is added for the winner, and in handicap plates of the advertised value of not more than £500, except in races confined to apprentices."

Thus we have a big jump from the £200 limit, which at present applies, and the change, when carried into effect, should make the able young rider a more important individual than he is now. It is of interest to observe that it is not proposed to increase the number of races specifically confined to apprentice riders. These races serve a useful purpose, and we are by no means satisfied that the present supply of them is sufficient.

It is laid down in the Rules of Racing that on all courses having four or more days' racing during the year (except those having one fixture) there shall be at least one race during the season confined to apprentices. Apart from Newmarket, how many meetings take advantage of providing more than one race a year for apprentices?

The trouble is that the gate-money public is averse to apprentice races. It is claimed that people will not bet on races in which the riders are of unknown calibre, and if they have a number of races of this description the average racegoer will be discouraged from attending the meetings. Racing has many sides which have to be considered by those responsible for its welfare. The desirability of giving apprentices plenty of opportunities for race riding is one of them. The importance of attracting the gate-money public is another.

We do not defend the attitude of the racegoer who abhors races for apprentice and amateur riders. It is enough to observe that the abhorrence—if the word is not too strong—undoubtedly does exist, and racecourse executives believe that they cannot afford to ignore it. All this explains why apprentice races are not more numerous. Trainers would welcome an increase of the number, particularly at centres like Newmarket and Newbury.

But while races confined to apprentices do bring young talent to the front, the experience acquired in them by the boys is not so valuable as that which an apprentice receives when he is riding against older jockeys. And no doubt the Stewards of the Jockey Club are right in deciding to afford the lads a wider chance in open races rather than to increase the number of restricted races.

Interest attaches to the resolution to change the rule that stipulates that whips shall not be carried or spurs worn in races confined to apprentices. Spurs are still to be prohibited, but the boys are to be allowed to carry whips. Probably this proposal encountered a fair amount of opposition among the members before it was put into definite shape by the Stewards. Many racing people dislike to hear the cracking of whips.

But the whip is sometimes useful when a horse needs to be kept from swerving. In other words, a jockey with a whip will have better control over his horse than a rider without one, and it is probably because so many horses in apprentice races fail to keep a straight course that the Stewards of the Jockey Club have deemed it prudent to revise the existing rule.

Lately it has been pointed out that the majority of trainers at Newmarket are unable to find accommodation in their own establishments for the boys whom they employ.

"I would certainly devote more attention to the development of apprentices if I were able to keep them under my roof. Now I have to board them here and there in the town at a cost of about 25/- per week each. On the top of this I provide their clothes and pay them some pocket money, so you can safely reckon that each lad costs me 30/- per week. Even so, I should be perfectly satisfied if one boy in 20 turned out to be useful for race riding, but, unfortunately, that is not the case. The average apprentice of to-day does not seem to be so horse-minded as was formerly the case. In my young days the boys thought of ponies and horses; now their minds travel chiefly on bicycles and motor bikes."

"What is urgently needed at Newmarket," proceeded the trainer whose views we are quoting, "is the provision of a hostel for apprentices, where they can be properly looked after out of their working hours." Other trainers at headquarters support this plea for a hostel for the lads, and it is to be hoped that the Jockey Club will inquire into the practicability of a scheme of this kind.

As far back as its issue of August 3rd the *Field* dealt with the problem of improving the standard of race riding. We pointed out then that while the youngsters were entitled to further encouragement, owners ought to be less reluctant to put up their own stable's boys on fancied horses. When an owner intends to bet on his horse, or when the stake at issue is of appreciable value, it is natural that he should seek the best riding talent he can find. If he cannot get Gordon Richards he will endeavour to secure one of the jockeys who follow him most closely on the winning list. An increase in the value of races in which the apprentice allowance may be claimed should undoubtedly benefit the younger generation of riders; but we repeat the counsel we have already offered to owners—do not neglect to give a reasonable chance to the many capable jockeys who have already passed the days of their apprenticeships.

ALLOTTING THE STANDS AT A PARTRIDGE DRIVE
"I have developed a desire to be walking-gun with the beaters whenever partridges are being driven against a strong wind"

UNPROFITABLE SPECULATIONS ON PARTRIDGE DRIVING

Together with Some Unprofitable Drives

By LORD DORCHESTER

I IMAGINE that every shooting man as time goes on and his experiences increase, subconsciously but very definitely develops certain ideas—ideas which recur more forcibly with each recurrence of the circumstances to which they owe their original conception. I have developed many such, the strongest of which is a desire to be walking-gun with the beaters whenever partridges are being driven against a strong wind. It is different with grouse, the drives are so long and the front is so wide that there could never be any certainty about finding oneself in the right place; moreover, grouse going back over the beaters are out of shot more often than not.

Many years ago, as the guest of Baron Leopold Kronenberg, I did some "half-mooning" at Wieniec in Poland, and I still remember how the best shooting was afforded by the birds going back over the line, so possibly my ideas on this subject germinated during those Polish visits and have ripened since then. We all know by experience how difficult it is, indeed almost a forlorn hope, to bring partridges against or across a strong wind even with good cover as an objective—without such attraction the task is very nearly impossible. Why, then, do keepers attempt an almost hopeless task? Usually for all or any of three reasons. They have always driven the ground that way, and all the beats are planned accordingly; or they wish to feed the next drive; or they wish to force the birds away from a neighbour's boundary. In these enlightened days the second reason is probably the deciding factor. Now it is obvious that the best results are obtained when the first drive feeds the second, and the second the third, and so on, and it is equally obvious that all the drives cannot be taken down-wind, even if the area to be driven were limitless, so there must be some cross-wind drives and some down-wind drives in the day's planning.

Assuming that so many up-wind drives are inevitable, I believe if the beaters were reinforced by two or three walking guns, this change of tactics would make even an up-wind drive a success. I have never seen the experiment tried in England, but I do recall how at Hurstbourne in the time of the late Earl of Portsmouth, the beat keepers directing the drives all carried guns and blank cartridges. From right, left and centre the advance of the drive was punctuated by gun-shots, which had a most stimulating effect not only on the partridges but also on the hares. Only last week I was shooting driven partridges in a country where hares swarmed, not 10 per cent. of which came forward. I am convinced that had the centre driver and a couple of flankers let off a few rounds of blank many more hares would have faced the more lethal discharges, and possibly more partridges as well.

Such an experiment as I suggest would involve a weakening and a consequent rearrangement of the forward guns. This should not cause any difficulty, especially if the birds—as is usually the case—were being taken towards good cover, say roots or mustard.

The guns could be concentrated on the centre of their natural line of flight, or alternatively the natural line might be left open while the flanks were more strongly guarded.

Indeed I think that the latter would be the better plan because partridges when driven against a strong wind have a tendency to do one of two things when they top the last hedge and catch sight of the guns.

BEATERS' GUN TAKES THE COVEY BREAKING BACK

Either they soar straight into the air and turn back when caught by the wind, or they dive downwards and fly along the hedge and then slip back over it once more. In the first case they give but a fleeting chance, and in the second no chance at all if the beaters are close. For this reason I imagine it would pay best to afford an undisputed passage to those birds that are following the natural line, and which will in due course be met with again in the next drive.

On the other hand, birds that break out on the flanks of a down-wind drive are usually lost for the day, wherefore I suggest that we should concentrate on them by guarding the flanks, especially on the leeward side.

There is another aspect to the picture, of course, namely, the reactions of those gentlemen who, having been invited for a day's driving, are suddenly confronted with the problem of marching across sticky ploughs and wading through soaking kale instead of awaiting the arrival of their intended victims, comfortably ensconced on a shooting stick and having a high hedge between the wind and their nobility.

We must take cognizance of the aged, infirm and even the lazy, for shooting is a pleasure and not a pain, but even so I am prepared to bet that any party of eight guns will always furnish at least two of its members who would be willing to take on an occasional tramp if only for the sake of having a crack at those rocketing curling birds who go hurtling down the wind in defiance of the drivers. I remember talking to a headkeeper after an abortive up-wind drive. "Ah!" he said, "if any one or two of you gentlemen had been walking with me, you would have had fifty chances at the best birds ever I see!"—and I believed him.

During that drive I myself saw eight separate coveys rise and go back (one lot of birds had come forward), scared no doubt by the shooting ahead, and these eight coveys were but a small proportion of the birds who did not come on; in fact, I believe that only one covey crossed the line during that drive.

A walking gun might cause a little delay and would slow up the drive if he had a lot of birds down, especially in high cover or thick roots, but for the nonce he could dispense with his loader, who would pick up for him, or one of the beat keepers might perform that duty. Certainly in an up-wind drive there would be little to pick beyond the other guns, and so what was lost on the roundabouts would be regained on the swings. This idea of mine might fail if put to the practical test, but nevertheless whenever I see partridges refusing to face the wind I always wish, and always shall wish, that I were a walking gun coming along with the beaters.

[Lord Dorchester informs us that this article was actually written in the evening of a day's driving, most of which was against the wind.—ED.]

Captain H. A. Wade

"MR. FARU" AT CLOSE QUARTERS

"MR. FARU" OF KENYA

An Appreciation of the Rhino

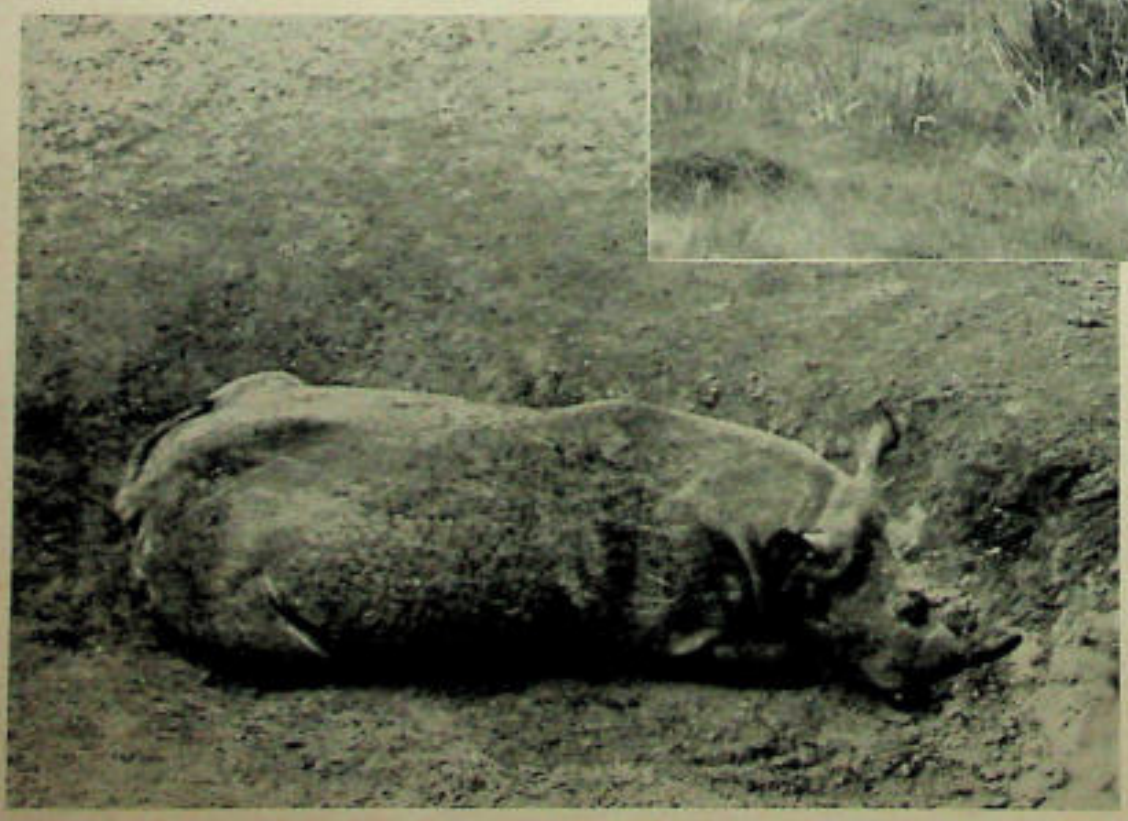
RHINO, native name "Faru," were very numerous when I first visited what is now Kenya 35 years ago. In the more northern districts they were very aggressive, decidedly more so than I had found them in Somaliland during two long expeditions some years earlier, sometimes rushing safaris, and when the porters had made for the nearest trees, damaging the loads. Also, when out hunting, both I and my companion were on various occasions hunted by rhino whose moderate horns caused one to spare them: while at least on one occasion, during the construction of the railway, trains were charged by rhino. The rhino is, I think, far the most plucky and fearless animal in Africa, and but for his poor sight and lack of intelligence would be far more dangerous than he is. Thanks to these drawbacks, fatalities and injuries have been comparatively few.

The late Captain Stigand, a most fearless and competent hunter, was nearly killed by a rhino, his fine constitution enabling him to recover. In February, 1925, a lady big-game hunter was killed near Fort Hall by one which she had unwisely bombarded with a .303; while two days later Captain A., a noted polo player, passing along the Fort Hall road, was attacked and killed by this same rhino.

Curiously enough, only some three months before, I had written a letter to the *Field* condemning the foolish advice of certain writers that anything from elephant downwards could be killed with a small bore, and that heavy rifles were unnecessary. I pointed out that this involved (1) increased suffering to the many more animals that escaped wounded; (2) danger to natives or sportsmen from wounded animals of dangerous class; and (3), the least important, increased danger for the hunter. All these three results occurred in the Fort Hall tragedy. I can only repeat, heavy game, heavy rifles, should be the rule. I see a recent writer fails to recognise this, and says: "One perfectly placed small-bore bullet is superior to a badly placed shot with a heavy rifle." This may be in a sense true, but in general is nonsense. The opportunity for a brain shot with the small bore is not always available, but the heavy rifle is likely to stop or at least turn a charge when the small bore would be futile, while any well-placed shot behind the shoulder with such as the heavy 10-bore black powder rifle I used in my early days in Africa would leave little inclination to charge, whatever the animal. I never had occasion to use this rifle to stop a buffalo charge, but have no doubt whatever that a chest shot would have floored him instantly, when a small bore would have been futile. The modern big cordite rifles, such as .475, might be equally effective, though of this I am not sure.

To return to friend rhino, on a trip north of the Tana river, eight years ago, I saw a few, and not having the slightest intention of shooting one, I made several attempts to get to close quarters with an ordinary Kodak, but on two occasions was repeatedly driven off by a cross-tempered old bull, who apparently hated being "snapped." Similar attempts on buffalo were also failures, but for the opposite reason, that the moment they made me out, they bolted as though they would not stop running till nightfall. I have a sort of affection for the plucky but stupid old rhino, though one was responsible for the only mauling I have had in Africa, two broken ribs and a knock-out.

This was sheer bad luck, as I was charged simultaneously by three rhino which had been lying in a hollow some 30yds. from the point I had reached when crawling to a waterbuck on an open plain with a most unsuitable rifle for such heavy game. They came very fast, all three abreast, so I had to wait till they were within a few feet of me, so that if I did succeed in "downing" the bull (the centre animal) neither cow could hit me on that rush. I ran it a trifle too close, but the bull was dead when he hit me, and his fall scared the cows. I never felt any animosity to them on account of this incident, though a few days later I left my bed (in pyjamas) on hearing the porters shouting that a rhino was in the camp, and killed him with the 10-bore, as he had the best horns I had come across. A certain German in German East before the war spent some years trying how many rhino he could kill, as if they were vermin; and I was not sorry to hear that at last he met his death on the horn of a rhino. I have met a great many of them in my wanderings, and shall never meet one again, but I take off my hat to Faru, the pluckiest and, perhaps fortunately, most stupid animal in Africa. MANNLICHER.



A RHINO PHOTOGRAPHED AT A SALT LICK BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. E. STOCKLEY
Above is a cow with remarkably big horns and her calf, while below is a rhino on the salt lick

[In this connection the following extract from Captain A. T. Ritchie's *Game Departments Report for Kenya*, 1932-3-4, is of interest. "We must admit, however, that we have not succeeded in perhaps the most important aspect of our work—the suppression of rhino poaching and dealings in illicit rhino horn. We are, indeed, not within measurable distance of such success, and it is difficult to foresee when we shall be. I have no wish to libel an in many respects admirable people, but I believe I am within the mark in saying that a great many of the Somalis in Kenya either are, or potentially are, rhino horn traders. With the same disclaimer I could make an almost similar statement with regard to the *duka* keepers throughout the reserves. The number of people involved do not constitute the crux, or even the major part, of the problem; the trouble is the rapidity with which the stuff changes hands. It has often occurred to me that our perpetual efforts to catch participators in the traffic is very like a game of 'hunt the slipper.' It is to be feared that the Italian authorities will not at present be more than usually co-operative as regards smuggling rhino horn over their borders."—ED.]

"NOVEMBER DAYS ARE SOCIABLE ONES, WHETHER FOR THE BIRDS OF THE SHORE OR INLAND"
A sight like this used to be regarded as an infallible sign of the approach of cold weather, but it is now the common habit of gulls to flock inland during the winter. In this photograph, taken in Devonshire, the birds are mostly herring gulls, in other districts the black-headed is the predominant species

WILD LIFE IN COLD WEATHER

November Changes in the Countryside

By FRANCES PITT

BRACKEN copper-coloured on the hillsides, leaves fluttering fast from the trees, to lie in heaps of brown and gold, and many a branch waving naked twigs against the grey November sky.

A touch of frost, followed by wind and rain and every tree is stripped, so that the red squirrel racing along its overhead ways passes in full view, a gleaming sprite of the woodlands, who looks down on the passer-by and chatters abuse.

What a pettish creature is an angry squirrel, how it scolds, crying "vut! vut!" and stamps with its little feet, the while its plumed tail jerks in unison.

The red squirrel is now looking its best, being in full winter jacket and with rich dark tail. Our British squirrel is notable for the manner in which its fur fades, especially its tail, hence it has been described as the light-tailed squirrel.

Despite the spread of the alien grey squirrel our native species has done well in many parts of the country during the past two or three years. It has greatly increased in my home district, namely the well-wooded area of south Shropshire, where it is now more plentiful than I have ever known it. Let us hope it will continue to hold its own and not be ousted by the American importation.

A bounteous autumn with a great supply of nuts, acorns, etc., has enabled such creatures as the squirrel to make good preparation for winter and to wax fat and prosperous. The dormouse has retired to its secret dormitory as stout as it is possible for anything to become, and the badger is also in especially good condition. It is ready, if the need arises, to lie up in the innermost recesses of the great sett and go without food for days or weeks on end.

That the badger normally hibernates to any considerable extent in this country I think is doubtful. I have found trace of badgers abroad under all conditions of weather, during frost, rain, snow, etc. Last spring we had a severe blizzard upon the Welsh Marches, the snowfall was exceptionally heavy, the drifts lay deep under the hedges and roads were blocked in all directions. The blizzard was accompanied by a piercing wind from the east. If anything would keep animals at home surely such a storm must do so, but it did not keep the badgers within doors. Snow is the great betrayer, and it told many tales on this occasion. It told of badgers that wandered far across the snow-enveloped countryside, that plunged into snowdrifts and out again and evidently enjoyed their "winter sports."

Alfred Hilpercht
"BRAMBLINGS COME AS VISITORS TO STACKYARDS AND EVEN TO THE BIRD-TABLE"

Although inexperienced birds and beasts are often frightened the first time they see snow (I remember a score of pullets that would not leave their pen for three days), they soon get used to it and enjoy it as much as children. I have seen a tame raven, a staid old bird, play the fool most heartily in snow, pretending to wash himself in it, tumbling and rolling about in a ludicrous manner.

The otter is the greatest exponent of Winter Sports, for it delights in sliding in the snow. At the least incline it throws itself flat on its chest, folds back its forepaws, pushes off with its hind ones and slides head first to the bottom.

But November does not usually whiten the countryside, it is generally a grey damp month, when fieldfare flocks fly chuckling overhead, redwings alight in the meadows, and bramblings come as visitors to stackyards and even the garden bird-table.

The bird-table is now a source of much interest and amusement, drawing many visitors of all kinds, from the ubiquitous sparrows and starlings to hosts of tits, greenfinches, chaffinches, blackbirds, thrushes and other less frequent but therefore not less welcome guests. I have had bramblings and redwings upon my visitors' list, but that was during a cold spell when conditions were difficult.

When we speak of bird life in winter we generally think of the species which frequent our fields, hedgerows and woods, yet what of the seashore, where grey waters strive beneath grey skies and wild winds blow with piercing blast. Here are oystercatchers in black and white throngs, flocks of duck and yet larger flocks of waders, for November days are sociable ones, whether for the birds of the shore or inland, for the rooks in numerous throngs returning at eventide to their rookery, and the starlings descending in their twittering myriads on some covert or other chosen sleeping place.

Starlings going to roost on a winter evening are a truly wonderful sight, wheeling like clouds blown by the wind in amazing evolutions over the trees, then, as the shades of night descend, dropping earthwards to alight with a roar as of waves breaking on a rocky shore. It seems that these great winter gatherings of starlings embrace both home-bred birds and visitors from the northern parts of the Continent, for the results of marking starlings show considerable movements of birds from over the North Sea but not such extensive movements as our own birds.

Apropos of immigrants from overseas, now is the time when the invading armies of foreign woodpigeons become apparent in their blue-grey ranks upon the fields and in the woods.

It is curious to think that these cautious and wary birds, which afford the countryman much sport, are the same species as those portly pigeons with white collars about their necks that waddle confidingly up to visitors in the London parks and accept alms from their hands. Habit and locality do make a difference! And after all it is not a more striking difference than that between the pigeons of the London squares and the rock doves of our wild west coasts from which they are descended.

WINTER TRIUMPH
A day's catch of pike on the Norfolk Broads

QUIET WINTER WATERS

Where to Fish on Norfolk Waterways

By A. J. RUDD

ROACH fishing is practised very little in the winter months by Norfolk anglers. The attractions of whiting and cod along the coast and of the pike in the Broads make roach-fishing seem tame at this time of year. It is not that we have not the fish, as all our rivers teem with roach. They are to be found throughout "the land of the Broads," but, as in other districts, some places are better than others. It is difficult to say why the bigger fish congregate in certain places at certain times of the year, but it is so, and where one has caught good roach and plenty of them in the summer months, few are taken in the colder weather.

In some places it may be that the growth of weed in summer has been so luxuriant that it has been difficult to fish in a particular water. Again, in winter, one does not catch many roach in the Broads themselves, though these teem with pike and one would think that the roach must be there for the pike to feed on.

The rivers are the places in which to find the big roach and, tracing these down from the higher limits of the waters in which the fish are found or of the waters to which the angler has access and starting with the Bure, one finds splendid fish from Aylsham down to Buxton. Not that the angler may expect any extraordinary specimens, but he will find plenty of fish of ¾lb. to 1lb., with now and then some of 1¼lb. and occasionally a two-pounder. Passing downstream, one will find some good spots just above the mill at Hobstead and others immediately below in the bends of the river. From Hobstead it is necessary to go very much farther downstream before as good results can be obtained—to below Horning, from which village to the confluence of the Thurne with the main river is good roach water, more particularly the reaches between Ranworth Dyke and Horning Hall, and again in the Ward and near South Walsham Mill.

The Thurne is not very good till one reaches Kendall Dyke, in the vicinity of which and upstream past Martham Ferry the fishing is really splendid. Below Thurne Mouth the Bure offers little sport by reason of the salt tides, which, since the building of a wide bridge at Acle in place of the old narrow one, run upstream for a greater distance, driving the fish before them and spoiling what was, two years ago, very good fishing water. In summer, bream and rudd were caught in some of the places mentioned, but both are summer-feeding fish and are rarely caught in the winter months.

The Wensum from Norwich to Taverham is free fishing to anglers from boats, but leave must be obtained from the landowners to fish from the banks. Leave is readily given, and fine sport may be obtained in the reaches by Drayton and Costessey, the fish being of good size and in excellent condition in that pure, clear water. Some of the finest bags of roach taken in winter by local anglers come from this part of the district, and it is no uncommon thing for a catch of a score or more fish from ¾lb. to 1¼lb. each to be made in an afternoon.

Below Norwich, the river (now known as the Yare) is badly polluted for several miles and not till we come to Buckenham is it worth fishing. Between the polluted waters and the salt is a zone of good water, constantly moving up and downstream with the tides, and the fishing may be good at Buckenham one day and down to below Cantly on another day. This stretch of water is crowded with roach, and if the angler studies the tides and fishes the water accordingly, he can enjoy some excellent sport. Leger fishing is necessary here with a lead from 1oz. to 2oz. in weight, as the tide is fairly strong and the water 12ft. to 13ft. deep. The best bait is white paste, in pellets as large as a hazel nut, with bran and bread as ground bait. The fish in this tidal water are sturdy and strong.

The Waveney is, perhaps, the best of the three Norfolk rivers for roach, and all the way down from Harleston, through Mendham and Wortwell to Homersfield can be fished from the bank. The fishing at Homersfield is preserved, but tickets can be obtained at the Black Swan Hotel, which offers excellent accommodation to the visiting angler. Farther downstream we get excellent roach fishing in the reaches between Geldeston Lock and the railway bridge at Beccles, amid pleasant country surroundings in fairly deep water in which there are "specimen" fish to be had. Very comfortable, homely lodgings may be had at the Cambridge Inn, Northgate, Beccles. The proprietor, Mr. Allgar, has a number of rowing boats and a motor boat to take anglers farther afield than they care to row.

Lower down the river the tide is stronger, but good roach fishing may sometimes be had as far down as Cove Staithe or even Seven-mile Carr, with now and then a good catch of bream even in winter. Above Beccles and for a few miles below, one can fish with float tackle, but in the lower reaches leger tackle is necessary, a light one for the Aldeby region and a heavier for lower downstream.

When the weeds have died down, and thence onwards through the season, winter pike fishing on the Broads is excellent. Those connected with the Bure which are open to the angler on payment of a small fee of half-a-crown or five shillings are Wroxham, Woodbastwick and the smaller of the two Ranworth Broads. Other Broads, such as the two Hovetons, Ranworth and South Walsham, are strictly private and leave must be obtained from the owners. On the Ant is Barton Broad, one of the best pike waters in the county; and on the Thurne, Hickling Broad and Heigham Sounds can be fished for half-a-crown a day, but Horsey Mere is private.

On the Yare are Rockland and Surlingham Broads, but these are too polluted at the present time to yield good results.

The only Broad connected with the Waveney is Oulton, which yields a few fish at times.

The Bure Broads' range in depth from 6ft. to 9ft.; Barton is from 3ft. to 6ft., while Hickling Broad and Heigham Sounds are shallow waters with not much more than 4ft. of water anywhere.

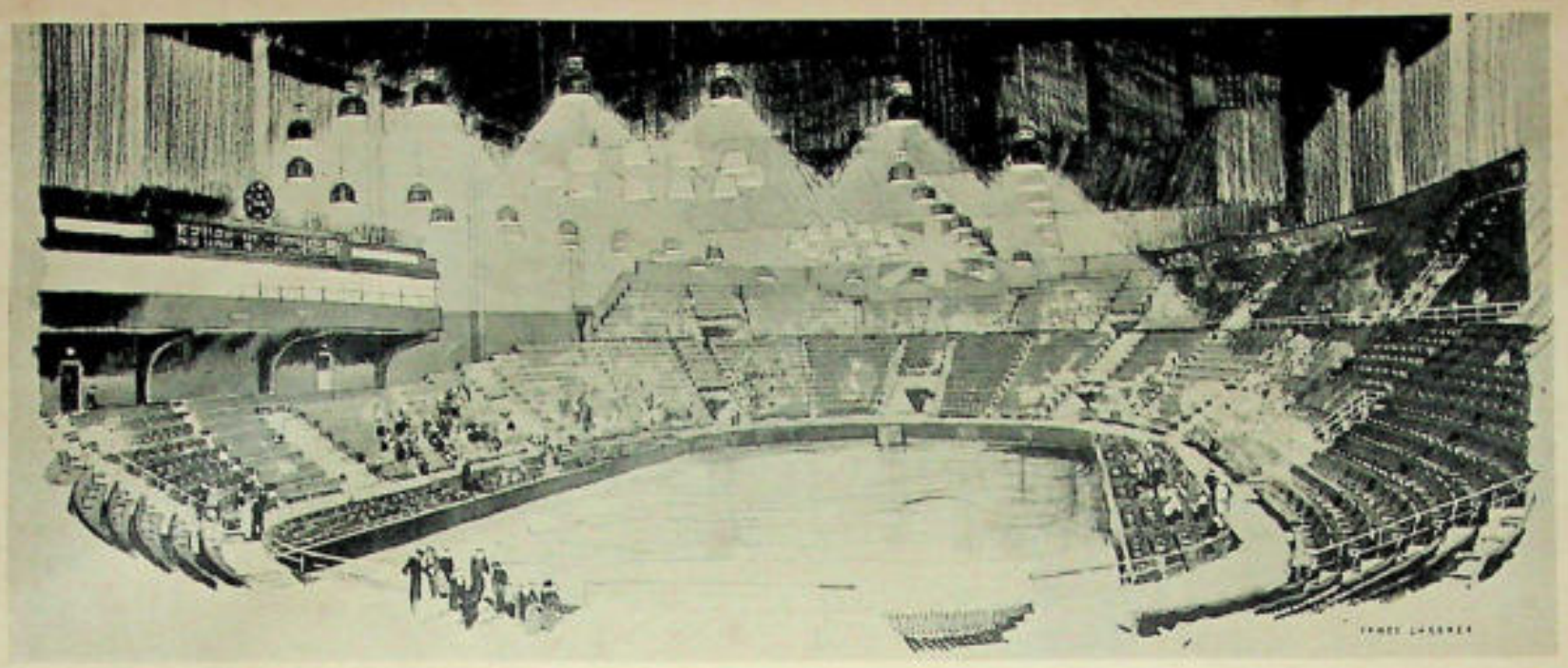
These sheets of water are the largest in Norfolk and the surrounding country is open and bleak, but they offer grand pike fishing and those who know them best love them most. Some of the biggest Norfolk pike have been taken in their waters, but one wants a westerly or southerly wind here. Given a good day, spinning on Hickling or live-baiting on the Sounds should give good sport. If one is staying near by, the sheltered bays of the Sounds can be fished on a windy day and the more open waters of Hickling in calmer weather.

The Swan Hotel at Horning is a very convenient headquarters for the Bure Broads and Barton is within easy distance, while for Hickling Broad and Heigham Sounds the Bridge Hotel at Potter Heigham is the nearest accommodation.

Some of the Broads have their margins very much encroached upon by reeds, in the beds of which are small open places, locally called "pulks," where a spinning bait deftly cast across to the far side often brings a big pike from under the boulders (reed roots); in fact, most of the big pike taken in Norfolk are caught in such quiet lay-byes.

The Broads lying to the north of the Bure, known as Ormesby, Rollesby, Filby, Burgh and Lady Broads, form a chain of about five miles in length. They can be fished from either the Sportsman's Arms or the Eel's Foot Inn and often yield good bags of pike. These Broads are surrounded by straight lines of reeds with little or no cover for fish, which are generally taken in deep water towards the middle of the Broads.

A CONTRAST
A summer day on the Bure, near Horning



THE NEW EMPRESS HALL AT EARL'S COURT WHICH WILL CATER FOR SKATING AND ICE HOCKEY THIS SEASON AND SEAT 8,000 SPECTATORS FOR MATCHES

THIS SEASON'S INDOOR SKATING AND ICE HOCKEY

A New Boom in Rink Developments

By GEORGE GRAHAM

THAT business men are venturing something over a million pounds on constructing new ice rinks and ice hockey stadiums, and that even hard-headed town corporations are considering the advisability of having ice stadiums of their own, is proof that indoor ice skating and ice hockey are experiencing a boom which far surpasses the popularity they achieved between 1929 and 1931.

There were then many pessimists who predicted that indoor ice skating was only temporarily popular and would never really establish itself as a national sport and pastime. This contention was upheld by the closing down of several ice rinks during the two years that followed the 1931 boom, but now, having gained valuable practical experience from the failures, private enterprise and public bodies are planning to place ice skating on a footing comparable with lawn tennis, golf and swimming.

There are actually in existence and functioning at the present moment sixteen artificial ice rinks in Great Britain. Two more are nearly completed and will open next month, bringing the total to eighteen. Statistics show that at least fifteen thousand people skate each day in England alone, and this figure does not include the thousands of ice hockey "fans" who attend the big matches every week.

Skating is an art and a sport which becomes most fascinating after one has overcome the initial feat of standing on two thin steel runners on very slippery ice. Actually learning to skate is no harder than learning to ride a bicycle, but it is when one has learned to skate forward and backward that the real interest begins.

It is not surprising to learn, therefore, that skaters in Liverpool are taking matters into their own hands and are not waiting for private enterprise to reopen an ice rink for them in that town. After the closing down of the Casino ice rink two years ago a large group of Liverpool skaters kept in touch with each other and have now decided to reopen the rink and run it themselves on a profit-sharing basis.

This is not by any means a new experiment, as the Ice Sports Stadium at Amsterdam is run on the same lines by Dutch sportsmen. Actually nearly twenty thousand people hold season tickets for this stadium, each ticket representing at the same time a share in the ownership of the building. Incidentally it is of interest to note that this stadium is an open-air one and is converted every summer into a swimming pool.

Apart from the Liverpool rink, the new London rink opening next month will be very welcome to English skaters. It is situated in the old Earl's Court exhibition grounds in West Kensington, and will be called the Empress Stadium. Although one of the main objects of this building will be to stage ice hockey on a big scale (there is seating accommodation for over eight thousand spectators) the ice will be available for skating every day during the winter except on two evenings a week, when matches will take place. Once the ice is laid down it must be kept frozen continuously as it takes three days to a week to freeze a "pad" 1½in. thick once it has been allowed to melt. Thus skaters will benefit from ice hockey stadiums just as much as ice hockey benefited from the rinks which were originally built for skating only.

Sussex has just acquired a wonderful ice rink in the newly converted "S.S. Brighton." This building, which was originally erected as a "super" swimming pool, was converted, through the ingenuity of Mr. C. Langdon, the managing director of the Richmond ice rink, at a cost of £25,000, and is now one of the most up-to-date and comfortable rinks and ice hockey stadiums in the provinces. Other provincial centres which plan to have ice rinks by next season are Cardiff and Plymouth, whilst a scheme for a building in Perth has just been approved.

Meanwhile, plans are being carried through for giving London more ice rinks and stadiums. North, East and South East London, hitherto undeveloped territory from a skating point of view, are to have their buildings, whilst yet another large building in the West End is contemplated. Brigadier-General Critchley, the man who launched greyhound racing, will be among those interested in ice hockey next season. Actually he has always been interested in the game, but has not had much time to devote to it. A keen skater and a former player, I have seen him referee difficult games both at the Golders Green rink and at Grosvenor House, when a firm hand and a deep knowledge of the technique of the game were required.

Since ice hockey is now generally recognised as a supreme spectacle and large crowds are paying big sums of money daily to see it, the shadow of professionalism has been hanging over the players who take part in "the fastest game in the world." This is only to be understood as the standard of play has developed so fast that most Englishmen

(Continued on page 1026)

SOME IDEA OF INDOOR SKATING'S POPULARITY

The Empire Pool Rink at Wembley on a gala night

SHOULD THE STYMIE BE ABOLISHED?

A Question of Golfing Skill or Luck

By E. R. TIPPLE

IT is reported that the Rules of Golf Committee may receive a proposal to abolish the stymie. This is a subject which is always hotly debated. Some maintain that a stymie is grossly unfair, whilst others say that it is a vital part of the game.

It is rather interesting to note that "stymie" is said to come from an old Scottish word meaning "the faintest form of anything," but that any golfer facing a stymie will consider the interfering ball a faint form of obstacle is hardly likely. Without doubt a stymie is caused more by chance than by skill. I have only met one golfer who every-time he putts does so in such a manner that if he misses the hole there is the possibility of his ball causing interference. And he certainly does lay his opponents an amazing number of stymies during the course of a year. But his is perhaps the exception to the general rule.

At least 90 per cent. of stymies occur at awkward moments, and during the past eight years I have been struck by the number of times a stymie has influenced the fate of an important match. When a really good game between two first-class players has been governed by this result, at once the question arises as to whether it should be decided in this fashion. Those who wish to see the rule wiped out maintain that the element of luck is too prominent, and that no player should be baulked in this fashion. After all, the putting green is the place where the golfer's putting is tested. Up to the green he has had opportunities to use his trusty niblick—and probably taken several of them—so he feels that on the green he should be permitted to use his putter and that club only. He likes his "steeple-chasing" followed by a portion of flat-racing, and dislikes being forced to lob his ball up in the air when near the hole. Frequently, too, a stymie will be caused by a rank bad putt, perhaps yards off the correct line, so the golfer with fortune on his side wins a hole or, at least, halves it when he should have lost it.

Those who have hysterics when any change is mentioned believe that you cannot legislate for luck, and if that sort of thing happens it is just another "rub" of the game. They say that to negotiate a stymie calls for skill and judgment, and is yet another stroke the would-be champion has to learn. It is no easy matter to lift a ball into the hole over another one sitting on the brink, and the player who can accomplish such a feat has shown his bravery as well as his skill. If the stymie were to be abolished and the interfering ball lifted without penalty, such a rule might give cause for malpractice, and advantages might easily be taken of it which had not been contemplated. For example, it would be no easy matter to decide exactly what is a stymie so far as the rule is concerned. Would the player be allowed to lift if he were faced with a half-stymie—if the ball hindered his play and did not absolutely impede his stroke? It is obvious that a Solomon would be needed to judge this point in many cases.

The golfer who seems certain to win a hole and is then robbed by a stymie receives the sympathy of all spectators, but he who lays himself a stymie deserves no consideration. Perhaps if alteration is desired this might prove a suitable solution? Only when the player lays himself a stymie is the ball to be left as an obstacle. Justice at least would be served. But would a vital part of the game be lost? That is where the argument begins all over again. Golf is a difficult game—if it were not who would play it? Should it be made easier or should it be left as it is? Opinion is sharply divided upon this point. Everyone desirees to win a match by fair means, by a superior display of skill, and a stymie at a vital hole will upset all calculations. Is it or is it not real golf? is a question upon which the opinions of readers and any suggestions they can offer will be welcomed.

THIS SEASON'S INDOOR SKATING AND ICE HOCKEY

(Continued from page 1025)

who were taking part in it a few years ago have had to make room for Canadians who have come over to take part in the important European leagues. It is the wholesale importation of amateur Canadian talent that has caused the question of amateur status to be raised on many occasions.

Although open accusations of infringing amateur rules were made against a number of Canadians now playing for English clubs by the Canadian governing body, these were disposed of satisfactorily at a series of meetings between the Canadian and English authorities.

Ice hockey will be played in three groups or leagues in England this winter—the International Club Tournament, the National League and the English League. All the leading English clubs are taking part in the International Tournament, in which two French clubs are also participating this year—the Français Volants and the State Français. Italian and German clubs who participated in this tournament previously are not taking part this year.

The National League is the "big league" of English ice hockey, and the winners may consider themselves to be champions of England. So well are all the clubs taking part in this championship matches that it is very hard to say at this stage that one has more chance of winning than another. One point, however, stands out clearly. There is sufficient English-born talent in these first-class clubs to make up the most formidable team England has yet fielded for International championships and competitions. As this is Olympic year the British Ice Hockey Association should not lose a moment in picking the players who might be chosen to play for England, and in training them together as a team. England never stood a better chance of gaining the world and Olympic titles.

The new clubs joining the National League this season will have some outstanding English-born players in their ranks. Among these clubs are the Earl's Court Rangers, Kensington Corinthians and Brighton Tigers. The latter club have already secured some good English players, among whom is Ivor Nesbitt, who was last year capped for England. The two former clubs, who will have their "home" at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, are relying mainly on English-born Canadians to make up their quota of "Englishmen." They will be coached by Robert Giddens, the Canadian player-coach who was so largely responsible for the success of Streatham last season. Incidentally the British Ice Hockey Association might do worse than appoint Giddens as official coach for the England team. Giddens, I believe, now qualifies under residence rules as an "Englishman," and in any case is a first-class coach.

BETTER RUGBY AT LAST

Speed Combined With Open Play

MUCH of the last two or three seasons' Rugby football has been neither exciting nor skilful; but it really seems as though improvement is at last on the way. At any rate, in the club matches I have seen so far this season there has been a lot of really good and interesting play, and I have heard equally promising accounts from those who have seen other matches. There is evidence that players are training and practising more for what has, in truth, become a game demanding a very high degree of fitness. I have not for a long time seen better team work than that of the Harlequins, who followed a brilliant display against Cambridge with another, equally impressive, last Saturday against Guy's Hospital, who were beaten by 33 points to 3.

The Harlequin forwards are a particularly fine lot, with plenty of power in the scrummages and speed well applied in the open. I do not think I have seen P. W. P. Brook in better form as a wing forward, even when he gained an international cap in 1930 and 1931. He is exceedingly quick as a spoiler of opposing attacks, and has the instinct for snapping up chances, reminiscent of Voyce and H. L. Price. If he keeps up this form he will surely attract the attention of the English selectors again. It is interesting to note that last Saturday the Harlequin forwards adopted the 3—4—1 scrum formation in the second half. I for one should very much like to see them persevere with it, for they are strong enough to make a success of it and to demonstrate its advantages.

Most spectators at Richmond last Saturday probably went away, as I did, with an enhanced respect for Northern Rugby. For we saw Manchester, a team without a victory this season and without any notable players, run the London Scottish very hard indeed for their sixth consecutive victory. Manchester had all the bad luck, too, losing one of their forwards early in the game, and twice in the second half having another forward off hurt for a time.

This was a very good match to watch, too, with both lots of forwards putting in some rousing rushes, but giving plenty of chances to their backs, who brought some variety into their passing and running. The Scottish had the advantage in speed, but I liked particularly the backing up and tackling of the Manchester men, which were a good deal better than one normally sees among London clubs. Even Laid, the great little Scottish international, playing at stand-off half, found their attentions too close for him until, in the second half, he managed to drop a goal. Naturally the eight Scottish forwards got the ball more frequently than the Manchester seven, but when the latter did get it their quick heeling was notable.

The New Zealanders gained one more victory by their opportunism when they defeated Cardiff by 20 points to 5, and it is becoming increasingly clear that they have developed the ability to make the most use of their opponents' mistakes into a very effective counter for their own limitations in scrummaging. A team with this ability well developed may even find it the more profitable to let the opposition have the ball though we cannot believe that this explains the moderate scrum work of the New Zealand forwards. Their defeat at Swansea was sufficient evidence of that. Cardiff were an entirely different proposition, disclosing weaknesses in back play which gave the New Zealanders all the chances they wanted.

I hear very good accounts of B. C. Gadney and C. Slow, the Leicester half backs, whose cleverness, individually and as a pair, had much to do with Leicester's fine victory over Northampton. Slow played for England once, in 1934, when he was not the mature player he now is. Gadney was not bettered last season by J. L. Giles, who, nevertheless, showed promising form in the first two matches. As a club pair, benefiting by their experience together, Gadney and Slow should be among the most likely England half-backs again if they maintain their present form. But they are by no means another Kershaw and Davies, for whom we still look longingly to the horizon. F. I. W.

HAMS
Cured in
TREACLE

BLACK BRADENHAMS

—cured in porcelain jars of treacle, from a 250 year old recipe — the epicure's ham. Try one!

from 13 lbs to 16 lbs uncooked

2/6 a Pound

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY LONDON REGent 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd.

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.

"BLIGHTED" HEATHER

SIR,—I am anxious to ascertain the reason for the numerous patches of so-called blighted heather which have been a feature on so many grouse moors this year. Have these dead patches been caused by frost or by the heather beetle? So far as my experience is concerned, heather killed by the beetle is always bare of foliage and looks gaunt and naked, but in the case of these "blighted" patches the heather is full of foliage and sprays. It looks quite dead, however, and has turned a rusty colour, and looks as though the whole plant had been scorched. On the high ground—at 1,000ft. and over—there are no such patches, and the late frosts on these high altitudes must have been very severe last May. If it is indeed frost which has caused the damage how is it that only the heather on the low ground has suffered? I should be glad to have some explanation.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. PERPLEXED.

PRICE OF A HUMANE TRAP

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Henry Lane that if a humane rabbit-trap, equivalent in all respects to the gin, were a feasible and desirable invention, the only way to get it would be to put down money for research. But such a trap is not required. The rabbit-trapping industry has done immense harm by inducing farmers to tolerate hordes of destructive rabbits on their land. I have before me a letter from a Cornish farmer, who says, "I cannot start gassing till April as I have sold the rabbits to a trapper." In this country, as in Australia, the gin has proved to be a costly, ineffective and unsuccessful means for getting rid of rabbits, while fumigation with cyanide dust has proved sensationally successful. The trap is a means for trading in rabbits, not for exterminating them, and since trading in rabbits is bad for agriculture, no trap, humane or otherwise, is needed for these animals.

Yours faithfully,
42, Torrington Square, W.C. 1. C. W. HUME (Hon. Sec., University of London Animal Welfare Society).

MOTORISTS AND ROAD SAFETY

SIR,—The lists of road accident fatalities and casualties now appearing in the press are again creating the feeling among the general public that motoring and motorists are the root cause of all traffic calamities.

While it is true to say that the presence of motor vehicles on the roads has exposed the general public to an element of danger not experienced prior to their coming, I feel compelled, as the chairman of the Executive Committee of a skilled drivers' association, to wit, the Order of the Road, to point out that motorists as a class are contributing more towards road safety through observance of the road code and an added degree of personal responsibility, than any other section of road-users.

It may perhaps interest your readers to learn that motorists, on an average, carry on their cars safety equipment to the value of some £25, and to this sum must be added the yearly expenditure of third party insurance. Additionally, grants of approximately 60 per cent. are made from the Road Fund for the installation of traffic lights and other safety equipment on the roads. It may be said by some that the motorist in meeting these expenses is doing nothing more than obeying the motoring laws of the country, and that outside the responsibilities he is compelled to shoulder by regulations he has done nothing, voluntarily or individually, to ease the burden his presence has sometimes become. This is untrue, and if confirmation is required of that fact one has only to consider the creation of my own association, the Order of the Road, as long ago as January, 1928, which represents a movement within motoring itself to set a lasting standard of road conduct.

If motorists were as self-satisfied or as rapacious in defence of their rights as many would believe, how is it that motorists in ever-increasing numbers rally to an appeal for better road conduct and greater skill and courtesy by all road users? In what other section of the community can one find the counterpart of such an association as the Order of the Road for example? No motorist can become a member unless he can fulfil certain stringent qualifications, showing that he has been a skilful, safe and courteous motorist for some years prior to application. It is an entirely disinterested body of good drivers who believe that the fight is not between motorists, motor cyclists, cyclists and pedestrians, but between Danger and Safety.

That the members themselves join through disinterested motives finds proof in the fact that no great tangible benefits accrue from membership. Apart from the fact that a reduction of premium may be secured from certain insurance companies, no financial advantages are attainable. Even this benefit must be secured direct from the companies themselves; the Order neither effects insurance for its members nor has any interest, financial or otherwise, in the concession.

Surely the growth of such an association within the ranks of motorists themselves, and created entirely without outside coercion, is sufficient proof that motoring is alive to its responsibilities, is ready to go to great pains to attain a measure of Real Safety, and that its motives are not perpetually tainted with Self-Interest.

Hastings House, Norfolk Street, W.C. 2. Yours faithfully, J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON (Chairman, Executive Committee, The Order of the Road).

MAGNETISM OR ILLUSION?

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to Mrs. Paul's letter in your issue of October 12th on the subject of the Electric Brae in Carrick, Ayrshire. For some years I had a cottage at the very foot of this brae and made a special study of the matter—indeed I have referred to it at length in a book published some little time ago. From time to time there are sporadic outbursts of "Letters to the Editor" in connection with the "Electric Brae." There is a theory of some "magnetic lodestone," and that ships pass to the westward of Arran because the magnetic influence of the stone affects their compasses.

All that, of course, is mere nonsense—it is entirely an optical illusion owing to the contour of the land. There is no magnetic lodestone whatsoever, and the fact that the brae or hill is some 16ft. lower at the top than it is at the bottom, if this Irishism can be pardoned, is sufficient reason for a car to move uphill without propulsion, and for water to run up the hill, as your correspondent suggests.

On the hill there is a little piece of earth in the shape of a heart in memory of a man who sat down in front of his lorry to have lunch. His car was facing uphill and he sat with his back to the radiator to take his lunch, and either owing to defective brakes or vibration caused by some passing vehicle, the lorry started running up the hill and, I understand, killed the driver.

It is very hard to believe, but I have studied it for so many years that I can assure you my facts are definite.

Yours faithfully,
65, Renfield Street, Glasgow. D. C. CUTHBERTSON.

SUB-SPECIES OF GAUR

SIR,—I was very interested when reading M. Omer Sarraut's articles on "Shooting Grounds of Indo-China," in your issues of June 22nd and 29th, to find he is of the opinion that in Indo-China there are two sub-species of gaur.

I have for many years been trying to make up my mind on this very subject so far as Malaya is concerned and am now fairly convinced that there are two distinct varieties of the seladang. Monsieur Sarraut supports his contention by native names and a horn development, the latter being one of environment. Probably he has other grounds for his contention and it would be very interesting to learn what they are. Here are mine. In the most striking variety of the seladang the mature male has a distinct dewlap, a very high dorsal ridge ending abruptly a little in front of the last rib, a long body, a measurement at the withers generally 6ft. or slightly over in an old bull, long sweeping horns generally thick at the base, a good deal of tawny hair round the muzzle with a strip of the same colour above the nose. The nose is dark grey, never flesh-coloured.

The other variety is shorter, more cobby than the preceding, has no appreciable dewlap and with less tawny hair round the muzzle and seldom any over the nose. Its horns are never up to the class of the other variety except in girth at the base.

I wrote in 1905 that the seladang had no dewlap, but I was wrong. I know better now. In those days I had apparently only come across the second variety. Speaking broadly, I think that the finer variety is only found in the up-country districts, but I am not sure of the distribution. Unfortunately it is very difficult to get really reliable information on a subject of this sort. When one has the opportunities in one's younger days careful observations are not generally made; when one is at the end of one's hunting days opportunities do not so readily occur.

However, as Monsieur Sarraut and myself have both arrived at the same conclusion regarding the possibility of there being sub-species of gaur at present unrecognised by science, perhaps it is worth while drawing the attention of others to this supposed phenomenon. More careful examinations of live or recently killed animals of this species may establish the fact beyond dispute.

Malays are not observant of the physical attributes of wild animals, and in the case of a seladang few observations are ever made, but I have heard the larger variety referred to as "*seladang lembu*," because it has a dewlap like domestic cattle, *lembu* being the word for cattle.

Yours faithfully,
Kuala Lipis, Pahang, F.M.S. THEODORE HUBBACK.

FLEAS ON DOGS—AND CATS

SIR,—I have never seen on a dog such a compact mobilisation of fleas as "R. L." describes, but his letter recalls a very similar phenomenon which occurred within my own experience in connection—very close connection—with a cat.

At the time a member of the menage was a huge black tom, which had come to us as a stray and had adopted us. I judged him to be about three parts Persian and wholly poacher. For some time various members of my family had casually noticed something a little unusual about his ears, but, as he customarily wore the outward and visible signs of deadly combat, and as his altered appearance seemed, at a short distance, to be due to the presence of crusts of dark, dried blood, it was assumed that he had merely been in the wars again and nothing was said, until one day one of my daughters remarked:

"I'm sure there's something wrong with Thomas's ears."

A closer inspection revealed that the whole of the back of each ear, above the long hair, was a congested area of fleas as closely compacted as Mark Twain's "solid firmament of black cats," and sticking closer than a brother. As in the case of "R. L.'s" dog, they made no attempt to move. We dusted them liberally with some insect powder, *and scraped them off*. There was no recurrence of the trouble. The only suggestion offered as to the cause of the phenomenon was: Had Thomas accumulated his entomological menagerie in the course of his investigation of rabbit burrows, many of which in the neighbourhood swarmed with fleas?

Yours faithfully,
Skipton, Yorks. W. CARTER PLATTS.

EAGLE AND RED DEER

SIR,—When stalking in the Shieldaig forest, Ross-shire, on September 18th, I witnessed the following incident which may be of interest to you.

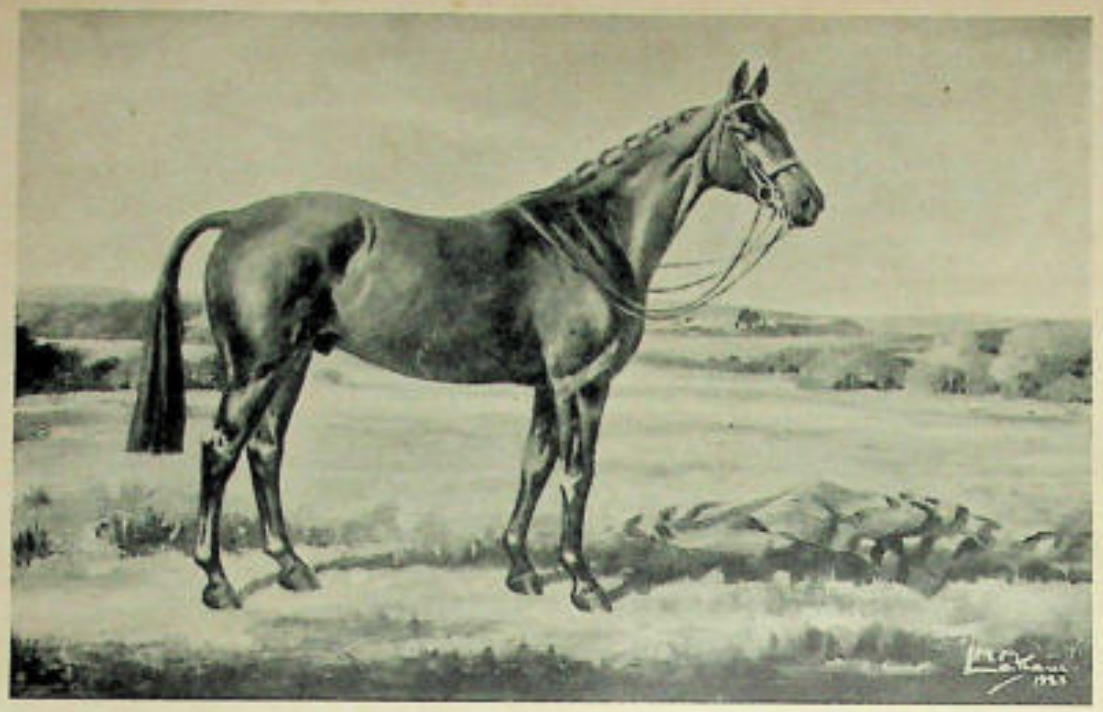
The day was wet, and for some time we were not able to see anything on account of the low cloud and thick mist. Eventually, however, the mist partially cleared and we spied a splendid ten-pointer together with some 30 to 40 hinds and calves. They were feeding on a green slope of Bus-bheinn (2,868ft.), about 500ft. above Loch A'Ghobhainn. The wind was blowing from the west; the stalk, therefore, entailed the ascent of Bus-bheinn and then a careful descent through a precipitous corrie containing a mountain burn. It was a difficult stalk, but in three-quarters of an hour from starting from the summit, we had made good progress, and on reviewing our position with extreme caution, we were delighted to see our quarry, perhaps 200yds. away.

From this position we expected a successful finish to the stalk; but after some minutes an unexpected and most interesting development occurred. A golden eagle, a magnificent specimen, appeared flying high and, seeing the hinds and calves, made a rapid descent towards them. The eagle singled out one of the calves and appeared to prepare for a determined onslaught, some 4ft. to 6ft. away from its objective.

At this point the hinds and calves were thoroughly alarmed and the whole herd made off quickly in the direction of the burn between Loch A'Bhealaich and Loch A'Ghobhainn, rendering the stalk impossible.

I think you will agree that although we were unsuccessful in our stalk, the sight of the eagle and the whole incident were some compensation.

Yours faithfully,
The Head Master's, Harrow. W. A. W. SHEARER.



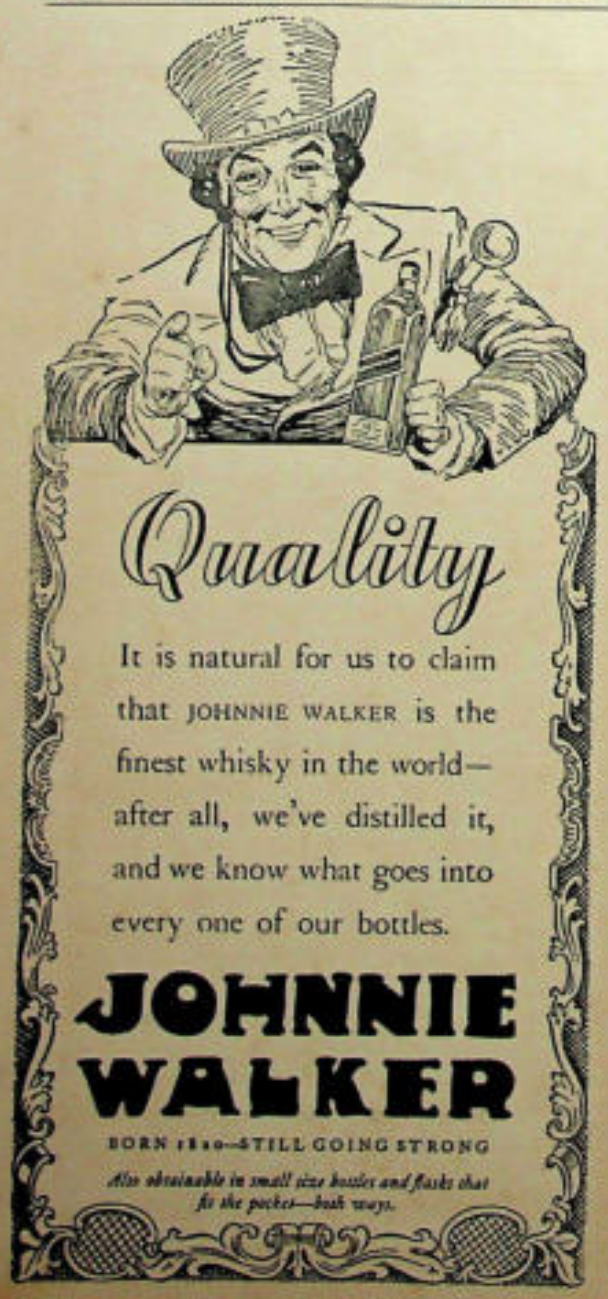
MIDDLETON II—FROM THE PAINTING BY MISS M. M. LATHAM
(See Letter "A Famous Show Horse")

A FAMOUS SHOW HORSE

SIR,—The appearance of John Peel III's portrait, by Miss M. M. Latham, in the *Field* serves as a reminder that she has also painted another very famous show horse, namely, Middleton II, who is by Sir Roland, dam by Curfew, age eight, bred by Mr. J. Forbes, Kinneigh, Enniskean, Co. Cork, and bought from Messrs. W. J. Smith, Ltd., by his present owner in 1932.

He is, by the way, winner of 82 firsts and 28 championships, including three years Ladies' Champion Hunter at Olympia, the Aldershot Gold Cup for the best hunter, and twice First Ladies' Hunter Class and Reserve Champion at Bath. Also winner of four Hunters' Improvement Society Silver Medals, and over £1,000 in prize money. It may be of interest to add that he has been hunted with the Old Berkeley Hounds by his owner (Mrs. Stanley Barratt), and was jumped with the Old Berkeley Hunt team which was second at Olympia this year. Yours faithfully,

London. HORSE-LOVER.



VIVIPAROUS GRASS

SIR,—You may be interested in the following unusual phenomenon of vivipary in grasses.

Vivipary is a term applied in the animal world to the birth of living young, and in the plant world to the replacement of seeds by green shoots or their equivalent. One of the most commonly viviparous plants is the onion, which regularly has numbers of small bulbs in its flower head.

In grasses the phenomenon is much rarer, and has formerly occurred only in two grasses that grow in cool, moist upland situations. More recently it has been found to occur in lowland areas on grasses such as cocksfoot (as the illustration shows), and on crested dogstail. The other grass at the right of the illustration is perennial rye grass, which shows tufts of side shoots that appear on flower stalks when mowing has cut off the flowers and left a long stubble. This type of growth is not strictly viviparous since the green shoots do not replace seeds, but it serves exactly the same purpose, reproduction by self-rooting offshoots, if the autumn is wet enough to allow those tufts that fall over to root. A similar type of growth which is common this wet autumn can be produced by other grasses if their flower heads only are removed. Yours faithfully,

A. POWELL JONES.

Department of Agriculture,
The University, Leeds.

ADDER SWALLOWING YOUNG

SIR,—I am enclosing in this parcel an adder for your examination, also several young.

I am afraid this will again raise the old argument, as the snake in question was killed when running away into a hole, and having an unusual bulge in the stomach was opened up afterwards, six young ones were found inside alive.

I should be very interested to hear your opinion as to whether these young adders were swallowed or unborn at the time.

Yours faithfully,

Marchbank, P. L. HOPE JOHNSTONE.
Beattock, Dumfriesshire.

[We forwarded the snake to Dr. Burgess Barnett, Curator of Reptiles at the London Zoological Society, who replies as follows: "I have examined the adder and young that you sent me. It was a female 1ft. 9in. in length. An incision had been made lengthwise in the lower part of the belly from 7in. to 2¾in. from the tail tip. From an incision in this position it would have been impossible to remove anything from the stomach. Protruding from the incision were two undeveloped ova. From the incision I removed the tail of an embryo from which the body had evidently been cut off.

"I then exposed the stomach and found it empty and without any incision in it. It is clear from this that the young were not cut out of the stomach but out of the oviducts. The five young had no adherent yolk sacs, but still showed the umbilicus-like spots by which these had been attached. They were the same length as other newly-born adders that I have in spirit.

"I have no doubt that the mother was killed during the process of giving birth. Probably most of the thirteen or so young had already been born. I have preserved the remains, with the stomach still unopened, lest there should be any further question about it."—ED.]

COLLIE AND HARE

SIR,—Two days ago I witnessed what I believed to be a unique incident. I noticed a collie and a hare sitting together in a field. When I approached them, the dog growled at me and seemed unwilling to leave the hare. When I had chased the dog away the hare got up and with difficulty made off across the field, having at some time or other been shot in the front legs. As I was returning to my car I noticed with interest that the hare stopped and that the dog again took up its position as guardian over the hare. The hare showed no sign of fear and the dog made no effort to worry it.

Yours faithfully,

5, Clarendon Crescent, Edinburgh. A. J. ALDRIDGE.

TWO HOURS' "MIXED BAG"

SIR,—On October 5th, between 3.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m., in company with one friend and an Irish setter, on a muiredge farm of 200 acres situated in the Parish of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, I had rather a mixed bag, consisting of grouse, black-cock, pheasant, partridges, woodcock, wood-pigeon, snipe, hares and rabbits. Although the weather has been so mild I was rather surprised to see the woodcock, although I have seen their nests here. Yours faithfully,

Lesmahagow. K. A. S.

GIANT TAILED WASPS

SIR,—I see that in reply to O. H. C. in a recent issue under the heading of "A Dangerous Looking Insect," *Sirex gigas* is referred to as a giant tailed wasp. As the insect is in no sense a wasp and has not a tail, is it not time that this absurd description (which some people, no doubt, imagine to be its popular name) should be abandoned, and the more sensible name of giant sawfly adopted instead? To speak of it as a wasp when it isn't one is misleading. In this particular case the description is particularly objectionable because the uninitiated are led to believe that it *is* a wasp, it *is* tailed and it *is* a giant. The only giant wasp we have is the hornet. Giant-tailed wasp or giant tailed-wasp would have been slightly better. Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

UNUSUAL GROWTH OF COCKSFOOT AND RYE GRASS
(See Letter "Viviparous Grass")

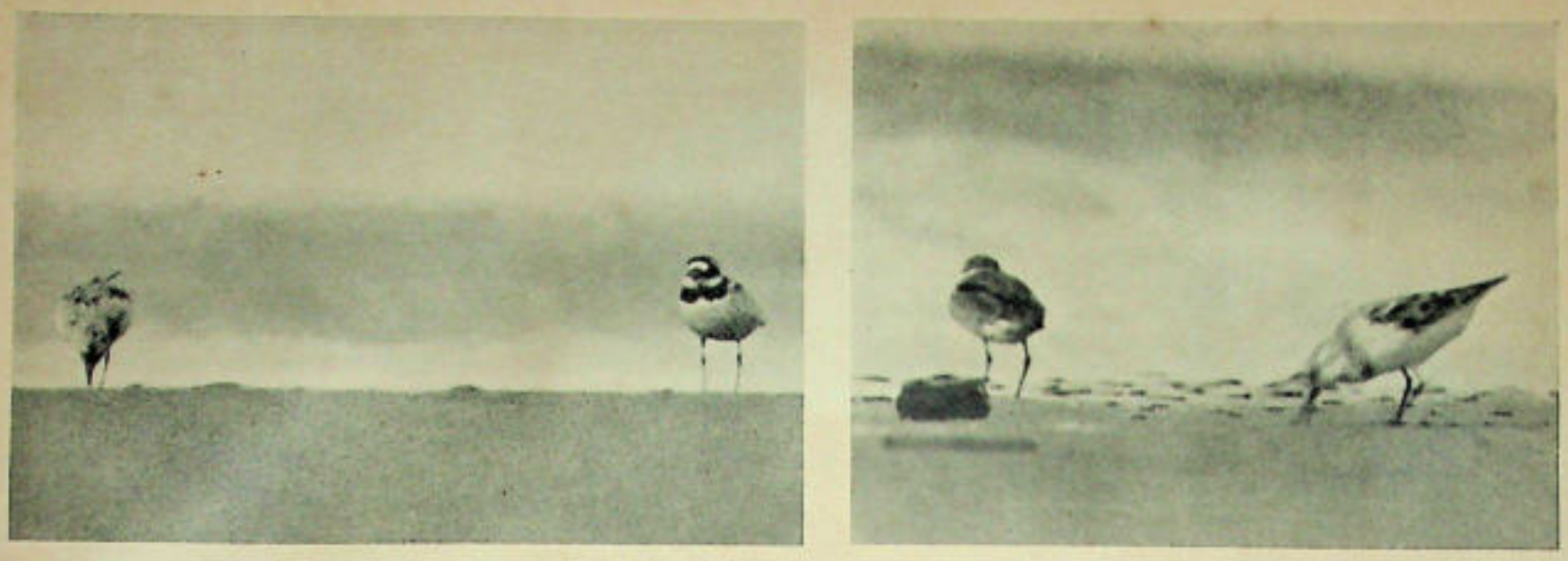
PIKE TAKING FLY

SIR,—Some years ago, I was fishing in the Colne in Gloucestershire, and on two occasions I hooked and landed pike on the mayfly.

The second time this happened to me my host was watching me casting, and saw the result, much to his pleasure. The fly was taken close to a bed of reeds in a runnel, and I felt that the fish was not a trout; it kept on tugging at the line, just as an eel behaves when hooked, a most unpleasant feeling.

Eventually we landed a 3¼lb. jack. You may be sure he did not return to the haunts of the trout, which went up to 3lb. and 4lb. in that particular stretch. Yours faithfully,

Silchester Rectory, Reading, Berks. HENRY T. ADAMS.



ILLUSTRATING THE "BILL-PUSHING" METHOD OF THE SANDERLING (ON THE OUTSIDE IN EACH PICTURE). THE OTHER BIRD IS A RINGED PLOVER
(See Letter "How the Sanderling Feeds")

HOW THE SANDERLING FEEDS

SIR,—One August afternoon I took my camera with me to explore a large sandy beach at Penbryn on the Cardigan coast, in the hope of finding some migrant waders that I could photograph. The beach was less of a bird-haunt than I had expected: in fact, the only birds on the long stretch of sand were one sanderling and one ringed plover, which were feeding together along the water's edge.

With the help of suitable camouflage and a judicious "beater," I was able to bring the two birds within range of my camera, and also to watch them at close quarters. The ringed-plover behaved normally, ran a little way and then bobbed daintily to pick up his food: but the sanderling was feeding in a most curious manner. He was running quickly along, pushing his bill in front of him through the sand like a miniature gouge, keeping its tip just buried and the two mandibles slightly apart. In this way he continued for 2ft. or 3ft., until it seemed that he came into contact with some buried dainty, whereupon he stopped and, without lifting his bill from the sand, probed for it and seized it, or perhaps I should say swallowed it, for he never appeared to pull anything out of the sand.

I had never seen sanderling or any other wader feed by this "bill-pushing" method, and I tried

KILLED IN JUST UNDER AN HOUR
(See Letter "Mahseer from the Tigris")

for some time to photograph this bird at work. The results are unattractive as pictures, but they show the peculiar methods of the sanderling. In the broadside view the forward movement of the bird has caused blur, while its bill-tip is seen buried in the sand with the mandibles parted. In the full faced view, although the exposure was only one twenty-fifth of a second, there is no indication of an upward movement of the bird's head, such as would be visible if he was feeding normally; and once again he has his nose in the sand.

I had often watched sanderling running hither and thither and probing the wet sand, and had seen the tracks of their small feet punctuated with beak holes, so I went at once to inspect the tracks of this particular bird, and found what I might have expected, the footprints running this way and that, with every now and then a thin furrow grooved in the sand between them, ending abruptly in a small hole.

Birds use their bills in many strange ways, but this little habit of the sanderling struck me as original and worth placing on record.

Yours faithfully,
Cheltenham. J. B. BOWERS

MAHSEER FROM THE TIGRIS

SIR,—The enclosed snapshot may interest some of your readers who are keen on mahseer, or the Iraqi equivalent "biz," which are to be found in the deep pools of the two Zabs, the Diala and Khabur rivers—all tributaries of the Tigris. Although poisoning and bombing is illegal, the practice still continues except in the upper reaches of these rivers, where the distance from market is too great to make it commercially worth while.

Both this and another fish were killed on mahseer spoons on September 8th, 1935, at the Garao Gorge on the Lesser Zab. The smaller fish, after a 40 minute tussle, was beached by Mr. Fowle, of the Iraq Petroleum Company, and weighed 68lb. The one illustrated, killed by myself in just under an hour, weighed 120lb.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. LYONS
Kirkuk, Iraq. (Major, I.A., retd.)

INTELLIGENCE OF THE STOAT

SIR,—We often hear about the cunning and clever actions of both weasels and stoats in their endeavour to secure their prey, but I think the following particulars are especially interesting as an example of what can only be attributed to reasoning intelligence.

My friend, Mr. C. H. Bouck, writing from Aberdeenshire, states: "I saw a most interesting thing with a stoat and two redshanks. The latter were walking about in about 3in. of water and the stoat spotted them from the bank. It commenced to roll and tumble about and got their attraction, then it did a cart-wheel roll into the water down a sloping bank about 4yds. from the birds and swam towards them with only its head showing; they moved away and immediately it swam *away* from them, and they started to follow it. It led them to an old upturned bucket on its wide end in the water, and stopped behind the bucket and took a peep from the side, they were just too far off, and the stoat then made a fatal error, for it jumped on the top of the bucket and slid off towards them, when they left with shrieks of alarm. Had it kept behind the bucket I feel sure the redshanks would have come near enough to spring on."

Yours faithfully,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

"RAINING" FISH

SIR,—On my glass tomato house there is a small galvanised iron water tank, approximately 3ft. square and 2ft. 6in. deep, for the purpose of catching the rain water. Imagine my surprise when my gardener asked me whether I had noticed the small fish in the tank.

The water being perfectly clear we counted four small fish, approximately 1in. long. The spawn must have been carried by birds some considerable distance, as the nearest pond or dyke to my residence is quite one mile, as the surrounding countryside is heather and gorse.

I shall have the fish fed and every care taken to preserve them, and will let you know the species later. Yours faithfully,
The Stone House, H. BARLOW.
Aldringham, Suffolk.

PARTRIDGES NEAR LONDON

SIR,—Walking across Richmond Park on Oct. 5th, on the hill above Penn Ponds, I put up a covey of partridges which flew a short distance and settled again in the bracken. I should say there were at least six brace of birds.

A few weeks before on the Mid-Surrey Golf Course, near the Kew Gardens side and by the river, I put up an even larger covey. Is it likely that they were the same birds? Yours faithfully,
Mid-Surrey Golf Club, W. H. LEGGE.
Richmond.

HATCH MANSFIELD
& CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King
23 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

* * *

Special Bottlings of
SANDEMAN
VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919*	120/-	Per dozen delivered
VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922*	90/-	
VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929*	60/-	

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

JUST ARRIVED AT THE LONDON ZOO FROM JAPAN
(See Letter "Raccoon-like Dogs")

RACCOON-LIKE DOGS

SIR,—An important addition to the collection at the Zoological Gardens consists of a pair of Japanese raccoon dogs, known to science as *Nyctereutes procyonides*.

There seems little doubt that this is a true dog which might, in fact, be mistaken for some new fancy breed of lap-dog, for it is a most attractive little animal, though its natural shyness would probably render it unsuitable as a pet. The two now in the Gardens were actually bred, early in the past summer, at the Regis Silver Fox Farm at Sheringham, and are still quite young. They are about the size of rabbits though they will probably grow somewhat larger. They have thick, bushy coats, yellowish black in colour, short bushy tails, sharp pointed black muzzles, small rounded ears and short black legs.

The raccoon dog inhabits Japan, China and Amurland and is said to be nocturnal in its habits, living during the summer months on the wooded hill-sides and descending to the valleys during the winter. Its food consists of fish, mice and fruit, and the Japanese are said to value it both for its fur and as an article of diet. The first specimen of its kind to be exhibited in the Zoological Gardens was purchased in 1874, and formed the subject of a coloured plate, published in the Society's *Proceedings* for that year. A second example was received in 1876, from China, which fortunately proved to be of the opposite sex, and in the following year a litter of seven puppies were born.

Yours faithfully,
Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, N.W. DAVID SETH-SMITH.

SALMON RIVERS OFFERED

Some of the best available waters in
NORWAY & ICELAND

NORWAY

River **Laerdal.** A beat on about 2kms., suitable to two rods, all bank casting, no boats, no harling. Nine pools, both banks on five pools, and one bank on the remaining four pools.
Season—15th July to 14th September. Best month.—August.
Good accommodation one kilometre above the beat. Records and full details available, and other selected beats in NORWAY.

ICELAND

About 20 kms. of water, fishing from both banks, and wadeable almost everywhere. Suitable to three rods.
Season—June, July and August. Best months from 1st July to mid-August.
Main run of salmon at the end of June and of sea trout during July. Two rods 1935 had 138 fish in 14 days. Comfortable accommodation in a bungalow situated near the best part of the river. Records and full details available.

Make your requirements known to:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Whitehall 9797
Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Late House Martins.—On October 13th I saw some house martins feeding their young in a nest on a nearby cottage. Surely this is most unusually late even in the south of England?—Miss E. PARKINSON, New Milton, Hants.

Partridges in Collision.—Whilst partridge driving in Norfolk on Friday, October 4th, a single partridge flying down the line collided with another single partridge flying towards the guns, and as the result of the collision both birds fell dead. —H. N. HUME, Portman Court, W. 1.

Large Tortoiseshell Butterflies.—In your issue of September 21st, a correspondent records a large tortoiseshell butterfly from Winchester. He suggests that it is rarely seen in England now, so it may be of interest to record that I had a very good view of one at Brockenhurst, New Forest, on May 5th this year.—EDWIN COHEN, Brinlea, Hill Top, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

HUNT TABLE CORRECTIONS

The Garth.—The Garth caps have been reduced from £3 to £2 on Mondays and Fridays, and from £1 10s. to £1 on Wednesdays and Saturdays or other days.

North Cotswold.—A. Welch is second whipper-in to these hounds, S. Hardiman having gone to the Bedale as first whipper-in.

Bedale.—Both the Master and Sam Kilbourn hunt hounds, each taking two days a week.

Seavington.—Mr. B. K. Ronald is Master of these hounds, as stated in the table, and not Acting Master, as given in the "Prospects and Changes."

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are anxious to raise 5/- weekly for a journalist's widow, who is struggling to live on £44 per annum. After her husband's death she worked as an assistant taxidermist, but ill health forced her to give this up. She lives alone in one room—her only outings are to the Tuberculosis Hospital, where she is under constant treatment. In eighteen months' time she will be eligible for the Old Age Pension, but meanwhile she is on the verge of starvation. The Friends of the Poor appeal for £13 to provide her with a good fire and light food. Donations will be acknowledged gratefully by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

IN THE CITY

AT HIGH YIELD

THE 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares of 10/- each of Morgan Squire & Co. (1929), Ltd., can be bought at the time of writing at 10/10½d. to yield £7 3s. 6d. after allowing for the expenses of purchase. They appear to merit the attention of investors who wish to place a moderate amount of money in a security offering a very high rate of income return and who have no objection to holding shares which do not often enjoy a ready market.

Morgan Squire & Co. (1929) was registered in 1929 to acquire from a company of the same name the business of drapers, outfitters, house furnishers, etc., known as "Leicester's London Store" (originally founded in 1831) in Leicester. The main premises, which have large window and display frontages, are freehold and were partly rebuilt in 1908, extensions being made in 1920 and 1926. A working agreement was entered into with Messrs. Swears & Wells, Ltd., who hold 100,000, or one-third of the total 5/- ordinary shares in issue, and who have agreed to subscribe for 100,000 additional ordinary shares at par as and when required.

The company has no debenture stock outstanding, though mortgages and loans at the beginning of last February totalled £81,500. The issued capital consists of £100,000 in 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares of 10/- each and £75,000 in 5/- ordinary shares. Profits since the company's incorporation have been as under:

Year to Jan. 31.	Trading Profit.	Earned for Dividends.	Preference Dividend Required.	Times covered.
1930	£27,385	£20,305	£8,000	2.5
1931	21,917	13,779	8,000	1.7
1932	19,956	12,396	8,000	1.5
1933	19,470	9,796	8,000	1.2
1934	24,255	14,081	8,000	1.7
1935	23,414	14,166	8,000	1.8

It is to be noted that dividend requirements on the preference shares, which are payable on March and September 1st, have always been covered even during the bad trading conditions existing during the depression. The company's sales should now be showing distinct improvement (the number of unemployed in Leicester is now the lowest for five years past), and the fact that profits last year showed a slight increase was due to a poor season in certain fashion departments and to the extremely mild weather last winter. The management has followed a conservative financial policy as is indicated by the fact that out of a total sum of £37,291 earned for dividends on the ordinary share capital during the last six years only £14,656 has been distributed.

Taking into consideration the company's relatively consistent earnings record and the gradual improvement which has been taking place in retail trade for the last year or more, the preference shares of Morgan Squire do not appear to involve as great a risk as is usually inherent in a security yielding over 7 per cent.

"CANPACS"

A fortnight ago attention was drawn to the 4 per cent. debenture stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway, then obtainable at about £82, and the opinion was expressed that the stock should prove an attractive investment to yield rather more than 4½ per cent. It is now desired to point out to holders of the ordinary shares of $25 par value that the present bid price of about $9½ London is equivalent to 38 per cent. of the nominal value of the shares, whereas the 4 per cent. non-cumulative preference stock can now be bought at 35. The preference stock appears to be considerably cheaper than the ordinary shares.

In the last three years the revenues of the Canadian Pacific have been unsatisfactory, and there has been only a small balance remaining after meeting interest and other charges. Consequently dividend payments on the preference stock have been omitted since October, 1932, and it is unlikely that any payment will be forthcoming in respect of the current year. However, although the preference stock is non-cumulative it is, of course, entitled to dividend payments at the rate of 4 per cent. before any distribution can be made on the ordinary shares. In other words, it is the preference stockholders who will benefit first from a recovery in the railway's revenues and a very substantial improvement must take place before funds will be available for a resumption of dividends on the ordinary shares. Under present conditions the preference stock must be regarded as speculative, though it is perhaps as good a medium as any for participating in the eventual recovery and economic progress of the Dominion, since traffics over the 17,000 miles of line operated by the Canadian Pacific are bound to reflect the activity in all phases of Canadian trade. For holders of the company's ordinary shares it seems that an exchange into the preference stock based on present price levels should prove well worth the making.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

FUR, FEATHER AND FIN

Farming in Rhodesia — Romance of a Salmon

HERE is a Lonsdale Library newcomer, and it seems to be of an original nature. I cannot, that is to say, remember a book in any similar sporting sequence, or indeed at all, whose purpose is that of *Game Birds, Beasts and Fishes*, which Eric Parker has written for "the Lonsdale." This present number has as motive "natural history for Sportsmen," and "Sportsmen" I take to mean, in this context, young people (old, too, perhaps, but chiefly, I think, young) who are taking to shooting and to fishing. To hunting, also, since the fox is here, as so is a short but charming account of how a cub was once restored to the bosom of its family. The book's name is slightly misleading, though I admit that I could not better the christening without an impossible clumsiness of detail. For Mr. Parker does not at all confine himself to either "game" birds or "game" fishes. So his title ought to have been "Birds, Beasts, and the more usual Fish which a Sportsman-Naturalist may expect to come in contact with by Moor and Manor, by River and by Rocky Shore." But no author would venture to suggest a title of *this* sort to his publishers. So "game birds" includes, along with the pheasant (introduced into Britain not by Julius Cæsar but by the Romans of the occupation) and the partridge, herons, crows, gulls and owls. Also ducks and waders, and all the accipires, including the osprey and the sea-eagle, both of whom, Mr. Parker says, still breed in Scotland. And this I learn gladly, for I had thought that the last fifty years had stamped out, as resident species, both these rare and beautiful birds. Indeed, Mr. Thorburn (in 1915) implies that the osprey is extinct (even at Loch Arkaig), and that the last sea-eagle is "one very old female who still haunts the nesting-place (in Shetland), but was last seen flying out to sea, mobbed by carrion crows." Fur, I find, includes not only the common ground-game but the red deer and the great grey persecuted seal. Also the wild cat, the otter, the badger, the hedgehog and all the *mustelinæ*. The information on each is pertinent, and its academy is combined with the charm of words and the turn of a phrase. For instance, the author tells us, truly, that to speak of an "imperial" stag is anathema in the Forest and ought to be elsewhere. A *pint*, says Mr. Parker, may be *imperial*, but a fourteen-pointer is, for ever, a fourteen-pointer.

And again we hear of the little packs of "Dandy Dogs," of the little fairy hounds who, by moonlight, hunt the West Country hares. (It is open to us, of course, to believe that the "Dandy Dogs" are weasels, if we prosaically prefer to.) The chapter on the red grouse is particularly interesting. Mr. Parker gives us an outsize weight for grouse—2lb. 8oz.—this being, he says, a Co. Kerry heavy-weight bird. But my *Rural Almanac* beats this hollow with a Co. Londonderry grouse, who pulled the scales down at 4lb. 3oz. (whirroo!). And the *Almanac* is careful as to weights, for it quotes (as does Mr. Parker) Lady Peyton's 27oz. woodcock, but adds that "there must have been a mistake." And so Mr. Parker's delightful book goes on its long way (too long for many quotations, alas!), with knowledges manifold and much countryman incident. And, at length, we come to the fishes. And here I would like to know why Mr. Parker, who mentions the lovely perch alongside the salmon and the trout, omits that most stubborn fighter, the barbel, and that most capricious of all angling trophies, the carp? And why, when he tells the beginner how he shall know a sea-trout from a salmon, does our author omit (perhaps because this way is not trustworthy) what I have always believed to be the infallible and unforgettable sign of the sea-trout—the backward-pointing, peaked gill-cover which compares with the salmon's rounded one?

Mr. Parker mentions Lord Home's big Tweed salmon of 69½lb. He gives the date of capture as 1730 and labels the fish "legendary." I wonder if this is so? I had believed this noble salmon to have fought and died in 1830. Mr. Calderwood writes that he has seen a letter "on this great example" written "by Lord Dunglass's great-grandfather" (the captor?) in 1835. It would be interesting to have access to this letter for, alas! Mr. Calderwood does not quote it. If Lord Home's fish is authentic, my lord ungallantly gives Miss Bannatyne and her Tay 64-pounder 6lb. and a beating. I think, moreover, that the Tay fish was taken by harling, whereas Lord Home's was casting-caught on fly—thus nothing seems wanting in a Tweed triumph which somehow deserves to endure as Britain's biggest "rod" salmon, above any harling-hooked fish.

This book is a most attractive possession and one which every young country person should surely get; does he or she want to see the jewelled wheels go round in hedgerow and plantation, by hill, by stream, and by foreshore. And I can imagine, moreover, nothing better than are the numerous photographs which help to the author's good end. P. R. C.

Game Birds, Beasts and Fishes. By Eric Parker. (Seeley Service & Co.; 15/-.)

IN THE SCOTS PINE: SPARROWHAWK AND YOUNG
Game Birds, Beasts and Fishes (Seeley Service)

TAMING THE WILDERNESS

THIS is the plain, unvarnished tale of a settler's life in the early days of Southern Rhodesia. Not exactly in the dawn of European settlement, for the railway had already reached Eldorado, but sufficiently long ago to warrant the term "pioneer" as applicable to a man who went forth to carve for himself a home in the wilderness.

Doubtless the author's quest for a permanent abiding-place was made easier by the fact that he was fairly familiar with the country lying north of Sinoia, between Salisbury and the Zambesi, for he had hunted there long before. Even so, the selection of a home site many miles removed from one's nearest white neighbour is no easy task, as those of us who have essayed it are well aware. Soil, drainage, water and transport are not the least of the many considerations involved. How the choice was made and the many difficulties overcome are told in this book in a delightful manner.

If one may judge by the photograph of his homestead, the author has succeeded more than ordinarily in all his endeavours. Certainly his recorded experiences of building, fencing, cattle-breeding and maize-growing are literally true to life; the chapter dealing with the trials of a Rhodesian tobacco-grower is worth many hand-books; the Coming of the Rains is an epic of insectiverous happenings.

Cold weather sport is not neglected, although no claims of wondrous bags or trophies are made. Casually only, the author dwells upon the herds of eland, impala and other game running on his estate; his infrequent hunting and the protected liberty they all enjoy. His impressions of the Zambesi Valley make me wonder if bush-buck still infest the tsetse-free island of Passuri, hard by the river and forest of Sapi, as once they did.

Summing up the changed conditions of to-day, Mr. Robertson is moved to record that "Inexorably everything changes; there is no standing still in this world. The native is losing his pristine freshness and cheeriness . . . the canker that creeps outwards from the townships and big mines . . . is turning him from an interesting savage to a 'detribalized nigger.' The old friendly relationship between rancher and native is merging into soulless contact." But Rhodesia is not alone in this respect.

Finally, a warning. Although the potential settler will have "the air and the warmth and the sun, the pearly dawns and crimson eves and azure middays that no economic conditions can destroy"—without capital he has little else to expect.

H. N.

Rhodesian Rancher. By Wilfred Robertson. (Blackie; 5/-.)

ROMANCE OF A SALMON

MANY readers will remember Mr. Williamson's *Tarka the Otter*. Though the publisher's announcement that it "took the world by storm" may be an over-enthusiastic estimate, it certainly found a public very willing to be pleasurably intrigued by that intensive and romantic study of an otter's life. Mr. Williamson's new book tells the story of a salmon from one of the largest West-coast rivers "hatched in one of its many headwaters breaking out of the slopes of Snowden mountain," from the time when a spring tide carries it across the "Island Race" till it dies, an exhausted kelt, some eleven months later.

Any creator of the imaginative dealing with so well-known and at the same time so mysterious a fish as a salmon has many shoals to avoid and it is odds that the knowledgeable salmon fisher will wonder how grilse and spring fish happened to be coming into a river together before the netting season started, and will also purse his lips at a "cruising speed of 100 miles per day" (though in reality it is not impossible); still more perhaps at the suggestion of salmon from the Tay having so far lost their way as to enter a West-coast estuary. But apart from such minor technicalities Mr. Williamson has done his work extraordinarily well.

All the vicissitudes of a salmon's life are introduced with a knowledge and sympathy which make most attractive reading. The attacks of seals and porpoises, of elvers and lampreys, of illegal netsman and the up-river poacher with his gaff come in, each in their turn, during the perilous ascent of Salar to the headwaters where he was born, the final goal of his instinctive ambition. And the life of the river and its inhabitants, its fears and its moments of exhilaration are introduced with the touch of a true artist.

To the nature lover who as yet knows little of the mysterious underwater world this book will be a revelation. H. D. T.

Salar the Salmon. By Henry Williamson. (Faber & Faber; 7/6 net.)

New Books

A KING AND A NATURE LOVER

To Australia in a Windjammer

THE ties which unite the Royal Houses of Belgium and Britain are dynastic as well as constitutional. Leopold, first King of the Belgians, was Queen Victoria's uncle as he also was the uncle of the Prince Consort. It was not for nothing that that cautious and most shrewd of monarchs left the shelter of Claremont and his £50,000 a year for the dubious possibilities of the Belgian throne. There is no doubt that many of his qualities were inherited by the Prince Consort, and also by Albert, lately King of the Belgians, though the last named had derived from his mother qualities of the heart which his predecessor never had. It is also significant that there is hardly a Royal house to-day including the Catholic Houses of Savoy and the Spanish Hapsburgs, who are not dynastically connected with the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

M. Emile Cammaerts, in his admirable English biography of King Albert, emphasises both these aspects, and he writes with evident appreciation of the ties that bind Britain to Belgium. It is very clear that he appreciates what we like to consider the English side of the character of that admired monarch. "The first King of the Belgians . . . certainly influenced Queen Victoria during the first part of her reign, and contributed to increase the popularity of the British Crown. A link can thus be established between the principles which determined the character of the two most successful modern dynasties." Indeed, throughout, as one reads of the King's great sense of duty, his simplicity and the perfection of his domestic life, one recalls King George V of England.

It was clear to King Leopold II, whose qualities of kingship have never been sufficiently appreciated in his country, and whose work M. Cammaerts does much to put in a sane perspective, that Germany meant war. His nephew had no doubt about it, and did all that he could to strengthen the Belgian armed forces. He was in a curious position as, under the Constitution, he was Commander-in-Chief in war. It was a good thing for Belgium that her King in 1914 was young, resolute, courageous. Unfortunately, she could put forward no pourparlers with France and Britain for joint action until Germany acted. When Lieutenant-Colonel Bridges, our military attaché, suggested that our military intervention might begin before the Belgian appeal for help, General Michel answered bluntly, "Nous vous recevrions à coups de canon."

Some mention must be made here of King Albert's great work for wild life: one regrets that M. Cammaerts could not deal with it at greater length. The *Parc Albert* owed its inception almost entirely to King Albert's own action and the extraordinary development that it made was largely due to his care. It is unfortunately a model that only South Africa has copied.

Albert II was a head and shoulders above the ordinary run of men. He had the ideal qualities to make him a successful monarch in a democratic state. He achieved much, and yet his greater achievements were in a realm where our finite minds have no standard of measure. R. M.

Albert of Belgium. By Emile Cammaerts. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson; 21/-.)

DAYS BEFORE THE MAST

IN this book Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the twenty-year-old son of Mrs. Clare Sheridan, describes his experiences as an apprentice in a Finnish four-mast barque employed in carrying grain between England and Australia. She was the Lawhill, one of the famous fleet of windjammers owned by Captain Erikson of Mariehamn, and the author joined her in London in October, 1933, returning with her some ten months later. He was the only Englishman in a mixed crew of Finns, Swedes, Germans and "Dagoes."

The title of the book—*Heavenly Hell*—aptly sums up the author's feelings; to him the sea and sailing ships are "heaven," but he found the life as near "hell" as maybe. Nevertheless, he parted from the Lawhill with real regret. His narrative is vivid and very well written, as one would expect from a member of his talented family, and it deserves to rank high among books of this kind. He is modest enough, yet one must greatly admire his courage, not only in performing dangerous and heartbreaking duties, but also in overcoming the opposition of the crew, who made a dead set at him because he was English.

With the best will in the world, however, one cannot recommend this book without reserve. First, ever since the world woke up to the fact that it was witnessing the last days of sail we have been fed steadily with books of this kind, some of them written by women. The leaders of this school are, it need hardly be said, Basil Lubbock and A. J. Villiers. Sail is an unconscionable time in dying, and these continuous "pro-obituary" notices are becoming a little wearisome. Secondly, for all his skill as a writer (which is remarkable), Mr. Sheridan cannot help communicating to the reader the tedium of the daily routine of a sailing ship. A good deal of his chronicle is, in fact, made up of small beer, and on one occasion he actually confesses his "sheer desperation at trying to find material with which to pad this chapter." This fault is, of course, common to all books of this kind, and though their authors may plead that they cannot be expected to make interesting something that is essentially dull, this is no consolation to the reader. Mr. Sheridan would have done well to have cut out the padding to which he confesses. However, his book is a fine specimen of its class. A. R. M.

Heavenly Hell. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. (Putnam; 10/6 net.)

UNDER THE JOLLY ROGER

ONLY in the nineteenth century (of blessed memory) did the piracy pass into temporary eclipse. A little irregularity in the Persian Gulf, an incident or two in the Far East, and even so the cry of the victims drowned by the hurrying spindles of the industrial revolution. To-day "bandit" is the most popular word on the evening paper posters and smuggling is once again a profitable performance, thanks to tariffs. Therefore, *Pirate Harbours and Their Secrets* comes at a time when the doings of former craftsmen are read with more than an academic interest. It will be read by our twentieth-century Capones, as John is influenced by Goya. Methods may be different, but art is always Art.

And, let me say it at once, Messrs. Basil Fuller and Ronald Leslie-Melville have written a very good book, too. Their theme is that while much is known of pirates, and much more surmised, nobody has bothered themselves with the secrets of their harbours. Their most interesting chapter is perhaps the first, a description of Libertatia the pirate Utopia in Madagascar. Or rather it is a very good opening burst which sets a pace which never flags. The story of this amazing State founded at the end of the seventeenth century by the well-known pirate Misson makes some of the most extraordinary reading I have ever come across. Here he founded a free community with parliament, laws, a flourishing capital, the beginnings of agricultural settlement, and, after the Sabine example, wives for the settlers. His idea was that it should be turned into an honest community; and this idea very nearly succeeded, though finally Misson's settlers were driven out by the Madagascans. From Madagascar we are taken to Sierra Leone, the haunt of those great pirates Davis and Roberts, to Hispaniola (how much more romantic than Haiti), to Lundy, to Tortuga, to "the Dead Man's Chest" near St. Thomas (Stevenson's Dead Man's Chest), to Falmouth and Mayo, to the impregnable forts of Severndroog, and into all manner of queer eastern harbours, such as the home of Rags at the beginning of the last century in Malay. An English traveller named it "the University of Pillage and Murder."

I found this book absorbing and thoroughly recommend it, especially for grown-ups who have sickened of 7/6 worth of Aphrodite, and boys who have got past "boys'" books. May there be many right-minded uncles this Christmas! R. M.

Pirate Havens and Their Secrets. By Basil Fuller and R. Leslie-Melville. (Stanley Paul; 18/-.)

THE BEST OPEN-AIR BOOK OF THE MONTH

Our choice for the best open-air book published during October is "Memories of Racing and Hunting," by the Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O. (Faber & Faber; 25/-).

LIFE IN THE SAHARA

IF some of the early pages of this volume savour a little of the guide-book, the reader should in no wise be deterred, for it very soon develops into a most readable account of life in the Algerian Sahara, where the author and his wife, finding in England too many restrictions and too little sun, settled in the oasis of Laghouat. Knowledge of one's subject is so often disregarded as a qualification for authorship that it is a pleasure to find that Mr. Kenny knows his so well—the country, its history, the language and character of its inhabitants and of their rulers also. On many popular beliefs about the Arab the book will provide a helpful corrective; on others, such as the Foreign Legion or the "sheik," a desirable astringent.

The author is one of a number of Europeans who have taken up—and dropped—sheep-breeding in the Sahara. For amusement or as a gamble it is all very well, but as a business proposition it has little to commend it. The unreliability of the indispensable Arab partner, sheep-stealing, and, above all, droughts make it a very hazardous occupation. Mr. Kenny compares British and French methods of Colonial administration, and decides in favour of the latter. One need not necessarily agree with him about "the British retreat from Egypt" or the "virtual surrender of the Indian Empire" to admire what France has achieved in Algeria and Morocco.

There are a number of good photographs and a sketch map which at least tells us where we are. Finally—a small point—pistachio trees do not exude a variety of gum arabic! W. B. K.-S.

In Highest Africa. By H. T. Kenny. (John Murray; 10/6.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Volume XXXXII of the *Indian Polo Calendar* is invaluable to all those who have played the game in India. This handy volume is published by the Station Press at Meerut.

Methuens have published a useful book in their Wayfarer series by S. J. Beckett entitled *A Wayfarer in Norway*, containing many lesser known facts about this country (price 7/6).

Captain G. D. Priest has issued through Messrs. Clowes (price 30/-) the third volume of his accurate and authoritative *Birds of Southern Rhodesia*, which takes its place with its fellows as a standard work on the subject.

In his book *Running* (H. F. and G. Witherby; 6/-), Arthur Newton, the well-known long distance runner gives his views on the whole art and practice of running and training. It is a book containing sound advice and common-sense principles that will help all athletes.

A. W. Thompson has written a book called *Sporting Honeymoon*, which Heath Cranton issue at 7/6. It is a pleasing picture of Irish life: the picture of the peasants, their dialogue and characterisation is excellent, and as it turns as much on shooting and fishing as on hunting it gives us a different side of Irish life to most of the sporting stories of Ireland. It is definitely a book to be read.

"THE FIELD"
HUNTING YEAR BOOK
AND
POINT-TO-POINT GUIDE
1935-1936

NEW FEATURES INCLUDE

POLO RECORD OF 1935
REPORTS AND RESULTS AT PRINCIPAL SHOWS
POINT-TO-POINT GUIDE OF 1935
LARGE DETACHABLE MAP
THUMB INDEX
DATES OF HUNT BALLS
REPORTS OF PUPPY SHOWS
DATES OF POINT-TO-POINTS
PIG-STICKING 1934-35

Price still remains at
10/6
Postage 6d.

FROM BOOKSELLERS EVERYWHERE, OR "THE FIELD," BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

"Lloyd George is best treated as an autumn fruiting variety"

The Country House

RASPBERRIES

The Most Useful of the "Small Fruits"

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

ALL things considered, raspberries are quite the most useful of the "small fruits," especially in gardens where labour is short. Further, the raspberry has been so improved during the last few years that it is now regarded as one of the best dessert fruits. Park Lane is generally acknowledged to be the best for dessert, the flavour being first-rate, but this variety is subject to "die-back," and many of the canes run to blind buds. The fruits are so large and luscious that they pack badly, and are consequently rarely on sale in shops.

In small gardens raspberries are, I think, especially valuable because they take comparatively little space compared to the currants, they require little labour, the fruit can be quickly picked, and unlike black currants requires no snipping off of "noses" and stalks. As those of us who had to do the job in our young days know, it takes the best part of two hours to pick, stalk and cut the "noses" off enough black currants for eight people, but enough raspberries, provided they are large ones, can be picked in a quarter of an hour for a dozen folk.

Raspberries are accommodating plants and will produce a fair crop in part shade, but in full sun they produce far better and bigger quantities of fruit. The rows should of course run north and south. Although raspberries are surface rooting, mere surface preparation of the soil is no use. The ground should be thoroughly broken up to a depth of 2ft., and on very poor soil either hop manure or very well-rotted animal manure worked into the surface soil. Leaf soil and wood ash are invaluable additions on heavy soils. The canes are best planted 2ft. apart and 6ft. between the rows. This space between the rows need not be wasted, as lettuces, spinach, etc., can be grown. Autumn is the best time for planting.

Raspberries are frequently planted too deep by amateur gardeners. The whitish buds on the top roots should never be more than 2in. to 3in. below the surface soil. If too deeply buried, no canes are produced the first year. Each newly-planted cane has to be pruned, for if allowed to fruit the first year the plants would be weakened because all the strength would be taken away from the new growths. Most growers nowadays cut new canes back only 2ft., and then in early spring cut them back to a good healthy bud within a foot of the ground. The old-fashioned, careless method consisted of cutting to within 6in. of the ground at the time of planting.

The pruning of summer-fruiting raspberries should be done as soon as the crop is gathered. If the canes that have borne fruit are left till autumn, they deprive the young canes of light and air, to say nothing of harbouring pests. Only five or six canes should be left to each plant. Small growths are useless. Some varieties produce new canes a little way out, and it is best to remove these, as they only spoil the row. The topping of the canes is done in March, but one of the most successful amateur growers I know never allows his raspberries to be topped. He asserts that not only does it spoil the beauty of the canes, but does not increase the quantity of fruit. The tying-up to the wire supports has to be carefully done. Pruning of autumn-fruiting varieties is done in February, when every cane is cut to the ground. The fruit in autumn is produced on the current year's growth. In spring or early summer these new growths have to be thinned, leaving six canes to each clump. Autumn-fruiting varieties have to be well supported by tying to wires or central poles, because on these autumn-fruiting varieties the fruit is borne on the tops of the canes, making them top-heavy, and unless supported they are weighed down and the fruit spoils with splashes of earth. Summer-fruiting varieties produce fruit all up the canes.

Lloyd George is usually listed as a perpetual-bearing variety, but if allowed to bear fruit so continuously the results are usually anything but satisfactory as the plants cannot stand the strain. It seems to do best treated as an autumn-fruiting variety—*i.e.*, cutting down all the shoots in February. The latest summer-fruiting variety is Norfolk Giant. It produces enormous crops, but the fruit is rather acid. The largest raspberry is Royal (very good for dessert) and the earliest is Red Cross (very prolific and good-sized berries). Yellow raspberries are not to everyone's liking. I for one never think the flavour is up to the red kinds, but they look attractive. Yellow Antwerp is still one of the best. In Victorian times a white variety of the last-mentioned was known.

Raspberry vinegar, the genuine home-made stuff, is excellent, both as a summer drink and particularly in winter for colds. The best is made by using white wine vinegar, pouring a quart on to a pound of fruit. The next day pour the strained liquor on to another pound of the fruit. Strain again but do not press. Finally, pour through fine, clean muslin. To every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar and put into a stone jar, which should be stood in a saucepan of boiling water; or put into a lined pan and simmer till all scum has been removed. Bottle when cold. Raspberry vinegar made with malt vinegar is darker, but very poor in quality compared to that made with white wine vinegar. I make mine such a thick syrup that a teaspoonful flavours a glass of water strongly for a summer drink, and a teaspoonful of this syrup taken neat at intervals has a magical effect on coughs and colds.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT YESTER

THE Gamekeepers' National Association held their 21st Field Trials for Retrievers at Yester, Gifford, East Lothian, on October 25th and 26th, by kind permission of the most Hon. the Marquess of Tweeddale. The judges were Captain W. S. Medlicott, Mr. K. S. Dobie and Mr. J. Thomson. Awards were as follows:

THE CASTLE MILK STAKE was held on October 25th. There was no water test. Scent was good, and the standard of work excellent. The dogs were tried mostly in roots, the guns walking in line; but there was also some very testing thick heather and scrub, with woodcock, partridge, pheasants and abundance of ground game, and a partridge drive yielding plenty to pick in roots.

Six dogs stood out above the rest and these made few mistakes. The winner, Mr. W. M. M'Call's Lab. d. St. Mary's Jock, got a very good running partridge and wiped the eye of Hoggsbridge Betty and Braeroy Roy, in addition to all his other excellent work, and he proved himself definitely the best shooting dog in the stake. Mr. J. MacDonald's Lab. d Tullymurdoch Spanker was second; her "go-out" and "return" are very quick and her pick-up exceptionally so and delivery perfect. She hunts with beautiful style and is very biddable and placeable under much temptation. She wiped the eye of Braeroy Nan. In all her work she reminded one of her good mother, Kinpurnie Kate. Mr. J. Coupland's Lab. b Ingleston Nora, Mr. D. Mackay's Lab. b Hoggsbridge Betty and the same owner's Lab. d Haystoun Berkie, respectively third, fourth and reserve, all did well and were difficult to separate. Hoggsbridge Betty went down because she failed on an easy one which was picked by the winner, and Haystoun Berkie because he was not quite placeable and had one short lapse, dwelling too much on a live rabbit, unshot at, when he should have gathered a very easy rabbit close in. C. of m. went to Mr. A. E. Dawson's yellow Lab. d Ready Money and Mr. H. M'Ginn's Lab. b Golden Eye.

THE NATIONAL STAKE.—All dogs passed the water test gathering ducks shot into the lake. The work was not as good as on the previous day and scent appeared to be bad, both on runners and dead game. The work was walking in roots and grasses and one drive. Mr. S. R. Phillip's Lab. d Pete of Bannside was first; he beat others on a dead pheasant some way out in the grass, over a fence, finding it at once. He found all his game without waste of time and is a very good marker and a very finished shooting dog, with pace and drive. Mr. J. Eccles' Hankston Bob was second, an interbred Golden, withstood great temptation on hares when out seeking a partridge and went on with his work perseveringly; he is quick and obedient and can be put where required. Captain F. G. Byng Stephens's Lab. b Blackhamhleton Minnow was third. A little inclined to hunt out and flush, but did little harm in this respect; not quite easy to "place" at the right spot, but a very useful bitch, and found well at once a difficult partridge in bracken 50yds. down a steep bank on which others had failed. Captain J. Steel's Lab. d Rotchell Jaunt was fourth; a very keen bold dog, not absolutely obedient to whistle; has tremendous drive, and is certainly a very useful shooting dog. The Marchioness of Tweeddale's Golden, d Yester Beam was reserve; a very nice shooting dog, quite steady, but is inclined to dwell on rabbits, if any about, in preference to picking his bird; a quick, obedient hunter with good delivery. C. of m. went to Mr. J. H. Hulme's Lab. d Withington Kim and Mrs. Arthur Wormald's yellow Lab. F.T. Ch. Knaith Brook.

AT PRESTONHALL FORD

IN dry but boisterous weather, which made conditions very difficult for the dogs, the Scottish Gun Dog Association held their eighth retriever trials at Prestonhall Ford, Midlothian, by kind permission of Major Callander, on October 18th and 19th. Game was plentiful, but partridges were very wild. The judges were Major Callander and Messrs. P. Barrett and R. Anderton. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Eccles's Interbred d. Haulston Bob; 2nd, Mr D. M'Donald's Lab. b. Lile Fanny Aitkins; 3rd, Mr. David Black's Lab. d. Balmuto Hawildo. Res., Captain Hodges' Lab. d. F.T. Ch. Glennavel Jock. Certificates of merit were awarded to Major Houstoun's Lab. d. Jem of Listruthen, Mrs. Macpherson's b. Braeroy Rudy, Mr. H. Wentworth Smith's G.R. d. Abbots Welcome, and the Hon. J. A. Joicey's Lab. d. Franco of Flodden.

STAKE No. 2 (confined to A.V. retriever that has not won a 1st or 2nd prize at any recognised field trial prior to September 28th, 1935).—1st, Mr. David Black's Lab. d. Balmuto Hewildo; 2nd, Mrs. Macpherson's d. Braeroy Rab; 3rd, Mrs. Chambre's Lab. d. Thundercloud. Res. went to Mrs. A. Gilroy's Yellow Lab. b. Zelstone Flash, and certificates of merit to Mr. Jas. Frew's G.R. b. Fruchan of Werf, Miss I. M. Woodward's Lab. b. Jean of Dalnaspidal, and Mr. Hector White's Yellow Lab. b. Braeroy Nan.

SPECIAL STAKE No. 3 (confined to owners, handlers and dogs which have never won a money prize at a recognised field trial up to time of entries closing for this meeting).—1st, Dr. T. R. Wilshaw's G.R. d. Garry of Aldgrove; 2nd, Mrs. Chambre's Storm; 3rd, Miss Woodward's Jean of Dalnaspidal. Res. to Jas. Frew's G.R. b. Fruchan of Werf.

A silver trophy, offered by Mr. R. B. Tennent for the championship of this meeting was awarded to Mrs. Eccles, who won for the second year in succession with the same dog.

AT HATFIELD

BY kind permission of Viscount Cranborne, the L.G.L. Retriever Society held their 30th Working Trials (Nomination Stake) at Hatfield, Herts, on October 22nd and 23rd. The judges were: Lieutenant-Colonel C. Heseltine, Captain J. Steel and Major J. Wormald.

On the 22nd, except for one walk in roots, the work was all driving with birds falling mostly in grass. There appeared to be hardly any scent, and whether it was due to this fact or not, the work was not such as might be expected in this stake. On the 23rd, the morning was spent in rough ground and rushes on the banks of the river. This provided some excellent tests, and in the afternoon there were two stands in a wood, the pheasants falling into thick brambles.

The winner was Mr. R. G. Heaton's Lab. d. Gaya Don. He failed to gather a teal, otherwise did all that was asked of him in good style. He has a good nose and plenty of dash, but is never out of hand, and was very bold in the brambles.

Lord Effingham's Yellow Lab. d. Ming was second, and there was very little between him and the winner. On one occasion he would not hunt out far enough from the river, and except for that did all he was asked to do well.

Major J. A. Despencer-Robertson's Lab. b. Quest of Wilbury was third. She also showed consistently good form but had not the same drive in brambles as first and second. Fourth was Mr. R. Corbet's Lab. d. Adderley Boy. He has the faults of youth but a good nose. On three or four occasions he found birds on which other dogs had failed, and with experience should make a good retriever.

Reserve and certificate of merit went to Messrs. Clouston and Ruffell's Lab. b. Northdyke Kirtsie, another very consistent worker, but she failed in the brambles.

Dr. T. W. Stanton's Yellow Lab. Folkingham Sand won the East Bergholt Cup as the best puppy, and also received a certificate of merit—a nice handy dog.

Certificates of merit: Colonel P. K. Wise's Yellow Lab. b. Raithburn Judy; Mr. Hugh Peacock's Interbred b. Greatford Quickstep, Mr. J. Arthur Rank's Lab. d. Withington Victor; Lorna, Countess Howe's Lab. d. Banchory Benmhore; and Colonel P. K. Wise's Lab. b. Raithburn Kate.

SPANIELS AT MASSEREENE PARK

BY kind permission of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, the Ulster Gundog League held their eleventh Spaniel Field Trials at Massereene Park, Antrim, on October 24th and 25th. The judges were Captain R. W. W. Stephenson, M.C. and Mr. A. Cameron. The awards were:

STAKE No. 1.—1st, Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robinhood Bustle; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's Grock of Blair; 3rd, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chumal Maidan. Reserve, Mr. Peter Taylor's d. Moneygrand and Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robinhood Jill.

STAKE No. 2 (for Cocker Spaniels only).—Equal 1st, Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. Beat and Mr. A. L. Trotter's b. Dalshangan Silver; 3rd, Dr. W. J. Dawson's b. Gray Dawn of Fews. Reserve, Major G. S. Nelson-Scott's b. Seaan Triubhas of Fews.

STAKE No. 3.—1st, Mr. G. Clarke's E.S. d. Rex of Blair; 2nd, General His Highness the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's C. d. Barney's Double of Ware. Reserve, Mrs. G. Scott-Moore's C. b. Gobhen Hill.

STAKE No. 4.—1st, Mrs. Scott-Moore's C. b. Blare; 2nd, Mr. N. M. Clarke's C. b. Eileen of Massereene; 3rd, Miss N. Bradsell's C. d. Linenhall Sunlight. Reserve, Mr. A. Dalzell's C. b. Dancing Girl of Fews.

STAKE No. 5.—1st, Dr. W. J. Dawson's brace F. T. Ch. Jigtime of Fews and F. T. Ch. Colleen of Fews; 2nd, Major Nelson-Scott's brace Seaan Triubhas of Fews and Brewster Basher.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE REGAIN THE HONOURS

An Exceptionally Fine Dairy Show

MORE crowded than usual and more interesting than usual is a sound verdict on the show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week. There were, it is true, no sensations, and there was no question that the Ayrshire breed had the best team for the Bledisloe Challenge Trophy. The six cows selected were exceptionally good on inspection, scoring the full 500 points, and in the milking trials they performed very satisfactorily. It would be difficult to imagine a finer team than those drawn from the herds of Mr. David Smith, Mr. John Drummond, the University of Edinburgh, Mr. A. Cochrane and Mr. W. A. Thomson. All the winning team came from Scotland, and Ayrshire breeders in England had to take second place this year. It was particularly appropriate that Scotland and the Ayrshire breed should win this year, as the association has a Scot and an Ayrshire breeder in Lord Rowallan as its president. Lord Bledisloe was present to hand the trophy to Colonel W. T. R. Houldsworth, the president of the Ayrshire Cattle Herd Book Society, amid the plaudits of a big crowd.

The association is fortunate in having obtained the consent of the Duke of Kent to nomination as next year's president. The Duke, who is this year's president of the Royal Agricultural Society, thus renders another service to the farming industry.

The Dairy Shorthorns stood second to the Ayrshires in the inter-breed competition. They were the winners last year, but this year's team did not present such a striking appearance and dropped points on inspection. The Red Polls once again secured third place, beating the British Friesians, which scored well in the milking trials, but dropped many points on inspection. The British Friesians did not have as good a team as usual.

The individual championship honours fell to Mr. David Smith's Thornhill Mermaid 2nd, an almost white Ayrshire, aged six years, bred by Mr. A. Cunningham, by Lessnessock Monomark from Thornhill Mermaid. She had calved three weeks before the show and was at the top of her form.

The best of the Dairy Shorthorns on inspection points was Mr. John Crowe's White Fair Foggathorpe, followed by Sir Martin Melvin's Wild Eyes Duchess 4th, a good-bodied roan on short legs with an exceptionally capacious udder. In the milking trials Messrs. A. Brittain & Son's Sheppingley Clover's Gift 4th and Mr. F. H. Birley's Haresceombe Margaret came to the front. The University Farm at Cambridge also won with a cow and a heifer, both home-bred, in the milking trials.

Mr. J. H. Brown's British Friesian cow, Marshgreen Kathleen, had the distinction of giving the greatest weight of milk in the milking trials, followed by Mr. Cecil Ball's Abingworth Dainty, another Friesian.

Jerseys secured the National Butter Challenge Cup awarded for the greatest number of points obtained in the butter tests per 1,000lb. live weight for butter with lactation points added. The successful heifer was Mrs. Henry Hawkins's Empire Mary, followed by Mr. J. W. McCallum's Jersey cow Sonata. Mrs. R. M. Foot won the Blythwood Production Bowl for the Jersey bred in Great Britain gaining the greatest number of points in milking trials and butter tests. The winning cow was White Hill Happy May. The honours on inspection only went to Mr. M. F. North for Gracious Lady.

The best performance in the Guernsey section was given by Mr. Carl Holmes's Dairymaid of Riduna, which won the Stagenhoe Cup. Captain H. J. Pilbrow, Mr. H. A. Y. Dyson, Lord Swaythling and Mrs. Sutcliffe Pyman were other most successful exhibitors.

The Red Polls, which presented some useful dual-purpose types, were headed by animals from Capt. Alan Richardson, Mr. Stuart Paul, Lord Radnor, Mr. J. A. Gray, Mrs. H. D. Lewis and Mr. A. Carlyle Smith.

Lady Shelly Rolls scored with Welsh Blacks, and Lady Loder with Dexters. Dartington Hall, Mr. George Wills and Mr. J. T. Dennis had the best South Devons.

There was a bigger entry than usual in the section for new inventions, particularly for the sterilising equipment which farmers require to maintain the Grade A standard. There are now more than 12,000 farmers on the accredited roll and the Dairy Show catered for their requirements and those of the many others who have yet to qualify for the penny premium. The Dairy Supply Company won the prize for new sterilising equipment with a Desco outfit. Silver medals for poultry equipment were awarded to Swift & Sons for a 24-cage single-hen laying battery and to Curfew Electric Heaters for an automatic cabinet incubator.

There was a marked improvement this year in the all-round quality of the sides of bacon entered for the various competitions. Mr. A. E. Law again did well with the Large White breed winning the Harris and Whitley Cups. Lord Radnor secured the Beale Cup with the same breed and Mr. H. R. Davidson won the Pig Recording Cup.

NEXT YEAR'S PIG CONTRACTS

Better Terms and Improved Prospects

AFTER prolonged negotiation the Pigs Marketing Board has been able to agree with the Bacon Board on the terms under which farmers will supply bacon pigs to the factories during 1936. They are rather more favourable to producers than those of the present contract. An improvement was needed. There is no question that the bacon curers have on the whole been doing well. For the most part they have had their factories running more nearly to economic capacity than before and they have been indemnified against loss on low bacon prices by the formula which made producers share the loss with them. The price-formula remains, but it has been altered to give producers better terms when the wholesale price of bacon falls below 90s. a hundredweight. This has happened lately, and consequently during October the pig contract price fell to 10s. 2d. a score. Under the new terms this price would have been 10s. 6d. a score.

The outcome of the long discussions on price fixing between the two Boards was the conclusion that there can be little or no profit for either producer or curer when bacon prices fall below 90s. Relief can only come when the Government applies an import tariff, the proceeds of which can be used to make good a standard price to producers regardless of the bacon price. It is hoped that this will be achieved in the course of next year.

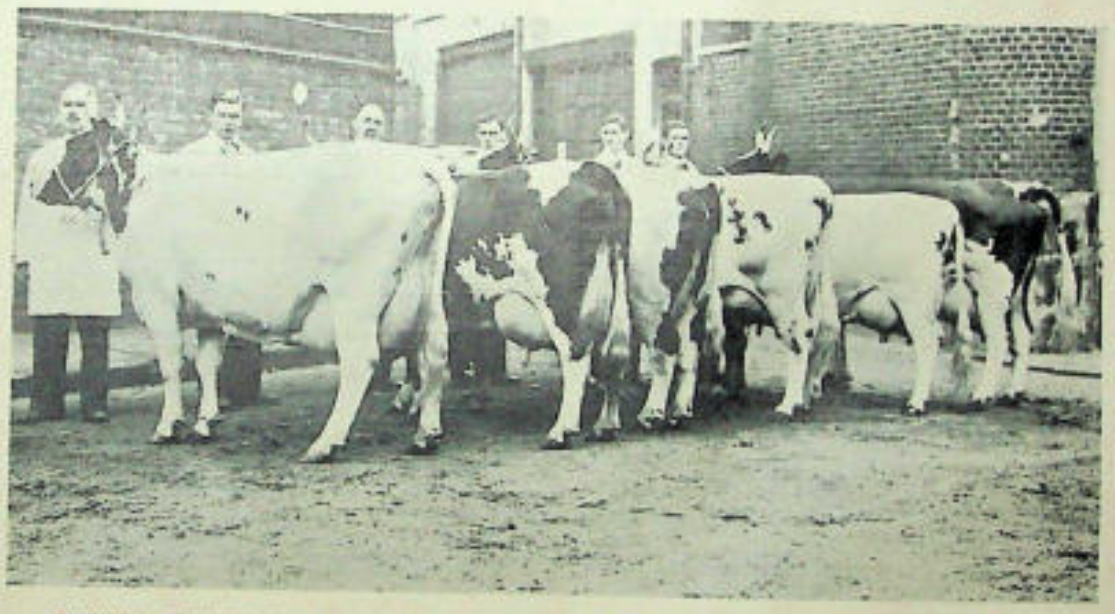
It has always appeared unreasonable to farmers that a pig which grades A on the shoulder and D on the belly should be paid for at the grade D price. This has now been altered, and a fine shouldered pig, even if it is thin in the belly, will be paid for as Grade C, that is at the basic price. A further premium is thus put on fine shoulders. But a pig that grades D on the shoulder and A on the belly will still only be rated for payment as D. These are the ultra fat pigs which the curers do not want. It is true, as they say, that a D shoulder pig will often have a thick A belly, but the thickness is fat and not lean.

A concession has also been made in respect of pigs that are slightly under weight but which are nevertheless suitable for curing into good bacon. The curers can do with a few such pigs, and it has been arranged that one pig in each delivery if weighing between 6 score 15lb. and 6 score 19lb. will be paid for at basic price for Class I. Other pigs in the same delivery within this range will be paid for at 6d. a score less than basic price.

It is common knowledge that some curers were not this year very successful in obtaining all the pigs they required by direct contracts with producers. Producers have their preferences and ideas where they will get the best treatment. The Pigs Board has an obligation to all curers if the marketing scheme is to be completely successful. The Board needs to have under its control a number of pigs which can be sent to make up deficiencies at factories which are running short of pigs. Accordingly it has been arranged that producers shall be invited to contract with the Board, if they like to, and that such pigs shall earn a premium of 2s. each. Most producers will probably prefer to continue direct contracts with the curers of their choice.

On the whole this contract seems to be fair and likely to encourage farmers to supply a full number of pigs to the factories during 1936. There will again be a premium payable on pigs delivered during the first four months of the year, so it is not advisable to be unduly hasty in consigning pigs to the pork market from now onwards.

Let us be quite clear in our minds that the marketing scheme has given stability to the pig industry and that it is in the general interest that the bacon factories should be supplied with their full requirements through the year. A. H.



WINNERS OF THE BLEDISLOE CUP FOR THE BEST EXHIBIT OF GOOD ALL-ROUND DAIRY COWS
The Ayrshires had decidedly the best team at last week's Dairy Show

FOOD IMPORTS

1935 Compared With 1934

OFFICIAL figures relating to imports of agricultural produce do not suggest that the British market is being kept short of supplies. Imports of chilled beef have increased considerably during the first nine months of this year compared with 1934, almost counterbalancing the reduction in frozen beef imports. Mutton and lamb imports are up. Bacon and ham imports are down again and butter imports are slightly less.

Egg imports again show an increase. The position here is far from satisfactory. Requests have been made to the various foreign countries supplying the British market to limit their shipments to the 1933 level, but they have virtually ignored these diplomatic communications.

The following figures are particularly interesting, comparing imports from January to September with those during the same months of 1934, and the average of 1930–34:

	1935.	1934.	1930–34.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Chilled beef ..	326,000	314,000	334,000
Frozen beef ..	117,500	128,000	103,000
Mutton and lamb	273,000	266,000	274,000
Bacon	264,000	290,000	362,000
Butter	375,000	384,000	321,000
Cheese	102,000	112,000	112,000
Potatoes ..	184,000	151,000	373,000
	Great hundreds.	Great hundreds.	Great hundreds.
Eggs in shell ..	14,124,000	13,500,000	16,256,000

LOCAL INTEREST IN THE ARRIVAL OF AN INDIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS MACHINE AT A RECENTLY-CONSTRUCTED AERODROME IN ORISSA

A VERY SUCCESSFUL MOTOR SHOW

British Cars Triumphant at Olympia

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

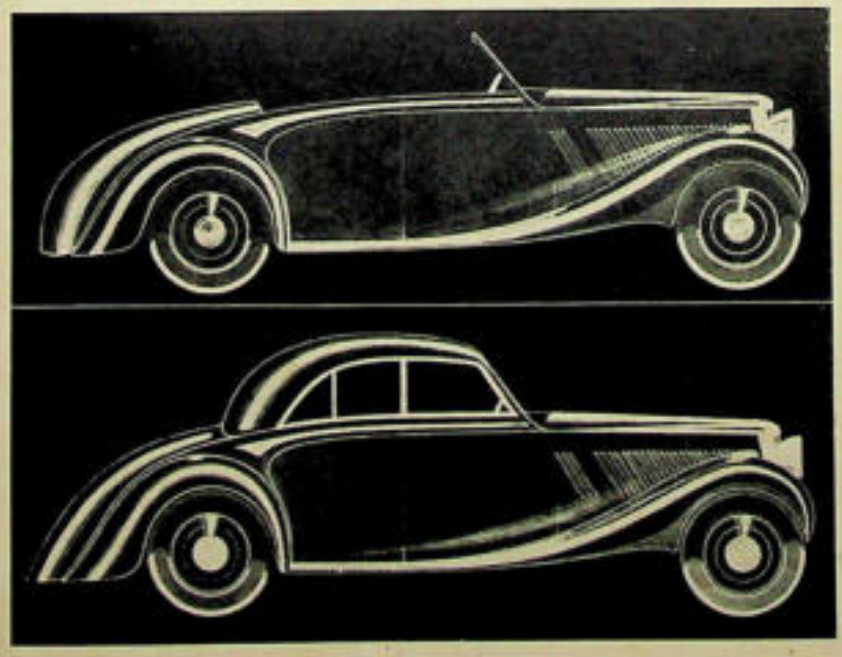
Motoring Editor of the "Field"

NOW that the 29th annual motor show has closed its doors, it is perhaps apropos to set down a few of the more outstanding impressions gained during a series of visits to the exhibition. First of all, I think I was most impressed by the undoubtedly dominant position which has been attained by the British car. In number of individual exhibitors of motor cars there was not much to choose—29 British and 25 others—but it was significant that by far the greater interest among the huge crowds of visitors was concentrated upon the British exhibits. The way it seemed to strike me was that the interest in the foreign productions was more technical than anything else.

There is no doubt that cars such as the Mercedes-Benz, the Alfa-Romeo and the Bugatti, to name only a few, manifest many features of advanced design, apart altogether from the fact that their recent records in the year's racing programme have stamped them as being fundamentally sound in construction and of a very high order of performance. True, these cars are in the high-priced category, and it is thus understandable that what may be termed the buyer-interest must be of a comparatively slight character. Nevertheless, even in this class it seemed to me that the average show visitor was more deeply interested in such makes as Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Armstrong-Siddeley and others falling outside the popular classes than in even the best of the Continentals.

Coming from the general to the more specific, it seems that the first craze for ultra-streamlining of coach-work has passed, and more attention has been paid to symmetry of line, allied to passenger comfort, than was characteristic of certain designs of a year ago. It may be that cars of the exaggerated "air-flow" type may attain to a few more miles an hour and achieve an improved fuel consumption, but I cannot think the British car-buying public will extend any great measure of favour to a type which has no beauty of line and which you have to regard very carefully to know whether it is coming or going when you encounter it on the road. It is pleasing to be able to see that the British designer has turned his eyes away from a type which many people think comes perilously near to the grotesque.

On this subject of body design generally, it was very noticeable that in the smaller types such as the popular "tens" and "eights," much more passenger room has been given by "bellying-out" the coachwork, thus affording much more width for seating. In some cases this has been done by considerably narrowing the running-boards and, in one or two cases, as in that of that excellent little car, the Ford "10," doing away with them altogether. This has been made possible by lowering the platform so that the passengers and driver can step straight into the car from the road level. The result is that in these quite small cars one has all the room and comfort that was formerly only to be looked for in cars of a much more ambitious class. This enhanced comfort will certainly give an added impetus to the popularity already enjoyed by these small fry of motoring.



AN ALL-METAL DROP-HEAD COUPÉ AT OLYMPIA

This convertible body on a 27 h.p. Vauxhall chassis was shown on the stand of E. D. Abbott Ltd. *(See next page)*

It is yet too early to judge of the full effect to be produced by the reduction in the horse-power in so far as it is likely to influence future design. As a matter of fact, I do not think it will materially affect popular motoring at all. We get so much comfort and so high a performance value from the small car of 10 h.p. that the mass buyers of motor cars are not likely to transfer their allegiance to larger types, costing more to purchase, run and maintain. Therefore, the small car will lose nothing by the coming of the larger types which are being produced with an eye to the overseas markets. Obviously, there must be a home demand for these types, since it would be out of the question for our manufacturers economically to produce a type for export only. That this intermediate market exists was evidenced by all one heard of the actual business being done in the 20's and 25's. There are no signs, however, of this market having been created at the expense of that in the smaller class.

Another strong impression I gained was that never before has the motor car been such real value for money as it is to-day. Actual prices have not materially altered one way or the other since last year, but greater mechanical efficiency all round, the greater convenience and comfort already alluded to, and numberless little points of detail improvement have made the car of 1936 a better vehicle all round, and thus better value for its price. The show week of 1935 certainly set up one landmark in price history. For the first time since motoring began, the public is to-day able to buy a fully-equipped saloon car at the long-aimed-at price of £100. I allude, of course, to the 8 h.p. "Popular" Ford. There are somewhere in the region of 100,000 of these little cars on the roads of the country now, and in use they have proved themselves cars of real worth. The most modern machinery and methods of production have enabled the Ford Co. to take the lead in pioneering the real family motor car at a price which

brings it within the reach of everybody.

In the matter of mechanical features there is not very much in the way of important changes to record. There is a disposition to abandon the overhead valve lay-out of engines and to revert to the simpler side-valve system. Of course, where maximum power and speed are aimed at, the overhead valve must hold its own, but the marked advance in the power output of engines with side-valves has made the more expensive and complicated overhead lay-out unnecessary in the case of the production car, hence the movement indicated.

Still, there seems no tendency towards universality of gear-boxes of the self-changing or pre-selective type. Two or three years ago there was an impression abroad that before very long the car with what is now regarded as the conventional gear-box would be regarded as obsolete and unsaleable. I cannot see that that time has come appreciably nearer in the past twelve months. Despite its many advantages and its ease of control, the pre-selective gear has made little headway in that period. Instead, the synchro-mesh principle has received most of the attention, and to-day not even the cheapest car is without this easy-change device on at least two of the forward speeds. One leading firm has even gone to the length of applying it to all forward speeds and to the reverse as well.

On the business side of the show the general return of prosperity to the country as a whole certainly had a very favourable reflex. One is quite used to the exaggerated stories of sales before the end of the second day and allows a liberal discount for them, but there is no shadow of doubt about there having been very substantial business done. When the order books have been totalled up I believe they will show a record volume of business for the British car manufacturer.

A DUAL-PURPOSE CAR

An all-metal drophead coupé on a 27 h.p. Vauxhall Regent chassis, on the stand of E. D. Abbott, Ltd., the Farnham coachbuilders, attracted a great deal of attention at Olympia.

This combines the advantages of an ordinary all-weather body with that of a saloon. The movable roof, which is of aluminium, is completely rigid, and only a light push is necessary to effect the change from a closed to an open car. This is easily and quickly accomplished owing to the counter-balance and a clever system of control by which the driver can open or close the head without leaving his seat.

The roof is so designed that it exactly matches the curves of the tail, so that when the car is open the lines still retain their graceful appearance. As the windows wind right down into the doors, this convertible body should appeal to those who like an open car in summer but prefer a saloon during the winter. For the overseas market it should prove ideal. The price of this car as illustrated on the preceding page is £695 and the cost of such a body on any suitable chassis is £465.

THE VETERAN CAR RUN

The annual commemoration run for veteran cars from London to Brighton will this year take place on Sunday, November 17th. This run is organised by the R.A.C. to commemorate the date on which the Locomotives on Highways Act, 1896, came into force—the Act which relieved motorists of the need for being preceded by a man carrying a red flag and fixed a maximum speed for motor cars of 14 m.p.h.

Cars eligible to take part in the run, which is not in any sense a race, must have been manufactured not later than 1904, which means that every car competing is at least 31 years old. Last year no fewer than 93 cars were entered, the oldest having been manufactured in 1894.

TOWARDS A TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' AIRWAY SERVICE

A Welcome Increase in Night Flying

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

EVER since organised international air transport became a force in world communications it has been obvious that the chief advantage of the aeroplane—speed—was not being fully realised, for the reason that services were not operated on a 24-hour schedule. In Europe night flying on the regular airways has been the exception rather than the rule, though in America, where elaborate light and radio beacons have been erected on the transcontinental routes, the advantages of round-the-clock operation, particularly for mails, have been amply and conclusively demonstrated.

The disadvantages of services conducted on a daylight-only basis become notably acute during the winter months, since the time available for flying is heavily reduced. It has, therefore, been the practice for the various airways to restrict their services with the advent of autumn; indeed, until last winter, the only night service operating regularly between this country and the Continent was flown, not by the British organisation, but by the German Deutsche Lufthansa.

It is a very welcome move, therefore, that this year the reductions in the Continental services have not been so sweeping. The new Imperial Airways' time-tables indicate that three services will continue to be flown between London and Paris, one of which, scheduled to leave the terminal—Croydon or Le Bourget—at 7 p.m., might be termed a night service. The London-Budapest service will, too, be maintained, and, though the summer single-day timing is being abandoned for the winter months the Croydon-Cologne section will be flown between 8.15 p.m. (departure from Croydon) and 11.55 p.m. (arrival at Cologne where the night will be spent).

In addition to these important night schedules other flights will, it is announced, be concluded when a start has been made in daylight and night falls during their progress. Thus, there is much less curtailment of time-tables for the winter season 1935-36 than at any previous time.

NEW FACILITIES FOR NIGHT FLYING AT CROYDON

A workman adjusting one of the new sets of floodlights which now illuminate the aerodrome at night

Improved night-flying equipment and the steady advance of instrument-flying technique have made possible these improvements, particularly at the British end of the routes, for it has to be admitted that, in regard to aerodrome lighting, this country has lagged somewhat behind its neighbours.

Croydon has, however, been re-equipped with night-flying beacons, which were recently the subject of an impressive test. There have been many problems standing in the way of lighting the London airport in a really satisfactory manner, but the new plant seems to have solved most of these. In conjunction with the steady improvement in direction-finding and radio-beacon service, night flying should now present fewer difficulties on the main British air line.

These Continental developments are a very welcome indication of the attention now being devoted to making our airways 24-hour services. The operation of night services should, even in the limited field now announced, be of considerable assistance to the traveller. It is, however, on the main Empire air routes that night flying can be of the greatest utility; and here, too, there are ample signs that the need is recognised and that active steps are being taken to meet it.

Recently, for example, a Government communiqué announced that an estimated sum of 900,000 rupees was to be spent on lighting the main aerodromes on the trans-India route. Twelve of the most important stations will be fully equipped on the same lines as the new installation at Croydon. It is, too, understood that plans are being considered for putting in hand at an early date the lighting of the aerodromes on the airway to Singapore and the route to South Africa. Fourteen of these airports have, it is stated, been selected in the first instance.

It will thus be seen that a real drive is being made to bring air transport in line with other forms of travel. Both steamship companies and railways operate, at any rate on international routes, on a 24 hour basis; aviation alone still mainly limits itself to the hours of daylight. With 24 hour service, flying would increase still further the gap in speed between it and its nearest competitor—the railway. The time lost by overnight stops at various centres has hitherto seriously reduced the overall average speed of the airways; even if the flying time were increased by three or four hours daily, the total gain would be considerable.

Arguments have been advanced that the air passenger would not welcome 24 hours flying, the contention being that even on the largest aeroplanes the limited dimensions of the cabins impose a feeling of restraint, and that there is no opportunity for passengers to stretch their legs. Undoubtedly, at the present time, there is something to be said for this attitude, in spite of experience in the United States which suggests that quite a considerable number of people are prepared to endure minor discomforts if a saving in journey time can be effected.

But this argument, whatever its strength, does not apply to mails. They could be flown night and day in special machines by relays; and if they were so treated the gain to business would be immense. For the time being, at any rate, the chief advantage of 24-hour flying must be for mail work, and it is to be hoped that for this purpose the fullest possible use will be made of the facilities that will be generally available in the not far distant future.

Civilian Schools for R.A.F. Training.—Among the new schools to be formed to train candidates for short service commissions in the Royal Air Force is a branch of Air Service Training, Ltd. This school will be located at Ansty, near Coventry, and will be available for training next January. The training aircraft will be Avro Cadets.

SHOOTING FROM HOTELS

Some "Cheaper" Days

By GUY C. POLLOCK

ON THE BORDERS OF DEVON AND SOMERSET
The Carnarvon Arms, Dulverton, where there is good rough shooting

IN these restricted days, many honest, industrious, talented and once affluent people can afford no longer the shooting which was their heart's delight. A grouse moor? Bang goes £500 without many brace to show for it. A covert shoot? Ten shillings to one pound a head for the pheasants killed, before you are through with it. A "little rough shoot"?

That always sounds attractive and inexpensive. It may be both. But if you live and work in London, and your choice of ground is limited to shooting that can be reached and left again by car in one day, the "little rough shoot" is not easily found. When it is found, it is very apt either to be so small and so empty of game as not to be worth the trouble, or much more expensive than seems likely. If there are any woodlands beyond hedges and hedgerows, you probably want to turn down some pheasant poults in September. That means some sort of keepering for four or five months at least. And unless you keep your vermin down your bag will not amount to much, anyhow.

But there is another expedient. Not just shooting with friends when they ask you, because, unless you are a first-class killer, and if you cannot issue any invitations yourself, these opportunities grow fewer and fewer.

There is, however, shooting from a hotel. Once on a time I thought all such shooting was a snare and delusion. I believed that these hotel shootings were very poor and very expensive and generally uncomfortable. Now — within limitations — I know better. I have shot grouse over dogs from a hotel in Sutherland and enjoyed it as much as any shooting I have done. I have heard of a hotel not far from the middle of England where friends of mine have had really good sport with driven partridges and quite jolly days with pheasants. Chiefly, however, I have enjoyed myself tremendously at another hotel where I have occupied a butt in the August of 1935—on a grouse moor which for loveliness and heather was the twin brother of lovely moors on which I have shot in Perthshire and Angus, while the rigours of walking and climbing were distinctly less onerous. We were eight guns, and it was the second (or even the third) time of shooting, and we got over 55 brace. That means, if you are not too gluttonous, quite enough shooting to make the rolling mists of heather seem more purple and the hills a very sure salvation, and the little burns quite obviously full of troutlets.

LAKE VYRNWY WITH THE HOTEL IN THE BACKGROUND
Both fishing and shooting may be obtained at Lake Vyrnwy, famous as the source of Liverpool's water supply

It was an extremely jolly day. There was a shepherd and his flock in the first drive and Responsible. Authority raged and grumbled from the butt next to mine with an inaudible but variegated profanity; which the shepherd ought not to have missed. But, in fact, the shepherd was no ill-omened marplot. He had come over another hill and I fancy he had brought with him or driven before him alien grouse which made a generally indifferent drive a very good one. There was a tragedy with beer bottles dropped on stones at lunch, there were coveys which, taking the line which seemed of most resistance, went back out of the day. There was a shower of rain (but only a shower) and not a Burberry amongst us, there was a long, muscle-tearing walk down the hill in the evening. But it was one of the jolly days of one's experience.

There are other sorts of shooting days to be had. I remember one on a hot September day, when we walked another range of hills near the hotel, clad (the hills) chiefly in rough white grass and a little heather. The bag was really "various," and hardly earned by desperate deeds of perambulation. A few brace of partridges, a brace and a half of grouse, four or five blackcock, a snipe and several rabbits. That was tremendous fun, though I have never forgotten either the salt seas of sweat through which I looked at birds on the wing or the indifferently rotund gentleman who at last insisted on being left at the bottom of a hill—and got a high blackcock in ease and dignity.

There are October days—November and December days, too, if you have waistcoats and woollies to spare—when pheasants and duck and whatnot keep you busy and happy. Plenty of pheasants at unexpected angles to make a good day of it and to discover the beam or the mote in your own eye if you begin to disparage your neighbour. And always the hills and the lake and the life-giving air and the sheer beauty of this world which is all we know.

I do not despise this hotel shooting any more. On the contrary, I want more of it than I am likely to get.

WHERE TO STAY

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

MARTIN HOTELS

Shooting and Fishing in Wales.

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL via Oswestry.
SHOOTING 21,000 acres. Large stock wild Pheasants, walking up 25/- a day. Also Grouse, Blackgame, Partridge. Secluded country house from 3½ guineas weekly. 4½ hours London. Riding. Tennis. Fishing on renowned Lake Vyrnwy season opens 1st March, 1936.
Tel. LLANWDDYN 2

OAKELEY ARMS HOTEL Tan-y-bwlch.
A modernised old Coaching Inn at the foot of Moelwyn, 2,500ft. Beautiful Country, mild climate. Easy reach golf at Harlech. Tennis. Near the new Trawsfynydd Lake; season opens 15th March, 1936. Sea Trout fishing river Dwyryd.
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH 31

Mr. and Mrs. Martin have specially studied the requirements of sportsmen and their families.

EXMOOR The Riding and Walking Playground of England.
CROWN HOTEL, EXFORD, NEAR **MINEHEAD.**
Centre of Exmoor. 800 feet above Sea Level. Staghounds. Foxhounds. Harriers. Shooting. Electric Light. H. and C. in all Bedrooms. £4 4s. per week. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. Exford 43.
Proprietor, R. G. SPILLER, CASTLE HOTEL, TAUNTON

MOULSFORD MANOR HOTEL
Moulsford, Berks.
On the main Reading-Oxford Road.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Modern Comfort. Excellent Cooking.
'Phone: Goring 25.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.
ULBSTER ARMS HOTEL, HALKIRK.
Salmon and Trout Fishing Free to Guests. Spring Salmon Fishing on the famous Thurso River.
All in terms from £7 7s. per week one person. Two from £10 10s.
Trout Fishings on Loch Watten and Loch Calder Free.
Write for Terms and Booking List.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone, 4680 Brighton.

BUDE.—GRENVILLE HOTEL.—Charming first-class Hotel, second to none in Cornwall, in gardens by sea; beautiful ball and public rooms. String band. Sunday Golf.

HARROGATE.—CROWN HOTEL. FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Adjoining Pump Room and Royal baths. MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS. Phone 4045. Write MANAGER.

KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER (English Lakes) Most interesting centre for scenery and excursions. Leading Hotel in the district, the Keswick.

MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S, Prospectus Free. *Great Britain's Greatest Hydro.* Tel. 17.

NOEL ARMS HOTEL, Chipping Campden, for HUNTING QUARTERS. All rooms fitted h. and c. water. Terms from 3 guineas Hunters and hacks, and horses taken at livery. 'Phone 317.

NEWMARKET.—RUTLAND ARMS HOTEL. ('Phone 16.) The Best.

SOUTHPORT.—PRINCE OF WALES. "The Leading Hotel." Great golf centre (7 links).

20,000 ACRES GOOD ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game, keeper and dogs provided, combined with trout, sea trout and salmon fishing, latter free to guests.—Colclen's Hotel, Capel Curig, N. Wales.

IRELAND
WATERVILLE, KERRY.
BUTLER ARMS HOTEL
Excellent Rough Shooting. Fine Salmon, Sea and Brown Trout Fishing. Golf. Tennis.

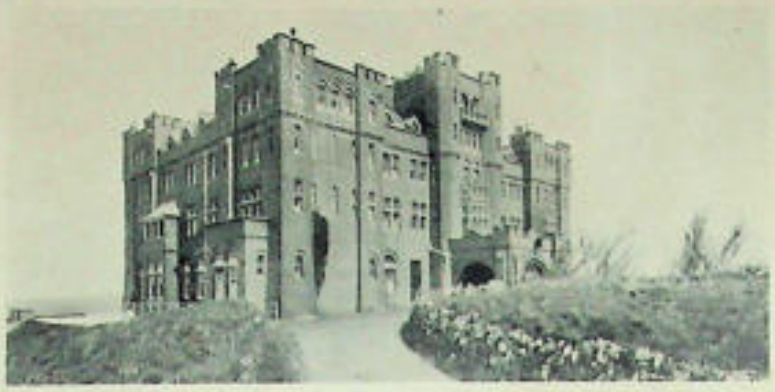
CONNEMARA.—ZETLAND HOTEL, CASHEL BAY, RECESS; fishing, salmon, sea and brown trout, sea fishing; modern, electric light, garage.

DUBLIN.—SHELBOURNE, The Premier Hotel. Private baths and toilet, h. and c. running water.

MILFORD, CO. DONEGAL.—MILFORD HOTEL. Salmon and Trout Fishing. Shooting. Golf. Garage.

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL.—Open all the year. Reduced terms from October. Good rough shooting; Bridge; electric light, central heating; mild climate; excellent cuisine.—Apply MANAGERESS, Connemara, Co. Galway.

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"



THE KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE HOTEL, TINTAGEL

MANY things help to make romantic Cornwall lovable, or, as "Q" would say, "delectable." Its rugged cliffs, wooded hills, rolling moors, quaint villages and delightfully rural lanes have an appeal which to many is irresistible. To the Englishman who loves to find strange and almost foreign parts in his own country, it must be thrilling to wander for the first time over the alien hills of Cornwall, where such weird superstitions survive and the generations have preserved and added to the folk-lore of their ancestors, and then to go down through the valleys and watch the frail craft of Cornish crab-potters and pilchard fishers venture forth on the "western ocean," taking such chances to win their difficult bread.

Occupying a remote and lovely situation on the Cornish cliffs you will find at Tintagel the King Arthur's Castle Hotel, to which Mr. Thomas Burke refers in his book *The English Inn*, where he calls it "a brilliant reproduction, always to be preferred to a dull original: far more skill goes to its making and quite as much honesty." All the appointments in the hotel are modern and convenient, electricity, passenger lift, central heating, a modern garage, and so forth. The public rooms, which are spacious and comfortable, are the scene of much jollity during the Christmas festivities. In an atmosphere surcharged with romance the past is brought very near to us each evening, when, at sundown, the bugle call "Retreat" is sounded from the Castle keep as the flag is lowered.

The stories of King Arthur fill many volumes, and one of these which Cervantes told as ancient tradition 300 years ago says that King Arthur did not die, but was changed by magic into a red-legged chough, or, as some say, a raven, which is to haunt Tintagel Castle until England shall need him again. The countryside is full of legends of King Arthur, though some of the things which now bear his name were there before his day. Looking at the ruins of the Castle from the windows of the hotel dining room, you will surely feel a stronger desire to know more about the story of King Arthur than you have ever felt before.

Eight miles away are the remains of Damelioc, the Castle Terabyl of the Arthurian legend, by the side of the main road to St. Endellion. But perhaps it is Slaughter Bridge, near Camelford Station, and much nearer at hand, which will interest the visitor most, for it is here that King Arthur is said to have killed the traitor Mordred and then killed himself. At all events, the fact that in time past many pieces of armour have been dug up in this neighbourhood shows that a tough battle was once fought here, and local belief has it that it was "Arthur's last fight." Close by the bridge is "Arthur's Grave," where an inscribed stone lies in the shade of the trees, though that stone, it will be noted, is of Roman origin.

But you must go westward across some wonderful country of moor and crag beyond the Launceston—Bodmin Road, where you will find the dark, mysterious Dozmary Pool. Legend relates that it was to this lonely tarn that the dying King Arthur sent Sir Bedivere with Excalibur, his magic sword.

Another strange tale of Dozmary Pool concerns the Demon Tregeagle, who is supposed to haunt the wildest part of the coast and moor, howling of winter nights, for he is doomed to perpetual labour for his sins. Indeed, it is said that he is made to sweep the sands from one cove to another, and since the tide for ever washes them back to him, he has been hard at work for centuries and will never join the ranks of the unemployed. Another of his jobs was to bale out Dozmary Pool with a limpet shell with a hole in it, but in the end the devil chased him from his task.

As you wander back to your hotel and breast the winds between the hillsides, you must surely feel that here is a part of Britain that can wonderfully stir the imagination, and you will be reminded that in this very countryside have walked some of the most heroic of our race when you hear the "Retreat" at sundown. It is fitting that in such a neighbourhood there should be such an hotel as the King Arthur's Castle.

for comfort and good health

Besides causing stiffness and aching limbs, uncomfortable seats set up irritation which may be dangerous if prolonged. A cramped position while driving is frequently a contributory cause of that distressing discomfort from which so many suffer without realising why. Fit 'Float-on-Air' seating to your car. The utter freedom from slipping, vibration, irritation, and shock cannot otherwise be realised.

Conversions from 22/6 (for seats up to 14 in. side to side). Loose cushions from 5/6.

Moseley 'FLOAT-ON-AIR' Upholstery

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LTD.
Ardwick, - - - - Manchester
19/20, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1 - London
17, Ombersley Rd., Balsall Heath, Birmingham, 12
126, Ingram Street, C.1 - - Glasgow

ARUNDELL ARMS
LIFTON, DEVON.
7,000 acres good mixed shooting.
14 MILES OF EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING.
Electric light; h. and c. in bedrooms.
Telephone: Lifton 4.

PAYING GUESTS
30 words 6/- (minimum), each extra seven 2/-

CO. WEXFORD.—Hunting. The Island and Wexford Foxhounds. GUESTS would be RECEIVED in comfortable Country House. Good Hunters obtainable, stabled and groomed; good rough shooting; garage.—Box 3184, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

LADY WOULD LIKE TO HEAR OF ANOTHER who likes country life, who would COME FOR WINTER; near Oxford; good hunting; staff of four, car.—Box 3245, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

WHERE TO FISH
1935 Edition
Edited by H. D. Turing
A Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of the World
5/-
Postage 6d.
Fishing stations of the World. Map with reference table. Rates and charges. Notable fish. Tackle shops. Coloured plates of flies
FROM BOOKSELLERS OR FROM THE "FIELD," BREAM'S BLGS., E.C.4

When in London Stay at
Brown's Hotel
DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1
¶ Brown's Hotel remains to-day a living witness that the spirit of more spacious days can be satisfactorily allied to the comfort which modern methods have achieved. In its solid dignity it preserves the atmosphere which has long made it the home in London of the English County families, something standing for all that is best in the older order of things, something we connect with meets of hounds, and old houses standing by broad lawns and the wide sweep of Scottish Moors.
Yet every bedroom at Brown's has a private bath or running water, exchange telephone.
Rooms and suites with or without central heating.
Telephone: REGENT 6020 (15 lines)
Telegrams: BROWNOTEL, LONDON

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4324. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1935 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½D.; FOREIGN 1D.}

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AT THE HEYTHROP CENTENARY MEET

Last week the Duke brought his bitch pack from Badminton to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of the Heythrop as a separate pack. The Heythrop country was formerly hunted by the Dukes of Beaufort, and the Hunt servants still wear the green of the Duke's livery

THE "FIELD" HUNTING YEAR BOOK AND POINT-TO-POINT GUIDE 1935-1936

NEW FEATURES INCLUDE

POLO RECORD OF 1935
REPORTS AND RESULTS AT PRINCIPAL SHOWS
LARGE DETACHABLE MAP
THUMB INDEX
DATES OF HUNT BALLS
REFORTS OF PUPPY SHOWS
DATES OF POINT-TO-POINTS
PIGSTICKING 1934-35

Price still remains at

10/6

Postage 6d.

FROM BOOKSHOPS EVERYWHERE, OR FROM THE FIELD, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

CONTENTS

THE RUGBY UNION'S BAN ON AMERICAN TOURS	1065
A HUNDRED YEARS OF HEYTHROP FOXHUNTING	1066
GOOD RUNS OF THE WEEK	1067
NEWS IN BRIEF FROM THE HUNTING FIELD	1069
GLORIOUS DAYS ON THE BORDER	1070
SOME COLTS OF GREAT PROMISE	1071
MONSTER PIKE IN IRISH LOUGHS	1072
CLAIMS OF THE COVERT SHOOT	1073
"JOHN KNOWLITTLE": MEMORIES OF ARTHUR PATTERSON	1074
AN ISLAND OF DEATH	1075
GOLFING GRIPS	1076
SUMMING UP THE "ALL BLACKS"	1076
A RECORD STAG FROM BOHEMIA	1077
SHOOTING AVERAGES WHICH SEEM ALL WRONG	1077
DEALING WITH THE RABBIT PROBLEM	1078
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1079
IN THE CITY	1082
NEW BOOKS	1083
BRITAIN'S BEST FENCERS	1085
SQUASH RACKETS: THE BATH CLUB CUP	1085
LILIES TO PLANT NOW	1086
FIELD TRIALS	1086
THE FARM CRAFTSMAN'S PRIDE IN HIS WORK	1088
FARMING NOTES	1088
SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE NEW CARS	1090
EMPIRE AVIATION IN REVIEW	1092
LIGHT FOURS AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE	1093
A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE	1095
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1097
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1098
RIVER REPORTS	1077
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1080
SPORTING CALENDAR	*Third page cover*

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn. *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

AN AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE

THE New York Yacht Club's reply to Mr. C. R. Fairey's challenge for the America's Cup in a K-class sloop has been received by the Royal London Yacht Club. Actually, it cannot be considered otherwise than as an unsatisfactory opening bid in what may quite easily develop into a long-range Limitation of Yacht-tonnage Conference. Mr. Fairey's proposal is met by a counter-proposal; an "exchange of views" has been invited; "negotiations have commenced"—truly the placid spirit of Geneva has capabilities for spreading which rival the leaven in the Biblical loaf. The New York Yacht Club faced with Mr. Fairey's challenge for a series of races in a K-class sloop seems to have kept before it, in its reply, the principles of not killing the suggestion, but at the same time of not striving to keep it alive. A group of the more "senior" New Yorkers are well known to be favouring a rigid adherence to further contests being fought out in J-class ships: a more numerous American school of thought, if not so influential, would like to go even further than Mr. Fairey had suggested in reducing the size of challenger and defender and stage a series between L-class sloops.

Robbing this alphabet of J's and K's and L's of its "misterie": a J sloop such as Mr. Sopwith is building in Endeavour II can be 87ft. long on the waterline and of about 164 tons, compared with a K-class ship of some 75ft. and 105 tons, and an L cutter of about 65ft. and 66 tons. The cost of each class of ship and the accommodation afforded decrease most appreciably with the tonnage: both the United States and the United Kingdom possess a fleet of J's racing in its own waters; neither side has yet built either a K or an L sloop. Such facts are well known to both parties to the negotiations which are now proceeding the outcome is on the knees of the racing committee gods on both sides of the Atlantic.

But—and the but is, we think, a big one—one would, with every respect, urge the pundits of the Royal London to consider what underlying motives Mr. Fairey may have had for electing to issue a challenge for a series of cup races to be sailed in K-class ships. It would seem that he was viewing the future of British big-yacht racing and the international contests for the America's Cup in their rightful perspective. He wanted to inaugurate a future big-class British racing fleet, which, on economic grounds, would draw more adherents than the costly J's could ever hope to do. At the same time he wanted to have a ship in this prospective class which would be good enough for the Cup challenge—incidentally as it were. He was, in fact, at last putting the horse in front of the coveted cart, and his "nationalist" action in so doing will surely be appreciated in the United States just as much as it has been here at home.

To some extent, moreover, Mr. Fairey's plea for a smaller-sized big class finds an enthusiastic echo in New York among the younger "progressives." There, with a smaller size-standard such as an L-sloop, they see the big-yacht racing door opening to a far wider American world and closing upon the epoch in which millionaire syndicates handled the defence of the Cup.

Whether a J challenge or a K or an L is to be the outcome of it all remains to be seen, but the British negotiators would deserve well of British yachting if they kept in view the future and the prosperity of our own British racing. They might well discard a J challenge for the very reasons which Mr. Fairey has adumbrated, and urge the acceptance of a K or an L challenge depending upon which class of ship will, in the long run, be of more benefit to home yachting.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ROWING

THOSE who are interested in the welfare of public school rowing, which in turn means rowing at Oxford and Cambridge, will find satisfaction in the fact that the plea recently made by Canon Hall Hall, the oldest living rowing Blue, for an alteration in the conditions of the Ladies' Plate at Henley, has found further support among well-known oarsmen. In the *Times* of October 29th Mr. S. J. Spurling, writing from the Thames Rowing Club, has pleaded for the limitation of entries, and for the separation of colleges and schools in the heats, so that schools should never have to race twice in one day, and that schools should race against schools and colleges against colleges, until the best college met the best school in the final. Mr. Spurling has been followed in the *Times* of November 2nd by Mr. W. S. Unwin, a name well known in the annals of the O.U.B.C., who makes the further plea that schoolboys, possibly over-grown, should not be forced to undergo tests which may make them physically unfit for rowing at the University. There can be no doubt that rowing opinion is hardening as to the necessity for the change in conditions suggested. But if and when the change is made, we hope that school rowing authorities will recognise that it was first suggested by the *Field*. The plea that schools should be drawn to row against schools only, until the final heat, was first made many years ago in this paper, and the attention of the stewards has been drawn to it many times since.

NEXT WEEK

THE "FIELD" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will Contain

FIVE PAGES IN COLOUR

These will include a special plate of Bahram, winner of the Derby, Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger; a painting of Miss Joyce Wethered, our leading lady golfer, who will contribute an account of her experiences in America; two reproductions of Miss Winifred Austen's celebrated Nature Studies; two of Constable's famous paintings of the English Countryside; and a study from the Deer Forests by Frank Wallace.

Extra literary contributions will include Christmases Old and New, by Eric Parker; Twenty Years Back, reminiscences of a Christmas in Flanders by Ian Hay; Exploration as a Sport, by Martin Lindsay; Big Game Experiences in Africa and India, by the Duchess of Sutherland; A Side-light on Country Life, by E. M. Delafield; The Turf Year and Prospects for 1936, by the "Field" Turf Correspondent; Country House Hints of the Past, an amusing article by C. F. Meade; and many other special features.

There will be a Bridge competition for "Field" readers with prizes of 10 guineas, 5 guineas and 3 guineas.

A TURF INNOVATION

The Jockey Club, according to the *Racing Calendar*, are seriously considering a revised scheme for the appointment of stewards secretaries. These paid officials will, it is presumed, assist the local stewards of race meetings in their duties, and will be on hand to advise, inform and interpret the Rules of Racing, probably under both codes, in a practical manner. This is the first approach to the appointment of stipendiary stewards that the British Turf has yet known, and if the scheme goes through it will be an interesting landmark in its history. The only barrier against this scheme seems to be that of expense, but race-course executives would do well to embrace the proposition if for utility reasons alone. Apart from that some of the profits of the totalisator might be well employed for this purpose.

A FISHERMAN BELOVED

Few fishermen have been so universally beloved by their fellows as Arthur Holmes, whose death on November 1st, after a long illness, has caused genuine sorrow not only to his intimates, but to many a man who knew him only through his pen. In spite of continual ill health, and in particular a distressing deafness, which had become absolute in recent years, the keenness of perpetual youth seemed to be his in all matters relating to the sport with which he so courageously combated the ills of the flesh. By profession in the days of his health, a physician, he brought to bear on the problems of fish and fishing a scientific knowledge which has made his monographs on such questions as the senses possessed by fish the perpetual standby of the man who finds the customary language of Science beyond his understanding. No problem was too small for Holmes to study; no controversy too fierce to impair his cheery good humour. Of him it may truly be said that he took of the little things of life and made them great.

ARTHUR PATTERSON

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an intimate pen picture of Arthur Patterson, known to all Norfolk and to a wide circle of friends and admirers as "John Knowlittle," whose death last week has saddened many a cottage home in Yarmouth and the vicinity. Had he lived in a less competitive age he would have achieved a reputation as naturalist and writer equal at least to that of Gilbert White. As it is, his published works—such, for instance, as *Notes of an East Coast Naturalist*—find a treasured place on the book-shelves of many who are neither East Anglians nor specially interested in natural history. For, like Gilbert White, his interest lay as much in antiquities as in natural history, and, most of all, in the lives and habits of his fellow-men. His contributions to our knowledge of East Anglian fauna were of inestimable value, but it may well be that posterity will remember him chiefly as the biographer of a hardy race of fishermen and wildfowlers which is fast losing its local character in the rising tide of education.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an account of a pheasant shoot in a foreign paper: "—— was accidentally shot yesterday, while pheasant shooting near Berlin in the company of ——. The latter fired into the thicket in which the birds were located and some pellets struck Herr —— in the thigh."

REMEMBRANCE DAY

Monday next will see Poppy Day round again and once more generous donations to Earl Haig's Fund are called for in the purchase of Flanders Poppies and in direct contributions. It is seventeen years since the Armistice was signed, and as the years roll by and ex-Service men grow older the distress which calls for alleviation does not grow any lighter. Armistice Day reminds us of the sacrifice of those who gave their lives for their country; let us not forget the living and their dependants, who are finding it hard to carry on. Among the sources of revenue, Hunt Caps have played a prominent part and in this direction and all fields of sport, willing workers are called for to ensure that the work of the British Legion shall not be curtailed.

"THE RAREST ANIMAL"

Whether Congo, the Zoo's celebrated okapi, really deserved the description of "the rarest animal in the collection" is problematical. Certainly it was, in the opinion of the majority of visitors, one of the most interesting animals at Regent's Park, and the Zoological Society's sorrow at losing so distinguished a guest must be tempered with satisfaction that they have been the means of introducing a zoological curiosity to the public.

The cause of death—chronic liver disease of long standing—shows that the Zoo was not to blame; indeed, occasional losses like this but serve to emphasise the obvious health and contentment of most of the animals in our national collection. "Congo" never looked really happy, perhaps it is not the nature of an okapi to do so. Or perhaps it was liver.

NOVEMBER ON THE STREAMS

Despite the promise of rainbows and other favourable portents the floods seem to have returned and once more cheat the grayling fisher of his sport. Sodden and seeping banks, turgid waters replete with fallen leaves which intervening frost has thrown so suddenly upon its surface, have made his stream a woebegone and draggled parody upon the bright and shining river where trout, but five weeks since, still rose with something of their summer nicety. But for the rod whose catholicity allows of other seasonable fish the case is not so hopeless. November is normally the time when coarse fish, leaving their family combinations of the warmer months, attain their winter quarters, and like all fish in new and unexplored positions are apt to feed with confidence. The turbulent water which has galled the grayling fisherman is sweeping clean the swims from which the winter roach fisher, these next few weeks, will take a heavy toll.

MOVEMENTS OF CROSSBILLS

It looks as if the summer and autumn of 1935 will be recorded as seasons to be set beside 1909, in regard to the remarkable irruptions of crossbills, presumably from the Continent, which have been a feature of bird life in many districts. The interesting point for observation will be the date—if there is a date—on which they leave the haunts which they have adopted since July. In certain parts of Surrey they have frequented woods and gardens in large numbers since July, and were still on the wing in the first week of this month. There is still ample food for them in the larchwoods, which they have not yet stripped of cones, and there seems no particular reason why they should shift their quarters. Will they remain to nest in February?

AUTUMNAL

When clear sun plays upon the rime
And on the drowned red leaves,
And russet folk take heart to climb,
Quick-bodied as born thieves,
Then autumn is the golden time
For which the exile grieves.

And yet remembrance is the still
Of all the joy we drink,
Where homing fancies take their fill,
And memory's glasses clink.
When wind and water whip the sill,
We hug the hearth and think.

And think of blown, disrobing trees,
A brumous, blushing skein,
Of lighting gig-lamps in the breeze
Of what a different reign!
Of settling rugs around our knees
And driving on again . . .

My dreams, on afternoons like these,
Go back along that lane.

G. D. Martineau.

The Cambridge team practising in New York, 1934

INGENUOUS OR INCREDIBLE?

The Rugby Union's Ban on American Tours

By HAROLD COOPER

In an issue of the *Field* early this year I found a paragraph headed "Rugby Tours Abroad." In this paragraph you informed your readers that the Rugby Union had refused permission for the Cambridge University team to repeat their visit to the United States to play matches against university and other sides. "The explanation of the ban was," you said, "ingenuous. . . . It is admitted that the Cambridge tours have been extremely successful and popular. But control of the game in America is a little different from that of the Rugby Union; it is vested in three bodies, responsible for finance, the laws and the arrangement of matches respectively. In the eyes of the Rugby Union this is not proper. We await with interest comments from America."

The comments I propose, now that the Rugby season is under way once more, come from one who played Rugby in America for several years and who was among the speakers at the dinner given to the 1934 Cambridge side after they had won their first game in the United States. At the time I thought (and spoke) of that dinner as a somewhat memorable occasion, and I quite sincerely voiced the hope that it would prove to be the first of many similar functions. But alas! it seems that I was quite wrong. There are, apparently, to be no more American tours; which means, I am afraid, that after a while there will be no more American Rugby, or, at least, no American Rugby north of the Argentine.

The *Field* has described the explanation of the Union's ban as "ingenuous." Those who have played Rugby in America will prefer to describe it as "incredible." In the first place, it is surprising to hear that Rugby in America is "controlled" at all, and positively staggering to learn that this control is vested in "three bodies, responsible for finance, the laws and the arrangement of matches respectively." In my time—that is, up to and including the season of spring, 1933—the laws governing American Rugby were those laid down by the English Rugby Union, and the matches were arranged haphazardly by the players themselves. As for *finance*, there was so little of it that no one gave it a thought. I find it hard to believe that the order of things has changed so completely in two brief years.

The home Union realises presumably that Rugby in America (if one ignores those games played on the Pacific coast before the war) is only six seasons old. Until the early months of 1930 there was not an active Rugby player in the whole of New England. The movement started at Yale, where I was then a student, and afterwards spread to Princeton, Harvard and New York. At Yale, in 1930, we in the University fifteen bought our own jerseys, balls, etc., and actually "built" our own ground, reclaiming a portion of a (deservedly) untenanted swamp for the purpose. We wrote to Gilbert's of Rugby for a book of rules and pressed various researchers from Great Britain or the Dominions into service as coaches. Our first game was against the United States Marines—just home from China, where they had played occasionally with the British and French Army teams—and although 2,000 people were said (by the newspapers) to have watched the game, the gate money barely paid our expenses for the subsequent return fixture at Philadelphia. Later in the "season" we had games with Montreal (L. W. Haslett, of Blackheath and England, was in their pack, I remember) and New York who were led by Norman Strong, the Oxford Blue. We also staged a Harvard—Yale contest, which was perfectly awful Rugby but extraordinarily good fun, and for which we were allowed to use the sacred Yale Bowl, capable of accommodating 80,000 spectators. The newspapers, ever generous, credited us with a gate of 10,000 for this match, but I fear the compositor slipped in one cypher too many.

The whole business was thoroughly *informal*, that is why Americans liked it. Here at last was a game they could play for its own sake, without being subjected to the abominable tyranny of the American paid coach—indispensable in all their indigenous athletic pursuits. There was no question of "control" being vested anywhere. All that was wanted was a game every Saturday. The laws we found in the little handbook we got from Gilbert's were good enough for us, and I have not heard that any attempt has since been made to alter or to "Americanise" them.

There was, I recall, some talk of an "inter-collegiate" committee, on which I myself was to be the Yale representative, but nothing came of it. No one was interested in "controlling" the game; we were quite satisfied if we could find a piece of turf (or a converted swamp) on which to play it.

The Union's ban is more than ingenuous. It is laughable. One might with as much justification accuse a child in arms of gross moral turpitude as suspect that there is anything "improper" about the control of Rugby football in the United States. Laughable, indeed, it is. But to the eager band of pioneers—I could mention a dozen well-known names—who have struggled for so many years to bring Rugby to America, and by whom, incidentally, the greater part of the expenses of the last Cambridge tour were paid, this pompous and unsympathetic rebuff from "the headquarters of the game" will be a sorry and disheartening blow. Perhaps, however, the attitude of our governing body is that of an old international whom I met at Oxford last year. "It is *our* game," he said; "let us keep it to ourselves. If these foreigners start playing it, there's bound to be trouble!"

I find myself wondering if the President of the Union has not perhaps confused American *Rugby* with American *Football* (the somewhat bloodthirsty national game of the United States). To the control of American *Football* his words of criticism would, I admit, be well directed. But one might as logically refuse to play lawn tennis with another nation because they mismanage their ski-ing.

However, it is obviously vain to debate the issue. The fiat has gone forth. Rugby is to remain a home monopoly, and those unfortunate Britons who are temporarily resident in other lands may, for all we care, play skittles.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS AND A PORTION OF THE HUGE FIELD AT STOW-ON-THE-WOLD

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HEYTHROP FOXHUNTING

A Famous Pack Celebrates its Centenary

THE opening meet of the Heythrop, which took place on Friday, November 1st, at Lower Swell, will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to witness it. It was in 1835 that the Heythrop was formed and the initial fixture of the season was therefore a centenary celebration, to mark which the Duke of Beaufort brought his bitch pack from Badminton together with a large number of the followers of his own hounds.

As an explanation for this procedure it might be of interest to give a short historical account of the facts which account for a somewhat unusual form of foxhunting routine. The area which now belongs to the Heythrop country was regularly hunted by the Duke of Beaufort from about 1786 up to 1835, and this country was probably hunted then by the first pack of Badminton foxhounds, which changed from hunting a stag to hunting a fox in about 1786, and is the first recorded date of foxhounds being kept by the Duke. Most of the winter months were spent at Heythrop House, which then belonged to and was rented from the Earl of Shrewsbury, but in 1835 this house was burnt down, and it was then the Heythrop hounds were started by Lord Redesdale, Mr. Langston, Mr. Webb, Mr. Mostyn, Mr. C. Dormer, Mr. Waller and Mr. Cockerell, the first three-mentioned gentlemen acting as Masters, and the green plush coat and red waistcoat, the Duke of Beaufort's hunt livery, was retained. The kennels also were at Heythrop, but in consequence of the prevalence of kennel lameness amongst the hounds a piece of land was purchased at Chipping Norton and new kennels were built there in 1860.

The hounds were the property of Lord Redesdale from 1835 to June, 1883, when they were purchased by Mr. Albert Brassey, who also acquired the Heythrop property and made Heythrop House his residence. Mr. Brassey held the Mastership of these hounds from 1873 until his death in 1918.

He was then succeeded by his son, Captain Robert Brassey, who was Master until 1921, and the subsequent Masterships have been as follows: 1921–1924, Mr. H. S. Brenchley and Mr. J. G. Thomson; 1924–1925, Mr. H. S. Brenchley; 1925-1934, Major D. St. G. Daly and Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Brassey; 1934, to the present time, Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Brassey and Lord Ashton of Hyde.

It will thus be seen that the Brassey family has been concerned in the Mastership for 59 seasons out of the hundred.

So much for the historical side, and now we will endeavour to give a description of this memorable occasion itself. Rain was falling heavily in the early hours of November 1st, but as the time for the great rendezvous drew near, the rain stopped and the sun shone, and altogether it was a day of really muggy weather. Punctually at 10.45 the Duke of Beaufort arrived with his bitch pack and there was a tremendous throng, especially of foot people, to welcome him.

It was nice to see two ex-Masters of the Heythrop, Captain Robert Brassey and Major Denis Daly, and one ex-Master of the Beaufort in Mr. H. C. Cox. Amongst others were Lord Redesdale, a descendant of the first Master of the Heythrop, and Charles Sturman, who hunted these hounds with such skill for more than 20 years. At a guess there were about 250 mounted followers, and the blue and buff of the Beaufort and the scarlet coats of the Heythrop made a very pleasant spectacle as hounds moved off from the meet.

Finding at once in the Long Plantation at Eyford, hounds slipped away unattended by most of the field and raced their fox to ground at Old Hill. Swell Wold was then drawn blank, but hounds found in the old slate quarries and soon killed a very unenterprising fox. Pole covert was the next draw and, finding at once, hounds ran fast nearly to Granny's Bank and right-handed over the Condicote Lane through Eyford Long Plantation and right-handed to Swell Hill Farm.

Turning left-handed here hounds ran by the old slate quarries to Eyford Hill, and left-handed by Eyford House and the Long Plantation back to Pole covert. This was a very enjoyable 50 minutes, the Beaufort bitches hunting beautifully throughout. Banks Fee was then drawn, and hounds

FORRARD AWAY! THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS IN FULL CRY AFTER MEETING IN THE HEYTHROP COUNTRY AT LOWER SWELL

THE "BLUE AND BUFF" WITH THE HEYTHROP

Lord Ashton of Hyde, joint-Master of the Heythrop since 1934, with Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Bravey and Captain F. Spicer, who this season joined the Duke of Beaufort in dual control of the Badminton. (Right) The Duchess of Beaufort who goes well to hounds and has many good working terriers

hunted a fox with Donnington and Broadwell villages on their left to Lord Ashton's covert at Broadwell Hill and back over much the same line to Banks Fee and down into the vale up to just short of Crawthorns, where the Duke stopped hounds, as it was getting late, and all the horses had had enough. So ended a day which will always be a very pleasant memory to those who were privileged to witness it as well as a day of very great historical importance in the annals of the Beaufort and Heythrop Hunts.

GOOD RUNS OF THE WEEK

With the V.W.H. (Cricklade)

THESE hounds are not likely to have a better day this season than fell to their lot after the opening meet on Saturday, November 2nd, at Down Ampney House. Captain and Mrs. S. Dennis entertained a large field of 250 before the Master moved off with the bitch pack to draw the Hook Covert in the Park. Hounds were hardly in the covert when Fred Brown viewed a fox coming out of a field of roots belonging to the Co-operative Wholesale Society.

The Master had hounds on the line at once, and they fairly bustled their fox along, past Castle Hill Farm, through Mr. Jack Rickard's withy-bed, and over the ploughs at the back of Marston Meysey village. From there they swung over the canal down to the River Thames at Castle Eaton. Good fox that he was, he turned from the water and just missing Eysey Field Copse, went on past Muddocks to regain Castle Hill Farm. Bearing away left-handed, he seemed certain to make Furzey Hill, but was headed on the road by some over-zealous cyclists. Hounds got a view of him now, and racing him off his legs pulled him down in the open at Marston Meysey Cross Roads after a great gallop of one hour, with only one check near Eysey.

They then came back to Captain Dennis's Covert at Maisey Hampton Common, whence a fox went away at once to Castle Hill Farm. Hounds ran nicely as far as here, but were quickly beaten on the foiled ground.

Our host, however, had a real good one waiting for us in the home grounds—a big old dog fox, and as bold as they make them. A leash, actually, went away, but hounds struck the right one, and running at a great pace crossed the Down Ampney Road as if for the big woods at Driffield. Turning back from this stronghold, their fox came left-handed over the road, went past Down Ampney House, over the brook, and pointed for Eysey. Here he was probably headed, as he turned sharp right-handed up to Latton Wharf, and made another right-handed turn to keep parallel with the main Cirencester — Cricklade Road, through Mr. Hannond's gravel pits into the cottage gardens at Latton Village.

The bitches put in a pretty piece of hunting here, and were never at fault, working out an intricate line in and out of the wire fences dividing the gardens. Getting clear of this entanglement, they raced on with a beautiful cry nearly to Down Ampney Park. Swinging left-handed, their pilot went as straight as a die past the Manor Farm and on to Latton Brakes.

Many of the large field got into difficulties here and saw little more of this fine hunt. Be that as it may, hounds never dwelt an instant and certainly have never before forced a fox through this covert quicker.

Out in the open again they bustled him along over the Driffield Road, past Westall Copse, within half a field of a small shooting party, into V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) country.

Just leaving Preston Village on the left, they came right-handed over the road, through the lodge gates of Ampney Park, crossed the drive by the front door, and so into the park itself. Someone got a view of the hunted fox just then, but hounds never looked like leaving him, despite the distraction of several fresh ones on foot. On they went, out of the park into the wire pens of the pig farm a bit further on. Petticoat, walked by Mrs. Wheeler, was first out on the road, and singing as she went raced for half a mile down the middle of the road. Could she be at fault? But, no, for as she turned into a field, followed by the remainder of the pack, Fred Brown viewed the hunted fox dead beat crawling across a field just in front of hounds. He was too tired to get any further, and lay down. Hounds worked up to him, and although he made a last gallant effort they pulled him down on Ampney Sheep House Farm late in the afternoon. This was an eight-mile point over a variety of country, with all kinds of fences, cut and laid, post and rails, brooks and stone walls being encountered. The going was perfect. In addition to the Master and Hunt servants, who never got a chance to change horses, only about half a dozen people saw the finish of this remarkable run.

J. R.

A BELVOIR DAY

THE Duke of Rutland's hounds concluded the cubbing season on Saturday 2nd, in the warmest weather ever recorded for the month of November. The fall of rain after the drought was sufficient to render the surface of the ground greasy and treacherous, the absence of frost encouraging abnormal growth of herbage and pungent weed to make scenting conditions of the most puzzling description. In spite of difficulties hounds have never been stopped in their work, which commenced the middle of August, and 34 brace of cubs is the best tally for several years.

The fixture on Saturday was Landyke Lane, a few miles distant from Melton Mowbray, attracting a representative following under the command of the joint-Masters, Colonel Gordon Colman and the Hon. Edward Greenall. George Tongue was hunting the bitch pack with Fred Anyan as first whipper-in. The only change in the staff is E. Curtis, who fills the position of second whipper-in. The morning sport was rather disappointing, for the first draw Holwell Mouth on the edge of Quorn territory held several foxes, but scent was at such a low ebb that hounds could not force them away for the open. Moving on to Clawson Thorns, the same experience resulted.

Changing the scene to the range of coverts at Harby Hills started the day's sport, for hounds were quickly away on the line of a fox, running fast on the grass upwind towards Landyke Lane, then bearing left-handed up to the railway, where they killed after a fast scurry.

While breaking up their fox, another was viewed moving away, and without any delay hounds picked up the line, running straight for Scalford Hall, the home of Mr. J. C. Clark, who met with a very bad accident the day before when hunting with the Quorn.

With steadier hunting on the outskirts of the

THE "GLAD THRONG" WITH THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM

Some of the field after the opening meet at Knepp Castle, near West Grinstead, also known as the locale of a thoroughbred stud

village, scent improved and hounds ran well nearly to Clawson station. After crossing Landyke Lane, they headed away to Newcombes Plantation, following their fox through the covert. Carrying on towards Sherbrooke covert, which was passed on the right, with slower hunting they worked up to the Hickling and Broughton road, where scent petered out. Hounds had been running for an hour and a half without much in the way of a check, satisfying a hard-riding field early in the season's sport.

WEBSTER.

OPENING MEETS

Good Sport in Shires and Provinces

OPENING meets have once more enlivened the countryside, and it is satisfactory to note that many packs have started the season well, a happy augury for the future. As usual the Quorn held their opening meet at Kirby Gate, where all the world and his wife seem to have congregated at this time-honoured rendezvous, beloved of "Nimrod" and noted by the observant Surtees. Nor were the legion of followers disappointed, for hounds found a good fox at Gartree Hill, which ran to Little Dalby Walks, and missing the Punch Bowl, went round the Somerby country straight for Cold Overton. Hounds then went nearly to Whissendhorpe, and turning back by Little Dalby killed their fox in the open after a fine persevering hunt of some 75 minutes.

The next draw was at Thorpe Trussels, and hounds found here at once, and running round by Frisby and Kirby Bellars, came back to Cream Gorse after a useful hunt, fast for the most part of some 90 minutes.

Then the Grafton had a grand day for their opening meet of the season when hounds met at Preston Capes. Finding in Church Wood hounds ran to Bull Spinney where they gave up, after a sharp burst. But better things were in store, for from Granertons hounds had a really good hound hunt of some two hours with a point which was estimated to be of eight miles, probably more than it sounds on paper. The fox in question took the line by Ashby Gorse, leaving Adstone and Maidford on his right and so on, into Maidford and Seawell Woods. From there hounds went away very prettily down to Foxley and on past Grubb's Copse, almost to the outskirts of Greensnorton, to the River Toye, where hounds were stopped. A good day which was a triumph of hound work.

The Puckeridge also had a successful opening meet, which served as pointer for more good things to come. Hounds met at Brent Pelham Hall, and found at once in Chamberlains, but the fox was headed all over the place by foot people and others. After a while he broke covert and crossed the brook below Oxbury and ran as if for Langley Upper Green. Once more being headed on the Langley Road, the fox swung back and bore left-handed to the Brent Pelham coverts, where he was lost, after a fairly good hunt of 45 minutes. After several desultory affairs, there came a good gallop of 55 minutes with a fox found in Patrick's Wood, which ran through the Thrift and then on by Brick House nearly to Ainatey. Here the fox was lost near Great Hormead, though hounds richly deserved their reward.

When the South and West Wilts held their opening meet at Fonthill House, a presentation was made to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bell, on the former relinquishing the joint-Mastership of these hounds after nine seasons of office. There is no better judge of a hound, or anything to do with hunting than Mr. Bell, who has had hounds very nearly as long as most people of this generation can recall. The day was signalised by good scenting conditions and excellent sport. After a short hunt round the park a good 75 minutes was given by a fox from Bilhaye Ponds. Crossing the brook hounds ran over Leigh Farm and the East Knoyle Road. Then swinging right-handed, they drove on through Park Copse and Breeches to Skidmarsh and Haddon Hill, and on over Knoyle Ridge. This hunt ended near Fonthill stone gate. Another fast hunt of 65 minutes was had from Abbaye Wood. The fox took hounds past Lipstick, through Hays Park to Sedgehill, and over Friars Hays to Summerleaze. Then they ran across Colles Farm, the fox being lost in heavy rain at Linley.

The northern packs do not seem to have had runs of any outstanding merit, though nearly every pack found foxes numerous. An exception perhaps might be made of the York and Ainsty (North) who held their opening meet at Ouseburn, and after a minor run found a good fox in Sugar Mills which ran down to the river, along it to Lower Dunsforth, over the York Road to Marton-cum-Grafton, where hounds lost their fox after five-and-thirty minutes of pleasant hunting. The next draw was Long Wood, and the pack ran to Ouseburn Carr, where many of the field found themselves thrown out. The pack, however, turned over the York road and ran between Broadfield and Whixley, where they recovered the line after a sharp spin of over 40 minutes.

It is good to know that Miss Joyce Kingscote, who met with a serious accident last summer, is much better, and hopes to be able to come out hunting again after Christmas, but one regrets to hear that Mrs. Heber-Percy, mother of Mr. C. Heber-Percy, joint-Master of the Cotswold Hounds, sustained a broken ankle when her horse fell with her at a fence near Ashchurch, during the cub-hunting season.

And it must not be forgotten that the Old Berkeley opened their season with a meet at Latimer House, Lord and Lady Chesham's place. The picturesque scene was further enlivened by the presence of a coach driven by Mr. Bernard Mills in the absence of his father, Mr. Bertram W. Mills, who has just returned from America. It is gathered that Major Stanley Barratt, the Master of the Old Berkeley, is to participate with his hounds in this year's Lord Mayor's Show. It is probably the first time that Master, huntsman, and whippers-in, not to speak of a pack of foxhounds have ever been seen in the streets and lanes of London, and it is to be hoped that Major Barratt, will not attempt to "draw" the most famous fox covert in the world —namely Leadenhall Market!

SCAMPERDALE.

A HUNTING PRESENTATION IN SCOTLAND

Mr. Charles M. Collins, of Barochan, who took over the Mastership of the Lanark and Renfrewshire in 1925, being presented with a hunting scene by Lionel Edwards, at the opening meet of hounds at Houston House. Major W. H. Goff (Master 1921–1925) made the presentation, and Lord Inverclyde, the new Master, may be seen on left

THE ATHERSTONE (SOUTH) GETTING WELL AWAY ON THEIR FOX AFTER MEETING AT NEWNHAM PADDOX
Nimrod Capell, seen above, is the present huntsman, and is son of Ben Capell, of Belvoir fame

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM THE HUNTING FIELD

Cottesmore Master's Accident

The East Sussex Hunt Ball will take place at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, on Friday, January 10th.

The North Cotswold Hunt Ball will take place on January 3rd, at the Lygon Arms, Broadway, Worcestershire.

All hunting people will be interested to learn that the International Horse Show will be held at Olympia from Saturday, May 30th, to Tuesday, June 9th, 1936 (inclusive).

While hunting the Cottesmore last week, Mr. C. Hilton Green had the misfortune to be given a bad fall through his horse putting its foot into a rabbit-hole on landing over a fence.

Owing to a severe outbreak of coughing in the Hunt stables the Bicester and Warden Hill have had to postpone their opening meet until Monday, November 11th.

The sixth annual United Hunts Ball, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of York, will be held on February 6th, 1936, at the Grosvenor House, W. 1.

General Sir R. B. Stephens, D.S.O., has resigned the hon. secretaryship of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), which he has held since 1931, but has accepted the invitation to become hon. treasurer to the Hunt. Major M. S. Oxley and Major R. S. Moore have been appointed joint hon. secretaries.

The Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Hunt Ball will be held on Friday, January 10th, 1936, at 9.30 p.m., at Tandridge Court, by kind permission of Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Andreae. As the number of tickets will necessarily be limited, early application should be made to Mr. Adrian Corbett, Hon. Secretary, 34, Great St. Helens, London, E.C. 3.

Striking tribute to the popularity of Sir Alfred Goodson, Bart., amongst the officials and members of the Haldon Harriers Hunt was demonstrated when a presentation was made him recently at Waddeton Court, his residence, on his retirement from the Mastership of the Hunt after serving for fourteen seasons. The token of esteem took the form of a table centre, a piece of silver plate made by Robert Gerrard in 1803. It was accompanied by a bound book containing the names of 140 subscribers.

The Blencathra foot pack of foxhounds is still going strong. It had 657 subscribers this year, probably a record number, but lost about £9 on the year's working. The Master, Mr. R. J. Holdsworth, presided at the annual meeting, held at Ye Olde George Hotel, Keswick, recently. The balance sheet showed that the subscriptions amounted to £214 19s., that the whist drives and dances brought in £60 9s. 7d., and the reserve fund of £200 in War Stock £7 in dividend; that it cost £285 3s. to run the Hunt, and that the balance in hand was £152 19s. 7d. against £170 1s. 6d. last year, but that there was £9 2s. 7d. of subscriptions outstanding.

Mr. S. L. Hancock, of Milverton, near Taunton, was recently appointed Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, in succession to Colonel W. W. Wiggin, who has been Master for seventeen years, and retired recently in his 80th year. Mr. Hancock's appointment was proposed by the Finance Committee and the recommendation was adopted at a general committee meeting of the Hunt at Exford. The new Master, who is to reside at East Anstey, near Dulverton, is a son of the late Mr. E. L. Hancock, of East Anstey, formerly joint-Master with Lord Poltimore, of the Dulverton Foxhounds (Rhyll pack). He is a nephew of Mr. F. E. Hancock, a prominent member of the West Somerset Foxhounds, and of the late Mr. Froude Hancock, who was well known in hunting and other sporting circles, formerly being captain of the England Rugby fifteen. Since the death of Mr. E. L. Hancock, the new Master has been hunting the Rhyll pack of the Dulverton foxhounds.

WAITING FOR THE FIRST DRAW IN DEVON
A portion of the South Devon field at Buckland Beacon

GLORIOUS DAYS ON THE BORDER

Some Memories of Fields and First Flighters

By W. H. OGILVIE

IT must be about 55 years since I first went hunting with the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds on a little roan pony. It was on one of those early public appearances that I wore my first pair of spurs. I was extremely pleased with them and with myself, but evidently Roanie did not think much of them, and expressed his resentment in a series of nervous little dashes across the field in which hounds met, as I gave him periodical and unintentional digs with the unfamiliar weapons. I was rather slow to connect his erratic behaviour with my birthday present until a kindly farmer suggested to me that I might get on better if I *took off my spurs*. Deeply humiliated, I blushingly dismounted, and put the disturbing elements in my pocket, and all went well thereafter. I have often thought since then that that kindly farmer's advice might with advantage be handed to a good many people who very probably think that they know everything that is to be known about spurs.

How different was the field in those days to the crowded company which now follows hounds in the Border district! The Master, the hunt servants, a few of the Duke's friends, the landed proprietors from the immediate neighbourhood, a handful of farmers, and one or two professional men from the nearest town, made up the little family party for which the Duke provided sport, in most cases over his own land. There were no subscriptions asked for in those spacious days, no cups for this or that fund, no influx of moneyed strangers. The little band of enthusiasts met on a genial footing of good fellowship, and all good sportsmen of the district were welcome.

Women riders who followed hounds were few in those days; some appeared at the meets, but went home as soon as a fox was found. There were no motor cars, no horse boxes, no telephones in country villages by which to get in touch with grooms and conveyances, and to make hunting the luxurious sport which it is to-day.

Men who could afford an efficient stable sent forward their hunters and cantered out to the meets on smart hacks; but those were the days of long rides home on weary horses that had carried their masters far and wide over Border hill and vale.

Those were the days when William Shore, of blessed memory, hunted hounds with unbounded enthusiasm and with consummate skill, displaying a personality and command notable even in that independent and self-reliant profession which he so greatly adorned. Shore was a remarkable man, with a natural courtesy and dignity, and a penetrating knowledge of human nature which gave zest to his conversation and made him a desirable companion at all times. Many stories are told of his quick repartee and ready wit; and he was always well-informed on public affairs and held strong and sound opinions of his own. He was an excellent horseman and huntsman, and had full charge of the ducal kennel and stable establishment, his employer trusting him implicitly and receiving loyal service in return.

In the field he was something of an autocrat, putting people in their places with a gentle satire as effective as any strong language could be. One day he was drawing a covert which was full—too full—of foxes. One after another kept leaving the wood to an accompaniment of ringing hollоas. Shore, busy holding his hounds to the line of the fox which they were diligently hunting, took no notice whatever of these urgent hints. The field grew impatient. Someone galloped up to the huntsman: "Look here, Shore, there's a fox gone away from the top end; Miss So-and-So saw him, and Mr. Somebody Else saw him!"

"Indeed!" said Shore drily. "*Privileged persons!*" and turned away to cheer his hounds to the work in hand.

He had a quaint way of expressing himself which gave delight to his hearers. When a neighbouring pack changed hands Shore was asked for an opinion as to the qualifications of the new Master. His reply was: "He will undoubtedly make a good and keen Master, but will he have sufficient *bon-hommy*?"

When, on his retiral through advancing years, the followers of the Buccleuch Hunt made a presentation to Shore at a public dinner given in his honour, that grand old huntsman surprised and delighted his friends by making a remarkably able speech, a masterful piece of oratory, concluding with the assertion that, had it been possible, he would have liked nothing better than "to hunt his Grace's hounds to eternity."

In those days many good men rode in the ranks of the Buccleuch; the late Lord Minto; the late Charlie Cunningham, of steeplechasing fame; and others who have long ago passed over to tackle the fences in the asphodel meadows—such as Gideon Pott, George Dove, Robert Oliver, and many others who were equally at home on the steep slopes of Cheviot or over the low country between Kelso and St. Boswells.

After a few years of intermittent schoolboy hunting I went to Australia, exchanging the happy gallops over Border fields for the rougher riding of the Bush with its mustering of cattle and horses, its colt-breaking and race-riding; and when I returned to Scotland after an interval of twelve years the conditions of hunting had changed considerably. Fields had grown larger in spite of hard times for both landlords and tenant farmers; old estates were passing into the hands of new men and many of the old families were dropping out or were left in a state in which hunting was a prohibited luxury. The excellency of the Buccleuch country had become widely known and strangers were gathering from far and near to participate in this desirable sport so generously provided at the Duke's expense. Soldiers from the garrison in Edinburgh took stables at St. Boswells and hunted as often as opportunity offered. Wire, which had been rigorously "taboo" in the older days, began to show itself, not only on the holdings of new proprietors but on the farms of the Buccleuch estates; motor cars had begun to appear; women were beginning to hunt in considerable numbers, both side-saddle and astride, and some of the old hands had begun to prophesy the end of foxhunting.

Into this world of change I plunged with renewed ardour. A slender purse confined me to the ranks of the "one-horse" men, and my one horse was more often than not groomed and looked after by myself; but to my joy I could hunt again. Twelve years had brought about many changes in the ducal field. William Shore had retired and was living in a cottage on the Selkirk Road within a stone's throw of the kennels where from time to time he could hear the hounds "singing" in chorus, and from which he could watch on a winter morning his successor, George Summers, riding out to the western meets in the full panoply of scarlet.

The first-flighters of my boyhood's days had given way to younger men. Charlie Cunningham was still a leading light in the field, but his cousin Jim, whom many men held to be even a finer horseman, had dropped out. Gideon Pott and George Dove were dead. Robert Oliver, keenest of horse-breeders, had given up hunting but still hacked into Kelso every market day on a four-year-old which he proudly told me was eighty years younger than himself. A new generation had taken the field. James Craig, Lord Dunglass (now the Earl of Home), James Greig of Eccles, Athole Hay, Colonel Hope of Cowdenknowes, John Scott of Synton, Tom Robson Scott, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Burrell, the heavy-weights David Turnbull and John Clay, and Hastie Brydon, Murray-Thriepland, the brothers Jim and Jack Johnstone, T. Scott Anderson, and many others whom I could name carried on the great traditions of the Hunt.

Charlie Cunningham was still the star performer. How often one saw him, beautifully mounted on one of his steeplechase cracks, cutting out the work over that country which he knew so well and could cross as no man has crossed it before or since! The very embodiment of gaiety and courage C. J. C. represented the Borderer at his best; and when at last ill-health compelled him to give up the game which he loved so well, he faced that stiffest fence of all with the calm courage which all men had expected of him. His memory will live among sportsmen as the cheeriest of companions, the kindest of friends, and one of the bravest and most skilful who ever crossed a country.

GEORGE SUMMERS OFF TO DRAW IN THE BUCCLEUCH COUNTRY NEAR SELKIRK

The Buccleuch Hunt has never lacked good horsemen. The men whom I have mentioned above have in their turn given way to men still younger, men whom nothing can daunt and who gallantly carry on the traditions left them by the heroes of old. To-day they are backed by a dashing band of young women, side-saddle and astride, who ask no quarter from their male companions and ride the Border hills and valleys with an equal mastery. If some older curmudgeons, dating from mid-Victorian days, are still inclined to compare them unfavourably with the dainty long-habited beauties of long ago and talk somewhat scornfully of their dress and manners, no one can deny their skill and courage in the saddle. The fact remains, however, that the prevalence of women in the hunting field is

considered by many to have spoiled one of men's most perfect sports.

If the Buccleuch has from time immemorial been the largest, most important and most fashionable pack of hounds on the Border, one must not forget the fine tradition of such hunts as the Berwickshire, the Border, the Lauderdale and the Jedforest, all of which have shown and are showing splendid sport season after season.

Who that has ever hunted with the Border will forget that cheery little pack hustling the Cheviot foxes over glidder and scaur under the inspiring leadership of the late "Jake" Robson who, with his staunch following of Elliots, Douglases and Dodds, would ride from dawn till duck on the line of the lamb-killing raiders of Bowmont and College Water. Some of the long points made by this pack would astonish those whose hunting has been confined to the Shires.

And who can think of the Jedforest, that happy little family pack which hunts the country between Jedburgh and Riccarton, and Denholm and the Carter Bar, without recalling Johnny Carr Ellison, the silver-voiced whip of Tom Scott Anderson's day; and without seeing again in fancy Tom Robson Scott, the hero of a hundred Point-to-Points, who succeeded to the Mastership, and who happily is still with us, sailing over the sheep drains at the back of Bonchester Hill or down the shoulder of Rubershaw—the best man who has ever ridden over the hill country between Wolflee and Bloodylaws, and who is happily still with us.

Looking back on many happy hunting days in the distant past I cannot, like more fortunate men, recall boxes full of valuable hunters and mighty deeds of valour performed with their aid. Far from it. The few horses which I owned in succession were cheaply bought and hardly worked, and most of my best rides were on horses lent by friends and on a few remarkably good hirelings which happened to come my way. Seldom did I ride in the first flight; so seldom, indeed, that every such occasion is indelibly inscribed on the tablets of memory. More often I found myself at the tail of the hunt desperately engaged in trying to persuade some friend's green four-year-old to negotiate a two-foot rail in a gap. But there were compensations, such as the day when a lady friend lent me her absolutely perfect hunter, a horse which jumped so smoothly and with so gentle a motion that one was unaware when a four-foot fence had been cleared and felt that he must have run through it as though it were a sheet of paper. And then there was the season when I hunted a splendid chestnut horse belonging to my father-in-law, who was then Master of the Jedforest, and enjoyed myself on those glorious hills to the top of my desire. And there was a memorable half-season when a generous friend lent me four two-hundred-guinea hunters while he went abroad, with the only proviso that I should confine myself to two days a week and take two horses on each day! These were the red-letter days, the days to be remembered.

I forget which of Surtees' characters it is who, in suggesting a punishment for someone who has offended him, says: "He ought to be condemned to hunt in Berwickshire for the rest of his life," but I have often recalled the remark when doing my best to negotiate those yawning ditches which so often lie inconveniently at the back of some of those tall hairy hedges. Yet I remember one glorious hunt down there on a hireling from Kelso, an old crippled steeplechaser called Bickermaker, who used to perform like a champion for half a day and then go hopelessly lame and have to be carefully nursed home at a walk, but whose half-day was worth a week on many other horses—one glorious hunt on which I sailed over Berwickshire like a god on wings!

No one can predict what will be the fate of fox-hunting in the next few decades, but it is certain that in no part of Britain will it longer hold its place than on the Scottish Border where the old reiving, raiding blood seems to blend particularly well with the spirit of the chase.

In the very thriving Pony Club run at St. Boswells are a host of keen children ready to ride in the tradition of their grandsires, and in their hands foxhunting on the Border would seem safe for many years to come.

The Hurworth Mastership.—General regret was expressed by hunting farmers at the Northallerton Market recently when it was learned that Colonel Gordon, of Hornby Grange, Great Smeaton, had tendered his resignation of the Mastership of the Hurworth Hunt, after holding the office for eight years. A meeting of the Hunt subscribers will be held towards the end of this month to decide the future of the hunting of the Hurworth country. Colonel Gordon, it may be recalled, succeeded the late Mr. H. Dorington, and has proved to be one of the most popular Masters who has ever hunted the Hurworth country.

W. A. Rouch

A TWO-YEAR-OLD OF IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCE

Bala Hissar (Blandford-Voleuse) which may win H.H. Aga Khan another Derby next year

SOME COLTS OF GREAT PROMISE

Bala Hissar and Next Year's Derby

AN interesting change occurred in the classic situation for next year as a result of the Dewhurst Stakes at the last of the season's meetings at Newmarket. The Aga Khan's Bala Hissar, the winner of that race, has now become joint favourite for the Derby with M. M. Boussac's Abjer, the winner of the Middle Park Stakes a fortnight previously.

What manner of colt is this which, coming late on the scene, has fired the imagination of the racing public? Let it be said at once that Bala Hissar's rise to fame comes as no surprise to those who had seen the colt before he made his first appearance in public. More than once during the year we have written in the *Field* of his good looks and promise.

The first time we saw him was away back in the early months of the year, long before Mr. Frank Butters could know how his two-year-olds would shape when they came to be trained and galloped. It was difficult to pick and choose between the extraordinarily strong collection of novices which he had to show on that occasion, but one could not refrain from placing a special mark against Bala Hissar and from pronouncing him the most handsome of them all.

But, as all owners and trainers know, it is not every good-looking two-year-old who justifies himself when it comes to the test of the racecourse, and so one awaited this colt's preliminary efforts with considerable interest. From the first it was manifest that he would not be one of the early ones of the stable. Ascot, Goodwood and Doncaster passed, and it was not until the Newmarket second October meeting that his trainer satisfied himself that the colt was ready to run.

Then Bala Hissar was saddled for the Buckenham Stakes with Lord Astor's Concordat as his only opponent. A few days previously the Manton colt had shown his usefulness by winning a race at Newbury in good style. Still, the reputation of Bala Hissar was such that he became the better favourite. Running green against his more experienced rival, the Aga Khan's colt was beaten. It was clear he would improve on the form the next time out, and he was again favourite in a field of twelve for the Dewhurst Stakes.

This time he fulfilled expectations, winning by three-quarters of a length from the Duke of Marlborough's Monument, the Aga Khan's second string, Prince Aly, being a good third. While the performance was not spectacular, it was good enough to reassure us as to Bala Hissar's racing qualities.

While the Middle Park Stakes is still regarded as the chief of the season's two-year-old events, the interesting fact remains that in recent years it has been no more productive of future classic winners than the Dewhurst. Since the end of the war the Middle Park winners have included Tetratema, Call Boy, Orwell and Bahram. Among the Dewhurst winners during the corresponding period have been Salmon Trout, Toboggan, Firdaussi and Hyperion.

Thus it can be declared a case of honours even between these two races. The Dewhurst has been one of the Aga Khan's lucky races, as he has now won it with Salmon Trout, Zionist, Firdaussi, Mrs. Rustom, Hairan and Bala Hissar—six out of the last twelve winners.

It is said that when Bala Hissar first came into his yard Mr. Butters pronounced him the best-looking yearling he ever had. The colt has not gone back in appearance. Rarely we see a two-year-old combining quality with such length and power. He is big without being on the leg, and when in action he looks to have an exceptional stride.

Thanks to the progress of Bala Hissar we find Blandford with the possibility of adding still further to his classic laurels. During the past six years this great stallion has already supplied the Derby winners Trigo, Blenheim, Windsor Lad and Bahram. The winner of the Dewhurst Stakes has a distinct chance of improving on this amazing record.

Voleuse, the dam of Bala Hissar and Theft, has the distinction for many seasons of never failing to produce a foal. Bred by the late Lord Dunraven, she was one of the first yearling fillies bought by the Hon. George Lambton on the Aga Khan's behalf and she cost no more than 420gs. at Doncaster, a reminder that this owner's successes have not always been gained by his highest-priced yearlings.

Sired by that very fast horse Volta, Voleuse is from the dam of Solario out of Sun Worship, by Sundridge out of Doctrine, by Ayrshire. In her first and only season in training Voleuse won three of the five races for which she competed, and was only three years old on being retired to the paddocks.

The first of her produce to gain distinction was Le Voleur, by Gainsborough, who won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood and the Newbury Autumn Handicap, as well as being second in the Chester Vase and the Jockey Club Stakes. The horse's brother, Pickpocket, was a winner, though a less important one. Then followed Indian Salmon and Dastkaj, both winners, and it was left to Theft and Bala Hissar to bring the mare strongly into prominence.

Among the two-year-olds in Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort's stable likely to be heard of a good deal next season are the Duke of Marlborough's Monument and Mr. W. Woodward's Boswell. The first was only three-quarters of a length behind Bala Hissar last week; the other gained an attractive victory in the Hurst Two-Year-Old Stakes on Saturday. Monument resembles the colt who beat him in the Dewhurst Stakes in that he had been out only once before.

It cannot be said that one is more forward in condition and development than the other, and there were good judges at Newmarket who formed the opinion that Monument will be as good to follow next year as Bala Hissar. In appearance there is no flaw in the Duke of Marlborough's colt.

Boswell is a workmanlike colt of great possibilities. At Hurst Park he displayed good stamina when beating Veuve Clicquot and the rest. So much we should expect of a son of Bosworth, who is rapidly giving evidence that he may become the most successful of all sires of staying stock.

A STORMY EVENING ON LOUGH MASK

MONSTER PIKE

How to Find Them in Irish Loughs

By MAJOR J. W. SEIGNE

IF you write about pike fishing you must include a pike story. That is the accepted tradition. Fortunately the Enniskillen correspondent of one of our leading Irish papers comes to my rescue with the following:

"Motorist lands pike. Having failed after an hour's efforts to land a 50lb. pike at Boa Island, Lough Erne, H. Shaw, an old fisherman, was about to give up his task when a motorist, Thomas Chittick, seeing his difficulty, went to his aid. He tied the line to his car and proceeded to drive the car up and down Portenode Bridge until the pike tired, and then driving slowly away landed the huge fish."

This venerable fisherman was luckier than my friend the ticket collector on the Rosslare Express. He hooked an enormous conger, which wound itself round the legs of Rosslare Pier. All his efforts to dislodge it were unavailing and he had to return to duty on the Rosslare Express. Imagine what the wretched fellow went through punching tickets all the long journey to Cork and back while his thoughts strayed to that conger. They tell me that the engine driver did the return journey to Rosslare in record time, and there was the conger still stuck in the pier. Again, even with the help of the train staff, he failed to dislodge it and had to start out on the nerve-racking journey again. I have not travelled via Rosslare recently, and for all I know the ticket collector is still playing the conger in between bouts of duty.

Was ever an angler placed in a more desperate predicament?

And now I must get down to the serious business of pike fishing in Irish loughs, for our pike fishing deserves to be treated as a serious sport and not just a way of spending the day when there is no other fishing to be had. I often wonder why some of these keen English coarse fishermen do not pay us a visit during the winter months and investigate conditions. It would then no longer be necessary to invent pike stories—of course, I do not include the Enniskillen correspondent here. The true ones would be quite hard enough for most fishermen to stomach.

So far we have one authentic record of a pike of 53lb. from Lough Conn and a dubious one of a pike of nearly 90lb. from the Shannon. No doubt enormous pike are caught every year by local fishermen living near the lakes which never get reported at all. The type of angler in Ireland who might add to our knowledge of pike fishing and achieve records seldom bothers his head about it. Perhaps it is because there is so much other fishing to be had, or it may be that we are just too lazy. There are, too, unfortunates like myself in the ungentlemanly position of having to earn our living, who naturally prefer to take their holidays when there is a chance of salmon or trout.

My limited pike fishing experiences are, indeed, so typical of those of many other Irish anglers that I am tempted to set down a few of them.

A June day on Lough Mask when the wind died away to a whisper and scarce a ripple stirred the smooth waters of the lake: We fished all the morning where golden sands ran out into the dark waters of the lake, and where the trout were golden, too, but without success. Then we mounted a wagtail and a spoon bait and trolled around rocky headlands and out in the middle. Here the well-weighted wagtail at the end of 40yds. of line hooked a lean and ugly pike of 15lb., which, after coming to the surface and shaking its wicked head at us in the approved pike fashion, was duly gaffed. But all the other pike in Mask seemed to be digesting their last meal, so we landed for lunch on an island where terns managed to rear their young with ruthless robbers like black backs as neighbours.

Afterwards we felt more energetic and decided to try new fishing grounds. Separated by a couple of hundred yards of shingle and bushes was a little lake hidden in a clump of Scotch fir, and to this we laboriously hauled the boat. I think the name of the lake was L. Dringeen, and its waters were stained even darker with peat than Mask with huge limestone rocks jutting out into them. Pike of fabulous size were said to repose behind the ledges of these rocks.

We first trolled down the centre of the little lake, but much too fast. Then our boatman rowed slowly in and out of rocky bays. Once I just caught a glimpse of a huge grey form gliding out from behind a rock in a shallow bay, and the next moment I was "into" a huge pike. It put up a terrific fight, and there were several wild rushes before the bait came away. In all we caught five pike and the biggest weighed 20lb., before we had to start on the long trek home.

Next, an August day on Lough Nafooey—one of the best pike lakes in Ireland—comes to mind. This time my companion was a Harley Street specialist, and he did most of the fishing. He was the sort of angler who would beguile a fat carp from the lily pond of a public garden when the keeper was looking the other way.

Old Twoomey, the boatman, whose grey hair protruded in wisps from the broken crown of his bowler hat, told us stories of fairies and of the strange monsters which inhabited this gloomy but very attractive lake, as he rowed us up and down in a leaky boat. I wish I could remember some of them; still they might make poor reading away from the wild setting of mountain and bog. The specialist caught a pike of 27lb. which, had it been in good condition, ought to have weighed well over thirty. I caught a big cannibal trout—almost as nasty a looking fish as the pike.

A desperate struggle for existence must go on in the sombre depths of this lake. How any trout can survive at all is a marvel. The life of a partridge in the Irish Free State is a comparatively safe one compared to it.

The biggest pike I ever caught was one of 25lb., again in very poor condition, while salmon fishing with a prawn on the River Suir. Incidentally the prawn seems an attractive bait for pike, as I have often had to curse them for interrupting my salmon fishing when I have been using it.

The finer arts of pike fishing are hardly practised at all with us. Trolling is our main standby, and here a big wagtail is as good a bait as any. The only form of live baiting in vogue is to attach the bait—usually a perch—by a hook through the back to a short line 2yds. or 3yds. long, fastened to an empty petrol tin. If a pike swallows the perch it is allowed to play itself out. A very deadly but most unsporting method.

I should much like to know how a really expert pike angler—a man well versed in the art of spinning and paternostering—would fare on Irish loughs during the winter months. I am inclined to think that more pike would be caught by spinning and trolling, but that the live baiter would catch the biggest fish.

Probably slow trolling is the most deadly method of all, but it is apt to be monotonous. Whether one is spinning or live baiting there is nothing like offering a pike a good mouthful, and a 5in. wagtail or perch, or any small fish procurable, is none too large.

The problem of where to go is a rather difficult one where there are so many lakes to choose from. It seems to me that better sport and bigger pike can sometimes be had on the smaller lakes. On Lough Arrow, for example, pike fishing is not nearly so good as on the neighbouring Lough Key. Lough Arrow is chiefly fed by limestone springs, and the dark peaty waters of Lough Key seem to suit pike better. Every effort is now being made to banish pike from Lough Arrow, and last month a great pike-catching competition (by fair means or foul) was to be held.

Lough Corrib is a big lake which is certainly an exception, and here from February onwards one can troll for salmon, trout, pike and perch.

I am not certain what effect the raising of the level of the lake (owing to the Shannon scheme) has made on the fishing of Lough Derg. But here, as on other Irish lakes, one has the great advantage of skilled boatmen with good local knowledge.

There are plenty of pike in the Westmeath lakes, especially Derravaragh and Sheelin, and I hear good accounts of Lough Inchiquin in County Clare both for trout and pike.

There are any number of small lakes in Clare, and if one only had a collapsible boat excellent sport could be had especially with trout in May and June. Here are a few places which I have either stayed at myself or heard about. Of course, there are many others which either lack of space or knowledge prevents my mentioning:

Hollybrook Hotel, Boyle, Co. Roscommon (for Lough Arrow and Key); hotel has shooting also Mr. J. Summerville, Kilbride Lodge, Clonbur Claremorris, Co. Mayo (farmhouse accommodation on edge of Lough Mask). Leenane Hotel, Connemara, Galway (for Lough Nafooey). Sweeney's Hotel, Oughterard, Co. Galway (for Lough Corrib) Carlisle Arms Hotel, Cong., Co. Mayo (for Loughs Mask and Corrib). Lough Derg Hotel, Nenagh; and Dromineer Hotel, Dromineer, Tipperary, both for Lough Derg. J. Studdert, Esq., Cragmore Corofin, Co. Clare (P.G.s.), for Lough Inchiquin; also good rough shooting in district. Angler's Hotel, Pontoon, Foxford, Co. Mayo, for Loughs Conn and Cullin; rough shooting also.

IN SEARCH OF THE BIG ONES

Putting out for a day's pike fishing on the Irish loughs

CLAIMS OF THE COVERT SHOOT

The Great Days and the Small

By GUY C. POLLOCK

FIRST SPORTSMAN (*at conclusion of beat after a conspicuous launch*): "I say, old chap, was that a peacock flew over in that beat?"

SECOND SPORTSMAN: "Yes, I thought so, didn't you?"

FIRST SPORTSMAN: "Yes, but I didn't like to say so till I asked you."

SECOND SPORTSMAN: "Same here."

One of nearly a hundred pages of drawings, by G. D. Armour, which include much of the best work of one who has for many years delineated sport with a humour as unerring as his pencil, gathered together in a volume called "Sport," issued by Hutchinson at 9/-.

IS covert shooting the greatest form of sport with a gun? No. Is it generally a natural form of sport? No. Is it, on the whole, one of the highest tests of skill in shooting? No.

Then is it a matter for contempt? A thousand times, no. A really high pheasant, curling in the wind, is, perhaps, the most difficult of all targets. A steady rise of good birds is only less thrilling than swarms of grouse coming straight and steadily and fast for the butts. The beauty of bare winter woods is not less than the glamour of the rolling purple of the moor and the mountains that give life and strength to the scene.

And covert shooting is a very companionable kind of sport. Sitting on your stick outside a wood or in the ride of a wood, with man and dog behind you, or up and at them as they come and come and come until the rise of pheasants dwindles in the air and the last little burst of laggards marks the end, you are never far from a neighbour. As beaters' gun you are one of that comradeship which, honestly, thinks less of six shillings and a mug of beer than of the jolly excitements of the day. You must be silent as you move from beat to beat, and still, quiet as you wait for birds. But there is the picking up after each beat, and there is lunch, which ought to be a contented happy hour full of talk and laughter and companionship.

What a wide range of days, similar and different, is covered by the words "covert shooting." Great days and small, two guns and one, big woods (which are the devil) and small woods (which are angelic), hilly ground and flat, wild birds and tame. The principles of organisation remain the same, the habits and whims of pheasants are not altered. But within loose limits an immense variety of shooting may be found.

There is a lot to be said for the great day—by which, being ordinary and modest, I mean a bag of between 150 and 400 pheasants. There is, I am sure, not less to be said for the small day—by which I mean a bag of anything from 5 to 40 birds. And, just as that Colonel Hawker who has, like Isaac Walton, been lifted to an undeserved sublimity by sheepish sycophants, deemed it "the cat's whiskers" to have pursued one cock pheasant throughout a day and killed him in the end, so I can find in my game book a glowing account of a day shared by myself and another on a small rough shoot, on which our bag was two rabbits, a pheasant, and a pigeon. The big battalions are not all.

No. But the well-filled day has its own merits. When you arrive and all the cars have come, and the party is complete and your number drawn, you know that during the day you will let off your gun a great number of times. It is hardly possible that any stand will give you no shooting at all. There is a sense of the nearness of much game. The little army of beaters is encouraging. The sight of a couple of stops as you make your way to your place at the first beat has the touch of opulence. This is as is the dry fly to the wet. Here is no "chuck-and-chance-it" form of sport.

It is, indeed, obvious that a great sum of money has been spent for this day. You may or may not be able to visualise the labours of all the months, from May to November—the pen, the eggs, the broodies, the chicks, the rearing field, the wide ride in the wood, the war on vermin and the carrion carcases, the driving in, the derangements of hounds, the trimming of rides, the collection of beaters, the disposition of stops. The strategy and tactics of the day itself may interest your student mind profoundly or, a mysterious secret lodged with someone else, leave it completely cold. In either case you know that you will get, however unlucky your number, a lot of shooting, and that many of the birds will come high and fast and awkwardly enough to burst the bubble of your arrogance and show you just how good and bad a shot you are.

Besides, it has luxury. You will be quite well exercised and pleasantly tired at its ending, especially if it has taken you "up along and down along" from beat to beat. But no more than that, no one will ask you to push your way through a jungle of bracken and brambles or require you to outwit game by the use of your legs or really make you run about for your sport. You will walk quietly from one beat to another, savouring the scents and sounds and sights of woodland country on the way. Once arrived at the stick marking your position, you will dispose yourself on a shooting stick with your cartridges at hand and have plenty of time to ponder the relativity of life—or to let your nerves thrust you into panic—before the first bird catches you unawares and shames you into concentration.

Then lunch. You need not carry in your pockets a packet of sandwiches which acquires a flavour of tobacco and a flask which is, full, a burden and, empty, a delusion. You come in to a room in the keeper's cottage or a hut in the wood, to a fire, a table under which to stretch your legs, and a simple hot dish which, if he had shot, Lucullas would have welcomed. Lunch is a cheerful, encouraging interlude. It has its significance. After lunch you may shoot better or you may shoot worse. But not just as you were shooting before lunch intervened.

The afternoon will not be so good or prolific as the morning. Whatever the host may hope or the keeper may say, it never is. And it is always likely that the last beat will not be finished without some interference from the dusking of the day. But that last beat will be the best, for quantity and quality of birds. So that when the bag has been laid out and counted and the tips tipped and the good-nights spoken and the cars have rolled away, there is in your mind no captious criticism of covert shooting as an artificial form of sport, but an exalted satisfaction in some happy hours.

So, but the little day, where only two or three are gathered together and the bag of pheasants is worth a song if it be counted in tens or even reaches double figures. Here is hunting, here natural sport, here the rewards of a keen spirit and an athletic activity.

Trouble and makeshift and brains must do what money can buy. Woodcraft and forethought and walking must replace the platoon of beaters, handkerchiefs or a screw of paper or a mechanical noise do duty for the retinue of stops. There may be a sort of a keeper—the cowman on the farm, or the host's gardener, or the handy-man of the village, giving such attention as he can to nests and vermin and ride-cutting, feeding a bit in no luxurious or extravagant way. But it is an affair of hedges and hedgerows, with a gun each side and one to stop the end, with here and there a patch of roots, a dell, a pit, a little bit of wood.

The birds are wild and cunning. They bounce up, with a tremendous fuss as of exploding fireworks, where you least expect them. They are seldom high, but they are very often awkward, and it is confusion, shame, and loss to miss a reasonable chance. You do not have enough shooting to correct the errors of your eye or to "get into it." You must be in it all the time, with unwavering attention, unwearying ardour, knowledge and experience if you are to make the best of a most enchanting job.

The most unlikely places must be searched, and you must not be rattled if birds slink away through all your traps and machinations, even if there are no more to take their place.

But in such a day there may be triumphs not to be imagined on the greater days—triumphs for a man and, especially, triumphs for that rather wild but always clever dog who is the apple of his eye and the partner of his heart. And if you like to rear a few birds or turn down a few poults to cover the nakedness of the land, why, then you may take your risks and finish off with a rise of ten or fifteen birds as high and fast as those five hundred that were sent over the guns in the valley at the best beat on the greater day. Whatever you get you have earned, and the earning has been a fierce delight.

It is more expensive to begin with the egg, and I believe the best thing on a little rough shoot, where you want to thicken the thin gruel of wild birds and to play the game by your neighbours, is to turn down some poults in September. You will need a man to feed and watch them, but not for more than three months. You will be well advised to keep them penned until close on the time of your first serious shoot. But there is comparatively little expense or trouble in this method.

So, in the largesse of good things, give me—Give me both, the great days and the small.

"JOHN KNOWLITTLE"

Memories of Arthur Patterson, the G.O.M. of Norfolk Natural History

By EVELYN M. WESTON

SO he, who so modestly described himself as "John Knowlittle," has joined the ghostly ranks of those quaint old-time Norfolk characters portrayed in his books, to "mardle" with them once more as he did in the flesh. As chronicler of the birds and fishes of Broadland, and biographer of East Anglian "worthies," he had no equal.

His lean figure, agility and pointed beard always reminded me of Captain Kettle. His dry humour was a delight, and his kindliness unbounded. His humanness was demonstrated by the way he "got next" his characters—wildfowlers, poachers, eel-catchers, punt-gunners, smelters—what life-like pen-pictures of them he drew for us.

He was always ready to give a helping hand to a struggling would-be writer. I know, because he was my literary god-father, and started me off on the inky way. And he was a real spendthrift of his wonderful sketches. I treasure all his letters as most of them came with the envelope illustrated in some way, and the letters themselves are punctuated with amusing sketches, many of them caricatures of himself.

At Great Yarmouth, where he lived, it seemed that every man, woman and child knew "Mr. Patt'son." A ramble with him was always an adventure, something unexpected and exciting lurking round every corner. With him for my guide, I have explored Yarmouth's ancient Rows and famous Toll House Museum, and learned a fuller appreciation of the treasures of St. Nicholas Church. Together we have mounted to the basket-makers' lofts to see the swills and maunds for the herring fishing being made; gossiped with rat-catchers at the corner of Yarmouth's busiest street; watched one of the last of the hand twine spinners at work in his twine yards, nosed about the North Quay to find and photograph a Norfolk gun-punt and an eel-catcher's "house-boat," and from Breydon Wall watched some of the last of the smelters at work with their nets. From Breydon Wall, too, he pointed out to me the remains of the "Bowling Green Pub" mentioned in the first chapter of his *Wild Fowlers and Poachers*.

In that same book one of the photographs I took of him is used as an illustration (opposite p. 248). It was taken outside the gate of this House and the taking of it was rather a riot. He first of all held up the proceedings while he polished up the brass plate beside the door; then he thought he would rather wear a different hat, so went in to change, and when the photograph was finally taken, developed and printed I discovered he was wearing his bedroom slippers.

His study at this House was a regular den. A huge bookcase filled one side of the room. His desk was never able to cope with all his papers, so they overflowed on to several tables, and most of the chairs. Nearly always a vivarium stood on a small table in the bay window, and it housed at different times a variety of strange inmates. Once it was a locust I saw there, waiting to be sketched for the columns of the *Eastern Daily Press*; another time it was a huge and revolting spider with long hairy legs. Butterfly nets, baskets, specimen cases and a mixed raffle of all sorts filled up the corners.

On one occasion when I called for him he greeted me in his shirt sleeves, and I joined in a hectic search round his study for his collar and tie. We finally ran them to earth in an armchair underneath a pile of books and papers. On another occasion he was wearing a plimsoll on one foot and a bedroom slipper on the other. When I enquired had he hurt his foot he replied no, he just could not find the pair to either, so was making do. Both the opposite numbers were reposing underneath his desk.

We had many enjoyable "mardles" over his study fire. Sometimes he would ask me to read aloud one of his MSS, so that he could criticise his own work. Sometimes he would let me look over his shoulder while he wrote up his diary. Most of his wonderful diary notebooks are in the safe keeping of the Norwich Library. They are minute and detailed records of many years of unwearying bird watching and chock full of priceless data on the wild life of East Anglia.

Our jaunts together were not confined to Yarmouth. We explored Caister Marshes one time; at another we visited Roland Green, the artist, at his Mill Studio on Hickling Broad. Together with Roland Green we went to Belton to see Tom Brookes, a typical marshman. It was then I discovered something that struck me as being rather quaint in a naturalist—Mr. Patterson was scared of bees. Tom Brookes had lots of them, and they were hived in anything and everything but beehives. They were in upturned boxes, old galvanised baths, barrels, etc., and were all busily working. Poor John Knowlittle was not a bit comfortable till he got well away from their neighbourhood.

He was also scared of dogs. His hair nearly stood on end because I would stop and talk to most of the dogs we met on our rambles.

Of children he was not afraid. I can see him now, at the Gorleston hotel where I was staying, surrounded by a clamouring mob, busy with pencil and paper, showing them how to turn the figure eight into a boat, and covering innumerable menu cards with lightning sketches.

He had a sequence of houseboats, all named Moorhen, and it had got to Moorhen III by the time I knew him. The first time I visited the houseboat with him she was in Eastick's Creek at Acle, and I remember that the village green there started him off reminiscing about his days as a showman. On his watch-chain he always wore the tiger claw charms which are the hall-mark of the showman.

In 1933 he had moved Moorhen III to Mimm's Creek at St. Olaves, and I have joyous recollections of a sort of Mad Hatter's tea party we had on board there. When we opened up the houseboat a very strong, not to say overpowering odour of stale eel assailed our nostrils. J. K. had stowed all his eel pots in the cabin for safety! Then we had a hunt for paraffin, which was finally located in a locker, but the funnel remained as elusive as the celebrated Pimpernel, so we filled the primus by means of a long-handled ladle with a lip.

I next short-circuited J. K.'s attempt to make tea with water which had been in the kettle for four days, and also removed some grass from the interior of the kettle, then took it up to the farm and filled it with fresh water. When the kettle was at last boiled and the tea made, we discovered we had no milk, but thank goodness there was sugar and a bag of buns we had bought on our way through the village, so the picnic was quite a success.

There is, I believe, a Latin quotation which runs *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*. "It will delight us to remember this some day." I shall always remember with great appreciation my very happy friendship with Arthur Patterson.

APPRECIATIVE CRITICISM OF A BIRD ARTIST'S WORK

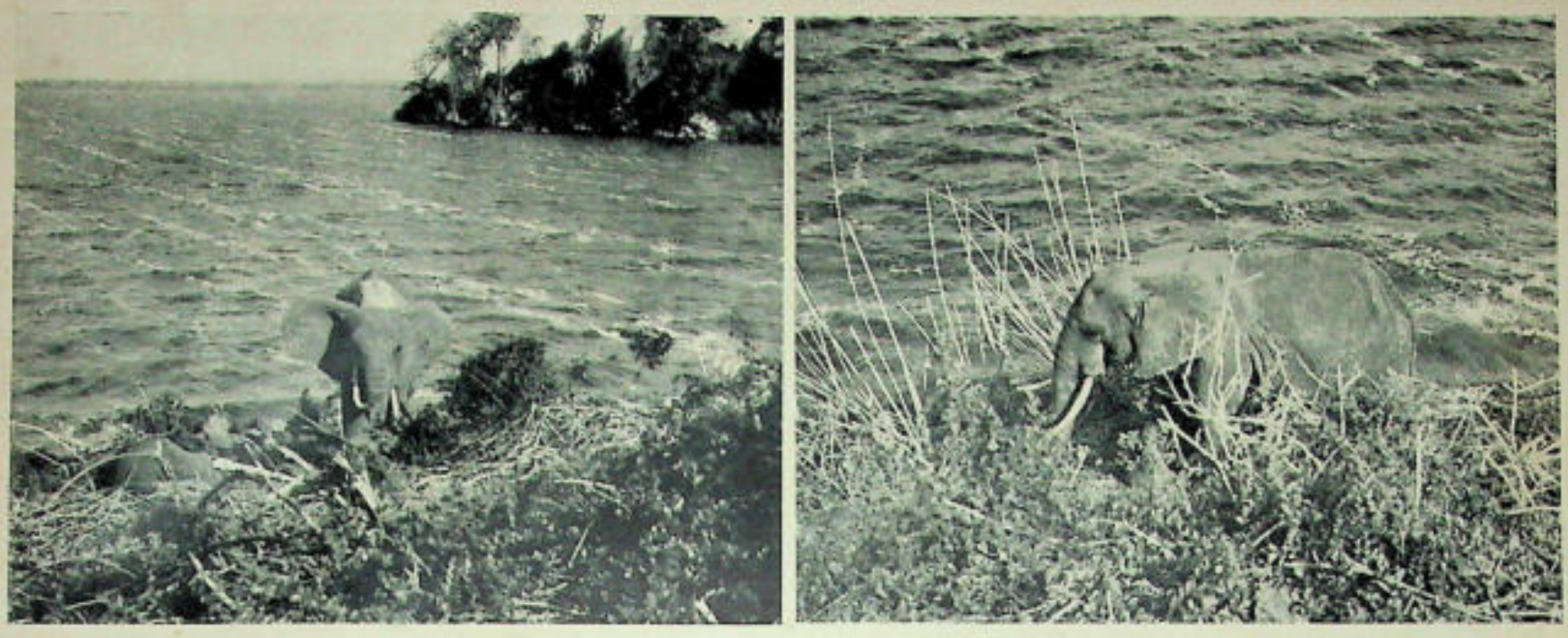
A photograph taken during a visit to Mr. Roland Green (seen on right) at Hickling Broad

WHO SENT THIS?

There was seldom any difficulty in identifying a letter from Arthur H. Patterson, who almost invariably decorated the envelope with sketches as above

WITH THE OWNER OF THE BEES

"We went to Belton to see Tom Brookes (right), a typical marshman. It was then I discovered something that struck me as rather quaint in a naturalist—Mr. Patterson was scared of bees"



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF FOUR ELEPHANTS

On the left the cow is seen near the corpse of one of the bull elephants; on the right a "close-up" after leaving the seat

AN ISLAND OF DEATH

How Four Elephants Perished on Lake Edward

IN the north-east corner of Lake Edward, some twelve miles south of the Equator as it bisects the Uganda Protectorate, is Katwe Bay which apparently derives its name from a small salt lake just inland to the north. In the bay are three small islands and one minute island, and on the southernmost of the three small ones, Rusuku, this story has its origin. The whole of this area, including the coast line as far as the Congo border and the islands, is at present "closed," on account of the prevalence of sleeping sickness.

Rusuku, for the most part, is a small hill, steep on the south and west sides, which drop almost sheer to the lake, but sloping off to flattish ground on the north and east. The hill itself is arid and bare, except for a few small euphorbia trees, although the lower slopes even now possess a considerable amount of thorn bush in spite of the attentions of five elephants; and there is a huge array of fallen trees resembling heaps of firewood, which, at first sight, are the only indication that the island has been inhabited by beasts of any kind.

When camped at Katwe on December 21st, 1934, I happened to see an elephant on Rusuku, and on inquiring of the local chief I was told that there had been five there for some months, and they had waded over from the mainland on the west—a distance of about a mile and a quarter.

I looked at the place through binoculars for some time that evening and again next morning, but could see no more than one elephant. It did not seem worth while canoeing over, even to see it at close quarters, as it did not occur to me that there was anything unusual about its presence; I assumed it had decided of its own free will to stay there in peaceful solitude after its companions had returned to the mainland. They might even have made a short excursion to the next island—which was closer than the mainland and covered with vegetation—but I could see no sign of them. My next visit to Katwe was on February 7th, and, to my surprise, the elephant was again visible on Rusuku, and apparently still alone.

On this occasion my curiosity was roused, and I went off next morning with some friends to see the lonely brute and find out more about it.

The first sign of life that I saw was an nswaswa lizard, about the usual 4ft. in length, as it silently slid into the water close by. At first glance I took it to be a small crocodile until I remembered that Lake Edward does not possess any—another of Africa's mysteries—incidentally, if it did I should have a very different story to tell on this occasion. Our first procedure was to climb the hill to enable us to locate the elephant, and from the top one could see most of the island except the steep slopes to the west and south. I judged the place to be approximately 500yds. from East to West and 300yds. from North to South.

The elephant was standing browsing at some thorn bushes in amongst a mass of the fallen trees I have already mentioned. After a few minutes "she" moved off, and we followed her to the beach and took her photograph. While doing so and manœuvring for position, the wind shifted and a most unpleasant smell was wafted our way—

ONE OF THE DEAD ELEPHANTS

It will be noticed that the mouth is open and the knees drawn up as if the elephant were in great pain

and there was no mistaking it. Her dead mate was lying on the beach.

The corpse, as seen from a distance, presented a weird spectacle, and closely resembled an old tarpaulin thrown over some furniture. Owing to the absence of large carnivorous beasts the skin was almost intact and no skeleton was visible; only the tusks emerged from the unsavoury heap. Within half an hour we found another bull lying dead in the middle of a patch of thorn bushes, and then it was that one's interest became really aroused. We decided to examine the island yard by yard, and thereupon set out to explore the shingle beaches to the East and the steep slope to the South. On our travels we came upon yet another corpse, again a bull, lying only 150yds. or so from the last one. We then had only one more to complete the story.

It was not on the island, however, and owing to the stupidity of the paddlers we had at the moment no canoe to take us to the very small island, only 30yds. or 40yds. to the north-west, to find out whether that small piece of land held the secret.

One might with some justification go so far as to say that we had proved the theory of the existence of elephant cemeteries; for, small as the island was, I should think it certainly contained proportionately more dead elephant than most parts of Africa. After further examination of the corpses we came to the conclusion that the three elephants had died within a very short period, and had died the same death; they were all lying on their right sides with their legs drawn up and their mouths wide open, obviously, it seems, killed by some form of poisoning.

I do not think that there is the remotest possibility that they died of starvation; if they had felt the lack of suitable food they would surely have returned to the mainland. The remaining cow was by no means emaciated, in fact she looked surprisingly fit, far more so than many individuals of some of the herds I know quite intimately. I incline to the theory that they met a fairly sudden death, and succumbed either to some poisonous plant or to some internal complaint due to a prolonged overdose of brackish water. Katwe Bay is always somewhat saline, and probably more so at certain times of the year. Unfortunately, I had no means of ascertaining the cause of their tragic decease, and, anyway, the corpses were too far gone to be of any use even had I had the necessary implements and knowledge to cut them up; they were probably four to six months old, and although, as I have said before, the skins were almost intact, the birds had entirely consumed the organs. I remembered, too, on further contemplation of the mystery, that a great many hippopotami had died of some unknown disease in the same locality two or three years before, and no doubt the elephants had died of the same cause.

Towards sunset, as I saw the lonely cow have her evening drink and bath, and on her way from the water pass the body of the largest bull, I resolved that I could not leave her to await death in such morbid surroundings, and therefore decided that it would be a kindness to put her out of her apparent misery. I should have liked to attempt to drive her off the island, but, unfortunately, I had not the necessary number of men to do it, and as the wind was very strong and the lake very rough, my chances of making her wade beyond her customary bathing beach were remote.

The most unaccountable thing, to my mind, is why the animals stayed so long on such an unattractive island, and why, if they started to feel unwell, they did not move. This apparent lack of intelligence in such sagacious animals, I think, confirms my theory that death was fairly rapid in each case, and that the three died quickly.

E. A. TEMPLE PERKINS.

GOLFING GRIPS

One Man's Meat and Another Man's Poison

By E. R. TIPPLE

A READER whose *nom de plume* should be "One or Two Under 5's," has sent me the two photographs showing the left-hand grip first on a stick then on a golf club, and adds "Why not?" His query is no idle one, for he is tremendously interested on all matters connected with the game and how it should be played.

The grip would make an ideal topic for a golfing debate. Many have very decided views as to what constitutes the best method, and even professionals disagree with each other on this subject. Yet each grip is used for the same purpose—to enable the individual to hit the ball as far and as accurately as required. The object of all grips is to get both hands acting in co-operation, each doing its special duty without causing interference. Several golfers find that, whereas one hand is quite agreeable to doing its work properly, the other likes to play tricks and the club in between moves hither and thither, but never in the way it should.

No golfer should adopt a grip just because it happens to be widely used. What suits Henry Cotton might not—indeed probably would not—suit another player. Yet it is astonishing how many

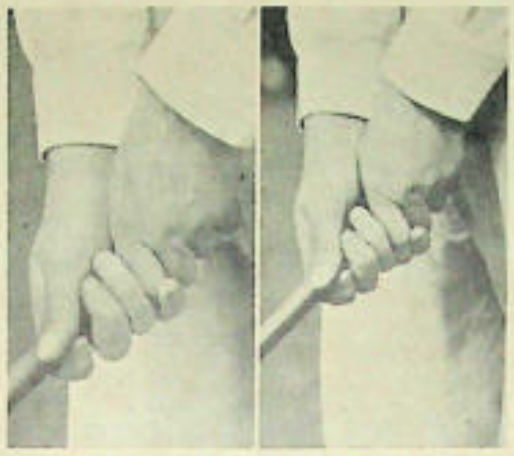
A SUGGESTION

If one is going to beat a curtain back-handed and left-handed the first picture, a correspondent says, shows the most natural and effective grip. Then why not use it on a golf club? he asks

blindly follow the fashion of the moment without pausing to consider if the method will suit their personal requirements. I do not mean to suggest that golfers should adopt widely revolutionary ideas, but I do maintain that a little careful thought on the grip would bring happy results. Many of the best players use grips which differ widely from each other. Notice Charlie Whitcombe, Mitchell and Compston in action and you see how they differ. But if professionals are not unanimous as to the type of grip to be used, they one and all agree on and practice this rule—always hold your club in the same way (shot for shot, of course) and never slacken your grip at the top of the back-swing. Cotton has called those who let go "picollo" players, and not one of them can hope to become a good golfer.

A professional, then, is consistently regular with his grip, but most amateurs are not. Either consciously or unconsciously they alter their grips week by week with obvious disasters. Not so long ago rubber moulds of the famous Vardon grip could be obtained, so that each individual could have an exact copy of the champion's grip to guide him. However, this fashion, popular though it was, carried with it many obvious disadvantages—for example, the copyist's fingers should be the same as Vardon's, size of hands the same, etc.; but of course they rarely are. Any device that would help the beginner keep to the same grip each time he took a club in his hands would undoubtedly be of great value, and I understand such an asset is about to be placed on the market.

To-day the Vardon grip is as popular as it has always been. The palm grip has gone out of fashion, but many use the interlocking grip, that is, the small finger of the right hand is interlocked between the first two fingers of the left. No one should follow this method without possessing large and powerful wrists and hands. Short fingers are a handicap too. Following Vardon's example, the golfer overlaps the little finger of the right hand on the forefinger of the left, has both thumbs down the shaft and two knuckles of the left hand showing. The palm grip is used by such big hitters as Tolley and Abe Mitchell, and is to be commended for the consideration of women players especially. The club is held in the palms, hands close together, and no overlapping or interlocking. The position of the hands when holding the club is not much different from those following the Vardon style. It is, at least, a natural method.



TWO POPULAR GRIPS

On the left is illustrated the Vardon grip and on the right the interlocking grip

From "Golf from A to Z," by J. G. Mackell (published by Putnam)

In his book, *Length on the Links*, Abe Mitchell says: "Avoid what is called the Puller's Grip, in which the left hand shows three knuckles, while the right is so far beneath the shaft as to show perhaps no knuckles at all . . . there is no control that way; the ball runs, and while that may be an advantage when the going is good, it is anathema when there are bunkers about. Don't be misled by the feeling of power this puller's grip gives you as you waggle on the tee, for that arch enemy the right hand is in command and will lead you astray."

If the photograph, which Mr. "One or Two Under 5's" has sent in, is studied it will be seen that three knuckles are visible. Remembering Mitchell's advice the answer seems obvious. Actually he has not been quite fair, we have no idea how the right hand will be placed and its position might remedy the mistakes that the left would cause, or it might make them worse. It is not fair also, I think, to compare a grip on a thick piece of wood with one on a thin golf handle. What is effective for beating curtains may not be, and in my opinion decidedly is not effective for golf. In hitting a golf ball the striker has to consider accuracy as well as mere force.

It seems obvious therefore that the grip which will give the golfer the maximum amount of force will not also give the maximum amount of control. The individual has to choose one or the other. If he desires to become a slogger let him not complain when his ball darts into heather. And it is necessary always to hold the club firmly, especially as the green is reached. For short shots the grip should not be slack. On the other hand, for the long strokes the grip should not be tight, else the flexibility of the muscles is lost.

A GREAT CRICKETER

SORROWFULLY we add our tribute to the many others that have been paid to the memory of H. B. Cameron, the great South African cricketer, whose sudden death at the age of 30 has shocked the cricket world. His art as a wicket-keeper was a joy to the connoisseur; his skill and power as a batsman were plain for the veriest schoolboy to enjoy. None among the South African teams that visited this country in 1929 and last summer was more popular than Cameron, both on and off the field. Who that saw it can ever forget the stirring valiance of his big hitting in the Test match at Lord's this year—hitting done with such ease and coolness? How he was welcomed on every ground as a grand example of the true cricketer! We number him among the great South African players of all time, and his name will always be remembered, particularly in connection with South Africa's first Test triumph in England this year.

SUMMING UP THE "ALL BLACKS"

A Team That Waits for Chances

WITH more than half their programme of matches completed, the New Zealand Rugby team remain in some ways as great a puzzle as they were when they first arrived. One outstanding fact is that they have won several of their matches by sheer opportunism rather than by constructive skill; and it was by sheer opportunism that they again won, on their first appearance at Twickenham last Saturday against a London Counties side, whom they beat by a goal and two tries (11 points) to nothing.

Their forwards are still the most puzzling part of the team. After all the match play and practice they have had together they have not yet learned to apply their strength and weight properly in set scrummages. They have adhered doggedly to the 3—4—1 formation, and either they have failed to master the essential principles of it or their forwards are not suited to it. At Twickenham their scrummaging was never solid. The two outside men in the second row of four were too "loose" to be able to apply their shove effectively, and the single back row man, A. Mahoney, was too tall to get down comfortably and give the maximum shove through the middle of the scrum.

How much these New Zealand forwards lacked in shoving power was seen in the second half, when the Counties pack, reduced to seven and packing in two rows, 3—4, not only held their own but still got the ball the more often and actually took scrummages instead of lines-out. This was simply because they were packing tightly and timing their shove better than the New Zealanders, who have evidently not mastered the knack of applying the extra push to coincide with the entry of the ball, which was one of the strong features of the South African forwards who so successfully exploited the 3—4—1 formation on the 1931–32 tour. Unless the New Zealand forwards can tighten up their scrummaging—and it is getting late in the day now—neither England nor the other countries should have much fear of being beaten at this phase.

In open play the New Zealand forwards are much more skilful and effective, and there is no doubting their dash and vigour. The side has been accounted unfortunate in the number of injuries they have so far sustained; but a team which adopts this ultra-vigorous type of play must, in the nature of things, be prepared for a fair number of casualties. Whether the game is worth the candle is another question. It means frayed tempers now and then, too. There have been instances during this tour, and it is as well to remember that it was play of this type which led to a New Zealand forward being sent off the field in the match against England on the last tour.

The New Zealand back play has often been brilliant, but at Twickenham it was comparatively undistinguished, partly, no doubt, because this was not their strongest combination, lacking the clever influence of C. J. Oliver, who is one of their "key" men. The difference between the normal English and the New Zealand formation behind the scrummage means very little. Although two players are called five-eighths, their play is virtually that of a stand-off half and centre-three-quarter and this side does not possess the tactical skill in midfield that distinguished the last touring side.

At Twickenham M. N. Corner confirmed the good impression he has made as a scrum half, though one curious feature of his play was that when the Counties forwards heeled the ball he seldom made any attempt to smother the Counties scrum half. Presumably this is left to the quick-breaking forwards; but Bok, the scrum half, seldom had any difficulty in getting the ball cleanly away. The New Zealand passing was mostly stereotyped, but the pace of G. F. Hart was more than once seen on the wing; he moves very quickly for a not very tall player. M. Mitchell is evidently a very good centre, too, and there was real class about D. Solomon's play at full back. At full strength the New Zealand backs are undoubtedly capable of better than we saw at Twickenham.

The Counties side really deserve great credit, both forward and back, and even in tackling and backing-up they gave few points to the New Zealanders, who are certainly as good at these things as a touring team ought to be. I have said that their victory was due chiefly to their opportunism. There was also a little luck in it, for two of the tries were gained by the ball coming rather fortuitously into a player's hands—it might equally be argued that "opportunism" caused him to be there at the right time—and Unwin missed a try for the Counties by dropping the ball when he was actually over the New Zealand line. F. I. W.

A RECORD STAG FROM BOHEMIA

This stag was photographed by Director-General Franz Vogt at his Schneeberg deer preserve near Bodenbach-on-Elbe, Czecho-Slovakia. The picture shows what a magnificent head it carries; the beast was afterwards shot and the following measurements taken:

20 points, uneven (11 and 9)
Weight of horns, 30lb. 13oz.
Length along curve, 45¼ and 44 *inches*
Brows, 19 and 18¼ *inches*
Circumference of burrs, 12½ and 12¾ *inches*
Circumference above burrs, 10 and 8 *inches*
Circumference below crowns, 6¾ and 7½ *inches*
Age of stag, 10 *years*
Weight, 27 *stone, clean, without heart and liver*

AVERAGES WHICH SEEM ALL WRONG

The Mathematicians and a Shooting Problem

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

TO those, and I am afraid there will be many, who will inevitably say that they are sick to death of the subject, I reply that this will be my last reference to it. I feel sure that the editor of the *Field* will see to that also. The fact is that kind friends have come to my assistance and thrown a light upon what was to me obscure, and I propose to state the proposition just once more, together with the various explanations of my correspondents.

"A friend went out shooting with a professor of mathematics. The friend bet the mathematician that he would have a better average of birds per cartridge. Before lunch each killed 28 with 60 cartridges. After lunch the professor killed 1 bird with 27, and the friend killed 9 birds with 51 cartridges. 'Well,' he said, 'the morning's bag cancels out doesn't it? And I've got a better average this afternoon; so I win.' 'No, you don't,' said the mathematician; 'the bet was made on the whole day's bag, and the result is a tie.' It took a quarter of an hour's argument to convince the friend that they had both finished up with an average of one bird to three cartridges."

I myself saw that it could have happened like this. The Professor and friend each killed 28 grouse with 60 cartridges before lunch. There were, say, only two longish drives after lunch, and in the first of these each killed 1 grouse in 27 shots. Both were still level on the day with an average of three cartridges per bird. In the last drive, the Professor had no shooting and the friend killed 8 grouse in 24 shots, thereby exactly keeping up the mutual average of three shots per bird. "Elementary, my dear Watson," you will say. Yes, but as Mr. Thornton says in his letter, he would have paid up without demur had he been in the Professor's position, and I cannot help thinking that 99 people out of 100 would have done the same.

It was, remember, a question of averages, and 28 birds in 60 shots before lunch gave them each an average of 2.14 cartridges per bird, and a very good average, too. After lunch, the Professor had the dreadful average of 27, and the friend one of 5.66, nearly five times as good, yet when these totally different averages were, *under similar conditions*, added to the equal pre-lunch averages, they did not influence them as far as equality goes! That it should be so is to me, and to numerous people to whom I have submitted the proposition, frankly astonishing. Mark carefully the fact that the Professor practically admitted that the friend had won over the *afternoon's* shooting, which proved that the results after lunch were unequal, because he insisted on the result of the *whole* day being considered. And I repeat that the respective addition of two things which, under the provisions of the bet were manifestly unequal, to two things which were equal, produced a collective equality between the two on the one side and the two on the other!

Suppose the bet had been a fishing one, and A and B had each caught a 17lb. fish before lunch, and after lunch A had landed a 9lb. and B a 15lb. fish, and when they got home and were able to weigh the two fish collectively against each other they found that the combined weights were not 26lb. against 32lb., but equal, they would have had every right to be astonished. As in the case of the birds, they had added two unequal things to two equal things, and the unequal things became equal, because they did not upset the balance or average of the two equal things, and *must* therefore have been equal. But they were *not* equal!

Mr. L. G. Duke, writing from the Oxford and Cambridge Club, says:

"Both shots had an average of 3 birds per cartridge by the end of the day, but before lunch both had an average of better than 3. And before lunch 20 birds out of 60 shots apiece gave them each an average of 3, with 8 birds over to each gun. One gun after lunch got 1 bird in 27 shots. With his surplus of 8 birds before lunch this enabled him to have an average of 3 on the whole day. The other gun got 9 birds after lunch in 51 shots. With his surplus of eight birds before lunch this also gave him an average of 3 on the whole day. The moral to be drawn from the problem is that an average as such, apart from the number of shots fired, or the number of innings played, is a misleading test of form. There are many reasons, for example, against selecting Test Match teams on the strength of the weekly list of averages, and your story is a cautionary tale which provides one of those reasons."

Mr. H. G. Thornton, writes from Devon:

"My explanation of your average puzzle is that No. 1 killing 1 in 27 (that is 24 misses beyond 1 in 3) was equal to No. 2, who killed 9 in 51 shots, as the latter was taking 2⅔ shots more than an average of 1 in 3, and nine times that makes 24 misses beyond 1 in 3.

"P.S.—In the fourth form at Harrow we had F. S. Jackson and Archie McLaren at the same time. Little did we know we had such cricket stars."

The P.S. raises another problem. "Why did a cousin of the immortal 'Buns' Thornton go to Harrow?"

Mr. H. C. Wylie, of Bridgnorth, explains it on very much the same lines, as follows:

"The shooting of each bird should be taken as a separate performance. Thus the Professor killed 1 bird and used 24 more cartridges than the average of 3 in doing it. The friend killed 9 and used 2⅔ more cartridges than the average of 3 for each bird, i.e., he spoilt his average nine times to the Professor's once, and $9 \times 2\frac{2}{3} = 24$, the same as the Professor's deficit. It is shown with a batting average. If A and B have each been out 19 times for 1,000 runs, and then A plays one innings for 0 and B five for 200 runs, each has an average of 50, each having made 50 runs less than the average. It is obvious that a number of moderate performances will bring an average down as much as one bad one."

And lastly we come to the mathematically illuminating letter of Mr. C. W. Pilkington-Rogers, of Retford. It touches the high spots. It proves things to be what they apparently are not. After a most able and instructive dissertation on the science and system of equations, he says:

"Now your problem is simply an indeterminate equation. You have two unknown factors, number of additional birds and number of additional cartridges, but only one given condition telling us anything about them, namely, that the total number of cartridges is to be 3 times the number of birds. Let us take the number of additional birds as x and the number of additional cartridges as y. The numbers in the morning were 28 and 60. Thus the total of birds was 28 plus x, and of cartridges 60 plus y. If, therefore, the total cartridges are to be 3 times the total birds, 84 plus 3x = 60 plus y, from which 24 plus 3x = y. But as this is all we know, there are millions of pairs of numbers to satisfy this condition, *e.g.*, if x = 1, y = 27; if x = 2, y = 30; if x = 3, y = 33, and so on. And if x = 9, y = 51. Thus 1 more bird in 27 more cartridges, 2 more in 30, 3 more in 33, and 9 more in 51, etc. All give the same final result of satisfying the necessary condition that the total cartridges fired must be three times the total birds."

DEALING WITH THE RABBIT PROBLEM

Experiments in Gassing and Trapping

WORKING THE CYANOGAS PROJECTOR

The gas is entering the burrow through the hosepipe below the feet of the man with a spade, and having passed through the burrow can be seen coming out of the hole in the foreground

A GOOD deal of ink has been spilt over the question of rabbits this year, and the columns of the *Field* have mopped up their quota. I think it may be taken for granted that gassing rabbits with some form of cyanic acid gas is an effective way of getting rid of them under favourable circumstances. Gassing, I am sure, is little use if it is to *thin out* rabbits; one had better then stick to trapping, for one, at least, gets what profit there is in the sale of the dead rabbits. But what gassing is, or should be, is an exterminant.

One should be able to gas the burrows so that when one has closed them down they are never again opened from the inside. To be effective it should be used on a large scale, over a considerable area. If it can rid a farm of rabbits as a pest it has served its purpose. But it is not a solution to the gin trap problem, because the gin trap is at present the only available means of trapping for the market. As long as the killing of rabbits for the maintenance of the market as well as the needs of good husbandry goes on, so long must a trap of some sort remain. Where extermination is the object and gassing proves successful the trap may go. It has yet to gain general recognition and approval for its universal application in this country.

At the request of Messrs. Geo. Monro, of Waltham Cross, I attended a demonstration of gassing on Mr. Longhurst's farm, near Eridge, in Kent. A long hedgerow on sandy soil, which was absolutely honeycombed with rabbit holes, was chosen. Mr. Longhurst assured me that the rabbits were a dreadful plague in that field. Certainly they had made a very large network of burrows. Such ground offered splendid scope for gassing. The whole area was treated hole by hole, in a manner similar to that already described in the *Field*. Four days later, Mr. Longhurst reported that as the result of our work "two holes were opened up from the inside on Thursday [the day following] but no more holes have been opened up since." This clearly shows that cyano gas used through one of the Geo. Monro projectors does, on occasions at least, do what is claimed for it. There can, I think, be no doubt that that burrow, which extended over 100yds., has ceased to be a home of rabbits. All details of this apparatus can be had by applying to Geo. Monro, Ltd., Waltham Cross.

In the meantime a correspondent has sent the *Field* his plan for catching rabbits which may be well known to some but not perhaps to all. He writes that: "It has been found very successful, and can be arranged on a very small scale with one burrow at a time, or on a very large scale. The outlay depends on the amount of wire netting and other material employed. It is applicable to ground, which is very rough or undulating, and one of the main advantages is that all rabbits are caught alive and unharmed, though somewhat frightened.

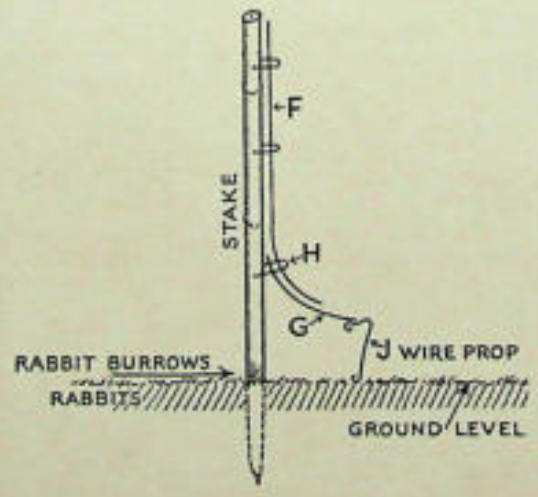
The general idea may be understood from a glance at the plan below. (A) consists of a line of wire netting hung to stakes and propped with the lower line of netting some 14in. from the ground. The line marked (A) consists of wire netting hung and propped in this way. The netting consists of two rolls of wire. The top roll (F) is 3ft. wide, 1½in. mesh. This is firmly fastened to stakes with three staples. This top roll overlaps the lower roll by 6in. or 8in. The lower roll (G) is 18in. wide, and is only fastened to the stake by the top. The bottom edge is left lose and is propped throughout the length of (A) by a number of wire props (J) 14in. long, and rounded at each end so as to slip easily.

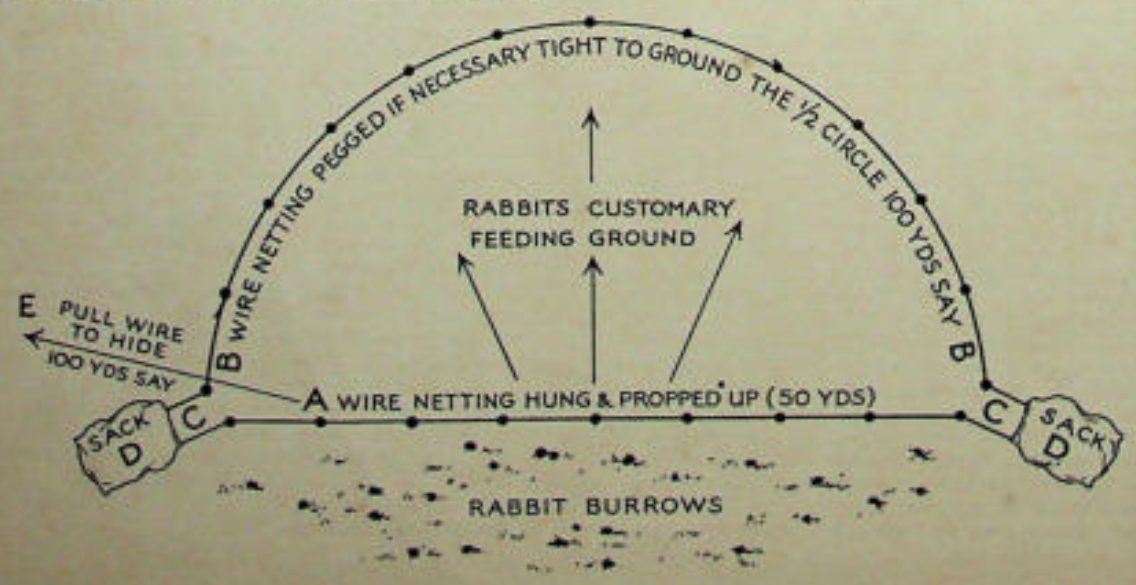
(B) is a semi-circle of wire netting pegged tight to the ground to the length of, say, 100yds. At each end of this semi-circle is a tunnel of netting (C) which is securely fastened to the line of wire netting (A), and which leads into a sack (D), which is securely fastened to the netting (C).

The general idea, then, is that the rabbits leave their burrows, creep under the propped wire and roam out to feed on their usual ground. They find that they are stopped by the semi-circular line of netting (B), but keep on trying to get out that way. After an hour or so all the rabbits have run out under (A) the propped wire. About a hundred yards away a person has been watching in a hide, holding a wire which is attached to the line (A). When he jerks this wire all the wire props fall down and the 18in. wire is clipped tight to the stakes and down to the ground by the pressure of the 3ft. wire above it. All that is necessary, then, is to drive the rabbits back to (A). They run each way and can be steered into the wire netting (C), and so into the sacks (D), where they squat tight. When all the rabbits are in the mouths of the sacks, these can be tied and the rabbits taken away."

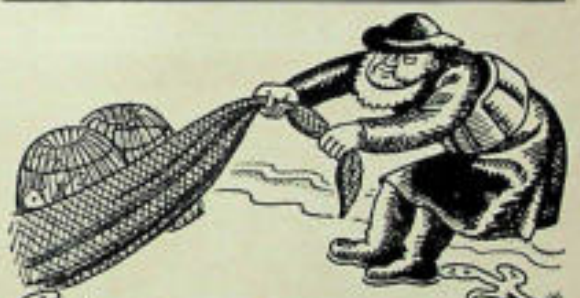
I give it to our readers without further remark in case it may aid their own experiments.

R. M.





Scottish Shooting.—At Kerloch Banchory Mr. Basset's party of six guns killed 617 brace of grouse on August 22nd. At Glenquick Angus Colonel David Lyell's party of eight guns killed 188 brace, shooting on five days. At Inverwick, 416 brace of grouse were killed (426 old and 406 young birds), and ten stags averaging just under 15st.; one beast weighed 17st. 8lb. In Kinveachy Forest Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson's party had 190 brace of grouse, 15 black cock, 23 capercaillie and 5 roe in eight days at the end of October; 3 partridges were shot at 1,600 ft. in a caper drive during which a 9-pointer stag jumped into a tree and broke his back.



Hors-d'Œuvres

for the

COUNTRY HOUSE

ARTICHOKES IN OIL
2/6 a bottle

MACASSAR FISH
2/9 a glass

ANTIPASTO
1/6 a tin

FILETS DE HARENG
1/6 a tin

Write for our useful Store Cupboard List

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY, LONDON REGent 8040
Fortnum & Mason Ltd.

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.

"IF I HAD MY WAY"

SIR,—"If I had my way" I would establish a rule that the onus of paying a cap rests upon the stranger, instead of waiting until the secretary or the treasurer asks for it. It should be recognised that it is a breach of etiquette, or a social crime, for the casual follower to fail to search out the proper hunt official and tender the amount due. Even with the best organisation, it is often impossible to scrutinise every member of the field. There are plenty of people these days who are only too ready to get something for nothing, especially if they can take shelter behind the excuse that they were not asked for a cap. Should anyone repudiate this latter statement, I would ask if he has ever taken a hand in the management of a Point-to-Point meeting.

Yours faithfully,
Inglewood, F. H. Fox.
Ledsham, Wirral.

FLIGHTING WEATHER

SIR,—In your issue of October 26th, "R. E." asks for the opinions of other wildfowlers on weather conditions.

As one who has done a great deal of duck flighting during the past 30 years, I have found that conditions both for evening and morning flight are generally less favourable when there is a moon. (This, however, does not wholly apply to goose shooting.) When the moon is more than about half full and rises about flight time in the evening, duck do not all appear to lift from their resting ground at the usual hour, and when they do so, often go farther afield than usual, with the result that such flight as there may be is very scattered and prolonged, as they drop into their main feeding ground in small numbers until quite late at night. The same disadvantage applies to the morning flight when the moon does not set until after dawn; many duck, especially mallard, flight in by the light of the moon long before their usual flighting time, and if the sky is cloudless it is quite impossible to see them.

Ideal conditions with a good moon occur when there is a mass of light fleecy cloud and a strong breeze, as duck are then plainly visible, and if the wildfowler does not mind making a night of it, he is sure to have good sport, especially with wigeon coming in to fresh water marshes where the grazing is good, practically all night long. For ordinary evening and morning flighting inland, high wind, heavy rain or snow and lots of cloud are desirable conditions, and I have also had wonderful sport in the morning when there was a thick fog. During a hard frost, especially the day it sets in and the day it begins to thaw, duck become very bold, and will flight into their feeding places freely in broad daylight, so long as a piece of water is kept quite free of ice, and when these conditions obtain good sport may be had even with little or no wind.

Yours faithfully,
Humbletoft, Colix McLean.
Dereham, Norfolk.

PICKING UP RUNNERS

SIR,—In Sir John Goodwin's article, "Encouraging the Wild Pheasant," there is one sentence which gave me very seriously to think. He says: "Steady, reliable spaniels . . . which will make certain of the recovery of every runner." Does Sir John really mean that he expects invariably to pick up every winged bird in every day's rough shooting? If so, I think it is a very amazing performance.

In my last book, *Just An Ordinary Shoot*, which was reviewed in the *Field* some weeks ago, there is a chapter on winged birds, and before writing it I took a good deal of trouble to get the opinions of a number of shooting men. I quoted the views of a very well-known contributor to the *Field*, who admits that his chief pleasure in shooting lies in working his dogs. He said that picking up 50 per cent. of runners was good work, taking one day with another, and then quoted his experiences with a very *exceptional* Labrador. In one season this dog was sent for 103 runners, partridges and pheasants, and gathered 79 of them, which, if my arithmetic is correct, works out at 67 per cent., or quite a bit short of Sir John's 100 per cent.

By far the greatest part of my shooting is, and always has been, of the rough variety, and although I say it myself, I have had some pretty useful dogs. But I can safely say that in no season have I ever been able to look back with satisfaction to the fact that I have not lost a single winged bird. And, to be quite frank, I doubt if such a thing is possible.

A dog's nose, surely, cannot vary much from day to day, but scent obviously does so enormously. Sometimes the dog will perform what seems to us mere humans a miraculous feat; take the line of a runner a quarter of a mile or more, and come back with the bird. Other days he can make nothing of a bird although he may get away almost on its tail. A bird which falls in, or runs through, water is, in my experience, often lost, presumably because the scent oil is washed off feet and legs, and on days when the grass is very wet the same thing may happen; scent, although good for a short distance, soon disappears altogether. And what about birds which go to ground—quite a common thing for a pheasant to do?

I write this in no carping spirit, but with a real desire to learn. If Sir John's dogs can recover all his runners I see no reason why mine should not do the same, and the enjoyment of many a day has been spoiled for me by the knowledge that I have left out a wounded bird. It would be interesting to have the views of other *Field* readers on the question.

Yours faithfully,
Horrabridge, Kenneth Dawson.
Devon.

PIG FEEDING AND BACON FLAVOUR

SIR,—I have read so many helpful letters in the *Field* that I wondered if anyone could tell me what new food is being used nowadays for feeding pigs which quite spoils the flavour of old-fashioned sweet-cured, dry-salted hams and bacon. It does seem to me to be such waste of good food. I think every farmer and butcher must know that particular smell found up the bone when a ham is tested with a skewer. I think if I had been seventeen years old instead of 71 I should have made it my business to find out the cause. I never remember hams or bacon being spoiled in this way before the war, and my people were noted for their good old-fashioned hams and bacon, tongues, mutton hams and smoked salmon. Our large old kitchen at home was not considered furnished unless those five dainties were hanging in it.

If someone could tell farmers what *not* to feed their pigs on I am sure everyone would be grateful.

All my hams from properly fed pigs have been a real success, and my old-fashioned ox-tongues are very well known now.

Yours faithfully,
Aberhiriaeth, C. M. Mayhew-Jones (Mrs.)
Wrexham.

HOW WAS THE ZEBRA KILLED?

SIR,—The following account may be of some interest to your readers, who may be able to bring to light some new theory.

We were on a shooting expedition down in the Chikwawa district, on the Shire River, 20 miles south-east of Chikwawa Boma, on the road to Chiromo. On August 5th we were returning from a rather unsuccessful day, time midday and about twelve miles from camp. It was drizzling at the time, and the ground was in good condition for tracking. We suddenly noticed a vulture flying away from a hollow about 50yds. off our track. We turned off to investigate, and found in the hollow the following: A zebra stallion lying on its left side with its head tucked right under it, and its neck broken and bent double. The body was still warm, and we estimated it to have been dead not longer than half an hour. It may be as well to mention here that zebra are royal game in Nyasaland and there is only one herd in the Chikwawa district. We examined the body and found no marks of any description on it, except where the vulture had started in on the eye. There was no sign anywhere in the vicinity of a lion. About 5yds. away along the zebra's tracks was a pile of normal droppings, where he had obviously stood. Further back about another 15yds. were marks of a scuffle, the ground plainly showing the zebra's hoof marks, and also those of what looked like a big bull eland.

We at first thought it was the work of a lion, but absence of spoor or mark on the body and the presence of a vulture, proved us wrong. The boys said it was an insect, but we discredited this theory, by the animal's extremely healthy appearance and by its normal droppings, also because of the extraordinary position in which it had died.

We then came upon the eland and zebra marks, and came to the conclusion that there must have been a fight. If this supposition is correct, is not this rather unusual? Furthermore, it seems rather incredible that after the fight the zebra apparently walked about 15yds., stopped and left normal droppings, then went on another 5yds. and suddenly fell with a broken neck in such an extraordinary position.

Unfortunately, it was the only day of this safari that we had left the camera behind, and so were unable to obtain any photographs.

Yours faithfully,
King's African Rifles, G. M. Wilkins
Zomba, (Captain).
Nyasaland Protectorate, T. H. Birkbeck
Central Africa. (Lieut.).

GOOD WORK FOR ANIMALS IN KASHMIR

SIR,—Some years ago you were kind enough to allow me to write about our work for the animals in this far-off state. I am glad to say it is not only still going on, but is having definitely good results. The natives have now got confidence in us, and instead of hiding their sick animals they bring them of their own accord. More than half our cases last year came to us in this way.

The state has considerably lightened our work by having all "Tongas" numbered, so that anyone seeing a pony pulling a cart with more than the recognised number of passengers (*i.e.*, four), or girth galled, or lame, can report the matter to the police.

It was a heartbreaking sight to see a thoroughly unfit pony trying to drag along a cart containing eight to ten fully-grown people, and because its strength failed being beaten or prodded with a stick with a rusty nail at the end of it. If this is stopped our association will not have existed in vain. I hope many more reforms will follow. The ponies and donkeys know at least when they are well treated. We have a donkey and a pony who come in entirely by themselves a distance of respectively six and five miles when they get bad sore places. If anyone desires further information about our work, a letter addressed to me c/o Williams & James, Norfolk House, Embankment, London, W.C., will bring an immediate reply.

Yours faithfully,
Evelyn M. Macculloch,
Virginia Water. Kashmir Animal League.

VAGARIES OF SCENT

SIR,—Apropos the letter in your issue of October 19th on the above, my experience on October 22nd may be of interest. I was exercising my two spaniels and a Cairn terrier about 9.45 a.m. on Walkhampton Common (Dartmoor) when I found myself so close to a fox that I could have touched it with my gun. The fox was sitting on its haunches watching the two spaniels quartering the ground. I did not move, and the position remained the same for some minutes. When one of the spaniels came towards me the fox trotted off down a sheep track where the Cairn terrier was, but turned to windward without being seen. He next passed the second spaniel, also to windward, without being seen. As a rule all three dogs become uncontrollable when they wind a fox, so it is certain there could have been no scent at all at that time. I was 2yds. to *windward* of the fox and the three dogs were 10yds. to 15yds. to *leeward* of it. The fox was quite unaware of my presence and the dogs were unaware of the fox's presence.

The climatic conditions were: Temperature between 40° and 45° F.; wind, east, moderate; sky completely clouded; ·10in. of rain had fallen during the night.

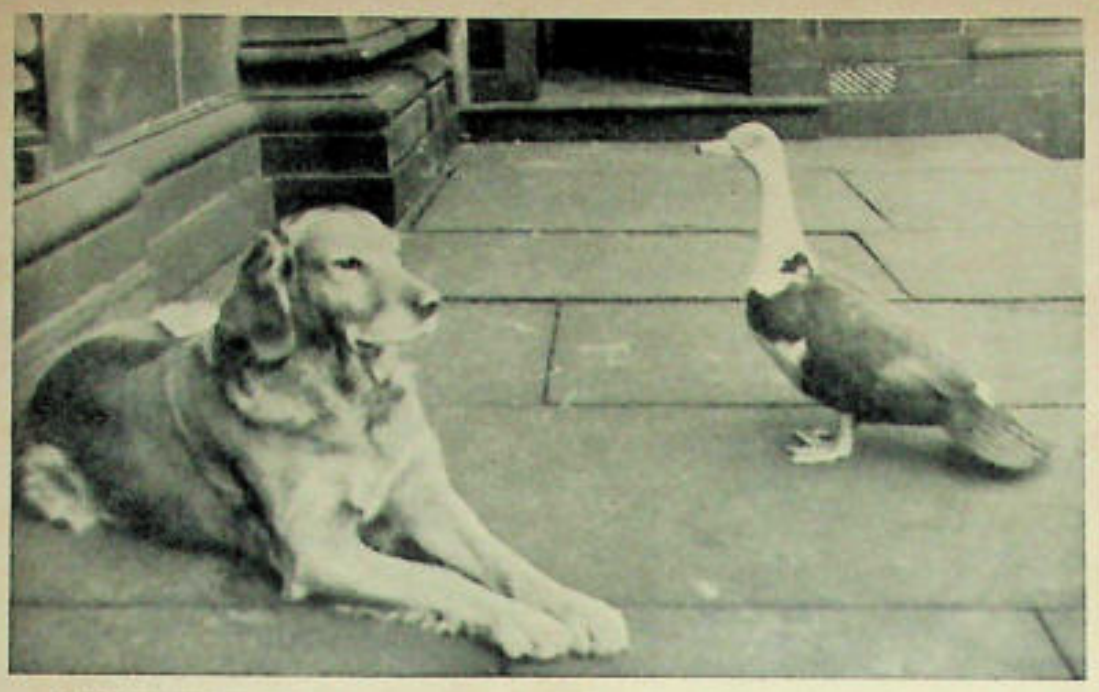
Yours faithfully,
Furzetor, M. C. Collier
Horrabridge, (Colonel).
S. Devon.

MOORHENS' NESTS AWAY FROM WATER

SIR,—With reference to previous letters on the subject of moorhens nesting in trees: Last year (1934) I found a moorhen's nest in a small strip of trees on the downs near here, fully three-quarters of a mile from the nearest water—the River Kennet. The nest itself was peculiar. It was situated 12ft. above the ground in a privet bush, and consisted of an old pigeon's nest lined with string, leaves and large pieces of paper.

The first time I saw it, one of the old birds got off and walked down a hanging piece of branch on to the ground. There were then five chipping eggs in the nest. When I returned a day or two later they had all hatched, and the nest was empty. Curiously enough I also found another nest, identical to the last, about 50yds. away. I suppose it must have been used for a former brood as this was in June.

Yours faithfully,
"C" House, P. Moxon.
Marlborough College, Wilts.



"MOSCOVITCHY FINISHES EVERY SCRAP AND THEN STARES AT MARTIN WITH AN EVIL EYE"
(See Letter "The Perfect Retriever")

THE VANISHING BLACKGAME OF MULL

SIR,—A recent personal interview with the oldest headkeeper, of Mull suggests that blackgame are about to become extinct in that island. Mr. Fraser, Aros, Tobermory, allows me to state here than *no* blackgame chicks have been reared to maturity, within his knowledge, or that of his underkeeper, since the period of the war. He had one grey-hen's nest in 1933, but the eggs did not hatch, and when broken by Mr. Fraser, were found to be—not "stale," but containant of yellow matter. Some readers may recollect that I got a grey-hen from Mr. Fraser in the winter of 1925, and that it was reported on as suffering from coccidiosis. Mr. Fraser did not hear a blackcock call last spring, and to my question: "Can you get another specimen of Mull blackgame for scientific examination?"

(COMPANY MEETING)

UNITED DAIRIES

A YEAR OF PROGRESS

The accounts show that the net profit brought into the balance sheet is £627,858. It is now proposed to pay a final dividend on the ordinary stock of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year. During the trading year, our expenditure on properties, including improvements and extensions, amounted to £231,089.

12½ MILLION GALLONS MORE MILK DEALT WITH

As regards the year's trading, following increases of 4 million gallons in 1933, 5 millions in 1934, I have to record a further increase of more than 12½ million gallons in our purchases of milk. The cow population continues to increase, and at the present time we are dealing with about 100,000 gallons per week more than at this time last year. These figures show both the attractiveness of the terms offered by the Milk Marketing Board to the producers of milk and our continued efforts to co-operate with the Board in taking up the embarrassingly large increased supply.

The only sign of any limit to production is the fact that in what formerly were regarded principally as stock rearing districts, the lure of the milk market is resulting in less young stock being reared. We have done our utmost to keep pace with the increased supplies and even I have been amazed at the way in which our creameries and condenseries have responded to the calls made upon them.

Our manufacturing programme is by no means easy to plan. In the past year the quantities to be manufactured varied from 660,000 gallons in one week to over 2,250,000 in the peak week. Taking one item of manufacture alone—cheese—the limits of weekly fluctuation were from 86,000 gallons in the lowest, to 700,000 gallons in the highest week. Equipment, of course, must be adequate to the peak week.

In comparing English creameries' costs of manufacture with those abroad, this feature is frequently overlooked. I am satisfied that for efficiency, your factories and creameries are unsurpassed by any in the world, and I can assure you that however great the strain placed upon them, they are always kept up to that high standard of cleanliness and hygiene that we demand of all our plants.

VAST INCREASED SALES OF BUTTER AND EGGS

In spite of falling prices in many of the commodities handled, our sales in the year increased by upwards of £1,100,000. Butter sales increased by more than 6,000,000lbs., and eggs by more than 2,000,000. It is pleasing to find that our sales of English eggs increased by over 8,000,000, Empire eggs by over 2,000,000, whilst our sales of foreign eggs dropped by over 8,000,000. For the purpose of getting the freshest possible eggs to our customers, we have now established five country egg depots.

As an English company, it is natural that our first aim should be to sell as much home produce as possible, and our second aim to give preference to the products of our Dominions and Colonies.

FLOODED MARKETS

You might well ask, in view of the great expansion of our business, why our profits in the shape of dividends from subsidiary companies, have not increased to any appreciable extent. It has not been an easy matter to handle profitably this enormous increase in supplies. Except for about 1,000,000 gallons supplied under the Milk in Schools scheme, which, if properly costed, almost certainly shows us a loss, nearly the whole of the increased intake has been manufactured, and these manufactured products have to fight their way into a market already flooded by Dominion and foreign supplies.

THE MILK MARKETING BOARD

As regards the disagreement with the Milk Marketing Board, I desire to say as little as possible in view of the fact that at the demand of the milk distributors the matters in dispute are, as you know, under investigation. But this I might say, the opposition to the contract prescribed by the Milk Marketing Board came from the whole distributive industry with a country-wide unanimity never before experienced. I look forward with equanimity and confidence to the result of the deliberations of an impartial body.

In order to remove any lingering doubts on the point I ought, perhaps, to say that we have not sought to increase the margin between the price paid to the Milk Marketing Board for liquid milk and the price charged to our customers.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

replied: "I will do my best, but they are very scarce now."

It is surprising that there are any surviving blackgame in Mull now; but, after all, many birds live for longer than fifteen years. It is, of course, by no means a necessity that proof of the real cause for blackgame decrease should come from Mull. Specimens from any districts where blackgame are on the decrease (and where is that not happening?) would conclusively prove, or disprove, what the scientific people hold (quite justly) I did not quite succeed in proving, by the production of a solitary diseased grey-hen from Mull.

Yours faithfully,
Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

CROSSBILL OR WOODPECKER?

SIR,—When I stated that the work on the Scots pine cones by the crossbill and green and great-spotted woodpeckers were identical, they were described from old material collected in 1910 and 1922 respectively. These had become old and fully dehisced, consequently I was unable to detect any superficial difference.

On seeing Mr. Lewis's note in your issue of September 28th, I wrote to Mr. N. Tracy, of South Wootton, who is one of the most accurate field observers we have, for a fresh supply of cones worked by both species. I have now received these *freshly worked* cones, and this is what Mr. Tracy says: "There is a difference between crossbill and great-spotted woodpecker work. In the former the scales are simply prised open, but are not split down longitudinally, as is the case with the latter, also the inner fibre of the scales in the case of the crossbill work is left smooth, but with the woodpecker work the inner fibre is torn and roughened. This refers to green cones of the year, and not to brown ripened cones of the previous year's crop."

Of the latter Mr. Tracy says: "With old crossbill cones (*i.e.*, fully dehisced ones) the scales curve backwards, but with the woodpecker work they stand straight out, owing to the fibre of the scales being broken by the force."

I enclose a photograph of six cones. The top row represents those worked by the crossbill, and the bottom row those by the woodpecker, from which it will be seen that there is, on a closer examination, a very slight difference between the work of the two species—*i.e.*, the crossbill work appears to be neater, and there is slightly less fraying of the fibres.

I cannot agree with Mr. Lewis that they are "decidedly dissimilar," and he is in error when he claims that the woodpecker splits the scales from *base* to tip. It is exactly the reverse, *i.e.*, as is obvious from the photograph, they are attacked from the apex of the cone, and when found fixed in the clefts of the bark, they are held by the base. An examination of fresh partly worked cones proves conclusively that both crossbill and woodpecker commence the attack at the apex of the cones. Part of the apparent difference shown in the photograph is in some measure due to difference in the size of the cones.

Yours faithfully,
37, Kidderminster Road, Croydon. PERCY F. BUSYARD.

THE PERFECT RETRIEVER

SIR,—Martin, our golden-haired retriever, dozes in the sun, beside the remains of his dinners.

A sudden noise—and down swoops a Muscovy duck.

"Lie down Martin!" orders his master. The dog does not stir. With perfect self-control he watches the unwelcome guest gobbling down the food under his very nose. Moscovitchy finishes every scrap and then stares at Martin with an evil eye. Notice his defiant look and our retriever's bored yet superior expression.

Yours faithfully,
Wortley Hall, Sheffield. "SCHOOL ROOM."

"MAGNETISM OR ILLUSION?"

SIR,—Apropos a letter, entitled "Magnetism or Illusion," which appeared in the *Field* of October 12th, I can perhaps enlighten Mrs. Paul as to the cause of this apparent reversal of the laws of gravity.

I have lived in the vicinity myself for twelve years, and can assure Mrs. Paul that it is merely an optical illusion, caused by the proximity of the sea. I have had the whole matter lucidly explained to me, but I am afraid that the explanation would take up too much space to allow its publication in this letter.

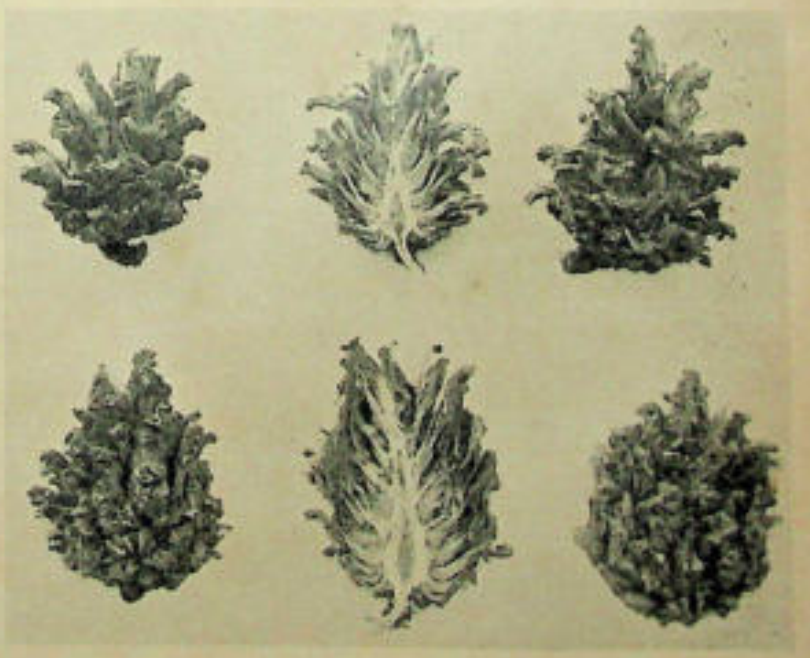
Yours faithfully,
South Lawn, Eton. V. W. COATS.

LOST DEVON MINNOW

SIR,—I was interested in a recent article re tackle apparently breaking and rejoining. In (I think 1883) I was on the Usk and a man called Leir came there fishing with minnow. As I had never seen this used I went with him. He hooked and landed a fish. When he got the fish out the tackle was intact, but the minnow (a solid Devon without slots) had gone. We looked about and found it lying on the gravel on to which he had drawn the fish.

We tried to find how this could have happened at the time, but it was a complete mystery. At that time I do not think that wire had come into use, so the tackle must have been gut. The fish was landed on a gravel bank and did a bit of kicking when landed, but the tackle was not broken and the solid minnow was not split. It beats Maskelyne and Cooke.

Yours faithfully,
CLAUDE N. W. GOULD.
"Westmead" Private Hotel, Braunton, N. Devon.



TWO METHODS WITH PINE CONES
(See Letter "Crossbill or Woodpecker?")

A HEAVY STAG

SIR,—On October 12th I shot a wild red stag which I think might be of interest owing to the weight. It weighed 30st. 5lb. clean and was hard run, so a month earlier would have been considerably heavier. It had only ten points; the horns, however, were very thick—left 33½in., right 32½in. It is a good-looking head, though beginning to go back, as it was an old beast. I think this must be one of the heaviest recorded for the British Isles.

Yours faithfully,
Hazlewood, Sligo. S. C. BERRIDGE.

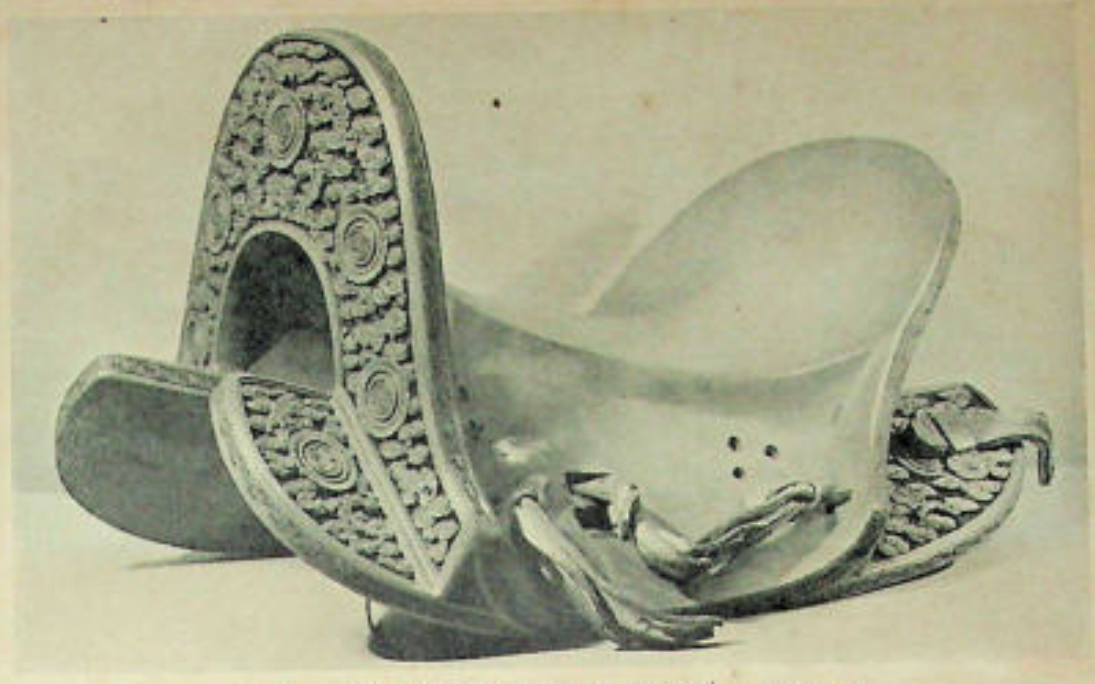
AN IMPERIAL CHINESE SADDLE

SIR,—We have recently purchased what we look upon as a very rare and interesting example of Chinese art, namely, an eighteenth century saddle, from the Summer Palace, Pekin, in carved red lacquer, which, from the excellence of the work, we think must have been used by the Emperor Kien Lung himself. As we do not think such a saddle has been illustrated or referred to before, we send the following description and a photograph, believing it will interest your readers.

It is an Imperial carved red lacquer hunting saddle, the pommel, cantle and side bars carved with Shou medallions and bats of happiness flying amidst fungus-shaped clouds on a diapered green lacquer ground. The seat and interior of the saddle are in flat red lacquer, with original rawhide stirrup and crupper attachments, the latter secured to the side bars by silver and gold damascened clasps.

The saddle is still in excellent condition, in spite of its age, which must be nearly 200 years. It was probably used exactly as it is, that is, without any padding, as we have in our possession Imperial eighteenth century Canton enamel panels depicting hunting scenes, in which saddles of this shape are used, with just a blanket or numnah underneath.

Yours faithfully,
5, 6 and 7, King Street, St. James's, S.W. 1. SPINK & SON, LTD.



PROBABLY USED BY THE EMPEROR KIEN LUNG HIMSELF
(See Letter "An Imperial Chinese Saddle")

A HARE AT THE WINDOW

SIR,—A few days ago I was surprised on looking up to see a hare standing with her hind legs on the ground and her front feet on the window-sill, gazing through the window. In a few moments she sprang on to the sill and pressed her face against the glass; the mark is there now. As the stone sill slopes very sharply, she had difficulty in maintaining her position, and in her endeavour to do so scored the stone with a number of roughly parallel lines. Unfortunately a dog in the room realised that something unusual was happening and moved towards the window to investigate, with the result that the hare jumped down and went quietly into a shrubbery.

CAPTURED ON THE ISLE OF MULL
(See Letter "An Albino Otter")

Two possible explanations of her behaviour occur to me. The window faces west, the sun was low down, but shone brightly through trees on to it. Did she see the reflection of the trees and imagine there was a wood which she wished to investigate, or did she see her own reflection and take it for another hare?

Yours faithfully,
Sparsholt, Winchester. RICARDO SIMPSON.

SHRIKE AND SPARROWS

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Bunyard's note in your issue of September 14th relating to a red-backed shrike taking a chaffinch, I once saw one pounce on an old sparrow, and as the sequel was curious I will narrate it.

One morning early in May I was standing with my gamekeeper in a small yard by a hedge which forms the boundary of a road. There were two or three cattle-yards behind us, but we could not see these from where we were standing. In the hedge close to our left hand and on our side of the road was a small oak tree, and looking into this tree I saw a male red-backed shrike perched on a branch. I drew my keeper's attention to the "butcher-bird" whereupon he said "Well, he *is* an early one." He had hardly spoken when the shrike swooped down and seized a sparrow which was sitting on the hedge on the other side of the road; the two birds fell together down the far side of the hedge. I saw no other sparrow near the victim nor did I hear any cry, but some S O S must have been given for from a yard behind us, hidden from the struggling birds by hedges and high farmbuildings, a stream of many sparrows flew straight to the scene of outrage.

I had to climb a locked gate on each side of the road before I could get a view of the spot, but when I reached it the birds had all gone, and all I could see were one or two sparrows flying along the hedge near the ground, about 70 yards from me. I would very much like to know whether a rescue had been effected, or whether the shrike had killed the sparrow and had then retreated either with or without the body.

Yours faithfully,
Binstead House, Ryde, I. of W. STEPHENSON R. CLARKE.

AN ALBINO OTTER

SIR,—A very fine albino otter captured at Torosay Castle, Isle of Mull, on March 21st, 1935, was exhibited at a meeting of the Zoological Society on October 22nd. It had been sent on behalf of the owner, Wing Commander A. W. J. James, M.P., by Messrs. Peter Spicer & Sons, of Leamington, by whom it had been beautifully mounted.

The colour of this specimen is pale cream throughout, with pink eyes, and, although neither weight nor sex is given, it is said to have measured 44in. from nose to tip of tail.

Albino otters seem to be very rare, and it would be interesting to know if any reader of the *Field* has known of another case.

Yours faithfully,
D. SETH-SMITH.
Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, N.W.

MOVEMENTS OF JAYS

SIR,—At 8 a.m. on October 5th I counted a flock of 145 jays flying high in the air from north to south. They were crossing from one covert to another over a long fence dotted with tall elm trees. On approaching the trees a few of them would dive down as if to rest for a minute or two and then fly up and join in the rear of the flock. A few days previous to this there had been a large influx of jays into the coverts where it was known there were not more than half a dozen during the summer.

Do jays migrate from the North German and Russian forests? I have never seen or heard of anything like it during over 30 years of keepering.

Yours faithfully,
South Wilts. OBSERVER.

[See also "M.'s" letter from Hampshire in the *Field* of October 26th. Immigration of jays from the Continent has often been recorded on the East Coast in autumn but not to any considerable extent elsewhere.—ED.]

FLEAS ON A DOG

SIR,—In September, 1930, my wife found a "patch" (would Mr. Punch approve of this as the correct "noun of aggregation"?) of fleas such as is described by your correspondent "R. L." behind the ear of my golden Cocker. They were quiescent, and were exorcised with Flit dabbed on direct with cotton wool, followed by a spray of the same liquid and a bath. She estimates that there were more than 200 in all, and they were surrounded by a rim of small faintly yellow specks which appeared to be shells of eggs.

Another dog which had been sharing quarters with the infected one was found to be entirely free of fleas.

Yours faithfully,
Forston House, Dorchester. W. MARTLAND WALKER.

PARTRIDGES PERCHING

SIR,—I was interested to read in your issue of October 5th a letter under the above heading.

It may be of interest to the author of this letter and to some of your other readers, to know that in Portugal it is a very common occurrence to see red-legged partridges in cork trees. The reason for this is that the acorns produced by the cork tree form one of the chief food supplies for partridges living in cork forests.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. H. D. T.

Insist on Sandeman wines

Their ports and sherries are always excellent—perfectly matured and produced with all the skill and knowledge of nearly one-and-a-half centuries of experience. The name SANDEMAN on every bottle guarantees the superb quality and honest value within.

PORTS
THREE STAR (Select Old Ruby or Tawny) Per Doz. 72/-
PARTNERS (Finest Old Ruby) Per Doz. 108/-
SHERRIES
APITIV (Extra Dry Pale) Per Doz. 72/-
BROWN BANG (Fine Old Dessert) Per Doz. 108/-

Geo. G. Sandeman, Sons & Co., Ltd. 20 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4

SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE
(See Letter "War Graves in Palestine")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

War Graves in Palestine.—The accompanying photograph shows Arab gardeners trimming rosemary hedges in the British War Cemetery on the Mount of Olives. The graves are beautifully cared for by the gardeners under the supervision of an English ex-army N.C.O. Most of the annuals grown in England flourish on the graves if carefully watered during the hot season.—H. AUSTEN, 56, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.

Marked Wild Duck.—A week or so ago a wild duck was shot here with blue rings and yellow rings on its legs. I have inquired, but cannot find that it has been reared in this district. It would be most interesting to find out where it came from.—J. F. L. FORMBY, Formby House, Formby, Lancashire.

Comma Butterflies.—The appearances of the comma butterfly seem to be now so frequent that I hesitate to encroach on your valuable space by recording that I had the pleasure of watching five specimens of that butterfly in my garden on September 27th. Let my excuse for writing be that possibly the comma has not been reported recently from this immediate neighbourhood.—E. C. H. HARDY, The Willows, Wendens Ambo, near Saffron Walden.

Late Cuckoo.—While walking in the fields on the evening of September 7th at 5.30 p.m., I saw a cuckoo flying rather low across the field. It settled on the top of a tall dead tree. Is not this a very late date?—ERNEST WEDD, Ladyfield, Wilmslow, Cheshire. [This would be a young bird. The adults left long before, but their offspring may be met with up to the end of September, occasionally in early October.—ED.]

A Fox-like Wolf.—While visiting Rowland Ward's Studio the other day to see Captain H. C. Brocklehurst's giant panda I found a beautiful specimen of the maned wolf (*Canis jubatus*) of

Rowland Ward

THE MANED WOLF
(See Letter "A Fox-like Wolf")

Paraguay. It is a queer looking beast, in many ways more like a fox than a wolf, and it interested me so much that I feel some of your readers would like to see the enclosed photograph.—R. M., Farringdon, Alton, Hants.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are anxious to help a middle-aged lady who runs a small nursery school on the South Coast. This is her only source of income, and she has no relations to help her. Usually she covers expenses, but lately her mother (aged 92) has been ill, and the doctor's visits could not be paid for out of the old lady's small annuity. The Friends of the Poor feel that every effort should be made to help the daughter, for on the success of the home depends her entire future. £10 is needed to tide her over this crisis, and any contributions towards this sum will be gratefully received and acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

IN THE CITY

IMPROVING PROSPECTS

BOOKER BROTHERS, McCONNELL AND CO. LTD., was incorporated as a public company in 1927 to take over from a private company formed in 1900 the business of general merchants, owners of sugar and other plantations, shipping and commission agents in England and Demerara (British Guiana). The Liverpool business was founded in 1833 and that in Demerara in 1835, while the London House was established in 1874. The company carries on a very extensive business in Demerara; it owns wharves and stores, including estates, supplies, hardware, provisions and dry goods. It also acts as general merchants and manages sugar estates, owns steamship and steamship agencies, and has now extended its operations to Trinidad.

The company has no debenture indebtedness and the issued capital consists of £318,100 in 6 per cent. cumulative £1 preference shares and £250,000 in £1 ordinary shares. The cover for preference dividends, which are payable on January 1st and July 1st, and the amounts earned and paid on the ordinary shares in recent years have been as under:

Year to June 30th.	Balance for Dividends.	Ordinary Shares per cent. Earned.	Paid.
1925	£70,297 ..	23.1 ..	10
1926	41,191 ..	8.8 ..	10
1927	47,112 ..	11.2 ..	12
1928	93,242 ..	34.1 ..	12
1929	65,464 ..	20.2 ..	12
1930	27,053 ..	3.9 ..	8
1931	33,591 ..	5.8 ..	8
1932	40,566 ..	8.8 ..	8
1933	60,254 ..	18.6 ..	10
1934	59,514 ..	18.0 ..	10

At the annual meeting last December the directors' report stated that at the beginning of 1934, the sugar estates suffered disastrous floods, followed by a drought, which entailed extra expenditure and reduced the year's crop so that a loss on working in respect of the subsidiary company's year ended on December 31st, 1934, was anticipated. The report added, however, that the anticipated loss on working would be more than covered by the interest and dividends due to the subsidiary, the chairman explaining at the meeting that the subsidiary company was in a very strong financial position, having £231,000 in cash as working capital in addition to £200,000 in investments and unrealised produce, so that apart from working results it had an income of about £20,000 per annum. Under the circumstances, however, and since the price of sugar dropped to a record low level in 1934, the accounts for the year ended on June 30th last, when published in about a month's time, cannot be expected to show any improvement over the previous year's results. Nevertheless, the chairman stated that it was hoped it would not be necessary to reduce the rate of dividend distributions.

From the foregoing figures and brief analysis it will be noted that Booker Brothers, McConnell and Co. has been able to earn and pay substantial dividends, despite the unfavourable conditions prevailing in recent years and the severe fall in commodity, and more especially sugar, prices. Of late, however, the company's prospects have been improved greatly, since a steady improvement in the statistical position of sugar has been taking place, as is indicated by the fact that world supplies at present levels of 4,750,000 tons are at the lowest level since 1929, and compare with a total of 6,300,000 a year ago. The reduction in stocks, together with some recent expansion in demand, has brought about a moderate advance in the price of sugar which is now quoted at about 5/- per hundredweight, as compared with a price of 4/6 a month ago, and 4/3 a year ago. The writer learns that those in close touch with the sugar market anticipate a further even if gradual improvement both as regards the reduction of stocks and the price of the commodity.

There is not a free market in either the preference or ordinary shares of Booker Brothers, McConnell, but at the time of writing the ordinary shares can be picked up around 39/-, at which price the yield, with dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. gross, is over 4½ per cent. net, or the equivalent of over 5½ per cent. gross with tax deducted at 2/10½ in the pound (2/10½ being the rate applicable after allowing for Dominion income tax relief). In view of the company's good record and the better sugar position, the maintenance of dividend payments is looked for, and the shares appear to have interesting recovery possibilities.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

RUSTICUS IN FLEET STREET

The Countryman's Year

IN an urban land where the great majority of people have to earn their livelihood between bricks and mortar, country ways and country lore have gained a curiosity value. Two or three generations ago the townsman came direct from the country. He knew country ways and would have been bored with a recital of the everyday happenings of farm life. To-day there is an eager—pathetically eager—interest in the doings of the countryside. "Down on the Farm" articles vie in the daily Press with stories of the latest arrival at the Zoological Gardens.

Mr. A. G. Street has succeeded in satisfying this public appetite in a way that does him credit. He is not sentimental in his writings, but he does bring out the true countryman's love of the land and innate contempt of the artificial, hurried life of the town. Since he first tapped this spring with *Farmer's Glory* Mr. Street has not flagged. He may not outdo Edgar Wallace in rate of output, but the articles and books which have come from his pen in the past six years are legion. It seemed that I had only just laid down *To Be a Farmers' Boy* before his latest book *Country Calendar* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7/6) came to me for review.

Mr. Lionel Edwards graces the pages of this book with many delightful drawings, full of the life of the farm and pleasant country scenes. His work enlivens a practical and at times egotistical account of the author's doings during the past year.

Taking us through the farming from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, concluding only a month ago, Mr. Street tells of wheat sowing, a ploughing match, his impressions of visits to Norfolk and Scotland, December shooting days, a wet, green Christmas, his preoccupations with his small daughter's first pony and her riding exploits, occasional fishing days in early summer, the busy days of hay harvest and the corn harvest.

A sample may be quoted: "Yet you rarely, practically never, hear a townsman ask his farmer friends how the cows are milking or how the hens are laying, but you often hear him asking about the well-being of the corn harvest. And the farmer, even such an inveterate grass farmer as I, even if his corn harvest is an infinitesimal proportion of his business, obtains more joy and satisfaction from it than from the larger and more prosaic though more profitable branches of his farming. The reason is the remembrance of the Bible stories which most of us learned at our mother's knees and of course because the corn harvest is the most spectacular and possibly the most beautiful scene of the farming year." Townsmen should find entertainment and refreshment in the picture Mr. Street draws of a Wiltshire farmer's year. R. F.

Country Calendar. By A. G. Street. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 7/6).

MEDITATIONS ON KENNETSIDE

HAMPSHIRE is not the only county which contains chalk streams. That is a trite observation, but it is sometimes necessary to remind oneself of the fact, for the Test and the Itchen have become so famous in the annals of fishing, and their trout have been subjected to so much intensive study, that the very words "chalk stream" immediately conjures up a vision of those south-trending valleys which debouch on Southampton Water and, save for their tidal reaches, are dedicated solely to the pursuit of trout.

But the northern slopes of those great chalk downs also have their streams, and in particular the Kennet, more famous in its day, perhaps, than either Test or Itchen for the greatness of its trout, and it is of Kennetside or at least of the Kennet Valley which Mr. Lancelot Peart writes. He has made a most attractive book of it, too; the book of a man who lives beside the water, and his volume reflects the leisured contemplation of an angler who has a river for his daily companion.

But there is one matter of fly-fishing practice on which Mr. Peart's views seem more than a little illogical. On page 190 he regrets the increasing use of the nymph on the ground that "the dry fly is in danger of losing a good deal of its former monopoly in the South country," and suggests that its use is only justified when "the more orthodox dry fly is something of a drug in the market"; yet on page 187 he says: "I have an ineradicable belief that chalk stream trout prefer spent flies to duns." What difference is there between a nymph and a spent fly as far as the "dryness" of the fly is concerned? Both are, or should be, fished "wet." The pre-war rather unintelligent type of "purist" who fished tup, hares' ear and every other type of fly as a dun, is surely now a thing of the past? Modern "dry fly" consists in casting to a feeding fish, and comprises nymph, dun, spinner or spent, according to the food which the trout at the moment appears to be taking. Nymph fishing is definitely a part of dry-fly fishing, and should not be confused with wet-fly fishing, which is a different art altogether.

But that is only a detail. Mr. Peart has written an excellent book. Coarse fishing—a calculable part of the chalk streams of the Thames watershed—comes in for sympathetic consideration, and there are some informative chapters on restocking, disease and other incidentals of a modern fishery written by a man who has been in daily touch with the water for the greater part of his life; a book which is well worthy of a place on any trout fisher's bookshelf.

South Country Fisherman. By Lancelot Peart. Illustrated (Jonathan Cape; 8/6 net.).

POT-POURRI FROM THE GARDEN

IT is an unfortunate fact, as Professor Salisbury points out in his preface, that most botanists know all too little about gardening, whilst the majority of those keenly interested in gardening have but a meagre acquaintance with advances in botanical knowledge. Few can be as well qualified as the distinguished Professor of Botany at University College to write such a book as this, and to those of us who are "curious gardeners" and desire to know the how and why of the countless miracles we see taking place in the garden this book is a source of profound interest. It is a book not merely to read but to study. To understand the fundamental principles of plant life is the beginning of all sound gardening, and Professor Salisbury has given us an ideal book on this subject, beautifully illustrated with drawings, most of them by Mrs. Caroe; also some remarkable photographs.

Miss Clare Leighton's book is of a very different type, but as fascinating in its province as the Professor's learned volume. To most of us her name is familiar as that of one of the most gifted wood-engravers of the day, and the engravings of flowers, fruits, seed-heads and birds in this book are undoubtedly its outstanding feature. But the letterpress also is delightful—a straightforward record of the joys and difficulties she and her husband encountered in making their garden on a chalky hillside in the Chilterns. The book begins in April, the beginning of the year to many gardeners, though I, for one, feel there is no beginning, for the gardener lives continually six months ahead. Miss Leighton's description of mowing is fascinating. How easy it looks to those who have never handled a scythe. But how incredibly difficult when one begins! This book is full of the poetry of the true countryman's life and attractive pen-portraits of humble folk.

Mr. Clarence Elliott's name is familiar to all rock-garden enthusiasts, and a book packed with information about the wide range of plants he has known and grown, and the new plants he has introduced from many parts of the world is indeed welcome. He has collected and grown rock plants for over 25 years, and his book is literally crammed with the knowledge he has accumulated. He refers fairly frequently to the Alpine lawn, a charming feature of modern rock gardens which Mr. Clarence Elliott himself has done so much to popularise. E. S. R.

The Living Garden. By E. J. Salisbury. (Messrs. G. Bell & Sons; 10/6). *Four Hedges.* By Clare Leighton. (Messrs. Collancz; 10/6). *Rock Garden Plants.* By Clarence Elliott. (Messrs. Arnold; 7/6).

SWORDPLAY TECHNIQUE

BEING small enough for the ardent student to carry in the blazer pocket, *The Fencer's Companion*, by Maestro Léon Bertrand, is aptly named.

The book, dealing with all three weapons—foil, épée, sabre—is small because it is a masterpiece of condensation. Minute detail, befuddling to the novice and boring to the old hand, is excluded, but nothing of importance is omitted.

The technicalities of the intricate art of swordplay are defined and explained with simple precision. Each new term introduced is in black type, and the paragraphs numbered, making reference easy.

After the technical chapters on foil, the author refreshes the student by showing him how to apply his technique by studying the human element, and the chapter on tactics urging particularly modern simplicity in attack, correct choice of time, variety in defence makes fascinating reading.

Maestro Bertrand explains the outline of his own proved method in which he emphasises the importance of developing the pupil's initiative, introducing variety to maintaining concentration and elasticity, and giving simply the *raison d'être* for every movement, all features of his practical tuition in the *Salle d'Armes*.

This is followed by nine series of foil exercises ranging from the fundamental positions to the complications of counter-attacks.

The épée section gives clearly the differences in tactics and technique from those of the foil, the attacks and parries to teach and practise, and six series of épée exercises.

The sabre portion is fully explained and illustrated as in the preceding foil and épée, and the film plates of the extension and lunge (development), the return to guard, the backward spring (*salto in dietro*) and the "Balestra" attack (*attacco di balestra*) are a perfect and illuminating finish to a fine little work on an increasingly popular sport.

The Fencer's Companion. By Léon Bertrand. (Gale & Polden; 2/6.)

ARMCHAIR CRICKET

HERE is a book in reminiscent mood, written by a journalist who as boy and youth experienced the raw intensity of village and club cricket in the North a quarter of a century ago, saw some of the great players of the day, and has always followed the game with the fervour of the true cricket lover. As a boy he saw that stirring match in which Yorkshire beat the Australians at Leeds in 1902, when Hirst and F. S. Jackson tumbled them out for 23 in their second innings; and his description of it brings back the tense atmosphere of Leeds that day. His experiences of Yorkshire club cricket and its forthright players make good reading, leading naturally on to an analysis of Yorkshire determination and grimness on the cricket field, symbolised in an old North Country saying: "Shake a bridle over a Yorkshireman's grave and he will rise up and steal a horse." Contests against the hereditary enemy, Lancashire, provide another vivid chapter. The rest of the book—nearly half of it—is devoted to a discussion and account of the England and Australia rubbers of 1894–5 in Australia and 1902 in England. The book is aptly named and cricketers will find it a pleasant companion for the fireside.

Cricket in Firelight. By Richard Binns. (Selwyn and Blount; 8/6 net.)

SALMON RIVERS OFFERED

Some of the best available waters in
NORWAY & ICELAND

NORWAY

River **Laerdal.** A beat on about 2kms., suitable to two rods, all bank casting, no boats, no harling. Nine pools, both banks on five pools, and one bank on the remaining four pools.
Season—15th July to 14th September. Best month.—August.
Good accommodation one kilometre above the beat. Records and full details available, and other selected beats in NORWAY.

ICELAND

About 20 kms. of water, fishing from both banks, and wadeable almost everywhere. Suitable to three rods.
Season—June, July and August. Best months from 1st July to mid-August.
Main run of salmon at the end of June and of sea trout during July. Two rods 1935 had 138 fish in 14 days. Comfortable accommodation in a bungalow situated near the best part of the river. Records and full details available.

Make your requirements known to:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Whitehall 9797
Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

New Books

SHIPS AND SEAMEN

Sir Roger Keyes's War

"THAT is how they were talking behind the scenes and round the prompter's desk, while the poor simple souls, packed in the crowded darkened house in front were cheering and loping and praying—and some of them even working and dying." This is a quotation from Mr. Guedalla's appreciation of Colonel Repington's diary. I always recall it when I read the controversial memoirs of the Great War of a soldier or sailor. Because one must admit that practically no soldier or sailor who has written a book has heightened his reputation thereby. Two books, Sir John French's "*1914*" and the *Life of Sir Henry Wilson*, have done very great harm to their subjects. Sometimes this is due to lack of literary ability, of a knowledge of what to include, or much more often what to omit. Many distinguished men of war seem like Prince Hal to have incurred no more grievous school bills than eight-pennyworth of harp strings, a fourpenny work on grammar, and a new scabbard. I recall only one book that has heightened a reputation—Sir Horace Smith Dorrien's.

Nobody doubts the great services to his country and to the Navy that Sir Roger Keyes has rendered. Nor is his book written with any lack of skill, for he writes easily and forcibly. I must confess at once that the first part of the book when Sir Roger was out of sympathy with those with whom he had to work fills me with something of Mr. Guedalla's feelings, as did some of the chapters of his first volume which dealt with the Dardanelles. Plain speaking comes well from a Professional Publicist, a Garvin or a Pertinax, even a Signor Gayda. It comes well, too, from a sailor writing for other sailors. A sailor writing for the general public must walk warily. Thus on page 151: "Admiral Bacon was then sent for by Sir Eric Geddes, and came back to my room, apparently quite unperturbed and as friendly as ever. He said he thought the change had better take place at once. I felt so fearfully sorry for him and greatly admired the way he took his knock." On page 320 Admiral Bacon is described as "maliciously inaccurate and ungenerous."

The last half of the book, when Sir Roger Keyes has his own command, is of a quite different nature, and forms a thoroughly interesting account of the way in which the Dover Patrol under his energetic and inspiring leadership implemented and augmented plans in some measure prepared by his predecessors. One only wishes all chapters of all war books could be as happy as those which conclude these memoirs. The story of St. George's Day, 1918, has often been told, but here we have it from the pen of the man who carried it out, told with a graphic modesty that is very becoming. Sir Roger Keyes throughout emphasises that much of the publicity that this action received was resented by him and his men, who felt that the Army who daily shared similar risks must be laughing at them. They need have no fear of this, and here in the last chapters of this book will be found one of the most inspiring stories of the war.

R. M.

The Naval Memoirs of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, 1916–18. (Thornton Butterworth; 18/–.)

CHILDREN OF DISPERSION

ALTHOUGH Mr. Murray is to be congratulated on the amount of work and intimate knowledge he has put into his book of the Egyptian Bedouin, yet the reader will be fortunate if he closes it without a feeling of incompleteness. If it is a book for the specialist, then it covers too wide a field; if it be for the casual reader, then it is not intimate enough. The author modestly admits that it is not all his own, but is a far better book than he could have written unaided. Personally, I should have liked it better had it been all his own. It lacks the human touch, and is too much a mass of facts. Every now and again the author almost lets himself go—and thus grips our attention—only to call himself back to stern facts with a jerk.

I am sure that this book was not meant as a book of reference, pure and simple, but by a picture of its people to help the reader to visualise those people and thus to think with a mind like theirs. Instead we view our subject through field glasses instead of a microscope. Mr. Murray has been too ambitious—for his purpose he needed a canvas the size of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

Nevertheless, he whets our appetite, as the story of the Bedouin by a man with lifelong intimate knowledge can never fail to do. Although he denies that the name Bedouin means strictly Arabs, but rather desert dwellers in the broad sense that we say "mariners" of all seafarers, yet by common fallacy we link the two together and the story of the Arab can never be dull. A story which seems to contain the whole history of the world, where a score of civilisations come and go, but the Bedouin goes on for ever. Nor is it a matter of wonder, for there are few men who have lived, trekked and hunted with the Arabs but who are tainted for all time with this primitive spirit of wanderlust.

The book is divided into four parts, roughly—history, habits, customs and tribal divisions. What makes it so difficult for us Western readers to fathom is that it is not the story of one race, one people, but of a few score tribes, who will no more mix than oil and water.

A picture emerges of wave after wave of desert wildmen from the East being pushed or pushing their way to the Nile, being tamed and either submerged into the Fellaheen or, by weight of numbers, being again thrust forth into the wilderness. There follows the story of how they live and the laws which guide them.

According to Mr. Murray, Bedouins were the original inhabitants of Egypt and North Africa, holding still a link in the people of the Red Sea Hills, the Masai, the Hottentots and possibly the Touaregs. But who, then, were the so-called ancient Egyptians? And who are the modern Egyptians? What tribal dialect has the nearest faint resemblance to the language of the ancient Egyptians? Who are the Berberines, that thrifty, semi-civilised tribe from whom so many of our servants are recruited? Who were the mercenaries of ancient Carthage? When was the Darb el Arbain first used as a slave route, and by whom?

To the lay mind there are more questions to be asked at the end of this book than ever there were at the start, which, after all, is perhaps the very best recommendation that any book could have.

H. C. M.

Sons of Ismail. By G. W. Murray. (Routledge; 18/–.)

SIMPLE LIFE IN HUNGARY

THE author of this book travelled through Hungary not in the simple way suggested by the title, but in the following original and remarkable manner. Four horses and two soldiers were lent by the Hungarian Army. The author and a friend rode ahead, followed by a cart dragged by the two horses and driven by the soldiers. In this cart was all the baggage. At night the party would bivouac, or accept the warmly offered hospitality of some farmer or landowner, and in this pleasant manner Mr. Langlet was able to see much of the country and to understand its way of living. His treatment of their experiences is, perhaps, rather too anecdotal. A more day-to-day following of the itinerary, together with observations on such equine problems as occurred, would have been of greater interest than guide-book gossip here and rather monochrome "word painting" there.

However, less than half the volume is taken up with the journey alluded to in the misleading title. The larger portion consists of ten essays on various aspects of Hungarian life. As much of the matter here could be found in reference books, and we as had hoped to hear more of Mr. Langlet's adventures, we are hardly in a frame of mind to be delighted when we come upon the first of these essays or sketches.

This is a historical study of the Magyars, ending, as we have learnt to expect from the earlier pages, with hearty propaganda for the revision of the Treaty of Trianon. Foreign visitors to central and south-eastern Europe to-day see so many glad hands held out to them, that a certain amiable willingness to listen can hardly be avoided. And how Mr. Langlet has listened! This historical chapter registers glee whenever the Hungarians conquer land not theirs, and deep reproach whenever anybody tries to get a little back. It is the old, old story; and our author is more successful than most in his attempt only to understand one side of the question.

Then follows a description of the language and literature. This section is hardly a success, for it relies on the translation of poetry for much of its interest—and we know what, too often, this means! Rather better is a rhetorical and gallant bow addressed to the women of Hungary, and the two following papers, on village life and on the superabundance of Barons and Counts, are worth reading. The author's attitude to the Jews reveals an unconscious narrowness, but it is in the next, which is on religion, that Mr. Langlet fails completely. He shies at his fence in these words (speaking of the Orthodox Church), "One needs to be born to this religion to be able to follow its ceremony with due respect," a quaint way of escaping a problem.

It must be said that this volume is something of a disappointment. Considering the author's privileges, more could have been made of his subject. The translator has not been well chosen; an Englishman with a knowledge of Swedish would have been better than Dr. Balogh, with his gallant but uncolloquial attempt. The numerous photographs have been admirably reproduced, but the absence of a route map is felt.

F. M. K.

On Horseback through Hungary. By Valdemar Langlet. (Hutchinson; 18/–.)

A FLESHLY STORY

THE uninstructed will learn from this book that when the attention of the Canadian Government was drawn to the periodical famine afflicting the Esquimaux tribes in the North-West territory, a plan to establish a permanent food supply was promptly formulated. It resulted, in 1929, in the despatch of 3,000 reindeer from Buckland Bay, in Alaska, 1,800 miles along the shores of the Arctic, to the selected territory. So much we are told, as well as the error in time and distance, which resulted in the journey taking almost five years instead of the pre-calculated eighteen months.

For the rest, and as the author, writing impersonally, claims only that his story is "founded on this true incident," the reader is faced with the dilemma of distinguishing between fact and fiction. In such a little known venue he will probably find this somewhat difficult. But whether apocryphal or not the leader of the expedition—a Lapp, named Jon—is drawn as a fine character, possessing an almost Napoleonic reserve and aloofness and a happy knack of getting things done as ordered. Assisted by nine Lapps and Esquimaux—three of whom, Peak, Akla and Mikel, survived—he exhibited almost superhuman endurance during a ghastly trek in snowbound and ice-beset conditions which might well have appalled the stoutest-hearted.

At long length we are given to understand that the herd arrived at its destination up to strength, calves having more than replaced their parents eaten en route.

Lacking, perhaps, the true perspective, I find this a somewhat dreary book. It's tone will shock vegetarians no less than the unanswerable dictum which rounds off the author's preface, "Meat always has been and always will be a primal necessity of the primitive North." If they be faithfully presented, these meat-eaters must be rather unpleasant people. Certainly their method of slaughtering seals is pure horror, and the filth of their daily lives incredible. Incidentally, a jarring note is struck by the introduction of a "love interest." It centres around a Lapp maiden called Naji, who, most astonishingly, accompanies the herders. At her very unconventional wedding: "From the reindeer's stomach they made a fine soup. Then they sat . . . cracking marrow bones and telling old tales. Jak and Ata"—two of the guests—"were permitted to sit . . . until covered with grease and contentment they rolled to sleep on the skins."

H. N.

Meat. By Allen Roy Evans. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett; 16/–.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Chronicles of Barabbas are the most readable reminiscences of George H. Doran, one of the best-known figures in the publishing world on both sides of the Atlantic; the puppets on his stage include Presidents, Prime Ministers, publicists—and of course Noel Coward. (Methuen; 15/–.)

Two interesting books are *The Spirit of Ireland*, by Lynn Doyle (Batsford, 7/6), which contains 130 excellent photographs as well as much informative matter about this strange country, and *Sark as I found it*, by Captain E. Platt, F.R.G.S. (John Long, 3/6), a small but instructive little volume.

In *Every Garden a Bird Sanctuary* (Witherby; 5/–) Miss E. L. Turner tells the reader what to do in order to attract interesting wild birds to gardens of all sorts and sizes. It is a book to keep by one, being full of useful information about nesting-boxes, feeding-trays, drinking facilities, etc.

Private and Confidential is the intriguing title of a ten and sixpenny book issued by Grayson. It is a series of letters between a cosmopolitan Englishman and a woman friend, touching on all the subjects which interest them, and yet patently written in the strain of an ordinary correspondence. These letters are full of flashes of real insight. "America is the only country that has become decadent without ever having been civilised."

BRITAIN'S BEST FENCERS

Our Leading Lights with Foil, Épée and Sabre

By M. POLLOCK SMITH

WITH MASK OFF
Miss Gwen Neligan seen from an opponent's angle

THIS week saw the opening of the 1935–36 fencing season, when the competition for the Women's International Hutton Cup at Bertrand's took place. The result will now be known and will serve as a guide to our women's form. The entry included such exponents as Frl. Preiss (the Olympic champion), Mlle. Addams of Belgium (a former European champion), Mlle. Grandquist (champion of Sweden), her compatriot Mlle. Eriksson, the French representatives, Mmes. Veit, Turgis and Mme. Boisson, Miss Egasse of America, and two Danes, Misses Lachman and Barding.

With the Berlin Olympiad in sight and the Women's European team Championship, the venue for which is not yet fixed, this season's interest is International, and time is ripe to summarise the achievements of our swordsmen and women, for past facts must influence most, our selection of future hopes.

In foil our men are weakest except our premier swordsman, J. Emrys Lloyd who, like the continentals, started as a boy, winning the Public Schools' title in 1924, the British Championship in 1928 while at Cambridge, and subsequently taking this title four times. Through money shortage he was the only British sword-man at the Los Angeles Games which honour he fully justified by winning sixth place in the foil final of ten.

At Budapest, 1933, Lloyd only missed winning the European foil championship by one hit, his great fight with Guaragna (Italy) which he lost 4—5, ultimately deciding between them. At Warsaw, 1934, he was fifth, this year in Lausanne, bottom of the final. On the total of both team and individual fights, Lloyd won 16 and lost 11, while Major A. D. Pearce, the only remaining Briton to reach the individual semi-finals, won 6 and lost 12.

British épéeistes have made their mark in many International events, and at Budapest were fourth among ten nations. The first British swordsman to win an International Championship fought on foreign soil with any weapon was Douglas Dexter, who in 1933 secured the American Outdoor Epée Championship in a field of 40. It was decided in one day in blazing heat. In this C. L. de Beaumont, who has been highly placed in many tournaments, was third; while another who has gained signal success is A. E. Pelling, who won the Dieppe Individual, then was unbeaten in the contest between the top four from this final, and subsequently was third in a final of twelve at Biarritz.

These three, with Sir Oswald Mosley, composed our épée team in Lausanne. News of their collapse, losing both semi-final matches after decisive preliminary victories, and the failure of these four stars in the individual, would have been depressing but for the achievement of a lesser light, E. J. Morten, a reserve, who qualified for the second round, so keeping our flag flying.

With the sabre our 1933 team at Budapest was third among eight nations, a record. This year, regrettably without Hohler, they only scraped through the first lap by one hit after a tie with Greece, then lost decisively to Germany and Italy in the semi-finals. As in 1933, O. G. Trinder scored best, winning ten bouts, losing two; while R. E. Brook won three, lost nine; and A. G. Pilbrow, who retired injured, won two, lost nine.

British prestige has been raised more by our women, who compare favourably with those of most nations. Miss G. Neligan, European champion 1933, was the first Briton of either sex to win an International Championship fought on the Continent, a victory of an importance yet to be equalled by any British swordsman.

In the initial women's Olympic Championship, 1924, we were represented by Misses A. B. Walker, Gladys Davis, G. Daniell and Mrs. Freeman, but Denmark snatched the title through Mme. Osier, Miss Davis winning second. In 1927 a foreign contingent came here for our International title, and for the first time our Hutton Cup went abroad, to Germany, through the sixteen-year-old Helene Mayer. This brilliant young fencer baulked us at the second Olympiad, 1928, and again a Briton, Mrs. Freeman this time, was second. Miss Daniell was fifth, while our national champion, Miss Butler, did not reach the final.

At the Liége European in 1930, Belgium beat us through Mlle. Addams, Misses Venables finishing third, Butler fourth, Daniell sixth, and Guinness eighth in the final, Miss Carnegy Arbuthnott not winning through. This was a good average for Britain, but the next Olympiad at Los Angeles was necessarily a small affair owing to expense, and only two British swordswomen went. Miss Butler was tenth in the final, but this was compensated by the triumph of Miss Guinness in tieing top with Fraulein Preiss (Austria), one of the world's best, to whom she eventually finished second.

"ON GUARD" WITH THE SABRE
C. L. de Beaumont, épéiste and sabreur

Next came Budapest, in which Miss Neligan scored her historic European victory. Miss Guinness was ninth in this final, but Miss Carnegy Arbuthnott and Miss Geddes, the latter making her début, were eliminated in the preliminaries. As a team they came second to the undefeated Hungarians. Last year at Warsaw, Miss Neligan tied top with three others, finishing fourth after the fight-off, I. Elek (Hungary) winning. Miss Guinness was sixth, Miss Geddes reached the semi-finals, while Miss Stanbury, out for the first time, was eliminated in the preliminaries. The team championship again went to Hungary, undefeated, the British quartette sharing second honours with Germany and Italy.

Our hopes of Lausanne this year were high, for we were represented by the two who have justified themselves every time, Misses Neligan and Guinness; two in Misses Butler and Carnegy Arbuthnott, who have had extensive experience, if little success, abroad; and two new internationals in Misses Puddefoot and Etheridge. However, Hungary once more proved invincible, winning the team title for the third successive year, with Austria second, Germany third, and Britain down to fourth. The British qualified for the final by beating Switzerland 11—5, but they then lost every match, 6—10 to Hungary, 5—11 to Austria, and 7—9 to Germany in the one close contest. The individuals' total scores in the three final matches were: Misses Guinness and Neligan each won 7, lost 5; Miss Butler, won 3, lost 9; Miss Carnegy Arbuthnott, won 1, lost 7; while Miss Etheridge fought four, losing all.

In the subsequent individual championship Misses Puddefoot and Butler with two wins each were eliminated in the first round. Miss Etheridge, three up, also was relegated, but only after losing the fight-off of a tie for promotion with Varga, a seasoned Hungarian international.

Miss Carnegy Arbuthnott did better than on either of her previous European occasions, 1930 and 1933, by qualifying for the semi-finals. Miss Guinness enhanced her reputation by finishing fifth in the final, while Miss Neligan, after a bad time in which she tied twice for promotion, with Varga and Hass (Germany), eventually qualifying on the hits aggregate, was reduced to seventh place. Hungary took four of the nine final places, first, third, eighth and ninth; Austria had two, second and sixth; Britain two, fifth and seventh; and Belgium one, fourth.

So it seems that Hungary, Austria and Germany, particularly the first two, are the nations whose swordswomen keep ours at bay. Of Britain's individuals it is now clear, on averages over several years, that Misses Guinness and Neligan are among the world's best: Misses Butler and Carnegy Arbuthnott have had their chances and scarcely justify further inclusion in international teams: and Misses Etheridge, Geddes, Stanbury and Puddefoot are a rising four who should be tried and watched carefully against foreigners to see if experience, added to promise, will materialise in useful achievement.

SQUASH RACKETS

The Bath Club Cup

AN auspicious start has been made in the Bath Club Cup competition, and already, in the first division, the R.A.C. and the Queen's Club have established a good lead over all their rivals. The R.A.C. won their first match over the strong Conservative Club team by three matches to love, F. D. Amr Bey defeating J. A. Gillies in straight games, and O. Lerwill gaining a great and altogether unexpected victory over D. M. Backhouse. In their second match against Prince's Club, the R.A.C. won by two matches to one, P. C. Samuelson gaining a point for the losers.

Queen's followed up a two-one victory over the promoted Bachelor's Club by winning three love against the Conservative. K. C. Gandar Dower, who has returned to the game as first string for Queen's, is in wonderful form and after bewildering A. G. Hazlerigg (Bachelors), he went on to defeat Gillies (Conservative) more easily than Amr Bey had done. The Conservative Club, who were considered to have a chance of victory this year, failed therefore to gain a point from their first two matches.

The Bath Club have so far done very badly. They were defeated in the first round by Prince's Club, who just survive in the first division from last season, by two matches to one, and they again met with defeat by the same margin from the Bachelors. So far Dr. J. C. Gregory has not been able to play, and T. C. S. Haywood, having been beaten successively by R. W. Beadle (Prince's) and A. G. Hazlerigg (Bachelors), has yet to find his form. The Bath Club has, however, found a promising recruit in D. O. Wilson, captain of Oxford in 1934, while Prince's Club have the services of N. E. Hooper, when necessary, who, a little more than a year ago at Marlborough, was a well-known schoolboy player of rackets, squash rackets, lawn tennis and cricket.

Second Division matches have been very closely fought, the Union Club, the Royal Aero Club and the R.A.F. Club holding a slender advantage. In the third division the M.C.C., under the captaincy of R. W. V. Robins, are doing very well and there should be a revival in the fortunes of this club, once in the first division, if Robins can inspire them as well as he did Middlesex last cricket season. He has other cricketers to help him in F. R. Brown and G. C. Newman.

In general, the world of squash rackets has been very busy during the last few weeks. A doubles court has been opened at Prince's, an exhibition match between F. D. Amr Bey and "Oak" Johnson has been staged on the new R.A.C. court, and the new Lansdowne House Club has been the scene of the first half of the professional championship match between D. Buther (holder) and J. Dear.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

"*L. Henryi* is a very handsome and very easy lily"

The Country House

LILIES TO PLANT NOW

Using Sand For Drainage and Protection

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

NOVEMBER is the ideal time for planting most lilies, and English-grown bulbs are now obtainable, but imported bulbs usually do not arrive till December and January. It is always best to buy English-grown bulbs, even if they are double the price. They have plenty of roots, are, as a rule, free from disease, and, being freshly lifted, they have not suffered a check, like imported bulbs. If buying imported bulbs, and they arrive too late to plant in the open, the best plan is to pot them up in almost dry, sandy soil, and plunge the pots in sand or ashes in a frost-proof shed or cellar.

In planting lilies it is essential to remember that all lilies need perfect drainage, and that each bulb should be planted on a thick layer of sand and surrounded by sand. Apart from the drainage this affords, the sand protects the bulbs from mice and even wireworms, and in very damp parts it is an excellent tip to plant bulbs (such as *L. auratum*, *L. candidum* and *L. chalcedonicum*) with very open scales on their sides, as this prevents the moisture collecting in them. Amongst the easiest lilies are the tiger lilies, the martagons, *L. chalcedonicum*, *L. Henryi* and *L. Hansonii*.

The grand old tiger lily is one of the oldest of cultivated lilies, for it has been raised for food by the Chinese and Japanese for at least a thousand years. It was introduced about a century ago into these islands and quickly became popular with cottagers. It is one of the easiest lilies, for it flourishes in almost any soil, provided it is free of lime. Unlike most lilies, it can be given animal manure in large quantities, provided the manure does not touch the bulbs. In cottage gardens in Victorian times this lily was nearly always to be seen liberally fed. This lily is a vigorous grower, attaining 4ft., with rich foliage, and the orange-red flowers, spotted purplish-black, are produced in August and September. Being stem rooting, the bulbs should be planted 7in. deep, and where the lower parts of the stem are shaded from sun. The tiger lily is one of the best lilies for a mixed border, and it has the merit of being cheap. Even the finest form, *L. tigrinum var. splendens*, costs only 6d. a bulb.

L. martagon is the commonest lily that grows wild in Europe, and according to some authorities it is a true native of Britain. It is also a native of the greater part of Asiatic Russia. In the wilderness garden of St. John's College, Cambridge, this lily seeds itself; and in June and July there are thousands in bloom. The type has purplish pink flowers, slightly spotted black, on 4ft. stems. The lovely white form has long been a favourite in gardens, and is certainly one of the most beautiful early-flowering lilies. *L. martagon dalmaticum* attains quite 5ft. to 6ft., and has flowers of the richest wine-purple, but this variety is expensive compared to the type. Martagon lilies like a good stiff soil enriched with leaf mould, but appreciate sand as described above. The white-flowered variety is apt to get poor after a few years, and when this happens the bulbs should be lifted after flowering and replanted in fresh soil containing plenty of leaf mould.

L. chalcedonicum is the beautiful Scarlet Turk's Cap lily, formerly grown in every cottage garden. Sometimes it is known as the old Scarlet Martagon, and in one Victorian flower book "Turn again Gentleman" is one of the popular names given it. It is a pity this fine old lily is now comparatively seldom grown, for it is of the easiest culture and its vivid scarlet flowers on 3ft. stems are a delight in July. This lily was introduced in Elizabethan times. In common with most European lilies, *L. chalcedonicum* resents disturbance and frequently fails to flower its first year. To see it in its full beauty it should be planted as cottagers used to plant it—in big clumps and with a good background. A "garden picture" that remains in my mind is a large plantation of these lilies against the tall plume poppy (*Bocconia cordata*). The effect of the scarlet flowers against the big, grey-green leaves and swaying, pale amber plumes of the poppy was wonderful.

L. Henryi is another very handsome and very easy lily. Its flowers, sometimes as many as 20 on a stem, are a pale orange-yellow, with golden stamens and a pale green line down the centre of each petal. This native of China flowers in August and September, and should be planted quite 8in. deep. It is stem-rooting and, therefore, requires shade at the roots, and usually does well in a border, as the neighbouring plants give the roots the shade they require. This lily does best in a good, heavy loam, enriched with leaf mould. *L. Henryi* is often grown in pots in the greenhouse, but it needs shade in flower, otherwise the orange-yellow petals fade badly.

The closely related *L. Hansonii*, with wax-like yellow flowers spotted brownish maroon, is one of the loveliest June-flowering lilies, and also very easy. Few yellow lilies can be compared with it, especially good specimens with ten or twelve flowers on one stem. Like *L. Henryi*, it should be planted 8in. deep in good loam with leaf mould. This lily has the merit of being extremely long-lived, and at Kew the same plants have flowered for over 25 years.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT POWIS CASTLE

THE Labrador Retriever Club held their 38th Field Trials at Powis Castle near Welshpool on October 29th and 30th, by kind permission of Lord Powis. The judges were Colonel H. M. Wilson, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood and Mr. W. McCall. There were plenty of game and a very sound water test, which is not always obtainable. Unfortunately the weather, especially on the first day, was very bad; heavy rain and almost a gale made the control of birds most difficult, and we were all sorry for the headkeeper.

The trials were for the All-Aged Stake, there being sixteen runners. The eventual and easy winner was Major J. Despencer-Robertson's Quest of Wilbury. She did all that was asked of her in the first round under my colleagues, and under me on the second day she beat others clearly in the water test, and collected two pheasants in quite spectacular style, both in marking, pace and delivery. We placed her son, Mr. C. H. Kennard's Pettistree Dan second, a most promising young dog, his performances under Mrs. Hill-Wood and myself in the first round were quite excellent. In my own mind I had him as the winner, but I had not then seen Quest. I may say that we three judges were unanimous as to these two. This young dog may, with luck, go very far, and he is a credit to his sire and dam.

Between Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gay's Don, Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Varnish and Mr. C. H. Kennard's Cedars Jane there was not a great deal to choose; on the day Gay's Don, by level work with some luck as to what he had to do, just about deserved his place. Banchory Varnish did one very good bit of work when under me, in a stackyard, but on the second day he seemed upset by the storms and got a bit out of hand. Cedars Jane was not lucky when under the other judges, though doing two nice bits of work for me at the very end of the trials. We gave Mr. J. H. Hulme's Withington Sprat a certificate of merit and of the others we felt that under ordinary weather conditions Sir Edmund Sprigg's Janet, Mr. G. T. Johnson-Houghton's Croughton Syren and Mr. J. Roger-Coltman's Bill Leslie would almost certainly have shown the merit that one knows they possess.

HUBERT WILSON.

SPANIELS AT GLENASSEL

THE Scottish Gun Dog Association held their eighth (Spaniel) Field Trials at Glenassel, Girvan, on October 22nd and 23rd, by kind permission of Colonel North-Dalrymple Hamilton and Mr. George Clark. Judges were Messrs. H. S. Lloyd and J. B. Shade. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Clark's E.S. d. Bee-Sun of Blair; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 3rd, Sir Jas. Wilson's E.S. d. Dismal of Yardley. Reserve, Mr. S. Henrique's E.S. b. Chanel Maidai.

NON-WINNER STAKE.—1st, Mr. John Elphinstone's E.S. b. Robin Hood Bustle; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's E.S. b. Grock of Blair; Equal 3rd, Sir Jas. Wilson's E.S. d. Dismal of Yardley and Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. b. Stream O'Vara. Reserve, Mr. John Girdwood's E.S. b. Glenmuir Nancy.

COCKER SPANIEL (Non-Winner).—1st, His Grace Duke of Montrose's C. b. Bunny of Buchanan; 2nd, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's C. b. Brewster Basher; 3rd, Mr. A. L. Trotter's C. b. Dalshangan Silver. Reserve, Dr. W. J. Dawson's C. b. Grey Dawn of Fews.

COCKERS (OPEN).—1st, Miss Dorothy Hardy's C. b. Curra More Avril; 2nd, Mr. George Clark's C. b. Nellie O'Blair; 3rd, Dr. W. J. Dawson's F.T. Ch. Jig Time of Fews. Reserve, Miss I. M. Macrae's C. b. Dreidaig Boss.

RETRIEVERS AT NORTH PERROTT MANOR

ON October 30th and 31st the Dorset Retriever Field Trials Society held their trials at North Perrott Manor, Crewkerne, by kind permission of Mr. H. W. Hoskyns. The judges were Mr. W. East, Mr. J. Hastings, Major J. I. Benson and Com. Kemmis, R.N. Excellent arrangements were made by Mr. Hoskyns and his headkeeper, and a very good water test was provided in which every dog had one or more fresh birds, and game was abundant on both days. The awards were:

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Sir Henry Hoare's Lab. d. Stourhead Roy; 2nd, Mrs. Jervoise's d. Herriard Raffles; 3rd, Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's Golden Retriever d. Anningsley Fox. Certificate of Merit, Mrs. Radclyffes' Yellow Lab. b. Zelstone Jill.

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, Mr. H. Venables Kyrke's G.R. d. Anningsley Stingo; 2nd, Mrs. Hextall's G.R. b. Avishays Lass; 3rd, Miss Newton-Deakin's G.R. b. Silence of Tone. Reserve went to Sir Henry Hoare's Lab. d. Stourhead Roy and Certificates of Merit were awarded to Mr. C. Parke's Lab. b. Tracy Player, Mr. G. Wood Homer's Interbred b. Black Druce and Mrs. Jervoise's Lab. b. Herriard Bridget.

AT COWDRAY PARK

ON October 29th, the thirteenth annual field trial meeting of the Utility Gun Dog Society was held at Cowdray Park, Midhurst, Sussex. The judges were: Messrs. G. Dawes, J. Otway and W. Woolfries. Awards were:—

HONORARY MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Arthur Rank's Lab. d. Withington Victor; 2nd, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie's Golden retriever d. Heydown Guider; 3rd, Mr. H. L. Urling Clark's Lab. d. David of Laglands. Res. to Mr. W. S. How's Lab. b. Culderry Sleet, and Certificate of Merit to Mr. H. A. Saunders' Lab. d. Liddly Buttersentch.

ORDINARY MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. S. Jackson's Lab. d. Swanthorpe Major; 2nd, Mr. W. Escott's Lab. d. Starters Boy; 3rd, Mr. W. Bee's Lab. d. Bona. Res., Mr. R. Brett's Lab. b. Tripsil. Certificate of Merit, Mr. S. J. Ling's Lab. d. Breeding Daniel and Mr. W. T. Turner's Lab. d. Ben of Fullers.

AT DRENAGH

THE Ulster Gun Dog League held their fourteenth retriever trials at Drenagh, Limavady, on October 29th, by kind permission of the Right Hon. M. M. McCausland. The judges were: Mr. Walter Alington and Captain C. N. L. Stronge. The awards were as follows:—

ALL-AGE STAKE.—1st, Captain J. F. Hodges' Lab. d. F.T. Ch. Glenravel Jack; 2nd, Mr. R. M. Willington's Lab. b. Actress of St. Kierans; 3rd, Miss Phyllida McGillycuddy's Lab. b. Baunchuone Bess. Res. went to Mr. S. R. Phillips' Lab. d. Pete of Bannside; and Certificate of Merit to Captain J. F. Hodges' Lab. d. Glenravel Nimrod.

AT DODDINGTON

THE Cheshire, North Wales and Shropshire Retriever and Spaniel Society, by kind permission of Sir Delves Broughton, held their Spaniel Trials at Doddington, Nantwich, on Friday, October 25th. The judges were Messrs. W. D. Edwards and R. MacDonald, and the awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. d. Daud; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. b. Slick O'Vara; 3rd, Mr. Maurice Moreton's E.S. b. Sobenhall Donna. Reserve went to Mr. Herbert L. May's Longridge Sweep, and Certificate of merit to Miss M. V. J. Oliver's Hollingly Bride.

MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. b. Stream O'Vara; Equal 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. b. Slick O'Vara and Mr. Herbert L. May's E.S. d. Longridge Sweep. Reserve, Mr. J. H. Gibson's B.C. d. Heathmyrnd Robert.

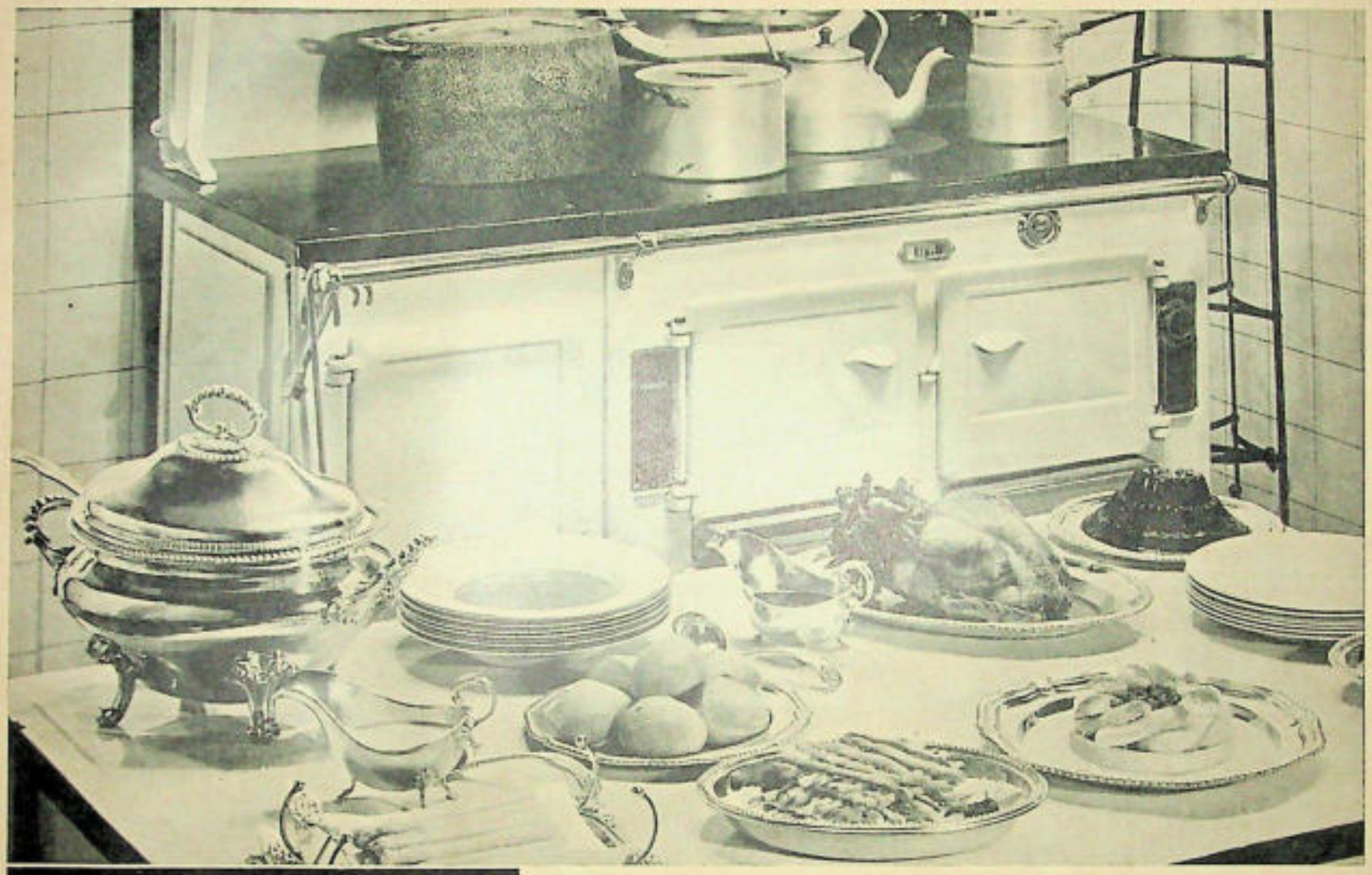
"Field" Photographic Competition

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, December 7th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, The "Field" Newspaper, Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4.* 2. *Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete.* 3. *Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned.* 4. *No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition, and the Editor's decision will be final.* 5. *Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6.* 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.

DINNER AT EIGHT . . . .



PREMIER ESSE from - - £65

With Auxiliary Oven from - £80

ESSE MINOR from - - - £45

ESSE

AND NO NEED FOR A **TEN MINUTE ALIBI**

With an *ESSE* COOKER there is no last-minute rush in the kitchen—automatic thermostatic regulation ensures that constant cooking temperatures are maintained.

ESSE Heat-Storage cookery prevents flames or smoke from reaching the ovens and contaminating the food. The natural juices are conserved and the flavour of the meat is improved.

Epicures invite themselves to dinners cooked on an *ESSE*. Available in a variety of colours. British in design and manufacture. Fully guaranteed.

Write for full particulars and address of nearest stockist to Dept. F.3

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

PROPRIETORS SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. (Est. 1854)

London Showrooms: 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4.

British Patent Nos. 370680; 390119; 390674; 390749; 394177; and Licensed under British Patents Nos. 205071 and 332444

THE WAGON TEAM AT WISDOVER, SUSSEX
From an etching by Carmen Stanley

THE CRAFTSMAN'S PRIDE IN HIS WORK

John Oxenbury, the Wagon Builder, and Others

THERE are few farms where the machinery is really well looked after, and there are many where it is not looked after at all. When one goes shooting one cannot fail to notice the number of rakes, hay mowers, harvesters and other farm machinery left carelessly in the fields, just abandoned when last used at the time that the farmer or labourer went home in the evening for his supper. And then either forgotten or ignored. And throughout the hunting season one sees harrows and ploughs left carelessly exposed to the weather, often in places dangerous to those who jump on to them, and frequently blinded by a year's growth of vegetation.

This carelessness does not seem to be confined to the British Isles. I have noticed the same in India, where the plough is of a cruder type.

A few years ago the Spaniards were compelled to abandon part of Morocco. Later they again occupied the territory. After the lapse of years there happened, following a tropical downpour, a terrific landslide of mud over the side of a hill; one of those occasions when mother earth is exposed in her nakedness, revealing incidents of her past that ordinary decent folk do not enquire into too closely. Not so the geologists; in the security of Spanish re-occupation, they searched the inner parts of the earth revealed by the landslide and found the huge ribs of an extinct monster. Great was the triumph of the finders, and wild the excitement in scientific circles on a discovery of unique interest. Then a farmer turned up; he laughed at the scientists, and proved conclusively that the alleged ribs of an extinct monster were but the remains of a large horse-rake left by him when the Spaniards evacuated the land and there was no time to move even the lightest gear before the arrival of the Moors.

But what a testimonial the treatment of farm machinery is to its makers! Would any industrialist be able to leave with a quiet mind his most important and valuable machinery exposed in the open air to the weather for twelve months or more? Yet the farmer does it, and the machinery seems to stand up to the strain without too quick deterioration. The fact is that anything made for the farm is built well and strongly.

Farm wagons are somewhat different from the iron machinery turned out in large quantities at a factory. The wagon is the work of a skilled carpenter or wagoner, a man that is an artist at his job, proud of his work and, like the painter of pictures, privileged to write his name on his masterpiece for the world to know the craftsman. I have a wagon in good use at the present time with the date 1896 upon it in large letters enclosed within yellow and red curves that remind one of gilded picture frames or the fantastic shapes of Victorian furniture. I have seen others on the road with still earlier dates upon them, some indeed of my own age, and looking so strong that one wonders who will first go off the road. John Oxenbury lived at Walditch and made a wagon in 1882. He may have made some earlier, but on all his work he wrote his name and the date, "John Oxenbury, Builder, 1882." There it is written, not blended with the darker colours in the corner of the picture like the name of a famous artist, but in bold letters on the tailboard of the wagon. John Oxenbury was proud of his work, and we should be proud of him and the craftsmen for whom his name stands. Would any motor manufacturer dare to write his name and the date so boldly on one of his cars?

I doubt it; and in any case, none do. And the farm wagon has far rougher work on much worse ground than has the motor car; a ton of hay hauled through a gateway or on a steep sideling, a heavy load of faggots brought over the rough land from the woods. Tractors can do it, we know, but how long do they live? Their makers do not write their names and dates of manufacture on them. There was a time when I was much younger and thought that it was rather an impertinence for a farm wagon-maker to give himself an advertisement by writing his name boldly on the back of a wagon that he had sold to someone else. It was done in no other trade, not, at any rate, in so cold and blazoned a manner. But now I see things differently. John Oxenbury did not write his name on the wagon for reasons of worldly profit, he did so as an artist proud of his work, much as a writer signs his proofs, or an artist his masterpiece.

How long will the John Oxenburys last? Will they go like the blacksmiths? Will they desert the ways of the horse for the noise of petrol-driven machinery? One hopes not, but the fact remains that few new farm wagons are now seen on the road. The old ones were well built and, farming being in a low state, those that need wagons buy them second hand at the Michaelmas sales.

JAMES W. BEST.

FARMING NOTES

Wheat Act Payments

MARKET prices have risen this season, and English wheat has been making fully 28s.–30s. a quarter in recent weeks. Accordingly, the Wheat Commission is limiting the amount of its bounty to 12s. 4½d. a quarter, at any rate for the present. If market prices fall back again and lower the year's average, there may be considerably more to come from the Commission in the form of deficiency payment. However the markets go the home grower will receive a total price of nearly 45s. a quarter for the 1935 crop.

Drying Young Grass

A useful report has been issued by the Agricultural Research Council on the preservation of grass and other fodder crops. Much experimental work has been done by scientists and engineers in recent years to show the supreme value of young grass and the possibility of drying it at the most nutritious stage, so that it can be kept for winter feeding to replace purchased concentrated foodstuffs. The information now available is brought together in this report. Considerable progress has been made and there is now no question about the high feeding value of dried grass, comparable to linseed cake. Nor need there be doubts about the practicability of drying young grass on the farm. Messrs. Wilder, of Reading, have perfected a mowing machine which will deal with short grass and collect the material for drying, and Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., and Messrs. Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies of Ipswich, among other firms, have put on the market driers that have proved their merits.

Cricket Bat Willows

It is stated in the report of the Forest Products Research Board that an investigation is being made to find the best types of willow for making cricket bats. A number of bats manufactured from willow collected in 1933 and air-seasoned in the laboratory, have been tested and reported on by professional cricketers. Mechanical tests will now be carried out and the results compared with the reports of the playing qualities of the bats. The rebound of a cricket ball from these bats is to be measured to see whether a test can be devised to assess the playing quality of clefts before they are made into bats.

BROADLEAZE.

Two Ayrshire Products

AYRSHIRES which won the most important event of the Dairy Show...

Both Supreme!

Born 1820 — Still going Strong!

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD.
Scotch Whisky Distillers
Kilmarnock AYRSHIRE

SEAMLESS boots *give* STRENGTH with LIGHTNESS

The exclusive Dunlop way of making Rubber Boots places them in a class by themselves. Using liquid latex puts all the natural qualities of rubber into the finished boots. This means toughness with more flexibility. And the seamless process ensures that Dunlop Boots are always waterproof and not subject to cracking. This means longer life and greater comfort.

"LANDMARK"
Knee Boot 18/9
Three-quarter 25/-
Full Thigh 29/6
"SOLENT"
Knee Boot 14/9
Three-quarter 20/6
Full Thigh 23/9
Other seamless boots from 9/11
Also available with cleats at slightly increased cost.

DUNLOP
SEAMLESS
RUBBER BOOTS

Obtainable from boot dealers everywhere

DUNLOP : WALTON : LIVERPOOL

5MB1/17 C.F.H.

★ *Le Cadre Noir of Saumur — most famous riding school in France — some think, in the world.*

POLISHED HORSEMEN for 70 years have used

PROPERT'S
Saddle Soap

E. REDDOW & SONS LTD.

Real Fitness comes from his *Everyday Health Food*
WINALOT
MEAL OR BISCUITS
THE DOG'S WHOLEMEAL FOOD

Spillers Limited
40, St. Mary Axe
LONDON, E.C.3.
Spillers

Binoculars

All best makes are in stock

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA
38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1.
122, REGENT STREET, W.1.

PRICE GREATLY REDUCED QUALITY IMPROVED

CORRY'S For Hard COURTS GRAVEL DRIVES, etc. **MOSS REMOVER** ALSO KILLS WEEDS

IN RED, BROWN, GREEN OR GREY. EFFECTIVE FOR ONE YEAR AT LEAST.

CORRY & CO., LTD. SHAD THAMES, LONDON, S.E.1.

1 cwt. 10/6; ½ cwt. 5/6; ¼ cwt. 3/6; 3 cwt. at 25/- etc.
Use the Economic Sprinkler. Only 6/- each.

MUD dredged from **Ponds & Streams**

BONFORD & EVERSHED LTD
Dredging contractors.
Salford Priors, EVESHAM

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

NOVEMBER OPENS WITH SNOW IN THE HIGHLANDS
A Hillman on the Pitlochry-Kirkmichael road, Perthshire, where there was a heavy snowfall at the beginning of the month

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE NEW CARS

Interesting Tendencies Which Have Still to Prove Their Worth

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

SECOND thoughts, they say, are always best. This is certainly true of the impressions one forms during Motor Show Week at Olympia. It is only when the Show has receded into the background and one gets away from the glare and clamour that one can sort out the ideas and conclusions formed during the week, rejecting some, modifying others and retaining a few in the permanent records of the mind.

While there was much at Olympia that was to be accounted progress, I am not so sure that there were not one or two evidences of thought gone slightly astray. For instance, in many cases we saw that for one reason or another engines had been moved a few inches farther forward than in last year's designs. I am not going to say this is wrong. On the contrary, within limits I am convinced it is right and in this I speak with a certain amount of experience.

I have lately been using a car of a type similar to one I had last year, but in the newer design the engine has been taken some four inches farther forward. I had rather expected the new car to show symptoms of being "nose-heavy," but far from that being the case it holds the road infinitely better than its predecessor. True, this may in part be accounted for by better all-round design, though the only salient differences are the positioning of the motor and the dropping slightly of the frame.

Anyway, here is a case in which there is a definite improvement which may, at least in part, be ascribed to the alteration in engine position, which seems to show that the idea of bringing the weight farther forward is right. But looking at some of the designs in which this forward positioning of the motor has been made a feature, I cannot help wondering if they will not prove, as I have said, to be nose-heavy.

Then there is the trend—it is more than a trend—towards placing all the seating accommodation within the wheelbase. Once again, I am not going to be dogmatic, but is this not to some extent a compromise with a faulty suspension design? There are cars of which the designers have not found it at all necessary to worry about the precise positioning of the seats and which are as near to perfect passenger comfort on bad roads as need be.

I quite agree that in the lower-priced mass-production cars we cannot expect perfection in suspension, and I suppose we should be grateful to their designers for any movement which makes for better riding qualities. By all means let us have our seats within the wheelbase. I am not being critical about it, but I cannot help speculating as to the exact why and wherefore. The idea of carrying all the passenger weight between the axles is by no means new and I am just wondering why it has come so prominently to the front at this present juncture.

All the same, there does seem to have been a definite improvement all round in car suspension. This is undoubtedly due to the attention which has been given to the matter of independent springing of the front wheels, a feature which has made a great deal of advance during the past year. On the Continent and in America independent suspension has been widely adopted, but our own manufacturers are going more soberly to work. There are quite a few designs which are undoubtedly clever and which do their work well, but the question is: will they continue to be trouble-free during the life of the car? It is to be doubted if a "knee-action" type of suspension which has ten or twelve separate joints and connections is likely to fulfil that requirement.

There are, of course, designs that are far less complicated than these original types I have in mind, but the last word in simplification—and therefore reliability—still remains to be said and it is good policy for the manufacturer to wait until we are nearer the requisite simplicity and efficiency. There is no question as to the future of design in this particular direction. The car of the future will embody independent wheel suspension in front at least, but the change over will be gradual.

Much progress has been made in the past twelve months in the matter of chassis frame design. The cruciform type, which achieved rigidity at the expense of added weight, seems to be receding in favour of a frame built with box-section side members and with tubular or box-section cross members. By the employment of this type of side-member, not only is the necessary resistance to twisting of the chassis attained, but there is a considerable saving of weight in comparison with the frame of cruciform type.

Touching now upon one of the relatively minor changes and improvements observable in the cars of 1936, it would seem that the wire wheel is destined to disappear entirely. Pressed steel is coming back into favour, but wheel design is not what it was in the days when steel was substituted for the old wooden wheel of the "artillery" type. It is a better looking and stronger job altogether and, for the owner driver who has to look after and clean his own car it has everything to be said for it and nothing against. The wire wheel has served us well, but I do not think anyone will mourn its passing.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CAR
Lord Tweedsmuir has taken this Siddeley Special landaulette with him to Canada for official use. Note the coloured lights on the roof to make identification easy at night. It was built by the Burlington Carriage Company

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

THE WORLD OVER

Quality Tells—

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY *Sanderson's*

Willing

EMPIRE AVIATION IN REVIEW

The Fruits of an Eventful Decade

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

ALTHOUGH the Air Ministry's official *Report on the Progress of Civil Aviation*, 1934, recently published, comes late in the year, it is a document of great interest, since its formal phrases and statistics give authoritative confirmation to the various trends that were reviewed at the time in these columns. Not only that, but the very fact that the developments recorded have passed beyond the immediate—and often transitory—interest of the present enables one to see achievement in better perspective and assess its real worth.

The report for 1934 is of more than ordinary interest, and on that account seems to call for special mention. Last year, Imperial Airways, Ltd., completed the first decade of their existence—a decade marked by trials, difficulties, and expansion; and the volume represents therefore an important landmark in the advance of Empire flying.

There is little need to recall the circumstances prevailing immediately prior to the time this company came into existence. The story has been often told, and its details tend to emphasise the temporary lack of foresight of those in control of our air destinies in the years just after the war. British commercial flying, left to fight unaided the competition of subsidised foreign services after a very creditable struggle to carry on without Government assistance, found it impossible, and Imperial Airways, Ltd., was formed.

How much success has been gained is to be seen in the pages of the new report, where the returns of 1924 and 1934 are strikingly compared. There is no need to repeat the statistics here. It is sufficient to say that, while the mileage flown per annum over the ten-year period has improved threefold, the ton-mileage has grown by as much as seven times—an indication of the way in which the popularity and usefulness of the airways have increased.

During these ten years, Empire flying has become a reality. When Imperial Airways, Ltd., was formed, Continental connections were the basis of commercial flying. To-day, these are but short links in the great chain of trunk routes which bind together London, the capital of the Empire, with the great Dominions overseas—India, Australia, South Africa.

Indeed, the traffic on the cross-Channel services shows a distinct drop for 1934 as compared with previous years, partly because of additional competition on these routes, and partly because, now that the main focus of our commercial flying is the Empire, routes have been revised by the elimination of stopping places *en route*.

The loss however has been more than compensated for by the steady growth of the Empire traffic—a result gratifying to those who have consistently maintained that the primary function of air transport is high-speed, long-distance communication. On the England–Egypt section of the airways, there was an increase of no less than 145,000 ton-miles flown in 1934 as compared with 1933; Egypt–South Africa traffic grew by 187,900 ton-miles; and the Eastern airway to Singapore showed a gain of no less than 276,500 ton-miles. The last figure however includes a full year's working on the India–Singapore section as against only six months included in the figures for 1933. Altogether, the total increase on all routes was 528,300 ton-miles.

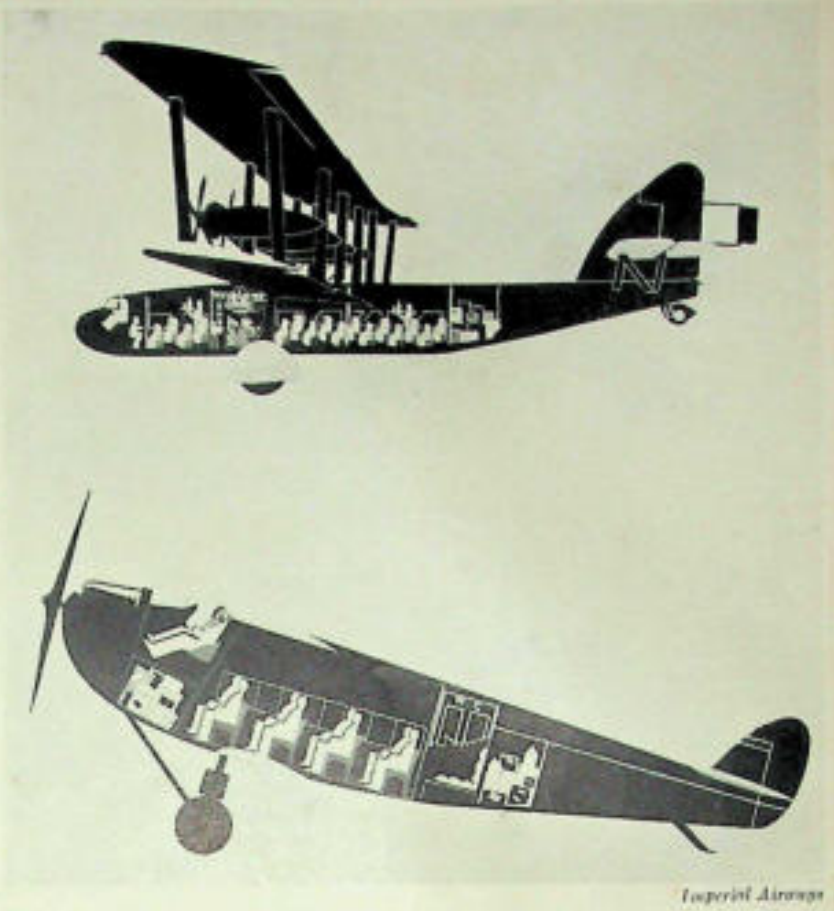
Empire aviation, then, is more than holding its own; and with better facilities the growth cannot fail to be accelerated. It is interesting to glance back on one year's or ten years' progress and to note what has been done and how difficulties have been overcome; but of even greater importance to so young and virile a thing as commercial flying are the plans being made for the future. The report shows a satisfactory record for the first decade. Will that record be not merely maintained but improved upon in the decade upon which we are now entering?

Happily, this official document tends to encourage confidence in the future. It speaks of flying-boat development—something for which informed opinion has pressed for years—and even speaks guardedly of a regular Bermuda–New York service to be commenced next year in conjunction with Pan-American Airways. Another vital point to which reference is made is the great improvement in standards of performance.

On the Empire routes, the report states, a cruising speed of 100 m.p.h. has hitherto been considered adequate, but advances in design have made this figure obsolete, and 150 m.p.h. is mentioned as the requisite speed for to-day. Further increases are envisaged, but it is stressed—and rightly—that high speeds must always be subject to economic factors if our airways are to continue on the sound lines on which they have been conducted up till now.

There seems, then, every reason for a firm belief that, eventful as the first decade of Empire flying has been, the next will yield even more striking results. The existing routes have become firmly established. The experimental period has been passed. New trends in design are making commercial aircraft at once more efficient technically and more economical in operation. Well-conceived extensions and improvements are in train.

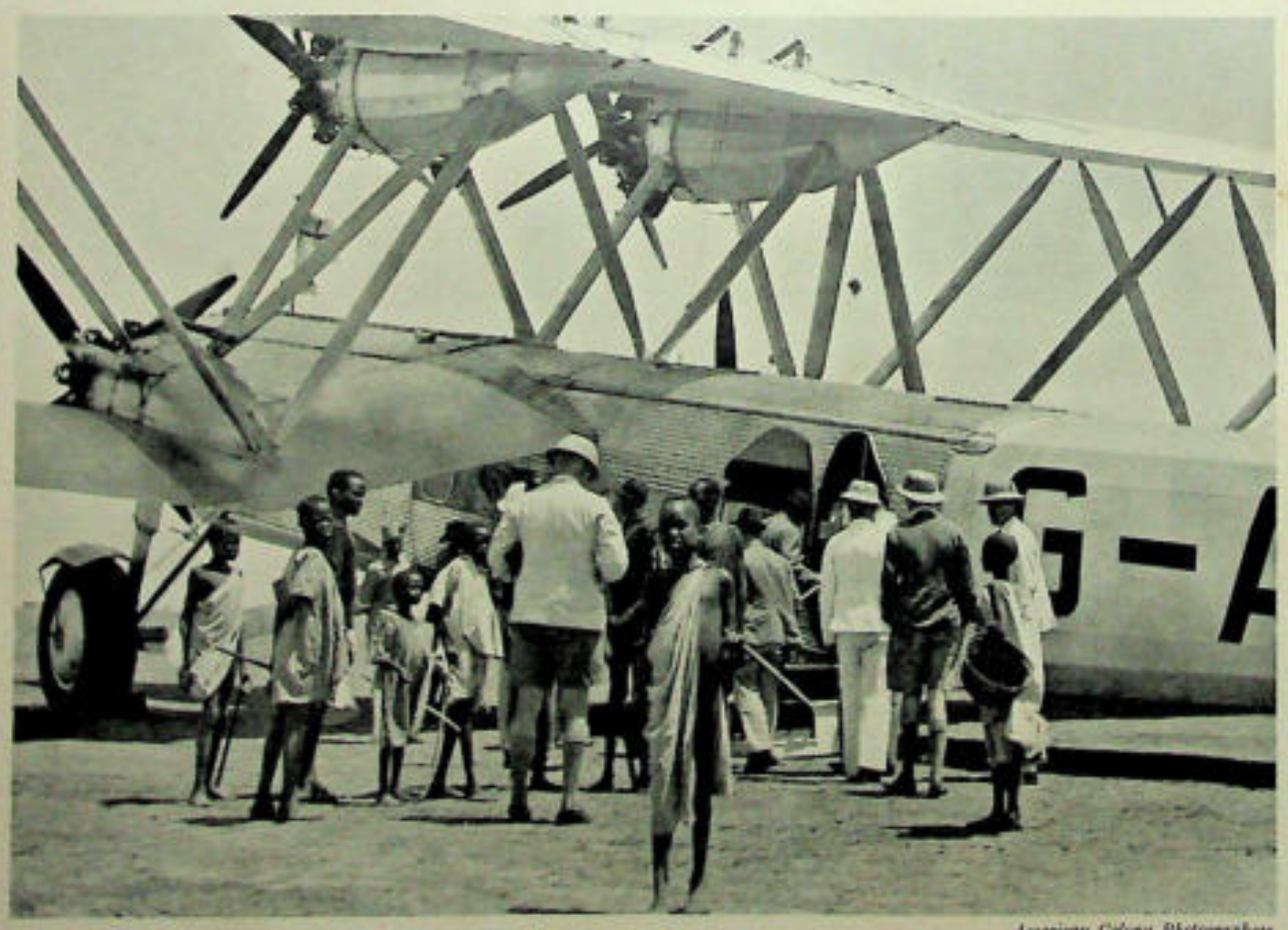
Much of course remains to be done; but ten years of steady development, avoiding the spectacular and concentrating on the useful and truly commercial, have provided a firm foundation on which to build. Empire aviation can now progress with a greater certainty, based on practical experience, of what can be achieved.



Imperial Airways

MILESTONES OF AIRWAY PROGRESS

A comparison in diagram between the "D.H.34" of 1924 and the "Scylla" of 1934, showing the increased passenger accommodation in the latter



American Colony Photographers

AN IMPORTANT LINK IN THE GREAT CHAIN OF AIR ROUTES WHICH IS BINDING THE EMPIRE TOGETHER

Passengers embarking on the Imperial Airways liner "Hannibal" at Malakal, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, en route for South Africa

The Ford Utility Car.—In his recent article on this addition to the range of Ford vehicles, Sir Malcolm Campbell stated that the centre seats were not removable. We have been asked to point out that this is not so—they can be taken out so that very bulky articles can be carried if necessary.

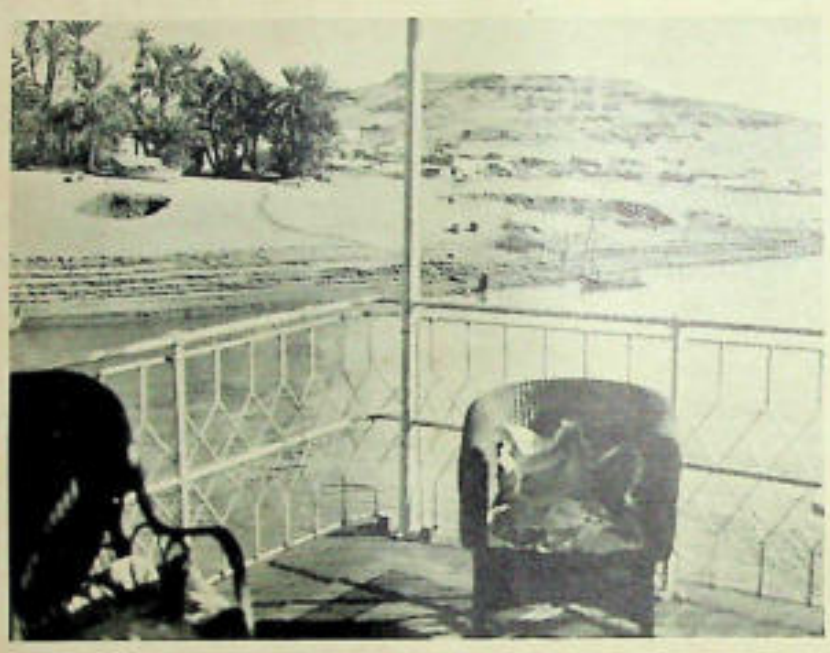
A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE

By River Steamer from Khartoum to the Borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo

By CHARLES W. DOMVILLE-FIFE

SCARCELY any portion of Africa exercises such a strange fascination over almost every class of traveller as the country surrounding the White Nile and the Victoria Nyanza. The following is a brief account of a journey from Khartoum southwards for over a thousand miles, to the borders of Kenya, Uganda and the Belgian Congo, during the winter months—a time when climate, scenery and big game are at their best.

Khartoum, the essential starting point, can be reached by river steamer and sleeping-car express from various parts of Egypt, such as Port Said, Alexandria or Cairo: alternatively the Sudan may be approached direct by sea from Great Britain or from some continental port, by way of its own



SEEN FROM THE STEAMER

front door, Port Sudan, which is now served by the regular lines of passenger ships going to and from the countries of Southern Asia and East Africa. In either case, journeys within the Sudan, whether by railway or river steamer, are performed in comfort.

What strikes one most about modern Khartoum—which derives its name from the Arabic word meaning "Elephant's Trunk," on account of the shape of the peninsula between the Blue and White Niles—is the tranquil beauty of the early tropical mornings, the wonderful afterglow of the sunsets behind the tall palms which fringe the shore, the cool northerly breeze, for the city is raised over 1,000ft. above sea level, and the beautiful gardens.

Another welcome discovery is the almost complete absence of the mosquito during the winter months. The principal residential quarter and promenade is the Embankment, which faces the Blue Nile and is shaded by a double row of big trees. In the middle of this avenue is the Palace of the Governor-General, half covered by tropical foliage, and built on the same foundations as the old residence of Gordon. Only the ground floor remained after the sack of Old Khartoum by the frenzied hordes of the Mahdi.

On entering the new building from the river front a brass plate will be seen high up on the wall, marking the spot, on the old palace stairs, where Gordon died. Since those terrible days the gardens behind the palace have been considerably enlarged, but many of the trees and plants of that time still remain—in particular the rose tree planted by Gordon himself.

When the Government steamer—which is equipped with every convenience for tropical travel—leaves the palm-bordered quay at Khartoum and heads into the African "blue," the White Nile shines in the brazen sunlight like a lake of molten gold, ruffled here and there by the movements of pelicans and thousands of other waterfowl. The banks are low and flat with the sandy wastes of Kordofan all around.

Life on board these stern-wheel steamers is peculiarly fascinating. One meets many interesting people, explorers, big-game hunters, naturalists and Government officials bound for outlying stations. It is not exclusively a "man's journey," there are also women sharing their husbands' work or sport, and others travelling down the African corridor to blaze a new trail of interest for themselves.

The most curious experience is, perhaps, to sip one's after-dinner coffee on deck while watching a barbaric dance by spearmen on the river banks, to enjoy iced cocktails with hippopotami or crocodile in full view. Each little vessel is an oasis of civilised life in a sea of barbarism.

After passing Kawa and Aba Island, where the Mahdi originated his Holy War, Kosti and the White Nile Railway Bridge are reached. From here onwards there is no sign of civilisation. Dense forests are frequent and patches of tall papyrus fringe the river. Crocodiles sprawl on the mud banks, and every now and again, within a circle of less than a quarter of a mile, the heads of hippopotami rise above the shining surface of the water. Occasionally, in the early morning, when the river is a bar of silver between the black walls of the still shadowy forest, these huge and lumbering animals may be seen lurching down the river bank from inland peregrinations.

When Renk, 291 miles from Khartoum, has been passed the country of the Arabs is left behind and that of the black races of Central Africa lies ahead. On the west bank are the pointed *tukls*, or mud-walled and grass-thatched huts of the Shilluks, a curious race who dress their hair in elaborate style and walk about among the thick grass with broad-bladed spears. On the east bank may be seen wandering bands of Dinkas—naked ebony giants with weird and barbaric customs. At Kodok (Fashoda) there is the garden of Marchand and the spot where this plucky French explorer met Kitchener during the struggle for the mastery of the Upper Nile.

The banks now become more swampy. Great patches of *um sûf* float on the surface, and a sharp look-out must be kept for the herds of wild game for which this portion of Africa has become famous. A flutter of excitement thrills those passengers who are seeing big game in their natural haunts for the first time at comparatively close range, when less than a quarter of a mile distant the black humps and horned heads of a herd of buffalo come into view above

Photo: Major R. Whitehead

A SHILLUK

the elephant grass. A few minutes later these get the scent of the steamer and a wild stampede follows.

After passing through the *Sudd* region, where the hippopotami and crocodiles are so numerous as to be a danger to the little *asubaeh* (light wood) rafts of the natives, the ground on both banks becomes more solid, and elephant country is entered. Soon the raised trunks of these beasts can be seen above the undergrowth.

Only when Juba has been reached, over 1,000 miles south of Khartoum, does the steamer come to a final halt on the borders of Uganda and the Belgian Congo. Further progress can be made by motor car, steamer and rail to Kenya Colony, Uganda, and to the Cape of Good Hope. Those travellers who prefer can, however, return to Khartoum by the quicker downstream passage, while others may wish to study Central Africa at first hand by making their headquarters at the Government hotel at Juba and motoring into the primitive and wild lands of what is still the "Darkest Africa" of Stanley, Baker, Speke, Livingstone and other explorers of the nineteenth century.

FORDING THE RIVER RAHAD—A SUDANESE CONTRAST OF OLD AND NEW

WHERE TO STAY

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

MARTIN HOTELS

Shooting and Fishing in Wales.

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
via Oswestry.
SHOOTING 21,000 acres. Large stock wild Pheasants, walking up 25/- a day. Also Grouse, Blackgame, Partridge. Secluded country house from 3½ guineas weekly. 4½ hours London. Riding. Tennis. Fishing on renowned Lake Vyrnwy season opens 1st March, 1936.
Tel. LLANWDDYN 2

OAKELEY ARMS HOTEL
Tan-y-bwich.
A modernised old Coaching Inn at the foot of Moelwyn, 2,500ft. Beautiful Country, mild climate. Easy reach golf at Harlech. Tennis. Near the new Trawsfynydd Lake; season opens 15th March, 1936. Sea Trout fishing river Dwyryd.
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH 31

Mr. and Mrs. Martin have specially studied the requirements of sportsmen and their families.

MOULSFORD MANOR HOTEL
Moulsford, Berks.
On the main Reading-Oxford Road.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Modern Comfort. Excellent Cooking.
'Phone: Goring 25.

CARNARVON ARMS - DULVERTON
On the borders of Devon and Somerset. A warm, comfortable home for the winter in fine sporting country. HUNTING. MEETS in easy reach five days a week. Good hunters from our own stables. ROUGH SHOOTING. Good billiard table.
TERMS 4 GUINEAS A WEEK.
HUNTERS 2 GUINEAS A DAY.
Write for booklet. Wire NELDER, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone, 4080 Brighton.

BUDE.—GRENVILLE HOTEL.—Charming first-class Hotel, second to none in Cornwall, in gardens by sea; beautiful ball and public rooms. String band. Sunday Golf.

HARROGATE.—CROWN HOTEL. FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Adjoining Pump Room and Royal baths. MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS. Phone 4045. Write MANAGER.

KESWICK - ON - DERWENTWATER (English Lakes). Most interesting centre for scenery and excursions. Leading Hotel in the district, the Keswick.

MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S, Prospectus Free. *Great Britain's Greatest Hydro.* Tel. 17.

NEWMARKET.—RUTLAND ARMS HOTEL. ('Phone 16.) The Best.

SOUTHPORT.—PRINCE OF WALES. "The Leading Hotel." Great golf centre (7 links).

20,000 ACRES GOOD ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game, keeper and dogs provided, combined with trout, sea trout and salmon fishing, latter free to guests.—Cobden's Hotel, Capel Curig, N. Wales.

IRELAND
WATERVILLE, KERRY.
BUTLER ARMS HOTEL
Excellent Rough Shooting. Free Salmon, Sea and Brown Trout Fishing. Golf. Tennis.

CONNEMARA.—ZETLAND HOTEL, CASHEL BAY, RECESS; fishing, salmon, sea and brown trout, sea fishing; modern, electric light, garage.

DUBLIN.—SHELBOURNE. The Premier Hotel. Private baths and toilet, h. and c. running water.

MILFORD, CO. DONEGAL.—MILFORD HOTEL. Salmon and Trout Fishing. Shooting. Golf. Garage.

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL.—Open all the year. Reduced terms from October. Good rough shooting; Bridge; electric light, central heating; mild climate; excellent cuisine. —Apply MANAGERESS, Connemara, Co. Galway.

PAYING GUESTS
30 words 6/- (minimum), each extra seven 2/-

CO. WEXFORD.—Hunting. The Island and Wexford Foxhounds. GUESTS would be RECEIVED in comfortable Country House. Good Hunters obtainable, stabled and groomed; good rough shooting; garage.—Box 3184, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE NOEL ARMS, CHIPPING CAMPDEN

AMERICANS visiting the Noel Arms at Chipping Campden are impressed when they learn that the inn was in existence long before Columbus discovered their native land and made it available for their birth and upbringing. They note the massive fourteenth-century oak beam in the hall, and are at once conscious that they are in an old-world hostelry which they can describe fully in their letters to the folks at home who have never been to Chipping Campden. It is fitting that the village, one of the most beautiful in England, should possess an inn erected in a bygone age which can look back on a long and interesting life and yet contains every modern convenience for the comfort of its modern guests.

Without Cotswold stone the Noel Arms would have worn a quite different appearance, for the inn was built from local materials, and in the course of years of exposure to the weather the local stone has turned dark grey while lichen has crept over the whole surface, giving the encrustment which hides whatever colours the stones have taken on. Cotswold buildings suit their environment perfectly and the village has settled down naturally into the landscape, so that it appears as though nature and not man had placed it where it stands.

Campden has always been in a sense an important town, for in 1185 King Henry II held a court there, as also did John in 1215 and Henry III in 1220. Afterwards, some time in the fourteenth century, the Noel Arms came on the scene, and it is probable that many of its early visitors were wealthy wool merchants, though it was not until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that the Cotswolds became a centre of the wool industry of England. Fynes Morison, writing about that time, spoke of "the famous Hils of Cotswold, upon which great flockes of sheep doe feede, yeelding most white wooll, much esteemed of all Nations."

In later years, about the time of Elizabeth, the export of wool in the raw state was forbidden, and the change of affairs which was doubtless a great benefit to the country as a whole was yet an economic disaster for Chipping Campden. Conveniently situated for the gathering of raw materials, it lacked the supply of water necessary for the weaving trade. Yet perhaps "disaster" is the wrong word to use in this instance for Chipping Campden was thus saved from industrialisation. Men turned their thoughts to agriculture, and the peace and calm of the village have been preserved down to our own times.

Coursing was a popular pastime with many in far-off days as now, and meetings were often held on the Cotswold hills. Others preferred to watch the country dances, for as one spectator has said:

"And here we'll sit on primrose banks,
and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid."

The guest at the Noel Arms to-day has so many places within easy distance which are well worth visiting that he can never be really dull. There are Stratford-on-Avon; Warwick and Kenilworth, with their wonderful castles; Stow-in-the-Wold, with its unrivalled view of the Cotswold Hills; Bibury, with its placid trout streams; and Stanway, with its fine manor restored by Inigo Jones. A short walk across the fields will bring you to Dover's Hill which, in due season, as Mr. Masefield's poem tells us, is carpeted with buttercups, while there is hawthorn in the wood below.

The Noel Arms, which possesses ample stabling accommodation, is particularly favoured regarding those who hunt, for it is situated in the North Cotswold country and on the borders of the Heythrop and the Warwickshire. Surely there can be few finer pleasures than hacking home along Cotswold lanes after a good point with the knowledge that you are to shelter in a comfortable inn, such as the Noel Arms, where a hot bath will be ready for you and good food and good wine to follow.

When in London Stay at

Brown's Hotel

DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1

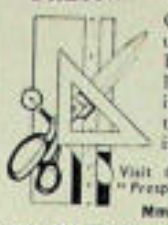
Brown's Hotel remains to-day a living witness that the spirit of more spacious days can be satisfactorily allied to the comfort which modern methods have achieved. In its solid dignity it preserves the atmosphere which has long made it the home in London of the English County families, something standing for all that is best in the older order of things, something we connect with meets of hounds, and old houses standing by broad lawns and the wide sweep of Scottish Moors.

Yet every bedroom at Brown's has a private bath or running water, exchange telephone.

Rooms and suites with or without central heating.

Telephone: REGENT 6020 (15 lines)
Telegrams: BROWNOTEL, LONDON

PARIS ACADEMY
of DRESSMAKING and MILLINERY



Courses of instruction under the tuition of FRENCH EXPERTS. Every student is taught individually, and may therefore attend lessons intermittently if so desired.

Visit the Academy or write for "Prospectus A.P." to the Principal:
Mme. J. TROIS FONTAINES
24, OLD BOND STREET, W.1
Corner of Burlington Gdns. Phone: Regent 0776

PRIVATE CASH ADVANCES
FROM £100 UPWARDS
WITHOUT SECURITY
LEONARD LLOYD (1925) LTD.
9, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.

A BIRD RESTAURANT
Only 21/-

Wire netting compartment for suet on one side, whilst seed trickles out from the other as birds eat it. Filled by raising roof. Hooks under eaves for cocoa-nuts, etc., 5½ft. high; stands anywhere. Try one near your window. *Watch birds use it, and at the same time protect your garden.*

DOVE COTES MADE TO ORDER.
Spade Scrapers, 9/6; Boscwipers, 25/6.
The most efficient boatcleaners ever designed.
Messrs. "SPADE SCRAPERS" (Dept. F.), Wappenham, TOWCESTER

SPECIALIST IN LADIES' RIDING & SPORTING SHIRTS
Send for Prices and Patterns to:
HENRY GILBERT
Shirtmaker and Hosier,
194, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1

"NEED A MAN FEEL PREMATURELY AGED"

Medical Science says 'NO.' Modern research has proved that as long as your 'Hormone' glands and nerves function efficiently your whole body will be virile and vigorous.

HUTTONS (Brand) GLAND TABLETS for Men—which contain genuine 'Hormone' glandular extracts—will definitely rejuvenate and revitalise the whole body irrespective of your present age and condition. They are the sure, safe and speedy remedy for LOSS OF ENERGY and VITALITY, PREMATURE AGEING and GENERAL WEAKNESS.

100 tablets 7/6, or 300 tablets (full course) 20/- post free. Explanatory booklet, 'The New Way to Vitality,' FREE on request. Overseas orders promptly attended to. Address all orders and enquiries to G. A. HUTTON & CO. LTD. (Dept. F25), Napier House, 24/27, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

STAMPS
30 words 6/- (minimum), each extra seven 2/-

Rare British Colonial Stamps
sent on approval.
The cheapest dealer in the World for British Colonial rarities is:—
'Phone: Wanstead 2412.
T. ALLEN,
5, BLAKE HALL ROAD, WANSTEAD, LONDON, E.11

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4325. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1935

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE {INLAND 2½D. | CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D. | FOREIGN 5½D.}

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, M.F.H.

(From a portrait by Mr. Keturah Collings)

As Earl of Dalkeith the Duke succeeded his late father in the control of the family pack, which was established by the fifth Duke, and is sometimes known as the "Belvoir of the North." George Summers was appointed huntsman to the Buccleuch hounds in 1902, and is still in office—a long record of hunt service with one pack.

PRIZEWINNING
COACHWORK

Another
Proved Feature
of the

ROVER

CONTENTS

A Year on the Land?	1131	In Praise of an Old Institution	1164
Christmases Old and New and Future	1132	Winded (in colour)	1166
Charley—a Poem	1134	Fishing Oddities	1168
Twenty Years After: Christmas Memories of 1915	1135	Alphonse: The Story of a Christmas Shoot	1170
Exploration as a Sport	1136	In the Days of the "Squarsons"	1174
Safeguarding England's Scenery	1138	Letters to the Editor	1175
Memories of Many Shooting Camps	1142	Field Trials	1178
Household Hints from the Past	1144	In the City	1178
Round the Wassail Bowl	1147	Cavalry of East Anglia	1179
Capturing Animals for the Zoo	1148	Open-Air Books of the Year	1182
This Year's Flat-Racing Season	1150	Christmas Flowers	1188
Bahram (in colour)	1151	Scope for Land Reclamation	1190
Birds Ashore and Aforeshore (in colour)	1152	The Silver Fox Show	1192
Constable: Advocate for England's Countryside (in colour)	1153	A Year of Metering Progress	1194
Miss Joyce Wethered (a portrait in colour)	1154	A Christmas Commentary on a Flying Theme	1196
Golf on Fifty-Three Strange Courses	1155	Christmas at Sea	1198
Trials of the Hunting Season	1156	By Train through Algeria	1200
Coughing in the Stable	1156	Problems in Contract Bridge: A Christmas Competition	1205
Best Runs of the Week	1158	Chess	1205
News in Brief from the Hunting Field	1162	Answers to Correspondents	1206
		River Reports	1211
		Sporting Calendar	1124
		Hunting Appointments	1126
		The *Field* Guide to Cruises	*Third page cover*

WITH FIVE PLATES IN COLOUR

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London."
Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

POLITICS AND SPORT

BY now, for better or for worse, the elections will have taken place, and it is not with any idea of prolonging the agony which electors have endured that this article is being written; rather the contrary, and to suggest that games and recreations, or for want of a better term "Sport," should be divorced from political happenings. The foreigner believes that the state of the political barometer has a great effect on our sporting programmes. He is right in some respects, but curiously not in the way he imagines. Austrians have been heard to express fears that the Winter Sports season in Austria would be likely to suffer this year because that country had not taken up the same attitude as Great Britain in the councils of the League of Nations. To the people of this country who go to Austria for winter sports such a consideration would not have the slightest weight. They do not take individual sanctions. They are out to enjoy themselves, and they like the Austrian people to-day as well as Britons always have done. They divorce politics from sport, and where they are assured of a friendly reception, as in Austria, there they will go.

But it must be understood that when Britons go abroad for a few weeks' recreation in the year they do so for their pleasure. In one country, a few years ago, there was a danger that holiday-makers might, quite innocently, outrage popular prejudices. A lady might do so by using lipstick in a public restaurant, or a man offend by failing to give a special kind of salute when quite unaware he was expected to do so. To be penalised for these things or slapped in the face is not a pleasurable sensation, and it is therefore not surprising if those out for enjoyment fought shy of a place where they were likely to be subjected to annoyance. Once such a danger had been removed the stream of visitors resumed its normal flow. The holiday-maker's whole concern is naturally whether his environment is likely to be a happy one; whether his travelling facilities are unembarrassed by petty restrictions; whether the government of the particular moment in the country he is visiting is stable enough to ensure that he will not be embroiled in national upheavals. It is not an attitude that needs a wiseacre to understand it.

So much for one side of the question, now for the other. Italians, it has been reported, do not wish to meet in international sporting events any representatives of nations who have combined to impose sanctions on their country. Their feelings in this respect are easy to understand, but let it be hoped that their young athletes may soon be released for peaceful enterprises, and when this occurs we will be ever ready to receive them in the friendly atmosphere that has prevailed in the past. Sport has always been lauded in this country as the medium of international friendship, where national and racial prejudices should be submerged. We have protested at even an implied threat that such should menace the noble conception of the Olympic Games. Having done so we must keep clear of all boycotts, as, for instance, that of banning a German professional football team from playing in England on account of the strong views taken by German authorities on a racial question. We cannot press for impartial treatment on the one hand and exercise restrictions ourselves; moreover, to join in an issue of this kind would do more harm than good to those to whom Britain has given a refuge. Unfriendly demonstrations to visitors to this country are un-British and unwanted. Let us always keep politics and sport wide apart.

CHRISTMAS ANTICIPATED

IT was once complained by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton that editors of Christmas numbers bring them out at a time when the reader is more likely to be still lamenting for the turkey of last year than to have seriously settled down to a solid anticipation of the turkey which is to come. He thinks that they ought to be tied up in brown paper and kept for Christmas Day, and adds: "On consideration I should favour the editors being tied up in brown paper." With due respect to Mr. Chesterton we bring out a Christmas number when, for readers abroad, it will be nearer to the appearance of the turkey, or its substitute, on the table. We also hope that its presence at home will stimulate that anticipation which is said to constitute more than half the sum total of enjoyment, and that its contents, not dealing exclusively with haunted chambers and the "Good Old Times," will be none the less appreciated.

OXFORD AND THE "ALL BLACKS"

When the last New Zealand team visited this country in 1924–5 Oxford University had the distinction of scoring 15 points against them—the highest score made against the New Zealanders during the tour. Last week Oxford again rose to the occasion and ran the present New Zealand team to a single point, losing only by 9 points to 10 points after leading until the last few minutes. This performance, against a side not far below the New Zealanders' best, reflects the improving standard of play at Oxford this season, and Oxford hopes for the 'Varsity match next month are only tempered by the fact that Cambridge have also accomplished impressive performances in beating Leicester last Saturday and the Edinburgh Academicals on Monday. At the moment it seems that both of the University sides will be above average strength.

EXPERTO CREDE

Special interest attaches to Captain C. R. S. Pitman's interesting Game Report for Uganda, which has just been issued, as it marks the conclusion of ten years of elephant control. Most people will agree that the scheme was necessary and beneficent; but there are those who fear that in the future elephant control will be regarded as an indispensable budgetary item rather than a means of protecting cultivation. Be that as it may, nobody can deny that if elephants are to be destroyed the destruction should be the work of experts. Captain Salmon's remarks on the subject quoted by Captain Pitman are worth noting. "The custom of allowing the Bunejoro Guards to shoot from trees has undoubtedly resulted in many Bunejoro elephants' sterns being bullet battered to such an extent that they have permanently removed themselves to Buganda." The Game Guards have frankly stated that rather than change their methods they are prepared to go. As a result the Rangers are busy in training recruits, to the chagrin of the tree-top brigade.

FENCERS IN FORCE

There was a triple tie for the Hutton Cup at Bertrand's last week-end, and this women's international prize was only secured for Austria by Fraulein Ellen Preis, the Olympic champion, after she had beaten Mlle. Jenny Addams (Belgium), 5—4, and Fröken Karen Lachman (Denmark), 5—3, in the fight off. Never before has a tie for top place been entirely between foreign competitors. Entries from abroad were formidable, and all the British representatives who reached this last lap were from one Salle, Bertrand's, namely, the holder, Miss Gwendoline Neligan (Ireland), Miss Peggy Butler (Ireland), Miss Mary Geddes (Scotland) and Miss Pauline Etheridge (England), who finished in the order named with another Dane, Fröken Ulla Barding, eighth.

Foreigners of outstanding interest, who were eliminated by sheer force of numbers, were the Swedish champion, Fröken B. Granquist and Mme. Veit (France). It was a pity that with such an exceptionally strong foreign entry the organisers did not have the usual sixteen in the semi-finals, for there were this number well up to standard.

STATE GOLF

Soviet Russia, it is reported, is to have its golf courses and a Chicago engineer is to construct them near Moscow and Black Sea and Crimean resorts. He is also to give rudimentary instruction in the game, so that his task will be no light one. Golf on a Five-Year-Plan may, however, produce a Soviet Open Champion and a fresh sphere for our professionals! One of the main problems at the moment seems to be the production of proletarian plus fours. The adviser, it is said, is experiencing some difficulty in persuading officials that a Bobby Jones drive can be made in other nether garments. But apparently Russians have made one discovery—that to hit the little ball is not a matter of physical prowess.

OUR NEED FOR SCULLERS

At a time when our need for first-class scullers is so great it is disappointing to note that the Silver Challenge Sculls at Oxford should only attract seven competitors. It all tends to narrow the field for the Diamond Sculls, in which foreign competition is so formidable, and also the "possibles" for the Olympic Games. J. D. Sturrock, who has only turned his attention to sculling recently, was able to win the University Sculls with ease, and in the final against J. C. Cherry, who had a bye in the third heat, put up the best time of 8min. 15sec.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a quarterly journal, in an article entitled "What Gipsies are really like." "Pheasants are shot on starry nights with .303 and .410 rifles, and this business is lucrative."

OUR COLOURED COVER

Travel as our ancestors knew it is almost beyond our conception to-day, and the section of the old print by James Pollard reproduced on the cover of this issue shows its softer side rather than its hardships. And that side is none too comfortable with the guard hurrying up proceedings, and the baby evidently indisposed. The gentleman at table has his head temporarily protected before he can don a wig. In the original the coachman of the last stage is asking to be "remembered" and, on the right, are other passengers in a state of undress, one being shaved. This print is of an unusual subject and rare in the perfect state of the specimen reproduced which was kindly lent by Messrs. Frank T. Sabin, of 154, New Bond Street, London, W.1, whose catalogue of old English Sporting Prints is practically a work of reference.

ASCOT'S GOLD CUP

Next to a triumph in the Derby and St. Leger, it is the Ascot Gold Cup upon which many owners set the greatest store. Next year it will carry with it some £4,000 in added money, making the race worth £7,000 with consolation prizes of £700 and £300 respectively. Though it may cost more to enter and run a horse, there will certainly be more British horses trained for the event, and doubtless an added influx of entries from abroad. This should be all to the good, for much of the interest and prestige attached to the Gold Cup comes from international rivalry, especially when great races are falling in value in other countries.

TAX REPEAL?

There is a movement, with strong county support, for the modernisation of the 2/- poll tax paid to the governing body by competitors in lawn tennis tournaments. The continuance of this tax has been criticised adversely in the *Field*. When first imposed it was a defensible and necessary measure for the support of the L.T.A., whose funds after the war were too meagre for its requirements. Owing to participation in the Wimbledon profits, the L.T.A. now has a large income, and a substantial capital reserve. The tax therefore has outlived its original purpose. The proposal to use the funds obtained from it for the direct benefit of those concerned, namely, the tournament players and management committees, is commendable. The alternative is to repeal the tax.

AID FOR EX-SERVICE MEN

On exhibition at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, are examples of the work of over 4,000 permanently disabled Ex-Service men. It is astonishing what craftsmanship is displayed, and this exhibition is one which should be visited for the placing of orders for household requisites and the purchase of various articles which will make acceptable gifts. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt is making a special appeal in another direction for the permanently disabled, for the Ex-Services' Welfare Society, which does much to alleviate suffering and supplements the work of the State in giving free medical treatment. Contributions will be welcomed, addressed to the Society, c/o Barclay's Bank, Abbey House, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

NOVEMBER ON THE TROUT STREAMS

November this year should be a more than usually busy month on South Country streams. For the first time since the autumn of 1932 the small feeders, which form the best and safest spawning grounds, are running bank high, and if those valuable gravel beds which they often contain are to provide healthy nurseries for next spring's alevins they should be looked to without delay, for soon after the end of the month, if not before, the trout will be spawning on them. What is their condition after three seasons of drought? Where the water has dropped so low as to expose the gravel to the sun and air they should be in well-sterilized condition, but where dead water has covered them it is odds that the remains of decaying vegetation has sifted into them and will prove a pestilential provision for incubating ova. The keeper's work in the next ten days may make all the difference to the trout fry of 1936.

WINTER'S ROSES

In spite of frost and cold days the rose buds are still making an effort to open out, notably the modern perpetual flowering kinds, though even Caroline Testout is doing her best to compete. On the trees the flowers rarely come to anything, but the partly opened buds if cut and taken indoors will furnish a bowl of wonderful blooms which, in some cases, almost rival a summer display. One curious effect of a touch of frost is the change of colour it gives to the roses, an Ophelia or Madame Butterfly may be changed to an all-over delicate pink, and a Betty Uprichard to a deep carmine.

GOLDEN PHEASANT

"*Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis.*"—PETRONIUS.

When Jason to the Phasis row'd
And through the woods divinely strode,
Hadst thou, O golden pheasant, shone
On startled eyes and gleam'd upon
Dark waters? Did Medea fair
Caress thee in the emerald air;
Or wrinkled snake, with sleepless eye,
Guard from the night-bewilder'd spy?
Wast thou, O bird, the Golden Fleece
Whose glories stirr'd heroic Greece?

EDMUND CASSON.

A YEAR ON THE LAND

The Farmer's Markets—English Barley for English Beer

SEASONS come and go and for most people in this country they leave little mark in the memory. The city dweller will be able to recall that it was a fortnight of glorious sunshine in July when he took his holiday at the seaside, or that it was a muggy winter when everyone seemed to be sickening for 'flu at one time or another. To the land and those of us who live by it the dispensations of the seasons mean more. They are vitally important despite the amazing advances of science and the new knowledge which man can command in his constant struggle with Nature. A late May frost, as many have known to their cost this year, may confound the best laid plans in field and garden.

Looking back over the past year we cannot say that Nature has been extravagant in her bounty. 1934 was in many respects a wonderful year. The wheat crop in many districts was exceptionally heavy, farms which in ordinary years average eight sacks of wheat to the acre, recording yields of fourteen and sixteen sacks. Wheat is one of the crops which, given a good start, revels in a hot summer. 1935 allowed us no more than average yields. Autumn threshing has shown disappointing results for which farmers blame chiefly the unkind spring and May frosts. Light corn crops and burned pastures must be recorded against 1935. It is only now indeed that the grass is growing green again in Essex and some other districts where the effects of the summer drought were felt most severely.

Barley is one of the most sensitive crops. Try as he will with the aid of good husbandry and judicious fertilising the grower cannot count on having a sample that will please the maltster who alone can give a paying price for barley. The general verdict is that this year's barley is too "steely" to make the bright, light beer that the public has learned to like. Californian barley is then considered essential to meet the popular taste, and many growers will find no better use for their barley than in pig feeding.

It is a moot question whether the taste, or supposed taste, of the public, which gives preference to imported products like Californian and Danish barley, should be allowed a free run to decide the fortunes of home agriculture. Beer made from English barley and hops is as good as ever it was. There were good seasons and bad in the days of our grandfathers, and they appreciated their beer more than we do to-day. If barley growing is to be maintained as one of the chief lines of production in East Anglia some measures will have to be taken to revive the taste for genuine English beer. The brewers are good business men, and if the Government gave a lead by allowing a rebate in Excise Duty on beer brewed from English barley and hops we should perhaps find a revision of public taste. The whisky distillers might also be induced to turn again to Scottish barley entirely instead of buying part of their raw material from Denmark.

The corn grower has had his disappointments, but the arable farmer in England can feel confident about the returns of at least one of his crops. The Wheat Act may have brought little direct benefit to Scotland and Wales, but the provision of a standard price for wheat has kept many English farmers on an even keel financially during the past three years. In a bumper year like 1934, when yields are heavy and the production of wheat is at a maximum, less assistance from the Wheat Commission is needed than in a moderate year like 1935 when yields are not more than average. The Act works well and costs very little to administer, the work being done by the small staff of the Wheat Commission in London and the local corn merchants, who willingly give their co-operation. The benefits of the Act are not confined to the growers who actually handle the Wheat Commission's cheques. As one Scots farmer remarked recently: "Where would our store lamb trade be to-day if farmers in the eastern counties of England had not the wheat subsidy to buy lambs to fatten on the leaves of their other subsidy crop—sugar beet?"

The sheep trade had indeed served all flock-masters well during the year. Prices for fat lambs have never fallen much below 1s. a lb., and this should be a profitable figure. Why, if sheep have been paying, are there not more sheep in the country? Scotland and the North have maintained their breeding flocks at almost full strength, but there has been a big decline in some English counties. The conversion of arable land to pasture and the expansion of dairying have excluded sheep from many farms. There are comparatively few hurdled flocks at the present day, and there is a strict limit to the number of sheep which can be profitably carried on grassland. A good many farmers in the South have proved to their satisfaction that it is better to keep a breeding flock of say 200 ewes and have lambs that flourish and thrive rather than keep 300 ewes and incur losses through stomach worms and other troubles associated with sheep-sick land.

Pigs have just paid their way and little more. Under the auspices of the marketing scheme there has been a rapid increase in the pig population, which does not take long to achieve in such a prolific race. There have been more pigs bred in the country this year than at any previous time, and the production of English bacon has doubled in three years. The quality has also greatly improved, and English bacon now meets the popular demand far more satisfactorily. This is progress, and while prices have not allowed much margin of profit we can look to pigs to take a still bigger part in the economy of British farming.

More milk is also being produced, partly because the breeding and feeding of beef cattle has been progressively more unprofitable. Unhappily the Milk Marketing Board has allowed greatly increased quantities to go into the manufacture of cheese and butter at a low price, and the dairy farmer has had to be content with a meagre return for his endless labours. Some reduction in the urban distributors' margin of profit has now been effected, and if a progressive policy animates the Board we can look forward to a reduced price to the public and a greatly increased demand for fresh milk. There is a growing realisation among farmers that their ultimate customers, the consumers, are their best friends and that marketing organisation, if it is to justify itself, must not only ensure a paying price to the producer but also induce an increasing consumption of home produce by giving the public ample supplies of what they want at a price they can afford to pay.

BROADLEAZE.

APPROACH TO CHRISTMAS

Even eighty years ago Londoners' ideas of travel were still vividly concerned with the old stage coach, and this engraving by George Hunt, after the painting by James Pollard, gives a vivid impression of the road and a coach laden with Christmas fare in the heyday of horse transport. The reproduction is from a print kindly lent by Messrs. Ackermann & Son, 191, New Bond Street, London

CHRISTMASES OLD AND NEW—AND FUTURE

Holiday Travel Eighty Years Ago and Some Solutions of the Gift Problem

EIGHTY years ago, I do not doubt, our forefathers looked about them at Christmas and talked, some of them, of the good old times which could never come again, and others of the modern marvels with which they were surrounded. Eighty years ago to-day England was at war, and over English firesides talk went of the contrast between the warmth of the dining room and the snows of the Crimea; and 80 years ago the advertisement columns of the newspapers offered programmes for the best method of spending the holidays at home, and suggestions for the best form of gift to send abroad.

We talk about our surroundings much in the same way to-day, I suppose, and 80 years hence another generation, it may be, will turn over the pages of the *Field* with as much amazement at our simplicity and antiquity as we may stare at the pages which interested our grandfathers. What will they choose, I wonder, to laugh at, and what will they be able to do, 80 years hence, that is nowhere in our range of guessing to-day?

I have been looking at the pages of *Bell's Life in London*, published on Sunday, December 23rd, 1855—a date when the *Field* was an infant of two years old, and when Londoners' ideas of travel were still vividly concerned with the old stage coach. A new form of travel was one of the pleasant ways of spending the Christmas holidays. Thus:

"Great Western Railway. Christmas Holidays.—On Monday, December 24, a cheap Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 6.30 p.m. for Bristol and Bath, returning on Wednesday, 26th December, from Bristol, at 7 a.m., and Bath at 7.30 a.m. Fares there and back, Bristol, 10/- and 6/-; and Bath, 9/- and 5/-. No luggage beyond a carpet-bag allowed."

How many Londoners took the excursion, I wonder, and what did they put in their carpet bags? Might sandwiches and bottled beer go with night-caps? And what of breakfast on Wednesday morning? Perhaps they took that at Swindon, where, in the early days, all trains stopped. But I am still left guessing at the arrangements made for lodging in Bath and Bristol on Monday and Tuesday night.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" IDEA

The mail coach in a drift of snow. From R. G. Reeve's engraving of the painting by James Pollard, kindly lent by Messrs. Spencer, of 350, Oxford Street

Christmas presents, again—what to give? That was one of the difficulties in those days, just as to-day. But some of the shops tried to make it simple. Did your gentleman friend smoke?

"Cigars for Christmas. 100 prime Cigars for 8/-, warranted sound and wholesome tobacco; smoke freely, burn a firm white ash, mild and agreeable flavour. T. Ponder & Co., manufacturers, 48, Strand, opposite the Lowther Arcade, London."

Or how about Christmas dinners?

"Oysters. Burnham River Natives are the best, 6 years old, four hours from the beds. To be had only of J. Sweeting, fish and oyster merchant, Cheapside."

Or wines and spirits?

"Christmas Hampers, one guinea each, containing

one bottle of port, one ditto sherry, one ditto brandy, one ditto rum, one ditto whiskey, one ditto gin, warranted of the best quality (hamper and bottles included). W. J. Jackson's wine and spirit stores, 315, Strand, London."

As for clothes, you could buy them for hunting or for other purposes :—

"Hunting, Etc. Ade's knitted Codrington Waistcoat.—This newly invented and useful article is invaluable to the sporting man, being made of stout knitted wool, both back and front, thus forming a complete safeguard against colds in the chest and loins. To travellers, invalids and officers wintering in the Crimea they are particularly recommended."

The "etc.," presumably, was wintering in the Crimea. But other advertisements were more precise in detail :—

"Edmiston's Crimean Outfit, £18 18s., comprises every requisite for officers proceeding to the seat of war. Attention is respectfully invited to Edmiston's Waterproof Winter Cape, with hood, camel hair lined, specially adapted for the approaching season. Pair of bullock trunks and bedstead, complete in one, £6 10s.; portable waterproof patrol tents, weighing 10lb., £2. Portable folding boats, as used at Balaklava, on view."

Balaklava, I knew, was a seaport, but it had not occurred to me that officers put off for shore in portable folding boats. But Edmiston's Crimean outfit was expensive compared with others. Messrs. Young & Co., naval and military tailors, of 317, High Holborn, and 8, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, offer various garments, including "the promenade frock, in every colour, from 30/-; Oxonians, from 21/-; electric doe trousers, from 14/-"; and will supply to purchasers "Outfits to the Crimea and all parts of the globe at one-third less than the usual prices." Thus was economy allied with fashion.

As for other forms of Christmas presents, for variety of choice nothing exceeds the opportunities provided by the establishments of Mr. Mechi, of 112, Regent Street, 4, Leadenhall Street, and Crystal Palace :—

"Gifts of Friendship and Affection.—The almost insuperable difficulty experienced in the selection of an appropriate Article for Presentation which will convey in an acceptable, attractive and useful form the kindly intentions of the giver, and at the same time merit the appreciation and regard of the recipient, is now entirely removed by an inspection of the varied manufactures displayed in the magnificent Show Rooms of Mr. Mechi's Establishments, consisting of the newest and choicest patterns in ladies' and gentlemen's dressing-cases, workboxes, writing-desks, dressing and carriage bags, inkstands, bagatelle-tables, caskets, tazzas, French bronzes, and bijous of the newest and most novel description. The papier maché department presents a large variety of the most beautiful designs in work-tables, chess-tables, desks, blotting-cases, inkstands, tea trays, pole-screens, tea poys, envelope-cases, multiformias, cabinets, tea-chests and caddies, jewel-boxes, etc. The above but represents a few of the leading articles to be seen at these emporiums."

On the opposite page, as a contrast to the leading articles of the emporiums, you may read the latest despatch from the seat of war. It is dated Sebastopol, December 4th, 1855, and refers mainly to the state of communications :—

"The winter broke upon us suddenly on the 26th and 27th with snow, and has varied with gales and rains, and a very deep state of the ground has damaged all communications. Constant presence of labourers and constant attention are requisite, and are being given to the road, which, from a peculiarity of soil and condition, was worked into holes, but which is, and will continue to be, of the greatest service to the army and its supplies. I have, etc., W. J. Codrington, General Commanding.

Numerical return of casualties on the 1st of December, 1855. Wounded: 7th Regiment of Foot: Captain Lord R. Browne, slightly, by bursting of a shell in Sebastopol."

Presumably "Ade's knitted Codrington Waistcoat" was named after the General. But "the road," and the tiny casualty list? How would the wording of General Codrington's despatch suit a Roman newspaper to-day?

Of all the advertisements in this issue of *Bell's Life*, I think the railway excursion attracts me most. The scene must have been much the same as Frith's "Paddington Station," and I imagine that the whole of the three days must have seemed to the travellers a marvel of speed and comfort in travel. And what can we compare with it to-day? Let the scene be Croydon Aerodrome, with the Silver Wing about to leave for Le Bourget. There she sits on the ground, that vast shining insect, with her nose pointing into the wind. Her passengers have taken their seats, reserved for them at the different tables, and her engines have been started up. She moves forward, faster and faster, leaves the ground, exactly at what second her passengers cannot tell, and sails up over the houses, out over the fields and gardens, and the roads with the tiny, slowly moving specks which are cars travelling at 40 miles an hour, out further over the seashore with its rim of white lace which is the line of breaking waves, high over the sparkling Channel. And her passengers, talking quietly or taking lunch at tables steady as those of the Savoy Grill, look carelessly out of the windows, knowing that within two hours the great engines will suddenly be silent, the houses and the plain beneath will seem to swing as the aeroplane turns to alight, and that within a few more minutes they will be set down at the door of their Paris hotel.

That seems to me to-day the acme of comfort and speed in travel, and except that the pace might possibly be increased and that the aeroplane might be made larger, I cannot imagine other developments which could increase the luxury and pleasure of travel. But what will my great-great-grandchildren think of it all? Or of the wireless set of which I can turn a button and listen to speech or song at any capital I choose in Europe? Will they find it as difficult to understand why I should have been interested in such a toy, as I find it to decide why a lady or gentleman should have wanted one of Mr. Mechi's tazzas or tea poys? I shall never know. But I wish I could look at the novelty page of a future Christmas number of the *Field* and guess what present might be waiting on the breakfast table—if indeed tables will carry breakfasts 80 years hence—on Christmas Day, 2015.

Eric Parker.

OFF BY RAIL IN THE 'SIXTIES
Frith's celebrated picture of Paddington Station

AND NOW AWAY BY AIR WHILE YOU TAKE YOUR LUNCH IN AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS AIR LINER

CHARLEY

(A Lyric of Evolution)

Ere Jorrocks was and yet to be
The Honourable Crasher,
There used to hunt from Nineveh
A customer called Ashur:
He crimped his beard, he combed his locks,
He stropped his hunting-irons,
He'd never heard of Charley Fox
And so he drew for Lions.

When Alfred burnt the cakes too brown
And showed the Danes a doing,
Thereafter he, from Wantage Town,
The Chase would be pursuing.
Oh, see him then, at crow of cocks,
Ride forth, supremely pulfrey'd;
He'd never thought of Charley Fox—
To hunt the Wolf went Alfred.

When Edward, second Duke of York,
King's Master of the Game was,
The Sanglier was Edward's pork
And very loud his fame was.
He faced the grey boar, firm as rocks,
He chanced those champing tushes;
He'd all to learn, from Charley Fox,
What oriflamme a brush is!

There came a dame to England's throne—
Queen Bess and Hal's good daughter,
The Hart of Grease was all her own,
But never she bethought her
Of him who runs when Christmas knocks,
His virtues ne'er she dwelt on;
She never asked, "Who's Charley Fox?"
Or, "Leicester, where is Melton?"

There came a squire* from Derbyshire,
Sir Tom Cockaine his title,
And thus he set the Thames afire,
For thus he made recital:
"No Wolf to-day, Sirs, spoils the flocks,
No Sanglier goes grunting,
Fat Harts grow few, but Charley Fox
Is here to teach us *hunting*."

And "Sirs," says he, "make no mistake
For 'tis the truth I utter,
That he who'd come, at last, to *cake*,
Must first eat *bread-and-butter*.
So you, in scarlet, spurs and stocks,
Remember how a feast's earned
And know that *cake* is Charley Fox
Who's been through lesser beasts earned."

Thus, when that gentleman occurs,
Then Lions lose their glory all,
And Harts of Grease and Sangliers
Have left 'em no memorial,
"For there," says you, "goes *orthodox*,"
And up you lift your high hat,
"For there," says you, "runs Charley Fox
And all the rest are riot."

P. R. C.

* *Sir Thomas Cockaine of Ashbourne, author of "A Short Treatise of Hunting" (1594). The first book on foxhunting in (more or less) the modern manner.*

Imperial War Museum

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Christmas Memories of 1915 in the Salient

By IAN HAY

IN many ways the Belgian winter of 1915, the second winter of the war, was preferable to the summer of the same year. Not that either could have been described as enjoyable; but I think the winter just won. At any rate, there were no flies.

No one who spent the summer of 1915 in Flanders trenches will ever forget those flies—especially if he happened to wear a kilt. The fact is, they were not flies at all; they were large green bluebottles—if that is not a contradiction of terms—and there were millions and millions of them. Their origin was easily traceable. During the first winter, before trench warfare became systematised, happy-go-lucky Thomas Atkins, upon finishing his dinner, merely threw the empty (or half-empty) bully-beef tin over the back of the trench, and left it there. Here it lay, buried in mud, until the summer. When summer came the mud dried, and the innumerable tins became the breeding-places of the green bluebottles aforesaid. They swarmed and crawled everywhere—on the sandbags, in the dug-outs, and over bare knees and tickly necks. Sleep was impossible unless you encased your person in old newspapers.

Winter put an end to that torment, and it was never repeated because, by the following summer, a strict rule had gone forth that all empty tins must be incinerated and buried. In other words, there were no flies on our new Sanitary Sections.

Winter also brought with it the possibility of snow—and snow is the trench-dweller's delight, because it brings with it the temporary cessation of artillery fire. When snow fell and lay, the enemy gunners (and our own, too, for that matter) could not afford to give away their carefully camouflaged gun positions to inquisitive aeroplanes. This they certainly would have done if they had allowed their ammunition waggons, after their nightly visit, to leave a readily discernible track in the snow, with the gun position neatly indicated by its abrupt termination.

So for 48 hours or so comparative peace reigned in No Man's Land, and a certain holiday spirit made itself evident. It was during one of these periods of relaxation that our Divisional Headquarters found it necessary to issue the following notice:

Machine guns are not to be employed to shoot hares in No Man's Land.

II

In winter time you are at least able to look forward to the celebration of Christmas and the New Year—a prospect which can bring cheer even to people standing up to their knees in frozen slush. And there is always the additional chance that you may be out at rest, and free to do the thing in style.

Things broke right for us as a Scottish unit; for although we had to spend Christmas in the line—and a very nasty part of the line it was, in the most advanced sector of the Salient, where it was possible, and usual, to be fired at from three points of the compass at once—we were relieved two days later, and so were enabled to celebrate that Caledonian day of days, Hogmanay, in rest billets far behind. What a day—what a night! Or, rather, what a night before—for the authorities had been enormously wise about it all. They issued a notice, which said in effect:

"To-night is New Year's Eve. We know just exactly how you feel about it, and what your requirements are. The canteen will, therefore, remain open until midnight; and no one need be back in billets till 1 a.m. Visit your friends, first-foot anybody you like, and have a good time. But—remember you are guests in a friendly country, and that the fair fame of Scotland is in your hands."

Result—not a single name on the crime-sheet next morning. Oh, wise general!

III

Only at Brigade Headquarters had any attempt been made to celebrate Christmas itself. For one thing, Brigade Headquarters lay a little way behind the line, snugly buried in a stout railway embankment, and, for another, 50 per cent. of us were English—or, at least, non-Scottish. There were six in the Mess—ranging from the Brigadier himself to the Brigade Interpreter Officer—whom we called Achille Petitpois, although it was not his name. Moreover, somebody had sent the Brigade Major a haggis and the Signal Officer a plum-pudding. We decided, then, that if all was quiet on Christmas night we would hold a Christmas dinner.

Then arose the question of liquid refreshment.

AN IDEA OF CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT IN THE BAIRNSFATHER STYLE—

There was the rum ration, and there was about half a bottle of White Horse, but upon such an occasion it was felt that these accompaniments bordered on the humdrum. Then the Brigade Machine-Gun Officer remembered that in his undergraduate days he had once belonged to a college club which drank milk punch on Saturday nights. He undertook to brew a jorum of the same, provided the necessary ingredients could be obtained. These, so far as he could visualise them through the mists of time, were rum, brandy, milk, sugar, eggs and lemon peel—luxuries not easily come by when the nearest inhabited village is four miles away (and not much of a village at that) and the enemy are in the habit of distributing shrapnel along the road thereto at frequent intervals.

The rum, of course, was easy; so was sugar. A spoonful of lime-juice cordial could serve in place of lemon peel. Achille Petitpois was despatched on a foraging expedition in search of milk and eggs. He returned with four eggs, but no milk.

"We can fall back on that benevolent Swiss neutral, Mr. Nestle," remarked the B.M.G.O. "But a spot of brandy I must have. What about the Field Ambulance?"

"I'll try Divisional Headquarters first," said the Staff Captain—"unofficially."

And it was so. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, just as the German gunners got down to their post-tea pastime of shelling our back areas, a Divisional dispatch rider on a motor bicycle was observed approaching our domicile from the rear, completely contemptuous, like all his kind, of shell-holes and shrapnel. He deposited with the mess-corporal a small bottle of brandy, and bumped away again.

IV

The milk punch, served in an enamelled tin wash-hand basin, piping hot, was pronounced a success, and finished to the last drop.

Presently we upheaved ourselves, reluctantly, for our nightly duties. Suddenly the mess-corporal stood before us, with a pink telegraph slip in his hand.

"From Divisional Headquarters, sir," he said to the Brigade Major.

The Brigade Major read the message, and whistled.

"Something serious?" asked the Brigadier.

"Yes. *G.O.C. Division anxious to learn nature of casualty for which brandy was required at Brigade Headquarters this afternoon.*"

We looked at one another.

"Well, they can't take it away from us," said the Staff Captain, with eupeptic satisfaction.

"What shall I say, sir?" asked the Brigade Major of the Brigadier.

The Brigadier's eyes twinkled.

"This," he said: *Brandy required by our B.M.G.O., who had undertaken to brew us a bowl of milk punch. No casualties as yet.*

In the small hours of the morning, when we returned from our nightly round, we found another telegraph slip. It said:

Quite. Merry Christmas!

—AND THE REALLY SENTIMENTAL STYLE THE TROOPS LOVE. NOTE THE QUERY AFTER 1919

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON SAID THAT NOBODY EXPLORES FOR SCIENCE—BUT ALWAYS FOR ADVENTURE

EXPLORATION AS A SPORT

By MARTIN LINDSAY

The purpose of this article is to show that exploration has a place of its own among the great sports of the world. Mr. Lindsay was the leader of the British Trans-Greenland Expedition, 1934, which unveiled 350 miles of new land in the course of a 1,200-mile sledging journey—a triumph of organisation and endurance

A DISTINGUISHED Cambridge professor once gave an erudite discourse on the scientific aims of exploration. At the end of it he was bluntly called to order by Sir Ernest Shackleton, who said that nobody explores for science—but always for adventure. There is a large measure of truth in this statement, for even the most scientific-minded of the great travellers—men like Nansen, Wegener and Stein—have shown themselves to possess plenty of the spirit of adventure.

There are obvious disadvantages to the life of an explorer. It certainly is not sufficiently attractive for men who seek only for knowledge. The scientist does not go to the most uncomfortable parts of this world merely to chase the diatom or isobar. He goes because of that strange kink in the make-up of man—the kick that one so surprisingly gets out of doing something that is difficult.

Yet science is persistently put forward as a reason for renewed efforts of exploration, and the case that can be made out in favour of it is overwhelming. It will be a long time before the geographer, the geologist and the meteorologist will be able to say they have got all the information they require from every part of the world. The data of natural science have been likened to the pieces of a giant jig-saw puzzle, and if we ignore the facts contained in one quarter we are hampering progress everywhere else.

It has been proved that a hard winter in a sector of the Antarctic is a sure precursor of a drought over the maize and cereal areas of the Argentine; and of scientific problems perhaps the most important is the relation between temperature and polar weather. An attempt is now being made to solve this puzzle; but whether it will actually lead to useful long-range forecasting or merely provide fresh evidence for the theoretical study of meteorology, the ultimate utility to mankind will be much the same. The polar regions probably hold the solution of some of the cosmic problems, such as those connected with earth magnetism and aurora and other exchanges of energy between the sun and the earth.

HEAVY GOING—SLEDGE TRACKS IN THE SNOW

So there is plenty of scientific justification for further exploration. But most expedition leaders appear to care little for science as such. The average explorer has no theory that he wishes to prove or disprove. He wants to penetrate the unknown because it is an exciting task; of what he will find there he cares little. His problem is to reach his objective and maintain his party in the field, and his luck and his competency are reflected in the amount of data brought back. So to him the true value of science as far as exploration is concerned is that it makes the task more difficult.

Thus the object of my last journey was not so much to reach a hitherto inaccessible piece of country but, once there, to do sufficient survey work to enable the highest peak in the Arctic to be placed on the map. To reach its vicinity when every other expedition had failed to do so. To find it, then to manœuvre into positions from which the necessary cross-sections on to it could be obtained, in spite of bad weather, topographical difficulties and the limitations imposed by our ever-decreasing food supplies.

I can conceive of no greater sport than exploration. A good jumper at Aintree gives one an exultation of its own and a herd of angry cow elephants in thick bush provides an awful yet wonderful thrill; but, having experienced both these, I would say without hesitation that the high spots of exploration are infinitely more unforgettable than the best moments of big-game shooting or steeplechasing.

Not only does exploration provide all the most piquant joys of travel, but it is preceded in every case by fascinating questions of strategy and tactics, the ultimate issue depending on how the problems have been solved. Thus Amundsen, using dog-sledges, reached the South Pole from the Bay of Whales a month before Scott from his more distant base at Cape Evans, and the collapse of Scott's manpower transport during the return journey ended in tragedy. It would not be an exaggeration to say that 70 per cent. of the success of a polar journey depends upon the preliminary preparations made in the country of its inception; the rest is a matter of luck and guts—and mostly guts.

IN RESIDENCE: A TENT WHICH WAS THREE MEN'S HOME FOR ONE HUNDRED AND THREE DAYS

In equipping an expedition it is necessary to remember that the punishment for the breakdown of any article may be death by cold or hunger. The penalty of error in sledging has only one parallel elsewhere, and that is in war. So every detail has to be scrupulously examined and every eventuality guarded against. Nothing is too trivial for the gravest consideration, for in sledging all the little things count. Misfitting dog-harness or damp matches could turn success into disaster.

While much of the equipment for a polar journey is now standardised, there are still many opportunities for personal choice. For example, every leader draws up his own scale of rations, trying to get the best food value into the 30-36oz. which have long been established as the maximum weight for a man's daily ration. The rival merits of show-shoes and ski have to be considered, and if ski are chosen some kind of canvas binding must be devised, for it will be too cold for the usual metal pattern.

For footwear the choice rests between the Canadian moccasin and the Lapland *finneskо* (fur boot), since leather boots would freeze solid. Gloves can be made of fur, leather and wool, but a combination of a horsehide outer pair and a woollen inner pair is probably the best. The most elaborate precautions have to be taken to reduce weight; for instance, as soon as the temperature is permanently below freezing point, food can be taken out of tins and placed in linen bags. Tents, sleeping bags, wireless sets, surveying instruments all provide interesting problems and much scope for ingenuity. But there can be no doubt that the personnel question is by far the most enthralling.

Experience has shown that well-educated men are superior to those of the labourer or artisan type. Among the limitations of the latter is a strong prejudice in the matter of food; while a gentleman would think it rather a joke to have to live on raw seagull for a week, a man of the lower classes would consider he was forced to eat the food of savages and was being debased. This attitude on the part of seamen, who usually refuse to eat game, has in the past caused many deaths from scurvy.

It is often said that the pioneer's day is over, but this is happily not yet the case. There is still Mount Everest, which so far has claimed eleven lives in the name of a feat that has not yet been performed. There is still Antarctica, with a million square miles that have never yet been seen by the eye of man. Nobody yet knows whether it consists of one continent or two—one vast mainland or two subcontinents joined by floating ice. A 1,800 mile sledging journey across from one side to the other would solve this last great geographical puzzle. One hopes that it may be made by Englishmen.

PERILS BY THE WAY. ICE CREVASSES ENCOUNTERED BY THE BRITISH TRANS-GREENLAND EXPEDITION ACCOUNTED FOR THE LOSS OF FIVE DOGS. SEVERAL OTHERS WERE ONLY RETRIEVED WITH DIFFICULTY

SAFEGUARDING ENGLAND'S SCENERY

The Fight to Save Our Beauty Spots from the Vandal and the Builder

G. P. Abraham, Keswick

LAKELAND JEWELS, PURCHASED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION: BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK WATER AND LOWES WATER SEEN FROM THE TOP OF HONISTER

AT a time when we are complaining that the English countryside is fast disappearing under the attack of the builder, there is consolation to be found in the efforts that are being made to preserve England's finest scenery for the benefit of posterity. This the National Trust and its bountiful supporters are doing, and if progress is not so rapid as could be wished, great headway nevertheless has been made during the year.

Possibly one of the attractions of National Trust properties is their delightful variety, covering as they do hills and lakes, woods and cliffs, as well as places of literary, historic and prehistoric interest. One of the new holdings is a strip of the Northumberland coast upon which stand a group of eighteenth-century lime kilns and the foundation walls of a very early chapel dedicated to St. Ebba. This is at Beadnell, near Seahouses. Another building, presented in 1934, is "Aberconwy," the last of the half-timbered houses that used to line the streets of Conway. It is a mediæval structure of considerable interest, and is used as a museum.

But the majority of the gifts and purchases take the form of land, partly (no doubt) because so much has been done for the preservation of ancient buildings by the Ancient Monuments Department of the Office of Works, whilst the preservation of "natural beauty" is not covered by any Government department; in this field the National Trust stands alone.

In the Lake District much progress has been made by purchase, by gift, and by means of restrictive covenants against undesirable development. The Buttermere Valley, for instance, is being preserved in its entirety, thanks to a combination of all three methods. A fund of £14,000 was raised by public subscription to purchase the three lakes—Buttermere, Crummock Water and Lowes Water—together with a considerable acreage of adjacent land; and restrictions over private properties were either given by the landowners or purchased at comparatively low cost so as to complete the scheme. At the annual meeting Lord Zetland, the chairman of the executive committee, announced that since the appeal was issued the scheme had been considerably extended and further money would be required.

On Ullswater Glencoin Park, 2,250 acres separating two National Trust properties, is being bought by Sir S. H. Scott with the intention of keeping it in its present condition; he has entered into covenants with the National Trust to ensure that it shall only be used for agricultural purposes. In the same public-spirited way Mr. J. B. Wrigley has arranged for the protection of 1,300 acres of his farms and woods near Nether Wasdale.

The remaining acquisitions by the Trust in the Lake District are: 116 acres at the foot of Coniston Water, 250 acres overlooking Windermere, and "Dora's Field," a beautiful piece of ground in the village of Rydal. This last was bought by Wordsworth in 1826, and remained in the family till the beginning of this year.

From time to time efforts are made to press for the establishing of national parks, and lately a good deal of prominence has been given to the project in various quarters. Owing to the financial crisis which occurred almost immediately after the Government committee issued their report in 1931, no official action took place, and even to-day there is little indication that the Treasury would be disposed to meet the necessary expenditure. Meanwhile it is pleasant to find that the National Trust has quietly and unostentatiously gone some way towards securing control over, and access to, large areas of the countryside, not only in the Lake District, but also in Snowdonia and elsewhere—notably the Malvern Hills and Dovedale.

Mr. Clough Williams Ellis offered to the Trust 300 acres of a farm belonging to him on Nant Gwynant, conditionally upon other landowners following his example. Happily it is now possible to accept the offer, a part of Aberglaslyn Pass having been preserved through the help of an anonymous benefactor. It is hoped that further areas of North Wales will be given to the Trust wherever additional public open spaces are needed, and that the scenery of Snowdonia generally will be controlled either by restrictive covenants or by country planning under the county council.

Mr. Bernard Shaw declared some years ago that the Malvern Hills would soon be the Malvern Flats, because of the appalling extent to which quarrying was going on at that time. The Conservators who are responsible for the northern part of the hills were able to reduce these operations to a minimum, but there was still a danger that the privately-owned southern range, from the British Camp to Ragged Stone Hill, might be exploited. Thanks to Lord Somers, Mr. Allbright and others, restrictions are to be imposed over the whole of this area and it is felt that if the scheme can be realised it will be a great achievement. The expenses have been

By courtesy of "The Times"

FROM THE LAKES TO THE HOME COUNTIES

"Dora's Field" (above), a memory of Wordsworth and reserved by the National Trust, and Selsdon Wood, a fine Nature Reserve on the outskirts of London

DUNLOP
FORT '90'
MADE IN ENGLAND
C.F.H

A point-to-point to Jacob's extra freshness

JACOB'S

WATER BISCUITS

IN THE AIRTIGHT CARTON

ALSO IN SPECIAL TINS 2/- and 2/6

W. R. Jacob & Co. Ltd.

G. P. Abraham, Keswick

A GLORIOUS PIECE OF WELSH SCENERY IN ABERGLASLYN PASS, WHICH HAS BEEN PRESERVED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST THROUGH THE HELP OF AN ANONYMOUS BENEFACTOR

borne partly by the Pilgrim Trust, partly by the Midland Counties Trust Fund, but £2,500 must still be found if the scheme is to be carried out.

Dovedale is probably even more widely popular than the Malvern Hills. Its situation on the boundary of Staffordshire and Derbyshire is extremely convenient for those who live in the industrial centres of the Midlands. It is the admiration of all who care for natural beauty: the clear waters of the Dove run for several miles between high limestone crags, and no serious disfigurement mars the scene. But the river and its banks were in many different hands, and the future of the valley was always rather uncertain and never systematically controlled. The National Trust long ago set itself the task of ensuring that the whole of Dovedale should be secured from any undesirable development. Towards this end Mr. Robert McDougall has repeatedly made gifts to the Trust of sections of Dovedale, and the past year has been no exception, his last gift being 52 acres of Biggin Dale.

It is impossible to give a list of all the recent acquisitions, but they include several important properties in Devon and Cornwall; May Hill, a prominent landmark on the western edge of Gloucestershire; Toys Hill Beacon, overlooking the Weald of Kent; and a very fine Nature Reserve, quite close to London, Selsdon Wood, near Croydon.

National Trust properties are inalienable, which means that once a place has been acquired it cannot be disposed of; therefore the list of possessions never diminishes. Actually it is always increasing. The total area now owned by the Trust has reached nearly 50,000 acres, apart from some 9,000 acres protected by covenants. It is surely obvious that this Society, started so boldly by its far-seeing founders 40 years ago and later given special powers by Act of Parliament, is to-day an important organisation in our national life. The Prince of Wales said in February: "All of us can show our appreciation of what the Trust is doing by simply becoming members and making its important work better known. And if it were better known throughout Great Britain the Trust would be able to do even more than it is doing to-day to preserve those features of British life which have meant so much to those who live in our great cities and indeed to all who love our countryside."

B. L. T.

MEMORIES OF MANY SHOOTING CAMPS

Red Letter Days in India and Africa

By the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

ON looking back on many years of big-game shooting, I think our first trip in the winter of 1912-13 in Kenya is still the most vivid in my mind. Perhaps it is because it was my first that I can still remember all the emotions and the excitement as if it were yesterday.

Lion hunting with the Paul Rainey hounds was a thrilling experience. Three or four couples of hounds were loosed, these being trained to open only to a lion or leopard, and when they were in full cry, ten or fifteen untrained dogs were let off the leash to follow the trained hounds. These dogs varied in size and shape, some were descended from the blood hounds in America in the days of the slaves—half hound half bloodhound. There were also Irish terriers, retrievers and mongrels of all sorts. These latter dogs, if loosed before the trained hounds were on the scent, would pursue buck, hares, or anything in their path. When the lion was eventually brought to bay, the trained hounds would come back, leaving the mongrel pack to bay until the guns came up. The shooting needed to be deadly as, as soon as the shot was fired, the pack went straight in, and if the lion or leopard was not shot dead, some of the dogs were apt to get hurt. In the six weeks we were with the Rainey Hunt I only saw one dog caught, and it was killed stone dead by a dying flick from the lion's paw, which broke its skull.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND'S BUFFALO, 9FT. 10IN.

One lion which I shot had been roaming round our camp all night, and we picked up the scent 300yds. from my tent. After an hour's run across the large plain, the dogs bayed the lion up in a thick belt of jungle and rocks known as "Hell's Half Acre." Here we had to dismount, leave our ponies and practically crawl on our hands and knees through the bush for three or four hundred yards until we could see enough of the lion to make a killing shot certain.

During this time the lion was making dashes at the dogs, but they always kept a good 20yds. away and not one of them was touched. It was on my way back to camp that morning that I saw one old hound named Dewey, which had separated from the pack, running a lion entirely by himself across the plain. I watched for a time through my glasses, and saw the old hound run his quarry into a large reed bed. Dewey bayed for a few minutes at the edge of the reed bed, but when he discovered he was neither supported by the other dogs or the guns, he gave up and came trotting back to camp.

After our six weeks with Paul Rainey, in which we shot thirteen lions and six leopards, we went for a trip down to Lake Natron, on the Tanganyika-Kenya border. In those days there was no Magadi Railway and, whereas to-day you can go by train in 24 hours, in 1913 we had to trek it, taking eight days, walking nearly all the time. Ponies were not possible owing to the tsetse fly, but we risked taking a couple of mules between the four of us, which we managed to get safely back. For a good deal of the way down we were trekking through the game reserve, therefore we were not allowed to shoot anything except the bare necessities for food for our porters, and for this reason we had our big rifles packed up, and each only carried a single barrel magazine rifle, mine being a .256 Mannlicher.

One morning we had to cross a deep donga, or dry river bed, some 150yds. wide, which was a thick jungle with only small game tracks through it. My husband selected a spot to cross it, but some instinct told me to go further down, so I said that I would follow the porters, who were crossing it about 100yds. lower down. I followed them, but chose another track some 50yds. lower still. When I was well in the middle of the donga, my native gun-bearer pointed out very fresh rhino tracks, and almost at the same moment I heard two shots in quick succession from my husband. I hurried on through the donga, climbed up the opposite bank, and on reaching the top saw two rhinos charging down on me from where my husband had crossed, and all the native porters throwing down their loads and running in every direction. Having only a small rifle, I made for the nearest thorn bush, and got behind it down-wind of the rhinos. They made back into the donga. Rather shaken and wondering what had happened to my husband, I ran along the top of the donga and, to my relief, a minute later he appeared. When I told him I had been charged by two rhinos, he said "Thank God you didn't cross with me, as one of us must have been killed." He had met the rhino in the narrow game path and, in trying to jump aside, had slipped and fallen. The rhino stopped and rubbed its horn up and down his leg. Having his rifle in his hand he fired into the animal as it stood over him, and it made off. Two more rhino passed him but luckily went by, and he heard several others snorting around in the bush. This donga (that we afterwards heard from the porters) was a well-known rhino house, and we had found them all at home that day.

On this trip we got three greater kudu and eight buffalo. Looking down from the last encampment on to the plain around Lake Natron, I have never seen a more wonderful sight; the whole plain was black with buffalo herds. This was before the buffalo disease (rinderpest) had visited that part of the world; I believe in these days there are comparatively few left.

Our second big-game shooting expedition was up the White Nile, from Khartoum to Rejaf, and on this trip we shot elephant, buffalo, lion, white rhino and all the antelope and gazelles to be had in these parts. The white rhino was our best trophy,

COLONEL CYRIL HANKEY WITH HIS 59½ IN. KUDU, NEARLY A RECORD

and we were only allowed to shoot one because we had a private museum. These animals are now completely protected. The biggest thrill, though, of this trip was my first elephant. None of us had ever shot an elephant before, and we were all hopeful of getting a good specimen. Early one morning we were having breakfast on deck about 4.30 a.m., and in the half light we suddenly saw a very big herd feeding along some three hundred or four hundred yards from the river bank. The two men landed at once and followed the herd and, after about an hour, both had shot a good tusker.

The herd moved on a little way down the river; we waited until they had settled a bit, then I joined the men and we followed after them. We at once found ourselves in high elephant grass several feet above our heads and, of course, could see nothing, except by climbing on to an ant heap. We crept along from ant heap to ant heap until we found one about 100yds. from the herd. From this, through our glasses, we picked out a large bull, and I was allowed the first shot. It was too long a shot for me with the heavy rifle, so I took my .350 Rigby Magnum and aimed for the heart.

PAUL RAINEY WITH PART OF HIS LION PACK

The elephant stumbled forward and we put two more shots in, in case it should get up again and charge or stampede the rest of the herd. It seemed that the rest were hardly disturbed at all, as they only moved a few hundred yards away and joined another big herd which had come up unnoticed by us in the excitement of the moment.

We then went and looked at my elephant, and found it had good tusks, and also that all three shots were through the heart. We later got another elephant each from the second herd, and our ivory varied from 60lb. to 85lb., which is good for that part of the world.

In 1927 we went down the Red Sea in the yacht and landed at a small port some 100 miles south of Port Sudan, called Akik. From this place we motored 40 miles to Karora, on the Eritrean and Sudan frontier, where we camped the first night. Here our camel caravan met us, and early next morning we started off on a five-day trek to the Khor Agra, in the centre of Eritrea, which was a good centre for greater kudu. We camped around this place for four or five days, and were lucky enough to get two good kudu each, and one of the party secured a 59½in. head. There was no other game in this place except for warthog and dikdik, so we trekked back five or six days to the coast and rejoined the yacht at Merea Teklai, 200 miles south of Akik and north of Massawa. On our way home we landed again 120 miles north of Port Sudan, trekked two days on camels to the Tebel Erba Mountains, and secured some fine ibex.

Some years later I went again to Eritrea and motored round a large part of the country, and at a place called Nakfa, where we camped for three days, saw many fine kudu. Not wanting to shoot any more, I tried to get some photographs, and got a few of some small herds. The big bucks I only saw very early in the morning or late in the evening when the light was unluckily not sufficient for photographing.

In the spring of 1930 we spent four months in India and did a great deal of shooting, and visited many States both in the north and south. Most of the shooting in India is done from an elephant, and it was after this trip, and an earlier one in 1928, that I felt I never wanted to shoot another elephant. The only place in India where I have shot on foot was in Travancore. Our camp there, which had been set up for the Viceroy's visit a month before, consisted of very large and luxurious grass houses, and was on the edge of the Periar Lake. We started from camp in the early mornings up into the hills, first through thick jungle on the lake's edge, then out through high grass on to the tops which were clearer. Those early morning hunts through the jungle and long grass, where one never knew when one might not come on a wild elephant, bison, tiger or bear at any moment, were very thrilling. My husband shot a very fine bison and I had a long down-hill shot at another. Unfortunately I missed it, though I got one later in Mysore. From Mysore we went to the great sand grouse shoot in Bikanir, of which much has been written. As far as I can remember, 6,000 sand grouse were shot in the two days (I believe 11,000 is the record). We then went to Assam for Indian buffalo. This was an interesting trip. We took the train from Calcutta to Sadiya, where the railway ended, motored 60 miles through jungle, and then took to canoes down the Brhamaputra River for several hours, till we found our camp on the river bank on the edge of a largish plain surrounded by virgin jungle. Our camp again consisted of grass huts, but very small and transparent compared with the Viceroy's camp at Travancore.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

The Political Officer of the North-East Frontier Tract (Sadiya) was in charge. We left camp on pad elephants at 6 a.m. every morning and got back to camp about seven at night. The buffalo used to come out on the plain at night and go back into the jungle just before daylight, and we would follow their tracks through the thick jungle for many hours, the elephants tearing down the bushes and trees and the mahout cutting away the branches overhead. Several times we would get in sight of the buffalo only to find a young bull not worth shooting, and it was the fifth day before I had a shot at a good one, and I think the fourth day before my husband got his.

After I had shot my buffalo I tried for several days to shoot a tiger in this way, but although we followed many fresh tracks we never managed to catch up with one. But during this same winter we had many tiger shoots in Bhopal, Alwar, Jaipur and Cooch Behar, and later we went up to Kashmir to try and get a markhor, though we were not successful as we were too early in the season.

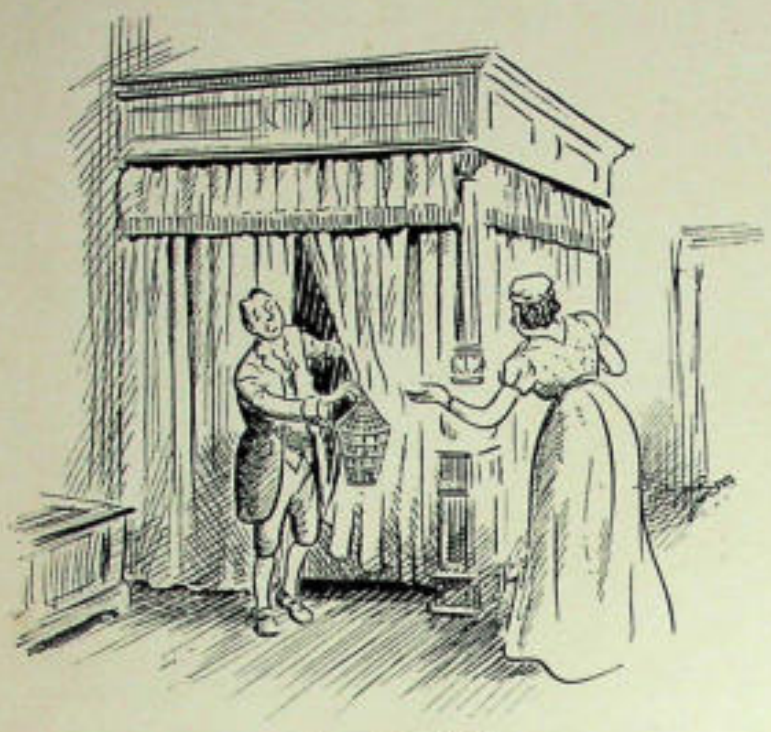
[*The Duchess of Sutherland's buffalo appears to be a peculiarly fine one, and the measurements compare favourably with some of the best heads in Rowland Ward's Book of Records. Colonel Cyril Hankey's Kudu is the second record head recorded, and the white rhino which the Duke of Sutherland secured for his museum is given by Rowland Ward as measuring 34½ inches.*

In our next week's issue the Duchess of Sutherland will describe further shooting trips in Kashmir, Nepal, the United Provinces, Kathiawar, and the Sudan.—ED.]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM THE PAST

Domestic Economy on "Modern Discoveries"

By C. F. MEADE



The unfortunate bird

ABOUT a hundred years ago an ancestor of mine presented his wife with a book on housekeeping. It was published in 1830, and is described on its title-page as "A New System of Practical Domestic Economy founded on Modern Discoveries and the Private Communications of Persons of Experience."

The book is worth reading, for it has a charm of its own which more serious works of the period do not possess, and it reveals very vividly that the average householder's point of view in the early nineteenth century was remarkably different in many respects from that of his successor to-day.

The first part of the volume is largely taken up with the subject of the dwelling-house—how to build it, and how to organise it when built. Another section is given the rather mysterious heading of "External Conveniences," and deals with the management of farmyard and garden. Finally there are chapters on domestic economy in general, and housekeeping, with a series of tables instructing the reader who may be fortunate enough to possess one exactly how to spend an income of any degree of magnitude from one hundred to five thousand pounds a year.

In the first part of the book there is information concerning almost every detail of domestic economy, beginning with suggestions for planning a building, and ending with an ingenious scheme for demonstrating the danger of death by suffocation in one of the closely-curtained four-post beds of the period.

In explaining this latter device, the author remarks that "the effect of human respiration on those atmospheres which we breathe in our habitations, particularly in crowded apartments, is not to be overlooked," and the experiment that he recommends is to hang a bird-cage with a small bird in it within the bed-curtains, the result being that "the unfortunate bird appeared to be expiring when the morning dawned upon the face of nature."

Believed to be better than washing

In the chapter on dwelling-houses it is pointed out that in planning the building it is a common mistake to arrange for the kitchen to be on the ground-floor or in the basement, and for the children to be lodged in the attics. What is the consequence? In the almost inevitable outbreak of fire resulting from the fatal position of the kitchen underneath the house, "bonfire fashion," as the author terms it, the children are burnt to cinders without hope of escape, and the parents, hurrying to the rescue from their commodious apartments on the first floor, perish with them.

The remedy suggested is simple: build your house only one storey high, and make the kitchen a detached building; then your family will be able to sleep quietly in their beds. This plan, moreover, will have the additional advantage of eliminating staircases, and give you some chance of raising a family with straight legs and bodies, for, according to the author, more than half the crooked and deformed children that we see have been made so by accidents on staircases.

The author also shows originality in his ideas of planning a bathroom: it should be domed, he thinks, and the entrance, he says, should be made in the top of the dome, from which a staircase should descend to the bath—for apparently he has forgotten that stair-

Too indelicate to name

cases are destructive to children. He further advises that all the windows in the house may be pointed in shape, and filled with lozenged glass, particularly if of a green tinge: "then the sombre tints will modify the general light, and blend the ornament of the interior . . . into a mass of exquisite richness." But there are pitfalls for the decorator, and the latter is earnestly entreated not to "blend the castellan with the cathedral or ecclesiastical order."

Inside the house, as well as elsewhere, home products are said to be best, and the reader is told that he may adorn his walls with pictures of the English school, which, "though less glaring than the Flemish or Venetian, possesses all the advantages of bright colours, softened down by all the magic art of chiaroscuro."

The chapter concludes with an alarming though perhaps salutary warning against the peril of yielding to the temptation of building grottoes or hermitages, "for in our damp climate they are too often the vestibule of the grave."

In the general remarks on housekeeping and domestic economy much space is devoted to insects, and it is admitted that the greatest domestic cleanliness will not always preserve a house from vermin. In regard to bugs, however, we are

Design for a bathroom

encouraged to believe that "their numbers in beds may be greatly decreased by the use of what is vulgarly called a 'bug basket' placed behind the bolster," presumably in order to fence the insects off from contact with the human occupant of the bed.

It is curious that, although quite unembarrassed at mentioning bugs, the author becomes unexpectedly coy over the subject of fleas, and states that the utmost attention to cleanliness will not always prevent the intrusion of certain insects, "too indelicate to name," while he warns us "not to scatter fresh leaves of pennyroyal in our dormitories, as an antidote," for it is well known, apparently, "that fresh vegetables in a bedchamber are prejudicial to health, white lilies, indeed, being reputed so dangerous in this respect that they can cause apoplexy."

We are then told that the nuisance of fleas can be corrected, in part at least, by the venturesome expedient of temporarily opening a window, and walking about the room naked. "If this air-bath, believed by some to be better than washing, is considered too violent an exposure, a partial air-bath will not be hurtful." For this milder purpose, and "in order to save the expense of a nocturnal attendant," a patent adjustable bed is recommended with a pneumatic mattress.

Nevertheless, the reader who is addicted to air-baths is seriously warned of the danger of fresh air at night. "Of course," says the author, "we cannot too strongly enforce the necessity of guarding the organs of respiration from the direct influence of the night air by such mufflings about the face as may not only detain a portion of the air expired from the lungs

A venturesome expedient

each time, but communicate a degree of warmth to each inhalation."

Later on, the consideration of general economic subjects leads to discussions of the servant problem, such as has been raging, no doubt, throughout the ages. The writer of the book here reveals himself to be a patriot, and declaims against the substitutions of foreigners in lieu of English servants, for, according to his ideas, the "servile sycophantcy of foreign attendants, even if it were a fair set-off for the obstinacy of John Bull, cannot be founded on any feeling of love for the master, or honest interest in his concerns."

It is a comfort, at any rate, that one of the difficulties of the servant problem in the early nineteenth century need no longer trouble employers of to-day, for the habit of allowing servants to drink table wine has long since ceased to be the crying evil that the author so scathingly deplores.

A strong protest is also made against the fashion of educating children abroad. "Will the whiffling, sibilant Paris pronunciation," he asks, "be a counterbalance for the virtues that spring up round an English fireside?" Probably not, yet perhaps patriotism is being carried rather far when it is claimed that the English gooseberry makes the ideal champagne. Indeed, according to the author, there is no reason why anyone should go abroad at all, since "even the wine is not really any cheaper, for an Englishman may, if he pleases, drink some of his own making from foreign imported grapes or raisins, much better than, and just as cheap as, the *vin ordinaire* of the *restaurateur*, or the ill-prepared refuse of the vintage."

On the subject of wine the author shows so much knowledge, especially in regard to faking it, that his readers may wonder whether he was in some shady way connected with the trade. He gives recipes for maturing and strengthening vintages, and archly comments on the advantage to a wine merchant of possessing a cellar that is infected with dry-rot, since, "with its help, he will be able to send out wine as having been in bottle seven or eight years, before it has, in fact, been in that state so many months."

He concludes his remarks on the subject of wine with the reassuring statement that "the richest man need not be ashamed to be his own butler." Unfortunately, nowadays it is doubtful whether many are rich enough to have any occasion to act in this capacity at all, either personally or by deputy.

At the end of the book the tables showing the amount of expenditure thought proper for various incomes and the proportions in which it should be distributed are interesting to compare with the relation of income to expenditure that is usual to-day. In these tables the large retinues of servants, rendered possible by the cheapness of labour are, of course, in striking contrast with the exiguous establishments that are common at the present day.

A married couple in the early nineteenth century with five hundred a year and three children was expected to keep three servants, while a family of the same size with five thousand a year were allotted a staff of twenty-two, with ten horses and three carriages. In those days the rich lived like patriarchs. In fact, in many ways life only a hundred years ago was more unlike ours than anyone who has not read this little book might suppose.

C. F. MEADE.

Sly work in the cellar

THE KEEPER'S TOAST: "THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD"
From the painting by J. C. Tunnard

ROUND THE WASSAIL BOWL

Yuletide Recipes for the Festive Board

YULETIDE is associated with the wassail bowl, and it is rarely that we drink it at other times of the year nowadays. Though it did become a Christmas institution in the good old days of Merry England, it was not originally so. The original meaning of wassail comes from "waes hal," which meant "be whole" or "be well." At the reception of King Vortigern by Hengist, when the maid Rowena came into the King's presence with a golden cup in her hands, making a low reverence, she said, "Waes hael, Klanford Cynnig"; that is, "Be of good health, Lord King."

The custom generally known as "wassailing," which came in later, referred to the young girls decorating the bowl with sprigs of rosemary and with ribbons, which they carried round the streets for their Christmas and New Year Carols. A few coppers given to the carols was in exchange not only for the song and music, but included a spoonful of the cup's contents.

Punches, bowls and cups undoubtedly do lend themselves to convivial gatherings, and so, apart from the carolling traditions, Christmas is their most appropriate time of the year. These drinks, mostly hot, do require the festive spirit, and the association of a roaring log fire fits in best of all with their right surrounding.

Here is a recipe for the wassail bowl which is not only an ancient one, but the one that is probably the most popular to-day. The quantities, of course, will vary with the amount of participants:

Mix ½oz. of ground ginger, ½oz. grated nutmeg, a pinch of powdered cinnamon, ½lb. Demerara sugar to one pint of ale. This mixture you let boil and then stir, adding two more pints of ale and half a bottle of sherry. When this is nearly boiling, you empty it into the wassail bowl, which should be a large size china one, and, if possible, suitably ornate for the festive party. Three or four lumps of sugar should then be rubbed on a fresh lemon, and, together with about six small well-roasted apples, and a lemon cut into slices, should be taken with the wassail bowl into the room where the guests are gathered. Then in their presence the roasted apples, the sugar and the slices of lemon—though not all the slices if the lemon is a large one—are added to the bowl.

The wassail must be hot, and so time must not be wasted, and the apples that are inserted must be straight from the oven. The whole affair, if treated ceremoniously, adds enthusiasm to the first of the toasts. A large ladle is necessary to pour the wassail into the glasses, and do not forget to leave a small spoon in the glass when pouring it in.

Here is an old Oxford recipe for Punch:

Make several incisions in the rind of a lemon and in each stick a clove; roast the lemon slowly before the fire. Put small, equal quantities of cinnamon, cloves, mace and allspice, and a dust of ginger into a saucepan with half a pint of water. Let it boil until reduced to half the original quantity. Bring a bottle of port wine up to the boil, then put into it the roasted lemon and liquor from the spices; stir well, draw the pan to the side of the fire and let it stand for ten minutes. Rub a few knobs of sugar on the rind of another lemon, put them and the juice of half the lemon into a bowl; pour in the wine, grate in some nutmeg and add more sugar to taste.

This is a recipe for what was known as Common Punch:

Two large lemons with rough skins and plenty of juice in them were rubbed with lumps of sugar until the oil of the rind was absorbed. The sugar was then put in a bowl and crushed with lemon juice and a quart of boiling water added. This liquid was carefully strained and various intoxicating liquors were added. Sometimes it was a quart of rum and a pint of brandy; at others one-and-a-half pints of rum and half a pint of porter. Then came another quart of boiling water and some guava jelly. The order in which these things were done was important. The last dose was always the additional hot water.

Here is a recipe for Avocsat, which though not a punch is a very appropriate drink for the cold weather at big gatherings, especially before dinner:

Take six new-laid eggs, just as they are, and place into a basin. Pour enough lemon juice over the eggs to cover them. Place a white cloth over the pan and leave until the eggs and their shells are dissolved. Remove skins from the eggs, beat up, then add half-a-pint of rum or brandy, half-a-pint of fresh cream, ¼lb. powdered loaf sugar, beat all together, strain and bottle. This can be used the next day.

Here is the recipe for a somewhat potent Milk Punch:

Over the rind of four lemons and one Seville orange pour one pint of rum. Let it stand, covered over, for twelve hours. Strain and mix in two more pints of rum, one pint of brandy, one pint of sherry, half-a-pint of lemon juice, the juice of a peeled pineapple, one pint of green tea, 1lb. of sugar dissolved in one quart of boiling water, the whites of two eggs beaten up, one quart of boiling milk. Mix well, let it cool, and then strain through a jelly-bag and bottle off.

For those who like a cold punch is this recipe for Curaçoa Punch. Put into a large tumber one tablespoonful of sifted sugar, one wineglassful of brandy, the same quantity of water, half a wineglassful of Jamaica rum, a wineglassful of curaçoa, and the juice of half a lemon. Fill the tumbler with crushed ice, shake and drink through straws.

Hot Purl is another old-fashioned drink and is excellent in the cold weather to offer to guests just before they leave.

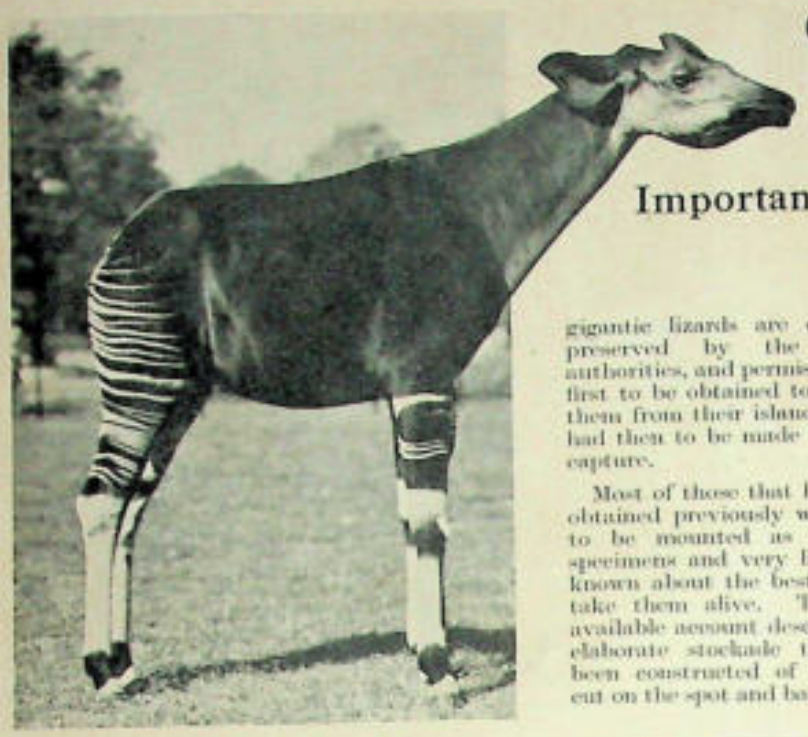
Pour a quart of mild ale into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of grated nutmeg and take from the fire as soon as it approaches boiling point. Beat together a little cold ale and a heaped tablespoonful of sugar and two eggs. Add the hot ale slowly, stirring all the time to prevent curdling and finally half a tumblerful of whisky. Warm the whole again and pour to and from the jug until smooth.

X. L. M.

CAPTURING ANIMALS FOR THE ZOO

Important Expeditions to Little-Known Islands in 1935

By DR. BURGESS BARNETT



MOST IMPORTANT OF THE YEAR'S ACQUISITIONS

The Zoo's okapi, which has just died, was the first ever seen alive in this country

WHEN George IV first granted a charter to the London Zoo one of the Society's objects was defined as "the introduction of new and curious subjects of the Animal Kingdom." Never, perhaps, has that object been better fulfilled than during the year that is passing. Apart from the acquisition of the okapi (which has just died), last of the large animals to be discovered, the manatees and the vampire bats, the first of their kind to be seen alive in Europe, several important expeditions have been made during 1935 to collect other "new and curious subjects of the animal kingdom."

Particularly, voyages have been made on behalf of the Zoo to lesser-known islands where the fauna is specially interesting.

The first expedition and the most valuable in its results was that of Lord Moyne, which left England just a year ago. Shortly before then the Zoo had lost one of its famous Komodo "dragons" from heart disease, and one of the principal objects of the expedition was to bring home some more dragons to replace the loss. Much preliminary work had to be done before a start was made. These gigantic lizards are carefully preserved by the Dutch authorities, and permission had first to be obtained to remove them from their island. Plans had then to be made for their capture.

Most of those that had been obtained previously were shot to be mounted as museum specimens and very little was known about the best way to take them alive. The only available account described an elaborate stockade that had been constructed of saplings, cut on the spot and baited with

A ZOOLOGICAL MYSTERY

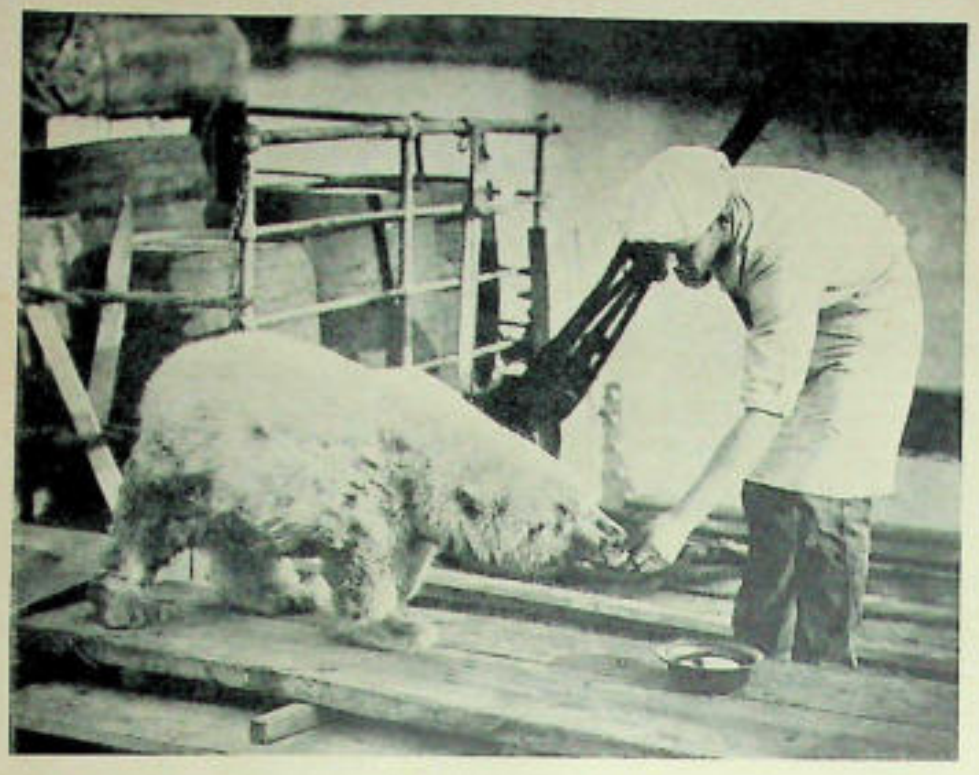
One of a pair of tenrecs brought home from Madagascar. Their nearest allies are found in Cuba and Hayti, on the other side of the world

the carcase of a wild pig. As it was thought that such a method left too much to chance, and as no manufactured materials would be obtainable on the island, it was decided to have a large trap made in London, in sections, so that it could be quickly erected on any likely site. It was to be 9ft. long so as to hold the largest dragon likely to enter it, and its specification as to strength was that it should be stout enough to hold a leopard. After it was bolted together experimentally in the carpenter's yard at the Zoo, a boy was made to crawl into it and touch the bait platform at the far end. The heavy door slammed down suddenly according to plan.

Some months later, when the trap was re-erected on Komodo, it worked as satisfactorily as it had done at the Zoo, but it might with advantage have been made even longer. The first candidate for the Reptile House escaped because, when its head touched the bait, its tail still extended outside the opening. Only the scattered feathers and entrails of the dead fowl that had baited the trap told the tale: presumably, still on Komodo, there is a monster dragon with a

THE FIRST EXPEDITION, AND THE MOST VALUABLE IN ITS RESULTS, WAS THAT OF LORD MOYNE

The Zoo had lost one of its famous Komodo "dragons," and one of the principal objects of the expedition was to bring back some more (see centre of page). Lord Moyne also visited New Caledonia and brought away a pair of the strange birds known as kagus, which are peculiar to the island. Here they are seen at the Zoo, displaying their long crests. The other photograph shows the black barring which is invisible when the wing is closed



GIFT FROM A SOVIET EXPEDITION

This polar bear cub was captured within the Arctic circle by the Soviet vessel "Leningrad," which recently completed the first journey ever made from Vladivostok to London by way of the North-West Passage, and was presented to the Zoo by the captain and crew in memory of the voyage.

SURVIVORS OF AN ANCIENT RACE

Giant tortoises collected from the Galapagos islands by a Danish research expedition. These tortoises are now becoming rare, and the eighteen recently acquired by the Zoo may well be the last ever imported to this country

badly bruised tail. After this many smaller dragons were caught and liberated, until three juvenile but perfect specimens were obtained. Two of them are at the Zoo to-day, active, 6ft. long young dragons that from all appearances have a long life before them. The third one met disaster on the voyage home: it escaped from its travelling cage while in the Red Sea and disappeared overboard. Though the yacht put about and searched till dusk it was never seen again.

Among other places, the expedition visited New Caledonia and brought away a pair of the strange birds known as kagus which are peculiar to this island. They are slaty-grey birds, about the size of common fowls, with long, pendulous crests, rather resembling herons, though actually they are more nearly related to the cranes. In the mating season they indulge in fantastic dances in which they elevate their crests and prance in a way very reminiscent of the latter birds.

The next expedition was of a different nature. It was organised by an animal dealer as a trading venture, but it is mentioned because Regent's Park and Whipsnade ultimately acquired the finest of the specimens collected. It was to the Galapagos group, the cluster of volcanic mountain tops that rise out of the Pacific 600 miles west of the coast of Ecuador. They lie on the equator and have been variously called World's End and the Ash Heap of the World. Far out of the course of big ships, only a few of the islands are regularly inhabited; in their history they have been successively ports of call for early voyagers, penal settlements and sites for crank social experiments.

But their interest for us is that they are, in a sense, still in a past Zoological age. Great reptiles and a few kinds of birds are the dominant, if not the only indigenous inhabitants. "Galapago" is a Spanish word for "tortoise" and the group took its name from the huge, cumbrous tortoises that, up to the beginning of the century, lumbered so commonly among the cactuses and lignum vitæ scrub that cover the islands. It was to bring home some of these tortoises, now becoming rare, that the expedition was planned.

Many of the islands were visited, but although each island has its own species, slightly differing from its neighbours, only two species were included in the 36 individuals collected. Of these the Zoo purchased eighteen; some of them are to be seen now in the Tortoise House, others occupied a large fenced pit at Whipsnade while the weather was warm enough. One has since been sent to Calcutta in the hopes that it may breed there with another that has long been an inhabitant of the Calcutta Zoo.

It may be recalled that this island group was visited by Lord Moyne on a previous expedition, three years ago, when some specimens of marine iguana, the other remarkable reptile of the Galapagos, were captured and presented to the Zoo. Feeding, as these lizards do, on seaweed, their diet was a difficult problem and Lord Moyne's specimens were the first to thrive in captivity.

The latest expedition is that of Mr. C. J. Webb, who returned from Madagascar two months ago. Though the Madagascan fauna is better known than that of the smaller islands visited by other expeditions, it is yet of peculiar interest. Madagascar is the home of zoological mysteries; many of the animals found there seem to belong by rights to the American continent. Thus two kinds of boa constrictors were included in the collection, snakes whose nearest relatives are inhabitants of Central and South America.

Another most interesting group of animals were represented in a pair of tenrecs, large insectivores, the closest allies of which are found in Cuba and Hayti. A foot or more in length, they are partly covered with spines or bristles, like hedgehogs. They are remarkable in having the most numerous litter of any mammal; sixteen appears to be the usual number at a birth and as many as 21 have been recorded.

Finally an expedition that resulted only incidentally in an acquisition for the Zoo may be mentioned. This is the voyage of the Soviet vessel "Leningrad" which recently completed the first journey ever made from Vladivostok to London by way of the North West passage. A polar bear cub was captured within the Arctic circle and presented to the Zoo by the captain and crew in memory of the voyage. It is now on the Mappin Terraces.

KING PENGUINS HATCHING THEIR EGGS AT RIGHT WHALE BAY, SOUTH GEORGIA

Some Zoo favourites in their natural haunts. This official Colonial Office photograph was brought back to England from the Antarctic by the R.R.S. "Discovery II"

THIS YEAR'S FLAT-RACING SEASON

Leading Owners and Their Future Prospects

FLAT racing ends next week at Manchester, and a glance at the various statistical tables shows there is no change from last season so far as the leading place in each list is concerned. Again the Aga Khan is unassailably at the head of the owners and the breeders. Once more Mr. Frank Butters comes out in the leadership of the trainers. Among the jockeys Gordon Richards has had no trouble in retaining supremacy, passing his second hundred for the season at Leicester last week.

Although the Aga Khan's figures fall short of those of a year ago, his total is at once the envy and the admiration of every other owner. Only about fifteen seasons have passed since his colours became known to English racegoers. The fillies he purchased in his first year on the Turf turned out remarkably well for the most part, and were quickly followed by some colts of high distinction, such as Salmon Trout and Diophon.

In more recent seasons the Aga Khan had done rather better with his colts than his fillies, with the result that, besides a wonderful group of brood mares, he possessed a singularly important batch of stallions, the latest of which include Bahram, Felicitation and Umidwar. In one respect the present season will be remembered by the Aga Khan as the most notable of his racing career. We refer to the classic treble gained by Bahram, the first horse to achieve this distinction since 1903.

His owner is naturally immensely proud of Bahram's unbeaten record. It was one of his ambitions to possess a horse who, after a reasonably busy life in training, could, like Ormonde and St. Simon, be retired to the stud without having known defeat. Some think it a pity that Bahram, who has gone to the Egerton Stud perfectly sound in wind and limb, has not been left in training to gain further honours in 1936. But the Aga Khan believes that a horse of this type should not be kept in training longer than two seasons, and he points out that St. Simon did not race after he was three years old.

Blandford, another stallion of amazing success, was four years old when he went to the stud, and the Aga Khan's own horse Blenheim, who has made a brilliant beginning at the stud, also ended his racing life early. In spite of the fact that Bahram, who won £31,328 in stakes this year and £11,758 in 1934, has passed out of training, the future for the Aga Khan's racing string looks exceedingly bright

Two of the best of the season's two-year-olds, Mahmoud and Bala Hissar, belong to him, and there are Baher Shah, Barra Sahib, Prince Aly, Taj Akbar and other youngsters which look like taking an important part in next season's racing.

Curiously enough, the stable has not produced a first-class young filly.

Second place among the winning owners is held by Sir Abe Bailey, who has enjoyed one of the most successful seasons of his long racing career. As a breeder it was a severe loss to him when Foxlaw met with an accident in his box and died; but his owner is able to replace him most effectively with Tiberius, the hero of the Ascot Gold Cup. The manner in which this colt won the highest honours of the Royal Meeting will be remembered for a long time. The dash he displayed in the last six furlongs of that gruelling race was astounding and caused him to be proclaimed one of the best Gold Cup winners of recent years.

Among those which finished behind him at Ascot was the French champion Brantôme, who, we had been told, was to show us what a really high-class stayer is like. Alas, poor Brantôme. He returned home with his reputation sadly tarnished, and subsequent form in France did nothing to restore it. Nobody realised more clearly than Baron E. de Rothschild that it was a mistake to run this horse at Ascot. His escapade at Chantilly less than a fortnight previously left its mark on the horse, and we saw only a shadow of the real Brantôme.

Lord Derby comes third on the list of owners. At the start of the season he enjoyed the prospect of doing considerably better than has actually been the case, but the breakdown of Bobsleigh after his success in the Newmarket Stakes completely changed the outlook for the owner of the Stanley House stable. It is satisfactory to know that Bobsleigh is sound again and is to have the opportunity next season of making amends for his misfortunes in the campaign now closing.

The chief winner from this establishment has been Quashed, leased by Lord Stanley for her racing career from Lady Barbara Smith. When this daughter of Obliterate and the famous Verdict won the Oaks at long odds the general impression was that the result was a fluke. Some said Ankaret should have won; others decided that Mesa, who had won the One Thousand Guineas for her French owner, was desperately unlucky at Epsom.

But as the season wore on Quashed achieved further triumphs, including the Prince Edward Handicap and the Jockey Club Cup, and now it must be ungrudgingly admitted that she is the best staying filly of her age. We are to see her in action again next season, and perhaps she will have to be seriously reckoned with in the Ascot Gold Cup.

Mr. M. H. Benson, fourth on the winning list, owes his position mainly to Windsor Lad, who went through his final season in training without defeat.

W. A. Rouch

THE BEST STAYING THREE-YEAR-OLD FILLY OF 1935

Quashed (Obliterate–Verdict) has this season won, among other races, the Oaks, Prince Edward Handicap and the Jockey Club Cup, and may have to be seriously reckoned with in the Ascot Cup next season

Fairway may be the 1936 stallion champion

W. A. Rouch

Now that we can view the results of the campaign in true perspective we cannot but think that the owner of this horse was right in missing the Ascot Gold Cup. Windsor Lad's reputation stands higher than at this time last year as a result of his victories in the Eclipse Stakes, the Coronation Cup, as well as at Ascot and Newmarket. It will be interesting to compare his breeding achievements with those of Bahram.

Lord Astor, the most successful of the patrons of the Manton stable, scarcely enjoyed the best of luck with his high-class three-year-old Field Trial, who after being third in the Derby and winning in good style at Ascot, could not be trained to the satisfaction of Mr. J. Lawson in the autumn. This was due to the after-effects of a severe spell of coughing, which interfered considerably with the colt's preparation for the St. Leger. The son of Felstead was not seen after that race, but in all probability he will do well next year.

Miss Dorothy Paget takes a prominent position on the winning list, thanks to the endeavours of the Bossover colt, who won the most valuable of the two-year-old races. This son of Blenheim is unquestionably one of the three or four best colts of his age and cannot be left out of the reckoning in next season's classic situation.

Mr. H. L. Cottrill, Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort, and Mr. Jack Jarvis, have all done well among the trainers. Mr. Fred Templeman has enjoyed one of the best seasons of his career and the Hon. George Lambton has turned out a number of important handicap winners. In addition, he has produced an exceptionally good youngster in M. Boussac's Abjer, who, by his triumph in the Middle Park Stakes, seems to have qualified himself for a leading place in the Free Handicap for two-year-olds, to be published as usual after the close of the season.

More than £20,000 in stakes has been won by the Beckhampton stable, yet Mr. Fred Darling regards it as one of his most moderate seasons, and it is undoubtedly the case that this famous establishment has been poorly off for performers of the best stamp. It suffered a great loss by the death of Lord Woolavington, though it is pleasant to know that his immense racing interests are being carried on by his daughter, Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan. She intends to maintain the Lavington Stud along its old lines. Another of Beckhampton's patrons, Mr. J. A. Dewar, possesses perhaps the smartest of all the two-year-old fillies in Sansonnet, and his three-year-old colt Fair Trial came out in great form in the autumn.

Among the stallions Blandford is again the champion, but now that Bahram and Windsor Lad have closed their activities we shall probably have to proclaim a new stud leader in 1936. The chances are that this honour will devolve on Fairway, whose young stock have been seen to great advantage in the campaign now nearly over. Yet it is clear that Fairway would be hard pressed by Blenheim were it not for the fact that the Blandford horse is standing in France, which means that his interests are divided between two countries. Still, with three-year-olds like the Bossover colt and Mahmoud to represent him, Blenheim must be reckoned a formidable aspirant for the stallion championship of the future.

A New Polo Club.—The Rhinefield Polo Club, which came into being at Brockenhurst, in the New Forest, in May of this year, concluded its first season's play on September 27th, during which period polo was played twice a week, on a total of 32 days for the season. All kinds of ponies have been played, including New Foresters, and the form shown by these latter cannot pass without favourable comment. It has been extraordinarily good, and when it is realised that these ponies can be bought for anything up to about £20, it is clear that a very cheap form of polo is available to anyone wishing to take up the game.

W. A. Rouch

Bahram—the Triple Crown Winner

Bred and owned by H.H. Aga Khan, Bahram is by the defunct Blandford from Friar's Daughter by Friar Marcus. During his Turf career he was unbeaten, winning £43,086 in stakes. His victories included the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger. In the former two races he was ridden by F. Fox (seen above), while in the latter C. Smirke was in the saddle. Bahram has now been retired from the racecourse and goes to stud at a fee of 500 guineas. He was the first to win the Triple Crown at Newmarket, Epsom and Doncaster since Rock Sand triumphed in 1903

BIRDS ASHORE AND AFORESHORE

WALKING ABROAD

WOODCOCK

"A BOOK of the year" will be the verdict upon the volume which bears the title of the heading to this page and in the production of which two keen naturalists have collaborated, Miss Winifred Austen with 33 beautiful colour plates and many black-and-white drawings and Mr. Patrick Chalmers with the text. And it is safe to say that no bird book has ever been written in the same manner. On the subjects which Miss Austen has provided Mr. Chalmers, in his inimitable style, has given us many sidelights: legends, curious rhymes, remarks of old-time naturalists and, in addition, his own observations of bird life. He is quite justified in thinking that much may be so "quaint and forgotten as to be *almost* new." Here are no dry as dust facts but entertainment on every page both for naturalist and lay reader.

WITH Miss Austen's work *Field* readers are well acquainted, and many of them make the journey to Grafton Street, off New Bond Street, where her paintings and etchings are to be seen at the Greatorex Galleries. Here in one volume are some of her choicest examples. She is as happy on the sea-lying marshes, watching and recording the various wildfowl and waders, as when she is painting the little yellowhammer in full-throated song on a bramble or the gay-coloured kingfisher bringing a dinner for his family to their hole in the river bank. In addition to the pictures and their text in *Birds Ashore and Aforeshore* there are interposed between the plates many of Mr. Chalmers's delightful verses. The astonishing thing about this handsome volume is its price. It only costs a guinea! It is the sort of book the publishers (Messrs. W. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd.) should sell out at once and for which a second-hand price will be considerably higher than 21/-.

MORNING FLIGHT

MALLARD

CONSTABLE, ADVOCATE FOR ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

FLATFORD MILL ON THE RIVER STOUR

Painted by Constable in 1817 and reproduced by permission from the original in the National Gallery

JOHN CONSTABLE may rightly be termed the painter who rediscovered England. At one time he lamented never having visited Italy, but, says Mr. Lewis Hind in his popular account of the great landscape artist, the mood passed as quickly as it came, and Constable cried: "No but I was born to paint a happier land, my own dear England." And so it is as the true recorder of English rural scenes that we know Constable, as a painter of natural pictures which do not puzzle anyone and of which the countryman can say: "Why, I know that place! That's Flatford Mill, in summertime." A story is told of Sir George Beaumont, connoisseur, patron of art and painter, asking Constable: "Do you find it very difficult to determine where to place your brown tree?" Constable replied: "Not in the least, for I never put such a thing into a picture." He put on canvas what he saw. "The Hay Wain," here reproduced,

THE HAY WAIN

Painted by Constable in 1821 and reproduced by permission from the original in the National Gallery

was painted when the artist was 45, and when exhibited at the French Salon in 1824 exercised a great influence on French landscape art. "Flatford Mill, on the River Stour," was painted earlier, in 1817, and was really the first important work. It exhibits all the full richness of the English countryside, as does "The Cornfield, or Country Lane." Constable loved the corner of Suffolk he was born in, overlooking the valley of the Stour, where his father was owner of Dedham and Flatford mills, and where John Dunthorne, plumber and glazier, encouraged him in landscape painting. In his early days it looked as though his career might have been turned from art, but Constable was persistent, and from when he said of his favourite centre, "I love every stile and stump and lane in the village; as long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them," he was true to his love of pastoral England until his death in 1837.

Miss Joyce Wethered, our leading Lady Golfer

Specially Painted for the "Field" by Mr. Keturah Collings.

Miss Joyce Wethered has been described by no less a person than Bobby Jones as "the best golfer in the world." Her record during her competitive career substantiates this description. British Lady Champion four times, English title holder on five occasions, and winner of the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes seven times in thirteen years with six different partners—these are among her most notable achievements. Her style is one of the most attractive imaginable, such is the grace and ease with which she hits the ball. Her superb skill with the iron clubs is particularly noticeable, as even the best women golfers fail with them. On her first visit to America Miss Wethered astonished the golfers across the Atlantic. Her tour comprised fifty-three matches in all parts of the United States and Canada, and she established thirty-six new records, despite long distances travelled and lack of knowledge of local conditions. Miss Wethered is universally popular, for allied to her unique skill is a kindliness and sporting spirit which is never forgotten by anyone with whom she comes in contact

GOLF ON FIFTY-THREE STRANGE COURSES

My Experiences in America

By JOYCE WETHERED

TRAVEL, according to the best authorities, broadens the mind. I can only say that visiting a series of American golf courses had quite an opposite effect in my experience, for I found that, to be successful, one's vision must be narrowed down and concentrated and not allowed to wander very far from the centre of the very restricted fairways.

I played on 53 different courses in all, most of them inland, on fine rolling ground, and generally with a lavish background of trees. I believe I hit more trees during my four months in America than I have hit in all my life elsewhere. I know also that I resorted quite a lot to my brassie from the tee, a weakness I was not too proud of at first, but which at times was obviously the most expedient policy on strange ground where it was important to keep the ball in play.

In fact, some of the drives, between flanks of trees, reminded me slightly of a street in a big city—such a street, for instance, as Madison Avenue, which was my first exciting recollection of New York. This shows that there is not much room for fancy hooks and slices. In Great Britain we are accustomed to a certain amount of license from the tee; but with trees close in and fairways at dangerous angles, lakes and every variety of formidable hazard, they are not so generous-minded in the States. The only way to hit a tee shot over there is to hit it high and straight, not forgetting that length is equally important.

The greens, too, were for the most part smaller and more closely guarded. This severity, however, is modified by the softness of the surface of the green which, in comparison with ours, holds the ball far more securely. A high straight ball of the correct length will land on the green without fear of an unfortunate fall or the chance of a fast slope spoiling the stroke. The one requisite shot will inevitably reap its full reward.

There was one point I hoped to clear up while I was in America—why as a whole the Americans putt so much better than we do. The reason, I think, is entirely due to the way they make the ball roll. There is a certain type of rolling ball which drops in the hole, and another which, good as it looks, very seldom does drop. It is not a case of bad luck, as it is often taken to be, but rather a proof that one method above all others is far the superior and will always win in the long run. This, however, is not a technical article, and I do not yet know if I could put on paper exactly the subtle differences.

In America—probably more than anywhere else—merit is judged by results. The winning of competitions and championships is what really counts, and the importance laid on success may have a great deal to do with their high quality of play.

I was only playing a series of exhibition matches and did not take part in any real competitive play. But even in my experience a good score was expected of me, in which all doubtful putts were holed and every hole played out. A few (but very few) of my scores were approximate, and all were played from the men's medal tees and without previous knowledge of the course. The first month was not too good, as I did 80 or over on seven occasions. But I gradually became less afraid of tackling fresh courses for the first time and began to adapt my putting more successfully to the slower greens.

On the tour I finally averaged just under 77. My highest score was an 85 made at the Winchester Country Club, near Boston, on my fourth appearance before an American crowd, and it left me far from happy. Indeed, during the first two or three weeks, with few exceptions, I found playing these matches distinctly difficult. Then, after a round with Bobby Jones at Atlanta, in which I think I played up to my best form, I started to produce more regular results. Among the best scores were, I consider, a 70 at Pittsfield Country Club; 73 at Scioto C.C., Columbus; 73 at Philmont C.C., near Philadelphia; 74 at East Lake C.C., Atlanta; 74 at Portage C.C., Akron; and a 75 at Interlachan C.C., Minneapolis, which from the Open Championship tees was actually harder to produce than some of the lower scores. In Canada (where I was thankful to be able to use the small ball once more) I finished up with my best string of figures—75, 73, 74, 73, and a last round of 75 at Montreal.

Apart from the varied conditions of the many courses I visited, it was a new experience to play when the temperature registered three figures over zero—and for more than six weeks it ranged regularly between 90 and 100. At these times the ball would go right out of shape after playing a hole or two, and an iron shot would raise a great weal on its surface even when the shot was perfectly hit. But I shall remember still more vividly the moments I spent at the water fountains dotted round the courses. Bless them! There were even super-fountains, with ice packed round the base, and the water which bubbled from these cool foundations was more delicious than I can describe.

I think a golfer must be a real lover of heat and sun ever to be able to enjoy golf in America. I am thankful that I belong to this category, for I revelled in the hot tropical air, especially the soft velvety quality peculiar to Virginia. Not till my friend, Miss Shaw, and I reached California, more than two months later, did we remember what it felt like to be cool again.

The character of the golf changed a little in California; and although I do not intend to be drawn into any comparison, however delicately phrased, between this lovely state and the rest of America, I think I am entitled to say that of all the courses I played on, I loved Pebble Beach the best. It fairly won my heart, though it nearly broke my back. The 18th hole along the line of the bay is unforgettable. It is over 500yds. long, and each shot is as testing as the drive over the corner of the bay, where a lone pine tree stands guarding the very centre of the fairway—one of the loveliest and most difficult holes the world will ever see.

But then many things that seem different and difficult in our eyes in America are, after all, quite easily overcome. One instance I remember was on the morning we left Pebble Beach, stepping into a car and motoring 280 miles to a match at Santa Barbara that afternoon—just about as far as from London to Land's End!

In a general statement as to the quality of American golf, which is all that is possible here, the men, as we all know, are the best in the world at the moment. Of the women—when you have excluded perhaps the first six or so, who are very good—the standard is not as high as our own. There are, however, quite a few factors which make their progress rather uphill work and which make it more difficult for them to approach nearer the men's standard. In comparison with our own, the fairways are slower, the lies are distinctly heavier, and the grass is of a coarser type. These facts are all against the women and favour the men. For this reason an improvement in playing the iron shots, usually a weakness, becomes much harder, and the distances to cover are proportionately longer owing to the lack of run on the ball.

The privilege of playing with most of the best men and women in America I shall always remember with gratitude. It has been an experience from which I learnt a great deal and it has increased my admiration for the intelligent concentration and patience which mark their very thorough study of the game. None but the very best can live in that company. At the same time I do feel that we have a real excuse for the fact that our successes in their country are very rare. I claim that it is easier for them to adapt themselves to our conditions than it is for us in the same short space of time to adapt ourselves, as we have to do in America, to the heat, the bent greens, and the very considerable tightening up of the greens and fairways, which has at first as strong a mental as a tactical significance. To come over here to play on our freer and more open courses (with an easier ball, in my opinion) can only add an increased confidence to their already established practice of hitting a golf ball very straight.

THE 18TH HOLE AT PEBBLE BEACH, CALIFORNIA, ON A BOBBY JONES DAY

Of all the courses she played on Miss Wethered loved Pebble Beach the best. She says, "The 18th hole along the line of the bay is unforgettable" and "one of the loveliest and most difficult holes the world will ever see"

WAITING FOR HOUNDS TO MOVE OFF IN THE SHIRES

Major T. Cavenagh, secretary to the Cottesmore, talking to Mrs. Waltham, who hails from the Warwickshire, at the Tilton-on-the-Hill fixture, and (right) Captain R. Macdonald-Buchanan, joint-Master of the Pytchley, at the opening meet at Brixworth

TRIALS OF THE HUNTING SEASON

Difficulties With Which Masters Have To Contend

FOR two months now people have been saying: "the rain has come at last"; but now comes a rain which would surely have roused Gabriel Junks to a prophetic frenzy ending in his removal to an asylum for mad peacocks, and the streaming, ragged clouds move in an endless procession across the sky. Perhaps, at last, the rain really has come.

So dry was it at the end of August that the first downpours ran over the hard ground and away down streams and rivers without making any impression at all. In the first half of September the rain sank in a few inches, but not nearly deep enough to replenish springs and wells. In both September and October, no sooner had rain reached the ground than roaring gales whipped all moisture away again, leaving the ploughs unbelievably dry. Cub-hunting, though successful in many places, has been carried on under adverse conditions; scent has never been more than "good but catchy." Since then an extraordinary medley of weather has made foxcatching an uncertain and difficult matter. Heavy rain, gales, frosts and even snow in the north, among days of summer-like mildness, have given the barometer some work to do. Even now a great deal more rain is due to fall. Until the weather settles there does not seem much hope of good-scenting days.

When the ground is really washed and soaked, and the leaf is off, this season may turn into a first-class one. The fall of the leaf, in contrast to a very good harvest, is late this year and, as yet, the country is dangerously blind. With the return of comparative prosperity more people seem to be hunting, and the regulars and locals (so valuable to any hunt) who have clung on through thick and thin will probably be relieved of some anxiety. Stability is absolutely necessary if the steady prosperity of hunting is to be maintained. When it really comes many wearing and hand-to-mouth makeshifts will disappear. The new phrase, "Mussolini willing," fairly sums up the prospects of stability and constructive prosperity.

A danger which has long been threatening hunting of all sorts and which is now more apparent than ever before is the widespread electrification of railways. It seems a little hard that countrymen should, willy-nilly, lose one of their most ancient and friendly pursuits; but this is what will happen if nothing is done about it by hunting people, and perhaps even if it is. Supposing the doctrine that majority is might were accepted (it is in fact an undemocratic doctrine), some method could surely be suggested and used for making contact with the "live wire" impossible except by the train itself. In America this is done by partly enclosing the wire so that it can only be touched by the contact maker, and an accidental contact by animals or human beings is absolutely impossible. An electric line of the English type, running through a hunting country, probably, in the nature of things, through the vale, would finally stop all hunting in that country.

Another difficult question is that of cars following hounds. Even the Duke of Beaufort, a most tolerant man, has found that it is time to speak about this matter. It is a problem which, if solved to the satisfaction of everyone, would lead to a wider understanding and enjoyment of foxhunting. At present the whole question is at an extremely delicate stage, where intolerance or rudeness on either side would injure greatly the prospect of a successful solution.

Putting aside those people who have a knowledge of foxhunting and come out in cars because they can no longer afford horses, consider those who have never known the joys of riding and yet wish to come out foxhunting. Their first outing with the hounds may be prompted by vulgar curiosity; but, if they come out a second time, they are sportsmen in intention if not in fact. They have found a pleasure in their first visit which it is worth an attempt to recapture.

The sight of a fox, or of people galloping, or hounds running, has stirred something in them, the same something which made the miller stand "tiptoe on his loaded sack." It is their methods of conducting themselves out hunting which are fast becoming intolerable. Their conduct is not the result of villainous characters, but of ignorance. It may be aggravated by an unintelligible "telling off" from the Field Master. They are cursed for heading the fox, or getting in front of hounds and leaving their engines running, and in that particular instance they know that they have done something wrong; but, like the child, they want to know why it is wrong. Until the ignorant type of motorist is taught the underlying principles and etiquette of foxhunting, knowledge which would govern his conduct under all circumstances, no satisfactory solution can be reached. To order him off would not only be rash but foolish, for in fact he has precisely as much right to use the road as those who subscribe to the hounds. It would probably (as is sometimes already done) be a good plan to cap hunting motorists. This would make them more responsible and more interested in a concern with which they would then be financially connected. At present the pleasure of riding followers is often spoilt, and the tempers of Masters and huntsmen frayed with rage and anxiety, by keen but irresponsible motorists. Instruction, gracefully given and thankfully received, seems to be the only possible or lasting solution of this problem.

Several kennels have suffered severely this year from distemper, and the mystery of conflicting reports on the efficacy of anti-distemper serum remains unsolved. Some swear by it, others have no use for it, and both back their opinions with facts. Whether this difference of result is caused by climate, breeding, quality of serum or methods of administration still remains to be seen; but general confidence in the serum seems to be increasing. Nothing is so crippling to a pack as the loss of young hounds. Not only, perhaps, is the whole result of an experimental cross lost before it can be tested in the field; but the body of two- and three-season hunters is non-existent or very much reduced when it should be the backbone of the pack. Another affliction this season is the plague of coughing among horses. This, though prevalent all over the country, is unfortunately very severe in the Midlands and is causing great anxiety.

Yet, in spite of everything, the season has started once again, and the recurring cycle of hunting is moving through another "full circle." The wind still howls and the rain still falls. Perhaps, when that is finished, days of high grey clouds, black hedges and gleams of yellow sunlight, when the coverts stand in clear tracery against the sky, will rejoice the hearts of those who love the country in all seasons. Then, at least once a week, foxhunters will be able to agree with Jorrocks, "Mr. Jorrocks the M.F.H. in fact," and gasp in desperate and painful joy, "Headies! 'ow they go!"

A. V. H. L.

COUGHING IN THE STABLE

Prevention and Cure

IT is a tribute to our sensible methods of stable management that coughing among horses, either in hunt or race stables, is not so prevalent as it used to be. Sometimes we find an epidemic which rages for a few weeks, as is happening in some parts of the country at the present time, but owing to the hygiene of modern stable craft the loss of horseflesh owing to coughs is very small indeed. It was rather different in the old days when horses lived in hot, unhealthy stables, when a string of racehorses coming up to gallop at Newmarket made, in the words of the Hon. George Lambton, "a noise like a German band"; before those days, in short, that the Americans taught us that open windows and light stables were better conditions for the horse to live in than the dark dungeon-like tombs which quite satisfied our forbears. How did Osbaldeston and others ever

THE SMOCK BURBERRY

BY APPOINTMENT

THE SMOCK BURBERRY

and

THE BURBERRY LANCASTER SMOCK

Since the beginning of this century Burberrys have been making the Lancaster Smock but its popularity has fluctuated—sometimes in demand—later not quite so popular—Burberrys, ever on the alert, have had what might be termed the audacity to enquire amongst their many clients the cause for the decline of the demand for the Lancaster. From criticisms received they have gained much information valuable alike to themselves and their customers.

After much thought and bearing in mind always the good points of the old Lancaster, Burberrys have evolved the "Burberry Lancaster" Smock, which will not blow open in the front and incorporates other ideas which add considerably to that comforting freedom and rain resistance so essential to the out of doors sportsman.

Cut on the original Burberry model, but with front closed up to the waist, obviating that great drawback of the skirt of the coat blowing open. This smock too is a great advance on the old style with all the discomfort occasioned by pulling on and off over the head. It can, like the Lancaster Burberry, be easily put on and off by stepping into it.

Both garments are made in Burberry weatherproof materials —warm without weight—proof without heat—invaluable protection in wind, rain, sleet and snow.

The Burberry Lancaster Smock is ideal for fishing from the boat and shooting from the butt, in short for any and every kind of sport where complete protection to the knees and legs is necessary. The front, which buttons, opens from collar to waist across to the sleeves and from that point downwards is entirely closed; it is quite easily got in and out of, feet first if desired.

Patterns and Prices on request

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET LTD. LONDON, S.W.1

THE BURBERRY LANCASTER SMOCK

keep their hunters and racehorses so fit, or at least capable of the vast exertions they demanded of them, in days of "Yorkshire" sweats, racehorses kept in stalls and stables to which no breath of fresh air ever was permitted to intrude? And yet even in those days it was not uncommon for three or four hunters to die in the field after a severe day. Little wonder when the chief veterinary cure for coughing was bleeding or else nitre in the water!

It has been laid down by Captain Horace Hayes, and also in the courts of law, that coughing is not a disease in itself, but a symptom of the existence of some irritation to the air passages, or to the nerves which supply them. It may be in the case of a "dry" cough which is much the most common, be regarded then as a performance of a natural function. But of course coughing can be, in fact generally is, detrimental to the animal's usefulness, for one cannot hunt a coughing horse, as Fine Billy Pringle found out when the worthless Napoleon the Great fell ill with a bad cough in the stables of Sir Moses Mainchance, Baronet and Master of the Hit-Im and Hold-Imshire Hounds. But the cough which this precious "flatcatcher" developed was owing to a bad stable and his own debility and was a very serious matter.

The "dry cough" I have mentioned is generally more prevalent in the morning, and may be caused through a chill, especially when horses are taken up from grass. I have heard it argued that a dry cough can be caused by teething, though I have never come across a case personally. It is quite likely that it might be caused from this latter reason and, in treating a dry cough, four-year-olds are said to often be affected in this manner; it is always as well to see if the horse's gums are in an inflamed condition in determining its character. It is more probable that much of the coughing which starts in stables commences by horses being brought up from grass and are due either to chill from a different atmosphere—horses very seldom cough when turned out to grass under the conditions which nature intended them to live—or from indigestion.

More horses suffer from the latter complaint than many people imagine, but a good remedy is 1¼ pints of linseed oil and a mash with some Epsom salts in it. Provided there is no discharge from the cough, it should not be longer than a fortnight before all symptoms disappear entirely. The best prevention and cure lies in keeping the top of the stable door open day and night, and seeing that the change from hard food to soft is gradual and not sudden. Both green meat and bran and linseed mashes are excellent, given in the proper ratio, but the horse should also have a camphor and belladonna electuary, the prescription for which is the simple one of two tablespoonsful of powdered camphor and one tablespoonful of belladonna extract. If this is mixed with 7oz. of treacle and linseed meal, so as to form a paste, it will be found very effective if smeared on the tongue three times a day. The throat, too, may be stimulated with equal parts of ammonia, turpentine and oil and, referring to arsenic, which may also be given for very bad bouts of coughing, Finlay Dun remarks: "I find it useful amongst horses in relieving chronic irritable cough." In such cases, with an ounce of Fowlers' solution (liquor arsenicalis) is advantageously united an ounce of potassium chlorate and a drachm of belladonna extract made into a draught of water or gruel.

As an "all round" cough mixture, providing the greatest good for the greatest number, the following should be given three times a day in the form of a drench: Chlorodyne, 2 drachms; dilute hydrocyanic acid, half pint; water quarter of a pint. This is a first-class tonic and better than some of the advanced remedies which we find in many of the books on veterinary science. It should be pointed out, too, that horses which are coughing should if possible be kept away from the healthy inmates of the stable, as a cough, as Captain Hayes points out, "may be infectious," and it is hard luck to have all the stable down for want of a little care. Nor should it be forgotten that coughing may turn to other unpleasant things if not treated in good time, and who wants a case or cases of broken wind or laryngitis or bronchitis in their stables?

It frequently happens, too, that well bred horses are more liable to coughs than others, and this particularly applies to racehorses, especially after exercise, if the hollow spaces between the branches of the lower jaw be not promptly and quickly dried. This may also be attributed to making horses wear "night caps" or hoods, which I am sure render them liable to coughs as does the stupid and far too common habit of allowing hunters to be exercised in clothing. And yet we expect a hunter to stand outside a covert or go through a long day in the depth of winter without any clothing on at all!

SCAMPERDALE.

THE BELVOIR OFF TO DRAW AFTER OPENING THEIR SEASON AS USUAL AT CROXTON PARK

BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK

In Warwickshire

WHEN the Warwickshire meet was advertised at Fenny Compton Station I could not recollect a fixture ever having been held there before, except once, nearly 30 years ago, when not the Warwickshire, but the Southwold hounds, appeared there. It was when the late Mr. Preston Rawnsley hunted them, and had brought them for a week in Warwickshire at the invitation of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke.

However, it is a very convenient place for a meet, for many reasons, and if there is anything in omens (and foxhunters are, I think, a superstitious race of people) it is a lucky meet, for it was followed on Thursday last week with a very good morning's sport.

The dog pack is now being taken out on Mondays and Thursdays, or rather, the mixed pack, in which dog hounds predominate, and Gillson had on this morning drawn 20 couples, of which about three couple were bitches and the remainder dog hounds, all looking and subsequently proving themselves to be very fit, as well they might, after their great cubhunting season.

There were about 100 ladies and gentlemen out, some of them, of course, which is usually the case on the fashionable Thursdays, visitors for the day. The fortunate little handful of people who had been out with the Warwickshire on their previous day—the good Tuesday from Wolford—were, of course, very anxious to describe its delights to their less fortunate friends who had not taken part in them, until the young Masters gave the signal to move off and begin the business of the present day.

Their followers quickly perceived that Watergall was to be the first draw, that lonely, thick black covert standing far from roads, where no motor car can very well follow, and of which the very name brings a thrill to the heart of anyone who has ever hunted here. Incidentally, it may interest those who do not know already, to be told to whom this celebrated place belongs. Lord Willoughby de Broke is the owner; his father, the late Lord Willoughby, bought it with the land and farm on which it stands, not long before his death, from Captain Alan Spencer, who at that time hunted with the Warwickshire, and who bought it when it originally came into the market, soon after the war from, or so I believe, the late Lord Leigh. Both Captain Spencer and Lord Willoughby became its owners in succession, solely with a view to keeping it safe for the Hunt, a patriotic action which should ensure the gratitude of everyone who now hunts in Warwickshire.

Hounds were thrown into covert at what may be called roughly the Wormleighton end of it, so that the fox had an equal chance of breaking towards Itchington Holt, towards Ladbroke, or over the brook towards Burton Hill. There did not appear to be more than one fox in covert; indeed, for quite ten minutes there did not appear to be any fox at all; for hounds were drawing for this period of time, or rather longer before they found, and in point of fact never did actually find, at least, never opened on to a fox in covert; and during those ten minutes some anxious feelings must have been experienced by those who felt responsible, or by those keen souls who experience agonies of disappointment when a fox fails to be forthcoming from a favourite stronghold (especially from one like Watergall, which is rightly looked on as a sure find).

Touring Saloon de Luxe, Double-Entrance, £235

THE NEW FORD V-8 (£16.10s. TAX)

MAKE an exacting road-trial of the new Ford V-8 (£16 10s. tax). Of 22 h.p. by R.A.C. rating, as against the 30 h.p. of the larger-engined model, it has yet an abundance of power for all requirements, power developed noiselessly, smoothly, sweetly *and* economically, because its V-8 engine permits the maximum of top-gear running.

It is essentially a luxury-car, but moderately-priced, low-taxed, inexpensively-run, generously roomy, a pleasure to handle, under any conditions, and a delight to the eye of the car-proud owner. Only Ford production-resources make such quality possible at so low a figure; and, of course, it is backed by Ford Facilities, everywhere, with fixed, low charges for everything you can possibly want for years ahead.

See it; try it; the Local Ford Dealer will gladly abide by the outcome of your impressions. Consult him tomorrow.

Literature on Request: Prices at Works: Dealers Everywhere.

"THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, WORKS: DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

MINOR HORRORS OF THE CALL
A painting entitled "The Millionaire" in Molly Bishop's exhibition held at the Greatorex Galleries, Grafton Street, New Bond Street

IN PRAISE OF AN OLD INSTITUTION

The Genesis of the Afternoon Call

By E. M. DELAFIELD

FOR many years there was an idea—probably originated by someone who lived in a town—that people who lived in the country had nothing whatever to do. They might hunt, shoot, fish, garden, or breed Siamese cats—but they weren't really *busy*. Their days were their own, their evenings—which ended at ten o'clock—given over to the playing of patience and the reading of newspapers. Nowadays, when motor-cars, telephones, wireless installations and the enterprise of the building trade have rendered the town and the country practically indistinguishable, it is less often suggested that country-dwellers have nothing to do.

In their own opinion at least, their days are as fully occupied as those of any flat-dweller in the city. Their evenings are usually given up to Committee Meetings, village socials, Girl Guide gatherings or British Legion dinners. And in addition, the custom of the afternoon call—persisting still where many more rational and constructive customs have long since died—adds its quota to the sum total of the country-dweller's activities. Only those living—not merely week-ending—in the country, year in and year out, appreciate what this really means. And even they, in all probability, do not realise the genesis of the Call.

It was once always referred to as "a morning call" and almost any Victorian novel contains at least one allusion to the accomplishment of this social duty. The state-calls of the Cranford ladies are, of course, immortal. In Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's *Heartsease*, Lady Martindale orders the carriage for three o'clock because "your father says there are some calls that must be returned." Then follows a great deal of discussion as to whether the younger son of the house, a young Guardsman who has just got married, can depute his wife to leave his cards for him, or whether he should not present them in person. "It is the sort of occasion for doing things regularly," says the elder brother firmly—and their mother adds that she "doubts if it will be taken well"—if the cards are left by deputy.

The Martindales of *Heartsease* were great people in their own county, and no doubt Miss Yonge knew what she was about in causing them to view the dropping of their distinguished cards as a matter of such gravity. In another, later, one of her novels—*The Young Stepmother*—she admirably depicts a different section of society—that of the country-town in the early 'fifties. There, the "young stepmother"—newly-married to a widower with three children—plunges the neighbourhood into perplexity by appearing at Church on the first Sunday after her arrival in a "quiet dark silk, a Cashmere shawl, and plain straw bonnet trimmed with white." The result of this sobriety of apparel is that nobody knows whether to call or not, it being explained to the bride that "people would be most happy, but they do not know whether you have arrived. You have not appeared at Church as I may say. The straw bonnet—you see people cannot tell whether you are not incog. as yet." Actually, after this point has once been cleared up, the neighbours, in the most exuberant fashion, take full advantage of the occasion. They pay their respects not only in the afternoon, but two lots appear in the middle of the morning—in one case consisting of a father, mother, and two or three daughters—and are subsequently found to be offended at not having been invited to remain to the midday meal. It may well be said that the call, in those days, was no light affair.

It looms less portentous, some twenty or thirty years later. Miss Broughton's heroines go out in the carriage and pay calls quite light-heartedly, and at rational hours of the afternoon. They, and their contemporaries, mostly call upon people whom they know already, and after a suitable interval of weeks, or even a month or two, the objects of their civility return the attention—and so it goes on. The duties of a conscientious caller were never really done, because nobody might remain, so to speak, in debt. A call once made had to be returned, and once returned, had eventually to be repeated—carriage, white gloves, card-cases and all. When new people arrived, which was not very often—they were expected to produce credentials. They must be related to someone of whom someone else had at least heard—or somebody must have written a letter to one of the ladies of the countryside, begging her to be good enough to call on the dear So-and-sos—"connected, on the father's side, with a very old friend of my dear aunt Sarah at Salisbury." Thus were the newcomers launched.

"I hear that Lady Crump has called at the Priory. It seems that one of her uncle's brother-officers was once in the Punjab with a cousin of theirs." It was enough. The link was forged. The rest of the neighbourhood followed Lady Crump's lead, a veritable snowstorm of engraved visiting-cards followed, and the people at the Priory became "people whom one knew"—as soon, that is to say, as they had effected their own minor snowstorm. The temptation to dwell on these leisured and ceremonial days is almost irresistible. The spirit of them may perhaps be epitomized in recalling the name of a novel that once enjoyed a great, if wholly ephemeral, vogue: "Ought We to Visit Her?" The present writer, alas, having only been privileged to view the outside of this book, will probably never know with any certainty wherein lay the doubt. Had the object of the enquiry "a past"? Did she eat peas off her knife? Or was she merely in the unfortunate position of having settled down in a neighbourhood where nobody's uncle in the Punjaub, or aunt Sarah at Salisbury, could be found to vouch for the social standing of any member of her family? Did she remain un-visited—un-called-upon—for ever? The speculation remains profitless—as profitless as one's regret that the book was not named, even more colloquially: "Ought We to Call Upon Her?"

There is nothing for it but to turn, regretfully as usual, to the less picturesque present. Calls, in the country, are still paid. They are—like almost everything else—less grand, less elaborate, less formal—but they continue. Etiquette—different both in kind and in degree, but still etiquette—governs the call even yet. Nowadays, it is a question of proximity, rather than of person. We have never in our lives heard of the Robinsons, nor they of us, but they are the fourth or fifth family to have taken Gable End House within the last three years, and we knew all the others, and liked some of them, and anyway it's the nearest house to ours with a good tennis-court, so off we go. That is to say, off goes the lady of the house—with, if she is either very lucky or very determined, a daughter to drive the car for her—after a terrific hunt for the visiting-cards, which are so seldom required that nobody can ever remember where to look for them. It is scarcely necessary to add that we, unlike Miss Yonge's Martindales, waste neither time nor breath in exhorting our male relatives to accompany us.

Nor do we, with the "young stepmother's" neighbours, descend upon our new acquaintances in the middle of the morning and retire, huffed, when not invited to remain to luncheon. Our one idea, on the contrary, is to be greeted at the door of Gable End House by the formula: "Not at Home." Certain rather curious laws govern the situation that ensues. Until the call has been returned, we and the newcomers do not officially "know" one another. That is to say, we may meet on neutral ground, and talk together with the utmost amiability, but we do not invite one another to tea until the return-card is safely lodged on the silver salver, Oriental china plate, or japanned tray, of the original caller. Such is the poor lingering remnant of the scrupulous ceremonial that once hedged the ritual of the Call. There are minor questions regarding the kind and the number of the cards actually to be left at the door. Correspondence columns of domestically-inclined publications deal elaborately with these problems, and leave one but little the wiser. Moreover, the true-born country-dweller requires no such instructions. The institution of the Afternoon Call is traditional. It is in the blood. It remains part of the life of the country-dweller.

VAT 69
SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1863
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
Wm Sanderson & Son.
DISTILLERS LEITH SCOTLAND
Quality Tells-
Willing

AT THE HEAD OF THE GLEN

'WINDED : MEOBLE.'' BY FRANK WALLACE

(By arrangement with Arthur Greatorex Ltd., 14 Grafton St., W.1)

". . . But, e'er his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale
A moment snuffed the tainted gale. . . ."

SIR WALTER SCOTT
"The Lady of the Lake"

These single-breasted Raglans are equally good for town or country. We have a very wide array of them, in grey, brown and fawn tweeds; most carefully tailored and costing five, six and eight guineas.

Overcoats by Austin Reed

Our plan of tailoring overcoats in advance allows you to experiment with different styles and patterns before you come to a decision. This winter we believe that we are showing the finest range of ready tailored overcoats ever presented anywhere. We invite you to call and judge for yourself.

WEST END: 103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1
CITY: 13 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.3
Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Belfast, Bristol, Norwich, Oxford

AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON
P.1023

FISHING ODDITIES

What This Year's Crop of Curiosities Has Produced

IN no sport perhaps is the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction better illustrated than in angling. Every year the *Field* columns bear witness to the number of those apparently "unique" happenings for which it is often difficult to give any reasonable explanation, or against which the odds seem so long that it is a wonder anyone should have had the good fortune to observe them. Yet in nearly every case some reader will be able to relate a somewhat similar occurrence from his own experience, and a careful study of back numbers of the *Field* would probably reveal that the greatest curiosity of all was the number of times any given "miracle" had been known to happen.

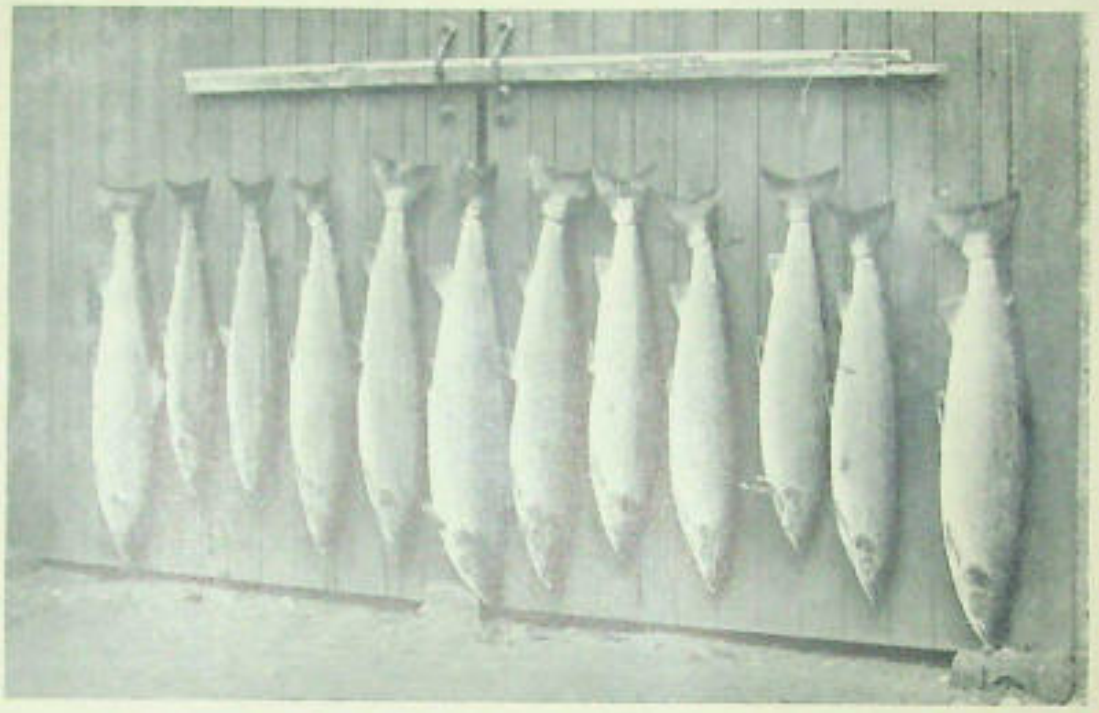
How many times for example has it been reported that fish have jumped into a boat? and why do they do it? Salmon seem to be the fish most prone to this extraordinary practice. Sometimes it happens while they are being played. This might easily be simply a loss of nerve much as a pedestrian crossing a crowded street has been known to run straight into an oncoming vehicle. But more often the fish seem to leap into the boat for no reason at all. It has been suggested that salmon mistake the side of a boat for a waterfall and are trying to surmount it, but it does not seem very likely. To a fish whose life is spent in the water the disturbance below the surface caused by falling water must be well known, and would be completely absent in the case of a boat.

This year one of the earliest "curiosities" reported was a similar feat performed by a pike, and a little later another correspondent added two more instances of this happening from his own experience. A pike is not necessarily a welcome passenger, particularly if, as happened with a trout in New Zealand, it jumped into a lady angler's lap. But there are fish less welcome even than pike. A report this year from China (though not published by the *Field*) records the case of a 15ft. shark which jumped into a dory, bit a piece out of a fisherman, and jumped out again. Up to the present no report of the shark having been caught with the piece of the fisherman still in its mouth has come to hand.

Tackle recovered after a fish has been "hooked and lost" should be regarded perhaps as among the minor curiosities, but there has been at least one case this year which is worthy of special mention, not only for its inherent oddity but also for the exceptionally "long odds" against the tackle's recovery. It was on Loch Leven; a trout had broken away from an angler and had taken the cast and its customary brace of flies with it. An hour afterwards, the other angler in the boat, during one of their drifts, noticing a fish struggling in the water, hooked the cast to which it was attached, and recovered not only the "lost" trout, but also a perch which had apparently taken the other fly while it was being trailed about by the trout.

In the same issue—it was August 3rd—was published a letter from a correspondent in India who had sent for our inspection a parcel of nine stones taken from a trout's stomach. The fish had been caught in the Bringhi in May of this year. The largest stone was nearly 1¼in. long, and the smallest well over ¼in.—altogether a good handful. Why should a trout of 3lb. have taken in so substantial a ballast? Our own tentative explanation that the stones had been encrusted with some small shellfish and were taken as food may possibly serve as a likely suggestion, but it seems odd that a trout should be unable to discriminate between net and gross weight in its customary food. There must have been uncommonly little room inside for more digestible food afterwards.

A mystery of a more intriguing nature this year was the discovery of what appear to be "blege" in a Lancashire lake. These fish are not sea trout as the name suggests, but dwarf Atlantic salmon discovered many years ago by Dr. Knut Dahl in Bygglandsfjord in Norway; a true race of *Salmo salar* in miniature which was described in our columns at the time. The fish were sent to the *Field* for identification by the Wyresdale Anglers' Club from whose water they came. The only explanation of their presence is that they may have been included, either by mistake or with experimental intent, in a batch of fry sent by the late Mr. F. G. Richmond, who then owned the Solway Fishery, and who had obtained some ova through the good offices of Dr. Knut Dahl. It is to be hoped that the two specimens sent were not the only ones in the lake. The establishment of blege in English waters might have great possibilities.



A VERY PLEASANT REMINISCENCE OF 1935
A day's catch of salmon from the Marnock Lodge water of the Deveron

LAST DAYS FOR THIS YEAR'S SALMON
Fishing a pool on the Tweed which remains open till November 30th

Probably our own printers were indirectly responsible for the greatest curiosity of all which has been reported this year—no less a phenomenon than a fourteen-month-old trout weighing 31lb.! only too truly described in our correspondent's letter as "easily the world's record fish for yearlings." A not-too-easily-detected confusion between the final "l" and the letter "l" in the customary abbreviation for "pounds" in our correspondent's manuscript was the father of this remarkable fish, but even when the weight has been reduced to its correct figure of 3lb., this New Zealand yearling must surely be a record for a wild fish of its age.

An item of some scientific interest was published on July 27th. This concerned a trout caught in June full of spawn, indeed, it seemed just on the point of spawning since some of the ova (it was a hen fish) dropped from it when it was being removed from the water. It is not uncommon for trout, a few weeks later, to be described as "ripe" by anglers who do not realise that the ova grow throughout the summer; expert examination shows that in reality the eggs are developing normally. But in this case there was no mistake. The eggs, of which an illustration was given, were sent to the *Field*, and our diagnosis was confirmed by the Natural History Museum. The trout was evidently just ready to spawn.

Now since the earliest time for trout spawning in this country is October, and in the stream from which the fish was taken is probably the very end of November or the beginning of December, its capture raises a nice point as to whether it had ripened phenomenally early, or for some reason had delayed spawning since the previous winter.

With the very quick-growing fish which modern science is able to produce oddities are very apt to occur, so probably the "early" spawning theory is the more likely.

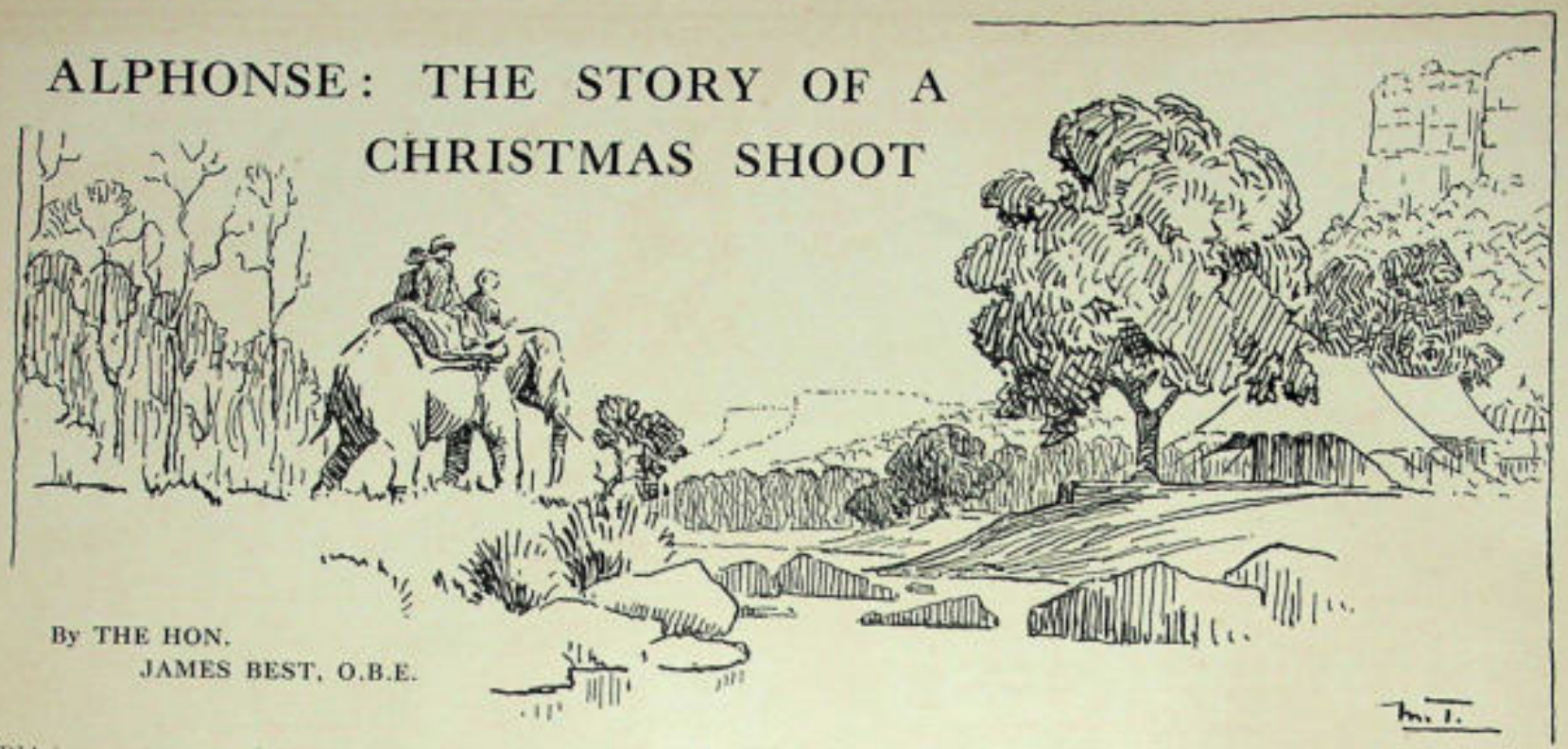
The FINEST way of filling his Christmas Stocking!

Born 1820— Still going Strong!

JOHNNIE WALKER

Older and better than ever

ALPHONSE: THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS SHOOT



By THE HON. JAMES BEST, O.B.E.

INDIA is a great country for holidays, which is natural considering the number of important religions represented, with their feast days which all must observe by abstaining from work in public. But Christmas, quite rightly, is the greatest of all holidays. It lasts for ten days. And while earnest politicians and others meet at that time of cheap railway fares to discuss matters of a common purpose, sportsmen take advantage of the time available and the cheap travel facilities to indulge in field and forest sports. Hence the Christmas camps when those with forest blocks assigned them have the opportunity of showing hospitality much appreciated by fortunate friends. Usually it is a matter of a large camp and a party of five or six rifles and guns. I have been responsible for running a good many of them, and there have been few occasions when I have enjoyed myself more.

"TUCKED IN HIS NOSE, SOMERSAULTED DOWN THE SLOPE AND DISAPPEARED"

Our camp at Chikalda was not really a camp since we were comfortably housed in our bungalows. "H" and I, with our wives and children, had the place and its wide jungles to ourselves. We were really after Alphonse, a tiger of some fame and notoriety, but since Alphonse had no wish to meet us, we had to amuse ourselves with small game till such time as he could be located. Away from the sanctuary of the station there were plenty of peafowl and jungle fowl to amuse us.

So, we set out to the higher plateau of Bairat, along the knife edge of the ridge where now a motor road runs. Along here I had planted an experimental plot of coffee, just to see if it would hold its own under jungle conditions. The forest ranger was with me and, before inspecting the coffee bushes, I enquired of the ranger of their condition; had many of them died from the drought? "No, Sir, they do well; their morality is low." Well, they were, after all, exotics, and one does not expect a high standard of morals among foreigners.

When we reached Bairat we left the ladies to the breakfast arrangements while, with a few beaters, we wandered to the dense lantana jungle on the side of the hill, the home of the grey jungle fowl, who loves to feast on the blue lantana berries. With a chance of a sambur we had our rifles with us as well as our shotguns. One never quite knew what would come out of a jungle fowl beat. I have had to face tigers, panthers and bears in those little beats, and when one meets a tiger a good heavy rifle is a comfortable thing to handle.

We found a place where on a little neck between two densely jungled hills a small open space promised a chance of a driven jungle fowl rising for a shot. The slopes down to this neck on either side were pretty steep. Our backs were to the precipitous cliffs of the main escarpment, a short distance away and still further off, fading into the distant blue with a horizon like the sea, were the plains of Berar nearly 3,000ft. below us. We each took position facing the jungle of the hills.

Not long after the beaters had gone round and started the short drive usual for jungle fowl, there was the unmistakable report of a heavy rifle from "H." Then a loud "whoo-ooop" of triumph. Surely, I thought, he cannot have shot a tiger? Yet none would make such noise and fuss for anything less. He had. Alphonse had come down the slope towards "H.," and, in a moment while he paused in a small open space to listen to the beaters, "H" had knocked him over. He had just tucked in his nose, somersaulted down the slope and disappeared in the denser growth. At last! This would be something to tell our wives when we met them again at breakfast! Meanwhile they themseves turned up with the elephant, beginning a conversation from the distance, and were told rather rudely to go away. We had not collected our bag yet.

Of course, it must be dead; "H" was one of the best shots of a famous shooting regiment, he could not have muffed it. A subsequent rather nerve-racking search in some of the densest lantana jungle showed us that Alphonse had in all probability only been stunned. There was no blood trail. Anyway, we thought, he must have gone the way of all troubled tigers in those parts—down the cliff.

It must be remembered that Alphonse was a beast of fame. He was (most unjustly) reputed to be a man-eater, there was a price upon his head, and he seemed gifted with immortality. No doubt the forest ranger reckoned his "morality" to be very low.

Once more he had escaped us. Well, we were used to this sort of thing, and had no intention of having our day spoilt by remorse at being beaten by old Alphonse. So, working away from the cliff, we decided to have a jungle fowl beat in the opposite direction while the ladies prepared our tiffin. This time we found a Korku path that did well as a ride over which to drive the birds. It was a rocky way made by the herdsmen who drove their cattle from the dry plateau to the water below. At the top of this pathway the ladies were unpacking the tiffin basket under the shade of a tree. At the other end of the footpath and well down the hill there was an open patch, the relic of old illicit

"MADAM! THE TIGER! SAVE YOURSELVES!"

A NEW INVESTMENT

spread over

150 *First-class British Securities*

For the first time in the history of Fixed Trusts there is available to the investor an opportunity to participate in 150 first-class companies, spread throughout the industry of the British Empire. Every British Empire Comprehensive Fixed Trust Certificate provides an interest in all the undermentioned securities, which have been carefully selected and whose combined nett assets amount to £1,884,500,000, with reserves of £248,600,000.

DIVIDENDS PAID QUARTERLY

COMMENCING 15th MARCH, 1936

Allied Ironfounders Ltd.
Allied Newspapers Ltd.
Amal. Dental Co. Ltd.
Amalgamated Press Ltd.
Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. Ltd.
Apex (Trinidad) Oilfields Ltd.
Ass. Biscuit Mfrs. Ltd.
Ass. British Picture Corp. Ltd.
Ass. Electrical Industries Ltd.
Associated Newspapers Ltd.
Ass. Portland Cement Mfrs. Ltd.
Ashanti Goldfields Ltd.
Atlas Electric & Gen. Trust Ltd.
Austin Motor Co. Ltd.
W. & T. Avery, Ltd.
Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd.
English Sewing Cotton Co. Ltd.
Bell Telephone Co. of Canada
Calcutta Elec. Supply Corp. Ltd.
D. Gestetner Ltd.
Goodlass Wall & Lead Ind. Ltd.
British American Tobacco Co. Ltd.
Henry Boot & Sons Ltd.
Daily Mail & General Trust Ltd.
British Columbia Power Corp.
Bristol Aeroplane Co. Ltd.
British Oil & Cake Mills Ltd.
Gaumont British Picture Corp. Ltd.
British Ropes Ltd.
British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Burt, Boulton & Haywood Ltd.
General Hydraulic Power Co. Ltd.
Burma Corp. Ltd.
Burton, Sons & Saunders Ltd.
Butterley Co. Ltd.
Cables & Wireless Ltd.
Calcutta Tramways Ltd.
Canadian Pacific Rly. Co. Ltd.
Carreras Ltd.
Central Mining & Invest. Ltd.
J. & P. Coats Ltd.
Cohen, Weenen Co. Ltd.
J. & J. Colman Ltd.
Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa Ltd.
Wm. Cory & Son Ltd.
Covent Garden Properties Co. Ltd.
Cow & Gate Ltd.
J. Crosfield & Sons Ltd.
George Bassett & Co. Ltd.
Beechams Pills Ltd.
Brakpan Mines Ltd.
British Plaster Board Ltd.
Crown Mines Ltd.
Currys Ltd.
Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd.
Debenhams Ltd.
Dennis Bros. Ltd.
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.
Eno Proprietaries Ltd.
Ever Ready Co. (of Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Geduld Proprietary Ltd.
Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds Ltd.
Ind. Coope & Allsopp Ltd.
International Nickel Co. of Canada Ltd.
International Tea Stores Ltd.
Kamunting Tin Dredging Ltd.
Johannesburg Cons. Invest. Trust Ltd.
Lake View & Star Mines Ltd.
Lever Brothers Ltd.
Edward Lloyd Ltd.
London Brick Co. & Forders Ltd.
London, Midland & Scot. Rly. Co.
London & North Eastern Rly. Co.
P. & O. Steam Nav. Co.
Patons & Baldwins Ltd.
Pinchin, Johnson & Co. Ltd.
Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co. Ltd.
Prov. Cinematograph Theatres Ltd.
Radiation Co. Ltd.
Raleigh Cycle Holdings Co. Ltd.
Rand Mines Ltd.
Ranks Ltd.
Reckitt & Co. Ltd.
Robinson Deep Ltd.
Sangers Ltd.
Savoy Hotel Ltd.
Scribbans Ltd.
J. Sears & Co. (True Form Boot Co.) Ltd.
Selfridge & Co. Ltd.
Shell Transport & Trading Co. Ltd.
Slazengers Ltd.
South African Breweries Ltd.
South Crofty Ltd.
Southern Railway Co.
Spillers Ltd.
Springs Mines Ltd.
Staveley Coal and Iron Co. Ltd.
Sub Nigel Ltd.
Sunday Pictorial Newspapers Ltd.
Tate & Lyle Ltd.
C. F. Taylor & Co. Ltd.
Taylor, Walker & Co. Ltd.
Richard Thomas & Co. Ltd.
Thomas Tilling Ltd.
Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee Co. Ltd.
Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd.
Union Cold Storage Co. Ltd.
Union Corp. Ltd.
United Steel Companies Ltd.
Veno Drug Co. Ltd.
Victoria Falls & Transvaal Power Co. Ltd.
Wallpaper Mfrs. Ltd.
Wankie Colliery Co. Ltd.
Whitehead Iron & Steel Co. Ltd.
T. Whites & Taylors Ltd.
Wiluna Gold Corp. Ltd.
Woolcombers Ltd.
Yorkshire Brick Co. Ltd.

APPROXIMATE YIELD
AT THE PRICE OF 21/6
OVER
5%
BASED ON LAST YEAR'S CASH DISTRIBUTIONS ALONE

Government Gold Mining Areas Ltd.
Bovril Ltd.
Bolsover Colliery Co. Ltd.
Gopeng Consolidated Ltd.
Great Universal Stores Ltd.
Great Western Railway Co.
J. Greenwood Millers (1934) Ltd.
Griffiths Hughes Props. Ltd.
Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. Ltd.
S. Hansons Ltd.
Harrisons & Crosfield Ltd.
W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Ltd.
Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.
Imperial Tobacco (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.
Imperial Smelting Corp. Ltd.
Metropolitan Housing Corp. Ltd.
Marconi International Marine Communication Co. Ltd.
Manbré & Garton Ltd.
Malaya Tin Dredging Ltd.
Marks & Spencer Ltd.
Maypole Dairy Co. Ltd.
Meadow Dairy Co. Ltd.
Morris Motors Ltd.
Macleans Ltd.
Montague Burton Ltd.
Montreal Light, Heat & Power Cons.
National Canning Co. Ltd.
New Hucknall Collieries Ltd.
New State Areas Ltd.
Nourse Mines Ltd.
Odhams Press Ltd.
O. K. Bazaars (1929) Ltd.

TRUSTEES: LLOYDS BANK LIMITED

British Empire Comprehensive Fixed Trust Certificates can be bought or sold through any Bank or Stockbroker. Sums from £25 upwards may be invested. The management undertake to repurchase any Certificates offered to them at not less than the actual price which could be realised by a sale on the London Stock Exchange of the underlying securities, less the usual Stock Exchange charges.

Share bonuses will be added to Capital. Last year they amounted to over 2%.

Full descriptive literature may be obtained from any Bank or Stockbroker, or from the Managers, FIXED TRUST INVESTMENTS LTD., 160 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

BRITISH EMPIRE
COMPREHENSIVE
FIXED TRUST CERTIFICATES

shifting cultivation, now a grassy ledge of some width on the hillside. Hereabouts some Korkus were busy doing nothing, a job at which they are experts.

"H." took the top position, above him was the ranger, who was acting as flanker, and at the bottom near the open patch I waited in the hope that birds would come my way. The Korkus chattered on my left some way off; in front of me I could hear the beaters approaching. Suddenly there was a stir of excitement among the Korkus. There is not much in common between the Gondi and Korki languages, but they have one word which they share. There was wild shouting of "puli," and that means "tiger." Old Alphonse had doubled back and was crossing the open patch in sight of the Korkus!

"Here is the tiger," I shouted to "H." "run!" as I tore down the stony path to try to intercept it before it made the covert. "H." came close behind me. The ranger ran in the opposite direction up the hill to our wives. He made a mistake in the direction in which I meant the running to be done, although "H." of course understood it. Breathlessly the ranger reached the ladies.

"Madam!" he gasped, as he drew the futile dirk with which a helpful Government provides him for such emergencies, "the tiger! save yourselves!" and vanished; he had no use for immoral tigers. The ladies loaded a gun and put the kettle on the fire, while Alphonse, whose time was yet to come, was escaping us again.

And of the death of Alphonse I cannot do better than give verbatim the account of my fellow gun on the occasion I have described. From this point the account is given by him personally. "Towards the end of my Christmas leave, Alphonse, unscathed, was still pulling my leg and freely cattle raiding. I had been out of touch with him for some ten days, when news arrived of a kill in an isolated nullah at the extreme northern area of my jungle, an unusual haunt for Alphonse. I arrived late after darkness only to find the kill pilfered for food by low caste local inhabitants. The tiger was not Alphonse, whose pugs I knew only too well. For verification the forest officer kept a clay cast of his pugs. Rather dejected, I was returning next morning when news arrived of a kill of a water-buffalo at a village at the extreme southern end of my block at least fifteen miles away. I felt sure it was Alphonse. I made a forced march, but could not arrive before dark, only to find the aboriginal village occupied by Korkus indulging in the usual 'Alphonse complex.' Added to a huge fire, a dreadful din was being made to keep away the incarnation of Siva and his attendant bhuts. The uneaten kill, a really enormous buffalo, lay on the edge of the circle of grass huts, in the full glare of the fire. I completely failed either to subdue the din or quench the fire, but as a forlorn hope I watched the kill till dawn, but without result.

"After a short rest, which was imperative, I started to make an 'all round me 'at east,' and soon picked up the trail; Alphonse's sure enough, and very fresh at that. The trail led me straight along the forest path back to within two miles of my headquarters, where cattle and water were plentiful. At Lukka Pul Bridge, where I had shot two of Alphonse's mates, the pug marks turned off down the steep hillside, where cover and water existed. In the case of an ordinary tiger, a beat, though presenting technical difficulties, was the obvious tactics; but Alphonse had proved that he knew all about beats, and his habit was to lie up on the opposite hillside to his kill and far from the spot where he had watered, a fact that proved that he never overgorged himself. He was, in fact, a somewhat lean and very active mountain tiger. There was a good moon and although Alphonse was near the spot, and on a previous occasion had proved that he believed in 'ladies first,' I tried a live bait. At about 2 a.m. I knew the position of every bone and muscle in my body. I simply had to move. At once the low 'sneeze' of a suspicious tiger was heard in the *kantaun* almost immediately below the very low tree in which I was precariously perched. Alphonse withdrew as quietly as he had arrived.

"If I was very tired, I knew that Alphonse was very hungry. I had but 48 hours of leave left, so I doubled my intelligence service, which I employed to obtain 'Alphonse *khubbar*.' I had not long to wait. After a much-needed night's sleep the electrifying news arrived hot-foot soon after dawn next day that Alphonse had carried a cow out of a byre almost within view of the local bazaar. And so it was. Alphonse had jumped into the byre over a stiff 5ft. wall and extracted a well-bred and fully-grown cow. I found her corpse a quarter of a mile away in scrub at the foot of a cliff, some 500ft. below the cow-shed. To my amazement and delight only the smallest part of the quarters had been eaten, a fact which seemed to show that Alphonse had killed at or after dawn, and as it was a 'natural' kill, and being by now ravenous, he might return to it, a dangerous habit which he had long ago discarded.

"Leaving nothing to chance, carrying my small portable machan myself, I climbed quietly at 1 p.m. into a bare, but fairly high teak tree, and there camouflaged myself by means of creepers.

"I hardly dared move as I felt my opponent was watching his kill from one of the steep hillsides in the vicinity. About 3.45 p.m. vultures discovered the kill, and soon, as if by magic, hundreds arrived, and the usual Rugby football scrum ensued over the cow. Fearing that soon nothing would remain, I threw two hard-boiled eggs on to the backs of the disgusting feasters, but without avail. After a quarter of an hour, however, several of the vultures showed uneasiness, and leaving the kill, perched in neighbouring trees, but some 20 continued to gorge and wrangle. Suddenly coming fast along the ground like a cat, the enraged Alphonse arrived at his kill, spreading consternation amongst the uninvited guests. He looked superb as he stood for a tense moment at the side of his kill, rigid except for the tip of his tail switching. Now I feel sorry that our duel finished at that moment, but at the time anxiety to outwit Alphonse and to pay off a hundred old scores, and to avenge a hundred cattle raids, completely obsessed my mind. Death was instantaneous and Alphonse never knew that he had at last made a mistake, the same as I saw a snow leopard make in the Karakorum. Alphonse bore two wound stripes, one at each end of his 9ft. 3in. thick winter coat. A bullet had just seared the base of his nose and the slight wound, though old, still slightly suppurated.

"Best and I had each on separate occasions had snapshots at his head when meeting Alphonse fortuitously. The other wound was a very old one near the tip of his tail, a scar probably caused by a shot from one of Alphonse's many wartime shikaris.

"Every tiger displays personality, but Alphonse possessed quite exceptional character, including a sense of humour. He was hunted pretty continuously for certainly seven years and never failed to learn a lesson from each of his many encounters with man, until, with the skill of a genius, he combined amazing boldness and prudence.

"May his numerous progeny rule the Melghat for many a generation."

The
GENUINE GIN COCKTAIL
- made with
GORDON'S GIN . . .

10/6 per bottle (U.K. only)

There are also the other recipes of Gordon's Genuine Cocktails to choose from:—
PICCADILLY, MARTINI
DRY-MARTINI
MANHATTAN, BRONX
PERFECT, FIFTY-FIFTY

GENUINE COCKTAILS - NOT CHEAP WINE CONCOCTIONS
MADE AS COCKTAILS SHOULD BE MADE ACCORDING TO THE CORRECT RECIPES

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., LONDON GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

EVERY TYPE OF SEAT STICK KEPT IN STOCK, FROM 10/6

From Left to Right:

The "Windsor"	30 -
The "Perfect"	45 -
The Brigson Telescopic	55 -
The Three-corner	50 -
"Cross-stick" (closed) "Cross-stick" (open)	75 -
The "Club"	22 6

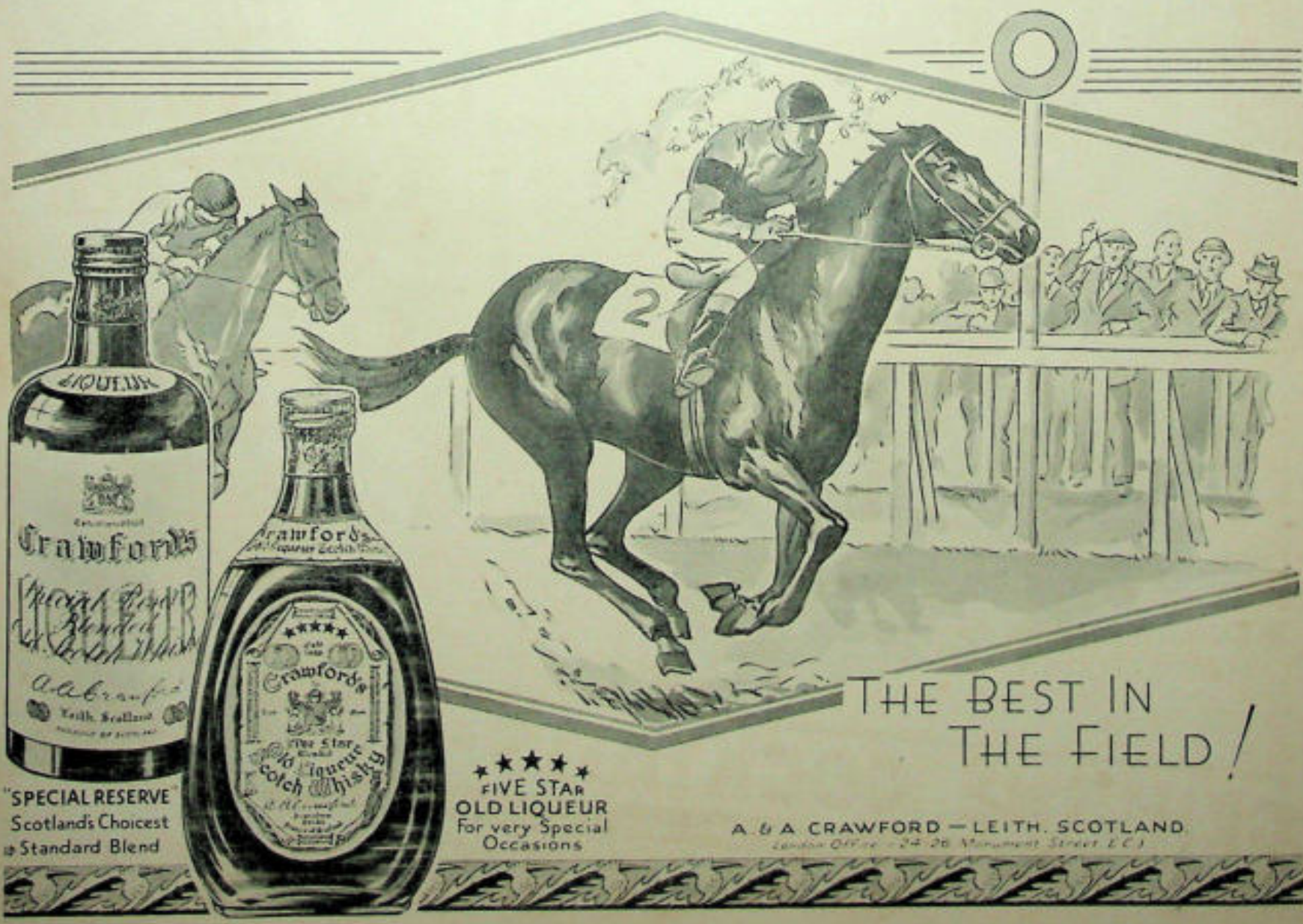
GENTLEMEN'S UMBRELLAS

Crook, Golden Whangee	45 -
Crook, Macassar Rattan	45 -
Crook, Malacca, plated gold collar	52 6
Crook, Pigskin, plated gold pencil & collar	77 6

LADIES' UMBRELLAS

Bellier Horn, Crook	55 -
Crook, Bamboo, silver collar	45 -
Crook, Malacca, plated gold pencil & collar	65 -
Crocodile Crook, plated gold collar	55 -

THOS. BRIGG & SONS, LTD., 23, St James's Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1



THE BEST IN THE FIELD!

"SPECIAL RESERVE" Scotland's Choicest Standard Blend

★★★★★ FIVE STAR OLD LIQUEUR For very Special Occasions

A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND

THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.
(From "A Memoir of the Rev. J. Russell")

IN THE DAYS OF THE "SQUARSONS"

Parsons Who Hunted and Raced with the Best

IT is not altogether easy to exactly define the term "squarson." It is a relic of the days when the patriarchal system, under which squires governed and farmers thrived, and it is intended to imply a gentleman in Holy Orders who lived in his own vicarage, hunted with the local and neighbouring packs, drank his wine with the squire of the parish and very often farmed his own glebe. Such a one was generally as equally at home in the pulpit as on the box seat, equally as adept with gun or fishing rod as with prayer book and psalter.

Many were squires and justices of the peace, were upright men of principle who looked after their flock, played an intimate part in the lives of it and were men for whom all the parish had a wholesome and lasting respect and who thought none the worse of them because they sought knowledge of the world and followed truth and honesty in field, beside stream, over moor, copse and fen.

Some of the old sporting parsons were men of great dignity of character who allowed no one to dictate to them in what they considered to be their duty. Such a one was Dr. Cyril Jackson, of Christ Church, George the Fourth's old tutor, who never failed to visit him on the way to Bibury race meetings. On one occasion he presented himself in his full club uniform of green coat, buckskins and top-boots. The Dean was as cordial as ever, but he felt that in those cloistered precincts discipline must be maintained even with the Heir Apparent. His stately hint on parting was: "Now remember, I'm glad to see you except when you are dressed for Bibury and then I don't know that your Royal Highness exists!"

Rather a different type was Dean Milner, the President of Queen's who scandalised the Cambridge dons of the period, during a ferry journey across the Humber, by entering into conversation with Mendoza, the celebrated boxer of Regency days. But the staunch prelate would brook no admonition on the point and curtly told his attackers that "Ah! I knew he was at the head of his profession and I wanted to get something out of him." This remark reminds one of the Bishop who when told that one of his curates was going to ride in a race said: "Ride in a race, hardly for the cloth," and then brightly, "Well, I bet you a shilling he wins!"

It was a Northern parson called the Rev. W. J. King who raced under the *nom de course* of Mr. "Launde" who won the St. Leger with Apology, ridden by that sterling jockey John Osborne. Mr. King was just as keen about racing, and inherited a fine stud from his father. The North, and especially Yorkshire, has always been prolific in sporting parsons. Probably one of the most famous, and certainly the best example of a "squarson," held the living of Stainton in Cleveland, the village in which I was born. This was the Reverend William Gooch, who is also buried there. He farmed his own glebe and kept up a considerable state at the Vicarage, killing his own mutton and brewing his own ale. In those days the lady of the parish was Miss Hutchinson, a curious character, too. Emancipation of women was then unknown, but she used to work on the land with her kirtle drawn high, and nothing from holding the plough stilts to slashing a hedge came amiss to her. One evening she walked down to church in the cool of a summer evening. The church doors stood open and she saw that the service had started and that Mr. Gooch had commenced to read the lessons. She turned away only to be considerably startled by Mr. Gooch's resonant voice saying to his footman—who was by the way always powdered and pumped—"Peter, I see Miss Hutchinson turning back on the House of God. Pray bring her in at once."

One of the Reverend William Gooch's contemporaries was the Rev. Jon. Newton, for over fifty years vicar of Kirby in Cleveland, and who was one of the best men to hounds that ever put leg over saddle. They still talk of his hard riding in the dales of Yorkshire. Another first-rate "gentleman in black" was the Rev. Thomas Hart Dyke, who went so well with the Hurworth and South Durham, who was, I believe, related to the Dykes of Lullingstone Castle in Kent, that a song was written of him one line of which tells us "If he leads unto Heaven as he rides in the van." There was a parson too in the Bedale country of whom the song says:

> "Here's a health to the parson despising control
> Who, to better his parish, his health or his soul
> (On my honour I think he does each)
> Five days in the week follows reynard and hounds,
> On the sixth duly goes his parochial rounds
> And on Sunday devoutly can preach."

Continuing with the parsons of Yorkshire there was the Reverend Charles Slingsby who was killed while following the York and Ainsty in 1912, the Reverend D. Slingsby, and in my time the Reverend Mr. Heigham, who was not only a very good horseman but also a fine judge of hounds and was well known in the Cleveland country.

It is of the Rev. Henry Knightley whom Lord Willoughby de Broke tells us in that swan song of the squirearchy *The Passing Years*: "He was almost the last, perhaps quite the last, of his kind. His devotion to field sports and the hardships he would undergo in their pursuit would be remarkable in any layman, but seemed to stand out with double prominence in a clergyman. It is recorded of him that on one occasion he rode 40 miles to meet the Pytchley hounds and 40 miles home, having had a blank day. Another time he was drenched to the skin by getting into a brook on a biting January day but refused to go home. A sharp frost turned him into a pillar of ice, which had to be thawed before the fire on his return to Cumbroke Vicarage."

The Old Berkshire owe their existence to the Rev. John Loder, rector of Hinton Walrist, and his advent as an M.F.H. places him as contemporary with John Warde and Reginald Corbet. Strangely enough, too, the Old Berkeley Hunt Club was founded by the Rev. W. Capel, who was Master in all but name, and to whom the celebrated Tom Oldaker was huntsman.

In addition to these two early Masters of Hounds, there were also other names to conjure with among the clergy in the past. That great Master of Hounds, who, on one occasion, stoutly defended the right of "Skittles" to hunt when she liked, used to say that the Rev. Cave Humphrey, of Lughton, the original of Whyte Melville's "Parson Dove," was easily the best man to hounds he knew; while little "spurting Bullen," of Eastwell, rode till he was past 80, and owed his very living to the fact that as a curate he so annoyed Lord Yarborough, Master of the Brocklesby, by his "spurting tactics" at the covert side, that he begged the Duke of Rutland to find this cleric a living, and so got him transferred to Eastwell, and—the Belvoir.

Parson Seabrook is said to have ridden in the Grand National as "Mr. C. Brook," while the Rev. Edward Drake who rode as "Mr. Ekard" (which you may see with a little thought is Drake spelt backwards), piloted Bridegroom in the Grand National of 1860, won by Anatis. With perfect seat and hands, Edward Drake was one of the most elegant horsemen that ever donned silk, but he relinquished race riding when he entered the Church, I believe, but still carried on in the hunting field.

In the list of parsons who went so well with hounds, were horsemen of the calibre of the Rev. Frederick Thorp, of Burton Overy, who was still going strong at 86; the Rev. John Morpot Piercy; the Rev. J. C. Davenport, of Skeffington, who was known to his friends, probably for sufficient reasons, as "Old Port"; the Rev. Arthur Sutton; and, of course, the famous Parson Jack Russell.

So much has been written of Jack Russell, of his hounds, his foxes (for he had several tame ones which were hunted by stop hounds), his terriers, and his otter hunting expeditions, that it is difficult to add anything fresh. He was practically the last of the old-timers, and is still known by his breed of terriers.

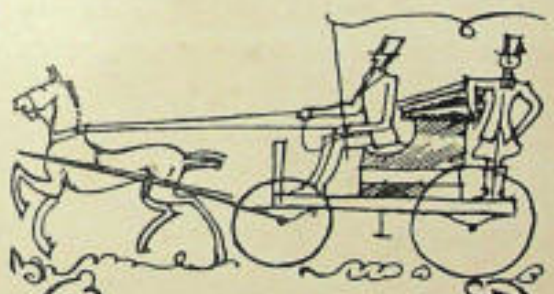
Among the countless stories which are repeated of this famous sportsman, the one I like best is of the dinner party at Pennell Elmhirst's, where the Parson had been invited to meet George Grey of Northumberland. Talking of foxhounds, Mr. Grey asked Russell if he thought the foxhound was a "distinct species of dog from the first. Did he, in fact, come out of the Ark?" explained Lord Carrington. "How could he?" returned Russell; "did not a brace of foxes come out alive." Parson Russell was generally the life and soul of any party, and so was the Rev. Cecil Legard, fine judge of a hound and editor of the *Foxhound Kennel Stud Book* for very many years.

Another equally well-known parson was that strange character, Parson Parkes. With him it was the racecourse and the thoroughbred, and nothing else. An Irishman with all an Irishman's love for a horse and full of wit and good fellowship, Parkes was for some years a country clergyman, but was much too honest to take his stipend when his heart was with the galloping hoofs of the race-horse. So he became a trainer, and won many races, though he was never lucky enough to own a really good horse. He invariably wore a semi-clerical garb, black hat, white tie. In one of his later years, when there was a dinner at a British Empire Club in Piccadilly with Lord Curzon as the principal speaker, and all the necessary surroundings, including a pompous toastmaster, there was no clergyman present but Parson Parkes, and as someone had to say grace there came forth in stentorian tones: "Pray silence for the Rev. A. W. Parkes." Good old Parkes, of course, did the needful, but the contrast between him and Lord Curzon dwells in my memory. Not that the Parson would care, he was very rough-and-ready in his way. When he was vicar of Kettleby he preached to some of the Melton crowd, among which was Mrs. Asquith (now the Countess of Oxford and Asquith), taking for his text, "So run that ye may obtain."

The sporting parson of old was a straightforward manly man, with no use for cant, humbug or hypocrisy. These old parsons met their flock in many cases on common ground, be it racecourse, hunting field or farm, and no doubt inspired the quatrain:

> If yer want to know why our church be full
> Well, you ain't gotter look so far son.
> We've got a wiry, clean-limbed straight young chap
> Wot's a hell of a sportin' parson.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



Something
NICER
for your
Sandwiches

Peach Fed Ham Paste
2/9 a jar
Devilled Epicure Ham Paste
1/9 a jar
Fortmason Relish
1/6 a jar
Mayfort Smoked Ham Paste
2/6 a jar
Reindeer Tongue
3/- a jar
Mushroom Savoury
2/6 a jar

FORTNUM & MASON
181 PICCADILLY LONDON REGent 8040
Fortnum & Mason Ltd.

THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL

(*From "A Memoir of the Rev. J. Russell"*)

IN THE DAYS OF THE "SQUARSONS"

Parsons Who Hunted and Raced with the Best

IT is not altogether easy to exactly define the term "squarson." It is a relic of the days when the patriarchal system, under which squires governed and farmers thrived, and it is intended to imply a gentleman in Holy Orders who lived in his own vicarage, hunted with the local and neighbouring packs, drank his wine with the squire of the parish and very often farmed his own glebe. Such a one was generally as equally at home in the pulpit as on the box seat, equally as adept with gun or fishing rod as with prayer book and psalter.

Many were squires and justices of the peace, were upright men of principle who looked after their flock, played an intimate part in the lives of it and were men for whom all the parish had a wholesome and lasting respect and who thought none the worse of them because they sought knowledge of the world and followed truth and honesty in field, beside stream, over moor, copse and fen.

Some of the old sporting parsons were men of great dignity of character who allowed no one to dictate to them in what they considered to be their duty. Such a one was Dr. Cyril Jackson, of Christ Church, George the Fourth's old tutor, who never failed to visit him on the way to Bibury race meetings. On one occasion he presented himself in his full club uniform of green coat, buckskins and top-boots. The Dean was as cordial as ever, but he felt that in those cloistered precincts discipline must be maintained even with the Heir Apparent. His stately hint on parting was: "Now remember, I'm glad to see you except when you are dressed for Bibury and then I don't know that your Royal Highness exists!"

Rather a different type was Dean Milner, the President of Queen's who scandalised the Cambridge dons of the period, during a ferry journey across the Humber, by entering into conversation with Mendoza, the celebrated boxer of Regency days. But the staunch prelate would brook no admonition on the point and curtly told his attackers that "Ah! I knew he was at the head of his profession and I wanted to get something out of him." This remark reminds one of the Bishop who when told that one of his curates was going to ride in a race said: "Ride in a race, hardly for the cloth," and then brightly, "Well, I bet you a shilling he wins!"

It was a Northern parson called the Rev. W. J. King who raced under the *nom de course* of Mr. "Launde" who won the St. Leger with Apology, ridden by that sterling jockey John Osborne. Mr. King was just as keen about racing, and inherited a fine stud from his father. The North, and especially Yorkshire, has always been prolific in sporting parsons. Probably one of the most famous, and certainly the best example of a "squarson," held the living of Stainton in Cleveland, the village in which I was born. This was the Reverend William Gooch, who is also buried there. He farmed his own glebe and kept up a considerable state at the Vicarage, killing his own mutton and brewing his own ale. In those days the lady of the parish was Miss Hutchinson, a curious character, too. Emancipation of women was then unknown, but she used to work on the land with her kirtle drawn high, and nothing from holding the plough stilts to slashing a hedge came amiss to her. One evening she walked down to church in the cool of a summer evening. The church doors stood open and she saw that the service had started and that Mr. Gooch had commenced to read the lessons. She turned away only to be considerably startled by Mr. Gooch's resonant voice saying to his footman—who was by the way always powdered and pumped—"Peter, I see Miss Hutchinson turning back on the House of God. Pray bring her in at once."

One of the Reverend William Gooch's contemporaries was the Rev. Jon. Newton, for over fifty years vicar of Kirby in Cleveland, and who was one of the best men to hounds that ever put leg over saddle. They still talk of his hard riding in the dales of Yorkshire. Another first-rate "gentleman in black" was the Rev. Thomas Hart Dyke, who went so well with the Hurworth and South Durham, who was, I believe, related to the Dykes of Lullingstone Castle in Kent, that a song was written of him one line of which tells us "If he leads unto Heaven as he rides in the van." There was a parson too in the Bedale country of whom the song says:—

> "Here's a health to the parson despising control
> Who, to better his parish, his health or his soul
> (On my honour I think he does each)
> Five days in the week follows reynard and hounds,
> On the sixth duly goes his parochial rounds
> And on Sunday devoutly can preach."

Continuing with the parsons of Yorkshire there was the Reverend Charles Slingsby who was killed while following the York and Ainsty in 1912, the Reverend D. Slingsby, and in my time the Reverend Mr. Heigham, who was not only a very good horseman but also a fine judge of hounds and was well known in the Cleveland country.

It is of the Rev. Henry Knightley whom Lord Willoughby de Broke tells us in that swan song of the squirearchy *The Passing Years*: "He was almost the last, perhaps quite the last, of his kind. His devotion to field sports and the hardships he would undergo in their pursuit would be remarkable in any layman, but seemed to stand out with double prominence in a clergyman. It is recorded of him that on one occasion he rode 40 miles to meet the Pytchley hounds and 40 miles home, having had a blank day. Another time he was drenched to the skin by getting into a brook on a biting January day but refused to go home. A sharp frost turned him into a pillar of ice, which had to be thawed before the fire on his return to Combroke Vicarage."

The Old Berkshire owe their existence to the Rev. John Loder, rector of Hinton Walrist, and his advent as an M.F.H. places him as contemporary with John Warde and Reginald Corbet. Strangely enough, too, the Old Berkeley Hunt Club was founded by the Rev. W. Capel, who was Master in all but name, and to whom the celebrated Tom Oldaker was huntsman.

In addition to these two early Masters of Hounds, there were also other names to conjure with among the clergy in the past. That great Master of Hounds, who, on one occasion, stoutly defended the right of "Skittles" to hunt when she liked, used to say that the Rev. Cave Humphrey, of Lughton, the original of Whyte Melville's "Parson Dove," was easily the best man to hounds he knew; while little "spurting Bullen," of Eastwell, rode till he was past 80, and owed his very living to the fact that as a curate he so annoyed Lord Yarborough, Master of the Brocklesby, by his "spurting tactics" at the covert side, that he begged the Duke of Rutland to find this cleric a living, and so got him transferred to Eastwell, and—the Belvoir.

Parson Seabrook is said to have ridden in the Grand National as "Mr. C. Brook," while the Rev. Edward Drake who rode as "Mr. Ekard" (which you may see with a little thought is Drake spelt backwards), piloted Bridegroom in the Grand National of 1860, won by Anatis. With perfect seat and hands, Edward Drake was one of the most elegant horsemen that ever donned silk, but he relinquished race riding when he entered the Church, I believe, but still carried on in the hunting field.

In the list of parsons who went so well with hounds, were horsemen of the calibre of the Rev. Frederick Thorp, of Burton Overy, who was still going strong at 86; the Rev. John Morpot Piercy; the Rev. J. C. Davenport, of Skeffington, who was known to his friends, probably for sufficient reasons, as "Old Port"; the Rev. Arthur Sutton; and, of course, the famous Parson Jack Russell.

So much has been written of Jack Russell, of his hounds, his foxes (for he had several tame ones which were hunted by stop hounds), his terriers, and his otter hunting expeditions, that it is difficult to add anything fresh. He was practically the last of the old-timers, and is still known by his breed of terriers.

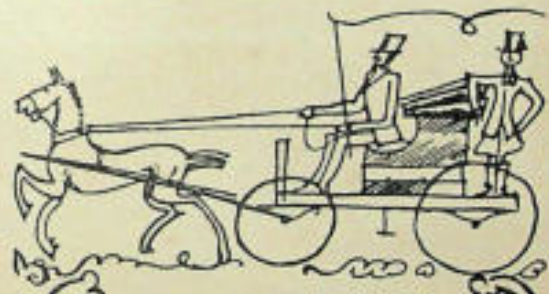
Among the countless stories which are repeated of this famous sportsman, the one I like best is of the dinner party at Pennell Elmhirst's, where the Parson had been invited to meet George Grey of Northumberland. Talking of foxhounds, Mr. Grey asked Russell if he thought the foxhound was a "distinct species of dog from the first. Did he, in fact, come out of the Ark?" explained Lord Carrington. "How could he?" returned Russell; "did not a brace of foxes come out alive." Parson Russell was generally the life and soul of any party, and so was the Rev. Cecil Legard, fine judge of a hound and editor of the *Foxhound Kennel Stud Book* for very many years.

Another equally well-known parson was that strange character, Parson Parkes. With him it was the racecourse and the thoroughbred, and nothing else. An Irishman with all an Irishman's love for a horse and full of wit and good fellowship, Parkes was for some years a country clergyman, but was much too honest to take his stipend when his heart was with the galloping hoofs of the racehorse. So he became a trainer, and won many races, though he was never lucky enough to own a really good horse. He invariably wore a semi-clerical garb, black hat, white tie. In one of his later years, when there was a dinner at a British Empire Club in Piccadilly with Lord Curzon as the principal speaker, and all the necessary surroundings, including a pompous toastmaster, there was no clergyman present but Parson Parkes, and as someone had to say grace there came forth in stentorian tones: "Pray silence for the Rev. A. W. Parkes." Good old Parkes, of course, did the needful, but the contrast between him and Lord Curzon dwells in my memory. Not that the Parson would care, he was very rough-and-ready in his way. When he was vicar of Kettleby he preached to some of the Melton crowd, among which was Mrs. Asquith (now the Countess of Oxford and Asquith), taking for his text, "So run that ye may obtain."

The sporting parson of old was a straightforward manly man, with no use for cant, humbug or hypocrisy. These old parsons met their flock in many cases on common ground, be it racecourse, hunting field or farm, and no doubt inspired the quatrain:

> If yer want to know why our church be full
> Well, you ain't gotter look so far son.
> We've got a wiry, clean-limbed straight young chap
> Wot's a hell of a sportin' parson.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.



Something

NICER

for your

Sandwiches

Peach Fed Ham Paste
2/9 a jar

Devilled Epicure Ham Paste
1/9 a jar

Fortmason Relish
1/6 a jar

Mayfort Smoked Ham Paste
2/6 a jar

Reindeer Tongue
3/- a jar

Mushroom Savoury
2/6 a jar

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY LONDON REGent 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd.

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.

"STYMIES"

SIR,—Will not the answer to Mr. Tipple's question—as to whether or not the majority of golfers consider the present rule a fair one—be found in the fact that when one of them lays his opponent a stymie there is not one in a hundred who does not apologise (however pleased he may be in his heart of hearts) for having done a thing which, he thus evidently considers, places his opponent at an unfair disadvantage?

Yours faithfully,
Gillotts House, R. C. BAYLDON.
Henley-on-Thames.

SIR,—There is no shot in golf which gives one more satisfaction when negotiated. A rasping drive thrills one differently, it is only the start; a negotiated stymie is the end, a fulfilling of a purpose. I have always looked upon a stymie from two viewpoints, one being definitely unfair punishment. I refer to the stymie which one's opponent gives one, through playing a bad putt. The other, when one stymies oneself or when the other chap gets inside you from a long putt, is perfectly fair. These contradictions only make for more confusion, but it seems to me that, like the "anchor stroke" in billiards, some alteration in the rules is called for. I love to negotiate a stymie; it is not a difficult shot seven times out of ten, and should be executed as easily as a putt.

When playing the final of an important competition recently I was 1 up going to the 3rd—a 4 bogey. I was on in 2, 4yds. from the hole, went for my 3, just missed and went 18in. past. My opponent is on in 3 putts for a half in 4, misses and lays me a dead stymie, right on the lip. Now this is robbery, as I dare not risk my ball running away down the slope.

Yours faithfully,
3, Augusta Road, GEO. WOODS.
Penarth, Glam.

SHOOTING AVERAGES

SIR,—With reference to the problem set by Colonel Foley in the *Field* of September 7th, and in a previous issue, regarding the shooting averages of the two sportsmen, I think the solution lies in the fact that, although not actually stated, their average was taken over the time they were shooting rather than on the number of shots fired. To obtain a fair or correct average per bird per shot they should both have fired the same number of shots, and in this case if the professor had shot true to his all-day average form he would have killed eight birds with the remaining 24 shots due to him, which would have brought him out level. This rather goes to show how misleading figures of averages may be if taken haphazard, and not on a basis of numeral equality.

Yours faithfully,
Argentina. SHADOW.

THE CARE AND COOKING OF A PHEASANT

SIR,—In your article on the "Care and Cooking of a Pheasant" in the *Field* of October 19th, you mention the good old-fashioned idea that "You can hang it by the tail and eat it when it falls." For the true epicure there is a still better receipt for arriving at the exact moment of pheasant perfection. It is as follows: "Take two birds, shot on the same day, and hang them both up by their tails. When one falls, throw that away and eat the other."

Yours faithfully,
Alverstoke Rectory. GUY LANDON.
Gosport.

HARVEST MITES

SIR,—Some weeks ago I wrote to the *Field* asking for information from readers who suffered from harvesters as to the remedies they had found effective both in prevention and cure.

From the large number of letters I received both from at home and abroad I find that very many suffer excessively from the irritation and sleeplessness caused by these mites. Some related their sufferings and stated there was no known remedy; others that they were unable to go on their land from June to September. One doctor stated that in exceptional cases the irritation and discomfort brought on severe rheumatism. All agreed that harvesters are an intolerable nuisance.

My secretary has tabulated all the letters, and the following table gives briefly the percentage of the remedies recommended.

Prevention.	Cure.
60% Flowers of sulphur dusted on clothing.	70% Sulphur ointment.
20% Carbolic soap bath and allow soap to dry on skin.	15% 8.80 ammonia.
	10% Iodine.
10% Various oils, viz.: Citronella, Lavender Spike, Cedar, Elliman's Embrocation, etc.	5% Sundry oils.
1% "Flit."	

The remedy which appeals to me most for prevention is "Flit." It can be sprayed on one's clothes without trouble. Its recommendation came rather late in September, but when I used it I was not attacked. Twice I forgot to spray, and the harvesters had me.

As a cure I have found opening the place with a needle and rubbing in 8.80 ammonia rapidly reduces the inflammation and irritation, but next year I hope to give some of the other suggested cures a trial.

Yours faithfully,
North Frith, Tonbridge. F. N. HOBNE.

"MAKING THE LAND"

SIR,—In his excellent article in your issue of October 5th Mr. Keble Chatterton writes of a Spanish vessel bound for France in convoy during the war, which lost both convoy and position and found herself on the Margaretta Shoal in Galway Bay.

When Captain Hanan, R.N., boarded the Spaniard and observed what a comfortable position had been taken up on this dangerous shoal, he said: "Man, haven't you any charts on board?" The Spanish skipper replied that he had plenty, but as he did not know what part of Europe he was lying on his charts did not appear to be much use. I believe when he was informed that he was ashore on the west coast of Ireland his consternation was complete.

To the best of my belief this account is included in one of Mr. Chatterton's war books.

Yours faithfully,
Rathcoursey, T. H. DE HERBZ SMYTH
Midleton, Co. Cork. (Captain, retired).

RABBIT BITE

SIR,—Your correspondents on this subject may be interested to hear of an incident which occurred here a few years ago.

At that time we used to employ the humane snares, issued by the R.S.P.C.A., for catching our rabbits. These snares, as you are probably aware, are fitted with a knot so that the rabbits are held but not strangled. Our headkeeper was going round a set early one morning, and when stooping down to take a rabbit out of a snare it flew at his hand like a dog and bit his forefinger very severely. He kept the wound clean and there were no injurious after effects, but, as you may readily suppose, he was not very keen on using the humane snares after this experience.

Yours faithfully,
Sandon Estate Office, T. W. KNOWLES.
Stafford.

HABITS OF TURTLE-DOVES

SIR,—My first close acquaintance with these birds began in a Thames-side garden in pre-war days. A grain much to their liking is Indian corn or maize and if upon arrival in spring a pair are so fortunate as to find this already strewn on an open space of turf the chances are in favour of their settling down and nesting in the immediate vicinity. Originally commencing with one pair of doves, the number increased yearly, until, in the year 1915, when corn could no longer be obtained except for domestic poultry, 50 disconsolate birds arrived to find the cupboard bare.

After the war we moved to Surrey, in a locality where old chalk-pits, tall beeches and dark yews presented such a contrast to the cosy nesting sites by the Thames that it was with somewhat faint hope of success that Indian corn was freely sprinkled about the lawn during the last week of April, 1925. Not many days, however, elapsed before the welcome and familiar purring note was heard in the surrounding trees, and shortly afterwards a pair of doves flew down to feed, and these were joined in a few days by two more pairs. Since that memorable day the number of our charming guests has increased with such rapidity that 213 have been counted feeding on the lawn this summer, and the consumption of corn has rejoiced the local chandler's heart! At meal-times—breakfast, luncheon and tea—the scene is surprising and delightful; there is a certain amount of pushing and shoving, but good manners are generally assured by spreading the corn in two long lines across the grass. There are very few suitable nesting sites in the immediate neighbourhood, and the birds fly in from all the surrounding country, having obviously pre-arranged hours for assembling. The flickering of white tail-feathers and the sustained purring in the trees around the lawn announce their arrival. The turtle-dove is essentially shy, and any movement at a window of the house scares the whole party to the protection of the trees again, but if all is quiet they come right up to the verandah steps and push each other about in a bird-bath which stands there.

Very little variation in plumage is noticeable among the turtle-doves; very rarely one appears with darker colouring, and once only an individual with a distinct head crest was observed. If the season's nestlings join their parents on the lawn it is not until they are fully fledged, and no difference is noticeable between the coloration of the old people and the juveniles. It is possible, however, that the latter do not come to feed, for the number of birds tends to diminish instead of increasing as the summer wears on. As a rule, all the doves have taken flight for the South again by the end of August, though an occasional bird remains throughout September, and then it is "au revoir" until springtime comes again.

Yours faithfully,
Monks Hatch, Compton. CECILIA BOSTON.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HUNTING PORTRAIT

SIR,—The coloured plate on the cover of your special hunting number has the character of a Raeburn. Probably by a pupil or possibly, quite remotely possible, an unidentified work of Raeburn. The subject shows strongly a likeness to the Churchill family, especially in the shape of the eyes and the sweep of the forehead. If there is no certainty it might be indexed as a portrait of a younger Churchill by a pupil of Raeburn, and no harm done to anybody.

Yours faithfully,
8, Millbrook, A. PRESTON-TEWART.
Salisbury.

ELK AND MOOSE HEADS

SIR,—I am sure that my son, who is the author of the article which appeared in the *Field* of October 5th, and to which Major Radclyffe refers in his letter to the *Field* of October 26th, will be most anxious, on his return, to discuss the interesting point which Major Radclyffe has raised. At present he is hunting in Asia, and one of the objects of his expedition is to obtain specimens of the Eastern elk.

We know that the Eastern elk tends to be of the cervine type with long tines and little or no palmation, whereas in its extreme western range, *i.e.*, Alaska, the moose shows the maximum development of the palmation.

Intermediate forms occur on the line between these two. I remember an old music-hall ditty which ran, "I'd rather be an old has been than a never will be or a never was." Does the cervine type come under the former or the latter category? Major Radclyffe inclines to the former theory. Can it be that the type depends on the nature of the ground, compare the woodland and the barren ground types of caribou. In Norway, in the case of the elk, both types are found in the same district and within a mile or two of one another. The question then arises as to whether the cervine type there is a beast which has been palmated and is an old beast with a going off head. In Norway a modified cervine type is commoner than the palmated. I feel that the former are unlikely all to be going off heads.

On the last day of one season in Norway I had had no shot despite strenuous spooring and work with the bird hund, when I saw a shootable beast accompanied by a cow and a calf; as it was fading away among the trees it seemed to be of a fair size, and I was disappointed to find that it was young and had a small tined head.

Yours faithfully,
86, Brooke Street, G. SECCOMBE HETT.
W. 1.

FLIGHTING WEATHER

SIR,—Every wildfowler knows that a *bright* moon is bad for flighting, but a full moon covered by light clouds is ideal; even small fowl show up clearly against such a background, and when shot they are easier to find than when there is no moon.

Yours faithfully,
A. MACDERMOTT.
Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde.

ASSORTED PEAFOWL: A GROUP CONTAINING WHITE, COMMON, JAPANESE AND PIED VARIETIES
(See Letter "Varieties of Peafowl")

GEESE AT NIAGARA FALLS

SIR,—It was reported recently that a flock of wild geese (variously quoted as being anything up to 10,000 in number) had alighted on the Niagara river, great numbers being swept over the falls and drowned. At first these birds would drift down with the current until, reaching the brink, they would rise and repeat the process. Becoming exhausted after many hours of this, they met disaster.

I witnessed this phenomenon while at Niagara a few winters ago. I came to the conclusion that the swiftly moving current, and possibly the noise of the cataract, had a great fascination for the geese. On this particular occasion there was no mist prevailing and the birds did not appear exhausted on arrival. Even assuming the latter, why should they choose the river (which skirts the town) when the vast Lake of Ontario is adjacent?

Apparently no ordinary endeavours have any effect in scaring them from this "flirtation with death."

Yours faithfully,
Croydon. JAMES E. KEANE.

FILE FISH FROM CORNWALL

SIR,—In a recent issue Lord St. Levan reports having received a file fish (*Balistes capriscus*) taken in a lobster pot, and inquires if such an occurrence is not rare. In August, 1928, I forwarded a file fish to the Natural History section of the British Museum. Last September a large specimen caught here was sent to the British Sea Anglers' Society. Both these fish were caught off here in a lobster pot. Another correspondent mentions the capture of a sun fish (*Orthagoriscus mola*) on rod and line. An angler fishing for pollack with a lask of mackerel hooked and landed a smallish fish. It is of interest to note that it was the angler's first attempt at sea fishing. This fish and the one taken by Miss Spotswood are probably the only two sun fish capture on rod and line.

Yours faithfully,
GUY DE MAUPAS.
Trenance, Mevagissey,
South Cornwall.

SIR,—Regarding the file fish from Penberth mentioned by Lord St. Levan in a recent issue of the *Field*, this species may not be of such rare occurrence in British waters as has been previously thought. Only during the last few weeks a specimen was received by this society from Mevagissey, caught I believe in a drift net; and off the Sussex coast last autumn one was taken on the rod. This is the first recorded capture by an angler in our waters.

Yours faithfully,
British Sea Anglers' Society, A. ERIC COOPER.
4, Fetter Lane, E.C. 4.

"SEALING" A HARE

SIR,—I have recently come across, in some eighteenth-century letters, several references to the marking of a (dead) hare on the forehead to prevent her being changed on a journey. Here is one of them: "Have sent you the small present of a hare that was killed this day. . . . To prevent her being exchanged have sealed her on the forehead with my signature."

I should be very glad to know how this sealing was effected.

Yours faithfully,
Whernalls, E. WOODWARD JEFFCOTT.
Alcester, Warwickshire.

A LABRADOR'S GREAT SWIMMING FEAT

SIR,—A young Labrador retriever bitch, belonging to Mr. A. M. Ross, of the Grand Hotel, Brora, had a long swim on October 11th. Cheetah, the heroine of the swim, was out fishing with her master in his launch White Cloud, and when the launch made for home she was missed. The White Cloud was then four miles from land, and Mr. Ross cruised about for eight hours looking for his dog. A careful watch of the beach also was kept from the White Cloud, and from another yacht, and at last, in the failing light, a signal from land indicated that the bitch had reached the beach.

The dog was in the water from 11 a.m. until 3.30 p.m., and the weather was exceedingly stormy, with heavy rain squalls. The tide was against her also, and that she reached the beach seems a miracle.

Her finder, Mr. Alex. Sutherland, carried her home wrapped in his jacket, and she is none the worse for her experience.

Yours faithfully,
Invergordon. D. M.

VARIETIES OF PEAFOWL

SIR,—I have asked Mr. Bertram Jones, a great expert on peafowl, to write a few explanatory notes on this group of my peafowl. As it contains white, common, Japanese and pied varieties, I think it may be of interest.

Mr. Bertram Jones writes:

"The peacock may safely be termed the most magnificent of the feathered tribe, but we are so familiar with it in this country that we are apt to think less of its real splendour. I have been asked to describe the varieties of the common peacock, all of which are depicted at various ages in the accompanying photograph.

"The common is so well known that it hardly needs description. In the black-winged or Japanese, the adult cock is the same as the common peacock, except that he has dark green wings with the exception of the primaries, which are the same as in the ordinary variety. The hen of this species is nearly white with brown markings down the back, black tail, and a greenish tinge on the upper neck. The white variety is purely an albino which breeds true. Pied peafowl are generally produced by crossing a white cock with a common hen.

"All these varieties can be intercrossed, but there is a tendency in every case to throw back to the common type from which they originated. For instance, if you cross a common or a Japanese peacock with a white hen, the young ones are almost entirely like the common peafowl with, perhaps, a few white primaries; or if you cross Japanese and common, the result will probably be the common; but it is interesting to note that these crosses in their third generation will quite likely produce the pure varieties from which they originated.

"Peacocks are not in their full plumage until their third year, by which I mean the long tail coverts do not appear until then, but the blue neck is quite apparent at the age of nine months. The peahens generally begin to nest in their second year, and the first nest consists of five eggs. Incubation lasts from 28 to 30 days. Peahens are, as a rule, good mothers, but many young ones are lost every year by being brought down from roost too early and dragged about in the cold wet grass.

The primaries of a peacock's wing are considered the best feathers for making arrows for archery, and it is interesting to note that Captain Hogg, the well-known archer, took the photographs reproduced herewith. Parts of the long tail coverts are also used for making salmon and trout flies.

"I consider the Java peacock, a separate species, to be the most magnificent of the peafowl tribe. His crest is upright and not spread. His cheeks are orange and lavender skin, his neck is bronze-green, his wings prussian blue, his train golden green, and though the eyed feathers of the train are smaller than those of the ordinary peafowl, they are brighter and more silky. The cock bird is longer in the leg than the common. The Java peahen is almost as beautiful as the cock (without the train), which is by no means the case with any of the other peafowl."

Yours faithfully,
The Grange, W. R. CHICHESTER.
Claines, Worcester.

A WHITE PEACOCK DISPLAYING
(See Letter "Varieties of Peafowl")

HATCH MANSFIELD

& CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King

23 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

* * *

Special Bottlings of

SANDEMAN

VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919*	120/-	Per dozen delivered
VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922*	90/-	
VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929*	60/-	

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

A RECORD STAG FROM BOHEMIA

SIR,—So much interest seems to have been aroused by the head of the magnificent Carpathian stag illustrated in your issue of last week, and so diverse has been the reckoning of his points—one friend refusing to accept him as other than a Royal on one side, which he is not, having eleven points to the left antler—that I am enclosing a close-up picture taken after he had been killed.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. 1. BENMORE.

SNIPE OFF THE AFRICAN COAST

SIR,—On October 3rd, when travelling by R.M.S. Takliwa, bound from Mombassa to Bombay, a fellow-passenger and myself saw a common snipe dart from the ship's side and make off in an easterly direction.

I asked for the ship's position at the time, and the officer on duty informed me it was 20° 19′ N. 67° 43′ E., or 120 miles from the nearest land. The ship left Mombassa on September 27th, and had kept near to the African coast to take advantage of the favourable current.

Had the bird been blown out to sea, or do snipe migrate from Africa to India?

Yours faithfully,
Allahabad. D. M. R.

[Migration of the common snipe southward down the East Coast of Africa reaches Mombassa, and there is one record from the Seychelles.—ED.]

PACKING WOOL SACKS

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter in your issue of October 19th regarding the packing of wool sacks by treading.

As you say, this is a common practice but not often done by a boy. It requires the full weight of a well-built man to pack a woolsack tightly. A large pair of shepherd's boots being a further asset.

I have "trod" wool as a schoolboy and realise how ineffective a boy's light weight is, when compared with the treading of a heavy shepherd.

Doon Hill, Yours faithfully,
Newton Stewart, DOUGLAS M. DREW.
Scotland.

TWIN CALVES

SIR,—I have recently become acquainted with some facts bearing upon the influence of the male on the birth of twins, which are new to me, and may be of interest. I was talking to the cowman of a neighbour, who has about 50 dairy cows, on the subject of the various bulls that they have had, and said that, as they sold their calves, I wondered that they did not have a black bull.

His answer was: "Well, we did have a Holsteiner once, and a fine bull he was, but we had to get rid of him; you see, he was a twinner."

"ALONE I DID IT!"
(See Letter "The Young Sportsman")

This was a new term to me, so I asked what he meant, and he then told me that he had been once through the herd, and that they had ten or a dozen lots of twins, and that a neighbour who sent nine cows to him had had either four or five lots. So he was got rid of, and they had had only a chance lot now and again since, just as they had had before his coming.

A "CLOSE-UP" OF A REMARKABLE HEAD
(See Letter "A Record Stag from Bohemia")

I may add that twins are regarded as too exhausting for the cow. As, in common with most of my friends, I hitherto believed that twins were caused by the physiological condition of the mother alone, I have thought it worth recording. That this latter theory is sometimes correct is shown by his telling me of a cow that had three lots of twins by different bulls, starting as a heifer.

Yours faithfully,
Mangreen Hall, BARTLE H. T. FRERE.
Norwich.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN

SIR,—My small son Michael, aged three, has always wanted to go shooting with me. I bought him a double-barrelled pop gun, and one day I staged some "real" rabbit shooting for him. I shot a nice young rabbit, propped it up in the hedge where only its head was visible, and Michael and I crawled up towards it until he spotted it. I then told him to shoot it. After one shot I said I did not think it was dead, and told him to take another shot at it. Bess, the spaniel, was highly excited, so I sent her in to retrieve it. Michael was tremendously excited as the dog came back with the rabbit, and he took the rabbit from the dog and proudly insisted on carrying it home himself.

Yours faithfully,
The Danes, Penn, Bucks. C. B. COLSTON.

SALMON TAKES BAIT IN SALT WATER

SIR,—Possibly the enclosed cutting from the *Cork Examiner* of October 1st might interest your readers.

Yours faithfully,
Oldenburgh, J. A. R. PURVIS
Cove, Co. Cork. (Colonel).

[The cutting runs:

"Berehaven, Saturday.—A fisherman, while bait fishing with crab on his hook for pollack and connor (wrasse) had an unusual experience recently near Kilcatherine Point, Kenmare Bay. With a bag of a dozen connors and two pollack, he was thinking of "wending his weary way" homewards, when he hooked a large fish. After a fight of 20 minutes he succeeded in landing his capture on the rocks, where his hood straightened. The prize proved to be a 12lb. salmon.

"This is the first time in the district that the 'King of Fish' has taken a crab bait in the salt water."—ED.]

GAMEBIRDS AND GRIT

SIR,—A few days ago I shot a blackcock weighing 2lb. 11½oz. On examining the crop and gizzard contents of this bird I found the gizzard contained exactly 100 hawthorn stones and not one particle of grit. The crop was fairly full, as the bird was killed in the afternoon. The crop contents consisted of heather tips and seed, grass tips, sorrel leaves, bits of hawthorn leaves, plus several different kinds of small ground plants.

When a bird feeds exclusively on hawthorn berries, the quartz grit in the gizzard is evacuated and the hard hawthorn stones take its place. On returning to a more varied diet, however, the stones are usually evacuated and fresh grit is picked up. In this instance the bird had retained the hawthorn stones after it had resumed feeding on heather, etc., and the condition of the gizzard contents proved that the stones were pulping the food quite well.

In my experience this is unusual. Doubtless the hawthorn stones would sooner or later have been evacuated to make way for a fresh supply of grit. I have at different times found small heaps of hawthorn stones on the moor which had apparently been evacuated by blackgame. This seems to point to the fact that the stones are all got rid of at once before fresh grit is picked up. The blackcock, judging by the curl of the tail feathers, was a last year's bird and in excellent condition. There are more blackgame here this season than usual.

Troutbeck, Yours faithfully,
Windermere. RICHARD CLAPHAM.

For
FACE & HANDS

A beautiful soft whiteness can be quickly restored to a coarse complexion and red, chapped hands by the regular use of Larola. This well-known cream, rubbed into the face and hands, soothes out all roughness and redness and fully protects your skin from harsh weather conditions. It keeps one fresh and trim during the longest day. If you wish for real loveliness and skin comfort, start this sensible daily beauty care now. Larola is suitable for all types of skins and forms a perfect base for powder.

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of three tablets, 2/-. Single tablets 8d. LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6 each.

BEETHAM'S Larola 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.
Write for free copy of Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"

CYRIL THE CUB AND A FRIEND
(See Letter "The Mendip's Mascot")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

The Mendip's Mascot.—The enclosed rather charming photograph may be of interest to some of your readers. It was taken at the Mendip Kennels by Mrs. Healy and shows her daughter with Cyril the cub. Tom Healy is our whip and K.H.—FOLLOWER, Somerset.

November House Martins.—It may interest some of your readers to know that I saw two house martins flying slowly south against a head wind on November 4th over the college here.—C. W. HEYCOCK, Culver's Close, Winchester.

White Pheasants.—Can any of your readers inform me of any experiments which have been made in breeding white pheasants? Is it the fact that white pheasants are sterile and that there is no record of fertile eggs resulting from the mating of a white cock and a white hen?—T. H., Hempstead.

Leach's Petrel Inland.—The gale on the night of October 18th brought an unusual visitor from the sea; a Leach's fork-tailed petrel was found alive and uninjured on Woodford Aerodrome, near Stockport, on the morning of October 19th. I fed it through a dropper with codliver oil, which it seemed to relish. Unfortunately it escaped and prevented my releasing it nearer to the coast as I had intended. I am afraid its chances of survival will be small.—EDWIN COHEN, Brinlea, Hill Top, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

SALMON RIVERS OFFERED

Some of the best available waters in
NORWAY & ICELAND

NORWAY

River **Laerdal.** A beat on about 2kms., suitable to two rods, all bank casting, no boats, no harling. Nine pools, both banks on five pools, and one bank on the remaining four pools.
Season—15th July to 14th September. Best month.—August.
Good accommodation one kilometre above the beat. Records and full details available, and other selected beats in NORWAY.

ICELAND

About 20 kms. of water, fishing from both banks, and wadeable almost everywhere. Suitable to three rods.
Season—June, July and August. Best months from 1st July to mid-August.
Main run of salmon at the end of June and of sea trout during July. Two rods 1935 had 138 fish in 14 days. Comfortable accommodation in a bungalow situated near the best part of the river. Records and full details available.

AND OTHER CAREFULLY SELECTED WATERS

Make your requirements known to:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Whitehall 9797
Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

FIELD TRIALS

SPANIELS AT KINMEL PARK

THE Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club, by kind permission of Colonel H. B. L. Hughes, held their 20th Field Trial meeting on November 5th and 6th, at Kinmel Park, Abergele, North Wales. The judges were Messrs. R. E. Birch and O. Ellis. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE (A.V.).—1st, Mr. C. A. Phillips's E.C. b. Rivington Dawn; 2nd, Mr. E. A. Walker's E.S. d. Dene of Balcary; 3rd, Mr. W. D. Edwards's E.S. d. F.T. Ch. Pierpoint Splint. Reserve went to Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara and certificates of merit to Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's E.S. d. Rap of Winscales; Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney's E.S. b. Clenyard Frolic; Mr. George Clark's E.S. d. Beeson of Blair; Captain O. P. Traherne's E.S. b. F.T. Ch. Bryngarw Firefly and Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. d. Daud.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Captain P. P. Traherne's E.S. b. Fireaway; 2nd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's E.S. b. Stream O'Vara; 3rd, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's Cocker d. Barney's Double of Ware. Reserve went to Mr. R. MacDonald's Cocker d. Rockstead Punch. Certificates of merit to Miss M. V. J. Oliver's E.S. b. Hellingly Bride; Mr. E. A. Walker's E.S. d. Dene of Balcary; Mrs. W. R. Calvert's E.S. d. Bobbie; Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's Cocker d. Jasper of Malwa; and Mr. George Clark's E.S. d. Rex of Blair.

OPEN STAKE (COCKERS).—1st, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Barney's Double of Ware; 2nd, Mr. C. A. Phillips b. F. T. Ch. Rivington Ropelong; 3rd, Mr. Ernest Bravo's d. Western Electric. Reserve to Mr. J. H. Gibson's d. Heathmynd Robert.

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

BY invitation of Colonel the Hon. D. Carnegie, the Puppy Stake of the Golden Retriever Club was held at Rogate, near Petersfield, on November 4th, where the ground afforded every opportunity of testing dogs. The judges were: Captain O. P. Traherne, Lieutenant-Colonel The Macgillicuddy of the Reeks and Mr. C. Campbell. As often happens, those competing in the Puppy Stake were backward, and it would be satisfactory if puppy stakes could be held later in the season, when there has been more opportunity for training and experience. There were several young dogs that showed promise, of which the best was Miss Newton-Deakin's Sapphire, who won quite easily and was helped by gathering a strong running partridge in roots, that had gone a considerable distance.

The Open Stake was held at Idsworth on November 5th and 6th. It was a great disappointment to all that our hostess, Lady Howe, although well enough to be present, had only just returned from a nursing home and could not take on the more arduous task of judging. Had she been able to do so I am sure she would have been pleased to see by the work done how greatly the breed had improved since the last time she judged them several years ago. We were most grateful to her for her generous hospitality in entertaining the competitors and spectators alike.

The winner, Mrs. Hextall's Avishays Lulu, ran a consistent trial throughout. She was always well in hand and easily handled and had her chance with a strong running pheasant with which she was successful. 2nd, Mrs. Nairn's Stubbings Golden Ripple is a younger and faster dog and never failed throughout the stake. 3rd, Mrs. Nagle's Sulhampstead Dusty D'or was a little wanting in drive and perhaps did not have so many chances as the others. 4th, Miss Newton-Deakin's Silence of Tone was well in the stake until the last time down, when she spoilt what would have been a good trial by getting a little out of hand. Had she kept up her former form the placings of the first four would have been altered.

Reserve was awarded to Mr. Hoskyn's b. Sarah of Perrott. Certificates of Merit: Mr. Hoskyn's b. Tiny of Perrott and Mrs. Vernon-Wentworth's b. Donkelve Toni. A qualifying certificate was granted to Lieutenant-Colonel G. M. Darell's Colthill Delia.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, are appealing on behalf of two gentlewomen, a mother and daughter aged 75 and 55 respectively. Five years ago the elder lady had an accident which left her paralysed, and since that time the daughter has devoted her life to caring for the invalid. Their only certain income is 27/- weekly, so that they have no margin for comfort or warmth. The Friends of the Poor hope to raise £5 to help them through the winter months, and will be glad to receive donations, which will be acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

IN THE CITY

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE Curtis Publishing Company owns and publishes in Philadelphia, U.S.A., three internationally known periodicals—the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Country Gentleman*. The average net paid circulation figures of these publications are approximately 2,780,000 for the former, 2,565,000 for the second and 1,655,000 for the last named. These magazines are sold at a price of only 10 cents, or 5d. for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and 5 cents or 2½d. for the other two, and the bulk of the Curtis Publishing Company's revenues is derived from advertisements. In this respect the company's periodicals, on account of their enormous circulation, are recognised as being among the best advertising media, and most of the leading American manufacturers and merchants advertise in at least one, if not all three, of these publications.

The company has no debenture debt and the issued capital consists of 863,068 shares of $7 cumulative preferred stock of no par value, and 1,790,630 common shares of no par value.

Net profits in recent years, the cover for preference dividend requirements and the amount earned and paid on the common shares compare as under:

Year to Dec. 31st.	Net Profit.	Preferred Dividends. Amount Required.	Times covered.	Common shares. Per share Earned.	Paid.
	(In thousands of Dollars)				
1927	17,273	6,299	2.7	$6.10	$4.50
1928	19,328	6,295	3.1	7.24	3.00
1929	21,534	6,300	3.4	8.47	7.00
1930	19,121	6,300	3.0	7.18	7.00
1931	12,218	6,300	1.9	3.29	4.83
1932	5,568	6,300	0.9	—	1.00
1933	1,314	6,039	0.2	—	Nil
1934	5,906	6,046	1.0	—	Nil

The steady and substantial cover for preferred dividend requirements before the depression is worthy of note. As the depression became more intense the company's advertising revenues inevitably declined, for it was only natural that the company's clients should curtail such expenditures in order to reduce their own operating expenses and because the reduction in the nation's purchasing power obviously affected the results obtainable from advertising programmes. Consequently the revenues of the Curtis Publishing Company declined to such an extent that dividend payments on the preferred shares were omitted at the beginning of 1933. However, as a revival in trade took place as a result of the American Government's expenditures and of the more normal economic factors, the company's revenues began to reflect the renewed demand for advertising space. The company, therefore, was able to resume preferred dividend payments in April, 1934, with a small distribution in respect of the previous year's arrears, and since October, 1934, preferred shareholders have received payments regularly every three months of $1.75 per share or at the rate of $7 per share annually. At the present time dividend payments on the preferred shares are in arrears to the extent of $8 per share.

In the first six months of this year the company's revenues were maintained at about the same rate as last year. The report for the three months ended on September 30th, 1935, showed earnings below those for the corresponding period of 1934, but the accounts for the full year should make a reasonably satisfactory showing, and there does not seem to be any occasion to doubt the company's ability to maintain dividends at the rate of $7 per share on the preferred shares. It might be mentioned that manufacturers of motors and motor accessories are among the largest advertisers in the company's periodicals and the very marked increase in the output and sales of cars this year in America, together with very favourable prospects for the motor industry for 1936, will doubtless cause a substantial increase in Curtis Publishing's revenues.

From the foregoing comments it will be realised that the business of the Curtis Publishing Company is bound up with the general prosperity and purchasing power of the United States, and it is reasonable to assume that a continuation of the recovery now taking place will be accompanied by a corresponding increase in the company's sales of advertising space. The $7 cumulative preferred shares, which cannot be repaid at less than $120 per share and on which dividends are payable quarterly the second day of January, April, July and October, can now be bought at about $100 to afford the unusually high yield of 7 per cent., without making any allowance for the arrears of $8 per share. In addition the shares offer scope for quite substantial capital appreciation, and appear to be a good medium for participating in a return of prosperity in the United States.

PACTOLUS.

4TH (RICH'S) DRAGOONS, 1751 THE WHITE HART, BLYTHBURGH, SUFFOLK.

CAVALRY OF EAST ANGLIA

Life From Between a Horse's Ears

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL B. GRANVILLE BAKER, D.S.O.
(Author of "Old Cavalry Stations")

HOW much the horse has meant to East Anglia in general and the Waveney Valley in particular is happily in no immediate danger of oblivion; indeed, what with active Hunts, local races and Pony clubs, the horse still holds its own as man's comrade in sport as well as his loyal servant in husbandry. For this reason horsemen from the shires have always been welcome. One or other might have to be "taught a thing or two," and there was always someone competent to teach him with tact and courtesy. There was Edward Baldry, for one, of the Woodton Hunt, who rode a "shelled" or skewball horse bought for half-a-crown at Bungay Fair out of a bunch of horses waiting to be sold as meat for hounds. A sportsman from the "shires" challenged Baldry to a match. Riding side by side through Bungay, Baldry suddenly turned and jumped his horse in at a window of the Three Tuns, where the opening of 4½ft. was being repaired, and then jumped out again. The man from the "Shires" did not follow.

Some thirty years after Edward Baldry's death the Government decided to build barracks "for the accommodation of the military" at Norwich, Ipswich and other important centres. From these centres cavalry detachments were scattered all along the coast. Their chief concern was the prevention of invasion, but they also were intended to check the smuggling that had become a popular and, on the whole, profitable pastime ever since Charles II instituted his customs system. By the time Edward Baldry died, smuggling had become a highly organised industry in which practically everybody who was anybody (and all those who did not pretend to be anybody in particular) took an active and even enthusiastic part. It may be noted on such excellent authority as Rudyard Kipling that those so engaged became *ipso facto* gentlemen, which goes to prove us at heart a generous people.

Perhaps a little incident that is said to have happened at Blythburgh may help to an understanding of this apparent restlessness on the part of the authorities. Troops themselves were quite content with their lot, some of them even found time to marry a local lass as did John Reynolds, a dragoon at Beccles; the lady's name was Sarah Berry. There are still Reynolds a-plenty in and about Beccles, for which one should be duly grateful. At Blythburgh there was a patrol of dragoons. They were quartered in barracks that stood on the site subsequently occupied by the station for a very light railway, that until a few years ago, trundled leisurely from Halesworth to Southwold and, with luck, achieved a return.

Now two dragoons of the patrol seem to have got into some confusion over the timing of their beat on Walberswick Common. The landlord of the White Hart—you pass it on your way to Lowestoft and Yarmouth—was a bit puzzled as trooper number two came riding up from Henham way, his cross belts white against the wooded back-ground. The landlord had no occasion to advertise the fact that the drink of an A1 nation is beer; every Englishman knew that. Trooper number two therefore emptied his mug and answered mine host's question: "What will ye do if so be ye meet them thar smugglers," with a curt "Shoot 'em at sight." Later in the evening as the outline of gorse and pine trees was merging into the falling darkness, trooper number one was riding over the soft turf of Tinker's Walk, when stealthy sounds caught his ear. Threading his way towards those sounds he suddenly became aware of a figure standing out above the bushes. "Don't shoot," he cried, as he threw up his hands, just as the figure opposite went through a similar movement and made the same remark. It was trooper number two, and he also was holding up a little keg of brandy above his head.

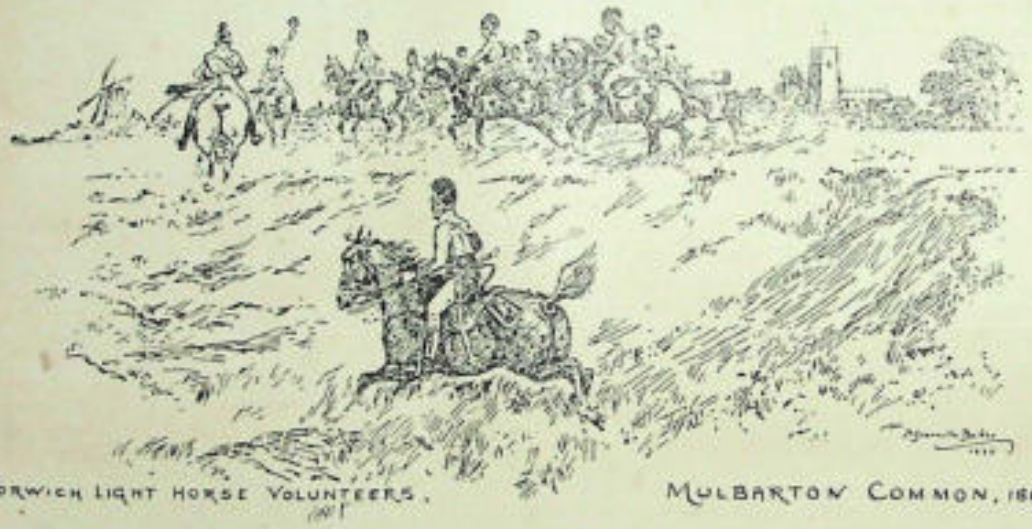
With such complete understanding between populace and the horse-soldiers in their midst, it is obvious that a soldier's life offered many attractions—indeed, it seemed, in a manner of speaking, the only pursuit in which your could have things both ways, at least where excise and customs affected one's daily life. It was probably not this consideration in particular that sent young Edward Kerrison scampering from his home at Hoxne Hall to enlist in a regiment of cavalry that was quartered in the neighbourhood. This might have been the King's Dragoon Guards or the Bays that succeeded them at Norwich about the time that Edward Kerrison "joined up." He began young and was still in his teens when his father bought him a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons. This gallant regiment gave convincing proof of its loyalty some years later when stationed at Norwich. The Napoleonic wars were in full blast, and, judging by contemporary accounts, most people, including the soldiers, thoroughly enjoyed them.

On the whole the war was quite intelligible to the general public; armies met each other in the field, fought hard for some objective which the "Press" discovered after the event, when it duly reported a "laurel victory." That was all fair and above board; what annoyed the public and the soldiers was a newfangled, underhand and thoroughly foreign attempt at undermining the loyalty of the King's troops. This method of attack, now described as propaganda, appears as something new whenever a war of any importance is in progress.

The "Skins" at Norwich took up the scent of some wretched agent who had launched his propaganda on the city, they sought him diligently wrecking several public houses in the process. They drew blank; nevertheless, when troops were at last induced to return to barracks, they expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied with the day's work. This was one of those joyous occasions that come so seldom to those who best know how to appreciate them.

It is a fact not sufficiently recognised that the horse is a civilising factor. Anyone acquainted with the armies of pre-war Europe will remember that of all the cases of brutality in the training of troops, very few occurred in the mounted branches. The sympathy that a decent, hard-working horse expects as his due, spreads to his less sensitive human surroundings. If a hard-mouthed troop horse, one that has suffered much and seldom had a chance of planting a good kick in return, can move a sergeant of cavalry, continental variant, to humane treatment of recruits, think what that well-bred gentleman the sorrel horse of Suffolk could do. His racy head, broad brow and intelligent eye tell of courage and loyalty; no wonder then that the latter quality figures descriptively in the style and title of the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry Cavalry, and that the close relations between horse and rider strengthened those virtues that croakers of to-day untruthfully declare to be dead and buried.

Of this loyalty again, two troops of Norfolk Fencible Cavalry gave practical illustration. They had been sent to Carlisle for reasons unknown to any but the brains, if any, of the army. It is curious to note that even in those days, when the idea of a staff was in its infancy, its chosen device should be "the greatest inconvenience of the greatest number." However, even this did not prevent those Norfolk Fencibles from following closely the political situation as it developed. This moved them to offer Colonel Harbord, their C.O., three days' pay from each N.C.O. and man "to any person or persons who shall give information of any wicked attempts, wither distributing money, seditious writings, or persuasive language tending



NORWICH LIGHT HORSE VOLUNTEERS. MULBARTON COMMON, 1809.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK BORDERERS fording River WAVENEY about 1810

to excite or cause any disturbance in the said troops."

The Waveney Valley was ablaze with patriotic fervour, everyone, if not "raising a troop" himself, was hurrying to join that of someone else. The valley is a spot so peaceful that the very thought of an enemy looking in at the windows or trampling down cottage gardens, makes your blood boil. River Waveney flows so unobtrusively over the broad meadows that you barely notice the change from Suffolk into Norfolk as you cross the stream; it is almost hidden by the herbs that flower on its banks—gladdon, meadowsweet, willowherb, loosestrife, each in its season, adding colour and perfume to a scene of quiet, intimate charm. Some little way down stream Adair was putting his red-coated troop over the hurdles in Flixton Park by way of preparing to repel invaders, while a Rous at Henham had decided on pale blue facings for the troop he raised. However, with few exceptions, irregular cavalry decided on a less vivid colour than red jackets faced with some other light colour.

Green appealed to the volunteer soldier as being more free and easy; instead of sitting up stiff and proud like a starched dragoon, you could let yourself go a bit as did Captain John Darell's merry men on one memorable occasion. Captain Darell with his hounds drove a buck across the front of the Norwich Squadron of Light Horse Volunteers parading on Mulbarton Common. The squadron as such was not seen again that day; the buck was caught alive at Mangreen after a run of three hours and ten minutes.

Norwich Light Horse, resplendent in scarlet hussar jacket and gold braid, was only one of the many volunteer formations at large in East Anglia during the Napoleonic wars; there were besides the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry several bodies of green-clad Rangers and a corps with the romantic title of Norfolk and Suffolk Borderers with which Sir Edward Kerrison was connected.

There was much coming and going between Diss, Harleston, Bungay, Beccles, and folk went their way serious and purposeful yet capable of appreciating any lighter interlude such as that provided by Chateaubriand. This pathetic exile had decided to ride from Beccles to Bungay, six whole miles. He was seen leaving the former town at speed, exclaiming as he went: "I will fall off, no one shall save me." The event foretold took place near Barsham, whence, long ago, Sir John Suckling had set out for Scotland with a troop of horse he had raised for King Charles I.

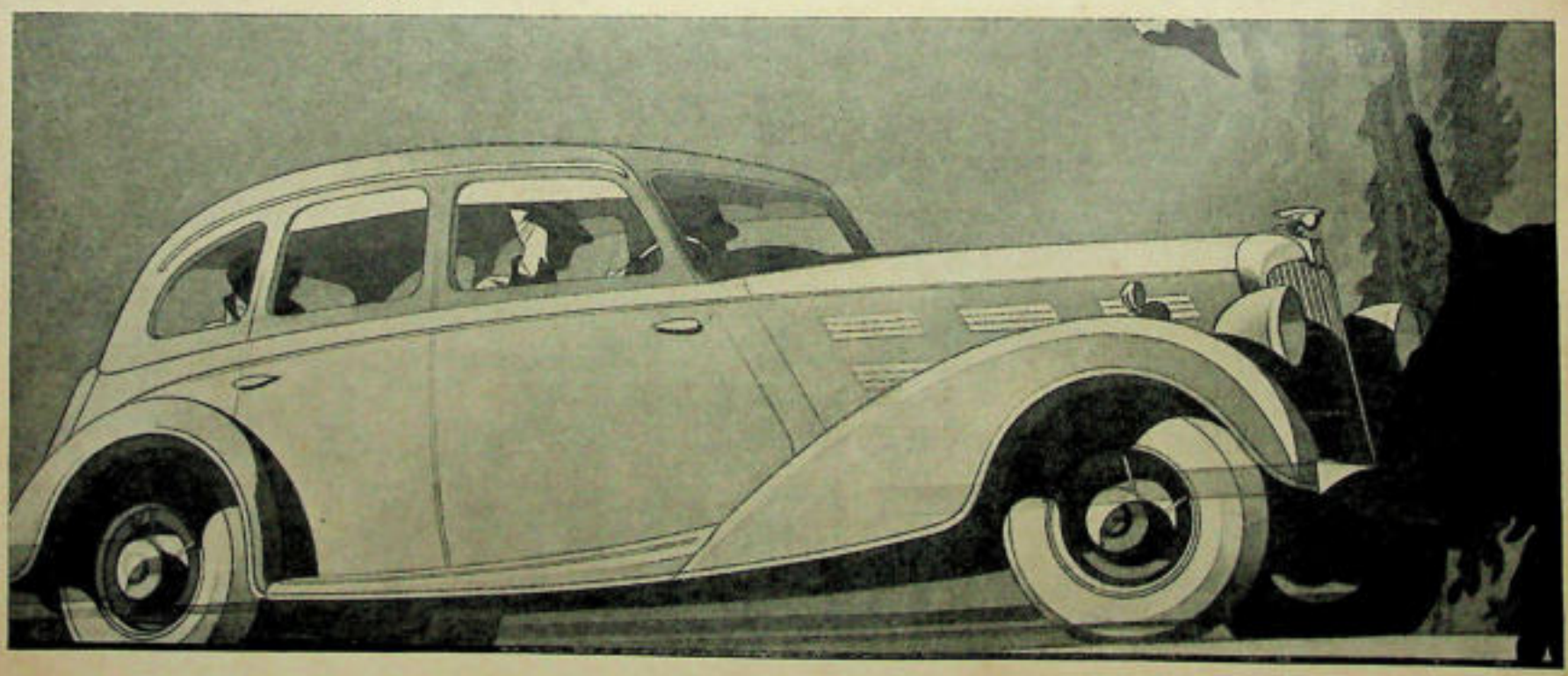
The obvious relation and complete understanding between horsemen whether in arms or engaged in husbandry, flourished for many years in East Anglia. You may even count the time by centuries, but it is enough to trace back to the days when regular cavalry came to occupy the Norwich barracks in 1793. Since that date, with few interruptions, cavalry regiments, Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers, relieved each other year by year, until the Great War altered most things.

And in turn each regiment won the affection of the townsfolk, some in more marked degree than others. These had presentations made to them for one good reason or other; for assistance in extinguishing fires, for instance, when the usual and appropriate reward was beer. Out in the pleasant country the Norwich cavalrymen and many of the yeoman cavalry, came together whenever the hunt was up. And there was plenty of it when people settled down to real business after the Napoleonic wars.

There was Sir John Astley hunting from Melton, there were the West Norfolk Foxhounds, and Jack Anstruther Thompson hunting both counties with the 13th Light Dragoons' pack of staghounds. In addition to this there were sporting little farmers' packs, harriers chiefly, but game to hunt anything that had legs to carry it away. Among these, one is still remembered in the Waveney Valley, that of which Charles Chaston was Master. He hunted in the early '70's from the Waveney Valley right up to Norwich, driving up to the meet with a large van. This van contained two packs of hounds and a buck, all in separate compartments. Charles Chaston in his green coat chased the hare till noon; then he changed into scarlet, turned out the deer and another pack, and thus added pleasant variety to the day's doings. His hunt was indifferently called "Norfolk and Suffolk" or "Waveney Staghounds." Happily keen sportsmen like Colonel J. R. Harvey and others have collected hunting records from earliest days, to tell us of old-time celebrities. In spite of "development," town planning, and other schemes devised by town-dwelling authorities, you can still find room for one or other old-time celebrity in his former surroundings. Shottesham is still spacious under its spreading trees, as in the days when Alfred Fellowes, the sporting parson, expressed his appreciation of Major Peter Clowes and his roan horse what time the 8th Hussars had the Norfolk Staghounds. There were memorable days in East Anglia with the 7th Dragoon Guards, the 7th Hussars, and other famous regiments up till the South African War. Then all those who look at life from between a horse's ears, took the experience they had gained in the hunting field out to the endless veldt.

After the South African War, the pundits declared that the day of cavalry was over. Then the Great War provided a striking proof to the contrary in the only fully successful campaign of that desperate struggle, the conquest of Palestine. There British cavalry, regular and irregular, from all over the Empire, worked together in the spirit that informed their forbears bred in such happy places as Waveney Valley. There is no cavalry at Norwich to-day. Nevertheless hunts carry on bravely; they are indeed regaining some of the ground lost during years of depression.

LOYAL SUFFOLK YEOMANRY CAVALRY. (about 1812)



MORRIS
(SERIES II)
BIG SIXES

SIXTEEN H.P. (Tax £12)
EIGHTEEN H.P. (Tax £13.10)
FROM £250 ex works

TWENTY-ONE H.P. (Tax £15.15)
TWENTY-FIVE H.P. (Tax £18.15)
FROM £265

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED · COWLEY · OXFORD

M 22

ROBERT DOUGLAS (BOND ST.) LTD.

23 NEW BOND ST., W.1

REGENT 3031-4

The Cripps Leather Waistcoat gives warmth yet freedom for Shooting, Golfing and all other sports. Made in 20 colours.

From **£3 10 0**

Suede - - - **£3 10 0**
Lined flannel **12/6** extra
DUOTONE - - **4 gns.**

Obtainable only at

R. DOUGLAS

Here's something he hasn't had already!

The new Wilkinson 7-Day Set complete with 7 blades and strop in chromium plated case **21/-**

De Luxe model heavily gold plated **30/-**

THE WILKINSON 7-DAY SET

Men who have used the Wilkinson Razor call it the finest shaving instrument in the world. But for this Christmas "the lily has been gilded"—The Wilkinson Sword Company have produced a de luxe razor called the 7-DAY SET. With this set a Long-Life Hollow Ground blade is provided for each day of the week, each blade is held in its own carrier and marked, Monday, Tuesday, etc.

On Monday, Monday's blade, complete in its carrier, is used and not used again until next Monday. This resting of blades for one week prolongs their long life even still further and gives that degree of shaving comfort which satisfies the man who demands the absolute ultimate.

Give your menfolk the Wilkinson 7-Day Set for Christmas and you'll go up in their estimation as "the woman who really knows what to give a man."

WILKINSON RAZOR

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD. 72 *Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.* *FACTORY: Acton, London, W.4*

BENSON'S *'Field'* WATCH

The 'Field' is made in Benson's own London factory, where the world's finest watches are produced. It is fitted with a highly-finished half-chronometer movement of Benson's best London make, with detached lever escapement jewelled throughout in rubies. So carefully is the 'Field' watch made that it will last for generations. Its handsome appearance and accuracy make it an admirable presentation watch. Write for full details and Pocket Watch Catalogue, mentioning this issue of 'The Field.'

9 ct. Gold Open-face model 20 gns., 18 ct. 30 gns.

9 ct. Gold Hunter or Half-Hunter, 25 gns., 18 ct. 35 gns.

Sterling Silver Open-face, Half-Hunter or Hunter, £20.

J. W. BENSON LTD.

62/64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4
25, OLD BOND STREET, W.1
28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.3

"I ABOLISHED TENNIS COURT UPKEEP

when I provided the 'Shorter' patented Tennis Court"

—says H. H. SHORTER, F.R.H.S.
Patentee and Proprietor of the "Shorter" Weatherproof Tennis Court.

"The introduction of my patented 'Shorter' Weatherproof Court some years ago has been the biggest advance in tennis-court construction since hard courts were invented — for the simple reason that *I abolished tennis court upkeep.* 'Shorter' Courts require no rolling, dragging, watering or attention of any sort whatsoever at any time—that has been proved over a period of ten years. They retain their perfect playing surface (with a resilience almost like that of fine turf) despite heavy rain, snow, frost or prolonged drought.

"If you will write or give me a ring I shall be glad to send you a free copy of 'The Book of the "Shorter" Weatherproof Hard Court,' which not only gives full details of the court, but also includes a section on garden design, garden furniture, bowling greens, swimming pools, carriage drives, etc."

The **SHORTER** *Weatherproof* HARD COURT

PATENTED CONSTRUCTION

"SHORTER" WEATHERPROOF COURT CO., *(Please quote Ref. I)*

Willfield House, Willfield Way, London, N.W.11
Telephone No.: Speedwell 8111-8112

Tattersall Hunting Waistcoats

In finest quality cloth—plain colours or check designs lined with check flannel cut with extra long back for special protection against chills.

Hand-tailored **£4·4·0** each

From stock or to measure

Crêpe-de-Chine Scarfs with hand-embroidered monograms.

Prices **£2·10·0** to **£3·15·0**

Also made with regimental crests in colours—fringe to match **£4·10·0** each. Guards in stock other regiments to order.

TURNBULL & ASSER, LTD.

HOSIERS AND SHIRTMAKERS

71/72, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telegrams: 'Paddywhack, Piccy, London' Telephones: Whitehall 4631 (2 lines)

OPEN-AIR BOOKS OF THE YEAR

The Trend of Modern Publishing

LOOKING back over the last year of book publishing, I am left with the impression that it has been a slightly better one than its predecessors. It is true that we have had, are having, and shall have the much-abused spate of books, though I personally have never been able to revile this spate quite as often as some. Publishers are not philanthropists, and they issue these books because experience shows they will be bought. If they are bought most of them will be read, which shows that the reading public is an increasing one. And readers sooner or later become critics, and occasionally discerning ones. Really bad authors seldom survive. Incidentally, has any of those who denounce modern publishing ever entered a library stocked with shelf upon shelf of the ephemeral trash that was literally poured out in the first half of the last century? I have—and it changed my views on the volume and value of present-day books.

During this year the *Field* has chosen every month an open-air book of the month. From this list a fairly catholic list for Christmas presents might be made. The choice has not always been easy, and in certain months there seemed nothing really worth indicating, and none was made. On other occasions one wanted—how damnably one wanted!—to recommend two books in one month. We can, I think, look back on them with a catholic satisfaction. A Mountaineering Book, a book of socially sportive Memoirs, sketches of Indian Jungles, an account of rural English Life, two fat volumes of biography, a fishing book, and some Hunting and Racing memories. Quite a mixed bag. The books chosen were, the *Romance of Mountaineering*, by R. G. L. Irving (Dent, 18/–); *Autumn Foliage*, by Cyril Foley (Methuen, 12/6); *Forest Life in India*, by the Hon. James Best (John Murray, 10/6); *Village England*, by Sir William Beach-Thomas (Alexander Maclehose, 8/6); *About Fishing*, by Robert Hartman (Arthur Barker, 15/–); and *White Man's Country*, by Elspeth Huxley (Macmillan, 25/–). We would not have recommended any of these books had we not considered them readable and authoritative and likely to be assured of some permanence to those who have an open-air library.

Perhaps the best of them all was Elspeth Huxley's *Life of Lord Delamere*. I have read, I think, nearly all the official and unofficial biographies which have appeared of recent years—many of them written by men of the utmost distinction in life and letters. Yet I cannot recall one that better filled the functions of a biography than Mrs. Huxley's. Clearly admiring her subject, she is never merely fulsome: she writes well, has a sense of proportion, and knows what she is writing about. She deserves a wide recognition, for though I knew comparatively little of Lord Delamere, when I put down *White Man's Country* I felt I had known him personally, and that at last I understood the Kenya question from both points of view.

There have been other notable biographies this year. Duff Cooper's eagerly awaited *Haig*, which proved rather a disappointment (Faber and Faber, 25/–); Harold Nicholson's brilliant *Dwight Morrow* (Constable, 18/–); *Gino Watkins*, by J. M. Scott, a really admirable addition to our books on the Arctic; Sir Austen Chamberlain's *Down the Years*; *Lord Lovat*, by Sir Francis Lindley (Hutchinson, 18/–); Sir Esmée Howard's *Theatre of Life* (Hodder & Stoughton, 21/–); and *Birkenhead: the Last Phase*, by the present Lord Birkenhead (Thornton Butterworth, 21/–); but I place Mrs. Huxley's book first.

Perhaps the most authoritative book of the sporting year has been the Duke of Portland's *Racing and Hunting Memories* (Faber & Faber, 25/–). It is literally crammed with good things; but apart from its reading value it will be an important reference book for those who take racing and bloodstock breeding seriously for many years to come. Those who like a laugh and a well-turned story will certainly want Colonel Foley's *Reminiscences*. Good wine needs no editorial bush, and this is a vintage bottle. Then Mr. Best's book, *Forest Life in India*, will have a great appeal to those who know India: it is, in my opinion, even better than his *Tiger Days*; while *Village England*, by Sir William Beach-Thomas, comes from the pen of one of the most observant country lovers of our time. *About Fishing*, by Robert Hartman, will almost satisfy any fisherman—no book will completely do so—and as it is both knowledgeable and well written and illustrated, one should feel safe in trying it on any fisherman. Finally, the *Romance of Mountaineering*, by R. G. L. Irving (Dent, 18/–), is a superbly-produced book, which is a real contribution to the science of mountaineering.

BRAEMORE: A STUDY OF DOGS AND MOORS

This picture is taken from "The Red Deer of Langwell and Braemore" of the Duke of Portland. It is an illustrated record of the best heads shot on one of the greatest of Scottish forests, together with a number of delightful illustrative photographs of the Duke's property and an account of the Flora of Caithness by Mr. Robert Adam. (Blackie; 10/6)

There are a number of other books published this year worthy of being recalled to mind. Early in the year came an important addition to our scanty supply of books on butterflies, *The Complete Book of British Butterflies*, by F. W. Frohawk (Ward Lock and Co., 10/6). It cannot be often that so much information can be sold at such a price. This book is a classic of its kind. Then there was a little book which I re-read only the other day with great pleasure, a book which shows us how much literature lost when Wilfred Jelf died prematurely. His *Hark Back!* (Murray, 5/–) is a series of delightfully written sketches of soldiering in two wars. Such a book has never been better done. There were two little books on stalking that I particularly liked, and which any deerstalker should be glad of—a re-issue of *The High Tops of Blackmount*, by the Marchioness of Breadalbane, that classic of the hill (Blackwood, 7/6); and from the same publisher, at 8/6, Lord Latymer's *Stalking in Scotland and New Zealand*. One cannot go wrong if one buys both of these books "to keep." Two others on cricket deserve mention—*Wicket-keeping*, by R. T. Stanyforth (Gale & Polden, 5/–), an authoritative book which "filled a gap"; and *Bat and Ball*, by Thomas Moult (Arthur Barker, 15/–), a spirited anthology which found pretty general favour. For the big game shot I would recommend *African Adventure* (John Murray, 10/6), by Denis D. Lyell; and for those who like something more spirited, if perhaps of less permanent value, there is *Over African Jungles*, by Martin Johnson (Harrap, 12/6), full of very interesting photographs. And before Christmas, Rowland Ward's new *Book of Records* should be on the way.

Among fishing books I must mention two at this juncture—*Trout Fishing*, by H. D. Turing (Philip Allan, 5/–), the work of one who has studied this subject from every angle for many years; and *River Keeper*, by Major J. W. Hills, the natural history of a trout stream (Geoffrey Bles, 10/6). In the Garden and Farm Section we can recommend as of permanent value two books with very similar titles, *A Farmer's Boy* and *To Be a Farmer's Boy*. The first, written by John R. Allan (Methuen, 6/–), tells a delightful story of farm life in Aberdeenshire. There are no frills about Mr. Allan's writing, and he gives a simple and very human picture of the life on a small farm. *To be a Farmer's Boy* (Faber & Faber, 5/–) is one of Mr. A. G. Street's books, written with full understanding of the everyday matters of farming life. Intended primarily for the would-be farmer, it will interest many who like to know the "why and wherefore" of agricultural ways and practice. Another outstanding book is Professor R. G. Stapledon's *The Land—Now and To-morrow* (Faber & Faber, 15/–). Professor Stapledon knows from his own experience in the Welsh hill country what can be done by modern methods of reclamation to raise the fertility and productivity of the poorest land and, while he may be regarded as a visionary by some, his views on the further development of British agriculture command respect.

Of outstanding value among gardening books is *The Living Garden*, by Professor E. J. Salisbury (Professor of Botany at University College), published by Messrs. Bell (10/6). Most of the other gardening works are books of reference rather than books to read. Amongst the most important of these are *Lilies, Their Culture and Management*, by H. Drysdale Woodcock and J. Coutts (Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Kew), published by *Country Life* (15/–); and *Clematis*, by E. Markham (formerly gardener to the late Mr. William Robinson), published by *Country Life* at 5/–.

Finally, the Lonsdale Library of Seeley Service & Co. has gone on issuing its well produced and authoritative volumes. The very fact that a book is issued in this series gives it a permanent place before publication. This year we have had *Greased Line Fishing for Salmon*, by Jock Scott (12/6) from this firm of publishers. *Motor Cruising*, by K. M. Millar and John Irving (21/–); *Game Birds, Beasts and Fishes* (15/–); *A Natural History for Sportsmen*, by Eric Parker, a book which filled a gap in sporting literature, were the two Lonsdale Volumes. Parallel with these volumes, Philip Allan is issuing his Sportsman's Library, small volumes at 5/–, which come within the reach of those who find the Lonsdale Books beyond their means, and which are written by men who understand their subject thoroughly. Though not vested with the same authority as the Lonsdale Volumes they definitely fill a gap. The numbers now issued include *Riding and Horsemanship*, by William Fawcett; *Coarse Fishing*, by A. J. Rudd; *Sea Fishing*, by Major Lea Birch; *Gun Dogs and Their Training*, by H. Atwood Clark; *Making a Shoot*, by Major-General Sir John Goodwin; *Trout Fishing*, by H. D. Turing; *Salmon Fishing*, by W. J. M. Menzies; *Big Game*, by Major M. C. Maydon; *Deer Stalking*, by P. R. Chalmers; *Gliding*, by H. C. Latimer Needham; *Rough Shooting*, by G. K. Yeates and R. N. Winnall.

These series of books seem to be becoming more and more popular, and though these are the only two sporting series at present on the market, an interesting sporting book has been issued in the "In My Time" series of Rich & Cowan. *Sport in My Time* is the title of a book written for this series by Lord Dorchester; and though the title is misleading, for it only deals with shooting and hunting, it contains many amusing reminiscences of one who has had more than a fair share of sport in his time.

I will mention two series of publications most valuable to the sportsman, Duckworth's 2/– biographies and the 6d. reprints of first-class books—the Penguin Books—issued by John Lane. Both of these books can be put into a sportsman's pocket, or crammed into a week-end suitcase. They contain really worth-while reading, and at that cost it is not a grievous affliction if they are lost.

R. M.

THE NEW SPORTING JACKET

THE "LONG-BAK" (REGD.)

Illustrated List on application

The most perfect for **SHOOTING, GOLF, FISHING, &c.**

WESTS—the originators of "Plus-Fours"—apply the same "Fall-over" principle to the "Long-Bak" and achieve a greater measure of Freedom for Arm and Shoulder Play than has ever previously been attained, and the quickest Shot or most difficult Cast can be made without tug—or fear of tug—to mar its Precision.

MADE in Real Harris and other Homespuns—Gabardines, Corduroy, &c.—It also makes up to great advantage in Leather.

WEST & SON, LTD.

ORIGINATORS OF "PLUS-FOURS"

FIELD HOUSE, 152, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "PLUSFOURS, WESDO, LONDON." Cables: "PLUSFOURS, LONDON."

VICARS BROTHERS Ltd.

Established 1874

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Engraved by SYDNEY E. WILSON
After the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.
Size 15 × 12¼ inches

325 Artist's Proofs, ***Printed in Colour,*** **£6 6s. 0d. each**
No other state Plate to be destroyed
(A Companion Plate to "Robert Burns")

The original of this engraving is the fine painting which now hangs in the National Gallery of Scotland, having recently been brought back from America.

12, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

HEDGES & BUTLER

ESTABLISHED 1667

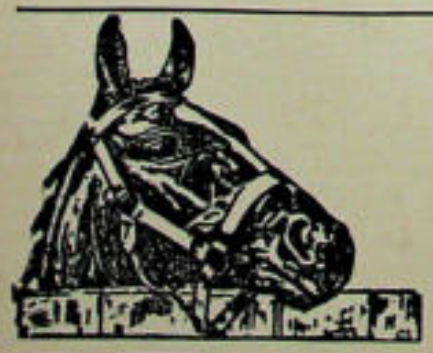
153, REGENT STREET, LONDON
REGENT 4444

Brighton, Bournemouth and Branches

WINES, SPIRITS & CIGARS

Price Lists on Application

WINE MERCHANTS



REDUCINE

Will cure the worst cases of Curb, Splint, Thoropin, Wind-Galls, Bog Spavin, Sprung Tendon, Sprung Hock, or any other Joint or Bursal Enlargement. The horse does not bite at it and flies shun it. Used by the leading horse owners all over the world

REDUCINE

The Great Irish Remedy for Lameness in Horses

is sold by Saddlers and Chemists at 12/6 per tin or post free in Great Britain from Reducine Co., Mount Anthony, Rathmines, Dublin, Irish Free State.

SCOTT ADIE LTD.

The Royal Scotch Warehouse

38, Conduit St., Bond St., London, W.1

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BY APPOINTMENT

PURE CASHMERE RUGS

SHAWLS

SCARVES

PULLOVERS

CARDIGANS

HOSE

TARTAN PLAYING CARDS

DIRKS

SKEAN DHUS

SPORRANS

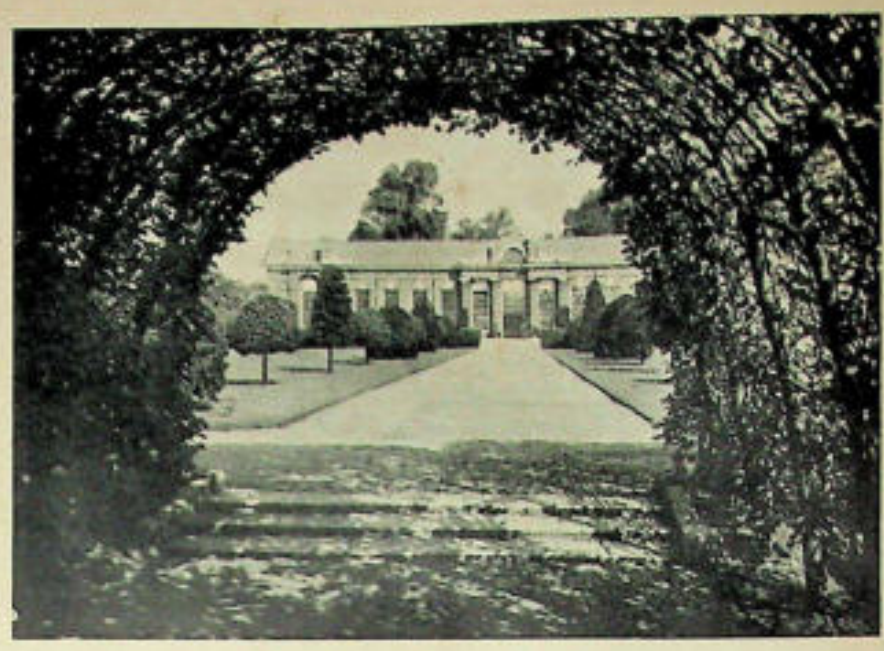
CREST, BADGE AND SHOULDER BROOCHES

TARTAN SILK SASHES

HIGHLAND DRESS SPECIALISTS

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S TAILORS

Telephone: REG. 4502 *Telegrams: "SCOTTADIE, PICCY"*



BODIAM CASTLE FROM THE MOAT AND (RIGHT) THE ORANGERY AT KENSINGTON PALACE

The photograph of Bodiam is from Moated Houses of England ("Country Life"; 10/6) by R. Thurston Hopkins, a well illustrated and thoroughly informed account of nearly fifty of these fascinating homes. The picture of the Orangery at Kensington Palace is from "Royal Palaces," by A. L. Baldry (The Studio, Ltd., 44, Leicester Square, W.C. 2; 6/-), in which Buckingham, St. James, Kew and Kensington Palaces, together with Hampton Court and Holyroodhouse, are fully illustrated with appropriate textual comments

New Books

FLEET STREET TO ADDIS ABABA

An Adventurous Journalist

IT was on a day in December, 1934, that a telephone message from the Editor of the *Daily Mail* reached the author of this book asking whether he could set out for Abyssinia the next day. He dates his preface from London on October 3rd of this year, and his story of what happened between those two dates is a very remarkable record of enterprise, endurance, danger, privation, boredom, pluck and success. Mr. Harmsworth's instructions were to set out for Rome, where he would be given a pass by Count Ciano, the Duce's son-in-law, to visit Eritrea and Somaliland. His adventures began within a few hours of his arrival in Rome. He was invited to visit King Alfonso of Spain at the Villa Tutto Ruffo; he attended an audience at the Vatican, where he was blessed by the Pope; he was given a letter from Mussolini giving instructions to General Graziani at Mogadiscio, and he left Rome for Naples, where he tried to discover what was thought by the Man in the Street about Abyssinia, and found that an evening's experiment in living dangerously in the Naples slums was disappointing. On the steamer from Naples, however, he fell in with ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan, and when at last he arrived at Aden, he found himself talking to "G.B.S.," whose last words to him, as regards the coming war, were: "Don't forget that if it is White *v.* Black, we shall have to come in with the Italians." Arrived at Mogadiscio, he had prepared a list of questions to be put to His Excellency General Graziani, dealing comprehensively with every possible aspect of the potential conflict, only to discover that His Excellency had not the least intention of giving an interview to the *Daily Mail*, that any cables which he wished to send home must be submitted to him, and that it must not contain any reference to the military or political situation. When he worded a telegram informing his newspaper that he was unable to send cables giving "military or political information," the cable was brought back to him with the request that he should add the words "warmly received by General Graziani." Having made this addition, he was disconcerted by the further request that he should delete his words "unable send military or political information." Could any correspondent be in worse case? Yet a few days later, as it happened, a Leopard Moth arrived carrying two Englishmen with suitcases, on business with the Italian Government. What the business was we are not told, but the Leopard Moth when it left for Nairobi carried a large sealed envelope addressed to the *Daily Mail*.

So the tale of adventure proceeds, search for information and material being interspersed with uncomfortable moments at close quarters with an elephant, a visit to a leper colony, and a night in a lodging where two beautiful young Somali girls wished to pay him every attention, and were only induced to leave his bedroom by his throwing a 50-lire note outside the window, through which the two girls vaulted. The climax of the journey is reached at Addis Ababa itself, where Mr. Harmsworth talked for long with the Emperor, of whom he gives a charming sketch. As to the possibilities of the war now proceeding, there is an excellent chapter entitled "Who will win?" The "ifs" of the situation could hardly be better summed up. The book throughout is admirably vivid; Mr. Harmsworth writes with humour and fluency, and incidentally contrives without the intention of doing so to present us with an attractive portrait of a youthful, adventurous, and extremely efficient newspaper correspondent. E. P.

Abyssinian Adventure. By Geoffrey Harmsworth. (Hutchinson & Co.; 12/6.)

RIDING WITHOUT TEARS

MESSRS. WITHERBY have struck the right note at the right moment by publishing a cheap edition of Captain Barrett's excellent text-book on practical horsemanship. One would be blind not to notice that a new type of horseman has appeared in our midst, a type which has taken up riding for the pleasure of it without the background of a home where everyone hunts or has hunted as a matter of course. These people are very much at the mercy of the riding schools. Riding schools are springing up like mushrooms all over the country, and it seems doubtful if all the instructors can be both good horsemen—or women—and competent teachers.

Captain Barrett's book should be of the greatest service both to instructors and their pupils. It is clear, concise, and the photographs illustrate admirably the points under discussion, though I must make an exception in the case of Plate 8, where we are asked to note the slackness of a standing martingale which is in fact invisible. It would have been an improvement if the number of the page had been given when the different plates are mentioned, as a good deal of hunting about has to be done to find them at the appropriate passage.

I would strongly recommend to all riding masters the chapter on "The Seat." Though I fear they may smile sadly at the thought of the 60 to 80 lessons which Captain Barrett considers the minimum in which to make a rider. I suspect that the majority of pupils expect to be turned out competent horsemen after a course of twelve, and the chilling fact that he is attempting the impossible paralyses the instructor from the start. I suggest that he should persuade his pupils to read *Practical Horsemanship* and note for themselves how much time and steady practice is needed to turn out even an average rider.

The chapter on teaching children is excellent though rather short, and nothing is said about how to make a child's pony, always a difficult problem. A chapter is devoted to the side-saddle *v.* astride for ladies' controversy, and the author's comments seem very reasonable and fair. V. E. P.

Practical Horsemanship. By Captain J. L. M. Barrett. (Witherby; 6/-.)

RIVERS AS GOOD COMPANIONS

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. William Bliss has realised the truth of G. W. Curtis's words: "A river is the easiest of friends. You must love it and live with it before you can know it." His latest book, *Rapid Rivers*, radiates the joy which he finds in the music of running water, and though the book is based on his experiences while canoeing, it is not one which will be of interest only to the canoeist.

The author has an intense love for a river where it runs small and swiftly between the bents and heather of the fells. "In such places," he says, "where rivers are born, should also be born the love of rivers," and he urges his readers to trace every river to its source, adding that "to trace things to their sources is one of the highest as it is certainly the most ineradicable and persistent passions of man." Having canoed on the broad swift-flowing Danube and Inn in Bavaria and contrasted them with the Upper Valley of the Wye near Builth Wells, the writer of these notes finds it easy to understand an affection for the higher reaches of rivers. Like Mr. Bliss, a canoeist will generally find himself saying at the start of a tour: "How high up can I start?" for it is near the source of a river that beauty and excitement are to be found.

It is perhaps surprising to note that the author gives Monmington Falls as the most dangerous rapid on the Wye, for many will deem "Hell Hole," two miles below Aberedw, a much stiffer proposition. However, it is possible for the rapids of mountain rivers to change so much in different states of water that it is easy for one canoeist to have an easy passage where another experiences difficulty a week or so later.

In dealing with the course of a river Mr. Bliss does not merely give an account of rapids and where they are to be encountered, but he enlivens his notes with sketches of the people he has met, with something of what they say and their manner of saying it. This is, of course, one of the reasons why all his books are such a delight.

To feel a tremor as a serious rapid is approached is no disgrace, according to Mr. Bliss, for who has not felt a greater dubiety in a dentist's ante-room or just before the start of a swimming race at school? That slight sensation of "getting the wind up" is usually born of the imagination, but this does not mean that a man with a vivid imagination is not willing and anxious to take risks. A tale is told of a certain king of Spain who, reading a tombstone inscribed: "Here lies a man who never knew fear," remarked, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

Rapid Rivers, however, is a book for canoeists, whatever their temperaments, and for all lovers, actual or potential, of our beautiful English rivers—a book which will stir their memories and raise their hopes, and make the dull present brighter and more worth while. W. G. L.

Rapid Rivers. By William Bliss. (H. F. and G. Witherby; 8/6.)

In our review of Mr. H. T. Kenny's book *In Lightest Africa* on November 2nd, the book was, unfortunately, described as *In Highest Africa*.

STANFORD'S
COLOURED CHARTS FOR YACHTSMEN

A series of Coloured Charts especially designed for use in sailing, motor and auxiliary yachts and small vessels. The charts, prepared under the supervision of Capt. O. M. Watts, are attractively coloured and strongly mounted, folding up in a compact manner. They are replete with information concerning depths, lights, channel marks and courses, of handy size, yet contain all the usual information required by yachtsmen.

NEEDLES TO START POINT
Coloured Chart of the English Channel with Inset Charts of Bridport, Christchurch, Dartmouth, Exmouth, Lulworth Cove, Poole, Lyme Regis, Portland, Teignmouth, Torbay, Weymouth. Mounted on linen, 7/6. Mounted on linen, in case, 10/-.

START POINT TO LAND'S END
and the Cornish Coast from Land's End to Padstow. Coloured Chart of the English Channel with Inset Charts of Avon River, Erme River, Falmouth, Fowey, Helford River, Looe, Longships Channel, Mevagissey, Mounts Bay, Newquay, Padstow, Plymouth, St. Ives, Salcombe, Yealm River. Mounted on linen, 7/6. Mounted on linen, in case, 10/-.

GREAT YARMOUTH TO ORFORDNESS
Coloured Chart of the East Coast with Inset Charts of Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Southwold, River Ore, River Deben, Felixstowe Dock, Harwich Entrance, River Orwell, River Stour. Mounted on linen, 7/6. Mounted on linen, in case, 10/-.

DUTCH WATERWAYS
A Yachtsman's Guide to the Dutch Waterways, including the Zuider Zee and the Friesland Meres. Thoroughly revised and re-written by Capt. C. E. A. L. Rumbold, with new maps and plans. Royal 8vo., cloth. 10/6.

SOLENT, SPITHEAD & SOUTHAMPTON WATER
Stanford's Chart of the English Channel, together with Inset Charts of Beaulieu River, Bembridge, Cowes, River Hamble, River Itchen, Keyhaven, Lymington, Newtown River, Wooton Creek and Yarmouth. This is the only Coloured Chart published that covers the whole of the Solent cruising ground on one sheet, extending from Selsey Bill to the Needles Channel and taking in the whole of the waters inside and outside the Isle of Wight. Linen backed paper, 7/6; linen, in case, 10/-.

GOODWINS TO SELSEY BILL
Coloured Chart of the English Channel with Inset Charts of Dover, Folkestone, Littlehampton, Newhaven, Ramsgate, Rye and Shoreham Harbours. Mounted on linen, 7/6. Mounted on linen, in case 10/-.

COLOURED CHART OF THE THAMES ESTUARY
Extending to Orfordness on the North, Sandwich on the South, to Gravesend on the West and Seaward to the Kentish Knock, with Map of the River from London Bridge to Gravesend on an enlarged scale. On linen, in case, 7/6.
The most serviceable Chart of the Thames Estuary for yachtsmen.

Edward Stanford, Limited,
Agents for the Sale of Admiralty Charts and Publications
43, Whitehall, LONDON, S.W.1

BOOKS to YOUR DOOR

Full particulars of the finest Book-lending Service in the World will be sent on application to the Librarian of The Times Book Club.

Two rates of subscription—one to the Guaranteed Service and the other to the excellent Ordinary Service—cover the requirements of readers of almost every type.

Books in hand need not be returned until a new supply is delivered.

Annual, half-yearly, or even quarterly subscriptions afford an easy test of the Library.

Write to-day to :—

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
and Circulating Library,
42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

for XMAS PRESENTS *see the*
MILLER BRONZES
of Birds and Animals at the
Embleton Galleries, 70 Jermyn St., London, S.W.1

Christmas Presents that are sure to please—
COUNTRY LIFE BOOKS

Everyhorse

By Frank Hart
10/6

Jannifer Jane

Photogravure
3/6

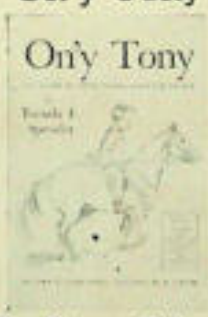
Nature In The Wild

A Book of Marvellous Photographs
5/-

Himself

By K. F. Barker
7/6

On'y Tony



For Young Riders
3/6

Write for fully illustrated Autumn List

COUNTRY LIFE LIMITED
20 Tavistock Street, London, W.C.2

THE "FIELD" HUNTING YEAR BOOK AND POINT-TO-POINT GUIDE 1935-1936

" . . . this inexhaustible fund of information . . . "—THE TIMES
" . . . is of very real value . . . "—A POLO CLUB MANAGER

10/6
Postage 6d.

FROM BOOKSHOPS EVERYWHERE, OR FROM THE FIELD, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.4

LONSDALE LIBRARY

Editors: THE EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G., and Mr. ERIC PARKER, Editor-in-Chief of *The Field*.

MOTOR CRUISING
Edited by K. M. MILLER and Commander JOHN IRVING. Contributions by NORMAN HART, J. R. BARRETT, S. M. FOWLER, H. P. ALLEN, ARTHUR F. EVANS, W. O. HORSNAILL, GEORGE CORDEROY, SIR CHARLES ALLOM, J. B. KIRKPATRICK, &c., &c. About 500 illustrations. Qr. Leather, 31s. 6d. Buckram, 21s.

GAME BIRDS, BEASTS AND FISHES Vol. XX
NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE SPORTSMAN
With magnificent nature photographs of animals, birds, etc. By ERIC PARKER. 15s. net.

SECOND EDITION
GREASED LINE FISHING FOR SALMON
An explanation of the methods of A. H. E. Wood of Glassel and Carnton, incorporating his records, by "JOCK SCOTT," with a chapter by G. L. M. LA BRANCHE and an appreciation by the RT. HON. J. HULL, P.C. Colour Plate of Flies and many other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Price, net, 12s. 6d.
"These methods have now been adopted on many rivers, nearly always with success, when the ordinary methods are useless."—*The Times*.

THE ANGLER'S WEEK-END BOOK
By ERIC TAVERNER and JOHN MOORE. Illustrated with Woodcuts by MARGOT HAMARD, and a number of illustrations from ancient angling books.
This is a book for the man who likes to go week-ending in the company of a fishing-rod. It is quite unlike any book that has been written before about angling; its dual purpose is to inform and to entertain. It also helps to identify birds, flowers, woods and flies.

CONTRACT WITHOUT CONVENTIONS
Contract Bridge bidding simplified. A. E. MANNING FOSTER. 6s. net.

Seeley, Service & Co. Limited
(Founded 1744)

Funk & Wagnalls present GIFTS OF LASTING PLEASURE

A gift of books at Christmas or at any other occasion is always welcome. They are a constant pleasure and a lasting reminder of the giver.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF PARTIES
by MARGARET LOCKWOOD ANDREWS
1. Mrs. Andrews has put a wealth of practical knowledge into a single volume. She tells in every detail how to give all sorts of parties. The book is rich in children's parties, and includes over 200 games. It is the only book covering social entertainment in so practical and helpful a manner. *Bound in cloth; 330 pages. Price 8/6.*

THE LOST WORD PUZZLE
2. Try this new and fascinating puzzle and see how many well-known quotations you can remember. You will be surprised at the result. This little book will give many hours of pleasure and enjoyment—and it is instructive, too! By its use you will acquire a knowledge of the world's great quotations. *Price 1/-, Postage 2d.*

THE COMPREHENSIVE Standard DICTIONARY
3. An ideal Dictionary for Office, Home and School. So up to date and varied is the information within its pages that it preoccupies the place of many reference books. It defines 50,000 words and phrases; contains over 1,000 illustrations and some 6,000 synonyms, antonyms and prepositions; gives the meaning of many foreign words and phrases; helps to correct English and in addition there is a special atlas of coloured maps. *Bound in Royal Scarlet Fabrikoid; 784 pages. Price 10/-.*

INSPIRATION AND IDEALS
by GRENVILLE KLEISER
4. This is a most desirable book containing a helpful, stimulating message for every day of the year. The purpose is to give help and inspiration in right thinking and right living; and to suggest ideals which make for both material and spiritual welfare. *Cloth bound; 383 pages. Price 6/6.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., 27a, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4

FREE APPROVAL FORM
To Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 27a, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4
Please send me on 3 days' Free Approval the books indicated by No.....
I agree if I decide to retain them to pay their cost within 5 days of receiving them. Otherwise I agree to return them within 5 days.
WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW

WINTER EVENING AT THE DURHAM OX

One of eight plates in colour which with 36 others in black and white form the illustrations to "A Leicestershire Sketch Book," by Lionel Edwards, which shows that the artist's hand has in no wise lost its cunning (Eyre & Spottiswoode ; 21/-)

SEA-FOWL OF ALL SORTS

From Field Mice to Gannets

"WHAT'S in a name ?" asks Miss Frances Pitt (in effect) in a charmingly expressed foreword to her latest book, and having thus disarmed criticism as to the inclusion, in *Birds and the Sea*, of such queer fowl as seals and field-mice, she goes on to deal, most entertainingly, with the habits of the "birds," both furred and feathered, which she has watched and photographed round Britain's varied coastline.

Her style, strikingly individual, is well known to readers of the *Field*, so is the excellence of her photographs and the reliability of her observations. The three qualities, combined, make this book both interesting to the general reader and of value to the naturalist—for instance :

"Now what truth is there in the idea that the hen phalarope is a lady of little repute ? Watching the groups and trying to analyse them, I see many pairs ; for instance, here are three birds—two hens and a cock—but suddenly the male and one of the females take wing, fly off down the mere, and hen number two is left behind. Again, here is another group of three, but it is broken up by one female driving off the other. These unattached hens must be "grass widows" with husbands on nursery duty. I see nothing to support the allegation that each hen has several lovers. It would appear that every pair 'keeps itself to itself.'"

This is written of the red-necked phalarope in the Orkneys—that queer, confiding little bird that combines the habits of sandpiper and moorhen, being well able to swim by reason of the lobing of its toes. The hen phalarope is, as will have been gathered from the above, "a completely emancipated female, insomuch as she makes over household and nursery duties to the male, who undertakes the incubation of the eggs and the rearing of the chicks."

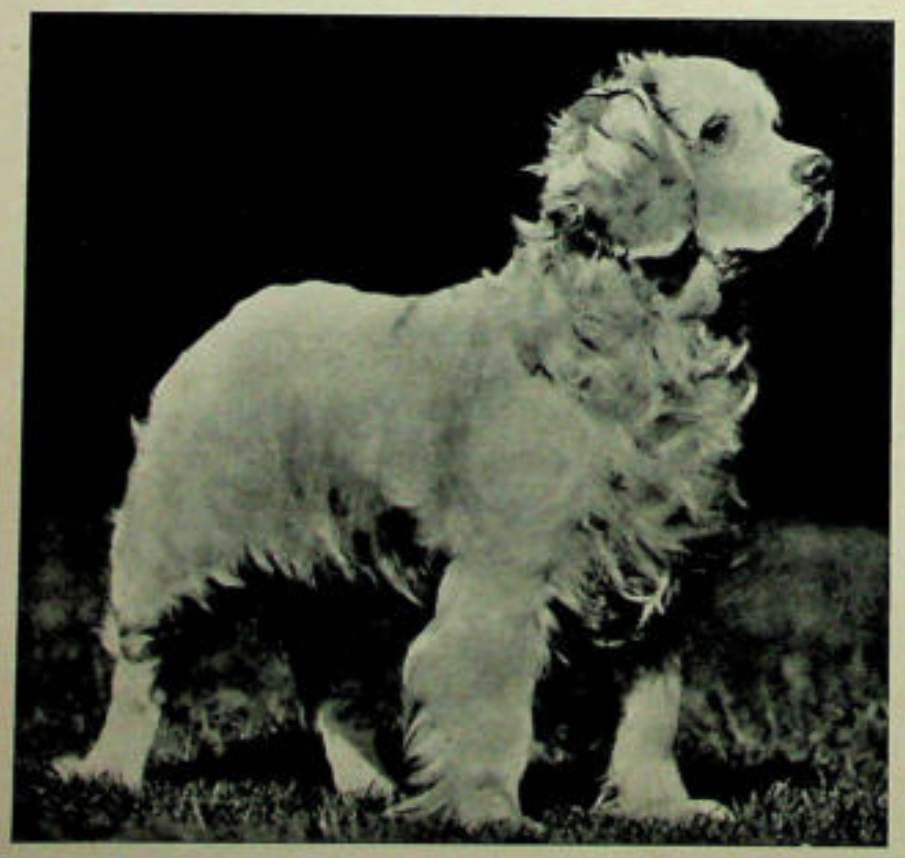
Having thus indicated, almost at random, the author's treatment of her subject, it but remains to say that she has made that subject remarkably comprehensive, describing, with equal enthusiasm, her journey by fishing boat out to the sandbanks of the Wash at daybreak of a March morning to photograph wild geese ; an April trudge in gum-boots across Cumberland marshes on another "wild-goose chase" ; a spring visit to Ravenglass sanctuary ; a June night spent on a small island off the Welsh coast, inhabited only by birds and seals ; a pilgrimage to Grassholm (home of the gannet) ; another to the Farnes, and divers excursions, with camera and field-glass, to rocky isles and lonely lochs in the northern half of the kingdom.

Apart from its natural history interest, this book should effectually dispel any lingering belief that bird-watching is a pastime for the spectacled and freakish ; for those unable, by inclination or for physical reasons, to fish, shoot or hunt. On the contrary, it is very much akin to the three great field sports, requiring precisely the same qualities—perseverance, patience, ability to overcome difficulties, indifference to hardship and power of endurance. And all these, coupled with a vast enthusiasm, are displayed by the author in the volume under review. R.

Birds and the Sea. By Frances Pitt. (Longmans ; 6/-.)

A GREAT DANE

One of the 24 charming etchings by Malcolm Nicholson which illustrate (a more elaborate edition of) Mr. A. Croxton Smith's popular "Tail-Waggers" ("Country Life" ; 7/6)



SANDRINGHAM SPARK AND SANDRINGHAM SAILOR

In "The King's Dogs" Major Mitford Brice describes, by means of 48 full-page plates, each with a charmingly appropriate letterpress account, the Royal Kennels at Sandringham. The Sandringham Clumbers are famous all the world over, and His Majesty has also taken prizes with his Labradors, so this book is sure of a warm welcome from dog lovers and shooting men. (Black ; 10/6)

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

STALKING
In Scotland and New Zealand
By LORD LATYMER
Author of "Chances and Changes."
With Illustrations and Maps.
8/6 net.

Lord Latymer writes about a subject which he loves, and on which he is an authority.

"One of the two or three best sporting books I have read this year."—"R. M."—*The Field.*

IN THE LANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN
By C. W. WARDLAW
IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE, TRINIDAD, BRITISH WEST INDIES.
With Illustrations. **12/6** net.

It is seldom that a commonplace and familiar object like the banana has the distinction of being made the central theme of a book. An unusual book, written by one who enjoyed what can only be regarded as unique opportunities.

TALES FROM TYROL
By OLGA WATKINS
5/- net.

Delightful sketches of life, and incident amidst the natural beauty of the Austrian Tyrol. It is all about "people," and what charming people they are! An entrancing volume.

EMPTY HIGHWAYS
By R. O. PEARSE
12/6 net.

The author gives a vivid description of the countries through which he and his wife travelled along the course of what is perhaps the most interesting geographical feature of the world—the great Rift Valley of Africa.

KNIGHTS ERRANT OF PAPUA
By LEWIS LETT
12/6 net.

With Map and Frontispiece.
Introduction by Sir Robert Murray, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Papua.

An enthralling narrative of survey and hazard among the neolithic savages of British New Guinea.

"A stirring record of high endeavour and great achievement."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"It is some time since we read a book of this kind so ably put together and so attractive to the general reader."—*Morning Post.*

TALES FROM THE OUTPOSTS
In Twelve Uniform Volumes. Pocket Size.
Adventures — Escapes — Travels — Voyages — War — Exploring — Sport; Mountains — Oceans — Jungles — Deserts — Rivers — Marshes—Camps—Battlefields.
Each **3/6** net.

"Well worth the price."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

PERFUME FROM PROVENCE
By The Honourable LADY FORTESCUE
Profusely illustrated with Drawings by E. H. SHEPARD, the famous Punch artist.
5/6 net (5th Imp.)

And the Best of all Gifts:

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE
30/- post free.

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS LTD. LONDON AND EDINBURGH

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS'

Christmas Cards & CALENDARS

LOOK FOR NAME AND TRADE MARK

OBTAINABLE FROM HIGH-CLASS STATIONERS & STORES

If you are sending Christmas Cards printed with your name and address, ask to see TUCK'S "ROYAL & SELECTED" Sample Book.

HEATH CRANTON LTD.

THE GHOST WALKS ON FRIDAYS, In and out of the Stage Door.

SYDNEY BLOW, Author and part Author of the Plays: "Lord Richard in the Pantry," "The Motor Chase," etc., etc. Foreword by SIR SEYMOUR HICKS. 15 Illustrations. **7s. 6d.** net.

Never before has a Theatrical book been written from so many different angles. It is DIFFERENT to any other. Sir Seymour Hicks says: "In my humble opinion this is the best book of Theatrical anecdotes ever published."

GRACE O' LIFE

MARGARET HOLDEN. Author of "Near Neighbours," etc. Foreword by EDWARD GARNETT, and nine Woodcuts by FREDA BONE. **7s. 6d.** net.

This is a kind of "Our Village." A delightful sketch of various people met under diverse circumstances. They are, in fact, little human documents.

NEAR NEIGHBOURS

MARGARET HOLDEN. Foreword by MUIRHEAD BONE, and 20 Woodcuts by LAURENCE ANGUS. **6s.** net.

A delightful book about birds and how "humans" were tamed by their feathered neighbours.

YORKSHIRE FOLK, Memories of a Journalist.

W. L. ANDREWS, Editor of "The Leeds Mercury." Foreword by LORD MOYNIHAN. **3s. 6d.** net.

A book full of the spirit of Yorkshire. A series of pen portraits and stories. Lord Moynihan says: "I can think of no one so well qualified to speak of Yorkshiremen as Mr. Andrews."

YORKSHIRE DAYS AND YORKSHIRE WAYS

J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH, M.C. Foreword by DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE. **3s. 6d.** net.

Another of this well-known Author's Yorkshire books. A complete, searching and illuminating study.

VAGABONDING THROUGH THE MIDLANDS

"QUAESTOR" (W. Byford-Jones), Author of "Both Sides of the Severn," etc. Illustrated. **3s. 6d.** net.

Few writers know the West Midlands better than this Author. He travels through the District, putting up at night at any likely cottage or inn that he comes across. The *real* spirit of the countryside and its inhabitants is captured.

6 FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

You can easily tell how old the Moon is—*how do you tell the age of Brandy?*

It is a pleasant experiment to try to form some idea of the age of a brandy by tasting it for the intensity of its bouquet and aroma. But to know its *exact* age you must know how long it has matured in the wood.

Hennessy X.O. Liqueur Brandy has matured in the wood for 45 years, and it is this—combined with the wonderful natural qualities of the Brandy—which gives Hennessy X.O. its extraordinary charm of character and its unmistakable Cognac flavour.

HENNESSY
X·O
LIQUEUR BRANDY

MATURED IN THE WOOD FOR OVER 45 YEARS

With the last withered leaves falling from the trees, it is high time to think of winter underwear. That, with most men, means thinking of PESCO. There are a few who affect to despise the importance of wool next to the skin. They pay for their folly in cold and discomfort. Wiser men choose PESCO Underwear with interest and care, remembering that the sturdiest he-man is not immune from chill and that forethought is better than any after-remedy.

From leading Outfitters in Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Vests, Long and Short sleeves, Kilt, Knicker and Ankle Trousers, Combinations, etc. Also Sports Wear and Half Hose. Names of nearest agents on request.

Pesco

PETER SCOTT & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 117), HAWICK, SCOTLAND
P.S.L.

The Country House

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS

Plants and Shrubs Which Brighten Dull December Days

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

LOOKING through the gardening books of a hundred years ago makes one realise how rich we are in comparison in regard to flowers in bloom during the shortest days of the year. During the early years of the nineteenth century, Christmas roses, *Tussilago fragrans*, and, in sheltered parts, rosemary were the only garden flowers in bloom in December, and *Physalis Alkekengi* was valued, as it is still, for its vivid seed-pods.

Nowadays, in addition to these, we have the valuable Chinese winter-flowering shrubs associated with the great name of Robert Fortune—*Jasminum nudiflorum*, *Lonicera Standishii* and *Lonicera fragrantissima*, *Berberis hyemalis* (which begins flowering in November in Devon and Cornwall), *Viburnum fragrans* (which produces its pinkish, deliciously scented cymes in November in most parts of the South), the lovely winter-flowering irises, notably *Iris stylosa*, *Erica darleyensis*, the comparatively new Christmas flowering treasure, *Schizostylis coccinea* Lady Byng, and early flowering primroses such as Wanda.

Christmas roses are still the handsomest flowers in bloom at Christmas time, the earliest to flower being *Helleborus niger maximus*. This species begins flowering as a rule early in December. It is very handsome, 2ft. high, with flowers that measure nearly 4in. across if the plants are grown in good soil. The buds are tulip-like in shape, and the flowers, when first open, pinkish tinted on the outside of the petals (botanically speaking, the so-called petals are bracts), but the pink fades after a week or so. The latest variety of *H. niger* to flower is *H. niger angustifolius*, which usually is in bloom by mid-March. A remarkable feature of hellebores is their longevity. Clumps over 30 years old are common, and I know one which is over 50 years old and still blooms profusely, though the flowers are not large.

What hellebores want they must have, for they are not accommodating. A sheltered position, part shade, ground thoroughly dug three spits deep, and if lime is lacking, incorporated, preferably in the form of finely powdered mortar rubble, and the bottom spit liberally enriched with well-decayed manure. It is best to avoid planting in autumn when they are making their buds. July, when they are in active growth, is a good time, and, once planted, hellebores should never be disturbed. After flowering, they should never be allowed to run to seed, and if handlights are used to protect the blooms, these should be removed as soon as possible or the plants will suffer, for they are perfectly hardy. No hellebores can endure neglect in summer, for unless given really liberal supplies of water during a spell of drought, they will probably either fail to flower or produce very poor blooms. They appreciate mulches after flowering, but these mulches have to be stirred frequently during summer, especially after heavy rain.

Tussilago fragrans, so much esteemed for its delicious scent in Victorian times that it was commonly grown as a pot plant, is now regarded as one of the most pestilential weeds in the garden. It flowers throughout December. Its demure pale lilac heads, with a scent almost indistinguishable from that of heliotrope, are pleasing indeed, but this plant increases at an incredible rate. Its yard-long lengths of white stolons penetrate through the hardest paths, and once it gets a real hold it is almost impossible to get rid of it.

Physalis Alkekengi, commonly called winter cherry or Chinese lanterns, has been a cultivated plant for centuries in these islands. It is mentioned in Turner's herbal, and Turner calls it by its Arabian name—*Alkakeng*. In Elizabethan times it had apparently naturalised itself, for Gerard says: "The redde Winter cherrie groweth upon olde broken wals, about the borders of fields and in most gardens, where some conserve it for the beautie of the berries and others for the great and woorthy vertues thereof." In the parts of Europe and China where *Physalis Alkekengi* grows wild the berries are eaten by the peasants. *P. Alkekengi* is now not so commonly grown as *P. Franchetti* and *P. Bunyardii*, both which have larger and more ornamental "lanterns." These plants flourish in warm, well-drained soils, planted in full sun, but fail on heavy clay, unless the ground is lightened with sand and leaf-mould.

Of Christmas-flowering shrubs rosemary (one of the loveliest of all shrubs) seems to be less popular than of yore with cottagers, but *Jasminum nudiflorum* is a universal favourite and small wonder, for in smoky towns as in the country it produces its star-like golden flowers in profusion from late November to March. On the gloomiest and dullest days they seem to radiate sunlight and the promise of spring. This plant is frequently sadly neglected, with the result that it soon becomes a tangle of brown stems, starred with only a few flowers. I think the easiest way of pruning is to be generous in giving away handfuls of side shoots as they show bud. Every one of these side shoots has to be pruned later, and every one, even if the buds are not showing colour, opens when the stems are put in water. Few flowers are so satisfactory as *Jasminum nudiflorum* and *Iris stylosa* to pick and send away to town friends in winter, for the buds travel perfectly. Moreover, they associate delightfully in bowls.

Iris stylosa (or *Iris unguicularis* as we have for long been bidden to call it—only no one remembers!) flourishes exceedingly in most parts if given the conditions it requires, i.e., a position at the foot of a sunny wall, very poor, well-drained soil and lime rubble. I have never seen it produce such quantities of flowers as when planted in a gravel path on sandy soil at the foot of a sunny wall. Its first year it seldom flowers, but after that every year it produces its silken blue flowers, suggestive of the Mediterranean and sunny skies, in endless succession from December to April.

The National Advertising Benevolent Society.—This society is organising a European premiere presentation of the picture "Broadway Melody of 1936" at midnight on December 4th, at the Leicester Square Empire. The proceeds will be devoted to the funds of the N.A.B.S., and the show is for this reason alone deserving of wholehearted support.

A HUNTING PATTERN

LOVERS of the Sport will be delighted with the Spode Herring "Hunting" pattern. It is to the table what old prints are to the walls in the homes of hunting people. Hunting scenes reproduced on a strong cream body, from the original drawings executed in about 1830 by the famous Herring. Illustrated are: Joke cup and saucer—6/6d; Two Pint beer mug—7/-; Cigarette Box—9/-. Write for descriptive leaflet!

Spode

W. T. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED, STOKE-ON-TRENT

Messrs. Carter's Sports Courts Ltd. (originally G. H. Carter Ltd.) who are the largest and most experienced constructors of Squash Rackets Courts in the World, will be pleased to arrange for a technical expert to visit Clients and to submit estimates for Squash, Fives and other Covered Courts in any part of the United Kingdom and Continent. As all the principal and about 90% of all Standard Squash Rackets Courts are Carter's, space does not permit of their enumeration, but an illustrated booklet, giving a complete list will be gladly forwarded upon request to:

CARTER'S SPORTS COURTS LTD.
(Originally G. H. Carter Ltd.)
Courts for all Sports
CLISSOLD WORKS, 57-69 GREEN LANES
LONDON, N.16
Phones: Clissold 6920-1-2 Code: Marconi

STACK'S FOX FARM

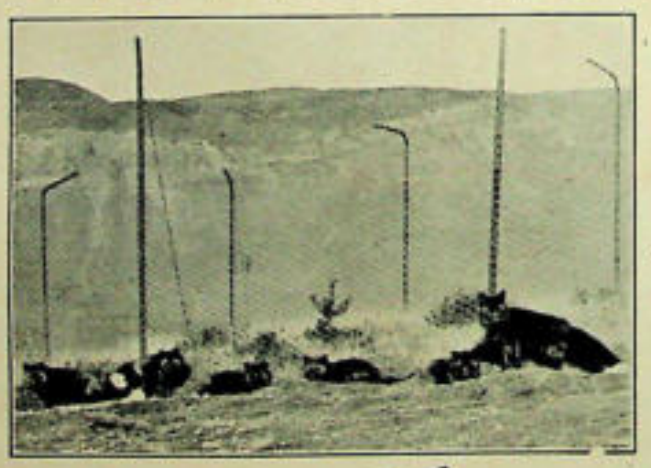
Awards won at the S.F.B.A. Show last week — including Stack's Olympia (7 months old) the Extra **PALE SILVER CHAMPION.** This is the second year running we have won this cup with a cub vixen

Apply for booklet on Fox Farming and 'The Fox Farmers' Year' to

COMMANDER C. M. STACK, R.N. (Retd.), Friningham Lodge, Detling, Near Maidstone, Kent

Telephone & Telegrams : Bearsted 6218

THE SUCCESS OF SIDLAW FOXES



demonstrates beyond all question the quality of Sidlaw Stock!

At the 1935 Silver Fox Show just held in London, the SIDLAW team won 30 awards in all—MORE AWARDS and MORE CHAMPIONSHIPS THAN ANY OTHER FARM IN THE COUNTRY. Results were as follows :

Supreme Show champion : Hillview 57 L. Reserve : Sidlaw Tramp.
Champion Dog : Hillview 57 L. Reserve : Sidlaw Tramp.
Champion Vixen : Macarthur Dream.
Reserve to the Best Fox in Novice Classes : Isla Doreen.

½ Silver. Reserve Champion : Macarthur Dream.
Cub Vixens : Sidlaw Patience 6th.
Adult Vixens : 1st, Macarthur Dream. 4th, Sidlaw Jill.

½ Silver. Champion : Hillview 57 L. Reserve : Sidlaw Flyer.
Cub Vixens : 2nd, Sidlaw Token.
Adult Vixens : 1st, Sidlaw Shirley. 3rd, Douglas Jasper.
Adult Dogs : 1st, Hillview 57 L. 2nd, Sidlaw Flyer. 4th, Isla Whiskey.

½ Silver. Champion : Sidlaw Tramp.
Cub Vixens : 2nd, Sidlaw Whitebeam. 3rd, Sidlaw Fleece.
Cub Dogs : 2nd, Sidlaw Thane.
Adult Dogs : 1st, Sidlaw Tramp.
Dark. Reserve Champion : Sidlaw Misty.
Cub Dogs : 1st, Sidlaw Misty. 2nd, Sidlaw Spook. 3rd, Sidlaw Sneezer.
Adult Vixens : 1st, Sidlaw Berys.
Adult Dogs : 2nd, Sidlaw Holly.
Novice Class Vixens : 1st, Isla Doreen.

Sidlaw Tramp was the best British-bred fox in the show. The team won 5 out of 8 Major Awards—more than all other farms in the country combined.

* Limited to 30 pairs, the standard of this strain is kept at its highest. Started in December, 1930, the farm has won 89 awards in 5 years, in face of competition from farms of much longer standing. Awards have steadily improved each year, giving an indication of the standard maintained.

SIDLAW FUR FARM

BALBEGGIE, PERTHSHIRE

Phone: Kinrossie 18. 'Grams: "Furs Balbeggie"—Station Perth. Trains met.

READY FOR THE "OLD CROCKS'" RUN FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON, WHICH TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW
Two 1900 De Dions and an 1897 Hurtu are seen alongside an 1899 De Dion water-tricycle on a trial outing

A YEAR OF MOTORING PROGRESS

Speed, Safety and Record Sales of British Cars

By MAJOR W. WHITTALL

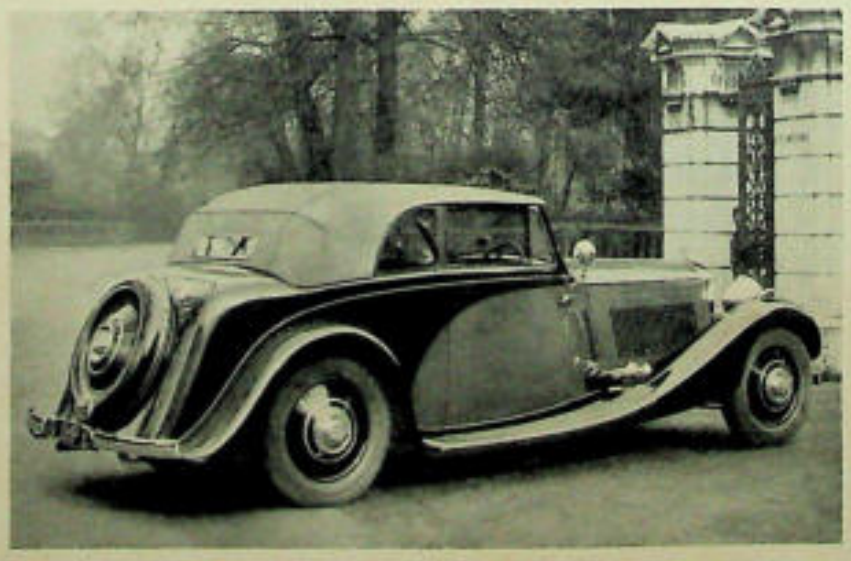
(Sir Malcolm Campbell, who, at the time of going to press, is fighting a constituency in the General Election, will resume his series of articles next week)

LOOKING backward to the beginning of 1935 or, rather, to the Olympia Motor Show in October, 1934, which marked the real beginning of the motoring year, one finds that it has been a twelve-month of uninterrupted progress in every department. Trade has been more than good, and the climax of one of the greatest development years in the history of the industry was reached at the Motor Show, where the volume of business done was easily a record. Not only has trade expanded in the home market to an extent that was not even hoped for by the most optimistic, but the export side of the business has also developed satisfactorily and bids fair to do even better in the immediate future.

On the sporting side of the movement, records have been created that I venture to prophesy will stand for a long time, and the most pleasing reflection is that they have been set up by British cars driven by British drivers. The most notable achievement of all is, of course, the passing for the first time in history of the 300 miles an hour mark by Sir Malcolm Campbell with his famous old car, Blue Bird, on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah just over two months ago. That such a milestone of progress in the speed of the motor-car should have been set up by a British car—designed, built and driven by our own fellow-countrymen—is something to be viewed with pride and satisfaction by all who consider British industrial and sporting prestige of value to the country and to the Empire.

Twice, during 1935, have the existing world's records for all the longer distances and times up to 24 hours been broken by British cars, both times on the Utah course. First, Mr. John Cobb and his team of drivers set up new figures with the Napier-Railton car, only to have them beaten very shortly afterwards by an American car and driver. Honours were very soon regained for this country by Mr. George Eyston and his records still stand as the world's best. How long they will remain on the record books is a little doubtful. I believe the Americans are likely to make a very early effort to regain them. Still, what matters is that they stand for the present to the credit of this country. Incidentally, it is said that an American combination intends to build a car to try to break Sir Malcolm's record, but here I imagine they will find they have a rather more difficult set of circumstances to contend with.

Apart from these speed records, British cars have done very well in other racing events. The Tourist Trophy, the 500 Miles Race and several of the class events on the Continent have been won by British competitors. Taking it all in all we can view the sporting year with considerable complacency.



IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE ABOVE
An interesting feature of this new 3½ litre Bentley with special "Bromley" coupé body by Pass and Joyce, is the winding quarter window which, like the main window, is independently adjustable for ventilation

The beginning of the year saw the new Road Traffic Act brought into operation and a reduction in the horse-power tax of 25 per cent. The latter has been responsible for at least some measure of the prosperity enjoyed by the motor industry. More especially it has encouraged the manufacturer to design and produce cars with larger engines, with an eye to the export trade with the overseas Dominions. It is too early for the trade to have felt the full effect of a reduction which cannot fail to have the most beneficent results, not only abroad but at home.

From every point of view it is good to be able to record that the year has seen a steady diminution in the numbers of accidents occurring on the highways of the country. How far this has been due to the safety measures and devices introduced by the present Minister of Transport, and how far to the enormous publicity given to the question of road safety at the time of the passing of the Road Traffic Act, 1934, may be a matter of some controversy. Whatever may lie at the root of the decrease, the fact remains that there *has* been such a decrease and for that we must be thankful.

As to the working of the Act, the apprehension with which its introduction was viewed by many motorists has not been justified. In some parts of the country the Act may have been unfairly interpreted, especially in regard to the section imposing a speed limit of 30 miles an hour in built-up areas. But on the whole I think matters administrative have settled down fairly well and the Act is working as well as such a measure can be expected to function.

Generally speaking, motorists are loyally co-operating with the authorities to give the Act a fair chance to prove whether or not its provisions are likely to achieve the results aimed at. This co-operation is acknowledged by most of the police and others concerned with the administration of the law and there seems to be an increasing disposition to interpret the law in the spirit rather than in the letter. On the whole, I think, we motorists have not found that the new laws press with the harshness we anticipated.

During the year the Minister of Transport announced what has now become known as the "Five Year Plan" of new road construction—the first time in the history of the highways that the future has been regarded with wise prevision and we must give Mr. Hore-Belisha the fullest credit for the

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

"My experience (20/25 h.p. model) shows me that few cars—not, of course, including the ultra small ones—can be run more cheaply. Anyone who can produce the necessary capital to buy one would find that repair bills, petrol, oil and tyre outlay are ridiculously small, whilst it is one of the few motor-cars which has a constant second-hand value, and when depreciation is taken as a percentage of the capital, I doubt if any other car could show a lower figure."

A. Percy Bradley, Clerk of the Course, Brooklands

Rolls-Royce Ltd have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars for disposal at moderate prices

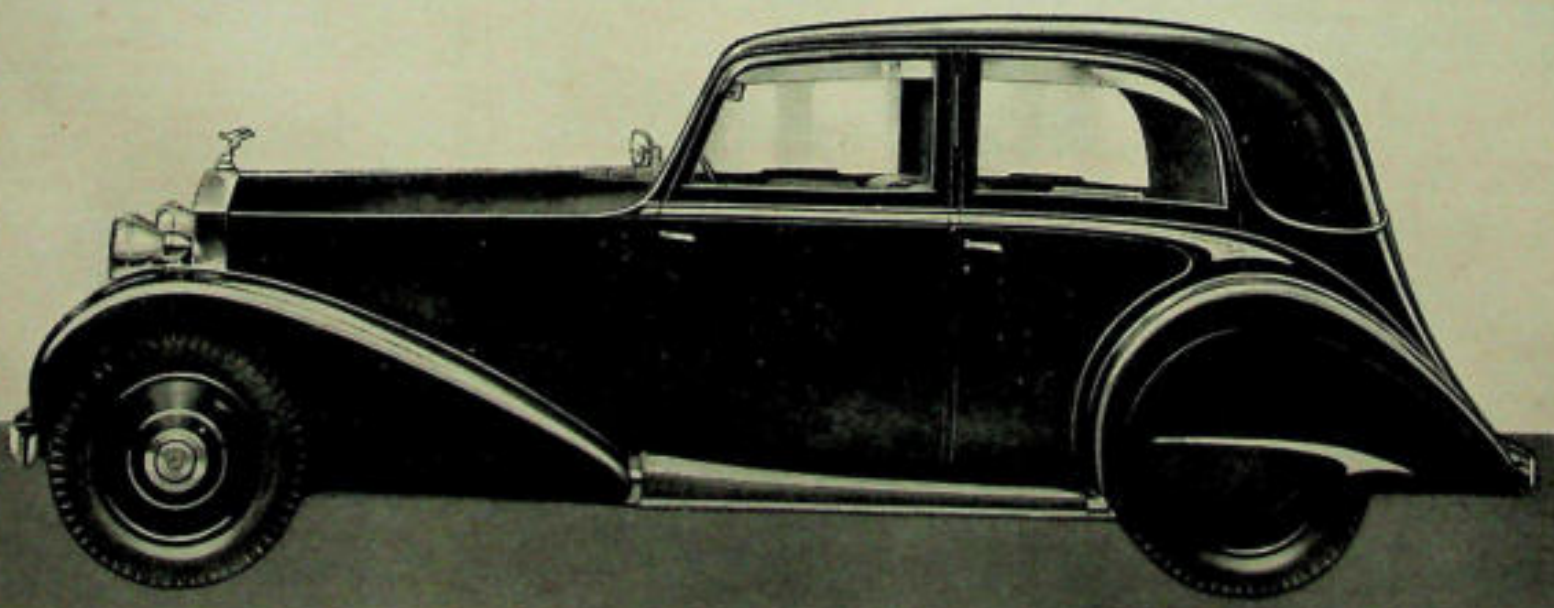
ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

Buy a Car Made in the United Kingdom

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF NORWAY

Pass and Joyce Ltd.

47, PALL MALL S.W.1.



Exclusive Design £1735

OFFICIAL ROLLS ROYCE AND BENTLEY RETAILERS

statesmanlike outlook he has displayed in relation to the roads. On the eve of the General Election, Mr. Chamberlain announced that the National Government would, if returned to power, provide a sum of £100,000,000 spread over the five years of its term to implement the "Plan." Thus we wind up the year under review with the knowledge that not only have the past twelve months been generally satisfactory from every point of view, but that we begin another year in the assurance of a sound cohesive and progressive highways policy. That alone is a good augury for the future of road transport of every kind.

CHOOSING A CAR

The Question of Visibility

VISIBILITY is of the utmost importance. It is perfectly possible to get a car which enables the driver, while sitting comfortably at the wheel, to see both wings, or at any rate, both sidelamps, clearly. This makes an enormous difference to the ease of driving in heavy traffic. The screen-pillars, too, should be narrow, so as to eliminate "blind spots." Turning round in the driving seat, one should be able to see backwards as well as possible, remembering how often one has to back into position in a car-park or garage, and therefore the rear window should be as wide as possible. It is important to see that the cushion is high enough for a short driver to see over, and not through, the steering wheel; while by trying the driving position the prospective purchaser can satisfy himself or herself that the pedals and brake and gear levers can be reached easily.

The same applies to the lighting and horn switches, the direction-indicator controls and the anti-dazzle switch. It is worth looking to see whether a double windscreen wiper is provided, remembering that the passenger, too, likes to see where he or she is going.

A CHRISTMAS COMMENTARY ON A FLYING THEME

1935's Many Indications of Wise Progress in Aviation

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

THERE are two ways of measuring progress. One is to draw up a formal review, backed by statistics, making comparisons and attempting to arrive at an answer to the ever-present question: How far and how fast are we going? The other is to let one's memories roam back round the outstanding features of a period, and to seek to discover the tendencies and influences that have been at work.

Both kinds of assessment have their uses; but at Christmas time the latter is the better and more natural, for it is the time of year when most of us ask ourselves what we have been doing in the past twelve months and recall those things which have made the year memorable in any sense. Let us, then, in accordance with the spirit of the season, glance back over the flying year. What have been its "high spots"? What has been achieved? What new tendencies have become apparent? And, in striving to answer these questions, let us have nothing to do with the cold formalities of statistics, but be friendly.

Perhaps the impression that stands out most strongly is that 1935 was a year in which, figuratively, flying showed evidence of the strivings of young manhood. The faltering steps of the child gave way to the purposeful, energetic aspirations of the grown adult. There was a greater atmosphere of confidence and security throughout the whole of the movement; and from security sprang a new desire to progress.

Internal air lines were a case in point. In these last twelve months, they have become absorbed into the main body of the country's communications. Their operation and expansion have come to be accepted as normal growth. The doubts of the sceptics have been less in evidence, and those closest concerned with their management have found firm ground beneath their feet. The vague experimental period of development has given place to conditions under which long-term plans for the future may be made on sound commercial lines.

So, too, there has been a change in the attitude towards aircraft themselves. New types have appeared, new in the sense of being more representative of the most advanced thought of the day. Designers seem to have gained that confidence which enables them to look beyond the immediate requirements of the moment and the tendency to play for safety, and to visualise the needs of the future.

It is safe to say that there has been a greater general all-round increase in aircraft performance during the past year than ever before. True, some of the types that have been so successful in the hands of private owners and air lines during the past twelve months had their origins in 1934 or even earlier. But conditions this year, resulting largely from the Melbourne air race at the end of 1934, have been such that these machines have gained recognition. Aircraft reliability has come to be taken for granted; so types are being assessed on their merits as regards economy, performance, and the like.

And in the sphere of Empire air transport, there has been the same sense of stability and the need for future planning. The necessity for higher performance is frankly admitted; above all, the claims of the flying boat have been confirmed officially. The airways are being planned as essentials that must always be a little ahead of public demand.

One of the reasons for which this flying year will be remembered is that the long postponed scheme of R.A.F. expansion was at last implemented. The result has been a lightening of that anxiety which has for so long been felt in connection with the military side of flying. It has, too, brought work in abundance to the factories, with a further strengthening of that same feeling of stability.

Another outstanding event was the Jubilee Review of the Royal Air Force by His Majesty the King. It was an impressive spectacle, all the more so because it was realised that this fighting service on parade was now only a foundation on which a larger and even more efficient one was to be built.

That review was something bigger than anything of its kind ever attempted before; at the other extreme—in the realm of civil aviation—the year has been memorable. Interest in small single-seater aircraft of low power grew considerably. Herr Kronfeld made some outstanding flights on the new Drone; various experimenters actively pushed forward the claims of the Pou; and the Air Ministry showed a readiness to co-operate by relaxing its restrictions so that this work could go on with as little interference as possible.

For motorless flying enthusiasts, too, it has been a year to remember, not so much for achievement as for the attainment of a new security. The Government scheme of subsidy was brought into being and the movement welded together. Here was further evidence of the widening of the basis of flying and the determination to confer the freedom of the air on all.

These are just a few of the things that stand out; there are many more that might be mentioned if space permitted. But it has not been the aim to provide a catalogue of achievement but to sum up the tendency of the year—its spirit and purpose.

Not for a long time has it been possible to look back on a year filled with so many indications of wise progress. Certain erroneous beliefs have been killed, new and sounder ones developed. The year 1935, if devoid of anything spectacular or epoch making, has been one of consolidation; and that, by itself, justifies confidence in the future possibilities of aviation.

Charles E. Brown

"AN OUTSTANDING EVENT WAS THE JUBILEE REVIEW OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING"
In this photograph the King is seen driving round the assembled lines of aircraft at Mildenhall

British Liner's Record Passage to Bombay.—The London office of the P. & O. has received a cable from Bombay reporting the arrival of their new liner Strathmore at noon on November 10th. The time from Marseilles to Bombay was exactly ten days, thus handsomely beating the record previously held by the Italian liner Victoria of about eleven days for a transit of about 102 miles less from Genoa. The cable reported having steamed at an average of 20.07 knots, and the actual speed after clearing the canal was 20.56 knots from Suez.

Royal Mail

AT FREETOWN PASSENGERS ON THE ATLANTIS WILL BE ABLE TO SPEND A WHOLE DAY AND EVENING ASHORE

passengers will be able to spend a whole day and evening on shore, and an interesting excursion can be made by train through typical scenery to the native village of Waterloo. The Atlantis will then continue to Bathurst, Gambia, where the last day of the year may be spent on shore. Then on to the Canary Islands, with a day on shore at Santa Cruz de la Palma, proceeding from there to Madeira, where the ship will stop for 27 hours, giving opportunity to take a motor drive through Funchal, the capital, and the picturesque surrounding country as well as to ascend to Terreiro da Lucta and descend by toboggan. When the Atlantis returns to Southampton on January 9th she also will have covered nearly 6,000 miles.

A third cruise of 20 days will be made by the new P. & O. liner Strathmore, leaving Tilbury on December 21st. The first stop will be at Madeira, which will be reached at eight o'clock on Christmas morning. Both Christmas Day and Boxing Day may be spent on shore, the Strathmore leaving on the evening of Boxing Day. On the following morning she will arrive at Santa Cruz de la Palma and spend the day there before proceeding to Sierra Leone. Another day will be spent at Freetown and the New Year will be heralded in by the ship's departure from there at midnight, December 31st.

On the return voyage the Strathmore will make for Casablanca, where modern improvements in the port and harbour have left unspoiled the oriental charm of the old Moorish town and market, with its narrow alleys and traditional customs, its white flat-topped houses gleaming in the sunshine. Morocco gives place to sunny Spain as the Strathmore continues to Cadiz, another city of dazzling whiteness enhanced by the beauty of noble ancient buildings. After a day ashore here, the cruise terminates with the return to Tilbury on January 10th.

For those who wish for a shorter cruise, there is one of fifteen days by the Lamport & Holt Line's Voltaire, leaving Southampton on December 21st. The first port of call will be Lisbon, which is reached on Christmas Eve. Sightseeing arrangements include opportunities to visit Cintra, with its renowned Pena Palace, ancient Moorish castle and villa of Monserrate, or to see the up-to-date Riviera resort of Estoril, with its casino.

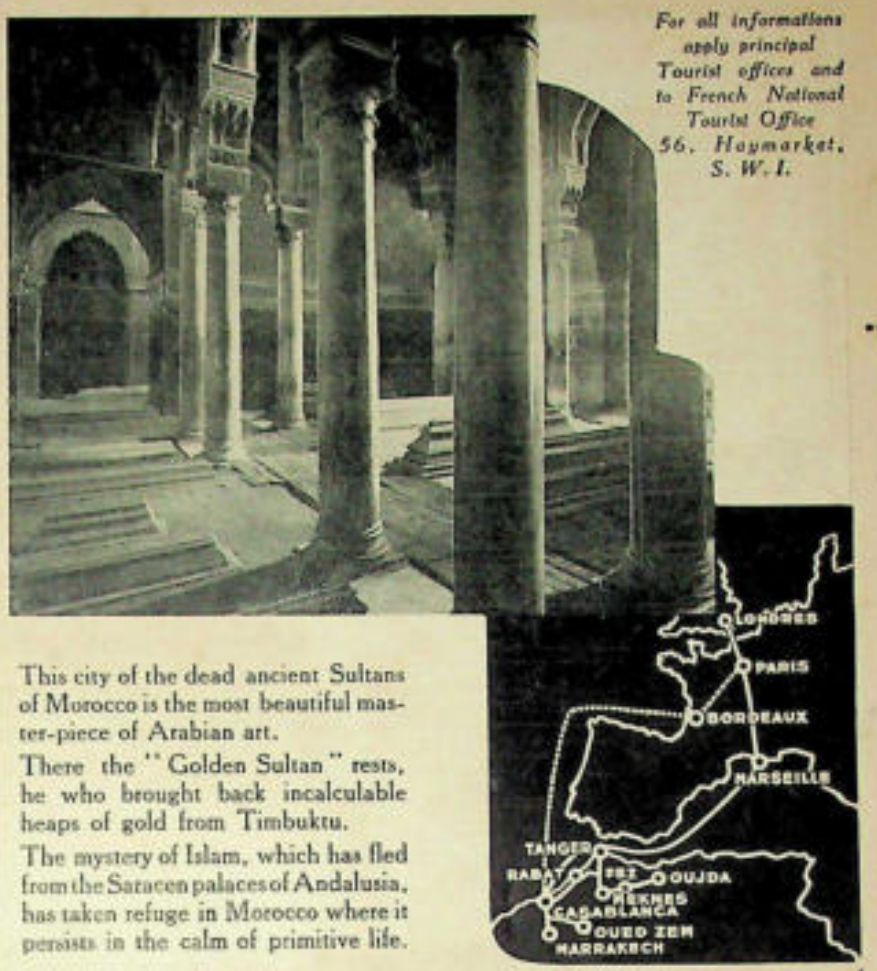
Spending Christmas Day at sea, the Voltaire will arrive at Casablanca on Boxing Day and an excursion may be made to Rabat, one of the most interesting of Moroccan coast towns. Then on to Teneriffe, where seven hours will be spent, and Madeira. Over two days will be spent at Madeira, where New Year's Eve will be celebrated by a firework display. From there the Voltaire will return direct to Southampton, arriving back on January 5th.

A more extensive cruise leaving after Christmas but before the New Year will be that by the P. & O. Viceroy of India. She will leave London on December 28th and visit some of the most fascinating ports of India, Ceylon and the East Indies during a cruise lasting 72 days. On the outward voyage calls will be made at Tangier, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said and Aden, with a stay of two days at Bombay. The ports subsequently visited include Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Macassar, Bali, Samarang, Batavia and Madras. On the return voyage the Viceroy of India will remain for six days at Bombay, whence a special overland tour to Delhi and Agra may be taken.

W. F.

P. & O.

FUNCHAL, CAPITAL OF MADEIRA, WHICH THE STRATHMORE WILL REACH ON CHRISTMAS MORNING



For all informations apply principal Tourist offices and to French National Tourist Office 56, Haymarket, S. W. 1.

This city of the dead ancient Sultans of Morocco is the most beautiful master-piece of Arabian art.

There the "Golden Sultan" rests, he who brought back incalculable heaps of gold from Timbuktu.

The mystery of Islam, which has fled from the Saracen palaces of Andalusia, has taken refuge in Morocco where it persists in the calm of primitive life.

VISIT MOROCCO

You cannot change the winter ... but you can escape it on the 'ATLANTIS'

CRUISE TO MADEIRA, W. INDIES, PANAMA, HAWAII, HONOLULU, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.

JAN. 24, 1936. **73 days. From 150 Guineas**

20,000 miles of sunshine!

'ROYAL MAIL'

Write for illustrated folder to:

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.

America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, and at Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow, or Local Agents.

BY TRAIN THROUGH ALGERIA

A Sightseeing Tour from Sea to Sahara

By CAPTAIN C. E. GRAHAM HOPE

"IF YOU WANT THE EAST——"
The Kasbah, Algiers

MANY travellers visiting India for the first time are disappointed to find how un-Eastern it appears to be. The palm tree, camel, and yashmak tradition dies hard, and the East of the cinema is more romantic very often than the reality. But, if you want the "East" in all its glory, go West, or rather, stay West and go South.

North Africa is everything that the East should be, and so often is not. Palm trees, camels, Arabs, veiled women, all are there. The close-clustered white houses of the old pirate town of Algiers seem to clamber up the steep hillside and almost to stand on top of one another. The streets, or rather stepped alleys, are dark tunnels of shade, from which the stark light of the North African sun is for ever secluded by the overhanging balconies, whose windows are often only a foot apart.

The Mohammedan does not go in for façades and porticoed fronts in his domestic architecture; his house looks inward into cool courtyards, and it is there that he lets his decorative sense run riot. Consequently the walls of these streets are unprepossessing, and have in their perpetual twilight that impalpable air of mystery that always surrounds this aloof race, even when modernised and dressed in European clothes. The names of the streets, Rue de Chameau, Rue de la Girafe, Rue des Sarracins, Rue Lalahoum, or Rue de Nuit, have the authentic Arabian Nights' touch, and should bring a suggestion of romance to the most hardened seeker of the sun from the fogbound north.

Any foreign country should be lived in to be appreciated, its habits and people and sights should be assimilated into the system naturally in the course of time, rather than sought out by a deliberate act. Unfortunately we had not time in the brief space of a fortnight's holiday to do this, and there is much to be seen in North Africa; but we did what we could. We sought the Sahara.

Once again, that visit was a makeshift. One should travel on the indigenous transport of the country; but that is the camel or the donkey, whose average comfortable speed is twenty odd miles a day, which would not have taken us far on a fortnight's holiday. So it had to be the choice between train and car. The motor car is the modern camel, and the roads of Algeria are good, but here again entered the time factor.

To cover vast distances each day over a mountain road is a breathless process, not to say hair-raising; besides, the range of vision from most motor cars is limited. In a train one instinctively trusts the engine driver not to take his train off the rails, the carriages are comfortable, one's vision almost untrammelled, and one can sit at ease and see all that there is to be seen without continually pressing an invisible brake.

The train for Biskra left Algiers early in the morning, when the winter air was still fresh, and unwarmed by the sun, and after going southward for a few miles, headed east through mile upon mile of vineyards and orange groves bordered by tall dark cypress hedges towards the mountains of Grand Kabylia, past white, red-roofed farmhouses and tidy little colonial towns, beside tree-shaded roads crowded with motor cars, donkeys, carts laden with great wine barrels, Arabs, Moors, pedestrians of every shade of colour and style of dress, Maison Blanche, Rouiba, Ménerville, with its branch line to Tizi Ouzou—entrancing name—where we once had a marvellous fish soup, the lovely Gorge of the Isser, all passed by too soon, and the train halted at last at Palestro, the scene of a bloody massacre in the Kabyle revolt of 1871.

We could tell of the cragged walls of the Djurdjura Mountains, with their terraced fields industriously worked by the Kabyles, staying in position often apparently in defiance of the law of gravity. The Oriental has a reputation for indolence and "laissez-faire," but, however that may be, he sees to it that the soil, even of his mountains, works, and works hard. The train bored its way through the

THE CRUISE OF CRUISES!

More than 10 weeks of joyous and thrilling travel, returning to England when the Spring is here. This is undoubtedly the most delightful and luxurious cruise ever . . . on the

ARANDORA STAR

THE WORLD'S MOST DELIGHTFUL CRUISING LINER

LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON JAN 22

75 DAYS OF DELIGHT FROM 153 GUINEAS

Visiting HONOLULU

MIAMI for PALM BEACH, Florida HAVANA, PANAMA, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES (for Hollywood and Pasadena), MAZATLAN (for Mexico City), MANZANILLA, ACAPULCO, SAN JOSE (for Guatemala), LA LIBERTAD (for San Salvador), CURACAO, TENERIFFE

ANNUAL XMAS CRUISE, DEC. 20.
MADEIRA, GAMBIA, SIERRA LEONE, TENERIFFE, SANTA CRUZ.
20 DAYS FROM 34 GNS.

Owing to the great popularity of ARANDORA STAR Cruises you should write now for full details and plan of ship, etc., to—

BLUE STAR LINE
3, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1
Whitehall 2266
Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Bradford, Belfast, Paris and all Travel Agencies

C.F.H.61

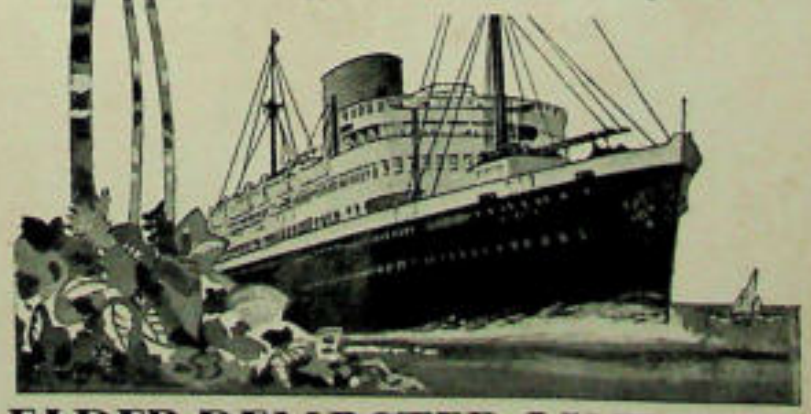
Round voyages to WEST AFRICA

THESE tours, which will be operative for sailings during late November and December, 1935, and January 1936, are really something out of the ordinary. Passengers undertaking these tours will be travelling on a West African Liner engaged on her regular voyage, where ports of call provide scenes of extreme variety and interest.

The fares are from £72 first and £58 second saloon.

There are reductions for Wives, Sisters, Daughters and Mothers.

Literature and information will gladly be sent on application to us or to all Travel Agencies.



ELDER DEMPSTER LINES LTD.
Head Office - - - Colonial House, Liverpool.

London: Criterion Buildings, 24/36, Lower Regent St., S.W.1, or all Travel Agencies.

LE TOUQUET

Christmas Season

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21st to JANUARY 2nd

CASINO de la FORET

Roulette **Baccarat**

and the Hotels

HERMITAGE & WESTMINSTER

WILL BE OPEN

STAG HUNTING WITH
LE TOUQUET DRAG HOUNDS

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR GALA NIGHTS

GOLF TOURNAMENT

Spiritual Values in Travel

"YOU ask for my impressions of South Africa? Well, Africa is so vast and so new to me that in my short tour I have barely been able to scratch the surface, so that I can only give you my impressions in terms of spiritual values. Just let me explain what I mean by the phrase spiritual value—to me it means an experience which causes me to stop and send out my own particular form of a prayer.

"Three scenes are outstanding in my mind. The first is at the Eastern Cataract of the Victoria Falls, majestically enhanced by its double rainbow. There silhouetted against the torrent of rushing waters was a small bush in its winter nakedness, isolated upon a rocky crag. The second experience occurred when a new appreciation of infinity came to me at Rhodes' grave in the Matopos. My third experience occurred in the dusk at Paarl in front of the stately pile of the Dutch Reformed Church with the colour of the evening sky behind it."

These are the impressions, recently recorded, of a cultured and widely-travelled woman. Her reactions to the South African scene epitomise in a new way the mental stimulus derived from travel in this land of realities.

May we send you our special programme of winter travel entitled "Reality Tours." Apply: Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2, or the leading Travel Agencies.

IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF ALGIERS

passes of the Portes-de-Fer, towering thousands of feet above the line and the troubled waters of the Hammam River, and emerged on the Haut Plateaux, the second of the three zones into which Algeria is divided, the first being the fertile coastal plain.

We were now in a desert, nomad land, inhabited chiefly by storks and camels, averaging about 3,000ft. above sea level, which continued until El Guerrah, where one left the train for that night, and enjoyed a well-cooked dinner, washed down with a bottle of red Algerian wine in a comfortable, if unpretentious, hotel, lit even in that back of beyond by electric light. People may disagree about France's merits as a colonist, but she does look after the creature comforts of man in a way that the English do not.

We had to pause here to visit Constantine, the fortress city built on a rock 1,000ft. high, separated on the north and east from another even higher rock by the dark chasm of Rummel, the River of Sands. The marvel of this natural fortress is, not that it is impregnable, but that it was ever captured—and this before the days of modern warfare. Even the French a hundred years ago nearly failed at their first attempt.

The red-tiled houses of the city balanced dizzily on the very edges of the precipice, and here again were the tunnel-like streets, featureless houses, and squalid, fly-ridden bazaars, which have never changed since the days of the Beys, cheek by jowl with the fine modern hotel, public gardens, cafés and shops of the European quarter. The city was full of Jews, more picturesque perhaps than their European fellow countrymen, but less savoury. The October day was fine and warm, but in winter Constantine is cold and bleak, and not a place to linger in.

Twenty-five miles from El Guerrah is Batna, a French-built town dating from 1844, important to the tourist as the jumping off place for excursions to Lambessa, ancient Lambæsis, and Timgad, or Thamugadi as the Romans knew it, impressive relics of Rome's mighty past. But—the time factor again—Biskra was our object.

Over the plateau ran the train until it began to lose its way, so it seemed, in the barren peaks of the Aurès Mountains, the barrier that separates the Haut Plateaux from the third region of Algeria, the Sahara. At the last moment, as the train seemed to be about to dash itself against an impenetrable wall, there opened that cloven gap, El Kantara (The Bridge), the Gateway to the Sahara.

After halting a few moments at the station of El Kantara, the train rushed through the gorge and out, not into a land of rolling sand dunes as one might have reasonably expected, but into an oasis of waving date palms, green fields of barley and mud-walled villages. Beyond that at last was the desert, dotted still with these oases of date palms, the staff of life to the nomad, and after 35 miles, Biskra, Our Journey's End.

Biskra is full of good things, but has tended to become too much of a tourist city, with its hotels and motor cars and bright labels to put on one's luggage, and for the true traveller can only be a stepping-off place for real travel. We returned from Biskra by train the day after but perhaps, who knows, the next time Biskra may be not the end of a journey but the beginning.

WINTER IN SWITZERLAND

Cheaper Holiday Accommodation and Fares

THIS year it will be possible to spend a winter vacation very inexpensively in Switzerland. Many of the Swiss hotels have reduced their minimum "pension" terms by 10 per cent. for the season and leading British travel agents offer a complete Swiss Winter Sports holiday for as little as £9 5s. (nine days). They will also run special trains during December and January.

In addition, the Swiss transport enterprises, including the postal motor coach services, will grant a special reduction on tickets issued at travel agencies in Great Britain for holiday trips to Switzerland, provided that the passenger remains in the country for at least six days. This special reduction will be available from December 15th until April 30th, 1936. Tickets issued up to the latter date will, however, retain their full validity, i.e., a 45-day ticket dated April 30th allows the holder to remain in Switzerland until June 13th.

The reduced fares cover return journeys and circular tours between the Swiss frontier and inland stations. The traveller need not cross the frontier on his return at the same station at which he entered, so that the reduction can also be obtained for transit journeys across Switzerland, provided, of course, that a stay of six days or longer is made in the country.

The reduced fare operates as follows: 30 per cent. reduction on three-month return tickets issued by a travel office, and on Swiss combined tickets valid for 45 days; further on Swiss complementary 10 and 45-day tickets and 10-day returns. A reduction of 15 per cent. is allowed for parties of from 6 to 99 persons.

Visiting
CAPETOWN, PORT ELIZABETH, EAST LONDON, NATAL, AND LOURENCO MARQUES.

65 DAYS for 80 GNS
NO HOTEL EXPENSES

Fare includes residence on board, at all ports.
SAILINGS FROM LONDON
s.s. CITY OF EXETER - - - DEC. 14
s.s. CITY OF NAGPUR - - - JAN. 11
Specially designed, constructed and equipped for tropical conditions.
1st CLASS THROUGHOUT.
ALL OUTSIDE CABINS AND PERFECT SERVICE
For Illustrated Brochure, etc., apply
Ellerman & Bucknall S.S. Co. Ltd
104-6, LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.
Tel. Avenue 9240, or usual Travel Agencies.

SUDAN
A Perfect Winter Climate

KHARTOUM, OMDURMAN, WHITE NILE, *via* **EGYPT** *or direct from* **PORT SUDAN.** *Through route to* **UGANDA, KENYA COLONY** *and the* **CAPE.**

HOTELS *at* **KHARTOUM, PORT SUDAN, WADI HALFA** *and* **JUBA** *all under the management of the* **SUDAN RAILWAYS.**

BIG GAME SHOOTING. *The* **SUDAN** *is one of the most easily accessible countries in which* **BIG GAME** *abounds.*

PRIVATE STEAMERS *can be chartered at fixed and inclusive rates, or land expeditions arranged through the Game Warden, Khartoum.*

For particulars of INCLUSIVE TOURS, THROUGH INCLUSIVE FARES AT REDUCED RATES, HOTELS, etc., *apply:*
SUDAN RAILWAYS
Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1 (WHITEHALL 9921)

Travel Sickness Cured-

Troublesome bad headaches and actual sickness caused by travelling on land, sea or in the air CAN be prevented. "WHITEWINGS"—the latest cure—are a genuine and simple remedy in the form of soluble concentrated doses.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining this travel sickness cure, at home or abroad, send 1½d. stamp for a sample to

MEDIPAC PRODUCTS LTD.,
(Dept. F.4.), 47 Princes St., Ipswich

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR **WHITEWINGS**

***Where Glamour takes the place of Clamour*—BERMUDA**

Beauty, romance, pleasure and sport abound in these enchanting isles, in forms which are a revelation to the jaded. The beautiful 36-page "Bermuda Book" gives a graphic description of this holiday paradise.

Free from Tourist Offices or Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Liverpool, 3; Elders & Fyffes Ltd., 32, Bow Street, W.C.2; Furness Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Bermuda
THE EMPIRE'S HOLIDAY PARADISE

What the eye doesn't see...
the mind cannot grasp! These limitations are conveniently overcome with
THE
VEDET
Pocket Prism TELESCOPE
which can be carried in pocket or handbag.

Of similar construction to prism binoculars but with only one barrel. Very quickly focussed—weighs only 7 ozs.—is but 4 ins. in length, magnification X 8 - - - **£3 : 17 : 6**
Complete in soft leather case with sling

Write for full particulars :—

W. WATSON & SONS LTD
313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4326. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1935

REGISTERED. PRICE 1s.
POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D}

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

The Duke and Duchess have been spending their honeymoon with hounds, and recently had a very good day with Lord Burghley's private pack, with which he hunts the Marquess of Exeter's old country

THE NEW TWO-LITRE

A departure—or an arrival? Which? Is the new two-litre M.G. a break-away from the established M.G. paths? Or is it simply the logical result of years of racing successes? Either way it is an amazing creation. Let those who think that speed is one thing, and comfort and style another, take heed of this new two-litre M.G. The price is £375 (or Tickford Drop-head Coupe, by Salmons & Sons, £398). And the address to write to for a catalogue is: The M.G. Car Co. Ltd., Abingdon-on-Thames, Berkshire.

Buy a car made in the British Empire

L4

CONTENTS

IS SHOOTING MORE POPULAR?	1223
GOOD AND BAD SCENTING DAYS	1224
BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK	1225
HUNTING NEWS	1228
THE GREATEST OF CUP RACES	1229
THE SECRET OF A BROAD	1230
MONTAGU'S HARRIER AT THE NEST	1231
MEMORIES OF MANY SHOOTING CAMPS	1232
THE VILLAINY OR OTHERWISE OF SALTPETRE	1234
NEW BOOKS	1236
LARGER GOLF BALLS?	1237
SQUASH RACKETS	1237
OXFORD'S BRIGHT RUGBY	1238
HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXERS AT WEMBLEY	1238
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1239
IN THE CITY	1242
THE NEWMARKET DECEMBER SALES	1244
BULL'S-EYES OR MARKSMANSHIP?: SMALLER BISLEY TARGETS FOR 1936	1246
SCULLING AT CAMBRIDGE	1246
FIELD TRIALS	1246
TULIP PLANTING TIME	1248
PROLIFIC EWE FLOCKS	1250
FARMING NOTES	1250
ARE THERE TOO MANY MOTORING COMPETITIONS?	1251
THE VALUE OR OTHERWISE OF RECORD FLIGHTS	1252
BEYOND THE VICTORIA FALLS	1255
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1257
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1258
RIVER REPORTS	1213
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1216
SPORTING CALENDAR	*Third page Cover*

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER
THE FIELD HOUSE,
Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." BREAM'S BUILDINGS,
Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn. CHANCERY LANE.

LADDER BURGLARIES

FASHIONS change in crime as in other human activities. An increasingly common type of felony in country districts is burglary by the ladder method. A house is picked out as suitable for the criminals' purpose, as being large, inhabited by presumably well-off persons, and situated in spacious grounds, all the more convenient if they happen to contain large shrubs and trees, and to afford easy access to the road. The burglars then provide themselves with a ladder, taken from some neighbouring building, and wait for an opportunity, often the dinner-hour, when the family may be supposed to be gathered downstairs, to effect an entrance by a bedroom window and pick up anything useful in the form of jewelry, watches or cash. Sometimes they are interrupted, sometimes not; but they are very seldom caught.

This ladder method appears to be particularly favoured in certain of the southern counties. Last year, in a large country house, the burglars were interrupted by accident, a lady having left the dining-room to fetch a handkerchief. They escaped, and it was found that they had carried the ladder from a farm two miles away. A few weeks ago a similar attempt, when the owner of the house was known to be away in Scotland, was made on a country house in Sussex, possibly by the same gang, who somehow managed to evade the vigilance of two night watchmen. And last week, again by an accident, ladder burglars were foiled in their attempt on a Surrey house, and again got away. This was at Fairmile Court, Cobham, the residence of Sir Malcolm McAlpine. The thieves in this case had selected the dinner-hour, but were unaware that Sir Malcolm, who was not well, was reading in bed. He had left the window open, and heard a noise, which at first he thought was the wind blowing the curtain, which was thick and heavy. Then he saw the curtain bulge, and realised that a man was coming in through the window. He hurled his book at the bulge, and rushed to the window, but the burglar managed to slide down the ladder and made off through the darkness of the garden. Within a minute Sir Malcolm had telephoned to the Cobham police station, and detectives and mobile police were immediately out in search of the district, but without success. Evidently the gang knew the neighbourhood well, in this as in other cases.

Sir Malcolm has made the suggestion, in the course of an interview, that the police, on being informed of an attempt at burglary of this kind, should immediately send up a maroon, so that the whole district should be warned that there was mischief afoot. In this way he thinks it might be possible to block exits, with the chance that persons on the road might notice a car standing in a lane, of which the number could be taken, and so assistance could be given to the police. It seems possible that this method might lead to practical joking or even be made part of the burglars' own plan, to divert attention from one district by sending up a maroon in another. But what is unquestionable is that to-day the police need every assistance from the public. Their work has been rendered incalculably more difficult by the use by criminals of the motor car. One simple form of assistance, and of insurance against burglary through upper windows, would be for all owners of ladders to use padlocks and chains. Such a precaution would seem to be only wise and natural.

KINGSFORD-SMITH

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD-SMITH'S disappearance on his recent flight to Australia has drawn forth world-wide sympathy, for his great exploits in the past—which need no recalling—have won him a pre-eminent place amongst pioneering airmen. Up to the time he was reported lost he had made wonderful progress and stood an excellent chance of reducing the previous fastest time to Australia. The section between Rangoon and Singapore, on which he was forced down, often presents difficult weather conditions, and the chances of making a successful forced landing at night would be few. At the same time such was the skill and resource of "Smithy" that it is by no means impossible that he may have managed to land on the shore of one of the many islands off the coast of Siam or the Malay Peninsula, or on the coast of the mainland. In either case it might be weeks before he and his companion could be found or make their way to a centre of population, and those who knew the wonderful pertinacity of Kingsford-Smith will not readily give up hope. At the time of writing it is reported that a machine, which may have been his, was sighted some miles inland on the west coast of Siam. Should any efforts be successful in locating the missing airmen the whole world will rejoice, for there is no more popular personality in aviation or one who had contributed more to its success.

MR. BENGT BERG'S PHOTOGRAPHS

To English readers familiar with Continental nature books the name of Mr. Bengt Berg is a household word, but to the vast majority of English sportsmen and naturalists familiar only with the work of our fellow-countrymen his remarkable pictures are scarcely known. This is the more surprising as on the Continent his books—he has published at least 24 volumes—are sold in hundreds of thousands, and have been translated into thirteen languages; while Bonn University has made him a Doctor of Science. We are, therefore, very glad to be able to announce that we have arranged to publish a short series of his photographs, taken in Northern Bengal, of which the cover to this week's "Field" is the first. We feel confident that our readers will endorse our view that these are among the most remarkable big-game photographs ever taken, and we are glad to be able to introduce Mr. Berg to the British sporting public, as up to now next to nothing of his work has appeared in this country. It is interesting to note that Mr. Berg, who has made expeditions all over the world, makes his own cameras, and that he is accompanied on his expeditions by his wife, who is as keen with a rifle as a camera. Mr. Berg describes himself as "not a naturalist or a photographer but a Swedish novelist who has taken to writing books about nature and to hunting with a camera as a hobby."

WINTER VISITORS

Last week we quoted in this column Mr. Chesterton on Christmas numbers. They and their editors, Mr. Chesterton thinks, should be done up in brown paper. Well, there is another very hardy pre-Christmas annual, and that is the exhibitions of pictures of Game Birds by Philip Rickman and J. C. Harrison at the Greatorex and Vicars Brothers' Galleries respectively. How often has the compiler of these notes longed for an alternative title to "Birds in Bond Street"! Yet even Mr. Chesterton would not want his brown paper in these instances save to cover his purchases between the Gallery and his smoking room wall, for this year's exhibitions are well up to the high standard of accurate colouring and natural grouping which we associate with modern English sporting art.

Of Mr. Rickman's pictures we liked best "Mallard Moved by Redshank," "Winter: Forest of Gaick," and "The Hillside is Silent as the Eagle Flies Over." While among Mr. Harrison's pictures those that particularly struck the eye were "Oyster Catchers, Isle of Skye," "In Full Flight: Wigeon," "French Partridges," "Foraging in the Snow: Melanistic Pheasant," and "A good flush: Snipe," an admirable treatment of a difficult subject.

A GREAT SECRETARY

Cricketers have good reason to regret the resignation of Mr. W. Findlay from the secretaryship of the M.C.C. Succeeding Sir Francis Lacey in 1926, he has not only maintained the high traditions of the past by his capabilities and tact, but has discharged the special responsibilities associated with recent difficulties in the cricket world with admirable discretion. Always courteous and pleasant, he justly earned the respect of cricketers all over the world. As a player he excelled as a wicketkeeper, and was also a steady bat. He made his mark at Eton, captained the eleven in 1890, went on to captain Oxford, and played for Lancashire until, in 1907, he was appointed secretary of the Surrey Cricket Club. From there he went to Lord's as assistant secretary to Sir Francis Lacey, serving in that capacity for seven years before he was appointed secretary.

CLEANING UP A COMMON

For those who live in the north-east corner of Surrey, a most cherished possession is Limpsfield Common, a vista of heather, gorse and bracken, which, owing to the kindness of Mr. Charles Leveson-Gower, is free to the public. It is, therefore, to be deplored that owing to carelessness many of the beauties of the common have in recent years been scarred by fires and unsightly dumps of litter. The matter has now been taken in hand and a committee appointed to remove the litter and to see that in future the amenities of the common are preserved. The amount of good work the committee has done, and will do in the future, depends largely upon the financial support it receives. This runs into some £200 per annum, no great sum for the work and one which should not be difficult to collect in view of the hundreds who enjoy the use of the common and appreciate its beauty.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a country paper describing an opening meet: "There was a goodly mixture of white, grey and chestnut backs pawing the ground for the start. There was no stirrup-cup and no Tally-ho! or horn blowing, the large field moving off as silently as if a fireside awaited them instead of fences, gates, and the prospect of a gruelling chase through many a cover before a fox's brush could hope to be sighted and a lathered mount turned homeward."

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

Preparing cattle for the Christmas Shows is an exacting and expensive business, as those who have sought show honours know. Within the next month the rewards will be won at the provincial shows and at the Smithfield Show in London. It is not only prizes that count. Indeed, the prize money is for the few. The others rely on a fair price for their cattle realised by auction. In recent weeks the beef trade has been bad, and it will be the hope of all concerned with stock breeding that the market improves by the time that the best cattle of the year come before the judges and are then sold to the highest bidder. The breeder and feeder of beef cattle needs encouragement at least at one season of the year.

COACHING INNS

Modern inns come in for a good many hard words, and a correspondent, apropos of our Christmas cover, thinks many of them are undeserved. He sends us an extract from an article contributed by Mr. Thomas Burke to the *Sunday Times*, in which the writer says: "I fancy that much of the glowing tribute which the early nineteenth-century writers lavished on the inn derived from the conditions in which they approached it. Five hours on a coach in January twilight and dark would make a man ready to be pleased with any accommodation; and if that accommodation were a little above expectation he would be in raptures." Well, perhaps it is a matter of contrast, and we in our turn are demanding a more up-to-date measure of comfort to give us the same pleasant surprise.

FLOOD FISHING

It is full three years since the slow-flowing rivers of the winter angler have been so difficult of approach as they were last week. Shining lagoons had spread a network pattern in the meadows where even the rubber-shod fisherman must cross by devious and perplexing ways to gain the bank, by which a muddy, débris-covered stream is striving to enlarge its borders and foaming fretfully at every obstacle. Even the optimism of the sportsman withers at the prospect; but to the discerning there are compensations. Ditches and erstwhile cattle ponds are often tenanted when autumn floods have joined them to the river. Baskets from such unconsidered haunts lose nothing by their unexpectedness.

IN VALLOMBROSA

In the matter of lawns and dead leaves there are, in November, three lines of general policy. There is the council of courage, which sets out with a strength of purpose worthy of Dame Partington herself to keep the grass definitely and permanently clean. There is the council of sloth, based variously on the arguments that it is not any use sweeping the things up because they'll be just as bad to-morrow; or that russet leaves look so attractive, any way; or that leaf mould is good for the soil. (Though perhaps this last, like the theory that cigarette ash is good for a carpet, is too base even to be discussed.) Finally there is the policy, founded on firmness and moderation, of him who intends to sweep up the leaves from time to time, whenever he has half-an-hour to spare, and very probably to-morrow morning.

The third is the policy that experience recommends. It allows little ground for reproach in the event of inaction, and, if the job should actually be done, may lead to a distinct strengthening of personal prestige. There is, moreover, something to be said for the sweeping itself. It is less arduous than the chance spectator thinks, and seldom takes as long as the sweeper had expected. While the result, pure, green and leafless, studied afterwards from a first-floor window, will impress even the unenthusiastic. Few labours can leave a man more gloriously smug.

CALLER HERRIN': NEW STYLE

From Carradale, from Carradale
The fishing-boats were putting out;
For all that they were built so stout
They seemed so frail, so small and frail,
That watching them my heart was sore
Lest, driving on Kilbrennan shore,
They came no more
To Carradale.

To Carradale, to Carradale
The boats came sweeping with the day
Out of the morning, cold and gray,
A cloud of sail, full twenty sail,
With crans of herring from the seas,
To rot unsold, in twos and threes,
Along the quays
Of Carradale.

BERNARD FERGUSSON.

At a Hampshire covert shoot

IS SHOOTING MORE POPULAR?

Some Statistics of the Sale of Gun Licences

COMMENTING, nearly 40 years ago, on townsfolk's increasing interest in country sports, that shrewd observer who wrote under the name of Percival Somers said: "It is not given to every man to bestride a horse with either comfort to himself or pleasure to the beholder; but anyone can fire off a gun, even if he does not hit the object he aims at." From this and from the number of boys and, in particular, girls he noticed out on ponies he deduced that, while those who have known the country from childhood will both hunt and shoot, those who discover its pleasures only at a later age will bring their town-won wealth and influence to bear more especially on the improvement of their shooting. Knowing well that men and money are essential to any activity that is to survive, his foresight showed him new recruits and growing support in that transfer of residents from the towns into the country which pessimists around him were declaring must become a death-blow to all sports. On every point Time has proved how right he was in his deductions.

Thanks to the numbers of women now hunting, fields are bigger than when he "noticed in particular" how many little girls came out on ponies; while a glance at the records of game licences is enough to show how interest in shooting has increased. During the 1890's the number sold annually in Great Britain was about 50,000. Last year it was 55,366. The peak was reached in 1922, with 75,325; and this may be compared with a few hundreds in 1784, the year of their first issue; 28,950 in 1856; and 43,231 in 1865. Moreover, in these days of elaborately-equipped shooting schools and when a motor car will take a man in less than an hour from his office to the country, the *general* standard of shooting is higher even than when the same writer, still on the subject of shooting-tenants from the towns, hastened to continue: "Not that these gentlemen are as a rule either bad shots or ignorant of the habits of game; far from it. The Cockney sportsman of a hundred years ago is as extinct as the clumsy caricaturists who portrayed him."

Actually with his mongrel, brandy-flask, powder-horn and bag of blackbirds or larks, the Cockney sportsman had passed out of existence almost before it occurred to comic artists to preserve him; but that he has left a few descendants was shown by a champion law-breaker two years ago. Licensed neither to drive nor shoot, he motored forth in an unregistered and uninsured car and shot a pheasant on a Sunday in July. I think the charges against him totalled eight.

Whether it was truth or only a "leg-pull" I am not prepared to say, but recently I was told of a party of pitmen who adapted an old car by removing the floor boards and arranging a "cow-catcher" of nets that would scoop up rabbits dazzled by their headlights. All went well until a fierce old poaching cat was unexpectedly gathered in to join the party on the back seat.

If only on the grounds that he "ought to know better" this type of well-to-do motor poacher, "the 'Raffles' of the preserves," is bitterly deserving of blame, but he has one claim to consideration that his less-educated predecessors lacked. His whole plan of campaign is designed for flight, not fighting, and in consequence those terrible pitched-battles between gamekeepers and poachers that once regularly appalled the countryside are now things of the past. Improved conditions, a growing abhorrence of violence and better police services all have contributed to this, but the most powerful factor was the collapse of the market in ill-gotten game. Before the Act of 1831 its price was very high, the sale of any game being absolutely illegal, but by November, 1885, pheasants were being honestly retailed in London at 2/– each, for in the interval it had been realised that there was nothing really derogatory in even the greatest of landlords selling the surplus proceeds of his covert-shoots.

The previous prejudice against selling anything from an estate had been a relic of still earlier times when generally it was left to servants to supply their masters' tables, and many an employer would no more have sought the game his family ate than he would have killed the mutton. (In his autobiography Air-Commodore Leo Charlton has suggested that the cycle may in due course be completed and the time may come when a man in search of recreation will as soon think of having a day's shooting as of asking for a morning's work in an abattoir. One can only hope that the Air-Commodore is up in the clouds and has lost his bearings.)

Left to themselves, those servants were not particular how they caught the game they needed. The partridges which Charles II and the ladies of his court found so delicious were netted. Forty years later Sir Roger de Coverley was still netting game but had an admiration for neighbours who could shoot it. During the hot summer of 1740 Gilbert White protested against the number of partridges taken from Wolmer Forest, but by then the era of shooting them had definitely set in. A stroll alone with his gun had become a recognised diversion for a squire, and it was this solitariness that, another forty years later, led Peter Beckford to observe: "Fishing is, in my opinion, dull; shooting, though it admits of a companion, will not allow of many; both, therefore, may be considered as selfish and solitary amusements, compared with hunting." Even while he was writing, however, shooting was being absolved from the reproach he levelled at it. Parties were assembling for it at country houses where the resources of estates were being developed to provide the high standard of sport that princes and prime ministers would demand. Shooting matches for big stakes were made. Rival landowners began to vie with one another in the size of their bags.

"Battue-ing" arrived in the 'thirties. The Prince Consort wore his Garter ribbon for it, as "The Four Georges" wore their stars for hunting; partridge-driving was started, too, in about 1840; and the bags that have made shooting history have resulted. Still again, the widespread appreciation of a "rough mixed shoot" did not diminish. Combined with motor-cars, syndicates and week-end cottages, it is that which has kept the sale of game licences on a steadily rising scale. There is at least one man, from Galway, who shoots rabbits beside the Kingston Bye-pass when he returns to his £399 residence there from the City; and we may argue justly that shooting is more widely popular to-day than it has ever been from the fact that every Saturday at this time of year dusk sees an increasing number of contented sportsmen on their way home from their "shoot" with some modest bag that they would not readily exchange for "all the pheasants of Croxteth or Holkham." A. E. F.-H.

THE LARGE COTTESMORE FIELD MOVING OFF FROM THEIR LANGHAM APPOINTMENT

GOOD AND BAD SCENTING DAYS

Problems which Huntsmen have to Tackle

By CAPTAIN R. P. F. MONCKTON

THE causes of good and bad scent, how it will be good when the earth exhales and bad when the earth is colder than the air, and therefore inhaling, we have all been made familiar by Mr. H. M. Budgett's *Hunting by Scent*; but the kindred problem of scent neutralisation and Nature's signs as to scenting conditions are less well understood, and open a large field of thought to all those who "ride to Hunt."

During the cubbing season hounds meet early to take advantage of the cool air before the sun gets up, because the ultra violet rays of the sun have a deodorising effect and scent will on occasion vanish altogether on a hot sunny day. There are, however, pitfalls to be avoided in trying to get round this difficulty by meeting early, and I have myself drawn blank a covert early on a foggy morning, and heard of my litter coming up to it in the fog after I had left, as the fog had kept them out late.

Many plants give off a strong odour which tend to neutralise a fox's scent, and when the plants are bruised by hounds pushing through them they give off a still stronger scent and neutralise all else.

Ordinary fern when it is green is one of the worst offenders, willow herb is another, and thyme and mustard and many other plants have the same effect.

As well as plant neutralisers there are many animal smells which have devastating effects on hounds' noses. Thus "cow's breath" has been said by a huntsman of many years' standing if inhaled by hounds at close range to stop them smelling a fox for several minutes, and certain it is that the whole of a field occupied by bullocks will be foiled by them, although no doubt part of the foil is the smell of crushed grass where they have moved about.

Similarly hounds will almost invariably check on a field occupied by a herd of sheep, and many are the ruses used by foxes to take advantage of this fact. Only last season I heard of two foxes in this neighbourhood which lay out in an open field occupied by sheep, and the farmer could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his sheep from an adjoining hill grazing round them.

All huntsmen know how foxes when hunted will follow sheep to take advantage of their foil, and often run among them and get bowled over by the excited animals in their flight as they think they are being attacked.

In addition to natural scent neutralisers there are to-day a quantity of artificial neutralisers to contend with, and these are more subtle in their incidence and far harder to detect for the huntsman.

Probably the worst offender in this category is the smell of petrol. The smell of petrol is particularly offensive to the sensitive nose of a hound, and you will often see them distressed and sneezing when a car has passed upwind of them on a road causing them to get the exhaust gases. Much can be done by motorists to help hounds in this direction when they meet them on a road by either turning their engines off until hounds are passed or by passing them on the downwind side of the road where this is possible, so that the exhaust gases blow away from them.

If this is so on a road, how much worse must it be when hounds come across the smell of exhaust gases on the meadows when they are straining to inhale the scent of a fox. These gases being heavier than air float about on the ground in the neighbourhood of main roads until absorbed by natural causes, and will often on a mild day neutralise large areas close to roads, and it is extremely difficult to know when they are affecting hounds.

Artificial manure, and in particular basic slag, will also render whole fields neutral, and meadows where cows fed on cake are grazing are also very bad for scent, but in nearly all cases they are extremely difficult to detect.

In addition to the above causes there is another serious hindrance to hounds for scenting in certain areas. This is when particles rise into their nostrils as they inhale and irritate them, thus rendering the hound desirous of avoiding seeking for the scent. Dry sand and burnt grass are two examples of this, and the dust on ploughed land late in the season has the same effect.

But whilst certain smells tend to neutralise scent, other smells on occasion tend to enhance it. Thus the smell of crushed grass or urine, if it happens to get on to a fox's pads, will add considerably to the facility with which hounds will hunt him, and I well remember a very fast hunt some years ago on a fox from a bog which swam through a ditch impregnated with sewage on a bad scenting day, and after at first failing to hit off his line hounds tumbled to the fact that the smell of the sewage coincided with the line of the fox, and ran all out, eventually killing their fox, which still reeked of sewage.

Scent will vary between foxes, dog foxes always carrying more scent than vixens, whilst the latter, when they first have their cubs, will carry no scent at all, and sometimes will have a "deferred" scent which is stronger than the scent close behind them. I had a case of this late last season. I was drawing a covert and found what later proved to be a suckling vixen and hounds were whipped off, but before this happened she left the covert and hounds got away within a minute of her and could hardly own to

THE FERNIE FIELD GALLOP ON AFTER MEETING AT GUMLEY

FROM SCOTLAND TO KENT

The Lauderdale on their way to draw after meeting at Staw, Midlothian, and (right) a fox goes to ground with the Tickham

her, and after puzzling out her line for 20 minutes to half an hour they returned to the covert and ran comparatively well on the line which the vixen had previously been seen to run, and which had been watched since hounds had left the covert so that it was certain no other fox had passed over it in the interval.

Scent will also vary between individual foxes according to their state of health and also according to their food. Thus it is recorded that hounds refused to hunt a fox fed on kennel food which was turned down in front of them (I have not tried the experiment myself), and I have often known a lame fox, which has had to feed on garbage and refuse to keep alive because he could not catch his natural food, carry an entirely different scent to a healthy fox, and hounds will often hunt him with difficulty and refuse to eat him when they have killed him.

Moist ground which adheres to a fox's pads will also foil scent, a "carrying plough" being a typical example, and water, by tending to disperse scent, will, on occasion, spoil a line, a storm of rain being a frequent cause of the finish of a hunt on a fading scent. Foxes know all these facts, and some years ago, when I was drawing some canal spoil banks, a fox was viewed by my whip to slip down the bank out of the covert on to the tow path, jump into the canal and swim a small circle, returning to the tow path. He then repeated the operation twice more further along the tow path, after which he ran back up the bank into a grass field, where he ran a circle, after which he returned to the tow path, which he proceeded to run for a considerable distance. At this point the whip "holloaed," and hounds were laid on close behind him, but whether due to his body being wet or other causes, he carried no scent and after about a mile made good his escape.

To conclude, we all want to know if it is a good scenting day or a bad one as we go to the meet, and without claiming them to be infallible it may amuse readers to note for themselves certain signs which speak for themselves as we go through the countryside. Remember, you require the air colder than the earth. Thus if the cows are lying down it is going to rain, and if the swallows are flying low over the grass (due to the flies on which they feed descending to the warmer air) it is also a sign of rain, and scent will be good when it has fallen.

I personally have found that if the hedges look black scent will be good, and if hounds roll at the meet it will be bad. If hounds are continually eating grass on the way to the meet to make themselves vomit scent will be good.

Don't necessarily worry if hounds are late for the meet, as if a hound in the pack starts to vomit—and he always does so twice in quick succession—the rest have to wait for him, but if the whip pushes him on whilst doing so he may have a fit and die from it. Thus, if three or four hounds do this one after the other as on occasion happens, the pack may be delayed ten or twelve minutes, and a good huntsman will not push his hounds along to catch up time but will be content to bring them along quietly, knowing that it is not his fault, and that it is very likely a sign that a good scenting day lies ahead of him.

Some people think a blue haze bad for scent; others, an East wind; others, a falling glass; and others, if the spiders' webs on the grass and hedgerows are covered with hoar frost. I have known brilliant exceptions to some of these, but with a white frost thawing out scent is always bad; with an East wind in some countries always bad; in others, near the coast, where the wind blows in off the sea, always good; with a fog, usually good; and with frost falling on wet ground hounds will run for a certainty.

BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK

Ten-mile Point for the Beaufort

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT was hunting his bitch pack at their meet at Hullavington on November 16th. Before moving off, Sir Audley Neild, chairman of the Hunt, made a presentation to Mr. H. C. Cox, and conveyed the thanks of all interested in the Hunt for the excellent work which

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER LOOKING OVER LORD BURGHLEY'S PRIVATE PACK

When the Duke and Duchess had a day with this pack, hounds had a remarkable run, for the fox ran through Stamford town, swam the River Welland, and came back on more or less the same line and escaped near Duddell

AT THE BELVOIR MEET AT COSTON

The Hon. Edward and Mrs. Greenall with Captain Booth Maxell and Lady Nuttall, and (right) Colonel and Mrs. F. G. D. Colman with Captain John Player. The Hon. Edward Greenall joined Colonel Colman in the Belvoir Mastership last season

he had carried out during his five years as joint-Master.

Hounds were taken straight to Norton Manor Farm to look for an outlier and found their fox immediately. After a turn round the village the fox set his mask for the best possible line of country, and hounds ran fast over the Foss, pointing for Pinkney. However, a sheeplog turned him, and leaving Ladyswood on his left he passed Widley's Hill, and hounds ran on nicely into Alderton Village where they almost had him in a chicken-run. Having extricated himself from this difficulty he pointed for Luckington, but being headed left-handed, he left Hebden Farm on his right and crossed the G.W.R. into Alderton Grove. He ran the full length of the covert, crossed over into Cranhill Gorse and returned to the railway, completing a small circle by returning to Alderton Grove.

He was soon away across the Centre Walk Avenue, ran through Acton Turville Village and crossed the Tunnel and Lyegrove Drive. The last 20 minutes had been slow hunting, but after crossing the Gloucester—Bath Road near Cross Hands, hounds began to race. Leaving Little Sodbury Wood on their right they sank the Vale. A fresh fox here caused some delay, but having got back on the line of their original pilot they passed Great House and killed their fox on Sodbury Common. It was a great hunt of nearly two hours with a ten-mile point.

Finding again at Allengrove, hounds ran to Luckington and back past Cherry Orchard into Badminton Park. They raced past the Clumps, away across Luckley Down, past Sopworth Cross Roads, over Hundred Acre Farm to Sherston, where they were stopped at dusk after an excellent 40 minutes. A fine day's sport.

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE CATTISTOCK

MANY years ago—more than I like to remember—my huntsman, who had been a first whipper-in under Will Dale at the Brocklesby, and Frank Gillard at Belvoir (what names to conjure with, those !), said to me one day, when I complained of bad scenting conditions: "One can never tell, sir; one can never tell—that's the glorious uncertainty of foxhunting." And he was right.

Hounds met on Tuesday, November 12th, at Frome St. Quintin, and during the morning it seemed to me that I had never seen such bad scent. There were plenty of foxes—there always are foxes in the Cattistock country—but hounds couldn't seem to hunt them, even when they were almost on top of them. The field began to get discouraged, and even the regulars began to sneak away, saving their horses for a better day. I couldn't blame them, and I am afraid that if I had been a member of the field I should have done the same. But I was hunting hounds myself, and I, at any rate, had to keep on. My joint-Master's wife, Mrs. Ruxton, took pity on me and rode up to me with her friend, Miss Pulteney. "We came to console you, 'Hig,'" they said; "we know it's not your fault—it's too bad you've had such a rotten day!" and I agreed.

I was drawing the Chalmington Hazel Covert at the time, and just as I was about to answer there came Jack Hewlett's "holloa" from the far side, and I galloped round the covert to see hounds just settling to the line in a way that they had not before that day. Everything was changed—and scent, from being non-existent, had suddenly become breast-high. Hounds drove over the Yeovil Road, and sank the Vale for Up-Sydling at a pace that gave us all we could do to stay with them; in fact, several of the small field who had remained out stopped on top of the hill, and one lady told me the next day that she simply couldn't live with hounds. But most of the regulars were there—Mrs. Ruxton, the two "die-hards," Miss Pulteney, Mrs. Courtney and a friend who had come with her, Colonel Clarke, Colonel Nixon, Miss Digby, and several others, and as we crossed the Up-Sydling Road Mrs. Bacon, galloping beside me, said: "What a lovely bit of country, Master; we seldom cross this, do we?" She spoke the truth, for never, that I can remember, have I seen a fox from Chalmington cross the Sydling Vale, as that one did, never turning to the right or left, but making a straight point for the South Dorset country and taking us over a most beautiful line of country to get there.

As we topped the hill above Crown Point, and came into the open above Godmastone Farm, hounds were just crossing the Cerne—Dorchester Road, and as we got into the road they were swimming the river that runs down the valley and starting up the far side, their cry coming back to us as they pressed on. What were we to do? There was no way across that valley between Nether Cerne and Forston, and we had to choose and choose quickly. Some of us went one way, some another. I didn't wait to see but galloped down the road to Forston Farm, crossed there, and, galloping up the hill, I was lucky enough to get to hounds just as they came into the Forston Gorses and checked. I let them alone for a bit; and then, as they couldn't seem to make it, I picked them up and held them on to the grass in the valley beyond. They feathered—old "Strategy," a daughter of Sir Edward Curre's Tuner, spoke and in an instant we were away again.

This time they ran through the Asylum Gorses and came to the road which is the boundary between the South Dorset and the Cattistock countries. They checked an instant on the road and then hit it off in South Dorset territory and went away again with a good cry. What a tired fox that must have been, and how glad he must have been to find his earth, in Farmer Budden's gorse, open and waiting for him.

For that was where hounds marked him at the end of that good hunt and that is where we left him to meditate on his sins, while Mrs. Ruxton and Miss Pulteney (the latter on a green four-year-old) and the men and I rode back to our home country. I measured the point when I got home that night—a good seven and a half miles, and we had covered it well under the hour, one of the best days I have ever had in the Cattistock country and one to go in my Hunt diary as a red-letter day.

A. H. H.

WOODLAND PYTCHLEY SPORT

WHEN, on the 13th, the Woodland Pytchley met at East Carlton, a large gathering of followers were welcomed by that good sportsman Mr. Jack Burgess, whose hospitality did much to put us in the right frame of mind for the ardours of the day which was to follow.

Jack Burgess's contributions to sport in general are too numerous to mention, but I should tell you he bred that wonderful 'chaser Delaneige, and the Woodland Pytchley country must be grateful to him for all time, for planting and presenting Burgess's Gorse—which stands up there on the hill, just where it was wanted—an isolated sanctuary for foxes and undoubtedly a factor which has made that piece of country between us and the Fernie as good as the best.

It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise to us all when the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived at the covert side, and by the way they went when hounds were running it left little doubt in one's mind that they enjoyed their day. Gorlborough stick heap in the park was our first hope, but the terrier was not long in telling

us that it had no tenant and so we moved on to Wilbarston New Covert.

A brace of foxes were soon on foot, but the first of these was very loath to leave home, and after being rattled round for ten minutes got to ground in some sand holes.

His companion, however, was a more enterprising sort and was not long in deciding to quit.

A halloa at the north corner told us he had gone, and he took us very fast up to within a field of Burgess's Gorse before turning sharp left-handed down the vale nearly to Brampton Ash. A blind ditch of the take-off side of a stake and bound at the top of the hill caused two hard-riding gentlemen some temporary inconvenience, but they were soon up and away again, none the worse.

Our pilot bore left-handed here and hounds checked for the first time just above Stoke Albany village. Simultaneously, as they hit off the line near some farmbuildings, there was a holloa over the road below the village and hounds swung right-handed by the church and ran really fast, leaving East Carlton on their right over as good a bit of country as one could want.

It struck me how grateful we should be to the farmers along that valley: they have really tackled the wire problem whole-heartedly. And though it is all bullock land they have succeeded in making it a pleasure to ride over, and it certainly does need a brave horse and a stout heart over some of those fences.

Above East Carlton hounds raced on, crossing the Middleton—Ashley Road, and swung sharp left-handed running the grasses alongside the River Welland for half-a-mile before turning right-handed over the river and railway at Holt Crossing into the Fernie country with Watson's Gorse just ahead of us on top of the hill.

The size of the field had dwindled by now to a select few, and anxious eyes looked into the distance for their second horses, which were nowhere to be seen.

Hounds did not dwell in Watson's Gorse but ran straight through the covert, emerging on the north side towards Nevill Holt and continued on without a check up to Blaston Village, where they turned sharp back to Stokerston Cross Roads and raced on through Cocked Hat Spinney over the Holt Road near Priory Farm to America Wood.

A respite here would have been welcome to man and beast, but emerging towards Wignell Hill they forged on, running their fox to ground above Watson's Gorse.

We had not crossed a single ploughed field all day, and as hounds ran they must have covered sixteen miles, and according to my map it was an eight mile point—one hour and 50 minutes of the best.

Hounds did not draw again. I think we all had enough! C. D.

WITH THE BERKELEY

HOUNDS continue to catch their foxes in the Berkeley country. Unless unforseen events dictate, Morris is going to make a record of kills for this Hunt.

The day we enjoyed most was from Alveston, and a super-fog in the early hours seriously threatened the possibility of any hunting. However, the gods were good to our Bristolian friends. The fog lifted and foxes were soon found. Scent was poor, whilst the mists remained. It is on such days as these in November when conditions change quickly, especially when the first shades of evening approach.

The lady pack refreshed themselves with a leash in the early stages without affording the field much in the way of strenuous sport.

It was just 3 o'clock when a fox was roused on the high ground near the Master's house, and the field not anticipating this as the most promising draw were caught "napping."

The pack very fleet-footed, had made good headway towards the marsh before the followers realised that scent had changed. Then it was helter-skelter down by Tockington and straight on to the Almondsbury Marshes. There was ample water in the rhines, but not too much on the ground for good galloping. We had to gallop, too!

Bearing to the right across the wide natural country, hounds "chimed" along over the Pilning and Greenditch lanes. They had crossed the Northwick Road before they were brought to their noses—30 minutes without a check—a bruiser indeed, and less than a score of the original field with huntsman and Master.

A nice line was carried over the Aust Road to Redhill, and the perseverance of the pack was a delight to watch. They had hunted for 50 minutes when they marked to ground in an earth near Aust Cliffs.

There was a scenting day again when Colonel Murray met his field on the village green at pretty and pastoral Frampton-on-Severn. The Clifford family have supported foxhunting for several generations, heart and soul, and the coverts on the estate are unfailing and provide the best of gallops.

The first find was at Packthorne. The breakaway was sharp, and top pace was maintained by way of Moor Farm and the Gloucester main road to the Standish earths. This 20 minutes permitted of no check, and very few were counted in the first flight.

There was sport in reserve for those who witnessed the draw of the Frampton Pancake covert. Hounds were full of running. The Whitminster Meadows were crossed and the Stroud Canal. The fox led over the Gloucester Canal to make variety and give incident, unusual to the proceedings.

The gallop went on merrily over the Epney water meadows, and leaving Longley Village to the left the persevering pack got to Monks Hill. They were beaten, however, after an hour's hunting and a point of five miles.

Colonel Murray finds his Gloucester Vale amply foxed, and there is a prospect of bright and happy days to come. MORROS.

A MORPETH GALLOP

THE opening meet of the above pack took place at Whalton. The village looked quite gay with so many Carsfoot people, and a large field turned out to meet the hounds; and it was quite picturesque to see the Hunt servants in their new scarlet and so well mounted, as they stood on the village green.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, the Master gave the order to draw Agle Dean, which responded at once. A good fox broke away as if for Agle Hill Head, but turned left-handed and ran over a grand line of country, touching Wellhouse, then running over Todhill Ogle Flatts, to South Ogle on to Bonas Hill. Skirting Twillzel Whin, this gallant fox crossed the Blythe, and was viewed crossing the road for Shilvington by Mr. W. T. Arkle, who has had 65 seasons with the Morpeth Foxhounds. Reynard led the pack over a fine line of country, run due west to cross over East and West Low House to Beanley, crossing the Whalton—Belsay Road to Kiplaw, where a slight check took place. Hounds were righted here and hunted on to the Lane House, then turning due west he made for Bolam, when a heavy rain came on to make the pace slower. Hounds hunted slowly on to Shaftoe Crags, where scent almost petered out, and a fox was finally got hold of at Highlaws Bog. It was was one of the best opening meet days the Morpeth have had for many years, and up to the check at Kiplaw it was a great hunt. There was plenty of jumping, several of the veterans showing the way, and no one going better than the Master on his favourite horse Berwick Castle, a combination of nearly three-score-and-ten-years. Another of the veterans going in front was Brigadier-General Morant, who had not hunted with the Morpeth for over 20 years. Sir Hugh Blackett, the owner of Pickle, was another veteran who went well. The lady pack showed to great advantage and were handled in a nice quiet way by Will Cody, who has succeeded Jack Scott as huntsman.

WHALTON.

THE TEDWORTH AFTER THEIR MEET AT WILCOT MANOR ON THEIR WAY TO DRAW THE HOME COVERTS
Lady Wright of Durley, a very famous horsewoman, succeeded Lord Melchett in the Mastership this season

THE MIDDLETON (EAST)

AFTER some weeks of very dry weather and consequent bad scenting conditions followed by rain and gales, all bad for hunting in this wold country, the day of our opening meet, dawned fine and still with a slight nip in the air, and promised better for the day's sport. There was a good muster at Weaverthorpe to meet the Master, Captain T. L. Wickham-Boynton, farmers, and those who gain their livelihood from the land, directly or indirectly, being well in the majority as usual, together with visitors from the Derwent, Middleton and Holderness. Old friends having been greeted and new ones welcomed, the Master soon made a move to draw some outlying roots and gorse, thus warming our horses' backs and settling us in our saddles, before putting hounds into Weaverthorpe Dale.

Here in a very few moments hounds spoke, and sorting themselves out were soon making the narrow dale ring with their chorus as they pushed a fine

yellow fox just before them, while his two brethren who were also viewed, slid inconspicuously, one to ground and the other in the opposite direction. Our chosen customer, having deceived the field by running up the steep west side of the dale, decided on a point to the east, and went away with hounds close in attendance and horsemen struggling across the steep dale sides at varying points, putting all on to make up leeway. Then followed a very fast 20 minutes, severely complicated for the Hunt staff and the field by wire, which to-day seemed to crop up everywhere, in good fences and bad, and meant much very hard galloping before hounds checked at Beck Covert on Hesketon Wold. Followed a slow procession, complicated by fresh foxes, before hounds eventually lost their fox at West Hesketon after an hour's hunt. There was nothing above ground at Weaverthorpe Slack, but the earth soon provided a fox, and hounds went away at a great pace almost to Duggleby Wold, where swinging right-handed, they crossed Butterwick Dale and ran on towards Hall Plantation, where they were in difficulties, until the Master, who had been delayed by the long wire dale fence, could reach them. Hunting more slowly they worked their line by Boythorpe and Chapman's Dale, and eventually marked their fox to ground in Bannister's Dale, motor cars adding to the delay hereabouts.

Another fox from the scene of our first find was hunted on a bad scent, and hounds with great perseverance got him away, only to lose him a few fields away at Moor Farm. This ended a quite enjoyable day, the first part of which provided our local speciality, a really fast gallop, where only a thoroughbred was good enough, and the latter part of which called for a working pack of hounds and a sound huntsman.

CHIDDINGFOLD RUNS

THESE hounds met on November 9th at Smithwood Common to draw some of the Surrey Union coverts which, being on the border, are this season shared by both packs.

A brace of foxes were found on the common, and hounds did not get a good start, but managed to drive on past Willinghurst in spite of the fact that a fox had run through two flocks of sheep. They ran on steadily to Madgehole, thence to Pit House, where the fox turned sharp right-handed, and keeping to the top of the hill back to Alderbrook, he sank the hill there and tried the earths above the house. Disappointed in this he went on through the Winterfold coverts, where hounds got on better terms with him. Chespale fencing here caused some delay to hounds and anxiety to the Hunt staff, but that difficulty being satisfactorily overcome, they ran fast to Lamb's Wood and into Upper Canfold. Here the pack divided, and half ran on and apparently marked to ground somewhere above the Windmill Inn, near Ewhurst.

The remainder circled Upper Canfold twice and went away over the Cranleigh—Ewhurst Road to Lower Canfold. Running through the Galley Wood he made for Whitehall, from which he swung back again to Newhouse. Passing through the farm buildings he went back through the Galley Wood to Bowles Rough and the Lower Rough, and made as for Wingate Cottage, but turning right before reaching it traversed Wales Wood and crossed the Cranleigh—Ellens Green Road into Baynards Park. Hounds hunted slowly through Brooklands to Vachery House, bore left to Baynards again and into Massers Wood, where fresh foxes made further progress impossible.

A four-hour hunt, a six-mile point, and quite four times that distance as hounds ran, on not too good a scenting day, made a magnificent performance on the part of both hounds and huntsman.

Amongst the field it was seen that certain young ladies were using their half-term holiday to show that the Pony Club members could be there, however high the timber and however deep and wide the ditches.

When these hounds met at Baynards Station on Saturday, November 16th, to draw the Baynards Park coverts, a fox was found in North Wood, and ran out to Oatridges through Grub Copse. Here, bewildered by the flooded state of lake and stream, he doubled back only to run into the greater part of the field and turned back again. At the second attempt he managed to get away back to Grub Copse and over to North Wood, from where he crossed the railway and the road into Tunnel Copse. He ran as if for Hobbs Copse, but turned down one railway embankment at the southern extremity of the tunnel and back up the opposite embankment to Tunnel Copse and across the road again into North Wood.

This time he became a little more adventurous, and running through Oatridges went out at the south end and across the fields to the Baynards Station—Rudgwick Road, which he crossed, continuing on into Hobbs Copse and thence into Tunnel Copse, where he ran down the steep embankment and into the tunnel itself with the pack in close pursuit. The tunnel is about 600yds. long, but the fox was so tired that hounds caught him before he had got halfway down it.

The Hunt staff had an anxious ten minutes while the fox and the pack were being retrieved from the Stygian darkness of the tunnel, matches having to be struck by a second horseman before this could be successfully accomplished. C. N.

RUFFORD DAYS

AS usual the opening meet took place at Wellow Hall on Saturday, November 2nd, but the field was small owing to the approaching General Election. Lord Tichfield was too busy holding political meetings to hunt that day so Colonel "Squeak" Thompson, his joint Master, was in command alone.

Unfortunately it was a poor scenting day—probably the heavy rain of the two previous days had something to do with it—but hounds soon managed to pick up a fox in Wellow Wood, and after hunting it for some time in covert it took the line of all Wellow foxes and made off towards Kirton Wood. The large number of cars on the road between Wellow and Kirton did not help matters and hounds were handicapped. Several coverts were drawn but as scent was poor hounds never had a chance.

Hay Wrighton

MR. E. H. DEACON, M.F.H.
Master of the Newmarket and Thurlow since 1934

The following Saturday was a foul day—the rain poured down—and although the weather improved in the afternoon it was a disappointing day's hunting.

On Saturday, November 16th, the meet was at Ossington. Lord Titchfield was resting after the effects of retaining his seat in Parliament and Colonel Thompson was on one leg, having been trodden on by his horse after a fall on Tuesday, so Lady Sibell Argles acted as deputy Master—and what an enjoyable day it was.

Broadwaters was the first draw, and hounds soon got on to the line of a brace of foxes. These foxes one a red, the other a grey insisted on following each other across every ride and eventually broke cover almost together. Hounds kept to the line of the red one which fairly raced away over a nice piece of country, making towards Caunton Park. Hounds and Jacklin—the huntsman—had him in view most of the way and this frightened him so much that he dared not pause to enter the Caunton Covert, but made a complete left-hand circle of it and made back towards home. If hounds ever deserved a fox they deserved this one only to be cheated out of it by a couple of cars close to Broadwaters. It was 40 minutes of the best—no check—no falls, and very few refusals. It is a real pleasure to see the "eye for a country" possessed by Captain Vere-Laurie and Mr. Denison, who led the field the whole way. Captain Vere-Laurie incidentally is hunting in one boot, for he recently broke his ankle—due to a fall, but not a hunting one!

Although Jacklin was annoyed at losing his fox, hounds soon found another one in Ossington High Wood which raced away towards Laxton Village, where he thought he would be safe in a small drain in a chicken farm, but a little persuasion made him change his mind and he literally bolted right through the pack, the field and the onlookers and made towards Knesall. A few yards outside Knesall Wood hounds killed him after fifteen minutes over a good country.

Most people had had enough by then, for there has been an epidemic of coughing horses in the country, and the going was very heavy, but Jacklin took hounds to Norwell Woodhouse Gorse where a fresh fox was found going away over the Newark Ollerton Road. He was hunted through Hare Hills, but as it was getting late, hounds were eventually whipped off and taken home after a rattling good day. H. J. R.

FINE SPORT WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

WHEN hounds met at Old Bletchley after Major and Mrs. Whiteley had very kindly entertained the field, a move was made to Cow Common spinney. This, contrary to expectation, was tenantless, perhaps owing to the rough night, as a strong litter of cubs had been found there in September. Mr. Beavington's small spinney was blank, and hounds were then taken on to Mrs. Villiers's gorse. Anxiety was quickly over, as a fox slipped almost immediately across the Drayton—Parslow road. Reaching the old bottom he decided to return, which he did, to leave the covert on the Newton—Longueville side, but, as so often happens, it was only to make his original point from which he had been headed by a man at the brook, and coming short round he again crossed the Drayton road close to Orkney Bridge and set his mask for the unknown. Hounds quickly settled to the line and ran fast with Dorcas on their left across the lane to Clark bottom, streaming over Mr. Holben's fields. A little left-handed they pushed their fox to Soulbury. Here the fox made his first short turn, and leaving the village on his right he went on to the railway. Having crossed this as if bound for the hills he suddenly recrossed it, and running an unusual but good line of country with Chelmscote on the left led hounds into Liscombe Park. Here hounds were seen at their best.

Keeping left-handed, the fox threaded his way along the edge of the park, then making a circle round Durrants Wood he bore right-handed over Winscott Farm to the Stewkley road. Having crossed this hounds were gaining on their quarry, and they ran with Hollingdon on their right to ground in a rabbit bury on Mr. Cator's farm after a capital 75 minutes. The fox was evicted and killed.

The Hop Gardens were blank, which was not surprising as hounds had run so close earlier. The gorse was next called upon, and in this thick covert foxes take some moving. When one did get on the move he was either too brave or too "enterpriseless," and paid the penalty in the covert. While breaking up their fox another one was viewed away.

Sir Peter Farquhar, curtailing some of the ceremony dear to all huntsmen, clapped hounds on to the line. Scent was still good, and it was a fast gallop to Linslade Wood. Here fresh foxes very nearly caused trouble, but the hunted fox was viewed creeping through Mile Bush Gardens as if for home again. Taking the line by the waterworks, hounds crossed the Leighton road and settled down to their fox. Going straight through the Hop Gardens they ran to Mr. Ritching's covert Without even dwelling here, they carried the line left-handed to Wing Wood. With no fresh foxes, here to help or hinder, our pilot faced the open again. Viewed across the Wing road he left Cottesloe Farmhouse on his right and made a bid for the earths at Tinkersole. Alas! there was no refuge here, and just in front of hounds he ran through Hedley Harris's spinney, to be pulled down in the open in the adjoining field. So ended a first-class day's sport. S. B. T.

HUNTING NEWS

The date of the South Dorset Point-to-Point meeting is Saturday, April 18th, subject to the usual sanction.

The South Herefordshire and Ross Harrier Hunts' Point-to-Point meeting will (provisionally) be held on March 7th.

The caps taken by the West Kent Hunt in aid of Earl Haig's Fund for Disabled ex-Servicemen amounted to £23 10s. 6d.

Mr. Spooner's Harriers' Hunt ball will be held at

the Moorland Links Hotel, Yelverton, on January 9th.

The Cotswold Hunt Ball will take place on Friday, December 20th, at the Town Hall, Cheltenham.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hunt Ball will take place at the Memorial Hall, Cricklade, on Friday, December 13th.

The Hunt ball of the Crowhurst Otterhounds will be held on Friday, December 20th, at The Spa Hotel, Tunbridge Wells.

The Cambridgeshire Hunt Point-to-Point meeting will be held, subject to the usual sanction, on Saturday, April 4th, at Tetworth.

W. Wyatt succeeds B. Roberts as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman to the Cotswold. J. Willis succeeds H. Fryer as second whipper-in.

The following amounts were collected by the Hertfordshire Hunt for Earl Haig's Fund:—North pack, £6 6s. 6d.; South pack, £7 2s. 4d.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) cubhunting season finished on October 31st. Hounds were out on 35 mornings and accounted for 26 brace.

The V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst) Hunt Wire Fund Ball will take place on Friday, November 29th. The Hunt Ball will take place on Friday, January 24th, 1936.

T. Andrews, Atherstone (South), succeed Goulds as second whipper-in to the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds. Otherwise the Hunt staff remains unchanged.

The cubhunting season with the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst) Hounds was most successful. Hounds were out on 26 mornings and killed 28 brace of cubs. Only three-and-a-half brace was marked to ground.

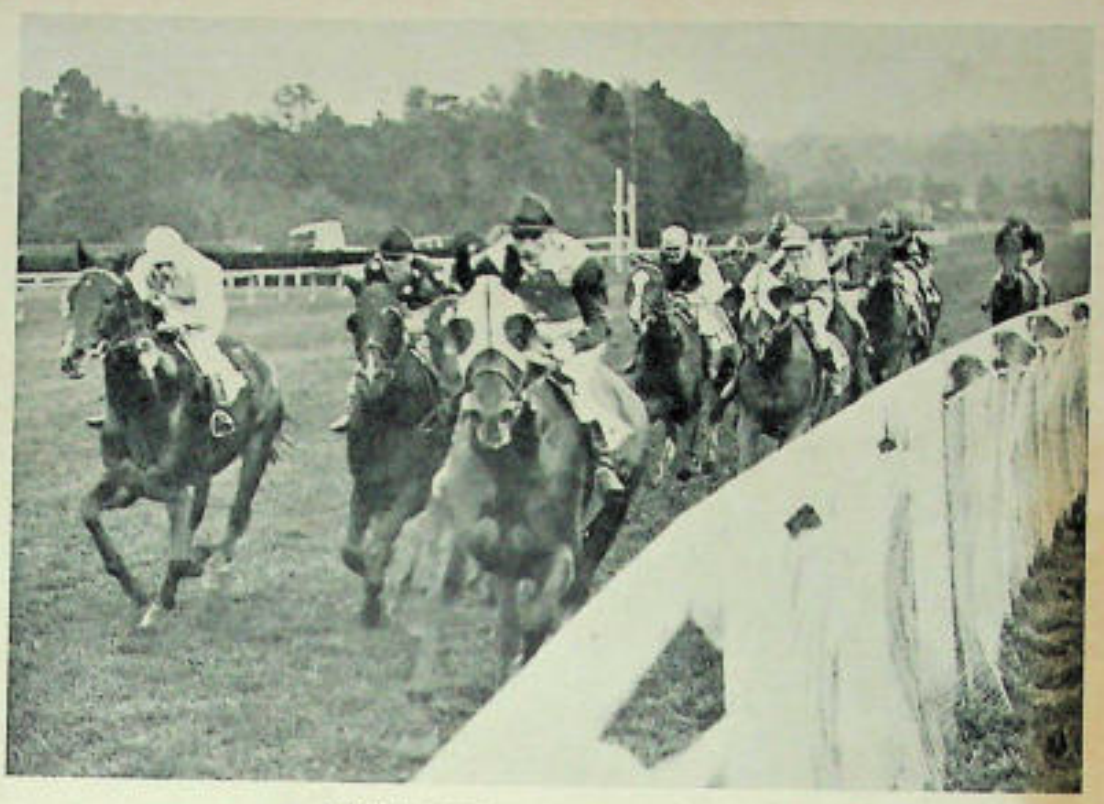
The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society has received the sum of £400, subscribed by friends of the late Mr. Owen Sebag-Montefiore. This amount is to be invested and called the "Owen Sebag-Montefiore Memorial Fund." The income derived from the investment will be credited to the earlier Pension Fund of the Society.

Major E. W. Shackle is joint-Master and huntsman of the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds, with E. Parry as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, while Miss Iris Bennett, Grange Farm, Great Missenden, is hon. secretary, and Mr. R. A. Simmonds assistant secretary. These particulars are corrections of our Annual Table of Hunts.

As a result of an accident in the hunting field near Market Harborough recently, Captain H. D. Hignett, joint-Master of the Fernie, received a bad injury to his shoulder and cracked ribs. He was taking a fence when his horse stumbled, and he was thrown heavily. Mrs. Duckworth King, of East Farndon, near Market Harborough, also received rib injuries when she was thrown while out with the Fernie.

Mr. H. C. Cox, the Canadian millionaire sportsman, of Twatley House, near Malmesbury, Wiltshire, who from 1930 to 1935 was joint-Master of the Beaufort Hunt with His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, was presented with a beautiful print of a hunting scene from the committee, members, subscribers and farmers of the Hunt by Sir Audley D. Neeld, of Grittleton, chairman of the Hunt committee and the oldest living member of the Beaufort Hunt, before hounds moved off at Saturday's meet at Hullavington.

At the council meeting of the Hunters' Improvement Society it was decided to hold the next Thoroughbred and Hunter show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, on March 17th, 18th and 19th, 1936, and the schedule of classes for the hunter section was drafted. There would be separate classes for hunter fillies, colts and geldings foaled in 1933, 1934 and 1935, a four-year-old led class, four hunter riding classes and a class for ladies' hunters. Jumping classes were also included and a produce class for the three best animals by the same thoroughbred or registered hunter sire. In the latter class there would be a special prize of £25 to the stallion siring the first prize group provided such winning stallion is one exhibited for a King's premium at the 1936 London show. The total prize money would amount to £880 in sixteen classes. It was decided to renew the offer of medals and premiums at associated shows next year, and the council fully approved of the classification for hunters to be offered at the Royal show next year at Bristol. They hoped that all members would support these classes so that a much more representative entry of hunters might be seen in both the breeding and riding classes. Twenty-six candidates were elected members of the society, and Lord Digby was nominated to represent the society on the council of the National Horse Association.



RACING ROUND THE BEND AT LINGFIELD

The Finale Handicap Plate at this popular south country meeting was won by Tommask, bred in France, owned by Mr. G. F. X. Hartigan and ridden by G. Richards

THE GREATEST OF CUP RACES

The Ascot Gold Cup and Its New Value

SATISFACTION has been caused in the racing world by the decision to increase the value of the Ascot Gold Cup. The race has usually been international in character, and it is as well that the best stayers in the world should have a substantial stake to compete for in addition to the honour and glory of winning our premier cup event.

Victories within the course of a decade of the French-bred horses Gladiateur, Mortemer, Henry and Boiard, followed soon after by that of Verneuil, gave to the race a spirit of international rivalry which it has never lost. It has had an Australian winner in Merman and an American-bred one in Foxhall.

Six years ago Reigh Count made a gallant effort to take the prize to the United States, that colt having already carried off the Coronation Cup at Epsom; but he found one just too good for him at Ascot. The last of the French-bred Gold Cup winners was Massine, and one still has a vivid recollection of the tremendous finish in which he was a short head in front of Filibert de Savoie, also from the other side of the Channel.

Since then our friends in France have been unsuccessful in this particular event, though not because they have failed to try with their best horses. Brantôme was a great failure this year. And it can be quoted as an example of the keenness to win a Gold Cup in France that Baron de Rothschild ran his famous colt knowing full well that Brantôme might be below par on account of the mishap at Chantilly not long before. At the moment there is no horse in France which has anything like so high a reputation as Brantôme enjoyed before his ill-starred visit to Ascot; but we may be sure that the best stayers in that country will again be entered for the race.

It is possible that one or two entries will come from the U.S.A. Until recently it was Mr. William Woodward's firm intention to send Omaha to be trained in this country at four years old, but we are informed by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who was to have trained him here, that plans may possibly be changed. At the same time we hope to see the colt among the entries, which close on December 10th. It is clear that Omaha is one of the best horses bred in America for some time past, and his presence in the field for the Ascot Cup would be an incident of extraordinary interest.

Mr. Woodward's colt is a chestnut by Gallant Fox (son of Sir Gallahad III) out of Flambino, by Wrack from Flambette, by Durbar II. During the present season he carried off such important prizes as the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Dwyer and the Classic Stakes, which represented an exceptionally large amount in stake money and suggested that he would be equal to holding his own against the best that England could put in the field against him at Ascot.

Unfortunately, Omaha's season terminated rather abruptly, as in August he was found to be suffering from intermittent lameness. The trouble was not regarded as acute, but it prevented the colt from being trained for his remaining three-year-old engagements and has apparently caused a postponement of the decision to send him to England.

At the beginning of the present century the Gold Cup carried £3,000 in added money. The sweepstakes was small—£20 each, half forfeit—and the average value of the race to its winner was about £3,500. This year the conditions were: "The Gold Cup, value £500, added to a sweepstakes of £50 each, £25 forfeit, with £3,500 added for the winner, £700 for the second and £300 for the third." The success of Tiberius brought £4,850 to Sir Abe Bailey's winning account.

It has now been arranged to increase the amount of added money to £4,000 and to raise the subscription to £100, half forfeit. The value of the trophy and the prizes given to the second and the third remain unaltered. Last season the race received 30 entries, and it will be interesting to observe how that total will compare with the number of nominations under the new conditions.

In spite of the increased subscription it is improbable that there will be any falling off in numbers. Thus we may expect to find the race worth not less than £6,000 to the winner in June. Among the English entries we shall assuredly find Lord Derby's colts Bobsleigh and Plassy, and from the same stable will come Quashed, whose lease from Lady Barbara Smith has been renewed by Lord Stanley.

Owing to the regrettable interruption of his racing activities this year it is impossible to declare whether Bobsleigh will stay the Gold Cup course, though no actual reason why he should fail to do so can be advanced. We are prepared to find Plassy as Lord Derby's best in this race. Should this colt win the Gold Cup it will be strictly in accordance with the traditions of his family. His sire, Bosworth, was a Gold Cup winner, and we have seen the race carried off by other members of the Son-in-Law tribe in Foxlaw, Trimdon, Foxhunter and Tiberius, a remarkable record for this great staying blood.

Particular interest will be centred in the effort of Quashed if the Oaks winner is saddled for the Gold Cup, which has not fallen to a member of her sex since La Flèche won as far back as 1894. Beeswing and Apology are notable names which figure among the list of mares which had previously gained the highest honours at Ascot.

WATERCOLOUR STUDY OF BARTON BROAD BY C. A. C. JEFFCOCK
"We had the right day for Barton Broad, sunny, hot, sultry, and still"

THE SECRET OF A BROAD

How to Find Bream in Barton

By C. A. C. JEFFCOCK

WHAT is it that causes certain episodes of an angler's career to stand out so clearly, etched on the memory, beyond more ordinary happenings? What leaves that rare and pleasant aftertaste upon his piscatorial palate? One does recall such days, when weight and number of fish were not essential—however welcome—to the permanence of this vivid recollection; days which were in no sense "red letter days" and yet left as clear and happy an imprint upon the mind as any of those few and far between experiences when all goes well and catches are large and ponderous beyond the dreams of hope.

I was painting during a hot September on Barton Broad and in its neighbourhood, and in the warm and quiet evenings would substitute fishing for painting gear, and try for bream and rudd. Except for the occasional splash of a fish upon the surface, the "clinking" of coots among the reeds, the "frouk" of a heron—"Frank Hern" of the marshmen—as he flapped his steady flight across the sky or, if very lucky, the harsh croak—the "boom" in the nesting season—of his smaller cousin, the strange and solitary bittern, few sounds would break the stillness of a windless evening. But my fishing luck was out, as, save for a few sizeable rudd, not a fish could I catch. And this was the more tantalising as I had watched a fellow angler enjoying capital sport with bream on more than one occasion within a comparatively short distance from where I sat fishless in my boat.

Returning one evening to my quarters at Neatishead, the village nearest to the broad, I found a note from this more fortunate fisherman, a schoolmaster on holiday, inviting me to fish with him the following day, and, as my ruffled angling prestige felt, very considerately explaining that he had been catching bream, while I caught nothing, not through any superior art or skill on his part, but because he had for years spent his summer holidays upon the Broad, and had himself originally been shown how to find and catch the fish; so that he had a fellow feeling while he watched the vain efforts of a brother angler who appeared to be a stranger to the water. I was grateful for so pleasantly expressed a kindness, and did not fail to walk over on the next morning to the cottage at which he was stopping, about a mile away, and handy to a nearby staithe at which he kept his small boat moored.

Once aboard the boat my angling friend enlarged upon the Barton Broad method of bream fishing. He explained that, in the first place, it was generally held that there were only two, or possibly three, shoals of bream in the broad. Consequently, as they were continually shifting their position, it was necessary to find a shoal before starting to fish, otherwise one might daily do as I had done—fish over fishless ground and draw a blank. The method of discovering the shoal was to row quietly about until one came upon a patch of discoloured yellowish water with fine bubbles rising here and there. The boat was then gently checked so that it should not disturb the discoloured water beneath which the bream were feeding on the bottom. A long reed in readiness, with a small stone tied to its lower end by way of anchor, was then thrown out into the middle of the coloured water to mark the spot, to be followed by several balls of ground bait, bread and bran kneaded together. The water was now given a rest for half an hour, during which, with luck, another patch might be discovered somewhere else and treated likewise.

After rowing about for some time we struck the hoped-for patch, the water distinctly brownish-yellow as compared with that surrounding it, with the tell-tale bubbles rising unobtrusively to the surface. We carried out the necessary formula, and a little later returned and made the boat fast outside the forbidden area and about 18yds. from the tall upstanding reed in the centre of it. And we had the right day as regards weather for Barton bream, which, to my surprise, my friend told me should be as sunny, hot, sultry, and still as possible. It was all these—a coatless fishing day.

We used stiffish 12-foot whole-cane rods, made in the district for the purpose, heavily shotted swan-quill floats, and light undressed silk lines, and fished with lob worms, the bait and about 2in. of finest undrawn gut lying on the bottom.

We had not to wait more than a minute before one float moved slightly, and then slid gently off and under. A moment later and the other followed suit. Two bream, one 1¼lb. and the other rather under 3lb., were duly netted and placed in the two large keep nets, a net to each angler. Sport waxed thrilling as each of us in turn, or both together, hooked fish. Nothing over 3lb. or under 1¼lb., but just the right amount of thrill for a day so hot and breathless; no heart-in-mouth affair, no quaking knees, no breathless panting or wornout back and arms, but sufficiently a tonic to give a welcome fillip to the flatness, calm and heat of our surroundings.

Occasionally a handsome rudd, deep and golden of flank, scarlet finned, and green of back, would add variety to the bag, and once a fine eel of just 2lb., which needed slaying outright before the hook could be released from the depths of its interior; but otherwise bream only, and none of them leviathan.

What skill there was lay in finding the fish, ground baiting, keeping still in the boat, using the right bait and tackle, making an easy cast off the reel towards the reed—which nodded when a fish below collided with it—and not allowing fish to splash on top of water when being played to the net. In fact, was there any skill at all? I hae me doots. Fortunately, however, our pleasure is not measured only by the skill we attain in the pursuit of it, or many of us would, more often than not, be but unhappy and disgruntled fishermen.

By the evening some 4½st. of bream and a few good rudd filled the keep nets, and after weighing were (all except two) returned to the Broad, no doubt to meet with a similar surprising experience upon the next occasion on which they might run up against an equally tempting bait. Two of the larger bream I had promised to bring back at my landlady's behest, one to be cooked by her especially for myself, as she assured me that "the way she cooked it" I should find it excellent eating. I draw a veil over the unique suffering I underwent in a conscientious struggle to appreciate that culinary effort. But I blamed the bream and not the landlady, as the eel, which I had also kept in case of such an emergency, "ate as sweet" as any fish I ever tasted.

As we packed up preparatory to rowing back, great cumulus clouds had gathered. The air was more close and still than ever. A puff of hot wind in the deepening gloom, followed by a roaring in the reeds, and the storm was upon us. The water, lashed by the rushing wind and smitten by the driven deluge of rain, sizzled and hissed until the surface appeared as a grey and quivering mist. Incessant blinding flashes of lightning followed, and then, as it were, the sudden splitting and rending of a gigantic sheet of calico, prelude to a deafening crash of thunder, whose echoes had scarcely rumbled away before being succeeded by more paralysing flashes and still more ear-splitting peals. An incredible contrast to the peaceful calm of but a short half-hour before. To the accompaniment of this tornado we rowed into the staithe soaked to the skin; and I was not a little thankful for my friend's knowledge of the Broad, as in the dusk the chances would have been small indeed for a stranger to discern the particular opening in the reeds which would lead him back to his moorings, the level top of the wide reedy margin beneath the darkening sky giving no clue as to where the narrow winding channel lay.

By the time I reached Neatishead, drenched but hungry, the storm had passed as rapidly as it had arrived; stars were beginning to appear, the peaceful stillness had returned, and the earth, after such a welcome freshener, was redolent of its own sweet perfumes.

About such a day there is nothing really notable or startling, unless it be the thunderstorm; and yet it remains luminous upon the memory, each detail sharply defined, and gives back that echo of pleasant things enjoyed to which anglers love to listen, ringing clear above the fainter sounds of their more normal recollections.

THE STORY OF A MONTAGU'S HARRIER BROOD, SUCCESSFULLY REARED IN WALES THIS YEAR

The first photograph shows the hen sitting, the second gives a glimpse of the eggs. Below, she is seen with her family and in the last picture one of the young birds has ejected a pellet which the hen has taken from it and is holding in her beak

MONTAGU'S HARRIER AT THE NEST

By ARTHUR BROOK

(Illustrated by the author)

MONTAGU'S HARRIER is not so rare as many naturalists believe. Norfolk is its present-day stronghold, but it also nests in a number of other counties. For instance, this spring I received information that a pair were supposed to be nesting in a certain part of south-west Wales, and on June 4th a friend and I went in search of them. Our first day's search was unsuccessful, but next morning we rose at 4.45 a.m., and had only been waiting for about half-an-hour when a pair of passing gulls began swooping down at some object on the ground.

We went across to investigate, and a cock Montagu's harrier got up, but not from the nest. A further search revealing nothing we agreed to go back and take up our interrupted watch. On our return we took a slightly different line, and almost walked on to the sitting hen, who got up with a weak chatter. The previous day we must have walked within five yards of her.

The nest, a fairly substantial structure owing to the wet situation, was in a deep hollow of gorse, heather and rushes, and contained five eggs. A temporary "hide" took but a short time to complete, and we retired a distance of about 100yds. to watch. We had barely taken up our position before the hen came sailing back above the nest, and without any hesitation settled down on to it. Later in the day we returned with our cameras and secured a series of pictures.

A local keeper promised to keep an eye on the nest and report progress. An extract from a letter from him dated June 17th, 1935, reads: "Two hatched on Sunday night, 16th." From one dated June 20th: "Have been to see the old girl to-day; three chicks, two bad eggs, one in nest, the other out. The young were looking a bit damp. The cock came in to them as soon as I left. To judge by the size of their heads they ought to have brains."

Our next visit to the nest was on June 28th, and this time we built a substantial "hide." We used very stout posts well driven in. Stout wire was fastened by staples to these, paper-lined sacking was nailed over the framework, and the whole structure liberally covered with heather, gorse and rushes.

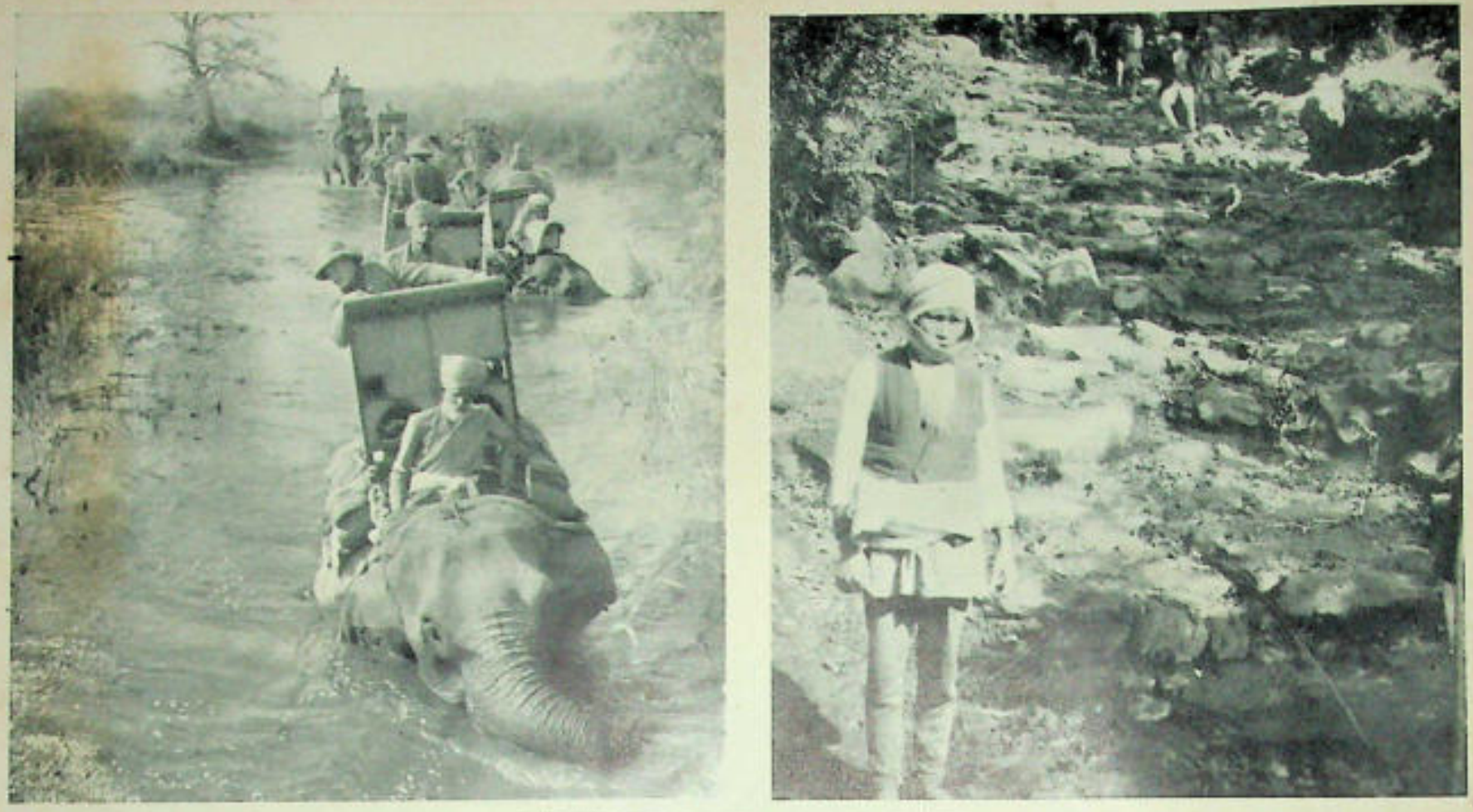
On the following day two friends and myself took turns in the "hide" with our cameras. The hen bird behaved very well, and did not mind the "hide" in the slightest.

Only on one occasion did the cock visit the nest: this was at 2.15 p.m., but he only stayed for a second. Several times, when the cock brought food, I thought he was going to alight on the nest, but each time the hen jumped into the air at the last moment, and the "pass" took place just above the "hide." At other times the hen would fly some distance to meet him. The food at this period consisted of small birds.

It was raining heavily on June 30th, when I went into the "hide" at 6 a.m., and it was still falling when I came out four hours later. The hen did her best to keep the young ones dry when the rain was at its worst. The cock brought food on four occasions, and each time the hen left her charges to take it from him. She fed the young when the rain abated.

We were informed that this particular pair of harriers had been robbed for the previous eight years, and would probably have been robbed this year also but for the fact that last summer their usual nesting site was destroyed by fire. Luckily we found the nest before the egg collector, and with the aid of a little "liquid persuasion" had him put off the scent.

We hope the series of photographs obtained will at least be of more interest than five shells in a cabinet!



TWO INCIDENTS IN A TRIP TO INDIA LAST WINTER

On the left the elephants are seen crossing a deep nullah near Kheri, in the United Provinces, while on the right is a picture of the main road to Nepal

MEMORIES OF MANY SHOOTING CAMPS

Kashmir—Nepal—the United Provinces—Kathiawar and the Sudan

PART II.

By the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

DURING the winter, in which we visited Assam and Travancore, described in the last article, we had many tiger shoots in Bhopal, Alwar, Jaipur and Cooch Behar, and later we went up to Kashmir to try to get a Markhor. One of the photographs shows a scene in our camp at a height of 12,000ft. up, in the Malanga Nullah. But we were too early in the year and never saw a shootable Markhor, so after two or three days of sleet and snow we were advised to give it up and go back to Srinagar. That year there were bad landslides on the road between Rawalpindi and Srinagar, and I took five days to do the 200 miles, which are usually done in one day. We left Jammu in a big open Rolls Royce car belonging to H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir at six o'clock one morning in the pouring rain, and arrived at Rawalpindi at noon, where I had lunch and asked at the hotel if it was wise to go on. I was told that cars were going through, and that the rest house situated just the other side of the Kohala Bridge in Kashmir had been prepared for me to spend the night in.

I left Rawalpindi at 2.30. Going over the Murree Pass, some 10,000ft., we met a few small landslides, and boulders came rattling down the mountains on to the road, and when we got to within four miles of Kohala a large part of the mountain came down a hundred yards ahead of us, completely destroying and carrying away the road. By this time it was six o'clock, and we were wondering if we could turn round and go back to Rawalpindi, I being very nervous of going back up the Murree Pass in the dark, when another big landslide occurred behind us, again carrying away the road. We then realised we should have to spend the night where we were. One or two other cars and the lorry with my baggage had come up behind us before the second landslide occurred. It was pouring with rain and bitterly cold, and I did not look forward to spending the night on the road in an open car with no food or drink except a small flask of brandy and one bottle of Evian water.

More of the mountain seemed likely to come down at any moment, and the Jhelum river was a roaring torrent 300ft. below us. We eventually found there was a small disused Government bungalow about a quarter of a mile up the mountain, where I spent two very uncomfortable nights in my sleeping bag on the stone floor with four other people, two American ladies and an officer in the Gurkhas and his wife, in the same room. The storm continued for 48 hours, and more of the mountain slid down into the river below the bungalow, and one felt at any moment we might all go too.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND IN A HOWDAH IN NEPAL

Early the first morning a native appeared from over the mountains with a chicken and a basket of eggs, and on this myself, the four other occupants of my room and two servants existed for two days. By the evening of the second day some 200 coolies had managed to cut out a new road through the landslide, and we crossed the Kohala Bridge; but 20 miles further on we found that there had been another washout, and we were forced to spend the night in a rest house which was already full up, and again had to sleep five in a room. Food was running short in this rest house—travellers going up and coming down having got stuck here. There was one unfortunate couple who had been bitten by a mad dog, who were on their way to Rawalpindi to get the Pasteur treatment, and also a young bride who was to have been married that day in Rawalpindi.

The fourth night we spent at Uri, and just before getting there were held up once more by another bad landslide. One hundred

and fifty coolies cut a road through this of about 200yds., which was only just wide enough to get our car along. The corners were so sharp that it felt as though the back outside wheel was over the edge; and the thick, slimy mud made the car skid. I was told later that a car behind us slid over the edge down into the Jhelum river, 200ft. below, and the three occupants were never seen again. I was a nervous wreck by the time I arrived in Srinagar, to find that my husband (who had preceded me some days earlier, having been on the North-West Frontier while I was at Jammu) had had a very good duck shoot. This I unfortunately missed, on account of being held up on the road, and by the time I arrived the duck, which were migrating, had moved north.

Last year we received an invitation from the Prime Minister of Nepal (H.H. Maharaja Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung) to shoot in the Nepal Terai and also to visit the capital, Katmandu, which we accepted with pleasure.

We sailed for India the second week in December, and left Lucknow *en route* for Nepal on the 29th. We arrived at Raxaul, on the frontier of British India and Nepal, the next morning. There we found a special train on the Nepal State Railway to take us the 25 miles to the railhead at Amanagang. The railway ran first across the flat plains and rice fields, and then through eight miles of the Great Sal Forest, the home of tigers and wild elephant. For these eight miles we sat on the cow-catcher of the little engine as it chugged its way at ten miles an hour through the sunlit vistas of the jungle, the great trees hemming us in on either side. On arrival at Amanagang, we found motors awaiting us, and drove for an hour and a half through lovely mountain scenery along the valleys, climbing gradually for 2,000ft. to Bhimpedi. Here we left the motors and mounted the thick-set little Thibetian ponies that had been sent to meet us. We rode slowly up a steep mountain path to the Rest House at Sisagarhi, 6,000ft. above sea level, where we spent the night.

It was very cold, and we were glad to find fires and drinks and a good dinner ready for us. Next morning we left Sisagarhi at 8.30 and climbed another 1,000ft. to the top of the pass, a very steep, rocky ascent. From here we had a lovely view of the surrounding mountainous country with the snow peaks in the distance. We walked down the 3,000ft. to the valley below—it was much too steep to ride—and then rode along the valley, winding about up and down small hills. Half-way across the valley we had an excellent picnic lunch, sent out to meet us from Katmandu by the British Minister.

Another stiff climb brought us to the top of the second pass, 8,000ft. high, from where we got a wonderful view of the valley and city of Katmandu, and in the far distance the snowy peaks of the great Himalayan ranges, all over 20,000ft. in height. Another steep descent brought us to the valley of Katmandu, and motor cars, sent by the Prime Minister, took us the last eight miles to the capital, where we stayed with the British Minister at the Legation.

During our stay at Katmandu the Prime Minister arranged for us to see all the temples and palaces in the city, and the two other towns of Patan and Bhatgaon. We also attended an interesting function on the great parade ground, the official opening of a new electric light installation. His Majesty the King presided over the ceremony, supported by His Highness the Maharaja (Prime Minister), the Commander-in-Chief, their numerous relatives, and the Generals of the Nepalese Army, all wearing magnificent uniforms and the wonderful pearl and emerald headdresses worn by the Royal and Rana families of Nepal.

After our five days' visit to Katmandu, we again had to cross the mountain passes back to Raxaul. A lot of snow had fallen in the interval, and this made our journey much harder, but by starting very early we managed to do it in one day instead of two. The next morning we arrived at the shooting camp at Bickna Thoree, and were met by Colonel Dunbar Sherm Shere Thapa, who had been deputed by the Prime Minister to look after us. Our camp was pitched on the same spot as that of the Prince of Wales in 1921, and consisted of our five sleeping tents, a large one for meals, and smaller ones for the personel. Seventy elephants had been provided for our shoot, with the usual complement of mahouts and attendants, shikaris, etc., and a guard sent from one of the crack Nepalese regiments, some 500 to 600 persons in all.

During the ten days we shot six tigers, a rhino, two bears and three leopards. Shooting in Nepal is different from all other shooting in India. Every evening a number of buffalo calves would be tied up in the jungle around our camp within a radius of some 20 or 25 miles and reports would be brought in the next morning of any kill made by the tigers during the night. The elephants then would be marched off to "ring" the tiger,

TYING ON THE GRASS SHOES OVER THE PUTTOO BOOTS

A ceremony which every visitor to Kashmir will recognise. The Duchess of Sutherland is on the left, Miss Vere Ogilvy (now Mrs. C. B. Birdwood) in the centre, and the Hon. Anne Wood on the right

A CAMP AT BICKNA THOREE, NEPAL

Left to right, Colonel Dunbar Sherm Shere Thapa, Sir Frederick O'Connor, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland and Mrs. Sands

A FINE INDIAN LION SHOT IN 1935

This rare species, only now found in the Gir forests, enjoys a wide measure of protection, and owing to the settlement in June of this year of the long-standing dispute between the States of Junagadh and Pithadia as to the rights to kill lions it is hoped that this protection will be effective

COVERT SHOOTING AT UPTON GREY

On the left, Lord Basing's keeper is seen disposing of a wounded pheasant, a business that is too often mishandled, raising in an acute form one of the questions of the ethics of sport of which Mr. Chalmers is writing below. On the right, Lord Basing (second from left) is seen with three of his guests, Mr. P. Bullivant (left), Mr. H. A. Banyon and Mr. G. W. Hayes (right)

which would be lying up somewhere near the remains of its dinner. We would go some distance in the motor and get on to the "pad" elephants till we got to the "ring," where we climbed into our howdahs. It always took some time to get the ring complete and the howdahs in position: Colonel Dumbar and the head shikari were like generals marshalling their army.

When all was complete the signal was given, and one or two tuskers went into the middle of the ring to stir up the tiger. Then the fun started, the tiger roaring and dashing about in the long grass or thick jungle, and one never knew to which gun he was coming, as we were placed about 50yds. apart round the ring. When he eventually made up his mind to make the dash, there was one second in which to shoot before he broke through the ring of elephants. It was more like shooting at bolting rabbits than anything I have ever seen, with the thrill of the great roar through the jungle as the tiger made for freedom. We also had some very amusing partridge, snipe and peafowl shooting, walking up in line on our elephants.

After the shoot in Nepal we went for a fortnight to the Kheri district in the United Provinces, where our host was the Kunwar Sahib of Dilipat, and where we shot some good Gond or swamp deer; and on our way back to Bombay we were the guests of Their Highnesses the Maharajah Gaekwar and Maharani of Baroda. We were sent to stay for two or three days at Dhari in Kathiawar, where my husband was lucky enough to shoot an Indian lion. This made an interesting addition to our museum, as fortunately these animals are protected now and it is difficult to get permission to collect a specimen. We sailed from Bombay on February 11th, having been seven weeks in India, and enjoyed, as I always have, the most wonderful kindness and hospitality everywhere we went.

On our way home we left the ship at Port Sudan, and took the train to Sennar, from where we did a three weeks' trip down the Blue Nile and Dinder river on camels. This was a great contrast to the luxury of India and Nepal, but none the less enjoyable. We did not do much shooting, but concentrated more on trying to get some cinema pictures of game. I was lucky enough to get some quite good pictures of roan antelope, ariel gazelle and buffalo, but found it required a great deal of patience, and was much more difficult to get a good "shot" with a camera than with a rifle.

THE VILLAINY OR OTHERWISE OF SALTPETRE

An Examination of the Ethics of Shooting

IT is well known that many of one's fellow-men and women are "anti" field-sports on account of the suffering that must necessarily attach to them. Yet it is a common saying, too, that, as the civilising seasons go by, man in the practise of his field-sports becomes more and more humane. "How?" it may be asked. Vaguely one is told that badger-baiting and bear- and bull-baiting are extinct. But these and similar cruelties were never field-sports; rather were they the horrid recreations of a riff-raff sporting element in a society which was at its lowest tide of decency. It was only when Wellington's armies, returning from the Peninsula, introduced a more manly leaven and outlook at home that the "animal-sports" (so Mr. Strutt calls baiting) went finally out of fashion. And once more these sports were never field-sports, least of all were they shooting sports.

There was no such thing as shooting game by gunpowder prior to, roughly, the seventeenth century. Therefore, there was no such thing as cruelty to attach thereto. The substitutes for the shot-gun were the goshawk and the peregrine, the bow, the cross-bow and the sling. But the bulk of table game taken for, let us say, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Times," was taken by net and decoy. I do not suppose that falcon, arrow, "quarrel" or slung pebble accounted for feathered game worth the considering. There is, in the Cotton Library, an Anglo-Saxon representation of a slinger unloosing, at long range, a stone at a flying bird. But one cannot think that the sling was ever a usual weapon in sport. The bow and the cross-bow were in most common practice as means towards venison driven to stands, "lodges" or into toils. But they were also occasionally used for feathered game, as many contemporary illustrations show. Occasionally, too, as we read in the Arthurian legends, the arrow was employed as an annoyance whereby the grey and bristling sanglier might be compelled to break his bay and finally give a chance for Sir Tristram's short, double-edged hunting sword. We read, for instance (in *Sir Gawain and the Grene Knight*), how the boar

MR. A. W. ALDRIDGE'S SHOOTING PARTY AT HACKWOOD PARK MOVING OFF TO THE FIRST DRIVE

"bode in his bay" till "bawemen hit breken," and the Grene Knight presently "hit hym vp to pe hult, pat pe hert schyndered." It was not, we must remember, considered a truly knightly deed to finish a boar which the hounds held engaged.

By this preamble I mean to say that falcon, arrow and clap-net were three sure things for the partridge—they either succeeded or they did not. In the first case there was one tremendous shock, and a feather or two to float in the air. In the case of the bow (unusual for feathered game, as I have said) I cannot imagine that a partridge or a mallard seriously struck by an arrow could carry on as though the "grey-goose" shaft were No. 6 shot. In the case of the net, a swift and wholesale neck-wringing was the unpleasant and purely utilitarian necessity of the refectory table. No one of these three methods could have caused prolonged suffering. And did our falcon miss her stoop, our archer his shot, or our little "sitting" dog, under the net's auxiliary kite, make for his man a false point at a field mouse—why, then, the partridge was no whit the worse for these failures. There were no legged birds to carry on, no runners to be lost. And it is casualties as these two last that make a sort of handle for the criticisms of the anti-field-sportsman. For there can be no question to answer of fear or suffering in the case of clean-killed game.

Shooting's sister sports — fox-hunting and fishing—if properly conducted can give no unprejudiced cause for complaint on humanitarian grounds. It is a little vexatious that shooting should be more vulnerable than they. Let us look at the shooting position and consider whether I am in the right as to its reproach and, if so, ask what may, in reason, be said in reply to our critics.

First, I would quote the opinions, the too comforting opinions, perhaps, of many well-qualified sportsmen. These hold (Sir Hugh Fraser printed among them, also Mr. Alan Haig Brown) that the marvellous healing powers of nature must not be overlooked. They say, truly, here I think, that the loss of a leg by a trapped rabbit or rat is followed by complete recovery. And it has been proved, and frequently, that a stag, wounded and lost in the forest, is, next season, as good a beast as ever both in weight and bodily health. The broken leg of a bird is said to be self-healing, and who knows a more active creature than a winged cock pheasant? What man falling, *smash*, from steeple-height and breaking an arm could leap up and, at once, run like a lamp-lighter? Long wanderings (say the optimists) over wide acres of well-shot manors have failed to reveal more than a few skeletons of birds and beasts, and these skeletons, moreover, are only evidence of death and not of lingering death. This mystery remains: it is quite exceptional for a runner not retrieved within fifteen minutes of its fall to be picked up later. Foxes and vermin take these active cripples? In the non-hunting country that I know best, foxes are precious few, stoats fewer, and lost runners fairly plentiful. What then becomes of them? Though I have several times shot partridges and pheasants in fair bodily condition along with a mended leg, I have only once seen a bird (a pheasant, a fair tall pheasant) shot who bore direct evidence, in the pinion, of having, in some past season, been someone's unrecovered runner.

The optimists are right who speak of the comparative rarity of game skeletons to see. Occasionally, a running partridge joins up with a covey and, attempting to follow a flush, betrays itself and is collected. The number of these protracted retrieves bear no relation to the number of uncollected runners. Once more, what becomes of these last? Do they recover so completely and rapidly (Mr. Haig Brown would almost have us think so) that within a fortnight of their pinioning they top the hedge again with the leaders of the pack? Do they, wounded, make forthwith for the nearest bury and, going to ground there, deliberately stay and starve to death? I have little, or no, evidence either way. And that is no real answer to my critic. To whom possibly few words are best, for who can deny the extreme probability of suffering of some sort in the case of any wounded creature? Rather let us study how best to avoid wounding, and subsequently failing to collect, game.

The former is a counsel of perfection, but two chances are more likely to produce a runner than another. The first of these is an approaching partridge or grouse (one rarely sees a pheasant come so) skimming low and on a dead level with one's pointed barrels. It is surprising how many runners this head shot results in. The second (productive, but not so productive, of scotching) is a low-flying pheasant at whose tail one must shoot. But, since any chance to any gun may result in a running bird, it seems that one must look to one's dogs to retrieve the situation. I am sadly sure of two things here. I am sure that the steadiness demanded by field trials detracts from the modern retriever's game-finding qualities. I am sure that, at the average covert shoot or partridge drive, the dogs out are insufficient for the retrieving required of them. The pickers-up (they should be plentiful) should be posted (how seldom one sees it!) as strategically as are the Guns, and their orders should be to concentrate on obviously wounded stuff for which the dogs (and let these be game-finders rather than automatons) should be sent without delay, and even, I maintain, if necessary into a wood still to be beaten. A business-like dog moves no more birds than a travelling fox does and no further. These flutter up, *roc-coc*, six feet or so and down again.

Thus we shall be able to say in answer to the critic who tells us, truly enough, that shooting incurs suffering (by which all game exists) that we (who are not by nature unkindly people) have done our best to make that suffering as insignificant as may be.

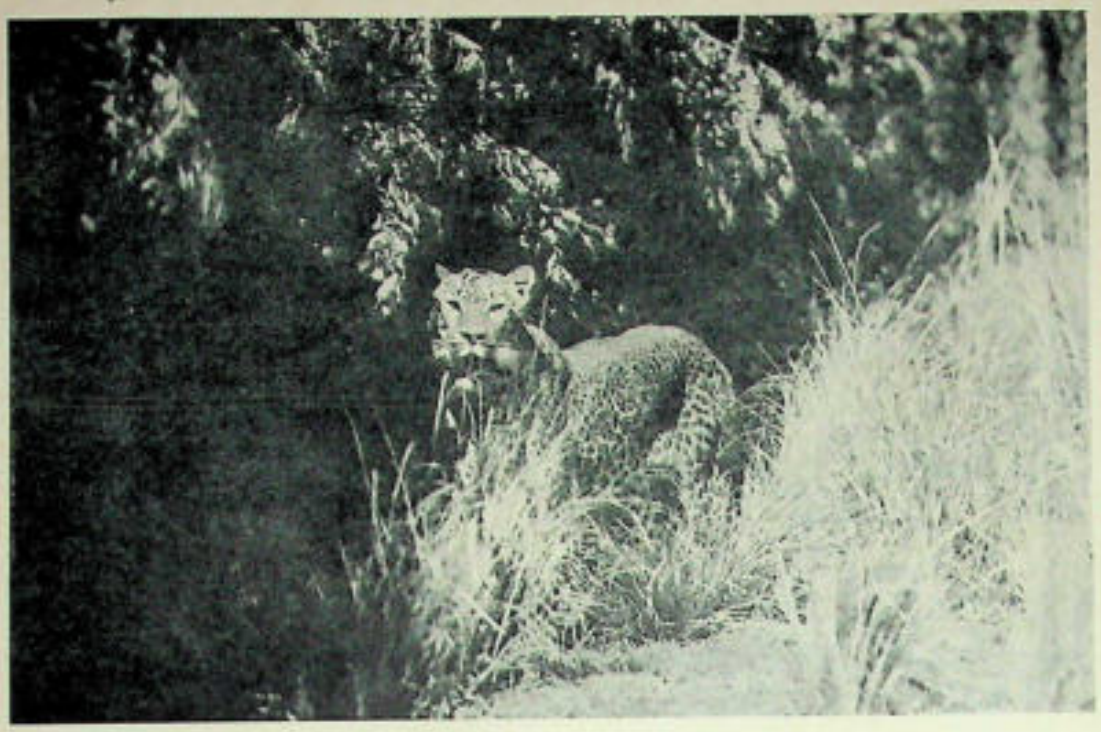
P. R. C.

"THE PICKERS UP SHOULD BE POSTED AS STRATEGICALLY AS THE GUNS"
A friend is seen with his Labrador behind Mr. A. H. Hoare at Upton Grey

SOCIAL SATIRES BY MOLLY CAMPBELL

In reproducing the picture entitled "The Millionaire" in our Christmas Number, the caption referred to the artist as Molly Bishop, the result of one of those temporary fits of mental asphasia to which even journalists are prone. Molly Bishop's work is equally well known, but of a somewhat different nature, and we apologise alike to the two artists concerned and to our readers.

THE GUNS IN ACTION AT HACKWOOD PARK



MOUNTAIN LEOPARD. A FEW SECONDS AFTER THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN HE MADE A LEAP FOR THE CAMERA IN THE HIDE
(From "Over African Jungles")

New Books

YOUNG ELIZABETHANS

Pluck, Play and Perseverance

THE volume under review is the story of the third expedition of the Public School Exploring Society. This admirable enterprise was started a few years ago by Surgeon-Commander Murray-Levick, one of the doctors of Captain Scott's Terra Nova expedition, with the object of giving as many boys as possible a few weeks in the wilds in surroundings likely to foster hardiness and the pioneering spirit. The 1934 party in Newfoundland numbered 53, and the time spent in the field was of necessity limited by the length of the summer holiday, yet, thanks to the organising talent of Commander Murray-Levick, the preliminary work done by the expedition was undeniably good. One cannot look at the map made by two of the assistant leaders (a theodolite and compass traverse) or read the appendices on Rations, Meteorology, Botany, Mammals, Birds and Insects, without being extremely impressed.

Nor is it only the tangible results of the expedition which are impressive. One is filled with admiration for the way in which the boys marched day after day carrying their rations and equipment and "clambered over piled up 'blowdowns' of trees, waded through quagmires, ascended almost vertical hills, descended as precipitously and strode hotfoot through streams." The unknown interior of Newfoundland is no hikers' paradise. Mosquitoes attacked them ferociously.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is "The Gleed Business," describing an adventure which nearly ended in tragedy. Gleed, who was "just over eighteen years of age, of stout heart and stockily built," discovered a river and, although it was against orders, decided to explore it on his own. He did not return. Search parties found a note under a stone saying that he had traversed "his" river from its source, and later another which deserves to be quoted verbatim: "Public Schools Exploring Society—I am lost somewhere on the Gander. I have no food. I am going to march for four hours upstream, and unless I find anything I shall attempt to march to the sea. I think I can live for five days. Please leave food on this rock."

How Gleed kept his head and rejoined his anxious companions is well told.

The author, a journalist attached to one of the great London dailies and scarcely older than the boys he writes about, was specially taken as a potential historian. The narrative benefits by a rich sense of humour and the slick proficiency of a practised writer. The publishers should have provided better maps; there is no general map of Newfoundland, and the excellent preliminary survey of the expedition is reduced to such a small scale that the place names are not legible unless a magnifying glass is used. In consequence, it is not possible to follow the itineraries of the parties.

Public School Explorers in Newfoundland. By Dennis Clarke. (Putnam; 10/6.) M. L.

A LION EMERGING FROM HIS CAVE
(From "Over African Jungles")

AIR SAFARI

IN his new book Mr. Martin Johnson tells the story of how he and his wife made the film *Baboona*, which many lovers of animal life must have seen. Its chief interest to those who have a love of big-game shooting or photography is that it is an account of the most considerable aerial safari ever made. With two machines, one a ten-seater and one a five-seater, they flew some 60,000 miles in the course of a year and a half, and some of the pictures that they took, especially some of the camp stills, will hold their own in any company. The two that are reproduced on this page only give a taste of their quality. Perhaps the author is inclined to stress the communion with nature and the simple life note unduly, for one can rather overdo this sort of thing with Nairobi only a few hours away, and all the problems that normally beset a sportsman automatically solved. Though one must in fairness to Mr. Martin Johnson and his wife add that there were many other problems of flight to be faced, landing grounds, fuel, etc., which never trouble the ordinary traveller.

The first part of their safari took them up into the Lake Rudolf area, one of the most interesting parts of Eastern Africa; then they went down to the Serengeti Plains, and afterwards to the Nanyuki district. The final phase of the expedition was with the Ituri Pygmies, a part of whom were "taken for a ride." The book is written in splendid style, and has plenty of good sense about animals in it, while the author's opinions of photography deserve special attention. R. M.

Over African Jungles. By Martin Johnson. (Harrop; 12/6.)

SEAFARING AT LEISURE

SAILING yachtsmen are fortunate in having such a complete and thorough guide as this to their particular branch of the sport. The fifth edition, which has been revised and enlarged covers pretty well every aspect of yachting, from the day that the novice first conceives the idea of sailing to that on which he can legitimately dubb himself a yachtsman.

The author writes from a lifetime of experience, during which he has owned 24 vessels of various types and rigs; he also writes as a keen and observant seaman, with a seaman's eye for detail and efficiency. The chapter on the trim and ballasting of sailing yachts and its effects on their steering and sailing is particularly valuable and should be read not only by owners but also by everyone connected with the overhaul and fitting out of the craft.

In a volume of this size—there are 41 chapters and over 400 pages—it is, perhaps, inevitable that a certain amount of repetition will occur. In Cruising Hints a little more care in editing might have added to the value of what is undoubtedly a most useful book. The Londoner will appreciate the chapters devoted to a description of the yachting centres within his reach on the south and south-east coasts between the Solent and Harwich. The information includes railway fares to and from the metropolis, local watermen, shipwrights and yacht clubs.

In general the author treads lightly over controversial subjects, but in the matter of paid hands he appears to have been somewhat severe on a class which numbers many thousands of loyal and conscientious servants. After all, yacht hands like other personal servants are prone to take their lead from their employers. In the matter of dress, too, Mr. Cooke will hardly find many supporters when he advocates the wearing of a golf cap afloat.

It has always been the custom in every country for the various branches of sport to have their own particular dress. One would be terribly shocked to see golfers retaliate by wearing yachting caps on the links.

Cruising Hints contains an interesting chapter on hollow spars, with weight and strength comparisons from the makers; it also includes chapters on maintenance, seamanship, spars and rigging, the care of sails and running gear, and the performance of various types of anchors and how best to employ them.

Nothing, in fact, is overlooked that contributes to the making of the Complete Yachtsman, and the reader's first impression will be that the title is too modest: that Enquire Within on Everything to do with Yacht Sailing and Ownership, would more adequately convey an idea of the contents. The book contains many personal experiences of the author's, and the paid hand may criticise the whipping of running gear with spunyarn. But he will, nevertheless, recognise in its pages the seaman with a profound understanding of the sea and ships. A. M. K. S.

Cruising Hints. By Francis B. Cooke. (Arnold: 21/-.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Dent issue two volumes of *How to See Nature*, by Eric Fitch Daglish at 5/-, the first, birds, beasts and pond life, and the second, ponds, flowers and insects. Mr. Daglish's writings are well known, and these volumes represent good value for the money.

Two books with a technical interest are *The Report of the Fifth Surveyors' Congress*, 1934 (The Chartered Surveyors' Institution, £1), which contains chapters on infra-red photography and survey work, and *Televiewing*, by E. H. Robinson (Selwin and Blount, 6/-), which is a simple guide to television.

No pioneering feat since Hadrian's Wall has so stirred the imagination of those who love the romance of opening up new lands, so *Steel of Empire*, by J. M. Gibbon (Rich & Cowan; 21/-) is sure of a wide welcome, for it tells the epic story of the Canadian Pacific in a fitting manner.

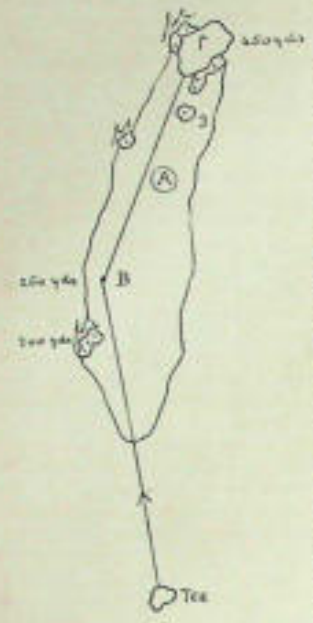
In some 50 odd pages Colonel McTaggart has condensed the art of teaching equitation, and the result is a book which should be in the hands of every riding instructor and instructress in this country and abroad. *The Teaching of Riding*, by Lieutenant-Colonel M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. (Methuen's, 2/6 net).

Private and Confidential is the intriguing title of a ten and sixpenny book issued by Grayson. It is a series of letters between a cosmopolitan Englishman and a lady correspondent, touching on all the subjects which interest him, and yet patently written in the strain of an ordinary correspondence. These letters are full of flashes of insight such as "America is the only country that has become decadent without ever having been civilized."

LARGER GOLF BALLS?

The Long Driver and the Modern Course

By E. R. TIPPLE



The first hole at Muirfield, designed by Mr. T. Simpson

DURING this year it has become increasingly obvious that, with the aid of modern clubs and balls, the first-class golfers experience little difficulty in doing very much as they like with the majority of courses. Owing mainly to the length obtainable with the modern ball, the design of courses has been defied; and will continue to be until some alteration is authorised.

Before the war a shot of 200yds. was deemed a long drive, and up to five years ago the expert player was pleased if he passed the 250 mark. Nowadays it is a common occurrence for the ball to finish over 300yds. away from the tee. Indeed, at Muirfield during the Open Championship, many drives of 370yds. were recorded during actual play. Naturally the expert considers many of our courses too short, for a hole of 450yds. to him is played quite simply—a drive, then a "flick" with a mashie-niblick. Such a hole a few years ago was regarded as a full length two-shotter.

The first hole at Muirfield is a good example of how the expert is being flattered. Bernard Darwin describing bunker No. 3, said: "If ever a bunker has made a hole that one has done it. Clearly we want to get the open run into the green from the left, therefore we must drive to the left and in doing so we must slip as near as we dare past the bunker, which is 200yds. from the tee. We run our risk, and if we run it successfully we get a rich reward." Theoretically sound, but in actual practice what occurred was that the competitors in the Open Championship reached A with their drives, took a mashie-niblick for the second, and so defied the design. Yet how much better the hole would be if no one were able to drive further than B.

The obvious way of counteracting the length of the ball is to lengthen courses, but this is impracticable. Courses have been stretched out, many new tees have been constructed, but all to no purpose. The good driver has not been chained, but his not-so expert confrère has been made to work all the harder. An additional 300yds. to a course would make little or no difference to a good player; besides, no one wants to see golf courses over the 7,000 mark. If greens were to be made smaller, redesigned on most courses, and re-bunkered to combat this present-day evil, the scratch golfer would find his task infinitely more difficult, but this again cannot be put into practice. It is not economic for one thing, and for another the majority of local committees would not permit drastic alterations to their terrains. So it would appear that the only real solution is to restrict the flight of the ball.

When this is suggested many golfers possessing an average handicap at once get worried, saying, "Why can't you leave well alone? The game is quite hard enough for me and thousands more like me as it is." This is true enough for the majority of players, and the lot of the average man must be considered before that of the experienced player who is definitely in the minority, but it should be stressed that the ball can be restricted in such a way as to help the humble golfer, and in addition handicap the "mighty."

The Duc de Gramont in the well-known French journal *Tennis et Golf* has proved this point conclusively. Not only a worthy supporter of golf in France, he is a scientist of repute, and has brought his knowledge to bear on the game. He maintains that a larger ball is the only really practicable solution to this disturbing problem for golf ball manufacturers "are powerless against air resistance." The American ball has a greater diameter than the ball used in this country, being 1.68in. instead of 1.62, the weight being the same. Here are the deductions made by this eminent scientist on the result of such a change with relation to the trajectory of the ball: "In the first place if the weight is the same, the player has the same sensation at the moment of impact, and this is a very important point . . . a larger ball penetrates less deeply when it touches the ground, and consequently it will roll further. On coming to rest the ball, being larger, rests on a surface of greater area, and the centre of the ball, owing to the greater radius of the sphere is obviously slightly higher above the ground . . . in this there lies a double advantage—the ball lies better and so the slight difference due to irregularities of surface are less apparent, and there is the additional advantage that on soft ground the chances of a 'sucker' are considerably reduced."

Regarding the all-important point, length, the Duc de Gramont of necessity has to mention certain technical details, and for this he requests the reader's indulgence. He writes as follows:

"The trajectory of the ball from the moment it leaves the club until it comes to rest, is divided into two parts: first, the period of flight and, secondly, the run of the ball on the fairway. Let

D. I. BURNETT, THE NEW ARMY SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPION

us consider these two factors. Granted that two balls of different sizes and of the same weight are played with the same club and in exactly the same manner, the initial kinetic energy communicated to the ball is the same. On the other hand, it is well known that the resistance offered by the air to a moving object in its flight is proportional to the square of its velocity and to the diameter of the moving object. The initial velocities being the same, the resistance of the air to the larger ball will be greater then than that of the smaller ball, in a ratio which is defined by the sections of the two balls, or, say, 1.074. In other words, the resistance of the air will, at the start, be between 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. more in the case of the larger ball.

"Let us now consider these same two balls controlled by different initial velocities. To ascertain the value of air resistance, it is necessary to multiply the ratio of the sections by the ratio of the square of the velocity. It will then be seen that the slight difference in diameter of the two balls (the effect of which is practically negligible with low initial velocities) will, on the contrary, be considerable with high initial velocities, that is to say, when the ball is struck by a long hitter. What is the practical result of using a ball of a large diameter? The short player will hardly be affected by the shorter carry, and at the same time in certain cases the second or rolling part of the trajectory will be greater; the total length of his drive will be the same, if not longer, than that obtained by him with the present small ball.

"For the average player, the two effects will be appreciably the same. But for the long hitter, the greater his carry the greater will be the reduction in the aerial portion of the flight of the ball. He will remain a long driver, but the difference between him and the average player will be markedly less than it now is.

"All that we have so far said assumes a calm day. We shall consider later the effect of wind. Now, where have we got to? By preserving the same weight of ball and changing only its density we can, at will, limit the carry of the long driver. While we must not go too far in this direction, it would appear that the diameter of the American ball is hardly large enough, so perhaps it would be preferable to take as a density for the golf ball a value slightly lower than the unit, so that it would float on water. This would give us a diameter of about 1.75in. or, say, 0.07in. greater than the American ball and 0.13in. greater than balls now in general use in England.

"One can foresee two objections to the use of such a ball—the effect of the wind on one hand and the increased difficulty of putting on the other hand. It is evident that air resistance to the ball being increased, the effect of a head wind would also be correspondingly greater, as well as that of deviation due to a slice or a pull.

"To this we would reply that the player, as in the gutty days, ought to, and can, keep the ball low; that he ought to be able to offset the effects of wind. Further, he is at present at a disadvantage if his too small ball buries itself in the ground.

"Putting would, in some respects, be more difficult. A too strongly hit ball would more easily pass over the hole. On the other hand, the larger ball is easier to hit properly. So, what is lost on the swings is more than recovered on the roundabouts. One thing is certain, namely, that after due consideration has been given to all the pros and cons, the medium player and long handicap man will stand to gain by a larger ball—one that the long driver could not hit so far."

SQUASH RACKETS

The Army Championship and Our American Visitors

D. I. BURNETT (R.E.) won a surprise and excellent victory in the final of the Army Squash Rackets Championship by defeating D. O. Wilson (Rifle Brigade), last year's captain of Oxford, by three games to love, 9/2, 9/3, 9/6. C. P. Hamilton, holder, having entered, was obliged to scratch, and there is no doubt (without disparagement!) that his absence and also that of G. O. Jameson added to the interest of the competition. The Army Championship was started in 1925, won for the first five years by Captain G. N. Scott-Chad, and from 1930 onwards by C. P. Hamilton, three times, and G. O. Jameson, twice. Up to this season no one else has had the slightest chance of victory, and in consequence the competition has been dull in comparison with the event this year.

With Hamilton out four players appeared to be fairly evenly matched. They were G. S. Cole, who has been playing excellently at Catterick, the Hon. N. A. S. Lytton-Milbanke, runner-up in 1928 and 1929, D. O. Wilson and D. I. Burnett. Of these Wilson was considered the best, for he has an excellent record as a match player; whereas Burnett, although distinguishing himself in the Amateur Championship of 1932, rarely manages to produce his best form in consecutive matches. As the score indicates, Burnett won a most convincing victory and undoubtedly his hardest match was against Cole in the semi-final round.

The squash rackets team of the United States is due to arrive in England at the invitation of the Jesters Club on November 26th, and after some preliminary practice at the New Club, Brighton, play their first match against the Jesters at the Mid-Sussex Club, Hassocks. The team is a very strong one, being led by D. Strachan, the present National Champion of the United States, with N. Sullivan as second string, the National Champion of 1934 and the runner-up in 1935. The other members of the team are: R. R. Coffin, C. H. Polley, R. V. Wakeman, J. W. Patterson and S. H. Knox, the captain. There is one other player to be chosen. All the players are well known, Knox being an overseas member of the Jesters Club.

Many matches have been arranged with club sides, but the team will travel northwards only as far as Liverpool, paying their first visit to London on December 3rd, when they play the R.A.C., the day before the England match at the Bath Club. Most, if not all members of the team will compete in the Amateur Championship which begins on Friday, December 6th. The final of the Amateur Championship is on Monday, December 16th, and on the same evening the American team will attend the annual dinner of the Jesters, sailing on the following day for home.

Spillers' Game Cards.—These are supplied free of charge by Messrs. Spillers, Ltd., of 40, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C. 3. They provide, on one side, space for particulars of shoot, names of beats and classification of game, state of weather, etc., and, on the other, a ruled column for the names of the guns.

OXFORD'S FORMIDABLE RIGHT WING
Prince Obolensky, who scored three tries against the Harlequins last Saturday. He has both football brains and speed

OXFORD'S BRIGHT RUGBY

A Team of All-round Talent

THOUGH it may be a little early to sum up the University Rugby teams, there is no doubt that so far Oxford are the better all-round side. Neither of their centre-three-quarters is quite comparable with W. Woodler of Cambridge and C. Jones, the Cambridge stand-off half, is a more versatile player than C. F. Grieve of Oxford. At their best, Woodler and Jones can give real genius and brilliance to the Cambridge midfield back play; but Oxford at present look much the better balanced team, forward and back.

Comparative records while the teams are building up are often misleading, but one cannot help contrasting the easy victory gained by the New Zealanders over Cambridge last week with the great fight put up by Oxford a week earlier. Again, the Harlequins decisively outplayed and beat Cambridge last month, while last Saturday Oxford as decisively outplayed and beat the Harlequins. This last match, at Twickenham, demonstrated another thing—that Oxford are by no means a dry-weather side. They had rain and a thoroughly wet ground to test them and adapted themselves to the conditions well. In fact their victory by as much as 21 points to 6 was partly due to the way they overcame their handicap.

The Harlequin forwards are very good, but they were not good enough to hold Oxford's. Including four internationals, the University pack played a very lively, well-organised game. They scrummaged solidly, with plenty of shove, broke quickly and put in some rousing rushes in the loose. This is going to be a very good pack by the time the 'Varsity match arrives on December 10th, unless something goes wrong between now and then.

Behind the scrummage Oxford's trump card is A. Obolensky, the right wing three-quarter, who has not only exceptional pace but football brains. Against the Harlequins he made three tries by his speed, but in scoring one of them he cut through the middle and beat two men by clever swerving and a hand-off. There are few three-quarters with his pace in the game to-day, and if his centres are clever enough to give him reasonable chances against the special marking that Cambridge will undoubtedly concentrate on him, he should be a scoring factor in the 'Varsity match.

One noteworthy feature of the Oxford back play against the Harlequins was their clever handling of the wet ball. The conditions were, of course, against fancy manœuvres, but they played the short passing game with seldom a fumble, and kept position so well that forward passes were a rarity. The half-back problem that faced Oxford last season when K. L. T. Jackson was kept out by injury—a problem that was not solved satisfactorily for the 'Varsity match—has disappeared with the moving of C. F. Grieve from full back, for which he was not suited, to stand-off half, where he played once for Scotland last season.

As I have said, Grieve is not as brilliant as Jones of Cambridge can be; but he is one of the best stand-off halves that Oxford have had in recent years, not forgetting K. L. T. Jackson. He is on the small side, but quick off the mark, sure with his hands and an elusive runner, who knows how to get his three-quarters moving. It is feared that injury may again prevent Jackson from playing, which would be extremely bad luck for him and for the side, of which is is captain. If he does play he will presumably leave Grieve at half back and play himself at centre-three-quarter.

In the Oxford three-quarter line, G. R. Rees-Jones is the only one who played last season, and suffers perhaps by comparison with Obolensky. But he is very sound, and one of his cross-kicks against the Harlequins was a real beauty, reminiscent of those at which R. H. Hamilton-Wickes, of Cambridge, and the Harlequins used to excel. Oxford have no worry about their full back, J. L. Stuart Watson being a real "find," and another good point, very noticeable against the Harlequins, was the ability of the side to profit by their opponents' mistakes in the manner of the New Zealand team. In essence, this is due as much as anything to close following up.

While Oxford were doing so well at Twickenham, Cambridge were having rather a bad time against Blackheath, being beaten by 26 points to 14; but this match followed so closely on the gruelling they received against the New Zealanders two days before, that their form should not be taken too seriously. Nevertheless, faults noticeable earlier in the season were still apparent, chief of them being lack of cohesion forward and weak tackling.

The New Zealanders continue to confound their critics, and much more than ordinary interest centres in the first of their international matches, against Scotland at Murrayfield to-day, both because the last New Zealand team did not play Scotland and because the form of the present side has been so puzzling that it is impossible to foreshadow the result. The side won by a comfortable margin of points against Leicestershire and East Midlands last Saturday, but only began to score after the counties had lost C. Slow, their stand-off half and one of the chief key men. But Gadney at scrum-half played so well that he and Slow will almost certainly command a trial for England this year.

HEAVY-WEIGHTS AT WEMBLEY

"Perhaps"—the Most Important Word in English Boxing

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE heavy-weight programme at the Empire Pool included only one English boxer—a scathing indictment of British heavy-weights—and drew a crowd that must have warmed the promoter's heart. There is, therefore, a big public for boxing provided that they are given interesting programmes. The draw in this case was the contest between Tommy Loughran, of America, and Maurice Strickland, of New Zealand.

Strickland was already known. He arrived unheralded and proceeded to put paid to Ben Foord—ranked very highly among British heavy-weights—in quick time. On that occasion he showed class—and remember that Foord gave Petersen a very hard fight—and beat Villar. On this occasion he looked like a novice opposed, as he was, to one of the world's masters. Loughran retired undefeated—as World's Cruiser-weight Champion. He has, during the last decade, beaten almost every heavy-weight of note. His victims include Gene Tunney, Max Baer and James Braddock, the present Heavy-weight Champion of the World. He has always been considered in America as the most skilful heavy-weight since the days of James J. Corbett—and the cleanest.

He has been boxing for sixteen years now and is a long way past his best. As a boxer he is a veteran. For his first fight in this country he was opposed to a young and very strong heavy-weight, not lacking in skill and possessed of a powerful punch. He won every round. He was never in trouble. He was the perfect master, a delight to watch with his beautiful left hand, amazing footwork and almost uncanny judgment of distance. He gave us the most perfect exhibition of the true English style—we have not seen anything like it since the passing of Jim Driscoll—a foreigner in the home of boxing!

There is no need to say anything further about the fight. What are the lessons of this fight and of the programme as a whole? Loughran is a long way past his best. Strickland, on his Foord form, is quite capable of extending, possibly beating, Petersen or Harvey. Strickland did not win a round. What chance would our men stand with the leading Americans in their prime? Neusel's performance in the States gives us a very good idea, and Loughran's form in this fight rubs it in. And fighting on the same programme in supporting contests were Ambrose Palmer, who has a victory over Strickland to his credit, and Lazer, who went five rounds with Joe Louis!

Petersen is credited with designs on the world's cruiser-weight title. At present he stands no chance of securing it whatsoever. He has not the experience. Lack of the right sort of opposition has been put forward as an excuse—a very poor excuse. There is no lack now. Here are men—Strickland, Palmer, Lazer, Loughran—who can provide him with just the right sort of opposition. Two of them, moreover, are fully qualified to fight for the Empire Championship, which Petersen has yet to defend. Here is opportunity both for the promoter and Petersen, who is again to be matched with Harvey.

I have no doubts about the promoters. They are fully alive to the gold mine within their grasp. Is Petersen? Are these fights to be let slip in favour of further matches with legendary figures of the boxing ring? They would not be easy matches—each man is quite capable of beating our champion (Loughran despite his age would be a hot favourite in a match with Petersen)—but that should be an incentive to an ambitious young champion. I am, however, not hopeful. Ambition seems nowadays to be confined to our colonies and dominions. I have an idea that we shall see Strickland and Palmer in search of that World Championship before Petersen.

On the same programme at Wembley was a heavy-weight competition. Norman Baines, perhaps the most powerful heavy-weight in the English ring, was a product of these competitions. The current number contains Pat Marrinan, a young man of considerable promise, who should be carefully watched. On this programme he was, like everyone else, dwarfed by Tommy Loughran. Another year or two and perhaps . . . Perhaps is the most important word in English boxing.

Ski Club Dinner—The Ski Club of Great Britain will hold its annual dinner and dance at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on November 27th.

Christmas
HAMPERS

The most sensible and useful of all Christmas presents

•

Write for our amusing Christmas catalogue

•

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY LONDON REGent 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd

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.

MEASUREMENTS OF BIG GAME

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence in the *Field* on weights and measurements of big game, it is wrong to suppose that this has not been carefully done in the past in certain localities. For five years I measured and weighed every beast I shot in Kenya, measurements being straight between pegs, weights being ascertained a few minutes after death by means of a portable tripod and a steel-yard which recorded up to 600lb. Beasts heavier than that were cut up into suitable portions, even full grown hippopotami being dealt with.

But with regard to your correspondence, I shall here confine myself to the weights of wildebeest and lion.

Of fourteen Kenya wildebeest weighed, the lightest was 506lb. and the heaviest (a female) 588lb. Their height at the shoulder varied between 50in. and 55in.

Of nine lion weighed the heaviest scaled 421lb. and was 40in. at the shoulder, the lightest scaled 329lb. and was 36in. at the shoulder. Three lionesses scaled 269lb. twice and 369lb. once, the heights being 34½in., 34in. and 40in. respectively.

Of nineteen lion killed, the biggest, which I was unable to weigh, was 9ft. 4in. long and measured 42in. at the shoulder, but the average height of a full-grown lion seems to be well under 40in., and the average length to be about 9ft. It is unfortunate that most sportsmen only weigh and measure their largest beasts, ignoring the average or smaller ones.

I may add that weights taken by spring balance are most unreliable, as the spring soon becomes weak, especially at the higher weights. A steel-yard cannot go wrong.

I shall be only too glad to let anyone interested have access to my weights and measurements of the many species of big game I have killed in Africa and India.

Yours faithfully,
R. MEINERTZHAGEN
(Colonel).
17, Kensington Park Gardens,
London.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Le Mare's letter regarding weights and measurements of game shot on the farms of Mr. William A. Campbell in the Eastern Transvaal, also the doubts expressed by "Mannlicher" as to the correctness of these weights and measurements, and as I was present when the lions were brought in I would like to advise you of the following facts:

Mr. William A. Campbell's farms cover an area of about 30,000 acres. The game there is strictly preserved and only a few head shot during the open season each year—in consequence one has only to go a distance of about a mile from the camp to see large troops of game numbering up to about 2,000 and consisting of wildebeest, sable, roan, sassaby, waterbuck, zebra, etc., and as a result of the abundance of game, carnivora consisting of lions, leopards, etc., are also very plentiful.

At the outset reliable scales were provided, and the weights and measurements taken in the presence of reliable European witnesses, as it was realised that immediately the figures became known they would be questioned, as a result of less authentic and unreliable figures.

As I propose to give further amplified measurements in connection with carnivora shot during the last season, I think it would be wise to mention in advance that in three previous seasons we were accompanied by the Assistant Curator of the Durban Museum, whose duty it was to measure up specimens which were intended for the Durban and British Museums, and the measurements were taken in accordance with his instructions and as set out in Rowland Ward's book, so that the measurements cannot be regarded entirely as those of amateurs.

In the first place "Mannlicher" refers to the difference in weight between bull and cow wildebeest; the answer to this is obvious when one compares the domestic cow and bull. With regard to the lion weighing 477lb., this measured 4ft. 3½in. straight from the top of the shoulder to the edge of the paw, the girth at centre of stomach was 4ft. 9½in., and the height at stern was 4ft. from root of tail to edge of paw.

Cheetah, female, full-grown: Weight, 127lb.; length over curve, 6ft. 10in., between pegs, 6ft. 7in.; height pad to shoulder, 2ft. 10in.; height pad to rump, 2ft. 8in.

Cheetah, male, full-grown: Weight, 130lb.; length over curve, 8ft. 2in., between pegs, 7ft. 6in.; height pad to shoulder, 3ft. 7 in.; height pad to rump, 3ft. 4in.

Lion, male: Weight, 290lb.; length between pegs, 8ft. 8in.; height shoulder to paw, 3ft. 5in.

Lioness: Weight, 278lb.; length between pegs, 8ft. 2in.; height shoulder to paw, 3ft. 5½in.

Lioness, full-grown: Weight, 407lb.; length between pegs, 8ft. 1in.; height at shoulder, 3ft. 11in.; height at rump, 3ft. 7½in.; girth of body, 4ft. 10½in.

From the foregoing I hope that "Mannlicher" will see that very careful measurements were made, and in every case checked by a second and even third party, and in no case are they approximate measurements. The writer has seen numerous lions in zoos and a few in their natural wild state, and I do not think there is any comparison between the two.

Yours faithfully,
J. G. PAFFETT.
Mount Edgecombe,
Natal.

A QUESTION OF JUDGING

SIR,—At a recent horse show in India there was a marked difference of opinion between two sets of judges over a horse entered in the hacks classes. In one class it was given the first prize as being the best hack, its paces being perfect, and answering unhesitatingly to all the aids. In the other class the judges would not even test it because it had been fired on both forelegs. Which was right?

The horse is an English thoroughbred, a beauty to look at and with perfect manners. It was raced in India and evidently broke down slightly and was fired. It has never been sick, sorry or lame for two-and-a-half years, and is constantly ridden over all kinds of country. When bought, the vet.'s certificate said that the firing would not disqualify it in a horse show, but that in the event of a tie (other things being equal) a horse that was not fired would win. This seems a reasonable remark, and I should be grateful for your opinion on it, or whether the fact of being fired *ipso facto* disqualifies a horse.

Yours faithfully,
ENQUIRER.
New Delhi.

[Firing does not necessarily disqualify a horse in the show ring.—ED.]

PHEASANT REARING COSTS

SIR,—As an old hand of something like 40 years' experience, and one of a line of at least five or six generations of gamekeepers, I am now writing as a convert to a newer system of pheasant rearing, at least in so far as feeding is concerned. It was while temporarily engaged to rear a large bead of game on an estate (being out of a permanent situation at present, due to death of employer), that I came in contact with the new food. I know many keepers who would have refused to attempt to rear on anything but the old-established foods, but I was neither given nor expected any choice. I made up my mind to be content with recognising that the employer had the first right to say on what they had to be reared.

The two principal features about this new food are the price, as compared with other foods, and secondly the results, which are equally as good if not better. In fact, I cannot say I ever had better in my life. The price of something like £12 10s. per ton as compared with anything up to £40 per ton for some of the old-established foods, is a great consideration in these days of high taxation, etc. As for results, they have certainly broadened my mind as to the need of high-priced foods in order to be successful in rearing. Perhaps there would be many more pheasants reared, were this economical method more widely known. It puts in the shade the old saying of "Up gets a Guinea, off goes a Penny, down comes Half a Crown." The food is complete in itself, with an analysis printed on each bag, and no other addition is necessary from the shell onwards. All that is required is to moisten with cold water, sufficient to make it just crumbly. You may add a little hard-boiled egg if you wish for a few days, not that it is essential, but I have often noticed that it appears to have an attractiveness for chicks, once they are ready for food, which is not under forty-eight hours. As the birds get on to three weeks or a month old, a mixture of nicely kibbled maize and wheat may be added, to help maintain the balance of food, which is likely to be varied by the extra insect life they are then getting. I prefer to soak the maize and wheat in advance of mixing. You can then get rid of the husk, as it will rise to the top of the water when soaking. Towards the end of August, the meal may be omitted altogether, and the birds will do quite well on only the kibbled maize and wheat, but still soaked in advance. I always think soaking makes it more palatable to them. The kibbled maize may be larger now, and the wheat may be used whole.

A good-sized zinc bath is a useful thing in which to prepare the maize and wheat. Mixings should be made night and morning, and just add as much water now as the grain is likely to absorb. A good inch of water in the bottom of the bath is sufficient for half a bathful of grain if properly mixed up during the process of soaking.

What simplicity, as compared with the old methods of boiling, scalding and mixing!

And still another feature about the new food is its greater immunity from turning sour, as with the old-fashioned mixtures. We used to have to feed a little and often, to avoid any being left lying about to turn sour. Now a larger quantity about every four hours will suffice, and allowing one man 1,000 birds to attend to, he finds four times a day as often as he can manage. Of course, preparation of the food is not a long process, but in addition, there is an extra journey round to feed the broodies, as well as both broodies and birds to water.

Of course, feeding is only one department of rearing. There are others on which success depends almost as much.

Yours faithfully,
GAMEKEEPER.
Penrith.

ELK AND MOOSE HEADS

SIR,—Further to my letter published in your issue of October 26th, my recollection of the article in question is that the writer classified the heads which were going back, as being the "wild type." Why wild? Perhaps because the old bulls are more wily than the young ones.

I could show you one very interesting thing in this way in my museum. There I have a head which is still, I believe, about the third or fourth largest amongst the known heads, as regards span. But it is going back, like the author's "wild type." It has huge brow points, but small palmation, and all its upper points simply not there. Now this was a huge old solitary bull, and very old, almost dying when we got him.

On examining the antlers I found about 20 holes drilled clean through them as if by bullets, and at first thought natives had fired a volley at the beast and only hit his horns. But on skinning it, the skull gave us the solution, and for this reason I have kept the bare skull and antlers unmounted and without the scalp, because it now gives you one chapter in the life history of a moose.

In one or two places on the forehead were holes almost penetrating to the brain, showing that in fighting this old bull had at last met his match. He had no doubt been the King of a herd for some years, but as he grew old, his horns did not get clean and hard as quick as the young bulls'. Then the younger ones had set on him, and with their sharp upper fighting points, had drilled holes clean through his softer antlers which had not hardened, and had no fighting points left on them.

Another of life's tragedies, and perhaps the learned professors would not believe it, but we who have lived in the wilds, learn and know these things; even if we have not the time and gift of words to describe them in print.

Yours faithfully,
C. E. RADCLYFFE
(Major).
Hyde,
Wareham.

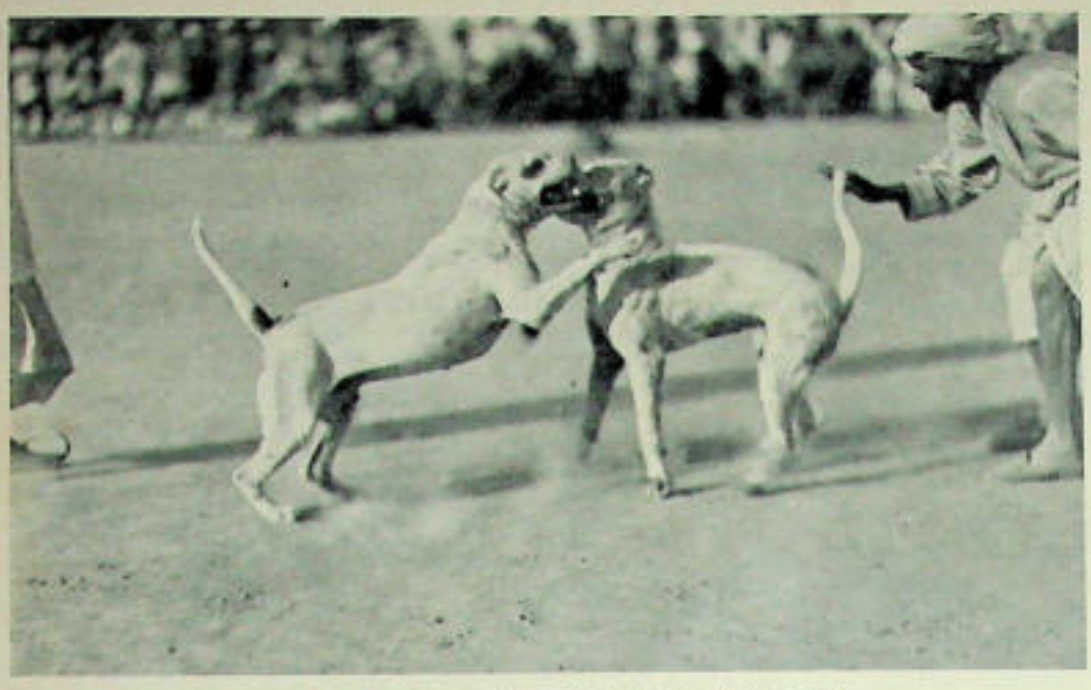
A NOVEMBER CUCKOO

SIR,—I think the enclosed young cuckoo may be of interest. On November 7th we saw it here in the garden and again the next day, when it was keeping close to one of our men who was opening an old stone drain that was blocked. He saw the birds picking up worms and swallowing them as he threw them out. On the morning of the 10th it was picked up dead near the drain.

We have had no real frost yet; the lowest the thermometer has been down to was 27, on October 22nd, and not below 31 since then. You will notice the bird was starved.

Yours faithfully,
H. J. PARSONS.
Achnaba, Lochgilphead,
Argyll.

[The bird, in juvenile plumage, has been sent to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, for preservation.—ED.]



A POPULAR SPORT IN CERTAIN PARTS OF THE PUNJAB
(See Letter "Dog Fighting")

EAGLES AND RED DEER

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Shearer's account of the golden eagle he saw when stalking in the Shieldaig Forest. Recently, when stalking in the Callater Forest (Braemar), I had a similar experience with two golden eagles, except that the deer paid little or no attention to them.

I was stalking a stag near the Talmont, the hill was steep and covered with rocks and heather. When I had got to within about 200yds. of the stag I found three hinds in a hollow between myself and the stag, so had to get down and wait for the hinds to move. After about a quarter-of-an-hour seven more hinds and three well-grown calves came down the hill and joined the three hinds. The nearest hind was not more than 30yds. away.

Suddenly a golden eagle swooped down and alighted on a rock within 40yds. of where I was lying and not more than 30yds. from the deer. It seemed to pay no attention to the deer, and the latter went on feeding, taking no notice of the eagle. After another five minutes a second eagle swooped down and alighted on the same rock as the first. The two eagles now started to chase one another from rock to rock and play a game of "King of the Castle"; this went on for ten minutes when they settled down to preen their feathers. I gave up thinking about the stalk I was engaged in and watched these two eagles through my field glasses for at least half-an-hour.

The deer were not more than 30yds. from the eagles, but during the whole period neither the eagles nor the deer seemed the least interested in one another. Finally, the two eagles flew away. It was all a wonderfully interesting sight.

Yours faithfully,
Ballater. A. E. STEWART (Colonel).

RECORD HIGH JUMP BY A HORSE

SIR,—Your issue of August 24th has just reached me. With regard to the record high jump by a horse, I have in my possession a pamphlet called *Notes on the Driving, Shoeing, Dentistry, Feeding and Fitting of Horses*. It was published by Horse Specialities, Ltd., the designers of the three-in-one and other patent bits. There must be many people who remember their shop opposite Tattersalls.

This pamphlet contains the photograph reproduced herewith. Under this is written, "Heatherbloom, Record, 8ft. 2in." There follows a short article which states: "Taking three of the most notable jumpers in the world, we find that two are thoroughbred and the other of unknown pedigree. The latter, Filemaker, commenced his working career in the shafts of a coal cart, graduating from that humble position to become an inmate of a New York riding school, where he developed a liking for jumping. After creating a record by clearing 8ft. 1½in. at Chicago, Filemaker became the property of a lady, who brought him to England with the Barnum Circus. Heatherbloom (thoroughbred) succeeded in beating Filemaker's record by clearing 8ft. 2in., which we believe is the limit at the present time. Sapolio, by Albert, holds no record for high jumping, but besides being a very consistent performer at 7ft has won more first prizes and championships than any other one animal."

Yours faithfully,
Zanzibar. G. K. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

PROBLEMS OF THE NIGHTJAR

SIR,—For some fifteen years I was able to study the ways of that interesting bird, the nightjar. One or two pairs nested every year just outside the grounds of a house I had in Hampshire. At first I thought the peculiar evolution in the air mentioned by one of your correspondents was caused by an effort to deal with some especially active parasite on the neck. I have often noticed swifts and members of the swallow tribe, which swarm with parasites, do a scratch in mid-air. Later, when examining the mouth of a nightjar shot as a sparrow-hawk by some idiot, I wondered whether the bird used its peculiar claw to clear away the wings, etc., of the cockchafers and moths, which must stick in the "whiskers" round the mouth.

With regard to the purring song, I suppose all observers have noticed that in the middle of the song the note drops about a third and then returns to the original pitch. When I was a small boy I used to try to whistle a note both on the inhale and the exhale, and found that the tendency was to lower the pitch on the inhale. Is it possible that the nightjar takes breath in the middle of its purr? The sound goes on without a break for so long that a breath snatched somewhere seems absolutely necessary.

On one occasion I jumped from the top of a high bank and when in mid-air saw I was landing on a nightjar; I just had time to straddle my legs, and the bird touched my hand as it flew away. A few hours later it was back on the nest.

Yours faithfully,
Effingham, Surrey. I. B. L.

DOG FIGHTING

SIR,—The enclosed photograph may be of general interest.

Dog fighting is a popular sport in certain parts of the Punjab, large crowds assembling to watch, and the dogs being specially bred, fed and trained. It is probably no more cruel than boxing! The dogs, which have practically no ears and rolls of fat on their necks, come to grips and wrestle until one or the other signifies defeat by lowering his tail and possibly running away.

Each dog has a "second," one of whom can be seen encouraging his dog. One does not know what betting goes on!

Yours faithfully,
1st Punjab Regt., Jhelum, India. S. S. MUSCOTT (Captain).

WANTED—A WHITE COCK PHEASANT

SIR,—In my aviary I have a young hen pheasant, which was recently picked up exhausted in a street on the outskirts of St. Albans. With the exception of a few brownish-flecked feathers on the neck, her plumage is white; her eyes, beak and legs are normally pigmented. She is eating well, shows no evidence of disease, and has settled comfortably in the aviary.

In the last edition of Dr. Tegetmeier's *Pheasants and Pheasant Rearing*, the occasional appearance of white pheasants in coverts is described, also it is recorded that attempts to breed white cocks to white hens have failed. I should like to be afforded

HEATHERBLOOM CLEARING 8FT. 2IN.
(See Letter "Record High Jump by a Horse")

the opportunity of investigating the cause of these phenomena, and I should appreciate very highly the gift of a white cock pheasant for mating with my hen.

Yours faithfully,
Fyfield House, St. Albans. G. EVAN SPICER.

TROUT TAKING NEWTS

SIR,—A letter from "I. M." appeared in your columns on October 26th, in which he states he caught some trout which had recently fed on either newts or lizards.

Two years ago last April, I was fishing a small lake called Llyn Cyri on Cader Idris. I was fortunate that day in that I arrived just before a remarkably good rise. I caught eleven trout, all small, the largest being ¾lb., and noticed that several looked as though they had just had a remarkably large meal. I opened those four fish and found newts in all of them. One had four newts, the others three each. Digestion had hardly begun, and it was obvious that they were newts and not lizards. They were smooth newts, both male and female.

Llyn Cyri is, I think, 1,800ft. above sea level. All fish were caught from exactly the same spot on the bank. Once this season I caught a trout weighing 14oz. in a private reservoir, which had eaten one newt. All the newts I found inside those fish were full grown.

Yours faithfully,
Berkshire. B. J. C.

To buy Johnnie Walker is easy.
To open it easier still—

..and to drink it easiest of all!!

JOHNNIE WALKER

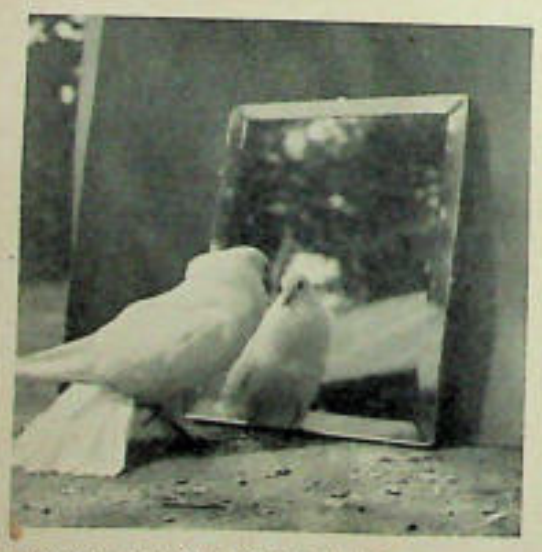
Older and better than ever

A POND IN THE KURRAM VALLEY, SHOWING THE COW-DUNG DUCKS CONSTRUCTED BY THE TURIS. ON RIGHT, A TURI "SHIKARI"
(See Letter "A Simple Decoy")

TROUT TRANSPORTATION IN NATAL

SIR,—For a long time I had contemplated re-stocking my river with brown trout, and at last an opportunity arose. Choosing a dull day and with the aid of four friends and a lorry, we went to the upper reaches of the Big Mooi River. Each rod was given a section of the river and a native boy with a bucket, to help him. Four large clothes baskets were half submerged in the river at convenient spots. As soon as a fish was caught it was quickly put into the bucket half filled with water, and then taken and emptied into the nearest basket.

Beginning to fish at 11 a.m. and stopping at 4 p.m. the five rods caught over 120 fish of various sizes. The lorry, on which was an ordinary 40 gallon petrol drum half filled with water, was then driven up to the baskets which were quickly emptied into the drum. The fish were then transported over very rough roads to a farm on the Little Mooi River, a distance of about ten miles. They were then split-up and released in various parts of the river. Not one fish died between the time they were caught and released again.



"MAKING ARDENT LOVE TO HIS REFLECTION"
(See Letter "Pigeon's Vanity")

My thanks for the success of this trip were due to Dr. C. H. Crass, Mr. R. T. Rawlinson, Mr. E. Rawlinson and Mr. A. E. Potterill, on whose water the fish were caught.

Yours faithfully,
"Culvers," R. J. LITTLE.
Rosetta, Natal.

HUMMING-BIRD HAWK MOTH AND GERANIUMS

SIR,—Mr. Frohawk's note in a recent issue reminds me that when I was staying at my aunt's house in Bournemouth many years ago, this moth visited the scarlet geraniums in the window-box and then flew into the room, the window being open at the bottom, and "visited" several flowers on the wall-paper, which I believe were meant for roses, but were just about the same shade of red as the geraniums. Its partiality for red phlox is well known and it used to come to these plants in our garden in S.W. Essex.

Yours faithfully,
Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

A SIMPLE DECOY

SIR,—The Turis of the Kurram Valley, on the North-West Frontier, are, according to their lights, sportsmen; at least they do like a "bit o' duck" and will sit for hours and hours to get it. They also prefer their duck to be sitting, too, and effect this through the contraption shown in one of the accompanying photographs.

The valley slopes down to the Kurram River, and the succeeding terraces are studded with artificial ponds, small and shallow. These the Turi "sportsmen," that is, every Turi in the valley, unite in adorning with decoys, cunningly devised, of cow-dung set on stones. The Turi is a humorist; it is a standing joke to set the thick-headed newcomer on to a stalk of the cow-dung ducks, a joke successful in the case of my Peshawari orderly.

Yours faithfully,
Peshawar. A. J. H.

EARLY SOUTHDOWN LAMBS

SIR,—Last week at Friar's Oak Farm, Hassocksgate, Sussex (I give "chapter and verse" so that there may be no doubt about the veracity of the statement), I saw some lambs about a month old. To-day (November 4th) I saw others which could not be more than a fortnight old, they were Southdowns. To me this is quite a unique sight at this time of the year.

Yours faithfully
J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.
Burgess Hill, Sussex.

AN EPITAPH

SIR,—I have just had the misfortune to lose, by an attack of jaundice, a Labrador dog, the best retriever I have ever owned in 45 years' experience. He would thoroughly search the rough covert which abounds in North Devon, and cross a river in flood 40yds. wide; good nose, tender mouth and rock steady. I think he earned the following epitaph: "Perfect manners and the pluck of the devil."

Yours faithfully,
Blandford. STAFFORD BROWN
Park Lane, Barnstaple. (Major).

PIGEON'S VANITY

SIR,—One day recently my husband called softly to me to come into our bungalow bedroom, where a most amusing sight met my eyes. Waltzing round and round on a low seat before the mirror was one of my pet fantail pigeons, feathers puffed out and chest thrust forward, making ardent love to his reflection in the glass. This process was repeated several times afterwards, and whenever the bedroom door happened to be left open one could be sure of finding Master Fantail in his usual place.

Finding it impossible to photograph the bird in the bedroom, I placed the mirror out of doors, and within a few minutes he flew down and began to admire himself, so I managed to snap him for your columns.

Yours faithfully,
Woodbridge, Suffolk. O. SMITH.

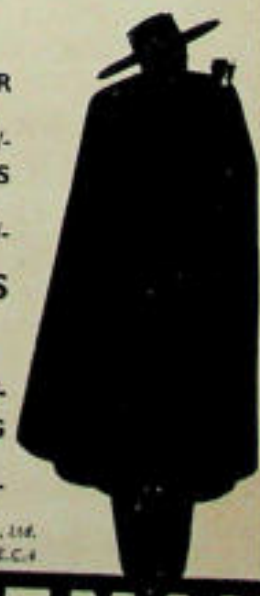
GREY PHALAROPE IN SUFFOLK

SIR,—On August 9th, about 10 a.m., just after the clearing up of an all-night gale, at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, within a few yards of the R.S.P.B. notice board at the foot of the Martello Tower, by Slaughden Quay, I stood for about two minutes within five yards of a grey phalarope. Its right tibia (leg bone) was broken and hung at an angle. Through binoculars I watched it for about fifteen minutes, flitting about the saltings, before it flew inland over the estuary. Its summer chestnut was still present; I assume it was blown in by the N.E. gale.

Yours faithfully,
St. Albans. TOM HARE.

YOU can be sure of any wine if the name on the bottle is SANDEMAN. Always insist on Sandeman when buying port or sherry — then it goes without saying that you will get a wine of outstanding quality and honest value for money.

PORTS
THREE STAR
(Select Old Ruby or Tawny)
Per Doz. 72/-
PARTNERS
(Finest Old Ruby)
Per Doz. 108/-
SHERRIES
APITIV
(Extra Dry Pale)
Per Doz 72/-
BROWN BANG
(Fine Old Dessert)
Per Doz. 108/-



Geo. G. Sandeman, Sons & Co., Ltd.
20 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4

SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

TROUT FROM LOUGH MASK

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph which shows a brown trout 33in. in length, 18¼in. in girth, and 15lb. 10oz. in weight. This fish, a male, in perfect condition, was taken on the troll (small trout as bait) in Lough Mask on June 13th last. The day before, another angler got a trout of 12lb. on a rubber wagtail. It was the mayfly season then, but no remarkable catches were made, though one lady got a 5lb. trout when dapping.

Apart from an 18lb. trout caught in September, 1934, my specimen seems to be the largest taken in Lough Mask for a very long time; but last year's big fish was taken by the local water bailiff (by trolling of course), and I understand it was a female great with spawn. Yours faithfully,

Fairlawn, Savile Park, Dalkey. F. WRIGHT.

ARRIVAL OF WOODCOCK?

SIR,—On October 26th, while shooting at Enwick, near Exeter, I saw four woodcock. It is very unusual to see them there so early in the season, and I was told it probably meant severe weather. So far this does not seem to have come.

Nobody could remember having seen woodcock there so early before. It is rather a warm valley and usually woodcock are not there till towards the end of December at the earliest.

Yours faithfully,

Senior Officers' School, Sheerness. M. L. BULLER.

A PARTRIDGE AND A PAIL

SIR,—Five of us were driving partridges here at four o'clock on the afternoon of November 4th. Behind the right-hand gun was the village of Besthorpe, about 400yds. away. The guns were facing east, and the two village streets run parallel—north and south. A very old farmer friend had just given his fowls water, and left one of the empty pails at the edge of the barn, which is open and faces east. He heard a rattling noise behind him, and to his amazement found that a young French partridge, quite warm and obviously recently shot, had fallen into the pail.

The right-hand gun, my son, had just previously fired at a covey which, after passing him, flew towards the village. The extraordinary thing is that the bird should pass over the first parallel line of houses, on the Newark—Gainsboro' Road, and fall in the west line of houses in the back street.

The line of flight is natural, as west of the village is meadowland, where partridges "jog" after feeding on the stubbles.

The farmer is vicar's churchwarden, and does not fish, so can be believed implicitly.

Yours faithfully,

Besthorpe, Newark-on-Trent. W. COAPE OATES (Lieutenant-Colonel).

AN IRISH FIFTEEN-POUNDER
(See Letter "Trout from Lough Mask")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Milkweed Butterfly as Prey of Pipit.—On October 13th I was walking along the cliffs near here when I noticed a meadow pipit attempting to eat a large insect. When I approached, the bird dropped its intended meal, which proved to be a female milkweed butterfly. Knowing that the insect is normally only a rare migrant and does not breed in the country, I thought the fact of its occurrence might be of interest.—G. SCOTT-BROWN, Lydstep House, Penally, Pem. [It would be interesting to know whether the remains were preserved.—ED.]

Marked Woodcock.—A ring stamped "W.DUN.33" was found on a woodcock shot at Tillybin, Kintore, on November 1st. I should be grateful for any information as to who ringed this bird.—WM. SETON MESTON, Burnbank, Inverurie.

Blighted Heather.—I believe your correspondent who asks about small patches of "blighted" heather, will find it is in some cases caused by sheep dip from lately dipped sheep.—ALFRED T. MITCHELL, South Brent, Devon.

"Stymies."—I am quite of opinion that stymies in golf ought to be abolished, and I would suggest that a list be put up at all golf clubs upon which members might sign their names, "for or against stymies," and I think 99 out of 100 would be against.—J. D. CHARRINGTON, Ashburton House, Putney Heath, S.W.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, want to help a young London boy who has had 1½ years on a training ship. His widowed mother married a hunchback, and as long as the home was kept going neither man nor wife cared how the money was earned. The boy was not in any real trouble, but it would have been criminal to leave him in those surroundings. The Friends of the Poor realised his keenness for a seafaring life and determined to help him become a sailor. The fund collected for him is almost exhausted, and £12 would help him through his last year on the training ship (he will then be self-supporting), and donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

INDIA

Tiger and Panther Shooting with small game shooting and very good Mahseer fishing.

Fully organized arrangements are offered to 2 or 3 sportsmen for a period of 6—8 weeks, January to March, 1936.

Arrangements include—services of experienced organizer, fully equipped camp with elephants, beaters, transport, etc.

Grand country and climate and Tiger plentiful.

FISHING

Gentlemen desirous of securing good Salmon Water in Norway are advised to book their beats now. We have a good selection.

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 9797

Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

IN THE CITY

BRITISH SANGAMO COMPANY, LIMITED

THE British Sangamo Co., Ltd., which was registered as a public company in September, was originally established in England in 1921 as a subsidiary of the Sangamo Electric Company of the United States, by which concern the British Sangamo Co. is still controlled.

The company manufacture electric meters, time switches and other electrical appliances. The strength of the position lies in the reputation attained by the quality of its products and its success in developing new types of meters and other appliances to keep pace with modern requirements. In addition it is to be noted that British Sangamo has an arrangement with the Sangamo Electric Co. of the United States and the Sangamo Co. of Canada for the interchange of all patents and technical improvements. The company's customers, some of whom are of ten years' standing, are spread all over the British Isles and include a number of the leading municipal electrical undertakings and electrical supply companies, among which are the following:

Ayrshire Electricity Board.
Birmingham Electricity Supply Department.
Coventry Electricity Supply Department.
City of Edinburgh.
Glasgow Electricity Department.
London and Home Counties Joint Electricity Board.
Bournemouth and Poole Electricity Supply.
Clyde Valley Electric Power.
Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire } Electric
Leicestershire and Warwickshire } Power.
County of London Electricity Supply.
North Metropolitan Electricity Power Supply.

The British Sangamo Co. has no mortgage or Debenture indebtedness, the authorised and issued capital consisting simply of £150,000 in Ordinary shares of 10/- each. The issued capital originally amounted to £4,003, and it has been increased to the present figure of £150,000 largely out of profits retained by the company in its business. The number of meters, etc., sold has increased steadily since 1921, each year during that period showing an increase over the previous year with one exception. The net profits before charging income tax but after all other charges and expenses, including depreciation, in recent years, have been as under:

Year to Dec. 31st.	Net Profit.	Ordinary Shares Earned per cent.
1930	£27,096	18.0
1931	£32,811	21.9
1932	£21,363	14.2
1933	£17,197	11.4
1934	£36,030	24.0
Average for last five years	£26,899	18.0

The falling-off in profits for the years 1932 and 1933 was due to dislocation at the works caused by a change over to more modern methods and machinery. In the opinion of the chairman the profits for the current year will show an increase over those for last year.

At the time of writing the 10/- shares of British Sangamo can be purchased at about 27/6. In respect of 1934, when the company was a private concern, the amount of approximately £15,000 distributed in dividends was equivalent to 10 per cent. on the present capital in issue, or less than half the sum available. In view of the steady expansion in company's sales and the exceptionally good business which it is known to have been doing this year, together with the promising outlook, it seems not unreasonable to assume that the dividend paid in respect of the current year should be 12 per cent. in which event the yield would be 4½ per cent., while with a payment of 15 per cent.—seemingly not an over-optimistic hope—the yield would be nearly 5½ per cent. Investors not averse to having an interest in the shares of a small company which do not have a very wide market should find the shares of British Sangamo a satisfactory medium for obtaining a reasonable rate of income return and a gradual enhancement in the market value of their investment.

WANKIE COLLIERY

The 10/- shares of Wankie Colliery were recommended in April, 1934, at 18/6, and again about a year ago at 20/9 as being one of the least risky methods of acquiring indirectly an interest in the future of the great Rhodesian Copper Mines. The accounts for the year ended on August 31st last show earnings equivalent to 15.3 per cent., out of which dividends totalling 15 per cent. were declared. In view of the improving prospects for the Northern Rhodesia Copper Mines and in consequence for the railways also, the shares of Wankie Colliery, which have now risen to about 25/- ex dividend, continue to appear better to hold than to sell. PACTOLUS.

THE TALE OF A COAT

THE tale of Andersons' "North Devon" Hunt Coat is an easy one to tell. It is a record of sincere and persistent endeavour by Andersons' Rubber Co. Ltd. (makers of fine waterproofs since 1850) to produce for those with sporting instincts and impeccable taste a garment distinctive in cut, comfortable in wear, and guaranteed absolutely waterproof.

This Hunt Coat, which is also very popular for general wear, is perfectly cut in styles to suit Men, Women and Children. Obtainable in numerous sizes and at prices to suit all purses.

From **52/6** upwards, unbelted.
55/- belted.

ANDERSONS
North Devon HUNT COAT

Makers also of the "Nildroc" (Regd.) Cavalry coat, which retails at prices from £3.3.0
Available from leading Outfitters and Stores.
Full particulars and lists of Stockists from
Andersons' Rubber Co. Ltd.,
35 St. Pauls Churchyard London. 55 Victoria St, Bristol
Andersons' Waterproofs are guaranteed

H.C.4

'Still keeps going when the rest have stopped'

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY
FOR CARS AND WIRELESS

FOR WIRELESS H.T. GET
Drydex
THE EXIDE DRY BATTERY

From Exide Service Stations and all good dealers. EXIDE BATTERIES, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester. *Branches: London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.*

Smooth

As smoothness of action is the achievement of perfection, so the smoothness of Mackinlay's V.O.B. is the achievement of perfect blending and maturing. The true Highland flavour of this old Scotch Whisky is a delight to the palate.

Mackinlay's V.O.B.
SCOTCH WHISKY
Also M.L. (Mackinlay's Liqueur)
the Superlative Scotch Whisky
(12 Years Old)

There's no use talking *TASTE IT!*

CHAS. MACKINLAY & Co., *Distillers*, LEITH & LONDON.
Established 1820

A SPLASH OF TALL TULIPS IN THE SPRING BORDER

The custom of planting tulips in dull, serried ranks is being replaced by delightful mixed beds of tulips, wallflowers, forget-me-nots and polyanthuses

The Country House

TULIP PLANTING TIME

Combinations for the Finest Effects in Bed and Formal Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IT is pleasant in bleak November to visualise what the tulips planted this month will look like next spring. The custom of planting them in dull, serried ranks, all of one colour, is now fortunately being replaced by delightful mixed beds of tulips, wallflowers, narcissi, forget-me-nots, and polyanthuses, making the beds look like baskets of mixed flowers. A joy to behold.

Tulips look particularly well in a garden laid out on formal lines. I think of one spring garden where the straight paths are of mellow old brick, and where they intersect are "pillars" of clipped yew. In the centre of this garden last year was a big square bed of blue violas edged with double daisies. The four great rectangular beds surrounding it were a joyous mixture of tulips of various colours, wallflowers, pheasant's eye narcissi and forget-me-nots; all the beds being edged with aubrietias. The outside beds were wallflowers and narcissi. It was a lovely picture, and one could not help realising how much of the effect was due to the white narcissi. All colourful spring effects are immensely enhanced by white flowers. Without them the arrangement is apt to look heavy.

We seem in for a spell of extremely cold springs, and it as well therefore to remember that too shallow planting of tulips is asking for trouble. They come up prematurely, suffer badly in the cold damp of early spring, and develop tulip fire. On sandy soils the bulbs should be quite 8in. deep. Tulips left undisturbed work themselves down to a depth of quite 2ft., they flower possibly a week later than most, but these tulips are healthy. From early March onwards beds of tulips need careful watching and should any leaves show signs of grey mould, the plants should be instantly removed and burnt. Otherwise the infection will probably spread. Tulips should not be planted two years running in the same soil.

The handsomest of modern tulips is surely Pride of Haarlem. Those gorgeous cherry-red blooms, on stems nearly 3ft. high, are a wonderful sight in bloom. I know one courtyard garden where last year the beds of China monthly roses, thickly edged with thyme, were inter-planted with these tulips. By the time the tulips were over the roses were flowering. And I think this tulip looks particularly well with a background of espalier apple trees. In one garden where I was planning, a long grass walk was bordered with espalier apple trees, and we decided on Pride of Haarlem tulips, narcissi, pale-lemon wallflowers, purple wallflowers and an edging of arabis. The result was certainly delightful.

A tulip I wonder is not more commonly planted is the true old Bleu Céleste, sometimes called Blue Flag. This beautiful double tulip, with flowers of the softest blue mauve on stems quite 20in. high, is one of the latest double tulips to flower, but it deserves a place in every garden. Bulbs should be obtained from a reliable firm in order to secure the true Bleu Céleste. It associates well with a pink single tulip, flowering at the same time and nearly the same height. Pink Beauty (15in.), for instance.

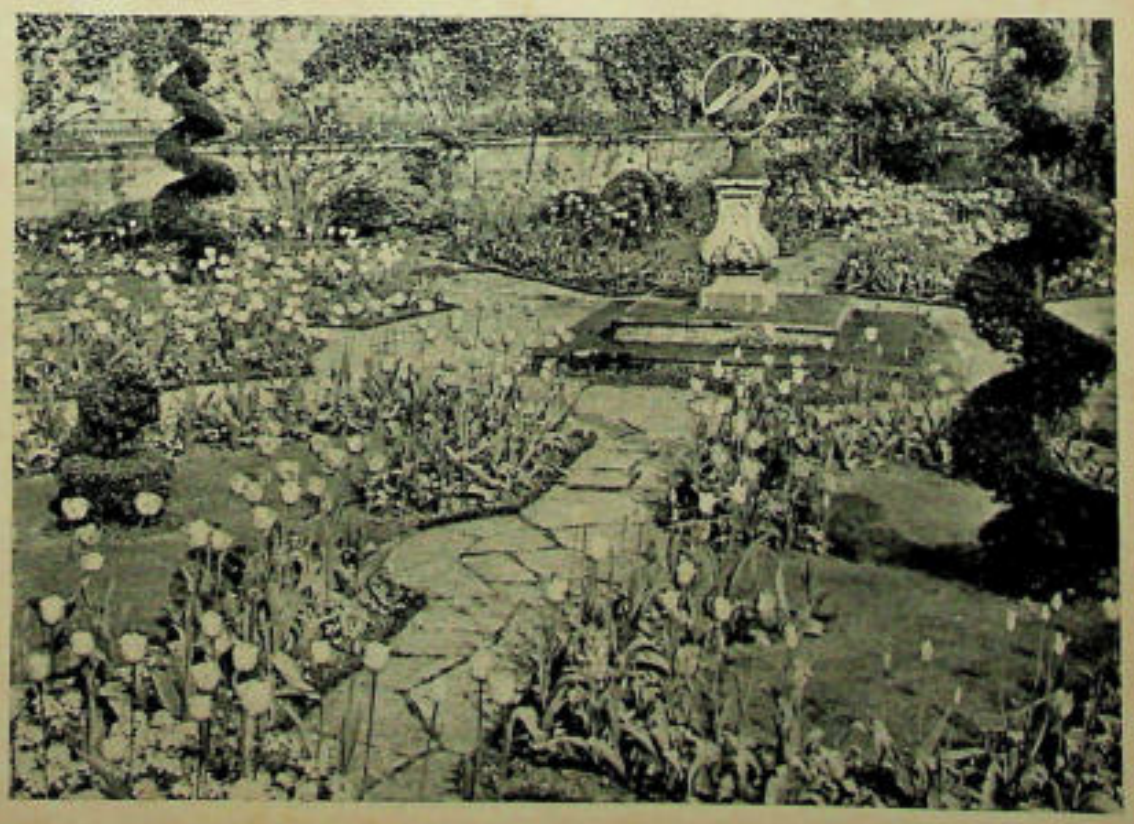
I have a great liking for the real old Dutch tulips, especially those that are scented. The best for scent are the brown tulips—Dom Pedro, with deep brown flowers, shaded mahogany red inside, on stems 2ft. high, and Prince of Orange, with globular flowers chestnut-red outside and yellow and brown within. Both these tulips are deliciously scented.

One of the most valuable early-flowering tulips is Proserpine. Cherry-coloured and in bloom at the same time as the outdoor hyacinths. A treasure indeed.

Certain tulips are particularly suitable for pot-work, and they are invaluable for the cold greenhouse, making a beautiful display before those in the garden. De Wet and Thomas Moore are universal favourites for this purpose. Thomas Moore and Prince of Austria are amongst the scented tulips that do really well in pots. Both are very showy, with orange-coloured flowers on stems quite 15in. high. Pink Beauty is also excellent for pot-work. These are all fairly tall-growing, but bowls of tulips of smaller size are also useful, especially if wanted for indoor decoration or for the front row in the greenhouse. Proserpine is charming in pots and cherry-coloured flowers are scarce in early spring.

Early double tulips are delightful grown in pots, especially the more colourful ones, such as Couronne d'Or and Prince of Orange associated with pots of *Primula malacoides*. Azalea is a lovely pink double tulip that does well in pots; also the popular Murillo.

Certain of the tulip species are very satisfactory in pots, notably *T. Kaufmanniana*, "the water-lily tulip," and the dainty Lady tulip, *T. Clusiana*. Out of doors this lovely little tulip needs a warm, sheltered spot in the rock garden, very light, sandy soil, and to be planted quite 8in. deep. Indoors it is of the easiest culture, and is one of the few tulips that can be grown well even in peat fibre. As for all tulips, however, it is safer to pot in the usual compost of two-thirds good fibrous loam, and one-third leaf mould and sand, and a little bone-meal. This dainty tulip associates well indoors with pink and pale blue hyacinths, especially the miniature hyacinths.



TULIPS IN THE FORMAL GARDEN

TRAVEL BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

THIS 3½-LITRE BENTLEY WITH HOOPER COACHWORK (THE PROPERTY OF MR. SLATER-BOOTH) IS FITTED WITH COCKTAIL BAR AND WIRELESS
In the background is Portland Bill Lighthouse and on the right are the quarries from which much of the stone for London buildings, including St. Paul's, has been taken

ARE THERE TOO MANY MOTORING COMPETITIONS?

A Potential Cause of Annoyance to the Public

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

THERE is, it seems to me, a serious danger of history re-writing itself in the matter of automobile competitions. In the earlier days of motoring they were of great importance. The car itself was unreliable and in the throes of mechanical development. It was only by the stress of racing and competition that essential lessons for the improvement of the breed could be learned, and it is not too much to say that had the sporting side of motoring not been developed we should be lagging at least fifteen years behind the state of relative perfection that has been reached to-day.

One consequence of the development of the sporting side of the movement was that, during the first decade of the century, all kinds of clubs and organisations came into being with the sole object of organising "open" hill-climbs and other road events and to run them on a profit-making basis. I am not arguing that the multiplicity of such events was bad for the development of the car. On the contrary; but in this, as in other directions, it was possible to pay too dearly for experience.

Initially, in this country at any rate, the competitions were run by the many automobile clubs which had sprung up and were confined to their own members. Extraordinarily interesting and informative they were. Every member of an automobile club in those days was a whole-hearted enthusiast. He had to be, else he would never have survived the heart-breaking experiences inevitably encountered when he essayed a run of even a hundred or so miles. It was very largely those experiences and the expedients adopted to overcome their consequences—all of them being dutifully passed on to manufacturers who were equally enthusiastic in their devotion to the new locomotion—that made progress in design so rapid that by 1903 we had reached a degree of car reliability which marked the beginnings of what I would describe as mass motoring.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT
An Austin Ten-Four on the road which skirts the shores of Buttermere

From then onwards the development of competitions and races became rapid. Every club in the country wanted to run events of an open description, and the more entries that flowed in the more prosperous did the club concerned become. Then followed the mushroom growth of organising bodies to which I have already referred in passing. Firms engaged in the manufacture or distribution of cars were badgered to enter. They could not refuse, because by staying out they were giving their trade rivals a chance to obtain advertisement denied to the non-participant.

Obviously, this could not go on indefinitely and finally the R.A.C. and the Society of Motor Manufacturers got together, agreed on a list of events that could be supported by the trade, and banned the rest. I thought at the time that the ban went too far to be altogether good for the British movement and I am still of that opinion, but it is an unfortunate fact that whenever a movement, good in itself, is overdone the reflex is inevitably evil. We entered upon a period in which there were practically no competitions or races excepting at Brooklands, which had opened in 1907, and an odd hill-climb here and there.

Immediately after the war there arose a whole series of sporting events. Hill-climbs were promoted wherever there was a hill to be climbed, until at last the R.A.C. put down a heavy foot and all such events on public roads were ruled out. Now we have long-distance trials and "rallies" in ever-increasing numbers. However well they may be organised, and however well-behaved the participants may be, these events undoubtedly cause a good deal of public annoyance and inconvenience. Residents in hitherto quiet areas are beginning to complain. It is one thing to spend a single sleepless night through the passing of a continuous procession of cars and motor-cycles all through the hours of darkness. The sporting instincts of the individual compel forgiveness, but it is quite otherwise when the experience is repeated every week or two. The question—it has become a question—will have to be answered or public resentment will grow until action comes from outside. It is obvious that the better way is for reform to come from within the automobile movement itself.

Apart from this aspect of the matter, which is serious enough, there is the competitor's side. It is common knowledge that if it were not for the support, direct or indirect, of the manufacturing side of motoring, most of the larger events would fall very flat indeed. Organising bodies have found themselves compelled to stiffen up their conditions in order to make their events really competitive. A competition in which everybody qualifies for a premier award ceases to have any value to the contestants.

There is only one way, in these days of almost complete car reliability, to achieve the essential competitive character of any event, and that is to make the conditions so onerous that a large proportion of the cars taking part must fail to reach the highest standard of performance. This in turn means that any competitor who

MR. C. J. MELROSE

Who abandoned his own flight to Australia in order to search for Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith

wants to succeed—and all do—must see that his car goes through a meticulously careful tuning and preparation to meet the freak rules that have been introduced for his undoing. That means heavy expense which can only be faced by firms with huge resources and which virtually rule out the private competitor.

The consequence of all this is that many of those firms which have in the past supported such events are seriously thinking of withdrawing. Take for example the Monte Carlo Rally. It will not be at all surprising if this proves to be a comparative "flop" in the coming year. The rules have been so altered and amended that it would require something in the nature of a freak car to get through without serious loss of marks. The expense attendant upon preparation of special cars is too great to be worth while when the passing publicity value of success is weighed against it.

This year's Alpine Trial had to be cancelled because the cost of taking part was prohibitive. There is no doubt at all about it—there are too many and too expensive competitions being organised, and it is time responsible authority stepped in to limit them. We do not want a wholesale ban, which would be bad for the movement and the industry.

MOTORING FIXTURES FOR 1936

THE R.A.C. has now issued the list of fixtures comprising the International Calendar for 1936. For next year, Great Britain has fifteen International dates, the R.A.C. taking two for the Tourist Trophy Race in Ireland and the Mannin Races in the Isle of Man; Brooklands has four meetings, the Junior Car Club two—the International Trophy Race at Brooklands and the Club's classic 200 Miles Race, which is being revived, with Donington as the venue; the B.R.D.C. will run the Empire Trophy Race and the 500 Miles; there will be the customary two meetings at Shelsley Walsh; the Derby and District Club will have two International meetings, the Nuffield Trophy Race having secured a place on the calendar as well as the Grand Prix in October, and the County Down Trophy Race has again been allotted to the Ulster Automobile Club, making two car races in Northern Ireland.

THE VALUE OR OTHERWISE OF RECORD FLIGHTS

More Practical Demonstrations Needed

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

DURING the past few weeks, record attempts have been much in the news. Several flights were started with a view to reducing the existing record time between this country and the Cape, and each ended in failure through some quite minor defect. That great pilot, Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, was forced to abandon a flight to Australia (prior to his recent ill-fated attempt) on account of weather; and though he subsequently denied that his main objective was record breaking, the flight was widely described as an endeavour to set up new figures.

Naturally—and rightly—one sympathises deeply with those whose efforts have been thus abruptly terminated. An immense amount of thought, effort and money is involved in every such attempt. But at the same time there is a wider aspect to be considered; a balance ought to be struck to determine to what extent such attempts aid or hinder the standing of aviation in the public mind.

Before making any endeavour to strike a balance of this kind, one thing should be clearly borne in mind: that flying is still not accepted by the public in quite the same way as rail, road or sea travel. An aeroplane accident, even of a minor kind, is still accorded wide publicity in the press, and reacts unfavourably on the man in the street, who, paradoxically, accepts the weekly toll of the roads, for example, as an almost inevitable feature of modern life. However illogical this attitude may be, it remains, and must be considered by those who wish to further the progress of aviation.

There is, of course, a very impressive array of credit items for records. A world's record brings prestige, and, following prestige, trade. That is a fact that has been constantly urged in these articles; it is not now denied. And a country whose aircraft annex record after record gains for its aeronautical industry the finest world-wide advertisement possible.

Conversely, a country that fails, however narrowly, to achieve a record in the face of international competition receives the wrong kind of advertisement. As an instance, it may be stated that if Great Britain had failed to win the Melbourne air race last year, her world reputation would hardly have been enhanced to the same extent.

The main point seems to be that the record aimed at must be worth while; its attainment must prove something. A machine that establishes new absolute figures in distance, speed or height does indicate its designers' leadership; but one that, say, reduces the time of a three-day flight by 20 minutes does little but demonstrate its pilot's skill and endurance on the influence of chance. In both cases, however, the price paid for failure is practically the same.

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD-SMITH

Up to the time he was reported lost he had made wonderful progress and stood an excellent chance of reducing the previous fastest time to Australia

For the effect to-day is that, whatever may be the "record" aimed at, the publicity attending failure is widespread; and a non-technical public draws generalised conclusions from the isolated instance. It does no good to aviation if, in succeeding weeks, record attempts of various kinds are ended in failure through some such cause as a broken oil pipe, dirt in the petrol feed or the like. The moral erroneously but inevitably drawn is that all aircraft under all conditions are likely to fail in the same way; and the fact that record-breaking machines are often flown for long periods nearer to maximum speed than those used on the airways, is ignored.

The question that ought to be asked about all record attempts is whether, in any given case, the good results that would accrue from success justify risking the adverse effects of failure. If some such criterion were applied, certain of the flights attempted in the past few years would have been ruled out.

From the publicity point of view, what is needed to-day are demonstrations of what aircraft can do backed by proper organisation for the achievement of some useful end. Air mails, for example, have proved an immense boon, but only those in close contact with aviation realise how much greater time saving there could be if they were operated on a 24-hour schedule. A demonstration carried out by relays of special high-speed mail machines, flying under commercial conditions, would be most impressive in this connection, and might well be organised.

Moreover, such a demonstration would have definite commercial worth, and teach a lesson regarding the possibilities of air transport in the immediate future. Similarly, well-publicised demonstrations of maintaining services under bad weather conditions might well do more to establish aviation as a 100 per cent. form of communications than any amount of split-second record breaking.

RECENT RECORD FLIGHTS

WHILE attention is naturally focused chiefly upon Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith's disappearance during his recent flight to Australia, it is pleasant to be able to record three successful and meritorious flights during this month. That of Miss Jean Batten in crossing the South Atlantic in record time is an instance of supreme faith in the reliability of the modern light aeroplane. The flying career of Miss Batten has not always been free from misfortune, but she has persisted until success was attained. She is to be heartily congratulated on her latest accomplishment, which, following her flights to and from Australia, is a wonderful example of courage and fine airmanship.

The solo flight of Mr. H. F. Broadbent to Australia, in which he beat the existing record by seven-and-a-half hours, was a great performance, and compensates him for his misfortune on his flight to England, when he damaged his machine on a forced landing at Basra, after having done very good time from Port Darwin.

The lowering of Mrs. Mollison's record from Cape Town to England is a tribute to the skill and endurance of Mr. David Llewellyn, son of the President of the Royal Academy. Accompanied by Mrs. Jill Wyndham he reduced the previous best time by over eighteen hours.

A word of appreciation is due to that fine airman Mr. C. J. Melrose, who started out to fly to Australia at the same time as Mr. Broadbent. Although he had made good time on his arrival at Singapore, he immediately gave up his flight in order to join in the search for his fellow-countryman Kingsford-Smith.

BEYOND THE VICTORIA FALLS

Northern Rhodesia for the Wanderer

By J. P. KAY ROBINSON

NORTHERN RHODESIA, from the tourist's point of view, may be said to end on its own doorstep. Beyond the Victoria Falls—for the tourist—there is nothing.

For the wanderer, on the other hand, the man who is not tied down to any schedule, who will let a chance-heard remark, or the spin of a coin, decide him in the choice of a route, and for whom time-tables do not exist, there is very much. There is also, of course, some danger that he now may and again be taken for a Northern Rhodesian.

Even that alpha and omega of the tourist—the Victoria Falls—has more to offer to the wanderer than it can possibly give to the man with the return half of a highly expensive railway ticket burning in his waistcoat pocket. The wanderer, in all probability, will not possess a waistcoat even, but he does possess the priceless gift for awhile to walk where magic played. No attempt at fine writing will help me. I can only attempt to describe what I saw. A friend and I walked out one morning along the Knife Edge, which—as all who have "done" the Falls will know—overhangs the Eastern Cataract. We turned a corner, and it was as if all the jewels in the world cascaded about us out of the white pall of mist overhead.

It was rainbow—rainbow in the mass, and we were in it and of it, fast caught in its net of colour. There was nothing that one could call a rainbow. There were thousands of rainbows. Spider's webs of shifting, restless colour that stretched from tree to tree and from twig to twig. The very ground was painted. My friend was no longer my friend: he had become a highly prismatic acquaintance, if even that. How could

ON THE ZAMBESI: A REMINISCENCE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO NORTHERN RHODESIA IN 1925

of leisure, and he may be lucky enough to strike the Falls in one of those moods which are not kept on tap.

The Falls have been photographed at, painted at, and written at, but they have never been described. The star American journalist who was sent out at great expense to "write up" the Falls, and whose sole communication to the syndicate which financed him was a telegram, "Sell Niagara," went nearer to good descriptive stuff than most writers have done. But he could have said more. Or less.

It is not the magnitude alone of the Falls that impresses. It is all the by-play of light and shade and colour round about its edges that supplies the magic. That no two people can ever see the same rainbow is, I believe, a poor sort of truism. Whole hotels-full of people can, and do, on moonlit nights, make their way to the centre of the Falls Bridge, and there, poised midway between the two Rhodesias, stare down into the misted gorge below them at rainbows and double rainbows, forming complete circles. But these are among the commonplaces. The ingredients are the full moon, midnight, and the exact centre of the bridge. The rainbows will be there, waiting.

I have seen the Falls—no one in Southern Africa speaks of the "Victoria Falls"—at, I believe, almost every hour of the day and night, and in every season of the year. Yet it was not until the very end of my sojourn in Northern Rhodesia that the veil was lifted a little, and I was permitted I expect that Radiance, whose very lineaments, as I looked at him, changed from green to heliotrope and back again, to be the friend of such as I?

Then, abruptly, the wind shifted a point, the pall of mist above us swung obediently away, the rainbows took flight, the sun came out blindingly, and on the Knife Edge were left two men staring at each other, like a brace of stout Cortez, "with a wild surmise."

I have paused over long by the Falls, and my wanderer is in some danger of taking root. He must move on. North, east, or west; the ways are open to him. Which shall he take?

If he will accept the advice of one in whom the desire to wander in that wild haunt again was never so strong as now, when his wings are clipped, he will stick to the Zambesi.

If he does, there are certain "necessities" which he must acquire. At a first glance they make a rather formidable display. Actually, the "all in" cost of a trip lasting a month should not exceed £100. He will need a boat, paddlers, two servants (a cook and a general—one of them English-speaking); a tent and its furniture, a month's supply of food; shotgun, rifle, field glasses and notebook, a rod and tackle of the *mahseer* type, and a bold heart. All but the last may be procured locally.

Even a wanderer must have some general objective. I would suggest the Gonye Falls, at Sioma. Gonye

"THAT ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE TOURIST—THE VICTORIA FALLS"

is the Victoria Falls in a series of miniatures, taking the whole Zambesi through its seven small gorges. At its western end is a small beach of white sand. Once, camped just above on a stormy night, a lightning flash revealed the beach as literally crowded with elephants. In the next flash, eagerly awaited, there was not a single elephant to be seen.

The river is alive with tigerfish. The yellow, or *nsuhwa*, bream (a delicacy on any table) is common here and there. Guinea fowl are to be found wherever river meets jungle.

The bird life has to be seen to be believed. I have seen exactly twenty species of waterfowl, ranging from pelicans to avocets, on a single sand-bank in the floods, and I have known the strong sunlight of midday perceptibly dimmed by the enormous flocks of ducks (knob-bill and tree-duck) which rose from the swamps about me.

I cannot promise the wanderer that this or that marvel of nature will be waiting for him. Things either happen at the right moment, or they do not. But I will hazard a guess that he will want to go a second time.

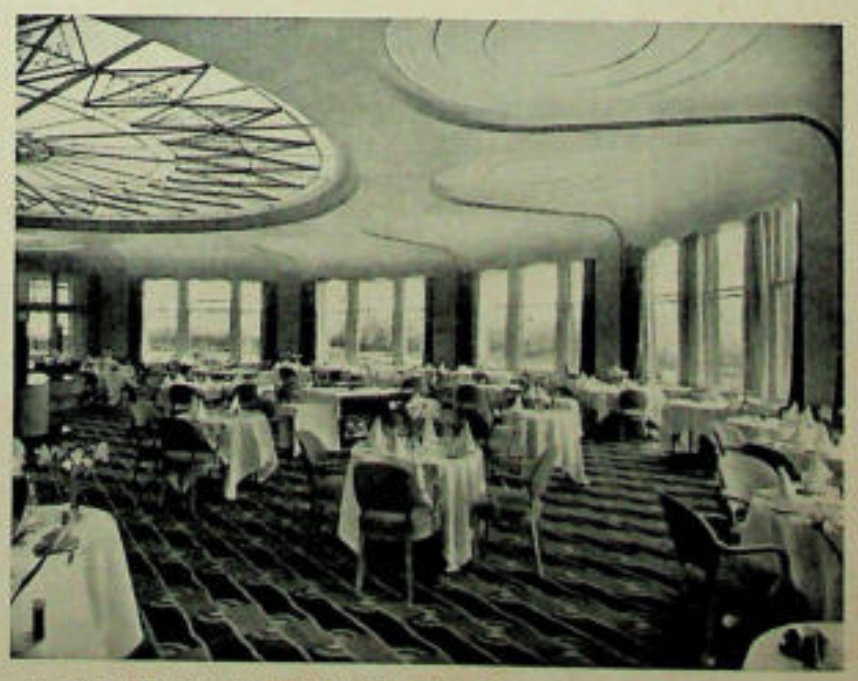
Belgian Currency.—In the interests of all whom it may concern, and in particular of British tourists in Belgium, we have been asked to draw attention to a recent decree by which Belgian nickel coins of 10 and 20 Belgian francs can be exchanged for the new currency up to November 30th, 1935, at the Banque Nationale de Belgique in Brussels, or at any of its branches in Belgium. Until that date these coins will also be accepted as payment at the various cashiers' desks of the Belgian Government, as well as by the Belgian National Railways.

ANOTHER "WEMBLEY"

Next Year's Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg

NEXT year's Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg, which is due to open in September, gives every promise of being a second "Wembley." The site is over 100 acres in extent, and is only a mile from the centre of the city. The key-note of the exhibition will be the progress of South Africa and of the Empire during the past 50 years, and it is expected that the majority of the countries forming the British Empire will be represented and that the United Kingdom will have a Pavilion organised by the Department of Overseas Trade. The exhibition will include eight industrial sections, bands, fire-work displays and an amusement park. An interesting feature will be the "Garden of the Empire," which, containing examples of trees, shrubs, flowers, etc., of the various portions of the Empire, will be constructed near the Dominion and Colonial Pavilions.

Sir Josiah Stamp, chairman of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, recently announced that their hotels department had been asked by the Executive Council of the Empire Exhibition to provide a typical first-class European restaurant as part of the amenities of the exhibition. Present plans proposed by Mr. Arthur Towle, Controller of L.M.S. Hotels, are that this will take the form of a replica of the Restaurant du Soleil at Gleneagles Hotel, Perthshire. As the closing of that hotel for the winter practically coincides with the opening of the Empire Exhibition, it is proposed to transport the key staff of the restaurant, numbering about 50, to Johannesburg.



A REPLICA OF THE RESTAURANT DU SOLEIL AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL WILL FORM ONE OF THE AMENITIES AT THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

WHERE TO STAY

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD

MARTIN HOTELS

Shooting and Fishing in Wales.

LAKE VYRNWY HOTEL
via Oswestry.
SHOOTING 21,000 acres. Large stock wild Pheasants, walking up 25/- a day. Also Grouse, Blackgame, Partridge. Secluded country house from 3½ guineas weekly. 4 hours London. Riding. Tennis. Fishing on re-stocked Lake Vyrnwy season opens 1st March, 1936.
Tel. LLANWDDYN 2

OAKELEY ARMS HOTEL
Tan-y-bwlch.
A modernised old Coaching Inn at the foot of Moelwyn, 2,500 ft. Beautiful Country, mild climate. Easy reach golf at Harlech Tennis. Near the new Trawsfynydd Lake; season opens 15th March, 1936. Sea Trout fishing river Dwyryd.
PENRHYNDEUDRAETH 31

Mr. and Mrs. Martin have specially studied the requirements of sportsmen and their families.

MOULSFORD MANOR HOTEL
Moulsford, Berks.
On the main Reading-Oxford Road.
OPEN TO NON-RESIDENTS.
Modern Comfort. Excellent Cooking.
'Phone: Goring 25.

CARNARVON ARMS - DULVERTON
On the borders of Devon and Somerset. A warm, comfortable home for the winter in fine sporting country. HUNTING. MEETS in easy reach five days a week. Good hunters from our own stables. ROUGH SHOOTING. Good billiard table.
TERMS 4 GUINEAS A WEEK.
HUNTERS 2 GUINEAS A DAY.
Write for booklet. Wire NELDER, Dulverton. 'Phone 2.

BRIGHTON.—OLD SHIP HOTEL. Garage. Telephone, 4080 Brighton.

BUDE.—GRENVILLE HOTEL.—Charming first-class Hotel, second to none in Cornwall, in gardens by sea; beautiful ball and public rooms. String band. Sunday Golf. Christmas Festivities.

HARROGATE.—CROWN HOTEL. FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Adjoining Pump Room and Royal Baths. MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS. Phone 4045. Write MANAGER.

KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER (English Lakes). Most interesting centre for scenery and excursions. Leading Hotel in the district, the Keswick.

MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S, Prospectus Free. Great Britain's Greatest Hydro. Tel. 17.

NEWMARKET.—RUTLAND ARMS HOTEL. 'Phone 161. The Best.

SOUTHPORT.—PRINCE OF WALES. "The Leading Hotel." Great golf centre (7 links).

20,000 ACRES GOOD ROUGH SHOOTING, comprising all game, keeper and dogs provided, combined with trout, sea trout and salmon fishing, latter free to guests.—Colden's Hotel, Capel Curig, N. Wales.

IRELAND
WATERVILLE, KERRY.
BUTLER ARMS HOTEL
Excellent Rough Shooting. Free Salmon, Sea and Brown Trout Fishing. Golf. Tennis.

CONNEMARA.—ZETLAND HOTEL, CASHEL BAY, RECESS: fishing, salmon, sea and brown trout, sea fishing; modern, electric light, garage.

DUBLIN.—SHELBOURNE. The Premier Hotel. Private baths and toilet, h. and c. running water.

MILFORD, CO. DONEGAL.—MILFORD HOTEL. Salmon and Trout Fishing. Shooting. Golf. Garage.

RENVYLE HOUSE HOTEL.—Open all the year. Reduced terms from October. Good rough shooting; Bridge; electric light, central heating; mild climate; excellent cuisine. —Apply MANAGERESS, Connemara, Co. Galway.

PAYING GUESTS
30 words 4/- (minimum), each extra seven 2/-

CO. WEXFORD.—Hunting. The Island and Wexford Foxhounds. GUESTS would be RECEIVED in comfortable Country House. Good Hunters obtainable, stabled and groomed; good rough shooting; garage.—Box 3291, FIELD Newspaper, Bream's Buildings, E.C. 4.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES
NAVAL AND MILITARY UNIFORMS, LADIES AND GENTLEMENS HUNTING KIT WANTED
High Prices Paid
Carriage refunded and correspondence under plain envelope. Bankers, Lloyds. Estd. 45 years.
CHILD, 32, Hill Street, Birmingham 5

"MINE EASE AT MINE INN"

THE TALBOT HOTEL, RIPLEY

IN a hurrying, scurrying dash of traffic you can very easily motor through Ripley without realising that you are in a charming Surrey village. If you could arrive there early in the morning, however, when the sun lights on the road before the dust rises—for even tarmac roads seem to become dusty—you are bound to stop by the roadside and admire the scene.

Because a village green is always a charming sight you will probably pull up to admire the scene of "Lumpy" Stevens's cricket exploits in the days of the old Hambledon Club. It was to him that the wicket owes its third stump, for in a match played in 1775 "between five of the Hambledon Club and five of All-England, 'Lumpy' three times sent the ball between the last Hambledon man's stumps without bowling him, and after the match, which Hambledon won in consequence, the number of the stumps was increased from two to three."

It is natural when thinking of "Lumpy" to recall that tradition says he obtained his name by eating an apple-pie whole at one of the Hambledon Club dinners. The natural question which will automatically follow is, Where was this dinner held? This tradition does not tell us, but it is more than probable that it was held at the Talbot, once known as the "Dog," opposite the green at Ripley. At first sight to-day, with numerous automobiles standing outside, it seems impossible that the Talbot was one of the most famous coaching inns of Surrey, but once you pass its portals you seem to go back into a bygone age.

The old timbering which is to be seen everywhere will set your imagination roving through the centuries, and you will picture the great figures of the past who must have called here on their way to and from Portsmouth. There are people sitting in the old parlour to-day who can remember the days when the stage coach used to drive in to change horses in the Talbot yard, and it was probably a discussion with one of the old folk which inspired Cecil Aldin to paint the delightful picture which hangs on one of the walls in the old coffee room.

Many famous people have at one time or another stayed at the Talbot. First and foremost comes Lord Nelson, and in the old coffee room you will see his seat which is still retained opposite the big open fire hearth, on each side of which hang the famous admiral's carriage lamps. Records prove that Lord Nelson was a frequent guest at the hotel and two bedrooms with their curious connecting stairway are still known as Nelson's and Lady Hamilton's rooms.

Another naval visitor, though his stay can hardly have been a happy one despite the pleasant environment, was Admiral Byng, who was halted at the Talbot when being escorted on his last journey to Portsmouth for court-martial aboard the Monarque and eventual death *pour encourager les autres*.

Further romance is lent to the coffee room because there is access from the chimney here to the room once used by Claude Duval, the well-known highwayman. When danger threatened, Duval would make his way from his room to the coffee room via the chimney, and thence through a tiny door at the rear of the house to the horse which was always saddled in readiness.

Perhaps, though, the treasure of the inn is a lovely old barn, 500 years old, which stands in the grounds. This fourteenth-century building is full of old ship-oak timber.

Surrey is beautiful, and the hospitality of the Talbot is, like the inn itself, full of old-world cordiality so that visitors there will feel more than an ordinary urge to return when they have returned home at the end of their visit. Perhaps it should be added in closing that in keeping with modern requirements there is an excellent dance restaurant, while the general comforts of a modern age have been installed without spoiling the atmosphere.

When in London Stay at

Brown's Hotel

DOVER STREET AND ALBEMARLE ST., W.1

Brown's Hotel remains to-day a living witness that the spirit of more spacious days can be satisfactorily allied to the comfort which modern methods have achieved. In its solid dignity it preserves the atmosphere which has long made it the home in London of the English County families, something standing for all that is best in the older order of things, something we connect with meets of hounds, and old houses standing by broad lawns and the wide sweep of Scottish Moors.

Yet every bedroom at Brown's has a private bath or running water, exchange telephone.

Rooms and suites with or without central heating.

Telephone: REGENT 6020 (15 lines)
Telegrams: BROWNOTEL, LONDON

HOBSON'S of BEDFORD

SUPERIOR QUALITY
at Lowest Possible Prices

ALL TYPES SECTIONAL BUILDINGS!

Sectional Buildings from Hobson's have that extra quality in wood and workmanship, which proves their sterling value in years of hard wear.

Only selected and fully seasoned red deal is used and all Buildings are assembled before despatch.

Hobson supply every need in Sheds, Bathing Huts, Garages, Garden Shelters, Sports Pavilions, Frames, Aviaries, Kennels, Stables Bungalows, etc., all at lowest possible prices.

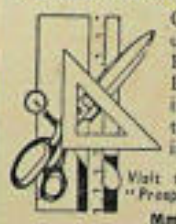
Fully Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Request.

SEND NOW FOR CATALOGUE

J. T. HOBSON & Co. (Dept. 58) BEDFORD **FREE**

SUPERIOR QUALITY PORTABLE BUILDINGS

PARIS ACADEMY
of **DRESSMAKING** and **MILLINERY**



Courses of instruction under the tuition of FRENCH EXPERTS. Every student is taught individually, and may therefore attend lessons intermittently if so desired

Visit the Academy or write for "Prospectus A.P." to the Principal:
Mme. J. TROIS FONTAINES
24, OLD BOND STREET, W.1
Corner of Burlington Gdns. Phone: Regent 0778

SPECIALIST IN LADIES' RIDING & SPORTING SHIRTS
Send for Prices and Patterns to:
HENRY GILBERT
Shirtmaker and Hosier,
194, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1

"nearly **100 RATS** *with two tins"*

writes F. G., Esq., Luckhill Hall, after using DAK, the modern Ratcatcher. No poison. No virus. Reports of users post free on request. Largely employed in Public Health Services. Tins with directions 2/6 (makes 1 trapful, 4/6 (5 traps), 14/6 (20 traps), from Corn Merchants and Agricultural Dealers or post paid from Makers, KAY Brothers, Ltd., Chemists, St. Petersgate, Stockport (send P.O.).

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4327. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1935 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 2D. : CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D. : FOREIGN 4½D.}

SIR GEORGE THURSBY, BART.

Master and huntsman of the New Forest Buckhounds since 1910, he is one of the few amateur riders to have ridden in the Derby. He was second on John o' Gaunt to St. Amant in 1904, and occupied the same position in 1906, when Picton was beaten by Spearmint

SUPER
POWER
BRAKES

Another
Proved Feature
of the

ROVER

CONTENTS

THE DECLINE IN AMATEUR GOLF	1279
HUNTING IN TWO CONTINENTS	1280
THE FIRST LADY MASTER	1281
FOX-PRESERVING COVERT OWNERS	1282
BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK	1282
THE MIGHTY BLANDFORD	1285
A CHINESE NOAH'S ARK	1286
SOME COVERT SHOOTING REFLECTIONS	1288
LABRADORS FOR ROUGH SHOOTING	1290
THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS *(whole-page picture)*	1291
A MODERN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE	1293
ALL BLACKS AT THEIR BEST	1296
SQUASH RACKETS	1296
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1297
IN THE CITY	1302
A WILDFOWLER'S PROBLEM	1303
THE DESTRUCTION OF LEATHER-JACKETS	1303
FIELD TRIALS	1303
WHAT IS THE BEST BAIT FOR SPINNING?	1304
THE ROUGHRIDER *(a poem)*	1306
AN ENGLISH FARM IN ABYSSINIA	1307
FRUITS AND BERRIES	1308
LANDLORD AND TENANT	1310
FARMING NOTES	1310
WHO SHOULD HAVE PRIORITY AT CROSS ROADS?	1312
IS MAN-PROPELLED FLIGHT POSSIBLE?	1314
WINTERING IN ENGLAND	1316
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1319
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1320
RIVER REPORTS	1269
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1274
SPORTING CALENDAR	*Third page cover*

WITH A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS SUPPLEMENT

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London."
Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE

AGRICULTURE IN PARLIAMENT

FARMERS are glad to see Mr. Walter Elliot at the Ministry of Agriculture again in the new Parliament. Holding this post when he might have had preferment to the dignity of Secretary of State at £5,000 a year means a personal sacrifice, but Mr. Elliot is a man who will see a job through to the finish. His task, the regeneration of British agriculture, is not completed. It is well begun, and with Mr. Elliot at the helm the next few months should see the industry set on a straight and decided course.

It is not always appreciated that progress towards the restoration of the fortunes of the countryside has necessarily been chequered by trial and error. This country had no agricultural policy worthy of the name until 1931, and there was no experience on which to base a policy. The measures of agricultural protection which suited, say, Germany and France were clearly not feasible in this industrial country. Our agricultural policy had to be knit up with the interests of consumers and the export trade which has long been of fundamental importance to this country. With no experience for a guide and with conflicting interests to be reconciled it is indeed a matter for congratulation that so much has been achieved since 1931.

Agriculture is not yet a prosperous industry in the way that the motor car industry or the brewing industry is prosperous, but there is no question that the Wheat Act and the rapid expansion of the milk and pig industries have put new heart into the farming community and have pulled agricultural England out of a desperate financial condition. In the eastern counties it is no longer impossible for landowners to find tenants who will pay rent for their farms. But of the three partners in farming the farm-worker has best reason to appreciate the improvement in agricultural conditions. The minimum weekly wage for each county is fixed by a committee of farmers and farm-workers sitting with three independent members. The average minimum rate, which does not, of course, represent the actual wages earned in most cases, has risen to 32s. weekly, and this, when the cost of living is taken into account, gives the farm-worker an increase of 23 per cent. in purchasing power since 1925.

One of the main tasks before the new Parliament is to fill in the gaps in the picture of agricultural revival. So far as arable farming in England is concerned the Wheat Act stands out clearly as a success. It has achieved its purpose by giving the wheat grower an assured price at infinitesimal cost to the consumer. The oat grower notably in Scotland and the barley grower have yet to find satisfaction. When the beef industry is put on a reasonably profitable basis, as it must soon be, the oat grower will have less cause for complaint since it is largely in the form of beef that Scotland's oats are finally marketed. Mr. Elliot is in the middle of difficult conversations with the Argentine and the Dominions, preparing the way for an import levy and subsidy scheme under which imported beef will pay a small duty the proceeds of which will be ear-marked to make up the home-producer's price to a reasonable level. Conversations on the same line are going on with Denmark to safeguard more effectively the interests of home producers of bacon pigs without prejudicing the consumer.

Indeed, it has been stated with authority that the replacement of the present bacon quota system by a levy-subsidy scheme would give the home farmer what he wants and also allow the retail price of bacon to be lowered by a penny a pound. Some of the agricultural measures taken by the Government certainly call for revision in the light of experience, and it rests with the new Parliament to remedy defects and make good deficiencies.

EARL JELLICOE

TOLL is taken of the great figures of the war as the years roll on, and last Monday one of the greatest of them all was mourned by the Empire as he was laid with national honours in St. Paul's beside Nelson and others who have served and saved their country in its hour of need. Lord Jellicoe is said to have been the man who could have lost the war in a day or even in an hour; history will record of him that not only did he not do so but that he fought a battle which, in its ultimate issues, proved one of the deciding factors of victory. Nobly and honourably he upheld the traditions of the Service of which he was so proud—the Silent Service whose silence he did not break in face of hard criticism from those who were far less concerned about its title. From his youth associated with the sea, his early career was sown with adventure. He showed his bravery in rescuing men from drowning, risked his life through thought for others when the Victoria went down, was seriously wounded during the Boxer rising, and when a sterner courage was demanded in decision and action he was not found wanting.

SERVICE FREELY GIVEN

Lord Jellicoe, in his last public engagement, naming an engine on the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, had to inspect a number of ex-Service men and his address was concerned with the British Legion, for which he worked whole-heartedly as president, in succession to Earl Haig, until ill-health compelled his resignation in 1932. In the youth of the country he took a personal interest, and nothing pleased him more than to sail a dinghy with the youngsters. He devoted himself to the Boy Scouts at home and in New Zealand, where his kindly personality made him the most popular of Governor-Generals. His services were eagerly sought and seldom denied, and the National Rifle Association was proud to own him as its president. Shooting was numbered among his recreations, and to games he brought the zest which characterised his work. He played rackets with the King in his young days, was a keen golfer and, as a lawn tennis player, was deeply interested in the International Lawn Tennis Club, of which he had held the presidency. It is sad to reflect that in an act of homage to the fallen the man who led those who served upon the seas contracted the chill which led to his own death.

FUN FOR THE ADVENTUROUS

Surgeon-Commander Murray Levick is early in the field with his plans for the Public Schools Exploring Society. He has taken his boys on adventurous journeys to Finland and Newfoundland, where they have done the real thing under the tuition of practical leaders. Next year a senior expedition (boys of seventeen to nineteen) will go to Northern Lapland and the Arctic coastal region, and a junior expedition (boys of fifteen-and-a-half to seventeen) to South-East Lapland. The expeditions will set out on August 5th and return in time for school term, the expenses being £35 for seniors and £30 for juniors. This seems looking ahead, but so keen is the demand for inclusion in this school for explorers that applicants are asked to apply to the Hon. Leader, White Barn, Old Oxted, Surrey, for an interview before or during the Christmas holidays, giving their age and school. One of the objects of the expedition is to obtain information on the bird and insect life of the country visited and collections, as on the occasions of other expeditions, will be presented to the British Museum.

THE AMERICA'S CUP

So Mr. Fairey's challenge for the America's Cup has been withdrawn. It was a genuine attempt to place this event on a much more popular footing and create a class in British yacht racing which would secure more supporters than the costly J's can hope to obtain and from which a cup-challenger could be drawn. There are many who will regret that, in deference to objections raised on the other side of the Atlantic, this cannot be accomplished. In the words of the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, his committee feels that the America's Cup, with its great tradition as the most important yachting trophy in the world, should be raced for by yachts of the *largest* and fastest class racing at the time and eligible under the deed of gift. The italics are ours.

AN ABANDONED FIXTURE

It has been announced that the executive committee of the English Golf Union have decided to discontinue the annual match between English amateurs and professionals. The crowded state of the golf calendar is one of their reasons for doing so, and also because the Professional Golfers' Association Benevolent Fund is so flourishing as to require no further support from this fixture. One can think of other events in the fixture list less useful than this match which might be eliminated and it is strange to hear of a benevolent fund which cannot do with as much monetary support as it can get. But apart from this amateur golfers play far too little with professionals, and it seems unfortunate that the one representative match between the two classes of players should end. It should prove an incentive for both young professionals and amateurs. The latter need all the experience they can obtain, as may be gathered from the year's form as revealed on the opposite page.

HOLIDAY TASKS

Owing to the success of the *Country Life* Exhibition of Natural History Photographs in the Whale Room of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, it has been extended, at the request of the Trustees, to January 18th. With an interest in natural history so much on the increase among young people to-day here is a holiday task which will be joyfully fulfilled, and we can only hope that there are many right-minded parents and godparents who will not shirk a plain duty.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Sent by a reader from a provincial newspaper.

"While shooting yesterday, Mr. —— accidentally shot himself in two places. One of the wounds was fatal, but Mr. ——'s many friends will be pleased to hear that the other was not serious."

PETER FLEMING'S RIFLES

Some correspondence has recently appeared in *The Times* of an amicably acrimonious nature on the subject of a choice of weapons for one who is "travelling light" through Central Asia. Mr. Fleming, with customary vigour, roundly takes Mr. T. B. Money-Coutts to task for suggesting that a .404 Winchester, which didn't work, and a rook rifle borrowed from a lighthouse keeper, was an inadequate, if not an *opera-bouffe*, armament. He pleads the difficulties of purchasing rifles in China, customs house obstruction, the special needs of hunting in Central Asia. Mr. Fleming, as a writer and explorer, is a man after the *Field*'s own heart. Yet we are not altogether convinced of his wisdom. Backed with the sort of influence that Mr. Fleming must have, it is possible to get a rifle into most countries provided one lays one's plans far enough ahead: one can even negotiate that bugbear of all customs, the .22 pistol. Indeed, the *Field* has a sneaking feeling that Mr. Money-Coutts, himself an experienced shot, may be right. After all, Ledgowan is not Blackmount, but it is not so far away.

A FINE CRICKETER

To a host of cricketers and many other sportsmen, the death of the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe at the early age of 43 means a very sad loss. In addition to being a fine all-round cricketer, he was a popular and inspiring leader, bringing to the game the true spirit of chivalry and freedom. He was one of the pre-war generation at Cambridge, gaining his Blue as a freshman from Repton in 1912 and playing against Oxford in the two following years. In 1919 a curious misfortune robbed him of the Cambridge captaincy, the letter inviting him to lead the side having gone astray; though he eventually played in the match. From 1920 to 1929 he led the Warwickshire County team with conspicuous ability and enthusiasm, he captained teams to the West Indies in 1925 and 1929, and he played for the Gentlemen at Lord's in 1925. As a batsman he played with a natural freedom that was always good to watch, and he had a fine off-drive. As a medium-pace bowler he could swing the ball dangerously. He was also an excellent golfer, with a scratch handicap. His personality and charm endeared him to all with whom he came into contact.

CLOSE OF THE TWEED SEASON

To-day sees the final ending of the long-drawn-out autumn fishing, even for those rods on Tweed which have carried on to the bitter end. And this year, unless conditions have changed in these last few days, it has been a bitter end, for the Fates having invited the greatest run of autumn salmon within living memory, perhaps, into the streams, and anglers having rushed to greet them, has then separated her guests by a tearing torrent which has forced salmon from the spawning beds and anglers from the banks—a wash-out in every sense of the word. But apart from the galling sense of impotence, of the great chance lost, there is left at least a golden vision for the future. It is only a twelvemonth since anglers were wondering whether autumn fishing had gone for good—and here are the fish back again almost like the run of the last century, and the fewer caught the larger the spawning stock. It is at least pleasant, as one wades about the country, to know that someone will eventually gain something from the rain.

THE EMPTY BOX

A poignant memory fills that box.
Where now the bales of fodder lie
My clean-bred mare, red as a fox,
Surveyed the yard with kindling eye;
Some casual gift of fruit or bread
Provoked her gracious turn of head
Over a glossy flank, last year.

When stables echoed bustling feet
She waited, rugged from mane to tail,
Calmly expectant of the meet;
Gazing across the emerald vale
Whose golden elms marched out of sight
By silver dykes that caught the light
Of hunting days last year.

At evening in the fragrant gloom
She gulped her mash, still caked with mud,
Self-conscious while the beaming groom
Heard how she swam the brook in flood,
What rails she jumped, what fences cleared,
Though not a soul of us three feared
That she'd be dead this year.

KATHLEEN COLLISON-MORLEY.

P. B. Lucas, the finest left-handed golfer in the world

THE DECLINE IN AMATEUR GOLF

A Year With Few Reputations Enhanced

By E. R. TIPPLE

IT has not been a happy year for English amateur golfers. No improvement has been noticeable over the performances of 1934, and they were bad enough, and it seems that the majority of our masculine "stars" are absolutely incapable of playing two consistently good rounds in one day or even three. The general standard of play is bad. At Hollinwell, where the English Championship was decided, scores of under 80 were rare. In the final the ultimate champion needed 87 strokes for the first round, yet was only three holes down. That sort of golf is almost tragic. Still, Woollam, when he won the title for the second year in succession, deserved his success, if only on account of his fighting abilities. His record places his name among the best golfers in the country.

Eric Fiddian is one of the very few established "stars" who can look back on 1935 without a shudder. Despite a physical injury he once again lived up to his reputation, but he is still inclined to top at least one drive per round—a whole hearted top at that. A. S. G. Thompson, who uses his irons superbly, created a good impression at Hollinwell, one of his victims being John de Forest, who has rather dropped out of the limelight. And another young player who possesses a fine swing is J. Cradock-Hartopp. He reached the semi-final at his first attempt, and later helped his sister to win the popular Worplesdon event.

As usual, the President's Putter meeting was held at Rye under abominable conditions. A new and reformed Roger Wethered was seen and his victory—his fourth—was decisive, but after this appearance little was heard of him. The 'Varsity match at Burnham produced one of the finest encounters of the series. The Light Blues avenged their 1934 defeat, but only after a titanic struggle—the whole issue being decided by one point. The top foursome match will go down in the records as one of the finest exhibitions ever staged. Neilson and Lucas on the twelfth tee stood nine holes down to Pennink and Duncan, the Oxford leaders, and although they did not win, their amazing recovery earned for them the highest praise. By miraculous putting they holed seven single putts on seven consecutive greens for a score six below the bogey figure. In this match P. B. Lucas gave a magnificent display and thoroughly earned the honour of being the first Freshman to lead a 'Varsity side. Indeed, he must be regarded as the finest left-handed golfer in the world to-day and the most outstanding player in England. An injury to his wrist prevented him playing for several months, and it is to be hoped that his graceful swing will not be impaired.

Last year Prestwich was a great disappointment, but the results of this year's Amateur Championship, played at Lytham, were perhaps even more disconcerting. That the best man won was obvious. Lawson Little in the world of amateur golf stands unequalled. Although he did not repeat the wonder form he showed at Prestwich, still he displayed the fighting qualities so necessary for a champion. His long driving is amazingly accurate, and his pitch shots are played with delicate judgment. No wonder that he retained his American title as well and established a world's record in being the first amateur to win both countries' amateur championship twice in successive years. Despite an illness, which had prevented him playing the game only a few weeks before the meeting, Dr. Tweddell was one of the very few British golfers who fulfilled expectations. His performance in the final was heroic. Constantly outdriven, sometimes by over 50yds., the gallant Midlander was left fighting right to the thirty-sixth green, and his reliable putting was a striking feature of the day. But other amateurs who have earned big reputations made it questionable whether those reputations are deserved. Bad putting, the familiar old complaint, was almost universal.

Once again the English team failed in the home international matches, although the selectors this year established a welcome precedent by holding trial matches. P. W. L. Risdon came through his first ordeal with flying colours and is certainly one of the most promising of the younger school, a long hitter with both wood and iron clubs. It is his short game which appears uncertain at times, and in this department he needs to improve. Despite those who criticise it, the Boys' Championship attracted a record entry, and the number competing in the Girls' event was well up to standard. John Langley won the Boys' title in convincing style, and shapes as an international in the making.

One amateur in particular had a bad year, one who had been to the fore for some considerable time—Jack McLean. He was thrice beaten by his friend and rival, Hector Thomson, who captured both the Scottish and Irish titles. A compact and studious golfer, Thomson is one of the most consistent amateurs, and he would claim the majority of votes as the leading golfer in Britain at the present time. We are evidently going through a transition period in men's golf. Already two dull seasons have been experienced, and recovery in amateur golf is long overdue.

In the ladies' game, Miss Wanda Morgan found her old form and won the Open Championship comparatively easily. The Newcastle links proved a severe test for most of the competitors. High scores in the qualifying rounds were common, so it was not surprising that only one of the last eight survivors was over 30 years of age. It was a triumph for youth, and for the second year in succession Miss Pam Barton reached the last stage, only to be beaten at the post. That her turn will come seems fairly certain, but she needs to overcome that weakness of under-clubbing. Time and time again she makes the game more difficult by taking an iron instead of a wood. This practice is prevalent with women golfers. Young Miss Tiernan was the discovery of the week, and she seems to possess a bright future.

The Ladies' Golf Union sent yet another touring side abroad—this time to Australia and New Zealand. They won every match and also brought back the individual championships of those two countries thanks to Miss Walker and Miss J. Anderson. British women golfers are showing the world how the game should be played, with our men occupying the rôle of spectators.

SOME OF THE ESSEX FIELD AFTER THEIR COPT HALL GATE MEET

HUNTING IN TWO CONTINENTS

Some Differences Which Are Not Always Realised

By A. H. HIGGINSON, M.F.H.

I DO not suppose that there are many Englishmen who are really familiar with the conditions under which foxhunting in America is carried on, certainly there are few, if any, who cross the water for a few months' or even weeks' hunting, in the way that Americans come over here; for the very good reason that they probably think—and quite rightly—that American foxhunting has very little to offer, except novelty. Many British hunting men do not even realise that there is organised foxhunting in the United States, and that the sport there is carried on, along somewhat the same lines as it is on this side of the water. I mention these facts, because I wish to point out that any comparison between British and American hunting, to be more concrete, between Leicestershire and Virginia hunting, must be made with a full realisation of the great difference in climate, topography, fences, huntsmen, hounds—and last but not least, foxes.

I have never hunted hounds myself in Leicestershire, but I have had the good fortune to see some good hunts with the Pytchley and with Mr. Fernie's, in the old days before the war, when those packs were hunted, respectively, by the two crack huntsmen of their day, Frank Freeman and Arthur Thatcher. I was lucky enough to be told by both Masters, Lord Annaly and Mr. Fernie, that I might "go anywhere I liked," and you may be very sure that I availed myself to the best of my ability of that courtesy which was shown to me. Both Freeman and Thatcher were very fine horsemen, and both were beautifully mounted, and it needed a better man than I was to be with them all the time, but I did manage to see enough to get a very good idea of what was going on. I have hunted hounds in Virginia—in fact, I had a Virginia country for two seasons,—and ten years after I had hunted with Freeman and Thatcher, I had a very good day with the Orange County pack in Virginia, when they were hunted by a professional named Chadwell, as brilliant an exponent of the American method of hunting an American pack as I have ever known.

In order to make my point quite clear, I must explain that an "American foxhound" is an utterly different individual in looks and temperament from his English cousin. His independence would make a Welsh hound jealous and drive an English huntsman into an early grave. He hunts—when he cannot find a fox—anything that will run from him, but once he *has* found a fox and got settled to the line, he has all the drive and nose and voice that the most fastidious critic could desire, and he hunts (if he is let alone) brilliantly and well. But he hunts the fox, and he wants and tolerates no interference from anyone, at any stage of the game. I have seen one or two packs of American hounds handled and hunted in somewhat the same manner as an English pack, but the average Virginia pack is hunted (or rather allowed to hunt) as above described.

As I have already said, the topography of the country hunted over is very different, as are the fences with which the country is intersected. There is no "country" *in the world* that compares to Leicestershire, and the very best of Virginia is more like some of the British provincial countries—Cattistock for example—than it is Leicestershire. The coverts are often large and straggling, the valleys are cut by rivers, with thick growth on the banks and boggy going that makes them absolutely unfordable in most places—Goose Creek in the Middleburg country is a notable example of this—and the going is not the sound old turf that one finds in Leicestershire, but turf of a far rougher and less firm character. The typical hedges and ditches of Leicestershire are replaced by post-and-rail fences, with an occasional stone wall with a timber rider on top of it, all of which must be "flown" if one is to get over safely. Big jumps these, of their sort, that take a good, well-bred horse with plenty of courage to negotiate them, and that give one a pleasant "kick" to cross.

AMERICAN HUNTING

The Casanova returning home. This pack hunt on open grass in Virginia, U.S.A., and Mr. J. Chauncy Williams is the Master and Oscar Beach huntsman. Hounds meet on Wednesdays and Saturdays with bye days

Of course, as in Leicestershire, there is plenty of wire in Virginia, and this evil has been overcome by putting in timber panels or "chicken-coops"—otherwise one would find oneself held up at frequent intervals. As to the fields—it would be impossible for a Leicestershire field to follow hounds in Virginia, for the simple reason that there is not room enough. I do not think that I have ever seen more than a hundred in the field behind a Virginia pack, and that was at the English-American hound match in 1905. Since that time, I never remember seeing more than 50, and the average field would be nearer 25. Now a huntsman has a very different problem to contend with if he has to keep out of the way of 300 or 400, all pressing forward, all of them obliterating any scent that may be *behind*, if hounds happen to have overrun the line a bit. The day that I was out with the Orange County referred to above, there were about 20 in the field, and Chadwell had nothing to do but ride behind his flying pack and occasionally cheer them, and stand still and let them hunt, if they were at fault. Suppose he had had some 300 hard riders on his back, he would have had a very different problem to face.

And finally, let me speak of what seems to me one of the greatest differences that exists in hunting in the two countries—the nature of the animal hunted. In looks the red fox of America (*Vulpes fulvus*) and the red fox of Great Britain (*Vulpes vulpes*) are so alike that no one, save a trained zoologist, can tell them apart, and then only by

comparison. To a certain extent their habits are the same, but—and here lies the great difference—the fox of Great Britain is an animal preserved for sport, he is looked after and watched over (certainly in Leicestershire) from the time he is born. He is unmolested, save at certain times of the year, and then only by hounds and huntsman, he has plenty to eat, in many countries he even has a habitation prepared for him.

The American fox is vermin, he is the farmer's foe, and every man's hand is against him from the time he is born. He is hunted by scratch packs, by single hounds and dug out by little boys and others, who want to make a dollar out of his skin in many cases. There are parts of the country where he is comparatively unmolested, to be sure, but the above is the average case. He is a wild animal everywhere, and he has to fend for himself—no fat rabbits, easily caught, for him. And what is the result? He is fitter than his British cousin. He can stand up in front of hounds longer, and he takes a deal more catching. The average Virginia pack kill, perhaps, two or three brace above ground in a season—seven or eight brace would be a record. And that's that.

I had nearly forgotten to speak of one other factor that plays a certain part in a day's sport in Leicestershire and that is the "foot-followers." I know that on the days I was out with Mr. Fernie's hounds, Thatcher when he lost the line would always cast forward at a gallop. Half the time he would hit the line and go on at top pace; and if he failed in his cast he would very often get a welcome holloa from some of the foot people who were out on the hills, and go to that. One never knew or cared whether it was his hunted fox or not, it was a fox, and hounds went on at top pace and sometimes killed. I was struck at the time with the great help a huntsman often derived from these holloas, something absolutely non-existent in Virginia.

I have tried to show under what utterly different conditions hunting is carried on in the two countries, and I think that anyone reading this will understand me when I say that it is almost impossible to compare the two, any more than one can compare grouse shooting in Scotland with grouse shooting on the great plains in the United States. The average American (I am one myself) is inclined to "wave the Stars and Stripes" a bit and try to make himself believe that in America everything is a little better or, at any rate, just as good as it is in any other country. That is fine, but if any hunting man seriously thinks that foxhunting in Virginia is comparable with foxhunting in Leicestershire, I should suggest that he had better be examined by a good alienist. One of my countrymen, whom I have not the honour of knowing personally, broke out in print in an American Magazine a few months ago, and wrote what I thought was a very rude and unfair criticism of Leicestershire hunting.

The other day that same magazine printed a letter written by an Englishman whose books on sport it is always a pleasure to read, refuting what had been said and making what I thought were very pertinent suggestions to the writer of the original letter. I would only add one suggestion to his, and that is that if a man comes over to England from the U.S. (or anywhere else) and does not find the sport to his liking he *can stay away*, but not vilify it in print. That is just bad manners.

THE BUCCLEUCH ARRIVING AT LINTHILL, LILLIESLEAF

THE FIRST LADY MASTER

A Notable Centenary

TO lady Masters of Foxhounds—and at the present moment there are more than 30 of them in Great Britain alone—last Wednesday was an important date. It was the centenary of the tragic death of the first authentic member of their order, Mary Amelia, Marchioness of Salisbury. On November 27th, 1835, she was burnt to death when the west wing of Hatfield House was destroyed by fire. In December, 1773, at the age of 23, she had married James, 7th Earl, and later 1st Marquess of Salisbury. In the following season she had established the pack of dwarf foxhounds on which her fame depends, and with them she had hunted regularly up to her 70th year. As a descendant of the native Irish she had a love of hunting in her blood. Her mother, the first Duke of Leinster's sister, was a daughter of the 19th Earl of Kildare. Her father, Wills Hill, was first Marquess of Downshire.

Right up to the end of her Mastership she carried on her Hunt in splendid style. Its retinue of servants wore sky-blue coats with black velvet collars and jockey-caps. She herself, if a woodcut of her is correct, rode in a trailing habit and a high hat; and she held a quizzing glass before her eye. Her younger contemporary, Lord Charles Manners, according to Ferneley's picture, used to increase his range of vision in the same uncomfortable way when hunting with the Duke of Rutland's Hounds, but his eye-glass was fixed to the handle of his whip.

In 1795, when she was 45 and the mother of three children, Lady Salisbury's riding during a great run of two-and-a-half hours with her hounds attracted the attention of *The Sporting Magazine*, and we are told that "out of a field of four-score her ladyship soon gave honest Daniel the go-by; pressed Mr. Hale neck-and-neck, soon blowed the whipper-in, and continued, indeed, throughout the whole of the chase to be nearest the brush."

Whether the hounds were between her and "the brush" the reporter does not say. From his description of her riding—and remembering that they were *dwarf* foxhounds—it is quite possible they were not. Certainly she seems to have subscribed to the "Curse the scent and hang the huntsman; rot the master, d—— the hounds" school of horsemanship, and to have held the view: "Better 50yds. before them than behind among the throng."

After she had given up her pack and after her husband had died, six months before his golden wedding-day, she relinquished nothing of his state. Thomas Creevey, whom she knew well and who, behind her back, called her "Dow. Sally," describes her arrival in August, 1828, on a visit to Lord Sefton at Stoke Farm, near Windsor. Following her usual custom, she was in a phaeton drawn by four long-tailed, black Flanders mares, each with white reins and huge tassels. Her spaniel and her pug sat beside her. She drove the wheel horses. A postillion had charge of the leaders. Two outriders accompanied her. Her maid and footman followed in a chaise. Later a groom arrived with her saddle horses. That for her own riding, a "milk-white" one for which her son had paid 200 guineas, was "uncommonly high," but, at the age of 78, she could "mount it like an arrow from the hand of her groom." Her dress, indoors, was white muslin. Her bonnet was decked with bright lilac ribbons. She read the

Edinburgh Review without spectacles, though she had her quizzing-glass for seeing things at a distance and for over-awing the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle.

At the close of her visit she drove herself the 20 miles home to the house in Arlington Street, where with two chairmen, three men out of livery and three in her sky-blue coats she lived most ceremoniously, and where her nephew, Lord Arthur Hill, was under orders to keep her supplied with *young* company. Her card parties there usually lasted until one or two in the morning, and her guests included, besides the Duke of Wellington, "Slice," Duke of Gloucester and his Duchess. Always before she went to bed a small hot supper was served "for her private eating."

At 83 she attended the Berkhampstead Ball, and only five years earlier on the Fourth of June she had gone, after a long day at Ascot Races, for an evening with her great-nephew, Lord Hillsborough, and other Eton boys in a boat on the river.

Her death at 85 was a sad one. On a visit to her son at Hatfield she had been left alone in the west wing while her maid went for tea and, being by then very feeble, she either upset the candles or fell into the fire. No one else was involved in the total destruction of the wing, but it was some weeks before her remains could be recovered. Still later her jewellery was found; and it then transpired that most of it was on loan for her visit from pawnbrokers to whom, owing to her extravagances, it had become her habit to pledge it. Among losers by her death was a notorious usurer. From the same cause she had sold him an annual £2,000 of her jointure only a few months before.

FOX-PRESERVING COVERT OWNERS

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. HAMBRO, M.F.H.

BEING a Master of Foxhounds for fifteen years as well as a shooting man, might I be allowed space in your paper to try to explain to covert owners who shoot and keep foxes why, when hounds draw their coverts, they fail to find them.

Before a shoot many covert owners who rear pheasants get their keepers to drive in the surrounding country, thereby not only sending into covert the pheasants but also the foxes which lie on sunny banks and hedgerows. The result is that during the shoot the foxes are found in the woods, giving the back guns, generally the host and his sons, a good shoot but a disappointing one to his guests. If that fox had not been there? Hounds subsequently come to his coverts; he informs the Master: "Oh, we saw a fox when we shot in so-and-so, also another in the spinney and a brace went out of Pond Plantation; you are sure to find." Result: blank.

The shooter then says when he meets his keeper or anybody else about, perhaps a not too enthusiastic fox preserver: "There you are; I keep foxes, you saw them when we shot; these damned hounds are no good; one keeps foxes and they never find them." etc., etc. Most annoyed and disappointed. The answer is, "Do as I do."

Before a meet at my place I drive in exactly the same as I do for a pheasant shoot; it does not do your pheasants any harm driving them back to cover, it also puts the foxes in. Leave the kale and mustard alone, if you have any, on your estate; they are sure finds, and disturbed foxes will go into them in preference to covers when the leaf is falling. The result of doing this is a sure find and a good lunch, at least a contented one, instead of a grouse and discontented one.

I mention this because so many good sportsmen who shoot and keep foxes are apt to blame the Master, the huntsman and the poor hounds for not finding what does not exist at the time. Probably after hounds have gone Charlie creeps back into cover, having heard the horn outside, and the keeper who is about the wood sees him, then reports to his Master, "I saw a fox after hounds had gone." How I hate that remark!

BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK

A Woodland Pytchley Day

THE Woodland Pytchley kept their tryst at Dingley on November 20th and being in what, many consider, our best country a very large field was assembled and partook of the kind hospitality of Mrs. Hughes.

W. A. Rouch

THE MID-SURREY DRAGHOUNDS

The Master, Major E. Howard, is seen here with the huntsman, P. Lander, and the whippers-in

A heavy fog lay about in patches and scenting conditions were somewhat of the variable kind, but at the same time not sufficiently bad to prevent us having a very useful day's sport.

Our first draw was in Lord Beatty's park, and finding quickly in the small plantation near the Hall, hounds were rapidly away across the park on very good terms with their fox, running with a great cry. Swinging right-handed they continued pointing to Brampton Ash, but turned sharp back over the park and on over the Dingley—Sutton Road to the River Welland without checking.

Turning sharp left-handed they ran on very nicely, leaving Great Bowden on their right crossing the Market Harborough Road and lost their fox pointing towards Dingley Dell, after a useful hunt of 35 minutes; during some of the time it had been very necessary to keep hounds in sight as the fog was really thick in places and it would have been very easy to have lost touch.

Burgess Gorse was our next draw, and hounds very quickly had a brace of foxes on foot—the one we did not hunt nearly met an untimely end, as he left the covert under the hedge we all had to jump at the top of the hill and escaped, under many hoofs.

Our fox, and he was a good one, took us away down into the valley pointing towards Brampton Ash, and turning left at the main Market Harborough Road crossed over and ran a nice line of country into that stronghold, Brampton Wood.

Scent was very catchy, certainly in covert it was definitely bad, and hounds did show themselves to great advantage as they hunted through that big woodland for some 25 minutes before forcing their hunted fox away in the direction of Brampton Ash, and ran on fast leaving Bowd Lane Wood on their right towards Stoke Albany, where swinging back they raced on over the main road in the direction of Burgess's Gorse.

They turned sharp left two fields short of their starting place and ran on with a good cry towards Dingley Village and over the park, continuing to Mr. James's farm, where they were beaten at the earths on the brook side.

It was exactly two hours from the time of finding at Burgess's Gorse and from the point of view of hound work I think theirs was a meritorious performance, as conditions were far from favourable, and much of the lower-lying ground covered was water-logged. C. G.

COTTESMORE'S GREAT GALLOP

THESE hounds have had continuous first-class sport since the opening meet, three days out of many good ones being quite exceptional. Mr. Hilton Green, who got a bad fall last day of cubhunting, is still laid up, but we are glad to hear hopes to be able to hunt hounds this week.

Meantime, Will Ganett has carried the horn and has shown first-class sport. The exceptional rainfall has given us a good scent daily and made the going now rather on the heavy side, a state of things we have got quite unused to during the past three seasons.

From our fixture on the 19th, Oxey Farm, we had quite an outstanding hunt. A lovely spring-like morning after heavy rain for sixteen hours, it looked long odds on there being a good scent and there was. Lord Sefton was in command of a good-sized field, and began by drawing Loddington Redditch, so zealously guarded by the owner that great sporting farmer, Mr. Oxey Wright.

Finding at once, our fox crossed the brook and it looked as if we were going to make one of our usual missions into the Fernie country but, changing his mind, our fox recrossed the brook, ran straight through the Redditch and over the railway and across the Loddington Road, the bitches only a field behind. Leaving Launde Big Wood on our left, we ran straight into Launde Park Wood and out on the Coles Lodge side; leaving Coles Lodge on our left, hounds continued to run very fast with Leigh Lodge on our left, we passed between Jubilee Lodge Farm and Ridlington and, crossing the Brooke–Ridlington road, swung left-handed up the hill and straight down over the Gwashbrook into Gunthorpe (50 minutes of the best up to here). Running straight through Gunthorpe we crossed the Oakham–Manton Road and ran under Lax Hill down to the back of Egleton village, where we lost our fox after a most brilliant gallop of one hour five minutes, with an eight-mile point.

S. A. W.

A FIRST CLASS GRAFTON DAY

THE Grafton Hounds met at Canons Ashby on Monday, November 18th. After the torrential rain on Sunday, the prospects looked anything but promising, and in consequence, in spite of the presence of many visitors, only an average sized field were at the meet: actually the country rode very well.

Ashby Bushes was the first draw, and no sooner had Pope put the bitch pack into covert than a fox was away over the old lane. Hounds were out like a flash and settled down to run at a good pace over the Adstone Road and down to Tunningham Bottom, where they checked for a few seconds; recovering the line without assistance, they crossed the Maidford Road and ran on nicely through Knightley Wood to Mantles Heath. Hounds gave him no rest there and pushed him back out through Knightley Wood for Burntfold. Some time was lost on the Farthingstone Road, and hounds were only able to run on slowly, leaving Maidford Wood on their right, towards Foxley. Here it looked as though they were defeated, but Pope held them on for Grubs Copse.

After a short delay our hunted fox was viewed away on the Caswell side, and hounds ran at a much improved pace over the Greens Norton Road and across the brook and the hunter trial course. The brook took a very heavy toll, and our sincere sympathies go out to Major Cameron, chief instructor at Weedon, who had the bad luck to break his leg. Hounds were now close to their fox and ran very fast across Greens Norton Park to Field Burcote, where they killed their beaten fox in the garden. Time, 1 hour 30 minutes with a point of six miles.

Most of our intended draw having been disturbed, Lord Hillingdon gave the order for a long jog back to Plumpton. A fox was found immediately in the small spinney by the railway. He crossed the Banbury Lane into Plumpton Wood, and with a rare cry hounds pushed him straight through the covert and out over the Woodend Road. Most of the field got a bad start, and had a stern pursuit as far as Wappenham. Hounds ran at a great pace to Greens Park and over the Bottom nearly to Slapton, before taking a sharp right-handed turn back over Mr. Harry Dunkley's farm. They skirted Wappenham and crossed the Helmdon Road, running on past Astwell Park and Old

THE QUORN OFF TO DRAW AFTER MEETING AT KIMBLE HALL

Mountains. Whistley now seemed to be our pilot's point, but leaving this to the right he crossed the Brackley-Northampton Road close to Colonel Wood's house at Syresham.

Hounds ran on past Magdalene Spinney and crossed the brook at Dropshot. Here the first serious check occurred, but the line was recovered and this good fox was hunted across Biddlesdon Park into Westbury Wilds. Fresh foxes were on foot and the chance of accounting for our hunted fox disappeared, and home was the order. The lady pack deserved their fox; they had hunted magnificently all day. It was a really first-class hunt, the time being 1 hour 35 minutes with a point of eight-and-a-half miles, and hounds covered at least twelve miles.

J. U.

IN WARWICKSHIRE

"'TWAS on a dark day in November. The face of all Nature looked black," when the Warwickshire mixed pack—nineteen-and-a-half couples—emerged from their motor hound van on Thursday morning, November 21st, at the meet at Shuckburgh. This, I think, was the first Shuckburgh meet of the season, and so, in writing about it, I feel it to be the appropriate moment to offer the sincere congratulations of the members of the Warwickshire Hunt generally to the heir of the ancient house of Shuckburgh on his engagement to be married shortly to Miss Bell, and to wish them both every happiness.

On the day in question, not only was the face of Nature black, but more or less veiled in mist, which made those who intended to hunt remember the increased difficulties before them of keeping near hounds, should the latter get away well, and run anything like straight over the large grass fields which lie on all sides of the country below the famous hill, and which are for the most part divided by obstacles in the way of fences which "take a bit of getting over." In the matter of actually getting a start from Shuckburgh Hill, the present generation has an advantage over their ancestors—namely, there is nothing like the crowd of riders which there used to be long ago; but there is no getting round the natural obstacle of misty fog, which must be one of the worst, in a way, of the numerous difficulties which confront a huntsman, as Gillson was soon to find when a fox went away from the hill, with three couple in advance of the body of the pack, which was not reunited till they had run on past Catesby. They were running very well, indeed, scent being good, as they turned right-handed through Dane Hole to the Tunnel, on the L.N.E.R., heading towards Charwelton.

Here another difficulty arose, that of occasional wire; in fact, throughout what was to prove in the event to be a very fine hunt, things never went quite smoothly for riders, and the huntsman and staff could never just sit down and ride with perfectly easy minds, especially as somewhere about this point of the hunt another six-and-a-half couples again became detached from the main body of the pack, and were again lost to sight in the obscurity; they were not caught again, it seems, until Gillson arrived with the main body at Hinton Gorse, which the six-and-a-half couple were just leaving.

Of how and where hounds ran, from this point, I am unable to give the names of many more places actually touched; but as we run-writers are sometimes told that our readers "don't like too much geography," that is, perhaps, just as well, especially as it is to be presumed that the readers of this chronicle (if any) will be mostly Warwickshire people, past or present, and most of the Hunt was out of the Warwickshire country, and over parts of the Bicester, Grafton and Pytchley domains. Therefore it must suffice to say that hounds now run in a wide left-handed sort of circle to Fawsley; and here anyone who knows the country at all will realise that another obstacle, or rather obstacles, arose to keeping in proper touch with the pack—namely, those celebrated and extremely baffling obstacles, the great double fences—some made worse by wire—which are to be found in the Fawsley neighbourhood.

It was at Fawsley Park that the first check occurred, close to the house where the present owner of Fawsley, the Rev. Sir Henry Knightley, lives; he who for so many long years hunted with the Warwickshire. It seems that a very friendly farmer, well acquainted with Gillson, was shepherding in a large field near, not knowing—and who could blame him?—that hounds were about. His dog had coursed the fox towards Badby Wood.

It was evidently the hunted fox, and this excellent friend to hunting was full of regrets and apologies on behalf of his dog for its conduct in coursing the fox, which he would not have allowed had he only heard hounds coming. They hit the line off and carried it on into Badby Wood; there, however, the Masters decided to stop them as the Pytchley were expected to draw the wood on the following Saturday. So ended the good hunt: a five-mile point, ten as hounds ran, and the time was about an hour and a quarter.

PATIENCE.

GENERAL SIR R. STEPHENS

Late secretary to the V.W.H. (Cricklade)

V.W.H. (CRICKLADE) HOUNDS

NO praise can be too high for the bitches, nor, indeed, for the gallant, hearted pilot which led them on Thursday, November 21st, through the deep riding Braydon country, and on over the flooded meadows—which resembled a vast lake—to Ashton Keynes; where the latter found a safe and welcome sanctuary.

Following days and nights of rain, Thursday morning dawned cloudy and mild, with barely any wind, certainly not enough to determine a choice of direction from the point of view of a fox.

Lydiard Plain can hardly be called a popular venue, situated as it is on the extreme edge of the western part of the country, and therefore, out of reach for many of the "regulars." Nevertheless, a goodly muster of the brave met the Master, and were rewarded with a glorious gallop, in the course of which some sterling hound work was revealed.

The Master, carrying the horn, decided to go straight into Webbs Wood, a part of the ancient

WITH THE WYNNSTAY AT BETTISFIELD PARK

Sir Charles Lowther, Bart., formerly Master and joint-Master of the Pytchley, is seen on the right. It is here, that the promising young stallion Gallini stands, and where the Manchester Cup winner, Money Box, was bred

Royal Forest of Braydon, which, up to the time of its deforestation in the reign of Charles II, was the favoured hunting ground of at least one monarch of Merrie England.

To return, however, to the present, hounds were barely in the wood ere a note of music, quickly to be swelled by a veritable chorus, proclaimed a fox on foot. Quickly, too, was it evident that the scent, though hardly to be described as burning, was a real holding one, and plenty good enough for hounds to force the pace. Bringing their pilot the whole length of the wood, he was viewed away by Echo Lodge:

"Yonder he goes at the corner, and the whisk of his brush seems to say:
'You will have to gallop, my beauties, if you mean to catch me to-day.'"

With the pack in close pursuit they fairly bustled him over the road into Somerford Common. Turning in the wood, they came across the dividing road which separates the V.W.H. (Cricklade) portion of the wood from the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) part. When hounds came into the open again they had no less than two brace of foxes, besides their hunted one, in front of them. Never for a moment did they look like leaving their original pilot, and led an already somewhat strung-out field over a big jumping country, consisting of hairy fences with deep yawning ditches full of water, by Rookery Gorse and Rookery Farm, towards Braydon Pond. Turning from this stronghold, they came right-handed, and with Big Withy held on the left entered Ravens Roost.

No chance here for the scattered field to catch up, as hounds simply raced their fox through the wood, away at the bottom end, across the Minety—Somerford Common Road, up to Braydon Manor. Bearing away right-handed, they came through Gospel Oak, across the road into Red Lodge, where Captain Harold Ward preserves so many good foxes. Running with a great cry, they came practically to the far end before turning back on much the same line to re-cross the road into Gospel Oak.

Holding the farm on the left, they raced on by Lodge Hills to Gryphon Lodge, where their fox made an unsuccessful attempt to get over the G.W. Railway. Being headed, he turned parallel with the line, and now, for the first time, hounds had to be assisted. Very little time, however, had been wasted, and soon they were streaming away towards Minety Station. Close here their fox succeeded in crossing the metals, and now the flooded meadows loomed into sight. Far from turning back, their pilot went straight on through field after field of water with the pack splashing, and often swimming through the bank-high ditches after him.

Many of the field did not get any further, while those who did found the fences as big as ever, while the water in the ditches often reached up to the saddle flaps. The Minety—Cricklade Road was crossed close to Prior's Withybed, hounds taking a line between that and Flowers Farm. Once over the Minety—Ashton Keynes Road they turned down the old lane to Swillbrook, which more than justified its name. Coming left-handed, their fox, now rapidly tiring, reached Somerford Keynes, only to double back right-handed nearly to Eight Acres.

Regardless of water as he was, this covert was too wet for him, so swinging left-handed he retraced his way to Somerford Keynes, where he was headed on the road. A shepherd working in the fields saw him soon afterwards crawling along not three minutes in front of hounds. Somehow he managed to get back towards Ashton Keynes, where, on the Manor Farm, he found safety in the identical rabbit hole where a fox found at Broadleaze last winter also got to ground. It is a great big place, and apart from being used by rabbits, is invariably used by a vixen each breeding time.

Although hounds were robbed of well-deserved blood, it is gratifying to know that this gallant fox lives to run another day.

Hounds had been running continuously for three hours and 20 minutes, at times very fast indeed; had made a seven-mile point, and double that distance as they ran. With the solitary exception of one hound, all were up at the finish. The country crossed was far from a perfect one, and in fact was very rough in places. Practically no wire, however, was encountered, which, when the extent and variety of country covered, is taken into consideration, is most satisfactory.

As the afternoon was well on its way, and everyone had had their fill, hounds were not taken to draw again.

J. R.

MEYNELL SPORT

THESE hounds met on Thursday, November 21st, at Mercaston Stoop after a very rough night of wind and rain. But the wind had gone round to the north by the morning, and, but for it being a bit misty, it looked a fair hunting day. On being put into Mr. A. Richardson's Covert, "The New Gorse," a brace of foxes were at once on their feet, but the selected one racing up-wind and bearing right-handed to Muggington Old Covert, hounds came away for the first time this season as if there was at last a decent scent. On entering the Old Covert there was a lovely cry, but also at least a leash of fresh foxes.

However, after some five minutes' covert hunting they were got away with a fair start on to a grand old dog fox, and running well they left Muggington Village on their left and came to the meeting place. Here, on account of some boggy ground, the staff and field got a little behind, and the mist making it difficult to see, hounds slipped away from everyone except Captain Fielden and the second whipper-in, and ran to King's Grove, then to the back of the Brailsford Dairy, and it was here that the Master and the field picked them up at fault.

No time was lost as there was a "holloa" over the Ashbourne—Derby Road, and crossing it just beside the White Cottage hounds ran on at a good pace to the peat moss. Here a fresh fox nearly upset things, but hounds were stopped and laid on to our hunted fox, and away they streamed down the Brookside with plenty of jumping, and reached Reeves Moor. Hounds were cast round this, and hitting off the line ran through Sweet Isles to Langford Hall, and were at fault. As three or four fresh foxes had been seen and hounds had no line on they were stopped by the Rectory after a nice hunt of 45 minutes with a five-and-a-half mile point.

Going to Brailsford Carr, they ran on a catchy scent nicely to Kedleston Park for 30 minutes, and were stopped in the fog. Jim Healy had an accident in the last hunt, and cracked a rib, but is going on well.

H. A. J.

TWO GOOD CROOME RUNS

TWO good hunts made Saturday, November 23rd, a memorable day, for each took place over an unusual line of country. The meet was at Naunton Beauchamp, with the bitch pack out, and a large field to enjoy the good fun which invariably follows a meet in this part of the world. After a wet week, the weather had become sunny and clear, and although the brookside meadows were still waterlogged, the recent floods had subsided considerably during the past 24 hours.

Mr. George Hunt's infallible covert, known locally as "Nau'n Bushes," was the first draw, and lived up to its well-deserved reputation. First of all an uncertain whimper sounded in covert as one hound encountered a faint thread of scent, whilst a few seconds later the whole pack opened up in an eager chorus as they worked up towards their fox and put him on his legs. Away he went and was halloa'd out on the far side. Hounds settled down on his line and there was a wild scramble as the field converged down the narrow path to the gateway into open country. The pack swung to the left, up the bank towards Baynhall Farm, but our fox must have been headed on the road, for on reaching it they doubled back as if for the Bushes, checked, and hit off the line again along the hedgerow, pointing for the Naunton Beauchamp road and Bishampton.

The brook lies a field or so beyond the road and hounds were running straight for it. "Yoi, over he goes!" The pack floundered across and climbed the opposite bank, whilst the field made a detour to the nearest bridge, for the brook was bank-high after the recent rains and the banks greasy from the flood-water which covered them the previous day. There were, indeed, two thrusters who attempted to "lepp" it, but in both cases an involuntary bath was the result, and one horse remained sitting on his tail in the mud for the best best part of an hour before, with the help of ropes, he was able to regain terra firma.

Meanwhile, hounds are racing on, skirting Day's Coppice and swinging round behind Bishampton village to Ketch's Farm and over the road towards the dark and seemingly impenetrable banks. They had run down-wind in practically a straight line S.E. from Naunton Bushes, holding well to the scent over the wet, heavy meadowlands, but now they threw up and failed to touch upon it again and, soon after mid-day, were blown off. This hunt included a point of three miles.

The best part of the day was yet to come, however, for finding almost as soon as they put in at Shutwell Bushes, hounds went away in full cry, through Happy Land and out to Farthing Hill, where their fox doubled back and, after threading his way through Happy Lands, made for Naunton Beauchamp. Hounds were running hard now, with an oncoming frost and, just skirting the Bushes, went on to Abberton, where they checked in Mr. Purser's garden after hunting for about 45 minutes.

Pavitt made a wide cast and succeeded in recovering the line, and once again it was "forrard, forrard, forrard!" as the pack streamed away towards Rous Leach and the Slad. Their fox had run a couple of ploughed fields before veering to the right to cross the brook, but despite this and the long lead which he had obtained from the check, hounds run well up to the road by Rous Leach. Beyond this, however, scent vanished as if by magic and a fine hunt came to an end, after precisely one hour, with a point of five miles.

D. M.

THE YORK AND AINSTY (SOUTH)

THE York and Ainsty (South) bitch pack brought off an exceptionally fine hunt after meeting at Beningbrough Hall on Thursday, November 21st. Owing to the North pack meeting the same day, only a small field turned out, and after enjoying Lady Chesterfield's hospitality drew the Park Plantation blank.

A fox was then seen in an orchard close to Beningbrough Hall, and hounds getting a grand start raced at top pace for two miles quite straight, with Court House away to the right and Newton Village on the left, over the Newton—Tollerton Road and down to the flooded Kyle Beck (which at this point is the boundary between the York and Ainsty South and North countries). Here hounds checked, the fox having doubtless tried an earth; then getting the line again they bore to the left, with the flood water on their right, to the north end of Newton Village where the fox had evidently crossed the Kyle by the road bridge. Running on at a nice pace with Linton-on-Ouse on their right and the River Ouse on their left, the pack next swung right-handed and ran past Fall Gates Farm, through Harbour Plantation and on to the left of Youlton.

This part of the run was over deep plough and the field was already showing a long tail, many not seeing hounds again during the day. Carrying on to the left of Flawith as if for Myton, hounds hunted through Haddocks and then bent sharply right-handed over the Alne—Myton Road to Tholthorpe, crossing the Derrings Beck with the village on their immediate right. Leaving the main Helperby covers away on the left, they ran on northwards by Sam Wood, through Parks Plantation and over the Raskelf—Brafferton Road into Brafferton Spring. The line was taken right through this big cover and two couples of hounds had a line out at the north side, where Littleworth stopped them after the pack had run for one hour fifteen minutes, covering thirteen miles as they ran, with a nine-and-a-half mile point from Beningbrough. It was now 1.40 p.m., but being some miles out of their own country and everyone having had enough, they did not draw again.

T. P.

THE ZETLAND'S LONG POINT

THIS pack registered the best day so far this season following the meet at Brussleton on November 21st. The weather conditions were most unpleasant, as an unpleasantly persistent rain fell throughout the morning, and coupled with the difficulty of finding a fox reduced the spirits of the field to a very low ebb, with the result that when at last a fox was found in a rough field near Wilkinson's Whin the pack was streaming away before a number of followers had realised the fact, and those persons could never gain contact as hounds ran very fast and nearly straight over a roughish line of country in deep going.

The line taken was over the Heighington Road and straight up the low ground with both Cross Lanes and Broomdykes on the left to Houghton Bank, where they swung slightly right-handed to Redworth Wood. The pack went through the west end of it and then swept down past Todd Fall and Newbiggen, beyond which they made a momentary check and ran on for Brussleton. Not entering the wood, hounds crossed the West Auckland Road, and after crossing Bildershaw Pastures turned by Lutterington to Trunelemire; they ran through the north-east corner of the wood and then made a small loop to the north and re-entered Trunelemire with a dead beaten fox a short distance in front.

Once in the centre of this large woodland fresh foxes were on the move, and undoubtedly the pack changed, for they left the covert as gaily as ever and reached Hilton Moor, where a farmer gave information that the fox they were hunting was a fresh one and hounds were with difficulty stopped after a fine gallop of 70 minutes with a six-mile point and about 10 miles as the pack had run. It was a disappointing end to a good hunt as it seemed a certainty that hounds would have killed a very tired fox, and had it not been for a flock of sheep foiling the line at the most critical period he would never have reached Trunelemire a second time.

M. D.

THE MIGHTY BLANDFORD

Champion Sire of England and France

W. A. Rouch

BLANDFORD—THE CHAMPION STALLION
His death was a great loss to breeders

A NUMBER of noted performers on the racecourse will be standing at the stud for the first time in the coming season. The list of important additions to the resources of bloodstock breeders include two great classic winners, as well as two winners of the Ascot Gold Cup. Bahram, who has been sent to join his half-brother Dastur, has already a full subscription for three seasons ahead at 500 guineas, the highest fee ever commanded by a horse in his first season at the stud in this country with the exception of Solario.

Windsor Lad has gone to the Beech House Stud at Cheveley at 400 guineas, and his subscription is already full up to and including 1938. From this it is clear that no difficulty is experienced in filling the lists of stallions of the highest class. Indeed, the competition for the services of horses of this character is so keen that the practice came in some years ago of stipulating that nominations should be taken not merely for one season, but for three.

This condition cuts both ways. It safeguards the owner of the stallion from any sudden change of fashion which might cause his horse to be relatively neglected in his third season at stud. The breeder who takes the subscription has, for his part, the satisfaction of knowing that he has made suitable arrangements for his choicest mares over an extended period.

Each racing season only a limited number of stallions can achieve outstanding distinction, and it follows that many promising young sires, commanding a big fee in the early years of their breeding careers, will fail to gain a full measure of success. Some, indeed, are dismal failures for one reason or another, and in their fifth or sixth season at stud are down to less than half the value originally placed on their services.

That is all in the luck of the game, and nobody can blame stallion-owners for demanding big fees for their horses so long as they can still be regarded as fashionable. The yearling market is often described as a gamble for owners, as it undoubtedly is. Breeders are envied when their yearlings fetch tremendous figures at Doncaster and Newmarket; but it must not be forgotten that those breeders have also taken their share of risk and frequently have a blank return for large sums expended in stud fees.

Not a great many years ago one famous stud sent three mares to a stallion standing at 300 guineas and did not get a single foal. It should be added, however, that the stud had done well out of the same horse previously, and on the whole they did not have much to complain of, in spite of that one appallingly unfortunate season.

That Bahram and Windsor Lad should begin their stud careers at the same time presents a piquant situation. Both are sons of Blandford, and in view of the death of that horse early in the year it is fitting that two of his most brilliant sons—perhaps the most brilliant of them all—are here to carry on for him. So far the most successful of the Blandford horses at stud has been Blenheim, who is standing in France. He has done so well that his subscription has been raised from 400 guineas to 500 guineas.

Blenheim was well represented in England during the past campaign. His Bossover colt, bred at the Sledmere Stud, won £8,445 in stakes. The young stallion's owner was himself successful with Mahmoud, who earned £5,092, Barra Sahib, and Badr-ul-Molk. The Beckhampton stable was unlucky not to have won more than £320 with the Blenheim colt Vanbrugh. In addition the Derby winner of 1930 had some promising two-year-olds in France.

Trigo, the first of Blandford's winners of the Derby, has made a much less spectacular start at the stud than Blenheim, though it was a compliment to him when one of his yearling colts was sold at the Doncaster Sales for 7,000 guineas, the second highest price this year. Trigo stood at 300 guineas last season, the important concession being made that if a mare were to be barren her owner would be entitled to a free nomination in the following year. Happily the horse's fertility record has been high during the past three seasons, so the concession referred to has been withdrawn, and his fee has been fixed at £198.

Whether Bahram will be a more successful stallion than Windsor Lad is a question of exceptional interest. The first is a horse of supreme elegance and quality. Windsor Lad is heavier of frame and more of the stamp of the weight-carrier—a real workman every inch of him. In Bahram we seem to have direct evidence of his crosses of St. Simon. The other also has his share of St. Simon blood through La Flèche, Ciniez and Santa Brigida, yet we imagine the presence of Carbine in his pedigree has not been without its influence on this fine horse.

One of the first nominations booked for Windsor Lad was by the Aga Khan, who immediately after the horse's success in the Coronation Cup announced his intention of sending to him next year Friar's Daughter, the dam of Bahram and Dastur. At least we can all agree that the two latest Derby winners are magnificent specimens of their breed, and we hope that both have inherited their sire's remarkable faculty of producing stock of the classic type.

A GOOD FOAL FOR THE DECEMBER SALES
The chestnut colt by Rasseas the Second from Sunny Sue which is being sent up by the Woodhay Stud

Another high-class son of Blandford about to embark on his stud energies is Umidwar, who was a little unfortunate in training in that a strained hock caused him trouble during his three-year-old career. We had several opportunities of seeing what a good horse he was when at his best, notably on the occasion of his victories in the Jockey Club Stakes and the Champion Stakes.

On the maternal side Umidwar's pedigree is exceptionally strong. His dam Uganda, who was by Bridaine (son of Gorgos) out of Hush, by St. Serf, was herself the winner of the French Oaks and has bred Ukrainia (French Oaks), Udaipur (Epsom Oaks) and Ut Majeur Cesarewitch). It is clear that this newcomer's breeding will make strong appeal to students of pedigree. He stands at the Barton Stud, Bury St. Edmunds, at £148, and is full for the coming season.

Stud owners who cannot afford three-figure fees and are anxious to use the Blandford blood, have a choice of several low-priced stallions. Possibly the cheapest of all is Blazonry, purchased a few months back from Lord Howard de Walden by Major J. B. Walker, who has sent him to his own stud farm near Newmarket. Blazonry, who is out of Fire Mist by Sunstar, might well have accomplished notable things had all gone well in training. Unfortunately, Mr. Dawson Waugh was unable to saddle him for any race at three years old, and hopes that he could be properly trained during the past campaign were not realised.

It will be recalled that this horse had the distinction of being placed sixth in the Free Handicap for the two-year-olds of 1933, when he sprang into prominence by winning the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster at the first of his two appearances in public. Major Walker has placed him at the modest fee of £25, and it is not surprising to know that all subscriptions to him for the coming season have been snapped up.

Blandford's total for the past racing season was £57,563, of which Bahram won £31,328 and Windsor Lad £10,689. His two-year-old winners included Bala Hissar, Baber Shah, Millstream and the filly Harina. Last year the stock of Blandford won £75,707 under Jockey Club Rules. In both seasons his big winnings were augmented by important successes in France. He was second on the list of sires there in 1934, and this year is actually on top, thanks to Mistress Ford and Brantôme.

It is probably the first time in the history of bloodstock breeding that a stallion has headed the list both in England and France in the same season.

W. A. Rouch

A HIGH-CLASS SON OF BLANDFORD FOR THE STUD
Umidwar, whose dam, Uganda, was winner of the French Oaks. He commences his stud duties at the Barton Stud, Bury St. Edmund's

PORCELAIN APE OF THE K'IEN LUNG PERIOD, LENT TO THE CHINESE ART EXHIBITION BY THE HON. LADY WARD

A CHINESE NOAH'S ARK

Symbolism, Poetry and Realism in Painting and Modelling at the Chinese Art Exhibition

By F. MARTIN DUNCAN

THE visitor to the magnificent exhibition of Chinese art at the Royal Academy will, as he passes on from room to room, become more and more impressed by the importance which the Chinese throughout the centuries have always attached to the representation of animal and plant life in their paintings, sculpture, bronzes and porcelains.

Fully to appreciate the beauty and significance of much of this work, we must remember the entirely different psychological and traditional approach to his subject on the part of the Chinese artist compared to his European *confrère*. The aim of the Chinese artist has always been to suggest a poetic idea, often expressed symbolically, rather than an exact imitation of facts; hence the deliberate avoidance of all emphasis on material solidity, or attempt at the representation of relief by Western means of chiaroscuro in his painting, and the importance given to space in his design. He has an almost religious passion for Nature in all her moods, so that he contemplates and portrays the life and character of natural objects for their own beauty; indeed, his ideal is well expressed in the ancient Chinese definition of graphic art, that "a picture is a voiceless poem."

It is not very surprising, therefore, to find that, working chiefly in this lyric mood, symbolism often replaces petty realism, so that the Chinese artist sees and portrays the lion or tiger and the dragon not as necessarily carnivorous creatures, real or mythic, dangerous to man, but as symbols typifying in the carnivores the forces of Nature, and in the dragon the power of the Spirit. But added to this poetic mood there is always present in the best work a keen appreciation of natural form and an ability to express, when necessary to the design, with extreme accuracy every detail; often coupled with a delightful, dry sense of humour and action which gives life to the whole composition.

Perhaps the most typical expression of the Chinese genius in paintings of animals, plants and landscape is to be found in the virile ink sketches of the masters of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960–1279). It was the work of these masters of the brush which the Japanese from the fifteenth century adopted as an abiding model, and which we see reflected in the best work of Utamaro and Hiroshige.

PAIR OF DOVES ON TAPESTRY OF THE SUNG DYNASTY, LENT BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT

In the present exhibition at Burlington House there is a delightful painting on silk attributed to Li Yi, an artist of the Sung dynasty, and lent by the Chinese Government. A couple of diminutive agriculturists, riding homeward on their bullocks, have been suddenly overtaken by a violent rain squall. The hurrying rain clouds blot out the distance, the reeds at the water's edge bend, and the slender willow branches toss and curve back as the full force of the wind strikes them. The hat of one of the riders has blown off, and we see him in the act of scrambling along the back of his mount to retrieve it, while the expressions on the faces of the two bullocks clearly show their amazement at his futile antics. The whole picture is full of life, movement and humour, and beauty of design.

The artists of the Sung dynasty are famous for the exquisite subdued colouring, modulation of tone, and wonderful rhythm of linear design in their studies of flowers and birds. There is a tapestry belonging to this period, lent by the Chinese Government, which is very lovely in its austere simplicity of design and faithful delineation of subject, which portrays a pair of Chinese doves perched on the gnarled branch of an ancient cherry tree from which two subsidiary flower-clad sprays grow out in graceful ascending and descending curves. So faithful, so natural is the rendering of the quietly resting birds and the curve of the blossom-clad sprays, that at first one hardly realises the masterly process of elimination and the retention of none but essential detail for the building up of his design by the artist.

Among the specimens of early sculpture there is a marble statue of a snarling lion attributed to the T'ang dynasty (A.D. 618–907), lent by the Musée du Louvre, which though treated in the traditional symbolic manner, yet retains certain characteristics of the actual animal in the powerful fore-limbs and lithe body.

From the numerous examples of animal life in marble, jade, bronze, pewter, pottery and porcelain one might gather together a delightful sort of Chinese Zoo or Noah's Ark, though the European zoologist might at times be hard put to it to name correctly some of the creatures; their real characteristics being so shrouded, or almost completely obscured, by archaic symbolism and the desire for decorative effect that many a so-called lion bears a suspiciously close resemblance to an equally highly symbolic representation of a royal Pekinese dog!

Many, on the other hand, despite a certain amount of modification, are modelled in characteristic pose, as witness the delightful porcelain ape of the K'ien-lung period, lent by the Hon. Lady Ward, who also has lent a most humorous pair of ducks of the same period that seem just ready to waddle off the shelf to the first puddle they can find. Lady Ward also exhibits a stately pair of goshawks of the K'ang-hsi period. Hawking is a very ancient Chinese pastime, and the goshawk was a favourite subject with the Chinese artists of the great dynasties. Then there is a wonderful antique bronze vessel, of the Chou dynasty, lent by Mr. C. T. Loo, which portrays all the sturdy ungainliness of a domestic goose.

Her Majesty the Queen has lent a magnificent specimen of a cloisonné elephant which is also a very typical example of the period of Hindu influence happily a passing one, on Chinese art. Beautiful as it is in workmanship, one misses that touch of nature and individuality which is so typical of the true Chinese spirit. It is a relief to turn back from the stilted formalism of the Hindu school to the amazing force and characterisation displayed in the crouching dog of the Wei dynasty lent by Mr. Alan Barlow. In fact, for the lover of animal life the exhibition of Chinese art at Burlington House should prove of great attraction and interest.

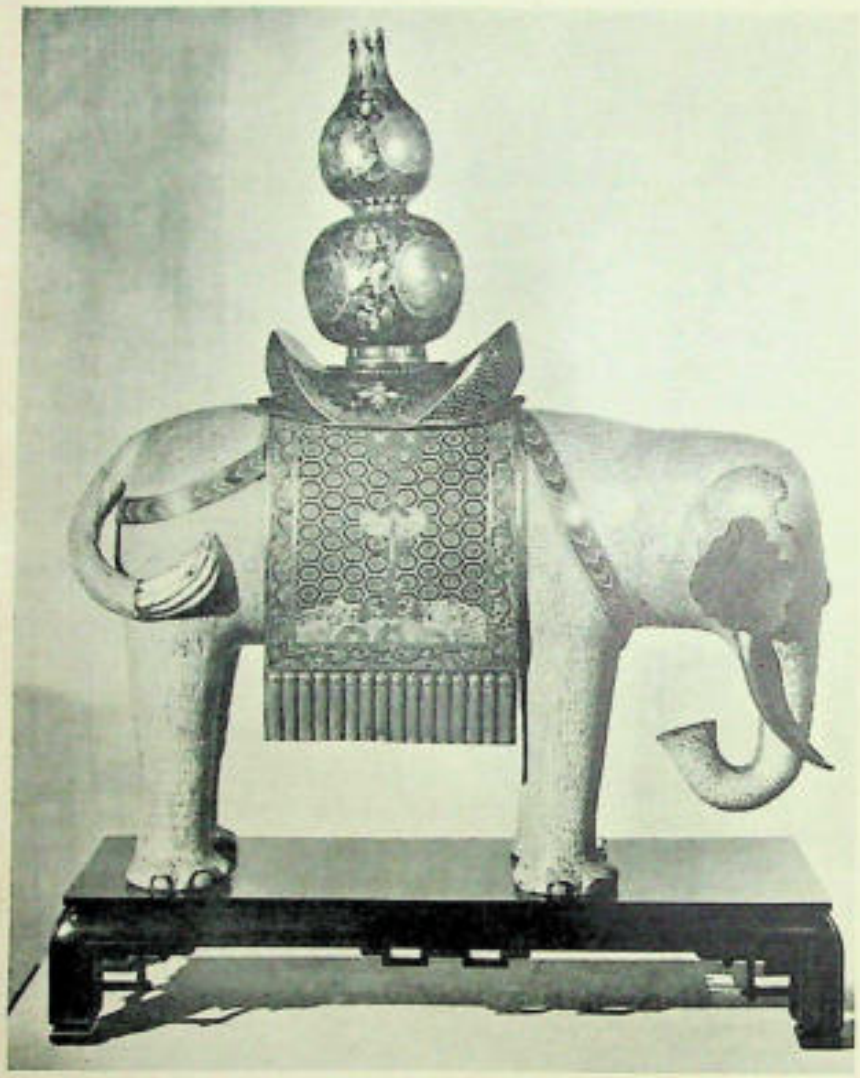
[To many visitors to Burlington House the various dynasties are puzzling, and the following data regarding chronology may prove useful: Circa 3500 to 2080 B.C., Neolithic Culture. Circa 1766 to 1122 B.C., Shang-Yin Dynasty. Circa 1122 to 249 B.C., Chou Dynasty, Periods of Spring and Autumn Annals, circa 722 to 481 B.C.; Warring States, circa 481 to 221 B.C. 221 to 206 B.C., Ch'in Dynasty. 206 B.C. to A.D. 220, Han Dynasty. 220 to 589 A.D., The Six Dynasties. 221 to 280 A.D., The Three Kingdoms. 386 to 589 A.D., Northern and Southern Dynasties. Wei Tartars, 386 to 535 A.D., Native Dynasties, Liu Sung 420 to 478 A.D.; Southern Ch'i 479 to 502 A.D.; Liang 502 to 556 A.D.; Ch'ên 557 to 589 A.D. Western Wei, 535 to 557 A.D. Eastern Wei, 534 to 550 A.D. Northern Chou, 557 to 581 A.D. Northern Ch'i, 550 to 577 A.D. 581 to 618 A.D., Sui Dynasty. 618 to 906 A.D., T'ang Dynasty. 907 to 960 A.D., Five Dynasties. 960 to 1279 A.D., Sung Dynasty. 1280 to 1368 A.D., Yuan Dynasty. 1368 to 1644 A.D., Ming Dynasty (1368 to 1398 A.D., Hung-wu; 1403 to 1424 A.D., Yung-lo; 1426 to 1435 A.D., Hsüan-tê; 1465 to 1487 A.D., Ch'êng-hua; 1488 to 1505 A.D., Hung-chih; 1506 to 1521 A.D., Chêng-tê; 1522 to 1566 A.D., Chia-ching; 1567 to 1572 A.D., Lung-ch'ing; 1573 to 1620 A.D., Wan-li). 1644 to 1912 A.D., Ch'ing Dynasty (1662 to 1722 A.D., K'ang-hsi; 1723 to 1735 A.D., Yung-chêng; 1736 to 1795 A.D., K'ien-lung).

SNARLING LION IN MARBLE, T'ANG DYNASTY, LENT BY THE MUSÉE DU LOUVRE

PAIR OF GOSHAWKS OF THE K'ANG-HSI PERIOD LENT BY THE HON. LADY WARD

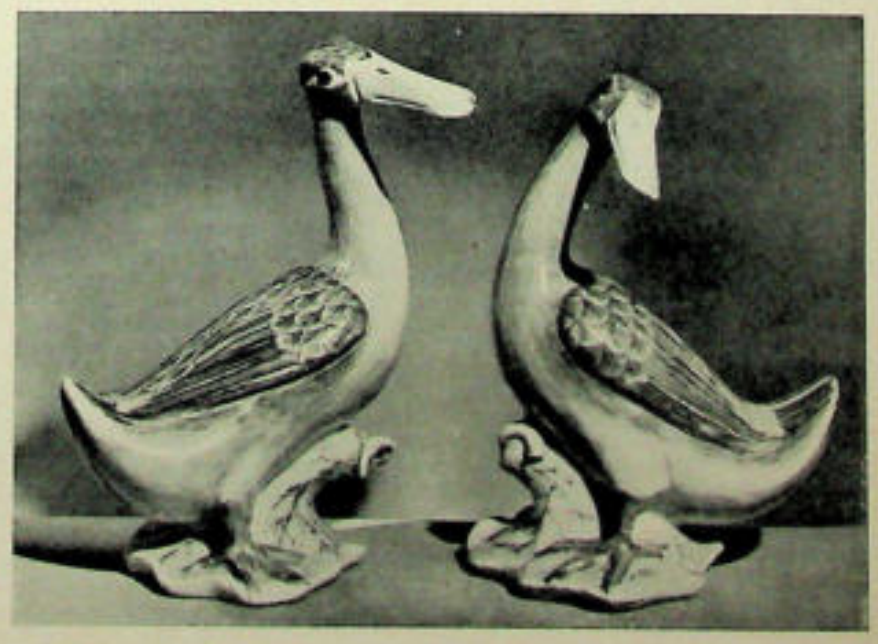
BRONZE OF A MYTHICAL ANIMAL, LENT BY MR. H. J. OPPENHEIM

CROUCHING DOG OF THE WEI DYNASTY, LENT BY MR. ALAN BARLOW



CLOISONNÉ ELEPHANT, LENT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHICH IS TYPICAL OF THE PERIOD OF HINDU INFLUENCE ON CHINESE ART, AND A PAINTING OF BULLOCKS ON SILK ATTRIBUTED TO LI YI, AN ARTIST OF THE SUNG DYNASTY, LENT BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT

THE DOMESTIC GOOSE, A BRONZE VESSEL OF THE CHOU DYNASTY, LENT BY MR. C. T. LOO



A HUMOROUS PAIR OF DUCKS, K'IEN LUNG PERIOD, LENT BY THE HON. LADY WARD

COVERT SHOOTING EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
A Norfolk group with Lord Leicester one from the left, the Prince of Wales (King Edward) in the centre, and G. W. Brierley on the right

SOME COVERT SHOOTING REFLECTIONS

And a Shot That Nearly Changed History

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CYRIL FOLEY

"WHAT sort of a shoot did you have at ——?" "We killed nearly 3,000 pheasants in the four days." "*Did* you." That is typical of a conversation which one heard fairly frequently during the months of November, December and January before the war. As an item of news it would be passed round something like this. "I hear they had the devil of a shoot at —— last week. Somebody told me, I can't for the moment remember who it was, that they averaged 800 pheasants a day for four days." (Note the inevitable exaggeration.) And then, perhaps, a voice—"Yes; I was one of the guns, there *were* an awful lot of birds." Some indescribable lack of enthusiasm in the tone of that voice may have induced one to get its owner in a quiet corner and ask him for details, and then, and not till then, did you get at the inside truth. "I know you're keen about shooting, and I'll tell you what I really thought about it. Only for God's sake don't repeat it, because it was d —— good of —— to ask me to shoot, but between ourselves the pheasants were rotten. There were only two stands in the four days where they were worth shooting." So the "devil of a shoot" was in reality not quite such a splendid affair after all. The only people who approve of such a shoot are the keepers of the different beats and presumably the owner, who is responsible for it, and one or two guns who "like 'em low" because they can't "hit 'em high."

True, in flat countries like Norfolk and Suffolk it is next to impossible to "get 'em up," and the owner will deplore the fact and tell you frankly that he has done everything in his power to "make 'em rise" but without avail. But for certain places I could name where it could have been done and wasn't; there was no excuse. Sometimes the reason was old association. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me, and so on from generation to generation. I recollect a notable example of this, although it was grouse and not pheasants that I am referring to in this particular instance. It happened on a famous moor, with glorious heather, better in that respect, if possible, than Moy. Two parties of two guns always went out "walking" on August 12th. One party shot a strip of ground separated from another strip by a long ridge and on the second strip the other two guns shot, next door but invisible to the other party except at rare intervals. On one occasion I was one of the four guns. My partner and I were supposed to begin shooting at a certain stone set in the hillside. On arrival there it was obvious that such a procedure would be fatal to the success of our day. The wind was blowing from the stone down the strip, half a gale of it. We reckoned that it would be unlikely that any grouse put up on the downwind half of our strip would remain on it. We therefore made a big circuit and began shooting at the other end, upwind. This lost us 45 minutes, but paid us well in the end, for we got 114 brace, which beat the record of 112 set up many years before by Mr. Noah and his colleague, whose name I have forgotten. To accomplish this, we had to shoot until it was nearly dark and, having begun at the "wrong" end, we found no wagonette to take us home, so we walked back and arrived late but triumphant at the lodge. My companion, who was much older than I, burst into the smoking room and, rubbing his face with both hands, which was a habit of his, exclaimed, "We've beat the record." The son of our host rose from his chair and regarded us sternly. "You'll be late for dinner," was all he said as he passed from the room. He had observed us through a gap in the ridge walking the beat the opposite way to that adopted by Mr. Noah and his friend, and every party since. It was the unforgivable sin, and was never mentioned again.

Another instance of how custom will survive occurred on another occasion. During the previous year unprecedented floods had rendered the ford, some two miles from the lodge, impassible, and so a temporary plank bridge had been built across the stream, close to the lodge. One day 228 brace of grouse were laid out and counted near the footbridge. From where they lay the late Walter Forbes, who as an Eton boy threw the cricket ball 132yds., given a few suitable flat stones, could have reached the larder easily. We crossed the temporary plank bridge and went into the lodge. During dinner I heard crunching on the gravel outside for the third time. I inquired about it. It was the last of the pannier ponies bringing home the grouse. Think that out. Here were 456 grouse lying 156yds. from the larder near the plank bridge. Keepers and beaters could have carried them over in 30 minutes. But there was Mr. Noah to be considered, so the panniers were repacked and the ponies went solemnly down to the ford two miles away, crossed it, and did another two miles up to the lodge, then four miles back for more grouse, and one more journey after that meant 20 miles! And as the last grouse was deposited in front of the larder, Mr. Noah turned over in his grave and said "Atta, boy." It has, of course, its humorous side, but all said and done nothing can beat Mr. Barney Baruch's remark to the head keeper of one of the Duke of Montrose's moors which he had rented. The latter, 76 years of age with a long white beard, had announced after lunch that the next drive was on the top of a very high hill. Baruch glanced at the hill and, turning to the patriarch, said: "Think again, boy, if you reckon I'm going up there you're mighty mistaken, but if you and your beaters like to go up and drive the birds down to us here, I and my friends might fire a few shells at them."

But let us turn to more serious matters. In the light of subsequent events, what might have been the most important shot ever fired was fired at Welbeck. Everyone knows that the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand at Sarajavo, in June, 1914, was the primary cause of the Great War. Few, however, know that, less than a year before, had a certain shotgun been pointing a foot, nay, 6in., more to the left than it actually was, the murder of the unfortunate Archduke could not at any rate have been pointed to as the *casus belli*. The Archduke was shooting partridges as a guest at a justly famous Midland shoot. The guns were walking to the next drive. The Archduke was on the right of a party of three. Some 6yds. behind him was the servant and loader of a well-known Englishman with a European reputation as a shot. The old tag that "accidents will happen in the best regulated families" is peculiarly applicable to what happened here, because this particular loader had never before or since been guilty of the smallest possible slip, and had always loaded for his master with celerity and calmness and, in fact, in the best regulated manner possible. Under these circumstances, and taking into consideration the tens of thousands of cartridges he had ejected and replaced, he may be said to have arrived at a point as near the pitch of perfect safety as it is possible for a loader to attain. Nevertheless, one of the guns he was carrying *did* go off and the pellets from the cartridge *did* pass like a rifle bullet (as they would at 6yds. range) 1ft. distant from the right elbow of the Archduke Ferdinand. Move the muzzle of that gun 6in. to the left and the charge enters the back between the hips, and there was sudden Death, but no war, at all events in 1914. Such things are written in the Book.

For the Christmas Table

McVITIE'S

Christmas

SPECIALTIES

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

McVitie & Price offer a delightful selection of high-class Shortbreads, Chocolate-coated Biscuits and Wafers, Iced Cakes and Afternoon Tea goods, including Hanover Wafers, Assorted Shortbread and Banquet Cake as illustrated above. All of the very highest quality and most attractively packed.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD GROCERS

F

LABRADORS FOR ROUGH SHOOTING

And Some Comparisons with the Spaniel

By MAJOR KENNETH DAWSON

CONSIDERING the way in which Labradors have almost monopolised field trials in the last decade or two, and the enormous classes of these dogs seen at all the big shows, it may sound rather ridiculous to affirm that the breed is still not as popular as it should be and as its merits deserve. Yet this is perfectly true.

As a retriever, doing a retriever's work, it needs no praise from me or anyone else. But what is not so well understood is that it is a vastly better all-round dog, such as is required on the average rough shoot, than any species of spaniel ever evolved. If this fact were better realised we should see fewer men plagued with the almost inevitable spaniel, wild, headstrong and disobedient brutes for the most part, speaking of those in the ownership of the usual run of one-dog men.

It would, of course, be ridiculous to say that there were no good spaniels, and I am not now speaking of those owned and worked by experts, but of the average animal one meets out shooting on the smaller occasions when, besides walking up birds, hedge-hunting and similar work is the ordinary routine.

These dogs will do one job, routing out rabbits, pheasants and woodcock from cover, but directly one comes to a field of roots or a bit of bog, Don and Pat must at once be put on leads because the owners know only too well the shortcomings of their beasts. They know that if a covey of partridges or some snipe rise and are fired at, or even more fatal if a hare or rabbit jumps up in full view, their canine assistants are gone like greyhounds in pursuit, and no amount of shouting and cursing will have any effect until the truants have run themselves silly, and put up every head of game in the vicinity. Neither will plentiful beatings stop them doing the same thing five minutes later.

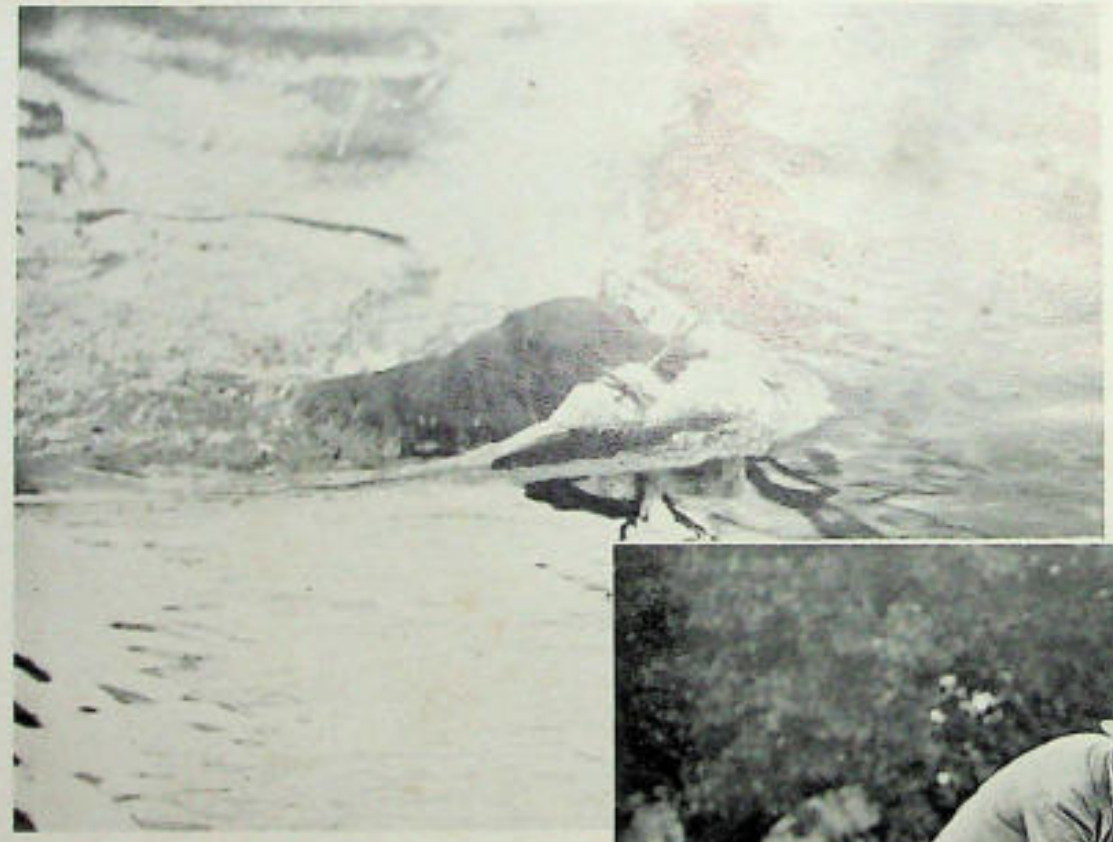
Lest it be thought that in decrying the spaniel I have had little experience of the clan, I hasten to add that I was reared on spaniels. When I started shooting at the age of ten, more than 30 years ago, we all had spaniels, because there was nothing much else available for rough shooting. The first article I ever wrote for the press, and which was published in *The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*, on January 22nd, 1909, was called "The Cocker Spaniel as a Rough Shooting Dog."

It is only since the war that I have used Labradors for rough shooting and, to my mind, there is simply no comparison between them and any kind of spaniel. One has only to look at the two species side by side to realise at once that the former has infinitely greater brain capacity than the latter, and for an all-round dog brains are, surely, the first essential.

Most dogs, like most men, can be trained to do one job passing well, but to be Jack-of-all-trades and master of them all, needs intelligence of a high order, and this, without any possibility of doubt, is where the Labrador excels and spaniels as a whole fail. One may use the former for hedge-hunting and driving rabbits out of cover, and yet there is no need to search feverishly for the lead directly one comes to a bit of open country simply because the dog has enough sense to realise that what was right five minutes ago is wrong now. But no amount of drilling ever seems to make this penetrate into the spaniel's thick cranium.

The brains of the Labrador not only allow him to become a more efficient dog than the spaniel, but also make him easier to teach, a factor of considerable importance to many men who can only get out once or twice a week, and who do no training in between.

The best Labrador I ever owned was bought as a companion and guide of the [illegible] of



(ABOVE) A LABRADOR TAKING TO WATER WHERE HIS THICK COAT STANDS HIM IN GOOD STEAD: ON THE RIGHT A LABRADOR AND HIS HANDLER IN PERFECT ACCORD

I could bring forward many witnesses who have seen him working.

Within the last decade or so there has been a decided change in the type of Labrador commonly seen. The earlier dogs were big, fine looking, but rather heavily built animals, with a lot of bone and an extremely dense coat which often turned a rusty tinge at certain times of the year. To-day one rarely comes across this sort of dog, and the popular type is much smaller, with lighter bone and a finer coat.

Which is the better kind for rough shooting? In many ways I prefer the modern dog, because his smaller size allows him to get through and under cover which would be difficult for the bigger type to negotiate. Neither is the thinner coat altogether a matter for regret in all cases.

For wildfowling, or any other occasion where the dog has to go into cold water and then sit about, the thick jacket of the old Labrador was a great asset. But for ordinary rough shooting, where the dog goes on working until the end of the day, and is then put straight into the car, this very thick coat is not absolutely necessary, or even desirable.

To dry one of the old Labradors was an almost impossible job, but the finer coat of the modern dog is much more amenable to the action of a rough towel or leather. A brisk rub down at the end of the day will remove most of the mud and

water, which is not only good for the dog but also for the interior of the car and, as I have to clean this myself, for me also.

In conclusion, I should like to quote something I read recently in a book on dogs: "I do not suppose I am wholly sane on the subject of the Labrador. To me he is quite the perfect dog, whether as companion in the field, a friend always, and a dog which fits into your life as no other dog in the world does . . . to my mind they have no equals." Isn't every word of it true, and about what other breed of dog could one say the same?

New Books

A GREAT HUNTSMAN

Memories of Jack Molyneux

THERE can be no doubt that readers of Jack Molyneux's book *Thirty Years a Hunt Servant*, have a treat in store and a rare treat at that, for besides knowing all there is to know about fox-hunting, the author also knows how to convey the unique atmosphere of the sport of kings through the medium of his pen. And this to a surprising degree. To quote from the Editor's foreword: "The too copious extracts from their diaries, with all the inseparable strings of place names, have tended to make the books written by some huntsmen tedious reading. . . ." How true that is, and how well we know the books, and how refreshingly untrue it is of *Thirty Years a Hunt Servant*.

Accounts of hunts there certainly are, good hunts and good accounts; and although I have hunted foxes in many countries, it has never been my fortune to have so much as a single day with any of the packs mentioned in their book, in spite of which I missed not one word of these accounts. The names meant nothing, the country I did not know, and yet I felt I was out hunting, and who knows a better feeling than that? Apart from sheer enjoyment, there is much about the art and science of foxhunting to be learnt from this excellent book; and a careful perusal of it would no doubt increase the pleasures of hunting for many, and thereby decrease its difficulties for a proportionate number of Masters and huntsmen.

Jack Molyneux started his career in hunt service at the age of fifteen, riding second horse in the Duhallow country; from there he went as whipper-in to Colonel Robertson-Aikman's harriers in Lanarkshire, where he gained much experience, and declares that there could have been no finer grounding for a professional introduction to fox-hunting than that which he obtained in Scotland. Passing from this post he served various terms of office as whipper-in to the Surrey Union, Fitzwilliam, Quorn, Cheshire, Bramham Moor, Warwickshire, Atherstone and Garth; and when promoted to huntsman had under his care the Meynell, Hertfordshire, South Shropshire, ending his days as a huntsman with the North Shropshire.

In more serious vein we are told the inside story of a hunt servant's life in kennel, and very interesting (and very hard work) it is too. How many "ordinary hunting people," by which I do not mean Masters of Hounds, secretaries, or other hunt officials, know what hunt servants do with themselves in the summer, and how many realise that their work during this time of the year is even harder than it is during the winter?

Lastly, Molyneux complains of the insufficient wages paid to members of his profession as compared to the work they do, the sport they show and the risks they run. Surely few, if any, will disagree with him, and should these few be amongst those who pay the wages, would it not pay them better to make small economies in other directions and give better pay to those who give us the best of sport?

H. H.

Thirty Years a Hunt Servant. By Jack Molyneux. (Hutchinson; 18/-.)

LIFE AND LIVING

IN a way the title of this book is a misnomer. Mr. Gosse has gone to the country, indeed, and is comfortably settled at Crossbows in Sussex, under the shadow of Chanctonbury Ring; but he takes his readers—and there should be many—a long way further than that. He takes them into his confidence. The book sets out to give advice to those who are about to retire from active life in the world, suggesting that there are better things to do with their hardly won leisure than just "waiting for the end," like his grandfather's friend, Mr. Chudleigh. This, as the author rightly pleads, should not deter young people from seeing what he has to say; in fact they are the people, more than anybody, who should read this book.

Having reached this far, and learnt how Mr. Gosse found his house, how he despaired of the garden—until he discovered some ponds and a brook, which entirely altered the complexion of life for him, the book does not settle down to the now time-honoured business of garden making, bird observation, and characteristic comic anecdotes about the local peasantry. Instead, after a delightful discursion on how he sought and obtained a brood, batch, clutch, or whatever you call it, of crickets for his hearth, he begins to reminisce with apparent inconsequence and entertaining candour on his early life as a young country doctor in Hampshire, when he showed an unprofessional preference for listening to the mating call of the great spotted woodpecker than to a recital of imaginary symptoms by a wealthy hypochondriac. He lost a temporary patient, but gained a permanent memory. Who can say that he did not make a profit on the deal?

There follow reminiscences of his school days, of travels in the West Indies and in the Andes, of country life before and after the war, of man and beast and reptile, all told with a complete disregard of chronology, but with great charm and humour and skill. He has many good stories to tell, not the least entertaining being the one about the man who trained a pet eel to live out of water, and—but it would not be fair to tell the end! There are also many useful hints for those who live in the country, or anywhere for that matter; how to make guests do odd jobs in the garden, on book collecting, on the selection of bedside books, how to destroy rats—and how not to—village cricket, sport, mush-room hunting, and how to build and keep a *terrarium*, without which last, I am now convinced, no country house is complete. One of his best chapters is devoted to lizards, frogs and toads, especially toads, and if it does not cause a distinct boom in the toad market, so persuasively and lovingly does he write, I shall be surprised.

And the truth that emerges from this delightfully discursive book is that the art of living is the art of being interested, and that the sooner one starts being interested the better.

C. E. G. H.

Go to the Country. By Philip Gosse. (Cassell; 8/6.)

ABOUT SHOOTING

I FIND it a little difficult to understand why this book, written by an American, obviously from the American point of view and for the American shooting public, should have been published in England. I know little about North America and the shooting conditions there, and therefore will not attempt to comment on the usefulness or otherwise of the book to the American sportsman, but I have little hesitation in expressing my opinion that it will have but little appeal in Great Britain, for dozens of books have been published on this side of the water which frankly are considerably better and contain a great deal more information on the subjects with which this book deals. The sporting library of Great Britain is a voluminous one, and in my view needs no supplementation except by an author who has fresh information or knowledge to bring before the sporting public. *Modern Shotgun Shooting* cannot be said to supply anything new with the possible exception that it gives some advice on the duties of a "gun" at a field trial, which I have no hesitation in admitting I have not seen suggested before.

A very considerable amount of space is devoted to the type of gun that is required, not only as regards shape of stock, boring of barrels, weight of gun, but also variations of load. One gets the impression that to shoot *efficiently* in America, one must have a whole battery of guns, only one of which is suitable for a certain purpose. It would appear that to do well one must have a different gun, different boring and different loads for quail, duck, driven pheasants, walked up pheasants, trap shooting and skeet.

The author even goes as far as to suggest that the gun which is suitable for pheasants early in the fall is not suitable at the end of the season. Also that the shooter who fires at "doubles" in clay bird shooting will be well advised to use a different weapon for single shots. One wonders how the Englishman attains the proficiency he does at game varying in size and flight from a snipe to a capercailzie, using the same gun for all and probably the same load.

A book of this type is only of value in this country if it can interest the expert or give complete instruction in all the *fundamental* subjects of the art to the novice. I fear, however, it will not interest the former and will only confuse the latter.

D. L.

Modern Shotgun Shooting. By Lawrence B. Smith. (Scribner's; London; 7/6.)

TEACHING THE TEACHER

ALL golfers are anxious to improve their play. Some manage to achieve their ambition without the help of a professional, others have to rely on expert advice. A large proportion of players stay in a rut because they cannot find a reliable coach, or at least one whom they can understand. Teaching the game of golf is not a simple business. Quite the reverse in fact. And there seems to be invariable ways to teach beginners. Almost every professional has a method of his own.

The question of standardised golf instruction is important. In America it is carried not to a greater extent than in this country. Both tutors and pupils make of the game a serious business. Seymour Dunn is, perhaps, one of the best-known teachers of golf in the whole United States. He has devoted a lifetime to the study of the game and how it should be taught, sacrificing a tournament career to achieve this objective. Therefore his views deserve respect and consideration. A member of the famous Dunn family of golfers, the game was born in his blood and he, with the other notable Scots, is carrying on the old traditions.

The golf swing, Dunn maintains, is an art in which hundreds of muscular movements are involved. His instruction is founded on the theory that "the golf swing is based on the science of mechanics, anatomy and psychology." That appears technical and complex in print, but he proves it to be indisputable. Dunn says: "Teaching consists not so much in showing a pupil what to do but in keeping him from doing what he should not do. The movements of a correct golf swing are not many, but the number of incorrect movements that it is possible for a learner to make are beyond reckoning." And in his opinion the secret of good golf is contained in these two sentences: "The muscles of the arms and hands *alone* must speed the swing. The muscles of the body and legs must *only* guide the swing."

Why do the majority fail to keep the ball straight? Dunn says because they swing out of line. "The real art of playing a golf shot is to do it with perfect ease. Conceal your effort under the cloak of gracefulness . . . the key thought to correct form is gracefulness." In this small volume Dunn describes in detail the twenty fundamentals of the golf swing. He devotes a long chapter to remedies for the various common faults. A slice is not just a slice to him. He sets out details of six different kinds of slices with remedies for each. In such a thorough manner is this work compiled. If it is studied half as carefully as it has been written, the student will benefit in no small degree.

E. R. T.

Standardised Golf Instruction. By Seymour Dunn. (Obtainable through Stobart & Son, 8, Paternoster Row, E.C. 4.; price 5/-.)

HUNTING IN THE ZAMBESI VALLEY

HERE is a big game-book which does not fall easily into any accepted category. In the main it is a collection of anecdotes told without embellishment, and with a directness and force which carry conviction as to the authenticity of even the tallest. And some of them are very tall indeed.

It is this very lack of embellishment which defeats the author in the end. His stock of stories runs out, and (or so one judges) he is forced to throw in a number of somewhat lukewarm chapters on tsetse-fly, snakes, big game photography, and even—amazing as it may sound—to make a brief and rather revolting incursion into the field of native obstetries, with himself in the role of midwife-in-chief, in order to pad out his volume to the required dimensions.

Permit a leopard to awaken you from an afternoon *siesta* by treading on you, and watch the beast saunter out of your hut with a side of bacon in its mouth. On another occasion, but under similar circumstances, let another leopard wake you up by licking your hand. Add the two stories together, and tell them—as the author has done—in only 22 lines of print, and you will realise what is meant by "lack of embellishment."

Mr. Sutherland's own photograph shows him to be still a young man. Before he writes another book he must rid himself of his contemptuous attitude towards natives in general and their "exasperating trait of thinking and acting for themselves" in particular. His *penchant* for giving advice, mostly in the form of "don'ts," is counter-balanced amusingly enough by his own frequent failures to adopt it when need arises.

He has seen and done much—and endured not a little—on his big game trails. To survive such experiences as have gone to the making of *Zambesi Camp Fires* one would need to be very young, very tough—or at least very resilient—and very full of "don'ts." An ability to remember some of them in moments of crisis would be helpful.

J. P. K. R.

Zambesi Camp Fires. By Robert Sutherland. (Witherby; 10/6.)

FOOTBALL AT ETON

ETONIANS who have played under the rules of the Field Game at Eton will welcome this book. It is devoted to a form of football which is peculiar to Eton. It consists of records of house matches, masters' matches and school matches played between 1893 and 1934, and there are appendices giving the names of the field elevens from the earliest records in 1847 up to the present time, a list of winners of the House Cup and Lower Boy Cup from 1860 onwards, and the rules of the game as amended at Michaelmas, 1934. There are also chapters on training, the conditions of play and umpiring, and the rules. Mr. Pawson, who himself was in his time a distinguished player of the game, writes as an enthusiast, and his book constitutes a valuable record.

E. P.

The Field Game. By John J. Pawson. (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co., Ltd.; 5/- net.)

TWO ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARDS DESIGNED BY RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS LTD.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent's Christmas card (left) is from the picture A Breath of Spring by Stanislaus S. Longley. The Prince of Wales's card (right) is a painting of St. James' Palace by Bernard Gribble

New Books

POMPS OF YESTERDAY

An Edwardian Hostess

FEW persons had a wider survey of the Victorian and Edwardian scene, and few people can have surveyed it with more zest and less malice than Mrs. Hwfa Williams. In the world of sport she will be chiefly remembered for the part that her husband played in the creation of Sandown Park, the first and the most successful of the Park Courses. But she knew "everybody" in a world where "everybody" was a very different entity from the "everybody" of to-day. I do not say this *laudator temporis acti*, but nobody can doubt that it is so. M. Cambon, that remarkably shrewd observer, used to say that during the twenty years of his Embassage the English saw their "1792."

The book is full of interesting memories of every sort of person—King Edward, Melba, the "Double Duchess," Prince Youssoupoff, Monty Cory, to name only a few, and any number of good stories. There is one of a baccarat party at Gopsal. "Jack Menzies asked old Lady Howe before she went to bed whether she would go halves in the bank with him. She was not very interested in the game, but she was quite agreeable to enter into the sport, so she consented. In due course she went off to bed, thinking that she was taking part vicariously in quite a small game. But it was far from that. Play got higher and higher and one player consistently lost all the time, so that when Jack eventually closed the bank and the party broke up, he was a thousand pounds to the good. Imagine old Lady Howe's consternation the next morning when she was told she was five hundred pounds richer! But imagine what her feelings would have been if luck had gone the other way!"

Mrs. Hwfa Williams is not a Greville, not a Lady Oxford, and her memories are very simply even rather ingenuously written. She has none of the arts of the professional, and there are too many regrettable small errors. But her book carries with it a pleasant peep into many drawing rooms that are closed for ever, and lifts the mask from eyes that once shone so brightly. R. M.

It was such Fun! By Mrs. Hwfa Williams. (Hutchinson; 18/-.)

THE SOUL OF MANY MOUNTAINS

MR. SMYTHE has perhaps come nearer to making mountaineering into a profession than any other British amateur. Yet his books, and this one in particular, are evidence that his attitude to mountains is spiritual rather than professional. Indeed there is no reason why it should not be so. A sailor is not precluded from loving the sea merely because he has adopted it as a career, and if Mr. Smythe devotes a large part of his life to exploring, climbing and writing about mountains it is to our advantage as well as to his.

This book is perhaps the best that he has written. It is inspired by two themes, one being the entertaining record of his own adventures, and the other consisting of his reflections upon them and upon mountaineering generally, besides on other more abstruse subjects in which originality of thought is more difficult to achieve.

The author gives an edifying picture of the struggles and perils experienced by solitary guideless beginners, learning from those most ruthless and capricious of teachers, the mountains themselves. He describes how once, as he was descending through wet snow, the whole slope began playfully sliding down with him. Suddenly he realised that he had better stop behind if he could manage it, and most providentially he succeeded in doing so by jamming in the staff of his axe and clinging to it. It was just in time, and it was only afterwards when he climbed down in the track of the avalanche into the valley and saw the vast masses of snow piled up at the bottom of the slope in hundreds and hundreds of tons, that he appreciated the murderous danger that he had just escaped.

THE KING'S CHOICE

A Silver Jubilee Reminiscence of Westminster Hall, from the painting by Fred Taylor, R.I., specially prepared for His Majesty by Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.

Yet Mr. Smythe, like so many of those who are familiar with danger, has a contempt for the theorists who advocate dangerous living, and he protests against the modern tendency of extremists to "push mountaineering powers beyond all normal limits of enjoyment." Of this modern school he says "undoubtedly falling off is a phase through which some mountaineers must pass. The pity of it is that the climbing career of so many of them comes to an abrupt conclusion during this period." They should remember that others may attach more importance to life than they do, and that "body-collecting from the foot of the Grandes Jorasses is not without its dangers to the collectors."

One of the best chapters in the book is the author's account of his ascent of the Matterhorn by the Italian ridge, followed by the descent into Switzerland. He says very truly that if the fixed ropes were removed from the Italian precipices this route would be one of the hardest rock-climbs in the Alps. The illustrations show that Mr. Smythe has achieved the same efficiency in photography as he has done in mountaineering. C. F. M.

The Spirit of the Hills. By F. S. Smythe. (Hodder & Stoughton; 20/-.)

VARIOUS WILD BEASTS

BIG game books continue to come on to the market, clearly showing what a fascination this sport has for those who can never hope to share in it. *Jungle Days*, by Mr. and Mrs. Burke, is a book, designedly written for the general public, which deals with forest life in India. It cannot compare with Mr. Best's books for charm or accurate observation, but it gives racy incidents in a pleasantly plausible manner. The fault of these books is that they may give people who don't know India the idea that a forest officer's life is one grisly, glorious round of masticating maneaters. And incidentally is not the bag of Mr. Corbet's maneater somewhat over-estimated? Still, the book should make friends, and has some charming illustrations.

Fang and Claw is another book of a similar nature. The author, Mr. Frank Buck, is a professional cinema photographer, and he naturally thinks of Big Game in terms of the cinema, which is in terms of something striking. Now Nature is not striking. She moves at her slow immemorial pace: she is sometimes interesting, often disappointing now and then just dull. But the life of the Big Game hunter probably contains fewer risks than that of he who ventures often upon an arterial road. I say this not in disparagement of the author or his book, for there was much that I read in it with interest.

A third book tells the story of a tiger cub and his parents in a very stirring way. One wonders if a tiger's life is really one long round of "incidents" or whether life in the jungle is really no more exciting than a diurnal journey between suburbs and city. Nor can one say either in praise or blame whether the author has adequately described the feelings of a caged tiger. R. M.

Jungle Days. By R. S. George and Nora Burke. (Stanley Paul; 16/-.) *Fang and Claw.* By Frank Buck (Jarrolds; 16/-.) *Argh. The Tale of a Tiger* By M. E. Buckingham. (Country Life; 7/6.)

"A PRICE ON HIS NOSE"

THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS

This picture, which we consider to be the most striking of all Mr. Bengt Berg's series of photographs which are being reproduced serially in the "Field," shows one of the most rarely seen animals in the world to-day. It has practically never been photographed in the wild, and Mr. Berg secured this picture in the Bengal Rhino Reserve. This old bull can be seen sniffing some unpleasing smell with his little eye glittering, and a bit of grass hanging from the corner of his mouth like a cigarette. The photograph also clearly shows his protective armour, and the wood on his forelegs. These rhino were once common all over India as far as Peshawar, and in the battle between Barbar and Sikandar 80 of them served in the front line. To-day they are nearly extinct, as they have been poached ruthlessly from machans near the rhino tracks, and their horns are smuggled out of the country and sold, largely in China, to be ground down into a powder, which is considered a powerful aphrodisiac. This trade has now been brought to a standstill, and with the support of the Bengal Government, Mr. A. J. Milroy and Mr. E. O. Shebbeare, of the Indian Forest Service, have created a sanctuary for them in Northern Bengal. It is calculated that there are some hundred rhino left in Bengal and Assam and a fair number still in existence in Nepal

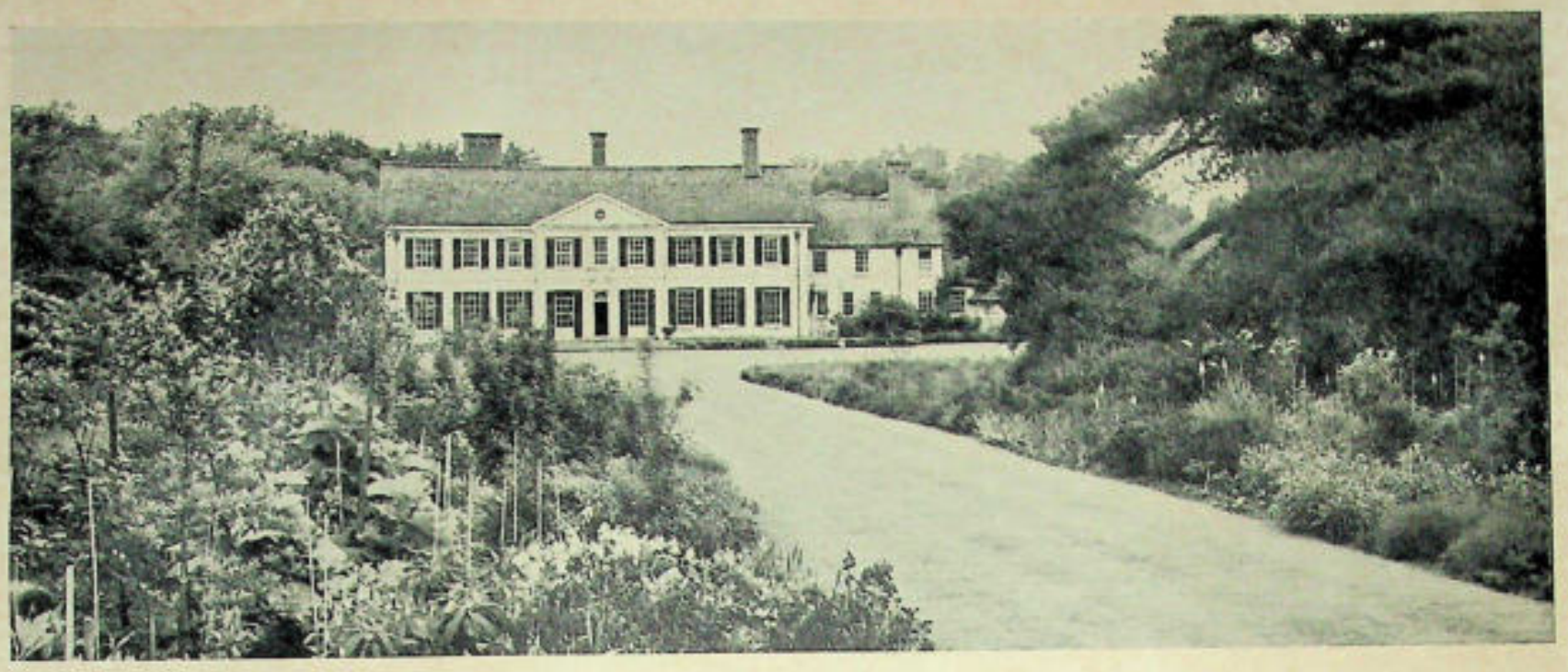
(This photograph has never previously been exhibited or reproduced in the United Kingdom, and is the copyright of Mr. Bengt Berg, of Hallsberg, Sweden)

A point-to-point to Jacob's extra freshness

JACOB'S
WATER BISCUITS
IN THE AIRTIGHT CARTON

ALSO IN SPECIAL TINS 2/- and 2/6

W. R. Jacob & Co. Ltd.



THE GARDEN FRONT AT STODY LODGE

A MODERN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE

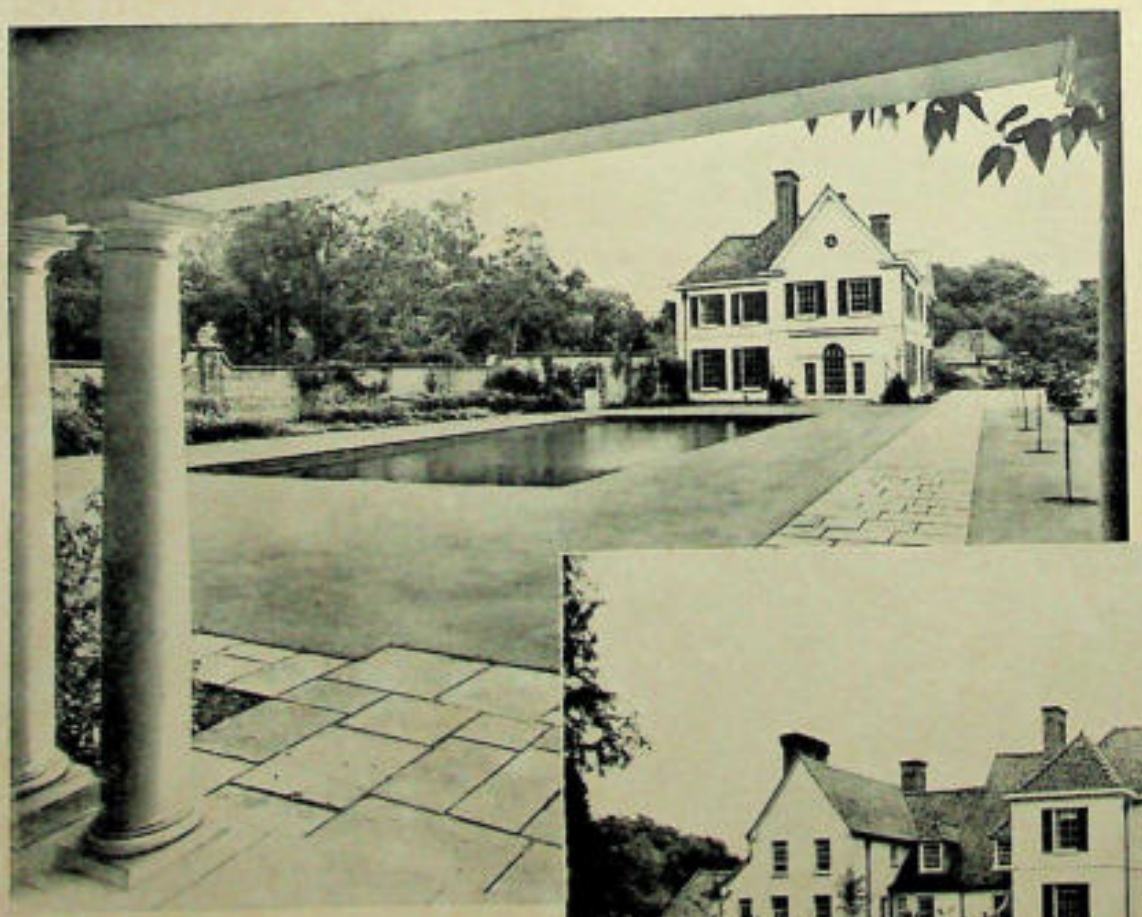
Stody Lodge, Lord Rothermere's Home in Norfolk

THE architects of the country houses and gardens of the past, the Vanbrughs, the Capability Browns and the Inigo Jones's were confronted with a very different problem to that which faces their successors who are creating the country homes of to-day. Their problem was a study in multiplication—ours is one of division, and short division at that. We look as it were through the opposite end of their telescope. To-day we require certainly sufficient space to show off beautiful possessions, certainly enough of park or garden to rest the eye and avoid the suggestion of pinching, but we also require a house simple in its interior economy, and sufficiently small in design to dovetail its arrangements with the less spacious twentieth-century social life. The creation of such a home is no less a work of art, if it reaches towards perfection, than the planning of Blenheim or Castle Howard.

Lord Rothermere has recently purchased about 3,000 acres of Lord Lothian's Blickling estate, on which he commissioned Mr. Walter Sarel to build him a small country house and to design the gardens. Mr. Sarel's object throughout was to erect a house in no way out of keeping with its surroundings, but which achieved both individuality and distinction.

He designed a white Georgian house of moderate size with a roof of dark blue-grey tiles, faced down its three main frontages by dull grey venetian shutters. The north and south fronts with their even row of windows and low plain pediment, is the familiar design of the small eighteenth-century country house—but Mr. Sarel has given to it a touch of individuality by a slightly higher roofing, and by the tall chimney stacks of the local dull red bricks, and by the striking blue pantiles—pantiles being characteristic of East Anglia—used in the roofing. This last was a peculiarly happy choice, for from whatever angle you survey the roof, and in whatever light, you will view it in a different shade of blue. A further touch of individuality has been given by the perceptible tilt to the ends of the main roofs; and the whole effect of high blue roof surmounting the long double row of windows with their venetian shutters has a suggestion of the châteaux of Northern France. This impression is much heightened by the tall gable of the west front. One is left with an impression of modest distinction, of a house of character which achieves, but does not demand, respect. At this point mention must be made of the four great bronze urns which must be unique, standing 4ft. 6in. high and wide in proportion, and said to have come from Stowe, two of which flank the front door and two of which stand on the south terrace.

Within, the principal effect would appear to be of light. Everything in the design of this house seems to have been subordinated to light; and yet nothing seems to have been sacrificed! This is a quality essential in a house designed to house some



THE SWIMMING POOL AND THE WEST ELEVATION

THE NORTH OR ENTRANCE FRONT

The high gables and tip-tilted roof-trees are clearly shown

of Lord Rothermere's beautiful pictures, furniture and china.

On the ground floor there is a large drawing room, a dining room (both illustrated here) and a large hall. The proportions of the drawing room are most satisfactory, and this effect has probably been achieved by the descent from a small dais at its eastern end to the level of the room itself. Beyond, also facing south, is the dining room, furnished by Mr. Ceszinsky, with his reproductions of furniture of the Chippendale period. The walls are covered with honeysuckle bark, which gives a most effective subdued background for Lord Rothermere's collection of Guardi pictures. Old mantelpieces have been introduced into these rooms: that in the drawing room being of carved pinewood, while in the process of erecting the dining room mantelpiece, also of pine, the small carved stone panel in the centre was discovered painted over and totally obscured!

The staircase, reputed to have come from Clemenston Manor, Cowbridge, near Cardiff, formerly the property of the Carne family, is of peculiarly fine design. It has a particularly interesting feature in the newel at the bottom of the stairs, which is of unique design, the fluted base of an individual baluster having been copied, on a larger scale, to support four miniature balusters of similar design. What fun some old-fashioned craftsman must have had in working out that idea!

The first floor of the house has four principal bedrooms of moderate size, but each room, with its domed ceiling, has enough character to raise it from the commonplace. Every bedroom has its own bathroom and is heated by invisible radiators. The sitting rooms are heated by invisible panels in the ceilings, which gives the most perfect uniform heating imaginable.

THE OLD GARDEN WELL, DATED 1667

The gardens cover about five acres and hardly give the impression that they were begun as recently as 1933. Fine lawns spread themselves along the south front of the house below a stone-paved terrace, and from this a long broad grass walk leads to the sunk fence which bounds the gardens, and on either side of this is a broad and very successful border of flowering shrubs and flowers. To the left of the house a rose garden has been created, while on the west front there is a lily pond. Beyond stretch the pinewoods typical of Norfolk, through which there are numerous walks bounded by rhododendrons and other shrubs. There is also a very famous azalea garden in the woods about a quarter of a mile away, created about 40 years ago by the owner of a former Stody Lodge.

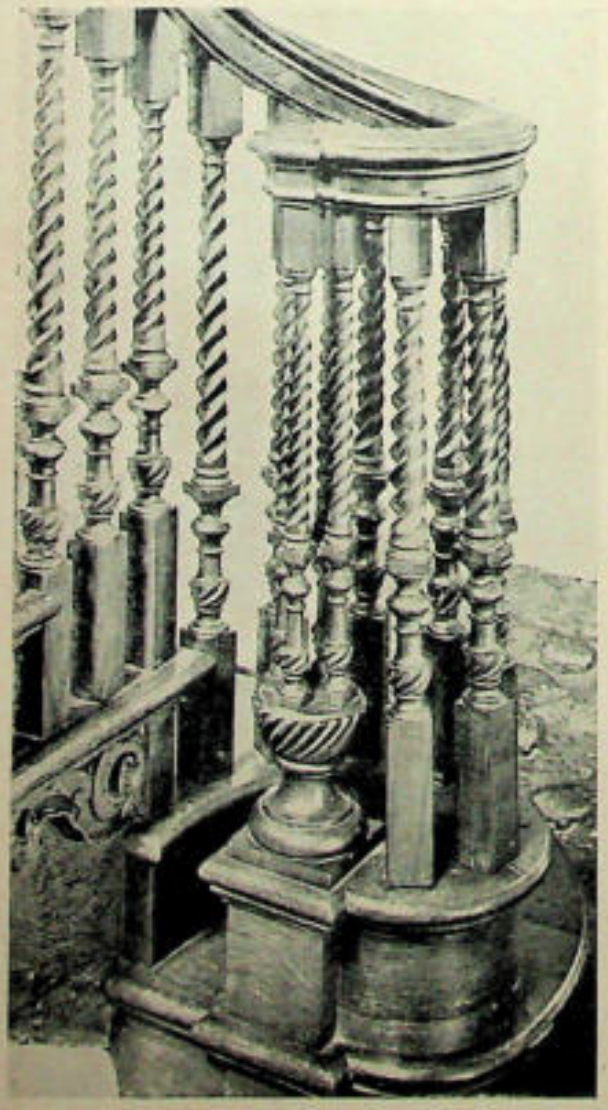
On the Stody Lodge estate Lord Rothermere hopes to begin raising pedigree stock in the near future. He has already established a fruit and vegetable garden of some 40 acres, and the remaining part of the property (practically all arable land) is being farmed on the excellent principles of husbandry we associate with Norfolk. There is trout fishing in the Glaven, and excellent shooting. As I have said, the estate is chiefly arable, and it holds a good head of partridges. In a good year there is no difficulty in achieving a hundred brace day, and this could probably be improved on. From what I saw of the coverts I would say that they were better placed than the majority for showing high birds, and the estate has a good stock of wild pheasants apart from the birds that are being reared; while in the low ground by the Glaven a nice bag of snipe and an occasional evening's flighting can be had.

Stody Lodge would appear to have, in full measure, the qualifications which one looks for in one's ideal small country house. It is placed in perfect surroundings, it can boast every form of architectural and artistic embellishment, it offers to its owner admirable opportunities for indulging in sport, and it stands by delightful gardens. And although the internal decoration and furnishings represent something to which the normal country house of similar size cannot hope to aspire, yet nevertheless the chief impression both within and without has the modern keynote of simplicity.

Our architectural history is peculiarly rich, from the days of the old baronial castles, Raby, Berkeley, Brancepeth and the like. We have seen since their day the orgy of building which came with and immediately after the Tudors, which gave us Hatfield and Bramshill and Knowle and Montacute. We have seen the rise of the houses which the eighteenth century, that golden age of aristocracy, brought in its train—Blenheim and Chatsworth and Castle Howard—and side by side with them we have seen rise the lesser Georgian country houses so much admired to-day, which the Squire Westerns and the Sir Roger de Coverleys made their homes. And finally we have seen the small modern country house, the Stillbrooks of to-day, rise and take their place. One involuntarily wonders what will be the developments of two hundred years hence! R. M.

THE DRAWING ROOM FROM THE RAISED DAIS AT THE ENTRANCE END

THE DINING ROOM PANELLED IN HONEYSUCKLE BARK WITH FURNITURE DESIGNED BY M. CESZINSKY



THE MAIN STAIRCASE

It is reputed to have come from Clemenston Manor, near Cardiff. On the left the newel reproducing three smaller copies of the normal baluster is clearly shown

A CLEVER RUN BY THE NEW ZEALANDERS AT MURRAYFIELD IN THEIR FIRST INTERNATIONAL MATCH

ALL BLACKS AT THEIR BEST

Some Lessons of Scotland's Defeat

ONE thing is clear from the New Zealand Rugby team's victory over Scotland at Murrayfield last Saturday by three goals and a try (18 points) to a goal and a try (8 points). It is that the New Zealand side has "found" itself at the right time and that Ireland, Wales and England can hardly look forward to their matches against the touring team with as much confidence as was felt before. The variable and often mediocre form shown by the side in earlier matches left a natural feeling of uncertainty about the meeting with Scotland. But the New Zealanders had evidently been preparing very thoroughly for this match and, overcoming the injuries that had been so numerous, they were able to field practically their strongest side. And once again we were reminded how difficult to beat is any first-class team playing constantly together as a touring team does.

The New Zealanders won on their merits as a combination of players knowing one another's methods, knowing where to be at the right moment to back up in attack or to cover up in defence. That was undoubtedly the chief secret of their success. Scotland had a team drawn from no fewer than thirteen clubs, lacking experience of match play together, though very wisely the selectors had retained all but three of the side which beat England last season. The back division was the same except for a new full back, J. M. Kerr, and two new forwards, G. R. Gray and G. D. Shaw, both of Gala, were brought into the pack.

The Scottish pack last season was not up to real Scottish standard, and last Saturday it was not able to subdue the New Zealand forwards as some other sides have done. But the visiting forwards have undoubtedly improved a lot and should go on improving before they meet the other countries. The value of W. E. Hadley, who has been out of several matches, was very clearly seen. He is not only a clever hooker but a fine all round player. There is plenty of weight in the New Zealand pack and, with Hadley hooking, it requires good solid scrummaging to beat them in the tight. The Scottish pack, as last season, was not heavy enough to do it.

Behind the scrummage the New Zealanders were also the better, on the day; but it will always be a debatable point whether they would have won as they did if one of the Scottish centre-three-quarters, W. C. W. Murdoch, had not been injured after a quarter of an hour's play. At any rate, his injury marked a turning point in the game. It palpably unsettled the Scottish team at a time when they were leading by a try, well scored by Fyfe, and it was during Murdoch's short absence from the field that Caughey scored the first of his three tries for New Zealand and Gilbert converted to put them ahead. Again, Murdoch was clearly not himself for some time after his return, and it was against a rearranged back division that New Zealand scored two more tries, through Hadley and Caughey before half time. With Murdoch fit again and resuming his proper position in the second half, the scoring was equal—a goal on each side.

Otherwise the Scottish backs lost little in comparison with their opponents, except in the all-important matter of making the most of their chances. Here the New Zealanders' experience together tells its inevitable tale. They are always ready to seize an opening because of their co-ordinated backing up and Caughey is the real opportunist, with the true instinct for being in the right place at the right moment. But apart from that, the New Zealand backs did a lot of very clever passing against Scotland, and showed more tactical variation than in many of their previous matches. They exploited the short passes out to the wing and back again which are one of the developments of the modern speeding-up and close marking tactics. Their small scrum-half, B. S. Sadler lived well up to his reputation, and certainly deserves to rank among the great scrum-halves, as G. Gilbert, their full back, may be classed as one of the best of the day.

Scotland have not much need to look for a better back division this season. R. W. Shaw, who was belatedly moved to stand-off half last season and was an immediate success, again played with conspicuous skill and judgment against the New Zealanders, and Logan did as well as ever at scrum-half. R. C. S. Dick at his best is a fine, penetrating centre-three-quarter and he was at his best against New Zealand, and he and J. E. Forrest made the right wing the stronger of the two. But in spite of his injury Murdoch played a lot of good football, and Fyfe ran as strongly as he always does, both on the wing and when he took Murdoch's place in the centre. The new full back, Kerr, also made a good impression in what was a very testing match for a newcomer.

In some ways it is unfortunate for the home countries that they meet the New Zealand team before they have played any other international matches, for they must all suffer to some extent, as Scotland did, from lack of the match play which helps a touring side to develop superior team work. Any of the countries might beat the New Zealand team when it is not at its strongest, but it has now been shown that, at its strongest, the visiting side is very difficult to beat. We shall know more, perhaps, about England's chances when the first Trial match is played at Moseley next Saturday, while Ireland are meeting New Zealand in Dublin. But in this connection again, England may be handicapped by the fact that only two Trials are being played this season instead of the usual three, the match against New Zealand falling on the date normally assigned to the final Trial match, England v. The Rest, which will this year be played as a second Trial on December 21st at Twickenham.

F. I. W.

SQUASH RACKETS

The First Half of the Bath Club Cup

THE Queen's Club, at the halfway stage in the Bath Club Cup competition, have gained a clear lead of three points in the first division. The first division table now reads as follows: Queen's Club, 13 points; R.A.C., 10; Prince's Club, 7; Bath Club, 6; Conservative Club, 5; and Bachelors' Club, 4.

So far Queen's have been represented very strongly by K. C. Gandar Dower, J. N. S. Ridgers, and R. K. Tinkler, but in the second half of the competition they will lack the services of Gandar Dower, which will upset the splendid balance of the team. Gandar Dower has fairly established himself this season, as second only to F. D. Amr Bey (R.A.C.) among amateur players of to-day; his match with the open champion, which was won in 50 minutes by Amr Bey, 9—7, 9—5, 9—1, was one of the best exhibitions of the game ever seen in the Bath Club Cup. Ridgers is much too good for most second strings, and R. K. Tinkler has shown a rapid and triumphant improvement in his play.

The R.A.C. as long as they have Amr Bey at first string have a certain point in every match, but the team is not so strong as last year, and it is probable that the Conservative Club will be the strongest side when the second half of the competition begins. As first and second strings they have already J. A. Gillies and D. M. Backhouse and W. Pyemont, who is to be the third, is a very good player from Liverpool.

Prince's Club have so far done well, but are unlikely to improve their position, while the Bath Club, who have promising new players in D. O. Wilson and R. Pulbrook, can seldom play the same team two weeks in succession, and suffer accordingly. The Bachelors' Club, in spite of gallant efforts, are already in danger of returning to the second division.

Either the Royal Aero Club or the R.A.F. Club look certain of promotion from the second division to the first at the end of the season, the leaders in the third division being the Naval and Military Club, M.C.C. and the Caledonian Club. In this division there is a point difference between each of the first four teams.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

Let

FORTNUM & MASON

do your

Christmas party

◈

Hunt Ball

◈

Dance

Estimates and suggestions from the catering manager
Telephone: REGent 8040

PICCADILLY · LONDON

Fortnum & Mason Limited, 181 Piccadilly, London

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.

EXTERMINATING RABBITS

SIR,—Much has been written about the increase of rabbits and the methods adopted either for their capture or destruction. I, like others, have had a plague of rabbits which it has been quite impossible to keep down with a gun. In fact, from March to August I have shot 992, but the increase was out of all proportion to the decrease, and in September I told my keeper that the number must be reduced: it was no use waiting for the winter. He said: "Well, if you will supply me with 400 snares I will undertake to snare over 1,000 in a short time." So I bought him the snares, and he selected the week-ends as the best time as the ground was lying quiet, and I was probably away. The following is the result:

September 14th	200
October 5th	214
October 12th	271
October 19th	229
October 26th	254
	1,168

I told him then to stop, as I thought we could handle the rest ourselves in the winter with the guns and dogs. Now, if a keeper with only a boy to help him can do this on grass land, why isn't the same done elsewhere? All keepers say they are good at snaring. One reads of poisoning and gassing, and all sorts of methods, but surely it is better to kill rabbits in this way, which is, comparatively speaking, painless, as the keeper is about his wires all night long and in some cases he has taken as many as four and five out of one wire in the same night. This entails working all night, which many keepers are not keen on.

The rabbits were sent to a local market. The first batch made 2/10 a couple throughout. The next batch 2/8 a couple, and the total averaged 10½d. per rabbit. The few small three-quarter-grown ones all fetched good prices.

Yours faithfully,

Tonbridge. 20TH CENTURY.

DECREASE OF MALLARD AND TEAL ON THE EAST COAST

SIR,—Fewer mallard and teal have been seen and fewer shot along the East Coast of England over the past three seasons than has hitherto been recorded and wildfowlers are looking round for an explanation of this condition. As usually happens in such cases the alarmists suggest that too many ducks have been shot—on the Broads and elsewhere—and that if they are not spared altogether, or afforded better protection, they will become so decimated as to be in danger of extinction. This idea is unfounded if not altogether absurd. The falling off in the number of duck and teal has to some extent been in keeping with the "bags." At a well-known coastal marsh in Norfolk held privately by a friend of mine and in a position to benefit by the migratory flights of fowl that pass along the coast, the "bags" for the past three seasons ran as follows: 1932–3, 1523; 1933–4, 981; 1934–5, 460. The "bags" have lowered in proportion to the number of fowl present. And what is the true reason for this? Since the subject gives rise, as previously mentioned, to agitation on the part of certain people concerned with the status of wildfowl in Europe, it is patent that conclusive proof to the effect that wildfowl is not declining must be difficult to produce and furthermore, convincingly to the contrary, impossible to establish.

My wide range of travel and continued correspondence with authorities on wildfowling all along the coast enables me to write more cheerfully than the actual conditions in Norfolk convey. That the recent dry summers and absence of suitable winds at the migratory season of foreign-going fowl has materially affected various places on the East Coast goes without dispute. All the inner marshes, where fleets, ponds and creeks have been dried up, presented conditions which have resulted in not a duck being shot in August and September at places where great numbers have been bagged in previous years. This surely must have benefited the fowl, which have only departed and are present elsewhere? An extraordinary report comes from a friend of mine on the Upper Humber near the confluence of the Ouse and Trent—where several thousands of teal have for weeks been present on the soft mud, darkening the air when they rose—in a site (near reclamation works) where they are immune from attack, yet frequenting the very fringe of preserved ground over which this eager wild-fowler is just able to take a few each tide or at "flighting" time. Those of us who live to see the return of wet summers will again see the restoration of larger numbers of duck and teal in our marshes and a relief of mind in there being no shortage will again be prevalent.

Yours faithfully,

STANLEY DUNCAN.

The Wild Fowlers Association of Great Britain, Hull.

RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I am anxious to find out the exact distribution of red-legged partridges in Britain at the present time. As far as I know at present, red-legs are common only in the southern part of Britain and, except where they have been specially introduced, they do not seem to have spread north of the Humber. I am mapping their distribution and also collecting evidence about their density in various districts; I should, therefore, be grateful to any of your readers who would let me know any localities where red-legs are present (particularly in the south-west, west and north midlands). I should also like to have any records of bags which show the number of red-legs compared with the number of English partridges.

Yours faithfully,

A. D. MIDDLETON.

Bureau of Animal Population, University Museum, Oxford.

AN OCEAN RACING CONTROVERSY

SIR,—The remarks in your editorial columns of November 2nd are very interesting, but do not go quite far enough. In the first place, a mizzen sail on a yawl is useful on all points of sailing, except close-hauled or dead before the wind. In a race like the Fastnet race the mizzen could probably be used for at least 60 per cent. of the distance on an average.

Let us assume that we are dealing with a wind having a velocity of sixteen miles per hour. If the boat is going to windward close hauled at six miles per hour, then the resultant effect of the wind on the boat is 22 miles per hour. Time to shorten sail. Instead of taking down a reef, a yawl can stow the mizzen and be comfortable. Lose no time in reefing and have the maximum amount of sail which she will carry. In this case the yawl has a positive advantage.

Now let us see what happens off the wind. If running at six miles per hour, the resultant effect of the wind on the boat is only ten miles per hour, and the increased area provided by a mizzen staysail would have a greater effect than the percentage as calculated for this reason.

To consider sail area only. Suppose a cutter has a measured area of 2,000 sq. ft., and a yawl a measured area of 2,000 sq. ft. Reaching in a breeze of ten miles per hour, the cutter can only set 2,000 sq. ft. of canvas, whereas the yawl may be able to set 2,200 sq. ft., so not only is the yawl sailing on a handicap as between a yawl and a cutter, but she can at times produce 2,200ft. of canvas and beat the handicap.

After a Fastnet race the Press comes out with:

"AMERICAN YACHT WINS FASTNET RACE."

Quite true, but when was an American yacht the first boat home? I think in all fairness the Press might try this:

"BRITISH YACHT FIRST HOME IN FASTNET RACE. American Wins on Time Allowance."

We get into a silly habit of thinking that because the little American yawls Dorade and Stormy Weather have won the Fastnet Cup, they are the best boats in the race. As yachts for sea going neither of them can compare with the ex-15 metre Kismet III, or the Nicholson-designed Patience. Patience is worth half-a-dozen Dorades. Then why do the yawls win? They win because the R.O.R.C. formula is futile. It has been chopped and changed several times and the best thing to do with it is to give it to the Y.R.A. to remodel.

Some clubs have tried to apply this R.O.R.C. formula to racing in and about the Solent, and I have seen some amazing results. Two years ago I was with Mr. Isaac Bell on Rosemary, sailing off Southsea against a yawl called Tatiana. In this case, Rosemary, a cutter, fitted the R.O.R.C. rule, and Tatiana did not. I asked what the handicap was and learned Rosemary had to give Tatiana five minutes. At once I said 20 minutes would be better. It was obvious. Rosemary led home by 25 minutes. It was not a race; it was only a foolish procession. I could give many more examples equally foolish.

Let us forget this half-baked R.O.R.C. rule for a moment and take a wide view of the sport. As I understand it the R.O.R.C. rule is supposed to develop a type of ocean-going yacht which will be better than anything yet built. Size is not mentioned. There is no size limit so a boat like Dorade appears and is greatly acclaimed.

A boat, to be an ocean-going ship, should first of all be a vessel on which one can live in comfort. For comfort, Dorade would get the booby prize. Only hardened youngsters would dream of spending more than a week-end on a boat of this type and size.

In my opinion the R.O.R.C. are going to be responsible for the loss of many good lives, and although the rule was first brought out about ten years ago, they have yet to produce a boat which can look at Kismet III, built by Fife in 1909, and now 26 years old.

This year four lives have been lost in ocean racing and other boats lost with all hands, through the bad example of undertaking voyages for which they were not suitable. Before an ocean race worth the name, there should be a rigid inspection of gear. To date they have been lucky; but if a fleet such as left for the Fastnet this year ever ran into such a storm as we had in September, I wonder if half of them would get home.

Can one wonder that they produce an R.O.R.C. rule which is bad. They have no size limit, so that boats like Dorade are acclaimed as ocean racers, and no real gear inspection, so overkeen young men may lose their lives. Finally, this rule penalises overhangs, yet experienced seamen now declare that overhangs make for ease and comfort in a seaway.

The 15-metre boats of which Kismet III and Lady Anne are examples, were probably the best all-round boats of their size ever built. About 50 tons T.M., they have good accommodation without being too big, and it is one of the curses of yachting that designers keep chopping and changing rules instead of keeping to a type until they find something better. The R.O.R.C. rule is a very bad joke and should be handed over to the Y.R.A. at once for rectification.

Yours faithfully,

Parkfield, H. M. CRANKSHAW.
Wake Green Road,
Moseley, Birmingham.

SPINNERS AND NYMPHS

SIR,—Without wishing to hurt anybody's feelings may I draw your attention to the review of Mr. Peart's book in the *Field* of November 9th. It says: "What difference is there between a nymph and a spent fly as far as the dryness of the fly is concerned? Both are, or should be, fished 'wet.'"

This is quite wrong. A spent fly should be fished dry as the natural insect floats like a cork, its only difference from the living insect being that the wings lie outstretched and flat; and Mr. Peart is probably right in saying that trout do prefer the spent fly, owing to its being so much easier for them to catch than the living insect. Nymphs, as you rightly say, should be fished sunk, but I'm afraid that I call this method bait fishing and almost a form of poaching on a lovely chalk stream where there is so much floating food.

Yours faithfully,

Bibury, Glos. A. SEVERN.

[Our correspondent's remark that "the wings lie outstretched and flat" shows that the fly is fished "wet." A "dry" fly stands on its hackles with the body held above the water as does the natural dun. It seems a little illogical to approve of the imitation of the dun, spinner and spent stages of a fly's existence and to disapprove of the nymph stage since trout take it in this stage as much as in any other, and it is equally "floating food."—ED.]

BUFF-BACKED HERON (?) IN LINCOLNSHIRE

SIR,—On October 8th an almost white bird of the heron family was shot at Grainthorpe Fitties, Lincolnshire. I purchased the bird, and have had it mounted by an expert. It is about 16in. from beak to tail, legs black, slightly greenish at the elbow, beak yellow, eyes yellow, and the bare parts of the head greenish. The plumage is faintly buff on the top of the head and back. The breast is ornamented with long flowing feathers, and the tail is inclined to fork. I believe it to be a buff-backed heron, and understand that only one other specimen has been noted in the British Isles during the last century.

Yours faithfully,

36, Broadbank, E. CAREY-RIGGALL.
Louth, Lincs.

[It is a pity this bird was shot. It had probably wandered from some estate where various species of herons and waterfowl are kept at liberty.—ED.]

"BENGAL LANCER" COMES TO LIFE
(See Letter "Pigsticking on the N.W. Frontier")

PIGSTICKING ON THE N.W. FRONTIER

SIR,—An incident in the film "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" which caused mild amusement was the scene in which Indian cavalry in uniform are shown pigsticking in the North-west Frontier Province.

This actually is not so wide of the mark as might be supposed. The kadir of the River Indus below Kaffir Kot contains very thick cover which has long been known to hold pig, and infrequent attempts have been made to hunt them from Dera Ismail Khan; the country is, however, practically unrideable, and no serious pigsticking has taken place there. This is not so in the case of the streams flowing eastwards from the hills of South Waziristan and discharging towards the River Indus between Kaffir Kot and Dera Fateh Khan (these streams are in fact lost in irrigation within 20 miles of the hills). The beds of these rivers, where they debouch into the plains, flow through a belt, varying from five to ten miles, of sparsely cultivated jungles, and their kadirs contain tamarisk and reed covers, and, with the exception of occasional nullahs and a little quicksand, the country is excellent from a riding point of view.

The Derajat Tent Club was formed in April, 1935, by Captain Hugh Rose, and is still in the chrysalis stage; it has, however, already received support from every military station in South Waziristan proper, and over eighteen officers have hunted regularly since its inception.

The pig, for the most part, are found in reed covers, crops, or tamarisk brakes, but there are a few "bughs" which have been very productive, but difficult to beat owing to the thickness of the cover.

As beaters the Gundapoors lack spirit and require encouragement and tactful handling. They are, in addition, cultivators and, although poor, are proud, and reluctant to accept a daily wage for their services. Most of them own country-made spears (a hopeful sign), and are in the habit of hunting the pig with long and other dogs. These dogs are useful at locating pig in thick cover, but, having done so, are naturally reluctant to forego the honour of hunting and finally dispatching the pig in favour of the beats. We therefore try to limit the number of dogs with the beaters to three or four.

The club is a new one, and every time a meet is held fresh experience regarding local customs, the country, and the habits of the pig inhabiting it is gained; at present a good deal of canvassing is required, but before long, I think, the club will be well established.

Yours faithfully,
South Waziristan. 1ST SPEAR.

AN UNUSUAL GOLFING AID
(See Letter "Periscope on a Golf Course")

"FLIGHTING WEATHER"

SIR,—In a letter published in your issue of October 26th, "R. E." records that his experiences of flighting when the moon is full do not conform with those of other writers.

The reason is, I fancy, that "R. E." is referring only to the *evening* flight, and confusing this with accounts of night-flighting under the moon. For the former, the moon is certainly the "flighter's curse," since it makes the flight intermittent and late, though on occasions visibility may rather be improved than impaired.

For the latter, of course, a moon is essential, but there must also be cloud—preferably light and fleecy, of the sirrus type. On such a night ducks show up well against the snowy background and many wigeon are killed out on the flats.

"R. E.'s" "bright moonlight nights" are quite hopeless for either form of flighting.

Yours faithfully,
Liverpool. A. G. A.

AN INTELLIGENT RETRIEVER

SIR,—While shooting on a very foggy day in Northumberland, about the middle of this month, I shot a hare—apparently quite dead. I sent my dog for it, and as he approached, the hare revived and disappeared in the fog, with my dog in pursuit. We were then about half-a-mile from my motor car. As the beaters had gone on for a partridge drive we left the dog and went to our stands, about a quarter of a mile further on. Some fifteen minutes later my dog appeared without the hare. On returning to our cars a farm hand related how my dog had deposited a dead hare by the side of my car and had galloped off. He had evidently been unable to find me in the fog, but knew the way to the car. He then, perhaps, heard my whistle.

Pat is rising five, a Labrador with a curly tail, of which he is a little ashamed. But there is not much amiss with his heart and head.

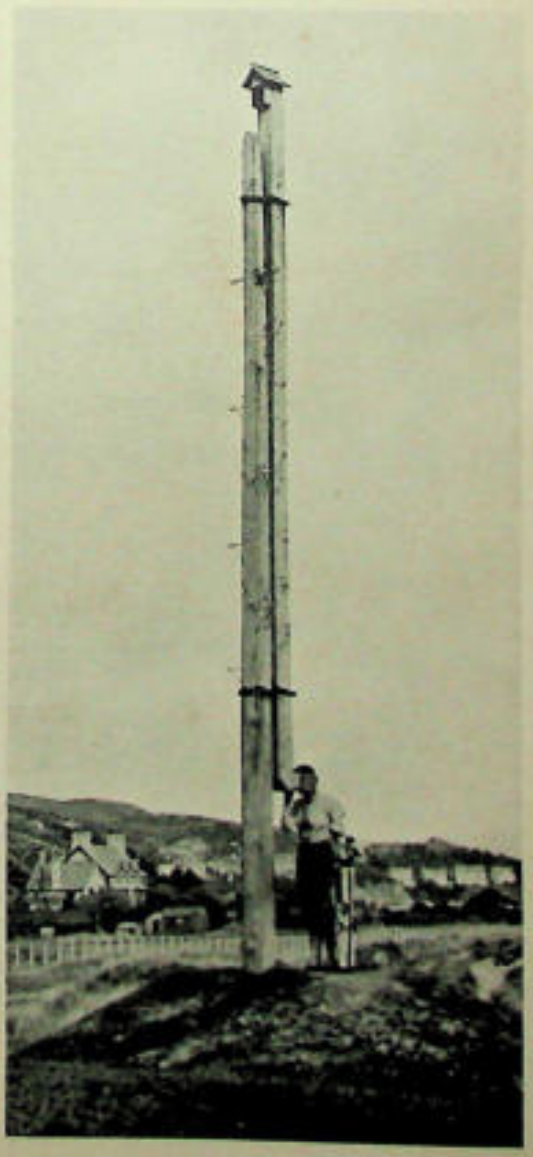
Yours faithfully,
Fenham Barracks, J. O. C. HASTED (Major).
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

PERISCOPE ON A GOLF COURSE

SIR,—A periscope on a golf course is probably unique—at any rate, I have only heard of the one of which I enclose photographs, near the third tee on the Aberdovey course in North Wales.

The periscope, which is about 30ft. high, enables golfers to see the green which otherwise is obscured by sandhills. Golfers, therefore, know when it is safe to drive on to the green, which in 165yds. away.

Yours faithfully,
6, Wyngate Road, JOHN BRATBY.
Hale, Cheshire.

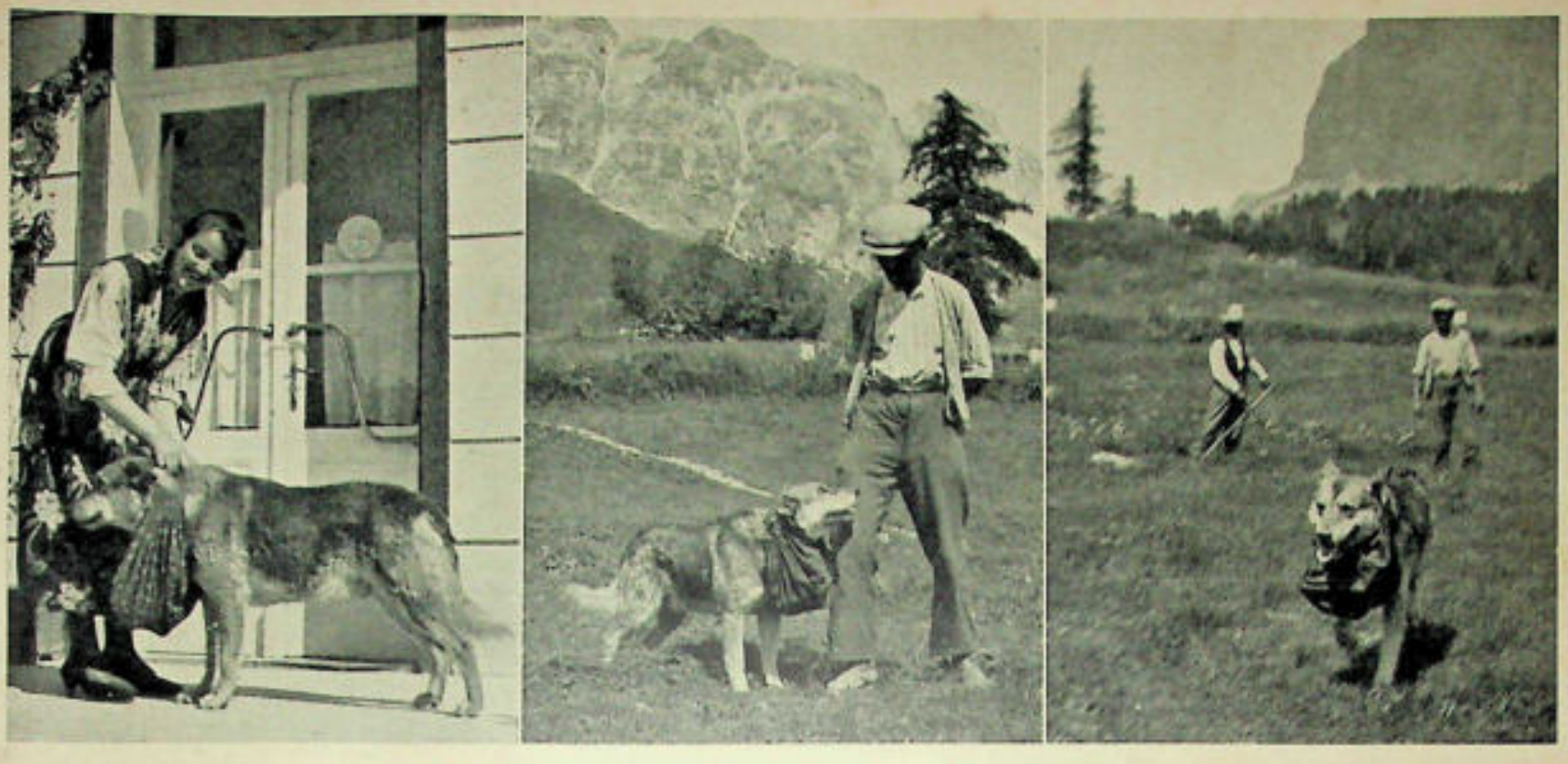


To buy Johnnie Walker is easy.
To open it easier still—

..and to drink it easiest of all!!

JOHNNIE WALKER

Older and better than ever



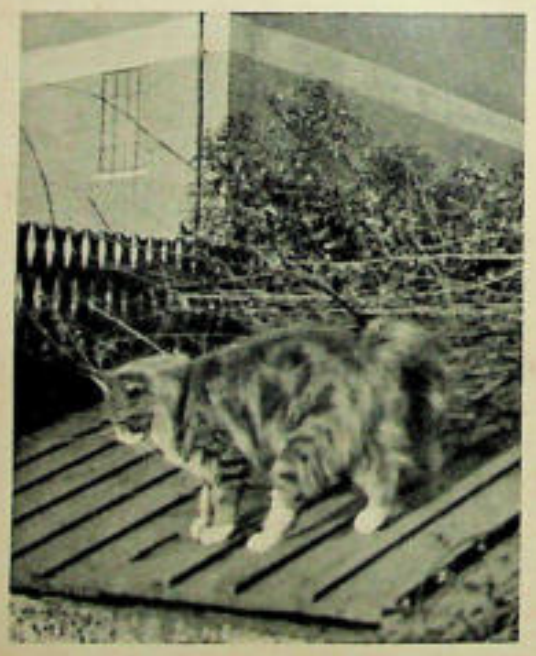
RECEIVING HIS MARCHING ORDERS, WAITING TO BE UNLOADED, AND (RIGHT) OFF AGAIN ON THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY
(See Letter "A Canine Messenger")

SEXES OF ROBINS

SIR,—Your reply on this subject to "H. B." in a recent issue expresses a common opinion, but over 30 years' more or less intimate acquaintance with wild robins has convinced me that it is useless to rely on colour, because I have known several cases of pairs nesting in the garden in which the hen was much more richly coloured than the cock, added to which the difference in shade of colour of different individuals of the same sex is often very marked.

Behaviour seems to me the only clue to the sexes, the cock bird being generally more sprightly, energetic and aggressive than the hen, who is altogether quieter and more retiring. The song of the cock is louder, more challenging and more frequent than that of the hen, which is comparatively rare, but the whisper-song is common to both. Only the hen builds the nest and broods the eggs and young; at least, I have never known the cock take a share in either of these duties.

Yours faithfully,
Tressillian, C. NICHOLSON.
Truro, Cornwall.



A GOOD RETRIEVER
(See Letter "'Ginger' Cats")

TWO LITTERS WITHIN A MONTH

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that a Large White sow, Tamworth crossed, of mine, farrowed a litter of five healthy well-sized pigs on June 18th, 1935, which was her correct date to farrow. Her supply of milk was small. She farrowed again on July 12th, 1935, a litter of four more pigs, three well-sized and healthy and one dead. She then had a good flush of milk. Each farrowing seemed to be normal, the cleanings coming away on each occasion. Can any of your readers suggest the reason for this occurrence?

The boar had facility of access to the sow after her first service. Yours faithfully,
The Larches, ERIC A. GREENSLADE.
Westbury-on-Trym, Glos.

A CANINE MESSENGER

SIR,—A remarkable wolfhound lives at the village of Pocol above Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Italian Dolomites. For over ten years "Rolf" has been the family "messenger boy." When the daughter of the house wishes to send refreshments to the men at work in the fields, she summons Rolf, fastens the bag with the food in it round his neck, gives him his marching orders, and away he goes at a steady jog-trot. Arrived at the hayfield he goes straight up to one of the party and quietly waits until he has been unloaded. Upon receiving the word of command to return he starts off at once on the homeward journey.

At other times Rolf is sent on shopping expeditions down the hill to Cortina, two miles away, to fetch meat or bread or other necessities, a written order being placed inside his bag. He takes his duties very seriously; never loiters on the way; and woe to any man or beast who tries to interfere with him in the discharge of his office. Rolf has also won fame as a film star, having taken a prominent part in a film in which it was his duty to fetch food for a recluse who lived high up in the Alps.

Many people have offered handsome sums for Rolf; but nothing would persuade his master to part with his old and trusted friend.

Yours faithfully,
Gerrard's Cross. M. STANDING.

"GINGER" CATS

SIR,—Is it a fact that "ginger" cats (as they are rather erroneously called) more closely resemble dogs in their habits than do cats of other colours? Billy (the "ginger" cat in the photograph herewith) will tackle a bone in the same businesslike manner as a dog, and makes a habit of carrying in various things from the garden—anything from a piece of wood to a live worm, the latter with a good deal of pride. He will also retrieve such things as rabbits' feet and lay them at one's feet.

Yours faithfully,
Merton Park. E. A. H.

A JUMPING RECORD

SIR,—It may interest readers to know that the old type of fences on the steeplechase courses in Australia are also being replaced by brush fences. At Morphettville, Adelaide, recently, one well-known huntsman, Mr. Frank Downer, in his 72nd year, rode over the course for the last time, the day before they were removed, for two reasons; firstly because he had been the first to jump the course 52 years ago; secondly, as a protest to their removal. With him jumped a well-known horsewoman of South Australia, Miss Phyllis Bray, the first and last woman to cross the course.

Mr. Downer, who is a member of the South Australian Jockey Club Committee, a former Master of the Adelaide Hounds, and still a keen polo player, expressed his regret at the passing of the old fences. He said that after long experience of jumping the present style of the jockeys was not conducive to the assistance of a horse in jumping; that a horse needed a free rein to stretch out its neck; that one could not blame the stiff fences for breaking horses' necks, it was want of practice and training which did it. At the present day, in his opinion, few knew how to jump, or took the trouble to educate a jumper.

Yours faithfully,
Bucks. A LOVER OF HORSES.

HATCH MANSFIELD
& CO. LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. the King
23 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

* * *

Special Bottlings of
SANDEMAN
VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919*	120/-	Per dozen delivered
VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922*	90/-	
VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929*	60/-	

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

PICKING UP RUNNERS

SIR,—Apropos the letter on the above subject in your issue of November 9th, I have shot for more than 40 years, mostly over dogs, and during that time I have had some pretty good ones. Easily first was a retrieving red setter—during the nine years I shot over him I seldom lost a bird, a snipe or woodcock practically never.

In the case of a winged pheasant or partridge in high roots or kale no dog can be certain of picking one up, as the wounded bird can go faster than the dog, who has to work very slowly, using his nose.

At present I use a Welsh springer, who in his prime (he is now nine) if sent at once to the fall of a bird would almost certainly retrieve it if he was given time and the ground was not too much fouled by other birds or by beaters.

Many of your readers will, I am afraid, consider this letter too optimistic as to what one ought to expect from one's dog. Perhaps, as one looks back, one remembers only the brilliant successes and forgets the failures. Again, I nearly always shot alone or with one companion.

Still, I *do* think that on grass or normal cover a dog ought to retrieve nearly all birds if given time, except on hot days in August or September, as a dog to scent must have water.

Yours faithfully,

Eastry, Kent. C. C. HARMAN (Colonel).

IRISH PIKE

SIR,—"Monster Pike," in the *Field* of November 9th, may sound a "fishing yarn." On one of the last days of May this year, staying with Mr. T. Studdert at his Guest House, Clifden, Corofin, Co. Clare, we had a very wild thundery day. Trout fishing in any of the 32 locks near was out of the question. My boat went pike fishing. We had 56½lb. weight of splendid pike, largest 23lb. Any of your readers visiting Ireland for fishing should take a pike rod, 100yd. of line, and brass and copper spoons. When trout are off, excellent pike fishing can be had: and this helps the trout, needless to say.

Yours faithfully,

Hampshire. M. D.

ON HIS ASH TWIG PERCH
(*See Letter "A Tame Kingfisher"*)

A TAME KINGFISHER

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a kingfisher whose company we enjoyed for the space of three days last summer. He had a damaged wing, but it did not prevent him from fishing for tiddlers in a small bowl from his ash twig perch.

Yours faithfully,

Seale How, Ambleside, Westmorland. K. C. HUGMAN.

THE WASSAIL BOWL

SIR,—With reference to the article on "The Wassail Bowl," in the Christmas Number, here is another "Punch":

One of sour = 1 part lemon; two of sweet = 2 parts sugar or honey; four of strong = 4 parts spirit, 1 each whiskey, brandy, rum, gin; eight of weak = 8 parts boiling water.

Yours faithfully,

Liverpool. CECIL RUGBY.

HIBERNATING RED ADMIRAL?

SIR,—Mr. Nicholson's letter *re* the dearth of red admirals interests me. I am not a lepidopterist but I think he might like to know that on October 20th I found one of these butterflies in my bedroom in an "almost defunct" condition.

I know nothing of the habits of these insects, but it did occur to me that it was rather late in the year to find one although it was practically dead. During the summer there have been quite a lot in this district I am told.

Yours faithfully,

31, Howard Place, Carlisle. J. WINTER.

[The butterfly, enclosed, was a male, and had possibly entered the room for the purpose of hibernating. Very few red admirals survive a spell of hard weather.—ED.]

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £10 to help an invalid lady and her daughter who, though only eighteen, has recurring bouts of rheumatic fever. Their income is 50/- weekly (out of which they pay 17/- each week for rent), which the daughter tries to augment by knitting orders. She is very anxious to buy material for her work, also to give her mother a regular fire and nourishing food. The Friends of the Poor know they are often on the verge of starvation and ask for gifts, which will be acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

TIGER SHOOT
*** INDIA ***

Magnificent jungle within sight of the snow mountains.

Tiger plentiful, leopard unlimited—also small game and very good Mahseer fishing.

COMPLETE arrangements offered to 2 or 3 persons for 6 weeks February and March 1936. Includes services of experienced Organiser well acquainted with the district; Rail journey from Calcutta; Lease of Reserve; comfortable camp arrangements with servants, food, elephants, beaters and motor transport.

A magnificent opportunity of getting really good sport almost every day in a grand climate and surroundings.

Full details from:

"WORLD FIELD SPORT"

20, St. James's St., London, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 9797
Telegrams & Cables: "Fishoat, London"

IN THE CITY

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED

THE 40 per cent. cumulative preference shares of 50/- each of De Beers Consolidated Mines can be bought at the time of writing at about £15. No dividend has been paid on these shares since December, 1930, and the current price, therefore, will include five years arrears of dividend at the end of next month or £5 gross per share.

The capital of De Beers, the largest concern engaged in mining and selling diamonds, consists of £2,414,000 in 5½ per cent. Debenture Stock (which has been called for redemption at 102½ on December 31st), £2,000,000 in 40 per cent. cumulative preference shares of 50/- each, and £2,726,285 in deferred shares of 50/- each. Annual dividend requirements are not so large as they appear at first sight. Prior to the world-wide depression preference dividend requirements were earned regularly two to three times over for a number of years, but as the world's purchasing power and international trade contracted the demand for diamonds both for jewellery and for commercial purposes was severely curtailed. Consequently, results of operations in the four years 1931 to 1934 inclusive were very unsatisfactory, and during that period there was an aggregate net loss of approximately £100,000. However, the rapidity with which profits can recover was indicated by the accounts for 1934, which showed a net profit of £768,683, or a sum almost sufficient to cover the year's preference dividend requirement. The company's business during the recent year has doubtless continued to improve since there have been various indications and reports of recovery in the diamond trade, culminating in the recent announcement by the chairman of De Beers that the company hoped shortly to reopen one of its Kimberley mines, and possibly a second. When it is realised that the South African diamond mines have been closed down since 1932—only washing of "blue ground" lying on the surface was resumed earlier this year—this announcement is of considerable moment. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, in view of the recovery which has already taken place, and the saving which will be effected on the debenture stock to be repaid next month, to expect that the company will soon be in a position to resume payments at the full rate on the preference shares, and considerable interest is being evinced in the prospects of a new scheme being proposed to meet the preference arrears (the scheme put forward last summer having been abandoned).

HYPOTHETICAL CALCULATIONS

It is not unlikely that the new scheme will be formulated on the following lines:

In respect of the dividend arrears of £5 gross per share, 10/- is expected to be paid in cash in the near future, leaving £4 10s. gross, or the equivalent of £3 9s. 6d. net with income tax at 4/6 in the pound. Four per cent. Funding Certificates may be issued to the extent of £3 10s.—nominal per share to satisfy this remaining balance; which Funding Certificates would not be liable to income tax as regards their capital value but only as regards the 4 per cent. interest to be paid on them. It is thought that a company closely allied with De Beers will be willing to purchase the Funding Certificates at par if required to do so.

It is believed that large holders of the preference shares do not wish to have their dividend arrears paid off in cash owing to the very high rate of surtax to which they would be liable on a cash payment. Although, so far as is known at the time of writing, no scheme has been finally approved, a proposal along the foregoing lines is anticipated, and the cash payment mentioned above is expected in the near future even though the remainder of the scheme and the issue of Funding Certificates may be postponed for some months.

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the scheme is eventually carried out on the above basis, and that the Funding Certificates were, in fact, to be saleable at par, the current price of £15 would be reduced by the sale of the certificates and the net amount of the cash payment to approximately £11¼. Supposing, also, that regular payments on the preference shares were to be maintained thereafter, the yield at 11¼ would work out to about 9 per cent., whereas it is thought that the preference shares would then be more likely to be valued on about a 7½ per cent. yield basis or less, which would imply a price "ex all" of approximately 13½. Seemingly, holders of the preference shares should certainly retain their investment, while readers with funds to invest should find within the next six months that a purchase of the preference shares around present levels has proved satisfactory. Whether or not it would then be best to take a profit or to retain the shares as a more or less permanent holding yielding a high rate of income return there is time enough to decide.

PACTOLUS.

SHOVELER COMING IN
From the original painting by Aubrey Buxton

A WILDFOWLER'S PROBLEM

Overshooting in Norfolk

By AUBREY BUXTON

IT seems likely that we are to watch the gradual expulsion of wildfowl from many of their East Anglian haunts, unless some very definite action is taken by wildfowlers to prevent it. Geese are most affected by the indiscriminate shore-shooter, the mere "slayer" who is neither a sportsman nor an ornithologist. All the collectors in the country cannot do more harm than these "wildfowlers," now swarming each winter on the Norfolk coast, who see a goose within a hundred yards and greet it excitedly with both barrels; and it takes birds as intelligent as geese a very short time to realise that safety lies in the abandonment of places where they have had such a reception. There is no shadow of doubt that Lord Leicester's goose sanctuary at Holkham accounts for the existence of geese in Norfolk to-day almost by itself, and but for it they would long ago have deserted the county which has such excellent wildfowling possibilities to offer.

By now more than one such sanctuary should have been created in Norfolk. When the geese find a new feeding-ground they should meet with encouragement and strict protection until they have established themselves as regular visitors, and not with opposition and charges of buck-shot, and in order to give them the necessary protection, another society, like the excellent Norfolk Naturalists' Trust, should be formed with the single object of protecting the geese in Norfolk. If it became responsible for some goose sanctuaries between Holkham and Boston, in Lincolnshire, it would have accomplished something; and the need for such sanctuaries is a deal more necessary than is popularly imagined. Not until the deed is done will the folly of "wildfowlers" be realised, and the deed will be done unless stringent methods are employed in the near future to defeat it. It needs very little foresight to see that geese, who find gunners without discretion in every creek and behind every wall, must soon desert such hostile districts and frequent the safer firths and estuaries of the North.

The same may be said of wigeon and other less common ducks. The flats along the Norfolk coast were once alive with ducks every winter, but I have heard many of them described now as "poisonous places," which, in fact, they are, as far as wildfowling goes. A remedy for this over-shooting is difficult to find, unless it be the law; but fresh difficulties would then arise should the law take any steps towards prohibition, for the local fowlers, who are excellent sportsmen, and themselves have the greater right to the marshes, depend in many cases on their bags of wildfowl for a living in winter—and should they be deprived of it they would have to pick a lot of mussels! But there are enough places where wigeon fly in thousands, and the problem that concerns us at present is that of the goose, for whose maintenance in East Anglia a keen interest must be kindled.

THE DESTRUCTION OF LEATHER-JACKETS

A Suggestion from Stoke Poges

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. E. WALKER, Secretary of Stoke Poges Golf Course, sends us a suggestion for the destruction of leather jackets, of which he has personal experience. In view of the immense amount of damage caused by this pest on golf courses, and the attention which the state of the wicket at Lord's focussed on this matter, we give Lieutenant-Colonel Walker's experiences in his own words. He says:

"I think it may be of interest to give a few details of personal observation of the habits at hatching-time of the leather jackets which have done so much damage to golf greens, fairways, cricket grounds and other green swards.

"The hatching period this year began about September 16th, and there was a very heavy hatch about the 18th to 21st. I noticed that the smaller male emerged during the morning and early afternoon, and practically no females until 4 p.m., or later. I went out later on at 10 p.m. with a flash-light and visited several fairways, and the female leather jackets were very numerous indeed, standing straight up out of the grass and the creatures in the act of emerging from a crack in the top of the pupa-case. There were, as a rule, several males awaiting the emergence of the female daddy-long-legs or crane fly, and mating takes place almost immediately the latter comes clear of the pupa-case.

"The females at the period of hatching are extremely delicate, and of a watery appearance; the slightest touch is sufficient to burst them.

"Hitherto all remedies for leather jackets have been directed at the eradication of the immature grub, and this is expensive and not always successful. It struck me that here was a chance to strike at the source of supply, namely the females, before they had time to marry and beget large families of 460 to 600 each.

"For the remainder of the hatching season my tractor drivers reported three hours late for morning duty, and went on duty cutting fairways from 4 p.m. to dusk. I followed the tractors on various occasions, and found ample evidence that an enormous number of females had been destroyed, whilst on one or two occasions the tractor drivers were incommoded by swarms of adult males, who very rightly objected to interference with their nuptial ceremonies.

"Another very effective way of dealing with the hatching female during the hatch is to trail a long rope over fairways and greens, from 7 p.m. onwards, as contact with it is quite sufficient to destroy them."

FIELD TRIALS

SPANIELS AT GLENASSEL

By kind permission of Colonel North-Dalrymple Hamilton and the shooting tenant, Mr. George Clark, the Scottish Spaniel Club held their Twelfth Field Trials for Spaniels at Glenassel, near Girvan, on November 19th and 20th. The judges were Messrs. John McQueen and Joseph Scott. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Clark's d. Rockstead Swallow; 2nd, Mr. J. C. Dalton's b. Delightful Pal; 3rd, Mr. Rottenburg's d. Prints of Fintry; Res., Mr. J. Girdwood's b. Glenmuir Nancy.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Girdwood's b. Glenmuir Nancy; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's b. Crock of Blair; 3rd, His Highness Maharaja of Patiala's d. Sir Jasper Malwa; Res., Mr. R. White's d. Jestering Micky.

OPEN COCKER STAKE.—Equal 1st, Dr. W. J. Dawson's b. Grey Don of Fews and Mr. E. A. Walker's b. Bruesida Freckles; 3rd, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. F.T. Ch. Rivington Hopalong; Res. and Certificate of merit, Major G. S. Nelson Scott's b. Brewster Basher.

NON-WINNERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunal Peggy; 2nd, Mr. E. A. Walker's b. Bruesida Freckles; 3rd, Colonel P. K. Wise's b Maurag.

Every runner in all four stakes was awarded a certificate of merit.

AT DRUMLEAN

THE English Springer Spaniel Club of Scotland held their Seventeenth Field Trials on November 15th and 16th at Drumlean, Aberfoyle, by kind permission of Captains R. and W. Joynson. The judges were Captain Ralph Joynson and Mr. Hector White. The awards were as follows:

OPEN ALL-AGE STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robinhood Bustle; 3rd, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunal Maidan. Reserve went to Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Prints of Fintry, and Certificates of merit to Mr. G. Clark's d. Beeson of Blair; Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's d. Daud; Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Peter; and Mr. G. Clark's d. Rockstead Swallow.

INTERMEDIATE STAKE.—1st, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's Prints of Fintry; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's d. Rex of Blair; 3rd, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. Stream O'Vara. Reserve to Mr. G. Roberts's d. Recovery of Hav. Certificates of merit; Mr. J. Elphinstone's d. Robinhood Peter; Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Paddy; and Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Bonzo of Fintry.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Elphinstone's b. Robinhood Jill; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's b. Crock of Blair; 3rd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's Prints of Fintry. Reserve, Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunal Peggy; and Certificate of merit to Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Tim.

JUNIOR STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Elphinstone's Robinhood Peter; 2nd, Mr. G. Henriques's Chunal Peggy; 3rd, Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Trewa. Reserve, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Trusty of Malwa.

A Little Dinner Party

with Hennessy Liqueur Brandy as the perfect conclusion.

Whether you entertain quietly at home, or whether you prefer the "life" of a restaurant, you can always delight your guests with a really fine old Liqueur Brandy—Hennessy X.O.

Even before you taste it something tells you of the exceptional character and quality of Hennessy X.O. That "something" is the bouquet, which is the natural fragrance of Cognac Brandy. The natural flavour, too, is a notable characteristic of Hennessy X.O. and so is the delightful way in which the aroma spreads across the palate, lingering there afterwards as though inviting you to meditate upon it.

HENNESSY
X·O
LIQUEUR BRANDY

MATURED IN THE WOOD FOR OVER 45 YEARS

7¼-LB. SALMON ON LIGHT TACKLE

WHAT IS THE BEST BAIT FOR SPINNING?

Some Suggestions for Fishing Tidal Waters

WHILE the primary need of a spinning bait is that it should spin properly, of equal importance is your confidence in its killing power. Lack of confidence means that you will not fish the bait as it should be fished. Chopping and changing with either bait or fly is generally a waste of time.

The use of natural or artificial baits for sea trout and salmon is a matter of individual taste. Personally I prefer the former. Artificial baits are legion. You pay your money and you take your choice. They are to be had in all shapes, sizes, and materials, including heavy metal, aluminium, mother of pearl, horn, rubber, and celluloid. Many of them are most artistic affairs, beautifully shaped and coloured to imitate various species of fish. When spinning, however, I am afraid the artist's carefully painted spots and colours become a mere blur. As represented in the coloured plates of the tackle-makers' catalogues, they are calculated to separate the imaginative angler from much of his hard-earned money. A test of the numerous artificial baits on the market would doubtless prove that they all kill more or less.

Many of these baits have one decided fault: Their fins are much too small. Both sea trout and salmon often take a spinning bait when it has swung out of the current into the slack water at the side. Directly a bait with small fins does this it stops spinning just at the crucial moment, with the result that the fish turns aside and leaves it. In slow water such a bait has to be recovered far too quickly in order to make it spin, and thus loses its effectiveness. A quill minnow is a very killing lure, especially in clear water, but I have yet to find one on the market with fins large enough to allow of reasonable spinning in dead water.

Another fault with some types of artificial minnow is that the weight lies chiefly in the head. When a bait of this description hits the water, the heaviest end enters first, with the result that the tail comes up, and the hooks are liable to foul the line.

As already mentioned, the use of natural or artificial spinning baits is a matter of individual taste. I think it may be safely granted, however, that a sea trout or salmon must prefer a bait which is the real thing to the best of imitations. Another point in favour of the natural bait is that it can be used without lead on the trace. The finer you fish in reason, and the fewer gadgets you have on the trace, the better. This particularly applies to spinning in low water. Both sea trout and salmon will occasionally run at a lead. A natural bait can be mounted with the lead in the body of the minnow or whatever fish is used.

A further point in favour of the natural bait is its cheapness. Some of us whose purses are not too well filled have to consider the matter of expense. When you are asked to pay from 2/6 to 5/- for an artificial bait which may get hung up and prove a total loss, something cheaper but equally effective is called for.

Spinning tackles for natural baits are legion, and choice is a matter of personal taste. My own experience leads me to favour the celluloid scarab, first invented by the late Mr. A. Holden Illingworth. A scarab tackle is suitable for use with any kind of spinning reel and line. Scarabs can be had in any length from 1½in. to 5in. The advantages of the scarab are: The bait is firmly held, yet not entirely enclosed. The tunnel in the celluloid waistcoat allows the bait to slip up the line while a fish is being played, thus the bait cannot be used by the fish as a lever for getting rid of the hooks. The waistcoat is transparent, and forms a perfect protection for the bait.

This tackle is economical inasmuch as a couple of baits in reverse-spin scarabs will suffice for a day's fishing provided no contretemps occurs in the way of getting hung up. Natural baits can be dyed any desired colour, and the colours can be distinctly seen through the transparent celluloid. Although protected by the celluloid, the bait is not entirely covered on the back, and there is a certain amount of give, thus the bait is more yielding than a metal minnow or other hard bait. For this reason a sea trout or salmon may run more than once at it. Fished against an all-metal or other artificial bait, the scarab tackle very much more than holds its own.

Reverting to the matter of expense, here again the scarab tackle very decidedly scores. Artificial baits of from 2in. to 3½in. in length, cost roughly speaking from 2/6 to 5/- each. Celluloid scarabs from 1¾in. to 3½in. are worth from 5d. to 5½d., while mounted hooks for same, consisting of two trebles on a loop of stout gut can be bought at from 7½d. to 10d. each. Leads cost from 1/- to 1/3 per dozen. Thus a 3½in. scarab tackle complete can be had for 1/4½d. as against 3/9 or even up to 5/- for an artificial bait of the same size.

Natural baits for sea trout and salmon include minnows, sprats, gudgeon and eel tail among others. Fresh baits are supposed to be the most killing, but in practice I have never found any difference between them and baits preserved in formalin. After a day's fishing with scarab tackle, it is usual to discard the minnows or other baits, but I have used minnows quite successfully which had been in the scarabs for two or three days. As a matter of fact a river-watcher of my acquaintance had two minnows in their scarabs for nearly three weeks, and their mummified carcasses accounted for over 40 sea trout. There is something about a natural minnow or other small fish, either fresh or dried, that makes the average artificial bait take second place as regards killing. Possibly the smell has something to do with it.

When a minnow or other natural bait is fitted into a scarab, the tail extends beyond the celluloid waistcoat. The wear and tear of casting sooner or later weakens the tail, and it may come off. This loss is, however, no detriment as regards the bait's attractiveness. If it is thought desirable to dye sprats a golden or other colour, "Fairy" dyes will do the trick. After dissolving the dye in hot water dip the baits into it.

Reference has already been made to the desirability of fishing fine. An instance of this comes to mind. A certain angler fished down a stretch of tidal water, using a dressed silk line and fair-sized artificial minnow without result. Right behind him came a relative of mine, using a fine line and natural minnow. Before he reached the end of the stretch he killed eleven sea trout; evidence that fine spinning pays.

There are various anti-kink devices for attaching to the trace, but it is much better I think to use baits with reverse spins and change them frequently. Any gadget on the trace only helps to draw attention from the bait. When using scarab tackle it is well to see that your spare scarabs are in pairs to spin clockwise and counter clockwise, for nothing is more annoying than to arrive at the river bank, only to find that all your scarabs spin the same way. Spare leads, swivels, and tying wire should be included in the outfit, while adhesive tape and wrapping thread have their uses when accidents happen.

While I have perhaps laid stress on the scarab tackle in this article, it will be found both efficient and economical, and can be used for any size of natural bait suitable for sea trout and salmon. At one time it was deemed necessary when spinning for salmon in spring to sink the bait deeply. This meant using heavy leads. In the light of modern understanding, salmon will take a bait fished near the surface provided the temperature of the air is warmer than that of the water. Large baits are by no means a *sine qua non* for salmon. It is nothing unusual to get into one of the latter when spinning for sea trout with a bait under 2in. in length.

The less conspicuous a trace is the better, therefore small swivels should be used. Personally I have a liking for the "Hardy" swivel, which has a diamond-shaped eye, thus ensuring that when the gut is attached, it is central with the bearing. Traces may be made of gut, gut substitute, or fine wire. This last may be single, or fine cable-laid. For tackle I prefer round-bend hooks, roughly ¼in. in the gape.

While there are many patterns of artificial baits on the market, the devon minnow is undoubtedly that most used when spinning for salmon. Some of the phantoms and other baits are now made so as to slide up the trace when a fish is hooked. Others again have leaded heads separate from the body, the idea being to eliminate twist.

RICHARD CLAPHAM.

WHERE FISH ARE ALWAYS FRESH RUN

Spinning the natural minnow in a tidal stream

AN ENGLISH FARM IN ABYSSINIA

Quiet Days Before the War

By C. W. CHADWICK

NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS
Crossing a tree trunk bridge which is as slippery as a greasy pole

"WHY not spend a week at my farm? It will do you good." The invitation came from a retired British Army officer who had lived for many years in Abyssinia, and who, with the exception of a few Government officials, knew the country and its people better than any other Englishman. I accepted the invitation with many thanks, glad of the opportunity of visiting the only English farm in the heart of Ethiopia.

After an early breakfast the following day, I set off on horseback accompanied by my syce, Tardessa, and threading our way through the forest of eucalyptus trees to the outskirts of the town, we commenced the steep climb to the summit of a mountain, which was one of a range called Entoto surrounding Addis Ababa. Before descending the northern slope I looked back at the grand panoramic view created by the town amidst the tall trees 2,000ft. below and beyond which stretched the fertile plateau on which the town is built. The whole scene was framed by mountains which stretched in a semicircle along the distant horizon. Descending the northern slope was slow and difficult. It was early September and the rainy season had not yet ended. In front stretched a vast expanse of flat open country which in the dry season would have invited a steady canter, but this was not possible in September, as the grass-covered plain was under water to the depth of about a foot, and in the heavy going I could not proceed faster than at a trot.

There were several narrow rivers to cross, and these were spanned in a very primitive fashion. The native bridges consisted of tree trunks flung across from one bank to the other, and being in a very muddy condition it was like having to walk a "greasy pole" in order to effect a crossing. This was no easy task in riding boots, and the roar of the flood water beneath the "bridge" was sufficient to encourage the utmost care. The horses had to swim across these rivers, assisted by natives with the aid of ropes manipulated from each bank.

Continuing the journey the native village was reached where a change of horses had been arranged for the second stage of the journey. Here a native guide from the farm was waiting with fresh mounts, the others being sent back to Addis Ababa the following morning.

When my new guide and I set off again the vast plain seemed endless. Hour after hour we rode and still the distant view seemed unchanged. Then suddenly dark clouds rose up and a tropical storm approached, but we were fortunately near a village and able to take shelter in a native hut—one of about a dozen in a compound surrounded by a stone wall, the latter being a protection at night against marauding wild animals. I was received with true native hospitality, the womenfolk offering bread cakes and "Tulla" (native beer), which, although distasteful to an English palate, one had to pretend to eat and drink in order not to create offence. In return I offered some strawberries which my friend had sent me from the farm, but these Abyssinians had not seen strawberries before, and although I ate some to create confidence, I could not persuade the natives even to taste this fruit.

DECEIVING THE COW
The Abyssinian cow refuses to be milked without her calf and a dummy has to be substituted temporarily

On resuming our journey we left the great plain behind us towards sundown, and my guide threaded the way through wooded and hilly country until we reached a plateau from which there was a wonderful vista. I could see the farmhouse a short distance ahead in a beautiful setting, commanding a view of rolling mountainous country in all directions.

The farmhouse was an interesting example of what an English pioneer can do. A long bungalow, built partly of mud and straw in the native style with a thatched roof, it contained six large rooms and was strongly constructed—vital parts of the building having been strengthened with stone and cement. The whole structure had been put together by my host who had rented the land from the Emperor. The interior of the bungalow was simply but comfortably furnished, and I was amazed when I observed a piano in the lounge! This, I was informed, had actually been carried by natives a year before all the way from Addis Ababa—a really wonderful example of what careful native labour can accomplish.

The following day I commenced to explore the surrounding country. My guide had been instructed to show me the Muger Valley. This lay to the north-west of the farm in the direction of Gojam, and after about an hour's ride we reached the edge of the precipice overlooking the valley. The grandeur of the scene from this spot was impressive. On the opposite side of the valley there was a mighty waterfall, an immense volume of water thundering to the foot of the valley 3,000ft. below and into the Muger River, which appeared like a thin ribbon threading its way through the rocks and boulders until it vanished from sight between two mountains. From this point the river continued its course to the Blue Nile, which it joined 40 miles further north.

Beyond the valley and sweeping the distant horizon were the mountains which led down to the Blue Nile. This was an unforgettable scene, as we were well off the caravan routes, and only a few white men had ever viewed this spectacle. The waterfall, although known only to a few white people, is possibly the longest in the world. At the foot of the valley I could see—dotted here and there like mushrooms amidst the tropical undergrowth—native "tukuls" (mud huts), and I was assured that a descent into this valley would mean a rise in the temperature and the risk of tropical fevers. Leopards were a menace in these parts, but I was not very successful in my efforts to secure one, and had to be satisfied with the destruction of a mad wild dog and a collection of wildfowl. On one occasion a herd of sacred baboons was seen.

The farm was certainly an enterprising adventure. Coffee was grown on the lines of the Kenya planters. Strawberry beds were an English introduction hitherto unknown in Abyssinia, likewise asparagus. I watched the milking of the cows with much amusement. A quaint characteristic of the Abyssinian cow is its objection to being milked in the absence of a calf. This difficulty is overcome by placing a stuffed calf (specially kept for the purpose) in the required position. This form of deception appears to satisfy the cow entirely! Incidentally, the Abyssinian cow is sparing with its milk, but the latter is very rich in cream.

The breeding of mules was another interesting venture. Pedigree donkeys, of a big sturdy breed, had been brought all the way from the Sudan for this purpose. Abyssinians prefer riding mules and value these animals much higher than horses. If a mule is trained to "tripple" this enhances its value very considerably. An Abyssinian chief will ride only a "trippling" mule, and it is the ambition of every prosperous native to possess one. The word "tripple" applies to the walking action of the animal, and is, I believe, to be seen only in Abyssinia. Instead of the natural action of moving the left foreleg forward at the same time as the right hindleg, and the right foreleg with the left

(Continued at foot of next page)

ABYSSINIA IN A PEACE TIME SETTING
The farmhouse, from which a magnificent view is obtained over rugged country with the mountains in the region of the Blue Nile in the distance

One of the "streets" of Addis Ababa, bordered and backed by eucalyptus trees which grow in profusion in and around the town

The Country House

FRUITS AND BERRIES

By

ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

PYRACANTHA ROGERSIANA, WHICH IS SMOTHERED IN WHITE FLOWERS IN SUMMER AND ORANGE COLOURED BERRIES IN AUTUMN

THE cult for berried shrubs is greater than ever. Yet some of the most decorative—the crab-apples—are rarely seen at shows. Half standard specimens of these take very little space and are, to my thinking, the ideal background for autumn flowers such as dahlias, and the autumn herbaceous border. In one quite small garden I know, there is a row of these beautiful crabs, and

VIBURNUM OPULUS, THE STERILE GARDEN VARIETY

this year the bed in front was a mixture of the tall-growing dahlias. The dangling clusters of fruits came just the right height on the half-standards and the effect was delightful. The pick of the crabs are John Downie, Dartmouth Orange crab and Veitch's Scarlet. Dartmouth is noted for its beautiful blue bloom on the crimson fruits.

Our native berried shrubs can hold their own with any cultivated kinds. What handsomer than the Sea-buckthorn (*Hippophae rhamnoides*) with its thick fantastic bracelets of gorgeous orange berries. These berries are so acid that birds never touch them, and consequently they are invaluable for winter effect. Few berries hang on so long through the winter and are decorative as early as September. The only trouble is that these plants are unisexual, and consequently one male plant has to be planted to every six female plants. In spite of its name this shrub flourishes in inland gardens and in almost any soil, but it requires space, for ultimately it attains quite 30ft. Then our common spindle, which likes a well-drained loam, is always a delight with its pinkish carmine fruits, opening to reveal the rich orange seeds within. On the Continent, the quaint colouring of these fruits has earned for the tree the popular name of Cardinal's Hat. There is a white fruited variety which only looks effective when grown with the type. The spindle tree is so named because formerly the wood, which is very hard, was used for making spindles. There is a new variety of the spindle tree with fruits darker coloured than the type.

As for the best of our native blackberries, surely few berried shrubs in the garden can compare with these, and I wonder blackberries are not more commonly grown for indoor decoration. In the hedgerows and woodlands blackberries are never seen to advantage because they grow so thickly interlaced with other branches. But I shall never forget seeing a harvest decoration in a church where the pillars were adorned with corn, hips and haws, old man's beard, and branches of thick-stemmed blackberries quite 7ft. long, with their handsome leaves turning every colour and loaded with shining fruit. The pick of our native blackberries is, I think, *Rubus pulcherrimus*, with beautiful, reddish, arching stems. Country folk have always appreciated the beauty and strength of blackberry stems, so strong that it is impossible to break them.

Our native guelder rose (*Viburnum opulus*) with its vivid red berries and richly coloured leaves, associates delightfully for indoor decoration with long branches of blackberries. It is admirable for the garden, as it only attains about 10ft., sets its berries freely in cultivation, and the foliage in autumn is singularly beautiful. There is also a yellow fruited form which looks well associated with the type.

Roses are amongst the finest berried shrubs, and again our native sweet briar can hold its own, for its berries, unlike those of many roses, are left untouched by the birds and hang on well into February. A friend of mine has a cottage garden hedged in front with sweet briar grown as it should be, i.e., left to grow naturally. Clipped sweet briar is a pitiable sight. Left to grow naturally, this hedge is a joy in June, when the 8ft. arching stems are starred with flowers, and again all through autumn and winter, when the bare branches are lit by the fires of the scarlet berries.

Specimens of *Rosa Moyesii* about twelve years old are one of the grandest sights in the November garden. Loaded with big, pear-shaped, glowing red berries, old bushes make such a show that they detract attention from the most colourful plants growing near them. *R. Davidii*, a Chinese species, has lovely hanging clusters of large, bottle-red fruits. A hybrid rose that I wonder is not more commonly grown for its fruits is Cupid. The flowers are not particularly attractive, but the fruits are magnificent—almost the size of crab-apples, and rubbed they take on a beautiful polish. In a small garden near us a bush of Cupid was planted seven years ago. It is now quite 15ft. high, throwing its vigorous branches in all directions and in winter right up to March, when it is pruned, the giant clusters of handsome fruits attract the attention of every observant passer-by.

The favourite garden berried shrubs are still pyracanthas, cotoneasters, berberises and thorns. The best and most popular of the pyracanthas is still *P. Lalandii*. *P. Rogersiana*, smothered with white flowers in summer and orange-coloured berries in autumn, makes a beautiful specimen shrub. Of the berberises, the *B. Wilsonæ* hybrids

VIBURNUM OPULUS, THE WILD TYPE IN BERRY

have the most decorative coral and orange-coloured fruits, and these hybrids are particularly useful in small gardens because they attain only about 4ft.

Few garden shrubs have such curiously coloured berries as those of *Clerodendron Fargesii*. The rose-red carpels, drooping slightly backwards, display to perfection the turquoise-blue fruits. Berries that associate well with these for indoor decoration are those of *Symphoricarpus racemosus lævigatus*. The common snowberry is poor and weedy, but this variety, with its slender branches loaded down with huge white berries, is a lovely sight in the late autumn garden.

AN ENGLISH FARM IN ABYSSINIA (*Continued from page* 1307)

hindleg, the mule is trained to step forward first with its two right legs and then with its two left legs. This increases the walking speed of the animal very considerably and enables it to keep pace over long distances with a horseman riding at a trot. Furthermore, the mule's action is so smooth that the rider—seated on a saddle with a wooden support for his back—enjoys almost the comfort of an armchair. A good "trippling" mule would be worth £40, whereas an excellent horse could be purchased for about £6.

I was not to enjoy peaceful nights during my stay at the farm. The natives were celebrating "Muskal" (the feast of the Cross), which heralds the end of the rainy season. As night fell bonfires were lit in the small villages dotted here and there on the mountain sides, and dancing and chanting to the accompaniment of the monotonous beating of tom-toms went on throughout the night and ceased at dawn only to recommence the following night. It was fascinating to watch the native villages signalling to each other by screening and exposing their beacon fires in accordance with a code known only to these primitive people. This native form of "wireless" communication is very effective in rapidly passing on messages throughout this mountainous country.

After a week's stay at the farm I thanked my host and hostess for their hospitality, and waving good-bye set off on the return journey to Addis Ababa. At one of the rivers I noticed a dead horse which had been washed up on the bank of a backwater. The appearance of the animal was familiar, so I was not surprised to learn from Tardessa, immediately I arrived back in the capital, that in fording one of the rivers he had lost control of the horses, and this unfortunate beast had been carried away by the flood water and drowned. This was the only misfortune suffered as a result of my visit to the solitary English farm in Abyssinia.

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, December 7th. 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.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

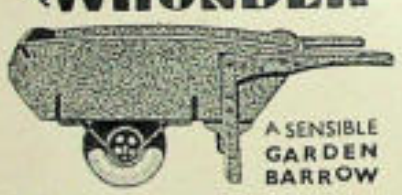
This little booklet is of particular interest to those seeking to become Accredited Producers. If you want to qualify for the Milk Bonus and produce Milk quickly and cheaply, write for a copy at once.

Sent free and without obligation to any genuinely interested Milk Producers.

Come and see us at Stand No. 21 at the Smithfield Show

YOUNG AND COMPANY
(WESTMINSTER) LIMITED.
ABBEY RD., MERTON ABBEY, S.W.19

WHUNDER



A SENSIBLE GARDEN BARROW

Don't waste energy and time by using a primitive type of garden barrow. Loads carried in the "WHUNDER" BARROW are so well balanced on the centred wheel that there is no strain at all on shoulders and back. The ball-bearing, pneumatic tyred wheel ensures speed, silence and safety to lawns. Loads up to 3 cwt. can be handled with twice the speed of ordinary barrows, and with a fraction of the effort.

Unpainted, 63/- (Top 5/- extra).
Painted — 2 coats — 68/- (Top 7/- extra).
CARRIAGE PAID. (Scotland 2/6 extra.)
Lighter Models for ladies are available.
Descriptive leaflets and users' appreciations Free

MAJOR GUY CHANNER, D.S.O.
Woodcock, Warminster, Wilts.

STEWART CLIPPERS-STEWART SHEARS

Stewart No. 1
HORSE and CATTLE CLIPPER

STEWART No. 1 Hand Power (Ball-bearing) Clipper. In use all over the world. Flexible steel Cable. Knife rest. Tin of grease. Complete, £3.

Write for complete catalogue of Horse, Cattle, and Dog clippers, also Cow rakes, Dog combs, Ear markers, Burdizzo castrators, etc.

COOPER-STEWART ENG. CO. LTD.
136-7, LONG ACRE - LONDON, W.C.2

FAMED FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

HIGHLAND QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY

White to move and mate in 3

CHESS is among the world's most ancient games, its origin lost in the mists of antiquity. If "Highland Queen" cannot claim the honour of *quite* so venerable an age, it is at least "10 years old — no less" (which is exceptional) and is therefore distinguished by a mellowness and maturity that make it very acceptable to the connoisseur. "Highland Queen" (and this is worth remembering) is the product of Scotland's largest Independent Distillers . . . . Macdonald & Muir, Leith, Edinburgh and Glasgow and London.

10 YEARS OLD — NO LESS

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT OUR FASCINATING COLLECTION OF ORIENTAL

CARPETS & RUGS

We take a genuine pride in showing you the Real thing — from Kirman, Bokhara, Shirvan, Shiraz, China, India, Turkey.

Also a comprehensive range of Axminster, Wilton carpets at keenest prices . . . at the CELEBES STORAGE Co., Ltd.

Not in expensive Showrooms, but in our Dockside warehouse only a few minutes from London Bridge, Liverpool Street and Cannon Street Stations (nearest Underground: Monument or Bank).

CELEBES STORAGE CO., LTD.
107, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Write for free List or send 5/- for beautiful coloured book on CARPETS. A saving of 20 per cent.

VAPEX
INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

•

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour

•

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

VIDA THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

AN M.G. MIDGET IN THE RECENT FLOODS: THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN NEAR HAILSHAM, ON THE MAIN EASTBOURNE ROAD

WHO SHOULD HAVE PRIORITY AT CROSS ROADS?

The Case for the Right-Hand Rule

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

A BOOKLET called *The Offside Rule: The Case for a Uniform Rule at Road Junctions*, has recently been revised and reprinted by the A.A. This was originally issued some fourteen to fifteen years ago, and sets out the case for a uniform rule for traffic at cross roads or intersections. The rule favoured is to the effect that all vehicles should, at such points, give way to others approaching from the right-hand side. Apparently, the association's advocacy of such a rule is more or less based on the fact that it has been in force in France for some years and has been found to work quite well. There it applies on all roads except the Routes Nationale where these are outside towns and villages. Traffic on these has absolute priority over that emerging from side and subsidiary thoroughfares, but where two of these great roads cross each other the right-hand rule holds good.

It seems to me to be a moot point whether this rule would work equally well in this country. In the first place, the rule of the road in France is the opposite to ours, and vehicular traffic keeps to the right. It is arguable, therefore, that as we drive on the left the rule—assuming its soundness to be established—should be that traffic should give way to vehicles approaching from the left and not the right. I do not agree, however, with this presumption. If we are to have any such rule, I should support one which provides for giving way to right-hand traffic. Obviously, it is easier to see a vehicle emerging from a right-hand road than one coming from the opposite direction. So much for that side of the question.

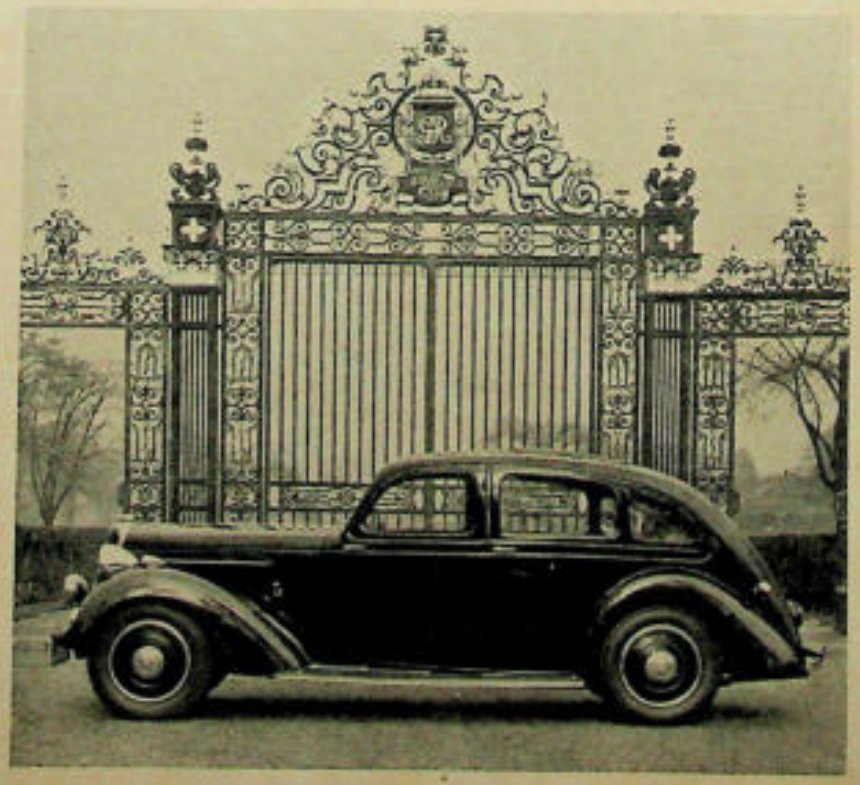
As I understand it, the A.A. would have the rule made statutory. Personally, I would much prefer that it should be advisory and incorporated in the Highway Code so that in case of accident it would be for the driver who ignored the rule to show cause in any proceedings, civil or criminal, that might ensue, that he had not been in default. I do not like hard and fast regulations which may have to be disregarded in emergency, and which set up an offence even though they may have been broken in the cause of safety.

There is one rule that I have long advocated, namely, the compulsory "Stop" before entering a main road from a subsidiary thoroughfare. In the present condition of our highway laws, I think that this is the rule most calculated to reduce the numbers of cross-roads accidents. I have seen it working in America, where it is in universal use, both in the cities and in the country. Its operation has resulted in a greater reduction in accidents than any other law or regulation. So well is this appreciated by the American motorist that it is almost true to say that it is the one regulation that is never broken. Even the most reckless of drivers religiously observes the "boulevard stop," as it is known, however often he may disregard other rules or laws.

We are getting near to the adoption of this "Stop" rule, through the erection of the new "Halt—Major Road Ahead" signs which made their appearance early this year. The main trouble about these is that they are cautionary rather than mandatory. It is not an offence to disregard their warning, though to ignore them is to establish a *prima facie* case of blame should an accident occur as a result. Personally, although, as I have said, I dislike the multiplication of regulations, I should most certainly make the stop compulsory.

Reverting to the right-hand rule, one reason why it works well in France is that the roads there are very definitely classified and main-road traffic has the right of way. Here there is considerable confusion as to which are main roads and which are subsidiary. Even where the definition is clear, it has been laid down by the courts, not once but in many cases, that main-road traffic has no priority over any other. There is a tendency to assume that traffic emerging from a subsidiary road should take extra care, in view of the greater volume of traffic to be expected on the main thoroughfare. But that is quite a different matter from investing main-road traffic with a right over the other.

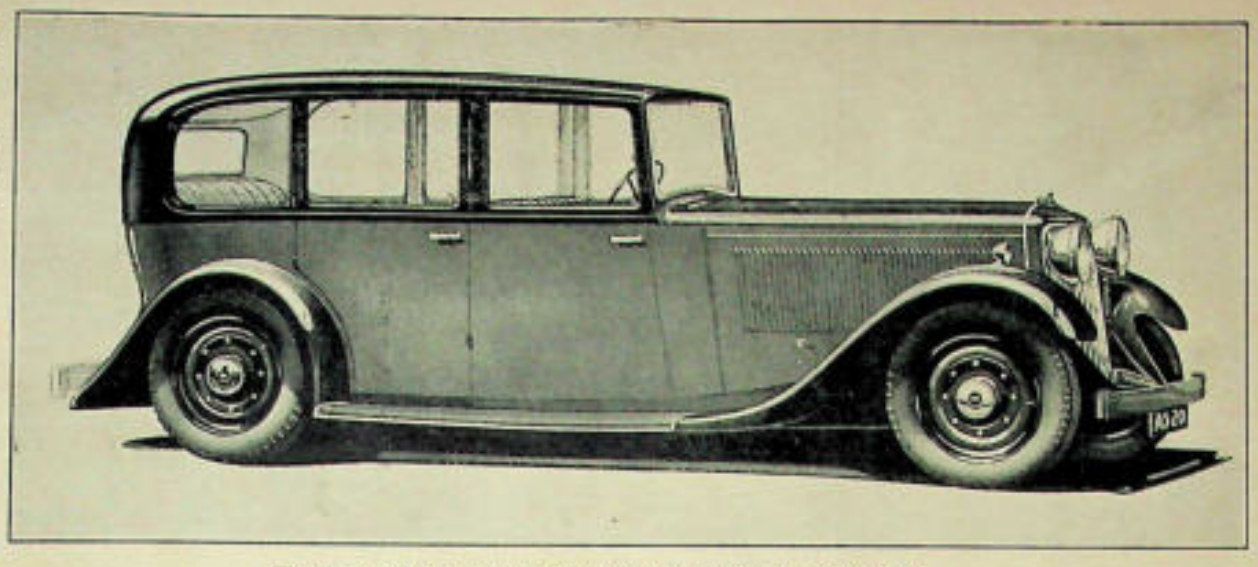
If we are going to adopt the right-hand rule, then I think it must go hand in hand with priority of main-road traffic, as in France, and the roads of the country will have to be fully sign-posted to indicate which are to be regarded as main roads and which as subsidiary roads. To introduce the rule in any other way would, in my opinion, lead to endless



A ROYAL WEDDING PRESENT

This "Flying Standard Twenty" saloon was a wedding present to H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. The mascot on the radiator takes the form of a miniature gun turret

Armstrong Siddeley coachwork is unique among cars of to-day



The Twenty H.P. Enclosed Limousine, a car of unusual dignity, £745.

THE FINEST RANGE OF QUALITY CARS

Twelve - *from* **£275**
Twelve-Plus *from* **£295**
Seventeen *from* **£385**
Twenty - *from* **£550**
and the **Siddeley Special**
(Prices ex Works)

Please write for Catalogue "R.185"

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY cars offer an unequalled standard of quality. Their exclusive carriagework is built by craftsmen to give the highest degree of luxury and comfort. Superb finish and beautiful lines contribute to their dignified and attractive appearance.

The finest examples of British engineering, Armstrong Siddeley cars appeal to the judgment and good taste of the discriminating owner.

ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY
with the only proved self changing gear

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CENTRES

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

A51850

RIDING HOME FROM HUNTING

you can talk over the day's sport.

If you have not been out, or want to know what other packs have been doing, you can read every day the hunting reports in "The Daily Telegraph."

This year "The Daily Telegraph" has re-commenced daily hunting reports, discontinued since 1914.

Hunting appointments appear every Saturday in the

Daily Telegraph

ONE PENNY

THE ONE-MAN-POWER AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT

confusion, delay and greater tendency to accident in specific cases.

Take, for example, the case of a vehicle emerging from a side road on to a busy main thoroughfare like the Portsmouth Road on a Sunday. There is a heavy, continuous stream of cars proceeding in both directions. The driver of the emerging vehicle stands on his rights and proceeds to cross, secure in the belief that the whole right-hand stream will give way to him. The consequence may easily be a wholesale pile-up of cars and quite possibly a serious accident.

What is really wanted is not so much the introduction of piecemeal regulation, as a complete codification and revision of the laws and regulations relating to the use of the highway. As traffic conditions have changed, so additions and modifications have been made, with the result that we have a code which is at once cumbrous, confusing and inefficient. The Highway Code has made an endeavour to adjust some of the anomalies to present conditions, but the trouble is that they still remain and until we get a new and simpler code of laws and regulations it is of very little avail to tinker with recommendations and regulations which are likely to make confusion worse confounded.

That, I am afraid, would be the main result of the adoption of the right-hand or any similar rule while present conditions persist.

ROAD SAFETY IN HOLLAND

EDUCATION in road safety has taken a new form in Holland. A fleet of motor cars patrol the roads, looking for motorists who offend such cardinal rules of safety as parking on blind corners or at the side of arterial roads, turning without giving a proper signal, or hugging the crown of the road.

The patrol cars carry on the roof a large signalling board, and when a careless driver is encountered they point out his error by flashing a message to him from the signal board.

This campaign has been launched by the K.N.A.C., the national motoring club of Holland, and it is reported to be having good results. The messages are couched in polite terms, and always end with "Thank You!"

Duke of York's New Cars.—H.R.H. the Duke of York has honoured Stratstone, Ltd., of Pall Mall, with an order for two Lanchester limousines (Hooper coachwork) for official purposes; and also a Lanchester 18 h.p. sports saloon for his own use.

IS MAN-PROPELLED FLIGHT POSSIBLE?

An Interesting Experiment in Germany

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

TWO young experimenters, Haessler and Villinger, have attracted considerable attention in Germany recently by making short "hops" on a man-propelled aircraft—that is to say, one in which the propelling force is supplied entirely by muscular effort.

Apart from scientific investigation of an aspect of flying that has fascinated mankind from the earliest times, their object was to win the prize of 5,000 Rm. offered some time ago for the first man-propelled flight fulfilling certain conditions; and though their actual achievement fell short of what was demanded, the effort has been considered so praiseworthy that a special award of 3,000 Rm. has been made and financial assistance for further experiments guaranteed.

The conditions of the competition were that the machine should be propelled entirely by the pilot's own muscular efforts and that it should complete a circular flight round two marks 500 metres apart. In order that the difficulty of taking-off might be overcome, it was permitted to use some form of stored energy, provided that the energy itself was initially supplied by the pilot, and the medium through which the power was generated carried during flight.

Photographs by courtesy of "Flight"

POWER SUPPLIED BY HUMAN ENERGY

The nose of the "Muskelkraft-Flugzeug" showing the rubber cord "energy accumulator" drum

Actually, the *Muskelkraft-Flugzeug*, as the machine is called, did not fulfil the distance condition, its longest flight being, according to reports, about 200yds. (183 metres) and its duration 22secs. Considering the difficulties involved, however, the performance is most meritorious.

Resembling a sailplane in general form, this machine has a wing span of 44ft., and very special attention has, of course, been paid to weight reduction. The particular kind of energy accumulator adopted consists of a large spool round which is stretched a rubber cable; this in turn is connected to an airscrew mounted high above the wing. With this mechanism aboard, the total weight amounts to no more than 110lb.

Neither of the designers took part in the flights, which were entrusted to Herr Dimmebeil, an experienced sailplane pilot. Great credit is due to him, for the physical strain must have been immense; indeed, it is stated that he had to undergo special training prior to his attempts.

The success of this machine, limited as it has been, does prove that flight by muscular power alone is a possibility. But whether it is likely to have any practical advantages is very problematical. The ability of an aeroplane to remain in level flight depends upon the continuous output of a certain power to maintain a definite minimum speed below which the machine loses height. It may be argued, therefore, that flying which depends entirely upon human muscular effort must, even when the pilot is a trained athlete, be of very little practical value since its duration must be limited.

There is, too, another aspect that is of material importance. The safety and reliability of an aeroplane depend very largely on its reserve power. A machine that requires all its power output to maintain flight is clearly an unsafe one; and it would seem that any man-propelled aeroplane would fall into this class.

Nevertheless, the problem is one of very great interest not only in itself but in the side issues that it opens up. There is, in particular, one line of reasoning that is worth attention. It is this: Remarkable flights as regards both duration and point-to-point distance have been made on sailplanes; and it has frequently happened that these flights have terminated, not through fatigue on the part of the pilot, but because of his inability to find a helpful air current. In such circumstances, would not some form of man-power be useful as an aid to reaching the right air currents in order that the motorless flight may be continued?

Here, of course, the answer lies in the limitation of human power. In rare cases, it might be sufficient to be of help, but it is doubtful whether these conditions would arise frequently enough to warrant the additional weight the necessary apparatus would involve. A certain minimum power would be necessary to maintain flight in still air or in the absence of up currents, and calculations would seem to show that only in very exceptional circumstances could muscular power be of practical use.

Without any desire to belittle the actual achievement in Germany or the work of serious investigators in other parts of the world, one can hardly help coming to the conclusion that the results of experiments with man-propelled aircraft must be largely negative. They may prove the possibility of muscular flight, but at the same time are bound to demonstrate its limitations, in much the same way as the original "motor-gliding" meetings some twelve years ago proved that powered flight with extremely small power units was possible but could never be much more than a pastime.

That flight—practical flight—on much lower power than has hitherto been the rule may become commonplace is more than a possibility, in view of the increasing interest in the ultra-light aeroplane which has been apparent this year. That some counterpart of the auxiliary-engined sailing yacht may make its appearance is indicated by the introduction of the Carden-Baynes motor-assisted sailplane, which has an engine mounted in such a way that it can be retracted into the fuselage when the machine is being flown as a sailplane. These are likely lines of development about which much remains to be learnt; there can be no doubt that they are certain to yield much greater service to aviation than any form of muscular flight.

MOTOR-CYCLE JUBILEE

THIS year is the Jubilee of the motor cycle and a display at the Motor Cycle Show at Olympia (November 30th to December 7th) will commemorate the event. The first known motor cycle was built about 1885, but if there is a machine of this date in existence it is believed to be in a museum at Munich. The display will be complete from the year 1895 onwards, and will illustrate the progress and development of the motor cycle in periods of five years.

The oldest motor cycle will be an 1897 four-cylinder Holden, lent by Mr. H. B. Willoughby, of Merstham, Surrey, and the next stage is represented by a 1900 Singer, a machine which is now regarded as a curiosity because the whole of the power unit, including the petrol tank, is contained within the rear wheel. The 1905 machine is an Ariel; the 1910 is an O.K.; and the 1915 is a Velocette. The motor scooter epoch is illustrated by a Kenilworth Scooter (1920), and the more recent stages of motor cycle development are represented by a B.S.A. 1925 model and a Norton 1930 machine.

WINTER SPORTS IN AUSTRIA

If you want a thoroughly enjoyable and really inexpensive winter holiday, you cannot do better than choose Austria

BIG REDUCTIONS IN FARES FOR INDEPENDENT TRAVEL

Inclusive arrangements by special train to Austria

ONE WEEK'S HOLIDAY from £9.12.6 | **TWO WEEK'S HOLIDAY from £12.7.0**

Similar tours are organised by all the leading tourist agencies

Outstanding events during the Winter Sports Season in Austria 1935/6

VIENNA International ice hockey matches. (December and January).

BADGASTEIN (Province of Salzburg) Toboggan and ski races. (January).

SEEFELD (Tyrol) International ski jumping and slalom races. (February 17-19.)

INNSBRUCK (Tyrol) F.I.S. races, 1936. Downhill and slalom races of the Federation Internationale de Ski. Ice hockey matches, figure skating competitions, etc., will take place in connection with these races. (February 21-22.)

SEMMERING (2 hours from Vienna by rail) International bob races. (February 22-23.) International ski jumping for the Zerdin Cup. (March 1.)

KLAGENFURT (Carinthia) International ski jumping. (February 23.)

KITZBUEHEL (Tyrol) International ski jumping. (February 25.)

LECH AM ARLBERG (Vorarlberg) Madloch downhill ski races. (February 29.)

ST. CHRISTOPH AM ARLBERG (Tyrol). May ski races. (May 3.)

HEILINGENBLUT (Carinthia) International Glockner ski races. (May 31.)

Social events in Vienna

Opera ball (January 25). International bridge tournament of the Austrian Bridge League (to be held in Vienna and Semmering) (January 25-February 3). Ball of the City of Vienna (February 6). Numerous hunt balls, carnivals and masked balls, artists' balls and pageants at which national dress is worn (January and February). Vienna Spring Fair (March 8-14).

Ask for details from the

AUSTRIAN STATE TRAVEL BUREAU

159n Regent Street, London, W.1 Tel: Regent 5581

• *"Where WINTER'S like SUMMER"* •

LOVELY SUNNY MADEIRA

The beautiful Atlantic island where the atmosphere is balmy and dust-free, the scenery entrancing. Sea and sun-bathing every day in an average Winter temperature of 61 deg. F.

The well-known Christmas and New Year's festivities include a Fancy Dress Masked Ball on New Year's Eve.

REID'S HOTEL

Bedrooms with hot and cold running water. Four Tennis Courts. Private Sea bathing. Dancing indoors and out. Regular sailings by Union-Castle Line, Royal Mail Line, Blue Star Line, Elder Dempster Line, Hamburg South American Line, Royal Netherlands Steamship Company.

Special REDUCED RATES for XMAS by most lines.

All arrangements may be made in advance with the London Agents,

PARSONS & BIRKETT

11/12, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3.

Telephone : MANsion Ho. 5538.

Or all offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., or any Tourist or Travel Agency.

GOODWILL . . . AND GOOD TASTE

Choose Rattray's Cigarettes for your friends this Christmas. As a gift they are distinctive and will long be remembered. Hand-made and of superlative excellence, they express by their very individuality the personality of the donor, and are a subtle compliment to the recipient's good taste.

Obtainable only from

Chas Rattray

PERTH, SCOTLAND

GOLDEN LEAF OF OLD VIRGINIA HANDMADE CIGARETTES.

Packed with care in handsome cabinets, at special Christmas prices: 150 . 10/6; 200 . 14/-; 250 . 17/6; 300 . 21/-; 500 . 35/-

FIRE!

YET ANOTHER DISASTER!

ARE **YOU** SURE THAT YOUR LIFE-SAVING ARRANGEMENTS ARE ADEQUATE?

IF THERE IS A DOUBT CONSULT

MERRYWEATHERS'

SPECIALISTS IN

FIRE ESCAPES

GREENWICH ROAD, S.E. 10, and 63, LONG ACRE, W.C. 2

Vibrationless seating

prevents nerve shock and headaches.

Vibration is directly conveyed from the base of the spine to the great nerve centre of the brain, causing severe headaches and jangled nerves—conditions entirely obviated by "Float-on-Air" cushions.

The "Float-on-Air" principle absorbs all shock and vibration, and gives an absolutely steady seat enabling you to drive many more miles without fatigue. Have your car fitted with "Float-on-Air or the present seating converted.

Ask at your garage to see the range of materials and colours. Conversions from 22 6 (for seats up to 14" side to side). Loose cushions from 5 6.

Moseley 'FLOAT-ON-AIR' Cushions

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LTD. Ardwick, Manchester

19 20 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1 - London
17, Ombersley Rd., Balsall Heath, Birmingham
126, Ingram Street, C. 1 - - Glasgow

Ideal Gift Cases WINES & SPIRITS

1, 6 and 12 bottles (assorted)

from 21/- to £5

Carriage Paid.

Quality Guaranteed.

FROM IMPORTERS DIRECT TO YOU!

Case F

6 Bottles for £2
1 Liqueur Scotch Whisky;
1 Three-Star French Brandy;
1 Amontillado Sherry;
1 Cockburn's Port

Lists Free.

CHAS. E. WOOD, Ltd.
9, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3
(Estd. 1862.)

KELVIN

MARINE ENGINES

GIVE ENDLESS SERVICE

The range of 38 models, petrol, paraffin and Diesel, provide a suitable and reliable power unit for every type of craft from the 15ft. runabout to the 500 ton auxiliary. "Kelvin" engines have been first favourites with yachtsmen for thirty years, and some of the very earliest engines are still in service.

The BERGIUS Co., Ltd., DOBBIE'S LOAN, GLASGOW

WINTERING IN ENGLAND

"The West and Middle West Should Be One's Goal"

WHEN it has been raining steadily for three weeks on end, cold, wet, and penetrating rain as only an English winter can produce, one is apt to experience an overwhelming desire to emulate Grey Owl's *Little People* and sleep out the winter months, only to wake when the sun shines once more. In such moods one's advice to those about to winter in England is "Don't."

But these moods do not last long, for winter in England has its compensations, provided the right place can be found in which to spend it. The sun does shine in England in winter, and the sun on a cold, clear, frosty English landscape is hard to beat. It compensates for many days of rain.

Many people, whose winter horizon is bounded by the Riviera and the Cote d'Azur, do not realise that this island can provide a variety of climates in winter, sufficient to suit most tastes. They forget that palm trees will grow on the southern coasts of Devon and Cornwall; that the western shores are warmed by the Gulf Stream; that there are sheltered valleys in the heart of England where the winter wind blows gently, or not at all. They forget that it is cheaper and much less trouble not to cross the sea.

We are, moreover, in England at last living down that trenchant remark that we are a country of a thousand creeds and only one sauce. Our hotel keepers have learnt that we possess palates, even though we do stay at home, and now the food served in the hotels of most English resorts is as good as anywhere else. And food *is* an important factor of a comfortable winter at home.

The first point to decide, when considering the question of a winter resort, is one's own condition. Besides a mild climate and sunshine, is one seeking health or exercise, or both? In either case the West and Middle West of England should be one's goal. For the hunting man or woman, the country west of a line drawn through the eastern borders of Gloucestershire and Wiltshire provides a variety of hunting over every conceivable kind of country that is almost unequalled. The Beaufort, Heythrop, V.W.H.(Cricklade and Lord Bathurst's) on the Wilts and Gloucestershire borders; the Berkeley on the Severn; Tedworth, Wylye, in South Wilts.; the Portman and the Blackmore Vale in Dorset; the New Forest; the West Somerset, Taunton Vale, Devon and Somerset Staghounds; these are a few of the packs available.

Furnished cottages and houses can usually be rented very reasonably in the winter, horses can be hired in the neighbourhood of all the hunts, and are not at all bad. The best centres for these are Malmesbury, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Berkeley, Salisbury, Wilton, Blandford, Shaftesbury, Dorchester, Lyndhurst, Taunton, Yeovil, Minehead, to name a few where living is good and life pleasant enough in the winter for the sportsman.

For the seeker after warmth and health, the sufferers from bronchial and rheumatic troubles, the West holds many attractions. From Bournemouth to the Lizard almost thousands of people have already found the truth that the English Riviera really does exist, and is not a fiction of enthusiastic publicity agents. Bournemouth and Torquay are the queens of this genial littoral, but many other towns now on that coast cater for the winter visitor and cater well. To mention some and leave out others would be invidious.

Apart from the natural advantages of their position all these places provide entertainment and recreation to tickle the most jaded palates. Good golf courses, pleasant sheltered walks, covered tennis courts, squash, badminton, are all on tap so to speak; nearly all the municipalities run fine orchestras, besides the visiting bands and orchestras: and, of course, there is always the super-cinema. The hotels are good and reasonable in tariff for what they provide, which is a great deal. I forget the daily average of winter sunshine, but they are recorded, while the hours of rain and cold on the real Riviera are not. As a rough comparison, however, the average temperature at Torquay in December is 45 degrees, and at Nice 47. So there is not much in it. One should not forget, also, Southsea and the Isle of Wight.

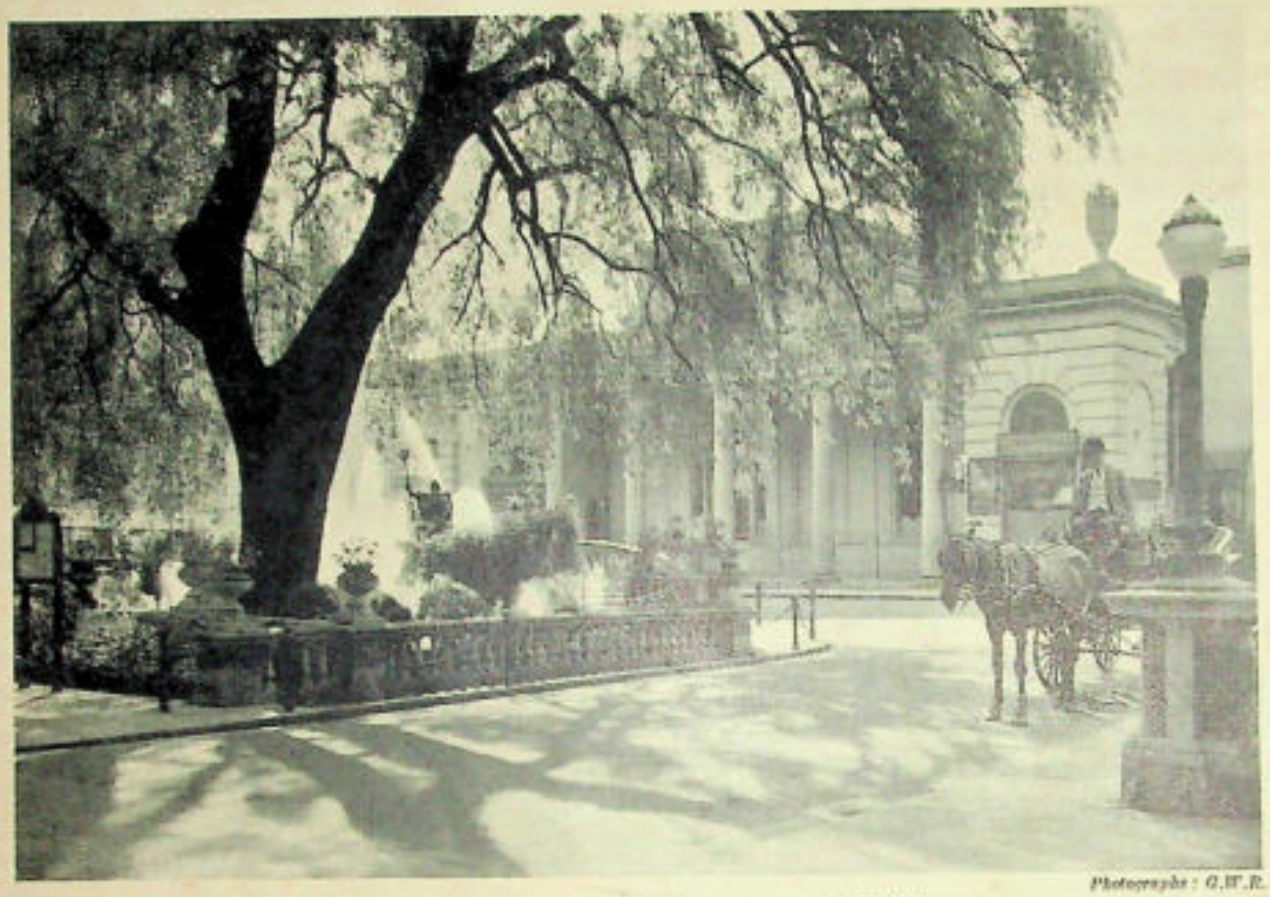
Inland in the West, two places stand supreme, Cheltenham and Bath, both spas, and sheltered by hills with a gentle, equable climate.

Comparisons are always odious, and I will not risk giving offence by stating a preference. If one has to go to one or the other for their medicinal waters, the nature of the ailment must decide. Both are fine cities with noble buildings and unrivalled shopping facilities. Perhaps Cheltenham on the plain is more spacious with its promenade, its open squares and extensive parks. Pittville and Montpelier; on the other hand, there are few thoroughfares in the country that can compare with Pulteney Street in the city of Nash and Ralph Allen for gracious dignity.

Both are situated in lovely parts of England, and, after all, the winter is the time to see England nowadays, when the summer traffic is off the roads. With healing waters and good hotels to sustain the system, and music from the Pump Room and Spa concerts to support the soul, good shopping and entertainment of every kind, what more can one ask? Many people do not care for the sea, and these two places have most of the advantages that the sea can give—without the sea.

In the limited scope of this article it is impossible to give a comprehensive guide to the winter resorts of the West of England. It can only briefly suggest that there are pleasanter ways and means of passing the winter than by going abroad, a timely reminder, perhaps, that there is, after all, no place quite like home.

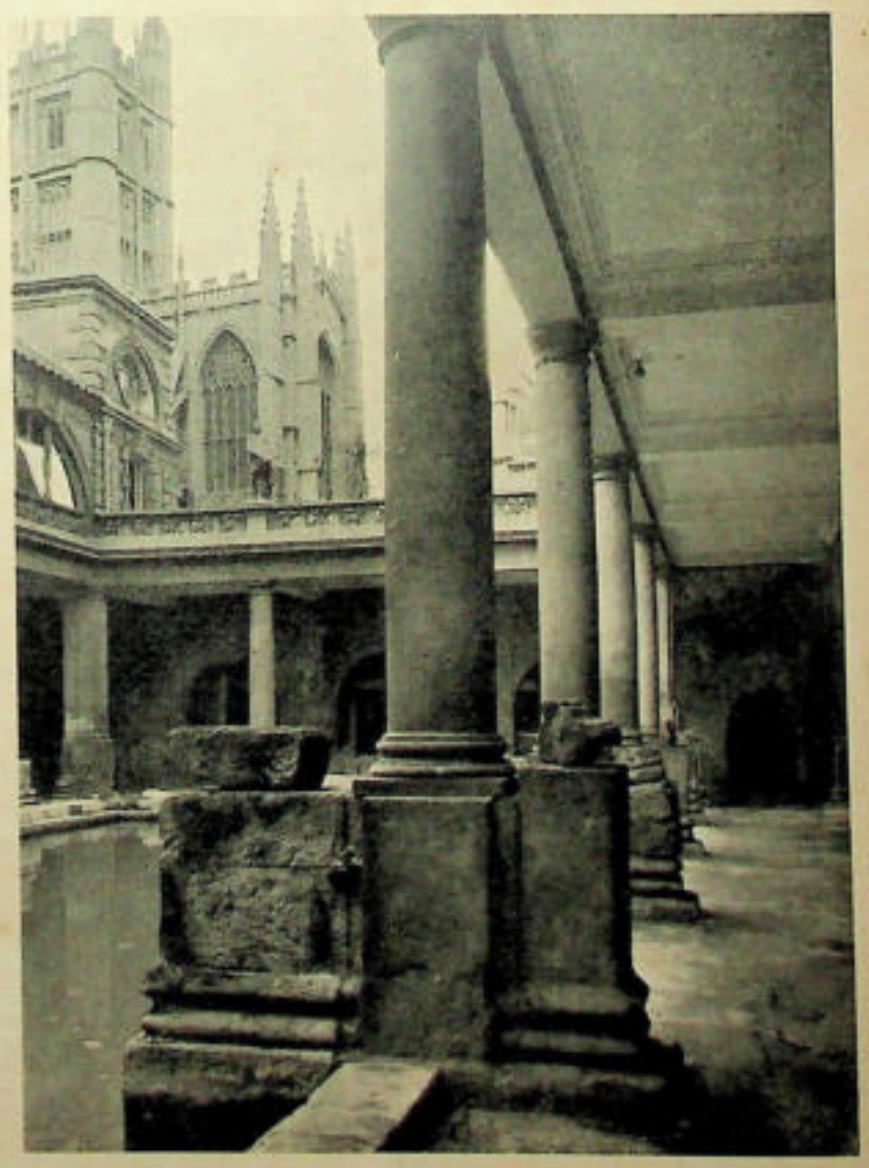
C. E. G. H.



Photographs: *G.W.R.*

"INLAND IN THE WEST TWO PLACES STAND SUPREME"
Above, a glimpse of Cheltenham's Promenade. Below, a corner of the Roman Baths at Bath

Winter Sports in Switzerland.—On February 28th and 29th and on March 1st the Swiss Ski Championships for 1936 will take place at Davos. For the third time the Four-Combination Championship will be held, consisting of Langlauf, Jumping, Downhill and Slalom, followed by the individual championships in these four categories; then, for the first time, a Two-Combination Championship in Slalom and Downhill, and Ladies' Championships in both these categories.



THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4328. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1935 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 4D.}

THE CATTISTOCK JOINT-MASTERS AT DORCHESTER

On the left is Mr. V. W. C. Ruxton, who joined Mr. A. H. Higginson (on right) in the control of the Cattistock last season. Mr. Higginson, who has mastered and hunted hounds in America, at present carries the horn with the Cattistock two days a week

THE NEW TWO-LITRE

A departure—or an arrival? Which? Is the new two-litre M.G. a break-away from the established M.G. paths? Or is it simply the logical result of years of racing successes? Either way it is an amazing creation. Let those who think that speed is one thing, and comfort and style another, take heed of this new two-litre M.G. The price is £375 (or Tickford Drop-head Coupe, by Salmons & Sons, £398). And the address to write to for a catalogue is: The M.G. Car Co. Ltd., Abingdon-on-Thames, Berkshire.

MG

Buy a car made in the British Empire

L4

CONTENTS

OLYMPIC HOPES AT THE 'VARSITIES	1337
FOXHUNTING AND SHOOTING SYNDICATES	1338
FIRST AID IN THE HUNTING FIELD	1339
BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK	1340
RACING REFORMS	1343
DOUBLE BANKING GUNS AT A COVERT SHOOT	1344
A CHITAL STAG ON THE WAY TO WATER (*photograph*)	1343
PIKE ON A FLOATING BAIT	1345
A NEW LABOUR-SAVING DEVICE FOR THE FLY-DRESSER	1346
DECEMBER IN THE COUNTRYSIDE	1347
FIELD TRIALS	1348
IN PRAISE OF THE SPRINGER SPANIEL	1349
A WONDER YEAR OF ALPINE CLIMBING	1350
WHERE TO GO FOR WINTER SPORTS	*Supplement*
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1351
IN THE CITY	1354
PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS IN 1935	1355
THE 'VARSITY RUGBY MATCH	1355
NEW BOOKS	1356
THE TRIAL EIGHTS	1358
SPRING BORDERS	1360
SQUASH RACKETS	1362
SMITHFIELD SHOW HOLDS ITS OWN	1364
NEW JOBS FOR THE TRACTOR	1366
THE LANDOWNER'S PART IN FARMING	1368
SILVER FOX AUCTIONS	1368
HEATING OF SMALL FRAMES AND GREENHOUSES	1370
AMAZING EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN CAR	1373
BRINGING OUR AIRWAYS UP TO DATE	1374
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1377
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1378
RIVER REPORTS	1327
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1332
SPORTING CALENDAR	*Third page cover*

WITH A SPECIAL WINTER SPORTS SUPPLEMENT

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.

SQUASH RACKETS CHAMPIONSHIPS

IT is not unusual for a game which gains a swift and unexpected popularity to outstrip for the moment the good intentions of its mentors. Squash Rackets, the baby of all court games, enjoys a following second only among its kind to that of Lawn Tennis, and if there are many who consider that the time has come for a wider outlook and stricter regulations in regard to competition play, the Association is not likely to lag behind.

Undoubtedly the match for the professional championship between D. Butcher (holder) and J. Dear gave the critics some cause for complaint. The championship, the best of three matches, originally arranged for consecutive Mondays, was played at the Lansdowne House Club. After the first contest, which Dear won, Butcher was unfortunate enough to hurt himself at practice, and as there was no definite regulation to deal with this particular situation, it was found necessary to call a special meeting to decide what should be done. Finally, it was announced that the second match had been postponed for a week, with the result that Butcher came into the court a sick man and was beaten within twenty minutes before a gallery of spectators who had paid for admission. Had there been a ruling on this point there is no doubt that much comment, which must have been unpleasant to two excellent sportsmen, and ill-feeling would have been saved. Unfortunate as the injury was for Butcher, the championship had begun and a match, once it has started, is never held up for injury in any game and there is no reason why squash rackets should be an exception. Moreover, postponement, as was proved in this particular case, is no solution to the problem, the only alternative to declaring the challenger the winner being to disregard the match altogether and play it at some later date.

But while sympathy may be expressed for the holder of the championship in such circumstances, the challenger, surely, is also entitled to some consideration. Dear who, according to the conditions governing a challenge match, was required with his supporters to guarantee the holder £66 13s. 4d. if he won and £33 6s. 8d. if he lost, could not have regarded the result of this match with much pecuniary satisfaction. His victory, as it happened, gave him the right to challenge F. D. Amr Bey for the Open Championship, who, being an amateur, claimed no share of the purse. As Amr Bey is a great attraction whenever he appears in a court, Dear was well recompensed, but it might very easily have been otherwise if he had to meet a less attractive amateur representative.

In all there are twenty-one conditions governing a challenge match at squash rackets, but the question remains whether some of them have been well framed. One of the conditions states quite plainly that the first match shall be played in the home court of the holder, the second in the court of the challenger, providing these courts are standard. In actual practice Dear of Prince's and Butcher of the Conservative played both their matches in the Lansdowne House Club, while it was actually suggested, and Butcher had agreed, that the first two matches for the Open Championship should be played at the R.A.C.—the home court of Amr Bey. Eventually, with Dear the winner of the Professional Championship, one match was played in a neutral court, at the Bath Club, and the other at the R.A.C. It will be noted that no mention is made in the conditions of gallery accommodation, yet, quite obviously, it was this very point which decided the players to favour certain courts. One cannot blame a professional for desiring to play his match in a court which possesses a large gallery, but it seems strange to ask him to play two matches in his opponent's court in direct conflict with the stated rule. We put these points forward for the consideration of those who administer a new and popular pastime.

THE KING'S BEREAVEMENT

TO His Majesty the King, in the bereavement which he has suffered in the loss of his sister Princess Victoria, known to many dwellers in the countryside she had chosen as a gracious and kindly friend, will go out the sympathy of the whole nation. Like Englishmen of humbler degree, the King has had many sorrows to bear: and the Royal Family have so knit themselves into the affections of their countrymen that the King's grief is shared in respectful sincerity by all his people.

POLITICS AND SPORT

In a leading article under this title in the *Field* of November 16th, we deprecated the suggestion of boycotts in sport and especially any attempt to interfere with the visit of a German football team because a noisy section of the community happen to disagree with the way the German people conduct their affairs. That such a nonsensical protest against a purely sporting fixture should go so far as to asking the Home Secretary to receive a deputation is an affront to British good sense and decency. Sir John Simon gave a proper and dignified reply to this attempted dictatorship and, that reply once given, any further attempt to divert sport to political ends should not be deemed worthy of official consideration, though it would well become all bodies connected with the government of amateur or professional sport to express their resentment and let would-be interferers know where they stand. We trust that the German football team and the German people know how to place the proper value on an incident foreign to British ideas of hospitality and to British character.

A TEAM IN ITS 'TEENS

It is very heartening to see the progress made since the last Olympic Games by British skaters. All youthful, all full of energy and enthusiasm, they are definitely making an impression on the Continent, and the team selected after the Ice Club Tests, referred to elsewhere in this issue, is indeed very young on the average for International competition. Even if we do not win any event outright, it would be very surprising if several of the places of honour are not occupied by British skaters when the Winter Olympic Games conclude on February 16th at Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

T. S. PEARSON-GREGORY

There are few of the great shots of the pre-war era left to-day, the King, Lord Ashburton and Sir Harry Stonor almost alone remaining to represent them. Mr. T. S. Pearson-Gregory will always be included in their numbers, and his death last week removes not only a shot who was as delightful in action as he was accurate in execution, but one of the most distinguished games players of the 'seventies and 'eighties, a survivor of the great Middlesex eleven that contained among others I. D. Walker, Alfred Lyttelton and the Studds.

A SALMON AFTERMATH

Now that the salmon rivers, one and all, have entered on their close season, and there is a pause of six weeks or so before rods will be taken again from their canvas coverings—at least, for use—it is possible to look back on this year's fishing with something approaching judicial calm. Apart from a few unfortunates—for our climate has been very partial in its favour—it has certainly been a good season for salmon rods. In the spring, it is true, the gambler who went upstream, disregarding the statistics, had things all his own way and the tenants of the lower beats, who took the staid and normally less risky chance, were left lamenting; but autumn fishermen who have laboured unavailingly through so many lean years have seen their old-time sport revive: if there is anything in the "period theory" of salmon runs they can confidently look for back-end fishing in the old style for several years to come.

WHAT IS A GRILSE?

Summer rods were not so lucky, but it is probable that those same statistics, which successful spring fishermen ignored, will show that grilse also—those lively youngsters which ought to give sport during the pleasanter months—are again showing signs of reviving the glories of the nineteenth century. Anyhow, the paragraphists are "on to them," and already the "mystery" of grilse is invading headlines. One non-sporting contemporary recently came out with the suggestion that grilse were bred from salmon eggs fertilised by precocious smolts! Which also recalls the nineteenth century, though not its glories. This "mystery" of grilse lies largely in the imagination. They are simply "summer fish," some of which, like sea trout, have a habit of spawning young. The real problem with grilse is whether this early spawning habit is truly hereditary or whether it is caused by river conditions and growth in the fish's freshwater existence.

CARBINE'S HOOVES

As a sire of stayers, and a horse which did a great deal to rejuvenate English bloodstock lines, the name of Carbine will ever be recalled with pride. After racing a season in New Zealand he was bought for 13,000gs. as a stallion by the Duke of Portland, and was immediately a success at Welbeck, where he sired Spearmint and other famous winners. His skeleton is now in the Melbourne Museum, but for many years his hooves remained at Welbeck. When Lord Galway was appointed Governor-General of New Zealand, his godfather, the present Duke of Portland, presented him with three of the hooves mounted in gold as an inkstand. These Lord Galway has decided to make a permanent chattel at Government House—a tribute to a great sportsman and a great horse.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a Sunday newspaper, under the heading: "Flash and Grab Poachers."

"Gamekeepers and police in Hampshire and Sussex are watching for poachers with motor cars, who flash powerful torches into the nests of partridges and pheasants, then grab the stupefied birds."

MODERNISING BATH

Those who know and love Bath will be perturbed at the announcement that the council of the city propose to modernise it. In the words of the Venerable Archdeacon Boyd, Rector of Bath, it is proposed to pull down the Mineral Water Hospital, to sweep away the interesting "island" at the foot of Milsom Street, to carry Milsom Street further up, cutting through the raised terrace, and there create an entirely new piazza with fountains. It is proposed that the vista thus opened up shall be closed by the plain south wall of the Assembly Rooms. It seems incomprehensible the authorities cannot realise that, quite apart from its waters, the whole attractions of Bath for its visitors lie in its unique eighteenth-century atmosphere. Once this is destroyed Bath will be on a level with any other modern spa, and all who oppose the threat to Milsom Street have our hearty support.

NATIONAL TRUST NEEDS

Nearly sixty thousand acres of land, embracing properties varying in character from Bodiam Castle and Montacute House to tracts of land in the Lake District and heather at Hindhead have come under the guardianship of the National Trust; and it is interesting to learn that the year ending in June last saw the largest increase in the history of the Trust—actually 11,000 acres. May it be hoped that there is an increasing realisation of the immense value of the work of this admirable body, devoted to the sole object of preserving for Englishmen what is most beautiful in England? It is a strange situation that a society with purposes so plainly beneficent, and so obviously worthy of public support, should be short of the subscriptions which it deserves. A thousand new members—or five thousand—subscribing only £1 per year, and the work of the Trust could go forward in hope. As it is, only a tiny minority of Englishmen undertake what should be a national duty.

TENNYSON'S LANE

Meanwhile, part of the southern countryside is in danger. Owing to the death of the late Sir Richard Garton, there is a considerable area of Surrey in the neighbourhood of Black Down which has come into the market, and contained in it is a wooded road leading to Black Down known as Tennyson's Lane. The Poet Laureate of the Victorian era, it will be remembered, built himself a house, Aldworth, on the side of Black Down, and it was from those slopes that he gazed at

"Green Sussex fading into blue
And one grey glimpse of sea."

To save this lane from the builder it will be necessary to buy some 30 acres of land, at a price of some £6,000. Black Down at present is unspoiled, but cannot long remain so if the villa builder gets to work. Is there not a possibility here of assisting the work of the National Trust, to which, if these 30 acres can be purchased, they will be presented? A local body is engaged in the attempt to collect the needed funds, and subscriptions will be received by any of the Haslemere banks, or by the Hon. Secretary, Tennyson's Lane Fund, Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. P. Hume, Brinksway, Lynchmere, Haslemere. And the address of the National Trust is 7, Buckingham Palace Gardens, S.W. 1.

THE JED FOREST

Where bent-grass and heather lie wind-swept and wide,
From the slopes of Peel Fell to the Teviot's tide,
As thrusting and bold
As the raiders of old
On the moss of the Marches the Jed Forest ride.

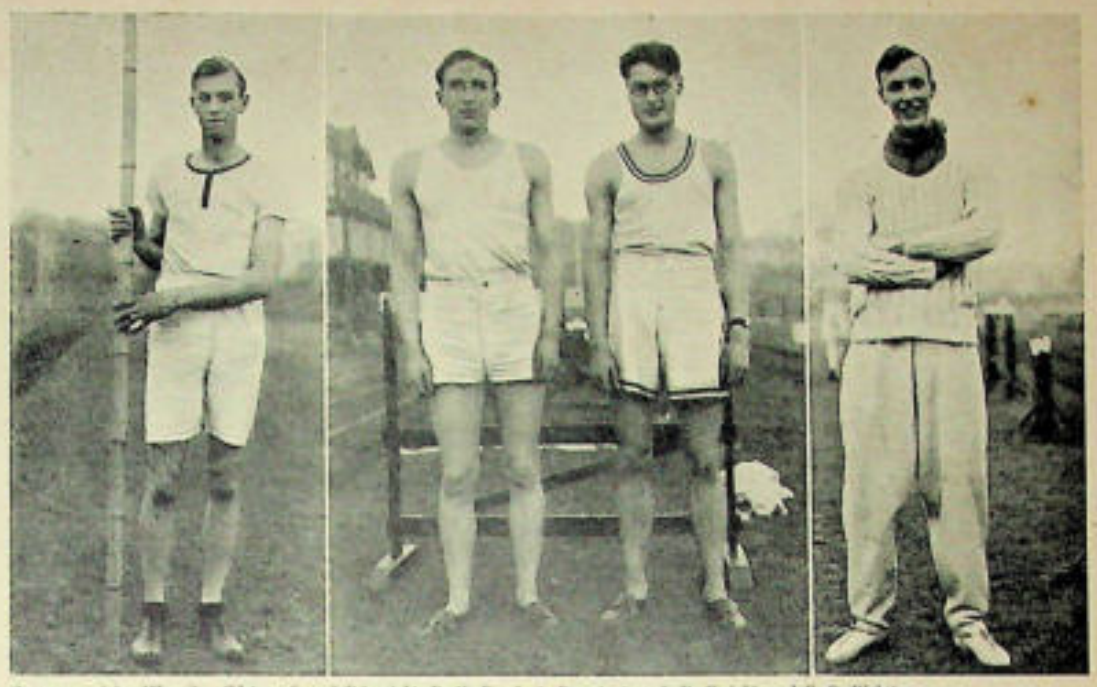
From Bloodylaws Whin to the woods of Wolflee,
From the Kale to the Carter their foxes run free;
Their hounds, if allowed,
Slip away like a cloud
Over high-lying hirsel and stone-scattered scree.

When loud through The Belling their music is borne,
When Birkenside rings to the blast of the horn,
Any wager is sound,
If he stays above ground,
That his brush will a Borderer's saddle adorn.

The Jed Forest know every moss-hag and mire,
Each ford on the water, each gate in the wire;
The full walls are high,
Running grey to the sky,
But they know how to face them with courage and fire.

Of top-hat and scarlet there's scarcely a sign
And little attention to polish and shine,
But you'll get all you need
If you follow his lead
When the hard-riding Master is taking a line.

WILL H. OGILVIE.



Some promising 'Varsity athletes—from left to right, R. N. Bond, A. Pennington, J. P. Knight, and F. R. Webster

OLYMPIC HOPES AT THE 'VARSITIES

An Improved Standard in Field Events

LAST year Cambridge failed to win every single event in the relay match with Oxford through the over-eagerness of one hurdler to get well away on the change-over. Last Saturday, when they defeated Oxford by six events to one, it was again a hurdling misfortune which prevented the Light Blues from sweeping the board. In the final stage of the 4 x 220yds. low hurdles, J. A. Gemmill had the race well won for Oxford when he almost fell at the seventh flight. F. E. Peall, Cambridge, was overhauling his man fast and looked certain to win, but hit the last fence and lost the race by inches.

Other features of this year's match were supplied by Cambridge equalling the 4 x 100yds. record of 38.4sec. and making a new 4 x 220yds. record of 1min. 28.2sec. In both races W. R. Loader, the English junior sprint champion, running for Cambridge, was the outstanding figure, while E. A. R. Davies, the Welsh sprint champion, running for Oxford, held A. G. K. Brown over the first furlong, and A. Pennington, the English Public Schools sprint champion, could make no impression on M. M. Scarr, the Cambridge Blue who ran so well in the World's Student Championships at Budapest. In these five runners the 'Varsities have real Olympic hopes. Brown, of course, is definitely booked for the 440yds., but may yet have to consider the furlong or half-mile if G. L. Rampling and W. Roberts, the non-'Varsity runners, reproduce their past form next year.

Pennington, perhaps, presents a problem. His running is curiously reminiscent of that of H. M. Abrahams, and if Sam Mussabini was still alive to train Pennington I should pick him as next year's 100 metres Olympic champion. Meanwhile, he may develop into a great furlong runner, and I would not put it past him to beat even Rampling, Roberts and Brown at a quarter-mile.

Judging by the way he ran 440yds. last Saturday, M. J. K. Sullivan, the C.U.A.C. President, seems likely to produce enough first-lap speed to put him in the world's top class of half-milers next year. Where the mile is concerned 'Varsity prospects are not so bright. Running the last mile of the 4 x 1 mile relay last Saturday E. B. Teesdale testified to the ability of Thomas, the Oxford trainer, to turn out Lovelocks to pattern, so far as style is concerned; but, all the same, that far less gainly runner E. L. Ellis, Cambridge, showed much better strategy than his opponent and turned a 20yds. deficit into a 5yds. victory by wisely waiting on his man. Neither man, however, is of Olympic class, nor are the 'Varsities' hurdlers, although J. P. Knight, Oxford, the Public Schools champion, should one day reach the top rank.

Both 'Varsities, despite the folly of leaving the javelin, discus and hammer events out of the newly instituted Oxford and Cambridge Freshmen's Sports, have better prospects than ever before of helping Great Britain by reaching real field events efficiency. F. A. S. Gentry, the first American to be elected O.U.A.C. President, is, first and last, a throwing expert, while M. Meissner, now in residence, is one of America's best high jumpers, who should establish good style at Oxford. J. P. S. Daniell and R. N. Bond, Oxford, are excellent long jumper and pole vaulter respectively who, if not yet of Olympic class, may still do big things.

Cambridge have a wonderful asset in F. R. Webster. He holds the English pole vault record of 12ft. 6¼in. and during the recent South African tour vaulted an inch higher than that, besides beating 170ft. with the javelin. He is already of Olympic class in the pole vault and, by demonstrating style in other events, should help to establish a new field events tradition at Fenner's.

Ali Irfan, with Dr. R. S. Woods and R. L. Howland to guide him, should reach Olympic form with the 16lb. weight next year, although he will be representing Turkey at the Games in Berlin next August. I regard R. K. I. Kennedy as a distinct Olympic prospect in the high jump. He has proved already that he has sufficient natural spring to carry him over 6ft. without very much style. If he can now be taught some real technique I fancy he will go to record heights.

Of course, we have yet to see what the present season's Freshmen will produce. It is seldom that either University has such a wonderful influx of really polished athletes as went up to Cambridge in October, 1934. Perhaps the best of the newcomers this year seen at Fenner's so far is W. M. F. Hudson, the three-miler. He, I feel certain, will eventually reach the world's top class, but rather perhaps at one mile than the longer distance at which he is running at present. Oxford, of course, can really congratulate themselves upon such a Freshman as A. Pennington, who was granted English representative honours for the A.A.A. against the C.U.A.C. before going up. He really is a world-beater in embryo. On the other hand, Cambridge have almost as big a Freshman-hope in W. R. Loader, but again Oxford can perhaps offset this advantage with J. P. Knight, who is clearly going to be a first-rate hurdler when his front-leg action is corrected.

Taking things all round, one feels that athletics at the 'Varsities have seldom been more flourishing, nor the prospects better, than they are to-day. At both Iffley Road and Fenner's improvements for the practise of field events are being made and there is a new and entirely praiseworthy atmosphere of meaning to get things done. DEAD HEAT.

LADY FOLLOWERS OF THE TICKHAM USING A FOOTPATH ACROSS A WHEATFIELD

FOXHUNTING AND SHOOTING SYNDICATES

How to Make Amicable Arrangements

By THE HON. JAMES BEST

THOSE who live in the country know more of their neighbours and have a greater sympathy with them than folk whose lot is cast in towns. This sounds a sweeping statement to make, but is, nevertheless, the fact born of tradition. A relict of feudal days perhaps. But it has always seemed to me a remarkable thing that men of leisure in the country, while taking full advantage of the sport and other amenities that their surroundings afford, put in a great deal of public work in the service of their neighbours; whether it be on the local bench, county or district council, British Legion, party politics or any other form of activity, generally speaking, the resident pulls his weight.

It is natural that those who have this sense of public spirit and of sport should have a feeling of tolerance towards others, even if their mode of living and of recreation differs from their own.

Are hunting and shooting antagonistic? is a question that is often asked. In most cases they most certainly are not. The average man whose home and heart are in the country indulges in or has taken part in both kinds of sport. Most of those who hunt like a day's shooting as well, and many a man that one meets out shooting is a keen follower of hounds. There are, of course, both hunting men and shooting men who are intolerant of each others' sport; but, generally speaking, there is the give and take that one expects to find among sportsmen. In many cases, indeed, the two forms of sport are of mutual help to one another and to the countryside. It must be realised that members of the hunt do a lot to add to the well-being and amenities of their neighbours. They need forage and oats for their horses; they have a wider social geography than the men who shoot, they promote social gatherings, such as Point-to-Points, keepers' and earth-stoppers' dinners, hunt balls which are really county balls organised by hunting people; and they do a lot to help the industry of agriculture by subscribing to agricultural societies and assisting in hedging competitions.

It must be admitted that even where non-resident members of the hunt are in the majority such benefits are still there, and that the advantages which they bring to the countryside include all classes, even those not the least interested in hunting itself. Directly, hunting does not much benefit shooting, although there must be some shooting tenants who are not sorry to know that their keepers are asked and paid by the hunt to go out at unaccustomed hours of the night to stop earths.

Shooting, on the other hand, does in some ways help hunting. There is, for example, organised supervision of coverts. Rabbits provide food for foxes. A good keeper is the best earth stopper because he knows where the earths are and which are most in use; moreover, he has a keen desire to see the fox at a disadvantage. The shooting landlord or tenant keeps up the rides which are almost essential to the foxhunter. Generally speaking, his local beneficies are narrower than those of the hunting man. He finds employment for

TIPPERARY "FIRST FLIGHTERS"

In the centre may be seen Mrs. Masters, who hunts hounds and who has ridden over 100 Point-to-Point winners, while on the right is Mr. R. Dibben, joint-Master with Mr. J. Perry on the left

beaters and buys barley or wheat from the local farmer for his feed ricks in the autumn, as well as broody hens in the spring. Pheasant food can and should come from the local corn merchants; so should cartridges from the local dealer, although this is asking rather a lot from the man who is faddy about his ammunition.

Undoubtedly the hunt brings trials to the gamekeepers. Occasionally hounds run through a covert when their appearance is unexpected, and, it must be admitted, unwelcome. If this should happen shortly before the first shoot of a well stocked covert, the inconvenience is sometimes serious. Birds are scattered and have to be driven in again, some may stray to the ground of unfriendly neighbours, others in their strange surroundings may become the prey of foxes or worse enemies. Before coverts are drawn rabbit snares and vermin traps have to be taken up or thrown, and afterwards men have to go round to see that gates have been properly shut. Then there is often an unwelcome invasion of foot followers, some of whom, a keeper tells me, take advantage of the licence given when hounds draw to spy out the land in places where, in ordinary circumstances, they are not permitted.

In both hunting and shooting reasonable relationship depends to a large extent on whether their control is in the hands of local men. Unfortunately, this is not always the case so far as shooting is concerned, since many landowners cannot afford to keep shooting in their own hands or even to have a controlling interest in syndicates to whom they have let it.

The question then arises regarding the effect of shooting syndicates on hunting. This varies enormously. A local syndicate formed of residents many of whom hunt is seldom a serious impediment to foxhunting. There is a give-and-take among both interests. Foxes are preserved, the hunt is careful not to disturb coverts early in the season or on days likely to interfere with fellow sportsmen, and every facility is given for earth stopping. Such happy relations prevail in most countries away from the influence of London and other large centres of population. And even there, so long as every covert in the neighbourhood is not taken by syndicates who insist on week-end shoots, means can be found to avoid the conflicting of interests. But where the shooting interests prevail the problem is a serious one.

Keepers who are but human are judged by results, and although an able man can show foxes to the hunt from coverts with a good stock of birds, there are others who grudge one pheasant and look upon foxes as their main enemy, often laying blame on them which, more justly, should be laid to the charge of other depredators. There is, of course, a vast difference between a country that is essentially a hunting centre and one where the shooting interests predominate. It is in the areas where both interests are equal or nearly so that feeling is apt to rise.

Much could be done if in centres where there is a conflict of interests members of shooting syndicates could do more to associate themselves with the welfare and amusements of the countryside. In some cases members of week-end syndicates do little more than have a meal or a

drink in the local inn before going elsewhere for their Sunday golf.

If cartridges are bought from the local ironmonger the transaction brings goodwill and possibly a hint of those who need watching. Local ironmongers know a lot. Whist drives and other village entertainments may sometimes be dull, but an appearance at them is much appreciated more particularly if accompanied by suitable prizes. The goodwill of shepherds may save a partridge nest and a friendly carter will do his best to save a brood when cutting hay.

Where there are adjoining syndicates would it not be possible for their members to give a dinner to shepherds, carters, keepers and beaters some time during the dull winter months? Prizes and subscriptions to local agricultural shows are much appreciated, as is the presence and interest of those who take their pleasure from the land.

FIRST-AID IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Some Remedies for Injured Riders

THERE are surprisingly few serious accidents in the hunting field. Last week there was a fatal accident with the Bicester but in a fairly long experience I think I can only recall three other fatal ones. There was, of course, the Newby Ferry disaster—the most tragic of all hunting field tragedies—and the deaths of Whyte Melville and "Bay" Middleton, but these are more or less isolated cases. It may be of interest to add that, let the cranks and the kill-joys say what they will, in all the years that the Grand National has been run there has only been one fatal accident, and that was over 70 years ago! But apart from these fatalities there are always minor accidents in the hunting field, falls, concussions, broken collar-bones, and the like, and it is with these that I propose to deal here.

It is not suggested that one should be followed by an ambulance, or that one's second horseman should carry a first-aid outfit. This would neither be practicable nor desirable. Pessimism and the foreshadowing of evil should have no place in the hunting field. But in Point-to-Points, and during a fast run with hounds, it is quite likely that there may be fractures or injuries to what the doctors call the "soft parts," though excessive bleeding is very rarely found in hunting accidents. And, by the way, the latter was the favourite cure for all accidents in the old days, and even to-day I know horsemasters who firmly believe in phlebotomy for treating gross horses. However, to continue.

One of the most common of hunting accidents is a fracture, especially to the arms and collar-bones. One can generally tell if a fracture has taken place, for the injured one feels no pain for a while, and there is generally no swelling or deformity as in the case of sprain. If an arm has been fractured, no attempt should be made to set the fracture. The coat should not be split but the arm is best bent to a right angle, while a folded newspaper or piece of cardboard will serve as a splint, and may be secured by three folded handkerchiefs over the seat of the fracture. The arm, of course, should be supported in a sling, which can quite easily be contrived out of one of the large silk handkerchiefs which most hunting people carry—*pace* Mr. Jorrocks, who used his Berlin gloves for the same purpose! It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the injured should be taken to the nearest house for medical attention, and that a little stimulant—except in the case of concussion—will do no harm.

Probably the most serious of hunting accidents is a broken collar-bone, and I know by experience that this takes a long time to set, unless first aid is rendered promptly, while it is more than likely that adhesions will set in unless the matter is seen to at once. Suppose, then, that the collar-bone has been broken. The coat should not be removed, and a pad of handkerchiefs folded about 4in. square should be placed under the armpit, and the arm bent at the elbow and placed in a sling. It will prove to be advantageous if the arm of the affected side can be drawn back to prevent displacement of the fractured ends. This may be effected by taking a large scarf folded to a narrow fold, the centre being placed round the middle of the upper arm. A turn is then taken round the arm, and the ends knotted round the chest on the other side. The manner of applying the sling should be as follows. A large square piece of material is folded, edge at the wrist, with the arm bent at a right-angle at the elbow. Then the upper point is carried over the shoulder of the sound side and brought round the back of the neck. The lower point is carried upwards in front of the forearm of the injured side, and knotted to the other point in front of the shoulder of the same side. It is best to wrap the free point round the elbow joint and secure it with a safety pin. Nor should it be forgotten that the comfort of a sling depends on the arm being supported from wrist to elbow.

Apart from a "collar boner"—some of the fences in the Shires with a covered drain away from them are generally known by this term—another nasty accident may be fractured ribs, which in the majority of cases are caused by being rolled on. It is generally the fifth and seventh ribs which are broken, and very often the pain is considerable, especially when the lungs are pierced, for then the breathing becomes laboured, and bright, frothy blood may be coughed up.

The best way to render the injured comfortable is to tie two broad pieces of material round the chest, one slightly overlapping the other and knotted on the far side. Removal to the nearest house is best, as it is with the case of a broken leg or thigh. As regards the former, the boot should not be removed, for it will act as a sort of splint, until the patient can be examined under satisfactory conditions; but when it is taken off it should be cut up the seam at the back. There is no sense in spoiling a good boot even with a broken leg. It is best, too, to see that the two limbs are bandaged together, but every care should be taken not to bandage over the suspected seat of the fracture.

More important are the thigh and pelvis. In these cases it is frankly better to wait for skilled assistance to apply the necessary splints, otherwise one may be lame for life, though in both cases a binder may be applied. It is perhaps important to state that under no circumstances should alcohol be given, although a warm drink, such as tea or coffee, may alleviate the pain.

The rule as regards stimulants applies particularly to concussion, probably the most common of all hunting field accidents. Here the patient should be kept very quiet and, if it is possible, wet compresses placed on the head and at the back of the neck. It often happens that concussion of the brain renders a patient quite oblivious to his surroundings. It is, I suppose, a numbing of the vital faculties, and may prove to be very serious. I recall once having a nasty fall on to a road, and for the life of me cannot tell what happened till I came to in a farm-house hours later, although some friends told me afterwards that I caught my horse, jumped and galloped like a fiend, and called everyone who came near me the most horrible names. I have often wondered if it was a reflex action of the brain.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

FORDING AN EAST ANGLIAN STREAM

The Essex and Suffolk (Suffolk Side) after a meet at Kersey

BEST RUNS OF THE WEEK

Scent Good With the Pytchley

A NOVEMBER rainfall of five inches following upon two wet months has given the Pytchley pasturelands a soaking such as they have not experienced for many a day, and if the old tradition counts for anything there should be fine sport in store. For while the dry seasons which have followed in monotonous succession of late impose a definite handicap in the matter of scent no one has ever known Northamptonshire too wet.

So quickly does the personnel of a hunting field change that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that a generation has grown up which has never seen these grazing lands at their wettest and best. Such conditions are hard on horses of course, and it remains to be seen how the small studs which fashion and often alas, necessity decree to-day would stand up to a real old-fashioned season.

One of the best scenting days of the past month (I have in mind Wednesday 13th) when hounds ran like wildfire from first to last proved a desperately unlucky one, for Stanley Barker, when galloping down a hill near Winwick Warren, sustained an ugly fall. His horse put its foot through a broken drain and our huntsman was fortunate in that his injuries were not worse than was actually the case. As it was he has been disabled until the commencement of the week of which I write, and Bob Kemp in the meantime has carried the horn in his place.

The best sport of the week was reserved for Saturday 30th (Sibbertoft), when, notwithstanding stormy weather, and a falling glass, the grasslands on the Harborough side of the country carried a rare scent. Hounds gave their fox from Twantry Gorse no quarter from first to last and bowled him over in something under fifteen minutes. They slipped along very well, too, from the Marston Hills over the good grass of Clipstone and Naseby parishes till Reynard somehow contrived to shake off pursuit in the neighbourhood of Talli-Ho, after a very good hunt. An afternoon call at Sulby brought further reward for hounds ran with great dash past Sibbertoft to the Marston Hills once more, and after a circle round pulled their fox down in the open in the vale near Marston Trussell.

SPRAGGON.

THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY

OUR Little Addington meet was, as usual, well attended on the 30th, and gusts of cold rain and mackintoshes were our companions on the way to the meet, but bright sunshine stayed with us throughout the day after we moved off. We first of all drew Mr. Jackson's kale field at Irthlingborough, and hounds had not gone more than half-way through when an obliging old dog fox was halloaed away at the bottom.

Hounds got away on very good terms with him and were soon streaming away over the main road by the laundry, where they bore right-handed as if they were making for Little Addington, and it looked to me like being a rattling good hunt, with plenty of jumping and no wire, till they threw up their heads in a stubble field just short of the village. Casting right-handed, they hit off the line and continued once more for three or four fields, where scent failed. It was disappointing, as they had run really nicely for 20 minutes.

Craddock's Thorns — our next draw—provided us with a good hunt of 35 minutes' duration with barely a check and much jumping, with, incidentally, a certain amount of grief. I was doubly rewarded, as I had wagered with a certain ex-Master and great sportsman that we should find there. He, with good reason, as they had been shooting there recently, said it would be blank. My luck was in, and I shall take his half-crown with pleasure, to help to recoup the several he has had from me on previous occasions!

We got away on very good terms with our fox over Mr. Cann's Farm, and, crossing the Finedon Main Road with Finedon Poplars on our right, they continued on very nicely, leaving Burton Gorse on our right and with Cranford New Covert ahead of us. They swung left-handed, however, on Mr. Garton's Farm, missing Cranford New Covert by a field, and ran on to Cranford Old Pits, where they were beaten. I think our fox took refuge in the old workings.

Going back with the intention of drawing Finedon Poplars, we put into the thorny field opposite the Round house and were quickly away once more. Hounds ran on well through Burton Gorse and bore left-handed when they checked on the plough—that wise old dog Dichard, however, put them right at the opposite hedge, and they continued on without a check to Burton Latimer, where they lost their fox in the cemetery after a first-rate 35 minutes.

Addington Thorns, the last draw of the day, provided us with yet another useful hunt of over half-an-hour, and curiously our fox took us over that same line of country where most of us lost hounds three weeks previously. Going away towards Addington Village hounds bore right-handed and continued on crossing the Irthlingborough Road by the Sewage Farm. They turned left-handed here and continued on down to the River Nene, where they swung left-handed and ran the grasses for about a mile before being finally stopped crossing the river into the Fitzwilliam Country after 30 minutes fast.

Hounds did not draw again. It had been a busy day and everyone had had enough. We had been on the move from the moment we found our first fox.

C. D.

FERNIE RUN WELL ALL DAY

THE fixture of November 25th, with the meet at Peatling Magna, provided a really good day's sport, scenting conditions improving as the day advanced, excepting, of course, for those rare occasions when, with a screaming scent, hounds can run from morning till night. I think progressive improvement from a good hound hunt in the morning to a really quick thing in the afternoon would be most people's idea of an enjoyable day's sport, and so it happened. Anyway, in my old age, I prefer it that way round, you do go home warm, whereas a good scenting morning petering out to a disappointing afternoon acts in both ways rather as an irritant.

Getting back to my horses and hounds, Peatling Covert, the first draw, was full of foxes, but the one hounds settled to in covert ran us back behind the allotments by Kilby Village, and scent in the open proving anything but good, he was not persevered with. On the way to Charley's Gorse hounds chopped a fox in Foston Spinneys, but from Charley's we were rewarded with a very enjoyable hound hunt, starting as if for Peatling Parva. Hounds swung back by Mr. Gee's farm in the direction of Quen's Gorse, bearing right-handed for some way along the bottom before turning left towards Ashby Magna. The enclosures here being very small, the fences meet you more often than in any other part of Leicestershire, and some of them any way would be better looking if hounds were carrying a really good head; from a huntsman and Master's point of view, perhaps, no very bad thing; hounds do get a bit more room, but for the individual, pace does so help courage; it also incidentally does the horse no great harm!

Keeping on with Ashby Magna Village on the left, both huntsman and hounds had to work hard; there was more than one fox on foot, a certain amount of plough, and scent very catchy indeed. Hounds kept touching a line as we persevered with a point towards Whetstone Pastures, to swing round eventually out of scent near Willoughby Waterleys. On the way to our next draw, Quen's Gorse, we began to meet a decided nip in the air which gave one a hopeful feeling that scent might improve; and so it happened. A very quick twelve minutes taking us below Ashby Magna Village to swing left-handed to the road opposite Charlie's Gorse, where the fox went to ground in a drain, with the assistance of Tatters he was bolted, but accounted for almost immediately.

Gilmorton, unfortunately, proved blank, and the day drawing on necessitated a quick jog to Walton Holt, followed by a quick find and a gloriously quick 20 minutes across the delightful Vale of Walton and Knaptoft to Jane Ball. With hounds tumbling out of covert after their fox he faced the vale as if for Walton Village, turning right just over the bottom by Badgemere Farm. Here some beasts on the far side of a fence made them swing out in a wide cast, but the check was only momentary. Peaker hardly touching them as they picked up the line again to race on over a beautiful line of country, and swinging up the high ground at Knaptoft, continued at best pace on into Jane Ball. A very pleasant finish to a good day's sport.

W. M.

IN THE BLACKMORE VALE COUNTRY
The field moving off from Cucklington Covert

FAST WARWICKSHIRE GALLOP

ON Thursday, November 28th, hounds were advertised to meet at the Asps, which is not one of their most popular fixtures: a morning spent hunting in Warwick Park is not very amusing for the field, and the draw at Oakley Wood, which usually takes place when hounds have done their duty by the park, does not often result in the kind of run which is likely to be recorded in history.

Still, these places have to be hunted, in their due turn, with the rest of the country, and there is always the hope that something will happen in the afternoon to atone for an uninteresting morning's sport.

On this occasion those who had resolved to hunt were sustained by the well-founded hope that the young Masters meant, if all went well, to make Chesterton Wood their afternoon draw, and this is exactly what happened. All, luckily, "proceeded according to plan," and the early hours of the short November afternoon saw the advance of hounds to the celebrated wood, followed by an eagerly expectant band of horsemen and women, all prepared, doubtless, to ride their hardest when the time came, though few, perhaps, thought that they would have to ride as fast as they did, when, on finding almost as soon as they were thrown into the wood, hounds hustled their fox through it

THE QUORN GOING ON TO DRAW FROM GARTREE HILL

with such determination as apparently convinced him that he must choose between flying and dying; so he chose the former alternative, and broke on the Chesterton Village side of the wood, then went straight away, with the pack fairly racing after him over the splendid great Chesterton fields, pointing as though for High Down.

They flew over part of the familiar Point-to-Point course, then crossed the Harbury Road, and on till, somewhere near Whitnash Bushes, the first serious obstacle to riders was met with, in the shape of the Great Western Railway main line. Over this went fox and hounds, but the majority of the field, with the huntsman, could not get over quite so easily, and temporarily lost touch with the flying pack; all but a fortunate few who wisely had taken to, and kept on, the Fosse Road as soon as they struck it soon after the start. Thus they hit the railway where the road leads under one of its bridges. I say a "few," but actually only know of one—a young lady, who tells me that being near hounds running at such a racing pace was "like heaven."

Hounds ran on to Pope's Spinney, which is a not well-known and seldom-drawn little covert on the side of the Southam—Leamington Road, then swung right-handed as though for Upton Wood, then right-handed again, and by the time Gillson got to them, after being held up by the railway, they had thrown up near Harbury Village; and they never really decisively owned to the line again.

News of a tired fox having been viewed was received, but what happened to him remains a mystery; unless, indeed, he was the same fox as one which is reported to have been seen, killed somehow, on the railway line, later on; and alas! a hound was killed on the line, too; possibly he, alone of his companions, had hit the line of the hunted fox and carried it back to the railway when the latter turned to remake his point to Chesterton, with the tragic result just related. The pace hounds ran may be gathered when it is learnt that they covered the first two-and-a-half miles in ten minutes. The total point was three-and-a-half miles.

PATIENCE.

NINE-MILE POINT WITH THE SOUTH DORSET

WHEN the South Dorset hounds met at Frome House on Thursday, November 28th, opinions were divided about equally as to whether they would run or not. It was a warm day with a strong west wind blowing, and a hint of storm or rain squalls to come. Scent has not been good of late under these conditions, but the evident optimism of some of the field was doubtless due to the new muggy feeling in the air, and the visibility which was excellent. However, Mrs. Henning, of Frome House, entertained both optimists and pessimists alike, and by the time hounds moved off everyone was in the best of spirits.

To begin what was to be a great day a fox was found and lost in Mr. Mayo's root fields above Frome. It is difficult to say exactly what happened, but this fox disappeared into thin air after a short "tow row" through the turnips. Then a move was made to Pigeon House, another of Mr. Mayo's excellent coverts, and there there were two occupants, an old travelling dog fox from up country, and one of the Frome vixens. The dog fox was halloaed away by Jack Stratton, and the Master got the pack on in the shortest possible time. Would they run? It seemed doubtful after the first find in the root field. But yes, they were off, not at a great pace but a steady one with a lot of hard hound work thrown in.

Waterston Ridge was the direction taken, a nice line of country with quick set fences and light going. On reaching the ridge the pack swung right-handed, the fox had been headed by the usual motor cars, and was off down wind as though for Lackington. There followed then a lot of timber, but suprisingly little grief, probably due to the pace we were going, which was never much out of a canter. Hounds had to work very hard to the hills above Piddlehinton, and then in the Piddle Valley they threw up and it looked a case of "run out of scent."

Then a forward cast was made, a very bold cast, and inspired one it proved to be. Hounds were lifted over the main road and on almost to Druce Bottom, where they hit off the line. This cast got them on to terms with their fox again, and from that point onwards the real fun began. Away they went, racing in a big circle over Druce, where they put up a fresh fox and never wavered from the original line—a very pretty sight!—straight past Doles Wood and away for Lyscombe. Horses were beginning to tire by this time—all the more credit to our General, who went first at the big timber below Lyscombe Farm, and to the little chestnut pony from Spetisbury which followed him. Hanover seemed to be the point now, and many of us wished it was, but scorning Hanover this good fox sped on right over the top of Lyscombe to the crest on the left of Dorset Gap. And there we viewed him, very stiff and tired, but still full of go, only a field or so ahead of hounds.

But hounds had not run to view yet, scent was failing quickly, and it became evident that unless the pack could be lifted their fox would just beat them into the dense undergrowth of Melcombe Park. This he did, for it was all the hunt staff could do by this time to keep going at all. Scorning the badger earth above Melcombe this good fox sank the valley, made his point to Melcombe Park, and saved his brush after a hunt of two hours, a nine-mile point, and fifteen miles as hounds ran.

WESSEX.

WITH THE BERKELEY

THE floods of a fortnight ago had partly subsided when the Morton meet was held on Thursday, November 28th. The marsh was huntable, but in the meads the willows were

AT THE BLETCHINGTON PARK MEET OF THE BICESTER

In the group may be seen Mr. J. Bletsoe, Mr. A. Taylor, and Captain and Mrs. R. Agnew

waist high in water, and the rhines were hardly negotiable.

It was a gusty morning, given to stormy outbursts, and the old hands, in summing up the prospects, said: "On such days we have seen hounds run hard. They will go well to-day." They were right. Colonel Turner was in command, and his field included a strong brigade from the Cotswold. They stayed out to see a long hunt, and an unusual line of country traversed.

An outlying fox moved near the meet stood up

for only fifteen minutes. He ran towards Thornbury Castle and came to hand near Park Mill.

Major Algar Howard invited the Master to draw towards the meads, where foxes often occupy the pollard willows. The Thornbury Castle Estates, presided over by the major, surrenders itself, on hunting days, to the amenities of the chase; and the major himself has a trained eye for a tree fox.

However, there was a fox in the meads. Luckily, he did not lead the field into the flood. He ran towards Thornbury Parks, and turning left by Morton Village, crossed the Thornbury Road at Newton and ran on beneath the Eastwood Banks to Sundays Hill Gorse.

A large flock of sheep and a second fox might have caused complications here, but Morris used his eyes and ears to good account, and the pack broke away over the Rockhampton Valley, and entered Round House Wood. The country was varied. They raced through the woodland, and also dispensed with Hill Woods lightly. The fox got over the park wall near Bevington, and the huntsman galloped them round by the lodge entrance to connect in the Berkeley Deer Park.

Luckily, deer had not foiled the line, and the pack with perseverance rather than pace carried on over Clapton Hills and dropped into the marsh. Riding conditions in the marsh are good just now. The marsh never floods, but our fox only felt the fringe of it. He got to Ham Village, and hounds here engaged him on better terms. Probably he was either lost here or dared to be too intimate, since he ran across the kennel meadow and through the kenned yard. He had made a six-miles point, and the best pace of the hunt came in its final stages, and with the walls of the fortress on the left, horses galloped hard over the Castle meadows to keep their company.

We splashed on by Fowler's Plantation. Eyes were now being strained to view the hunted fox. Hounds were driving on and, close to his brush, were about to snatch a view and make a course of it, when he got amongst the farm buildings at Alkington Farm and got into a drain. Though the terriers were brought on and tools were at hand, the task was too difficult, and hounds were denied the spoils they so richly deserved.

Our Cotswold visitors including Admiral Martyn saw the hunt through to the end. Colonel and Miss Turner were there, so were Colonel Murray, Mrs. de Lisle Bush (who, in our best hunts, goes consistently well to hounds), Captain Jenkins, Dr. E. M. Grace, and that keen lot of officers who represent Horfield Barracks and whose keenness is characteristic of that branch of the Service.

The run lasted an hour and 50 minutes. Its point was a mere part of the distance hounds ran. Scent all through was only tolerably good, and it was a run from which the huntsman took credit equally with hounds. H. N.

HARD DAY WITH THE NORTH COTSWOLD

THE bitch pack came right into the picture on Thursday, November 28th, with a four-and-a-half mile point, over a delightful country, made in exactly five-and-twenty minutes. But more of this anon.

The morning broke with grey skies, while the white frosts of the preceding days of the week had vanished as if they never had been. The wind, too, while rather gusty, had veered to a southerly quarter, so hope ran high, not to be disappointed of a good hunting day.

The meeting place was at the quaintly-named Kiftsgate Court, which stands on the top of the hill overlooking the grass vale surrounding Mickleton Village, squeezed into a corner of Gloucestershire, bounded by Worcestershire and Warwickshire.

The old Kiftsgate Court was in the valley, and it was the renowned Robert Graves, an eccentric figure, reputed at the age of 90 years to have walked with the briskness of youth, who planted the stately avenue of elms leading to the more modern building.

Nowhere in England to-day is the love of fox-hunting more deeply ingrained than in the hearts and souls of the sons of the Cotswolds; so, when the field drifted away to the first draw, it was not surprising to see a large number of foot-people following in their wake. The Master, Mr. W. W. B. Scott, who has been laid up, but returned to action on the previous Tuesday, was carrying the horn.

The first fox was viewed away from the Combs, and as the lady pack settled down to work it was easy to tell that they found the conditions much to their liking. First one, and then another, would pick up the line, the while they were streaming over the grass to Stoke, and thence to Larkstoke. From there they turned to Meon Hill, where the prettiest of hound hunts ended when scent completely vanished. The Master tried hard to regain the line, but it was of no avail.

A return then was made to Stoke Wood where a substitute was found and provided quite a merry spin in the open. The best of the fun, however, came later in the afternoon, when many of the field, well content with two such good gallops, had turned their horses' heads for home and a well-earned rest.

Those, however, who went on with hounds to Blakemore, and especially those blessed with second horses, were treated to one of the fastest 25 minutes on record. Now, it so often happens that a fast hunt takes place over an indifferent country, or perhaps over an otherwise good country completely spoilt by the presence of wire in at least every other fence—and even perhaps unmarked. On this particular day the fates combined to make it a perfect hunt. A delightful line of country with barely a strand of wire, while there was "lepping" enough to satisfy the most ardent thruster. Actually, it was south of Blakemore that this good pilot was put on to his legs. Scent, which had been a serving one all day, now was breast high.

With a veritable chorous of music the "ladies" raced away past Charringworth to Compton Scorpion. Swinging left-handed, they fairly hustled their pilot along by Hoarston and so on to Ebrington Hill. Hounds were close to him now and looked like catching him at Nineveh Bridge, when he was badly headed. This was pity enough, but the seal was put on when he turned back for Mickleton Tunnel and, with dusk creeping on, the Master had no alternative but to stop them. This was real hard luck, as their fox was sinking fast, and the pack had well deserved blood. Very few people were up at the finish. R.

SINNINGTON SPORT

PARTS of the countryside looked more suited to yachting than hunting when the pack met at Butterwick; luckily the foxes appeared to have as marked a dislike to the floods as anyone else. In the circumstances, it was only to be expected that the whin should be blank, but an outlying fox was holloaed at the village end just as the Master was blowing hounds out, and getting quickly on to his line hounds soon showed that, as is usual in this country when it is almost unrideable, scent was above the average. Running up the river bank pointing for Southolme, this fox, with no doubt a praiseworthy idea of keeping his feet dry, turned up the high carn alongside the Wath Beck and ran it nearly to Peep o' Day Farm. Short of that point he swung left-handed over the top end of Slingsby Carrs and, still bearing left, crossed the big drain, which took its customary toll of followers, and running close beside the Barton Road, regained his starting point at Butterwick Village.

Showing a surprising lack of originality, he once more ran the same line nearly to Peep o' Day, whence he set his head for Barton Le Street. Hounds could still run well across the grasses, but coming to ploughed land short of the railway, were reduced to a slower pace, and finally were run out of scent among sheep, just short of the railway, after a nice hunt of 30 minutes.

Fairbanks Grasses as usual held a fox, and, getting a good start, hounds were away like a flash and were soon across the Amotherby Road, and on to the Swinton Ings, in Middleton country. Master and field had been held up by pig-netting, and when they in turn got across the road, hounds were out of sight.

Galloping on towards Malton the Master soon picked up three couple of hounds, which were hunting a fox, one of several which had been disturbed in the vicinity, towards Swinton. The rest of the pack, attended only by a sporting farmer and his son—the former of whom has just left the writer after a good bout of "rubbing it in"—ran on fast nearly to Broughton, and swinging left-handed as if for Fitzwilliam Whin, killed their fox just short of that point. Meanwhile, with the few hounds in sight, the Master hunted his fox nearly to Swinton Village, and coming back right-handed, ran across the Ings nearly to Newsham Bridge.

Turning thence across Fairbanks Grasses, hounds left Appleton Le Street close on the left, and crossing the main road hunted on towards Hildenley, short of which they were stopped, after hunting under great difficulties for an hour and ten minutes.

Trotting back towards Newsham Bridge the errant part of the pack was encountered, and the question arose whether it was worth drawing again. The question being put, luckily as it turned out, the "ayes" had it, and so to Habton Whin. There were several foxes afoot here, and it was not long before hounds were away at speed after one which ran up to Raikes Farm and then swung away right-handed across Lund Forest to Lund's Drain, where hounds threw up their heads and the knowing ones declared that he must have got in.

That they were wrong was soon proved by a holloa towards Kirby Misperton, and the Master galloping off with hounds met the fox coming towards him at the foot of the hill. Getting a view, hounds ran at a great pace past Lund's Drain and crossed the Costa just opposite Harding's Plantation. Many thanks to our neighbours of the Derwent Hunt for putting up a bridge at this vital point a short time ago!

Turning up the banks of the river, hounds raced on in the dusk over a big and blind country to the bridge at Kirby Misperton, and just when it looked as though Lendales was to be the point the fox, which had been headed on the road, turned left-handed and reached the Hall Gardens. Through this wilderness hounds carried a good head, but on reaching the north end threw up their heads and could make no more of it. Probably the fox, which, according to report, was very tired, had taken refuge in some outbuildings, as many have been known to do before, but it was too dark to investigate and reluctantly the Master gave the order for home. This last hunt had lasted for 33 minutes of the best and doubly appreciated by the few who saw it. S.

V.W.H. (CRICKLADE'S) LONG RUN

IF the V.W.H. (Cricklade) bitches excelled themselves after meeting at Lydiard Plain, they literally eclipsed that performance last Saturday.

There can, indeed, be no better pack in England to-day, while Captain M. J. Kingscote surely must rank as one of the best amateur huntsmen of the present time. A deluge of rain ushered in the morning, happily to clear off somewhat by the time hounds met on the green at Poulton Village. To say that the field numbered 300 strong is a modest estimate.

Major A. B. Mitchell had a brace of foxes waiting in Poulton Gorse—but a stone's throw from the meet. A preliminary scurry round the covert, and hounds were away with the right one.

Turning down-wind, they simply raced over the green lane, up to the main Cirencester—Fairford Road, which forms the boundary line between the two Vale of White Horse countries. Crossing this, they flew on over a delightful stone wall country, all good going, with the exception of the ploughs, which rode heavy. Crossing Verges Farm to Poulton Fields, both completely free from wire, they swung right-handed over the Maisey Hampton—Ready Token Road, to touch their first covert at Congyers. Still running at a great pace, they went over the Brook, and so down to the flooded River Coln. A long detour was required to get across the river and as hounds were now miles out of their draw the Master stopped them. Their fox, no doubt, went on into Bibury Grove. Hounds had run dead straight for 25 minutes, making a four-and-a-half mile point.

Good as this hunt was, there was better to follow. It must have been close on one o'clock by the time Driffield Wood was reached. Sir Herbert Ingram preserves many good foxes here, but none better than was found to quit his home and never return.

A long spell of covert work was put in before the pack eventually came away with the pick of several foxes on foot in the wood.

"A cry more tunable
Was never holloaed to—or cheered by horn."

Racing down-wind, the bitches fairly rattled him along across the Driffield Road up to Westall Copse. They got close to him here—a big, dark-coloured customer, and on they flew by Harnhill into the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) stone-wall country by Waterton House. With the main Cirencester—Fairford Road behind them, they worried their pilot through the gardens at Norcutt, away again to the oddly-named Yellow Schools Covert. A cur-dog intervened here, but hounds were only at fault for a second, and were soon pushing him along towards the railway line. Following him on to the metals, they ran hard down the track for some distance before coming away left-handed to cross the Stow Road.

Few of the large field which started with them from Driffield were to be seen now as they turned right-handed to run parallel with the road, nearly down to The Sisters. Holding the covert on the left, they just touched the Dillies, where some of the Cotswold field homeward bound from their North Cerney day, hearing the cry of hounds afresh, threw in their lot with the Cricklade.

Coming out of the Dillies, the pack, led by that superb bitch, Petticoat, walked by Mrs. Wheeler, came on to the road, and raced down it for at least a mile. Petticoat made no mistake about it when she turned into Calmsden Gorse. The fox probably lay down in here as the pack got much closer to him, and driving him away at the far side pointed for North Cerney. He was out of his country now, and had lost his bearings. Turning and twisting as a tired fox will, he came back towards Calmsden, and sank the hill down to the village. Done to the world, he crept into a yard off the village street, where the bitches found him and bowled him over.

after a ten-mile point made in 1 hour and 45 minutes. This was a splendid performance, especially when it is remembered that on reaching Calmsden they were hunting on foiled ground, as the Cotswold hounds had been running round there all day.

A grand line of country had been crossed, all good going with the exception of the ploughs, and no wire at all. Besides the Master and the Hunt Staff, only Mr. W. M. Goodenough, Mr. Alan Peachey, and Colonel and Mrs. Brian Robinson—the last two who joined in from the Cotswold—saw the finish.

J. R.

TWO FINE CHESHIRE HUNTS

THOSE who went to Oulton Gates on Saturday, November 30th, saw the best day this season. Hounds scored two really good hunts of one hour and 45 minutes respectively. Badworth Pool was blank, but from Blaketon a fox was quickly away, and running fast, hounds made straight for Darnhall. Turning right-handed just short of the brook they ran nearly to the Calveley end of Wettenhall Wood. Running through this, hounds went out the other side as though for Tall Trees, and turning left-handed three fields from here left Paradise on the right and ran into the Darnhall Dingles. From here they hunted slowly into the Park Wood, and coming out at the Wettenhall end run back into the Dingles, where hounds got amongst fresh foxes.

The next draw was the small spinney outside Oulton. Here a fox was quickly away, and hounds ran him to Hunt's Hill, and turning sharp left-handed, straight through Oulton Lowe, continued at the same racing pace to Wettenhall Wood, from where they hunted more slowly down the other side towards the Dingles, and crossing the Church Minshull Over Road, hunted well through a lot of Dingle country to eventually mark their fox to ground in Mr. Wilbraham's Dingles. By this time it was 2.45 and hounds being a long way out of their draw the Master wisely decided to go home.

THE YORK AND AINSTY (SOUTH)

THE York and Ainsty (South) bitch pack met at Highfield on Saturday, November 30th, in fine weather with a south-west wind, to draw the country which for some years past has been lent by the Holderness. Finding first on Breighton Common, a fox went away towards Bubwith with rather a long start of hounds, who, bending right-handed over the Howden—Bubwith Road, ran very fast over the grass to Willitoft young covert, after which no more was made out (twelve minutes, fast). Finding again in Taylor's cover, hounds had a nice fifteen minutes' gallop in a right-handed ring, with Breighton Common, Willitoft and Spaldington on their left, marking their fox to ground on the site of the old airship hangar.

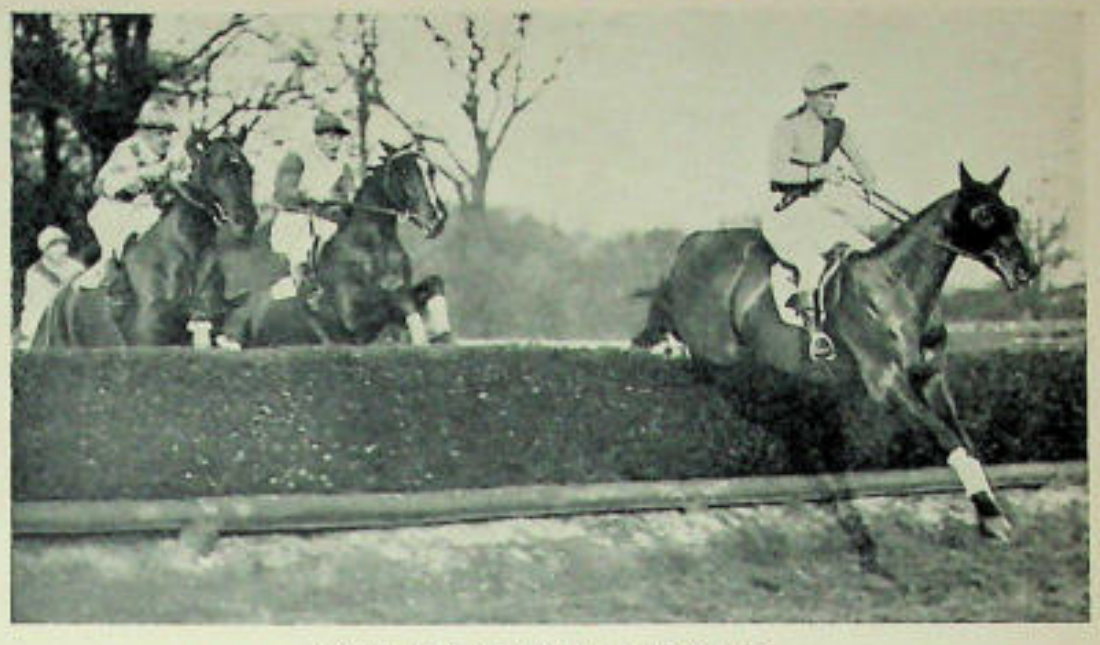
A third fox was found in Brind Leys, hounds going away on the west side and running up-wind at top pace for a mile, over the Hull—Selby railway line pointing for Newsholme. The Hunt staff and field had to gallop for the nearest level crossing and, having got over the railway, could see nothing of hounds, who had run so fast that, in this very flat country, they were out of sight.

Actually the pack had turned sharply to the right and recrossed the railway near Wressle, where they were joined by the first whipper-in, who, however, could not make himself heard by Littleworth or the field, who had ridden the opposite way in their search for hounds. Meanwhile the pack hunted back past Brind Leys and the old aerodrome to Spaldington, where at last the huntsman and field caught them up at a check. Hounds hunted on with the River Foulness on their right to Foggathorpe, Holderness covert, and thence towards Foggathorpe Station, where the fox, being headed, came back to the Foulness, where hounds had to be stopped owing to a ford over the river being wired up. Hounds had run for 1 hour 40 minutes, covering at least twelve miles of country with a six-mile point, and it was very unfortunate that hardly anyone really saw this hunt, from the reason already mentioned.

T. P.

The Hambledon Hunt ball will take place in the South-Western Hotel, Southampton, on Friday, January 17th. The Hunt Point-to-Point races will be held, subject to the usual sanction, at Liss, on April 11th next. The cap collected for Earl Haig's Fund amounted to £15 5s.

Mr. Charles G. Dewar, of Cotmore House, Bicester, was killed while hunting with the Bicester from their meet at Manor Farm, Somerton. Mr. Dewar was jumping a fence near Baynard's Green, when he was thrown heavily. Death was instantaneous, his neck being broken. The hounds were immediately stopped and were taken home.



OVER THE OPEN DITCH AT KEMPTON PARK

Dream Ship (Mr. F. Walwyn up) leading the field in the Amateur's Handicap Steeplechase, won by Mr. R. Blunt's Peritate, ridden by his owner. The winner is by the Ascot Gold Cup winner Periosteum

RACING REFORMS

Points Raised at the Gimcrack Dinner Speech

NEARLY 50 years have passed since the third Earl of Durham made a memorable speech at the Gimcrack Club dinner with important repercussions for the racing world of that time. From that moment the speeches delivered at the annual gathering of the Ancients Fraternitie of York Gimcracks, of which the 169th was held last week, have been accorded considerable more publicity than was formerly the case.

We have come to regard it as an occasion when individual views on racing matters are freely expressed, and a dinner rarely passes without suggestions for Turf reform. From time to time some of those suggestions have been accepted by the Jockey Club and incorporated with the Rules of Racing.

But the racing world never stands still, and each year new ideas, more or less practical, are presented by Gimcracks speakers. This time those assembled at the Royal Station Hotel, York, had the pleasure of listening to the youngest owner who has ever won the Gimcrack Stakes, Viscount Milton. By reason of the success of his colt Paul Beg, it fell to him to respond to the toast of the winner of the Gimcrack Stakes, proposed by Captain Stanley Wilson.

That Lord Milton should have been in this agreeable position is singularly appropriate seeing that his ancestor, Lord Rockingham, beat the Hampshire-bred Gimcrack with his Yorkshire-bred Bay Malton. Further, the Fitzwilliam colours have always taken a part in racing since they were first registered as far back as 1790. True to the traditions of those who have responded to this toast in the past, Lord Milton brought forward a number of points which, in his opinion, would make for the improvement of racing.

For the most part his suggestions were not exactly novel. Indeed, several of them have been advocated in the *Field* on more than one occasion. The newest note struck by the owner of Paul Beg was in connection with jockeys' expenses. He declared there was a good deal of dissatisfaction about this question, mainly among small owners and trainers, who find themselves frequently charged full expenses or part expenses by jockeys who are not entitled to them.

It is to be feared that this is rather a domestic matter which owners must be left to decide for themselves. The Jockey Club have a rule which lays down most explicitly the procedure in the case of jockeys' expenses, and we do not think it reasonable to expect legislation to take any further step in this direction. Those owners who feel that they are being charged unreasonably have the remedy of contesting the items when they are placed to their debit.

Hitherto good nature and the desire to avoid unpleasantness have been responsible for the items in question going through without demur. Perhaps the attention directed to the matter by Lord Milton will have the effect of a stricter adherence to Rule 101 covering the point at issue.

A good deal of controversy has been caused by Lord Milton's claim that when a person is warned off the Turf he should be given an indication of how long he is likely to be "off." Many will agree that a man who has been found guilty of racing irregularities should know the duration of his punishment. On the other hand, there is a large body of opinion which supports the policy of the Jockey Club in avoiding a form of sliding scale warnings-off.

To decide between these diversities of view is not easy. There is reason to believe that the Jockey Club have gone carefully into the question more than once and have failed to evolve anything better than the present system; but we are bound to admit there is something to be said in favour of the case made by Lord Milton.

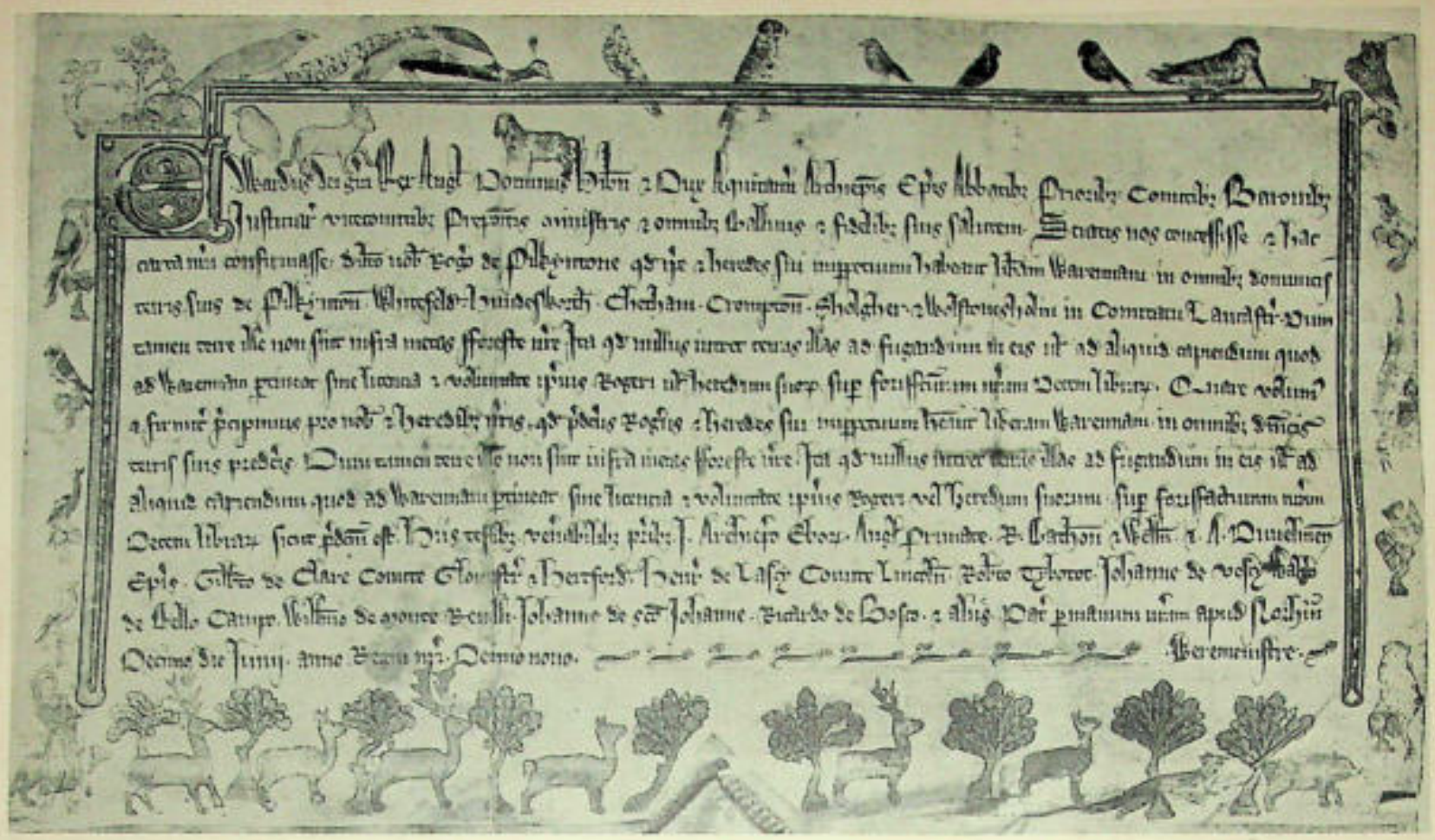
Racegoers generally will be in sympathy with the opinion, voiced by many others besides Lord Milton, that the prices of admission to racecourses all over the country are too high. We are all for "cheaper racing," and when the Jockey Club reduced their rates at Newmarket we hoped that other executives would follow the lead, but few have done so to any material extent.

At the headquarters of the Turf the cost of admission to the grand stand and paddock is 15/-, and for what is often called the "silver ring" it is 5/-, plus the entertainments tax in each case. That which is deemed sufficient for Newmarket should be good enough for other courses. Unfortunately, this does not work out in practice, and the majority of racecourse executives declare they cannot reduce their charges to the Newmarket level for various reasons, the chief one being that they would lose money if they were to cut down the amount of their gate money.

The probability that smaller charges would bring larger gates will occur to most people, yet, strangely enough, this has not proved to be the case at one or two meetings at which drastic cuts have been tried. The meetings we have in mind, however, were already struggling for existence. A general reduction of admission charges can only come either from a centralisation of racecourses or substantial contributions from the funds of the totalisator.

Happily the day does not appear to be far away when the Racecourse Betting Control Board will be able to afford substantial assistance in this way. Sir Clement Hindley, the chairman of the board, was able to make some heartening remarks at the Gimcrack dinner as to the present and future situation of the totalisator. This year it bids fair to yield a turnover of six million pounds, which is appreciably higher than last year, and it is thought it will be possible to make a substantial grant to racecourses.

We are not optimistic enough to suppose that the grant will be large enough immediately to ameliorate the lot of owners and the gate-money public, but the racing world, thankful for small mercies, will accept them as a token of further favours to come.



IS THIS THE OLDEST SHOOTING CHARTER IN EXISTENCE?

The above illustration, which we reproduce by kind permission of Sir Thomas Pilkington, is a photograph of a charter of King Edward I, granting to Roger de Pilkington and his heirs, free warren within the demesne lands of Pilkington and elsewhere in the County of Lancaster. It is dated June 10th, 1291. It would be interesting to know whether any charter of this kind, of an earlier date, is in existence

DOUBLE BANKING GUNS AT A COVERT SHOOT

Advantages of an Attack in Depth

By LORD DORCHESTER

I OFTEN think that many of the beats during a day's pheasant shooting could be made much more enjoyable, and where a large bag is desired more prolific in results, if guns were placed in a double line, instead of the usual arrangement of two with the beaters and the rest forward. I assume, of course, that the lie of the ground lends itself to such tactics. Pheasants perhaps of all game birds are the most prone to follow a recognised line of flight, the shortest line home, in fact, or one that will take them to the next best shelter, a line, moreover, from which no flanking, indeed, nothing but wind, can turn them.

If they have a choice of several routes, the shooting may well be divided among several guns, and in exceptional cases the whole team may come into action on equal terms, but how very seldom is this the case, especially when beats are taken out to a corner. When this happens it is a hundred to one that the two centre guns will have more birds than they can deal with, while their immediate neighbours must content themselves with the crumbs that fall from the rich men's tables, leaving the walking guns to console themselves with a "hare back." It happens, too, sometimes that the front is altogether too narrow, so that every pheasant is a target for two or possibly three of the forward guns.

I have seen this very often when a broad hedgerow is being driven in towards a wood; but the most glaring instance of too narrow a front that I recall was an occasion where some 300 pheasants were killed at one stand. The centre gun claimed to have shot 125, his immediate neighbours approximately 100 apiece, totalling between them more than the actual pick-up. On this showing the other four guns could not have killed a bird, and yet they were busy all the time, while an outside gun did actually kill over 30 unshared birds, because he was separated from the other guns by a garden, a cottage and some farm buildings. The explanation, of course, was that nearly every pheasant accounted for had been the recipient of at least two charges of shot. Had the guns been double-banked, all the guns, and even the pheasants would have had a fairer chance.

The fact that a record was being attacked in the case quoted, was an additional reason for a double line, since situated as they were it was impossible in the rush and flurry of a succession of bouquets for the guns to avoid shooting each other's birds, thereby double-shooting many pheasants and *ipso facto* allowing many others to pass by unsaluted. The best example of a double row of guns, and one which illustrated its advantages to the utmost, was witnessed by me at Little Green, near Petersfield. Those fortunate people who have shot at Little Green know how here, the hangers (hanging or hillside coverts) of the Hampshire Weald, merge into the Sussex Downs, natural features which contribute towards serving up some of the tallest pheasants to be found in the south of England.

The last beat of this particular day was Pad's Wood, which had been "fed" by two preceding beats, as well as by a blank drive, so there was lots of "stuff"; it was, too, the first time over. Three guns were placed in the front row, with the remaining four some 100yds. behind them. These latter were spread out on a much wider front overlapping the forward line, so as to catch the birds as they fanned out from the rise.

The forward guns were limited to cocks only, which made matters additionally interesting, since it is not always easy at certain angles to pick out cocks when birds are coming high and fast and in great numbers. There was a very big pick-up, I forget the exact number, but I do recollect that the total averaged out almost to a bird between the seven guns; limiting the forward guns to cocks imposed just the correct handicap, and so insured fair and even distribution of the shooting. There is nothing new in double-banking guns, and the system is in vogue at several shoots, but it might well be applied more frequently and with more discrimination. Only recently I heard bitter complaints from an unlucky sportsman whose fate it had been to cover a star performer and rather a selfish shot to boot. My poor friend during the best stand of the day fired but six cartridges, the shooting star having monopolised almost all the birds. Bad management this, combined with selfishness. A condition of affairs which was impossible under the Little Green system of, forward guns, "cocks only."

Though hardly relevant to my subject, a modified form of double-banking the guns is also to be found on some grouse moors. I know of two drives where the line of guns is divided into two groups. In each case two butts are some 400yds. ahead of the main line; but what about nine butts placed line ahead to an oncoming drive, so that grouse flying dead straight and holding their flight have to run the gauntlet of nine guns before achieving safety? This is double-banking with a vengeance. At Glen Markie, in Forfarshire, there are two lines so sited because it is thought to be the arrangement best suited to the configuration of the ground, but with due regard to all concerned I am sceptical both as to the necessity or the safety of such grouping. In the two Glen Markie drives the butts are placed in this most unusual situation because the tail-end of each drive tapers down on to a narrow ridge.

In theory the birds fly down the ridge or sweep across it from either side, which they do, but in practice from the shooting point of view the result was apt to be disconcerting. The sense of latent peril starts when you enter your butt and realise that contrary to custom your gun must not be balanced pointing to the front during the waiting period; at the same time you become acutely apprehensive lest your next astern is pointing his gun at you.

This calls for a readjustment of ideas and preparations. No bird can be taken to the front unless high up and well above the next butt, birds coming low must be left alone, and in no case dare one shoot behind except wide to a flank. Birds sweeping in from either or both flanks almost invariably passed through the line of butts, coveys frequently crossing each other while so doing, all of which is very bewildering. The horizon to the flanks of some butts is very short and only admits of one barrel being fired before the birds enters the danger zone—to the gun's *bien entendu*—and in these cases the gun has to be lifted vertically and most meticulously (so as not to threaten the other butt) before the second barrel can be fired.

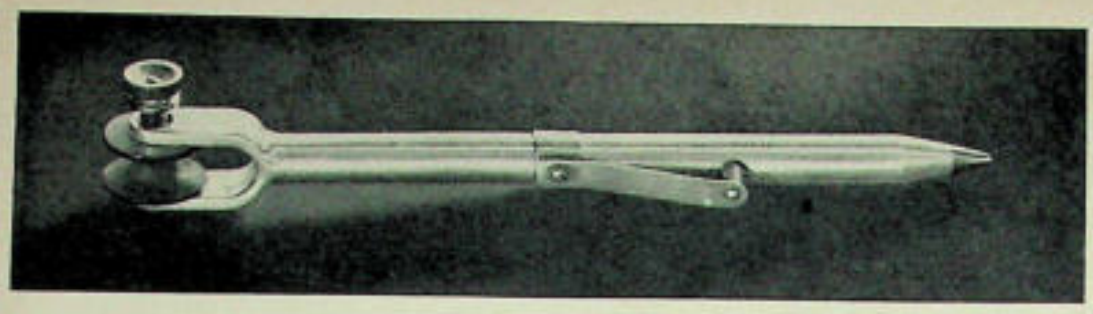
In fact the only safe double chances are those afforded by birds flying parallel to and well out from the line, and even here care is necessary lest a sudden swerve on their part should cause one unconsciously to hold-in towards a neighbour. The novelty was intriguing I admit, and the shooting chances very varied, but the system is not to be recommended if the party includes a careless or excitable gun or a novice however careful.

A CHITAL STAG ON THE WAY TO WATER

ASIA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL DEER

Seldom if ever can a chital have been photographed at such close quarters as the one of which Mr. Bengt Berg's flashlight photograph is reproduced above. The chital or spotted deer (Cervus axis) is perhaps the most beautiful deer in the world with the perfectly symmetrical white markings on its russet coat, his magnificently graceful head, and the graceful perfection of his carriage. These deer are much harried by both poachers and tigers, but are still fairly plentiful in most Indian jungles

(This photograph has never previously been exhibited or reproduced in the United Kingdom, and is the copyright of Mr. Bengt Berg, of Hallsberg, Sweden)



"THE LIGHTNING FLY DRESSER"

PIKE ON A FLOATING BAIT

The Use of American Plugs

By H. E. TOWNER COSTON

IT is some time now since I first became converted to the use of the plug bait for casting, and even when the conversion took place, a natural conservatism prevented me from immediately trying out the surface plug. Instead, I graduated by a slow process from the Devon minnows and bar spoons to non-spinning sinking plugs, thence to semi-buoyant plugs, and finally to surface baits, modelled as a rule in wood as minnows.

During the past year I have made and tried out, under varying conditions, something like half a hundred different types of baits for casting with light single-handed rods. And of the majority it must be said that they were wooden plugs.

A large percentage of the world's record fresh-water fish must, I suppose, have been taken on artificial baits, but quite apart from that, every artificial bait used is helping to conserve the small fish for feeding the quarry one seeks. Therefore, by using artificial baits, one is immediately working for the improvement of one's sport. A bait can is a cumbersome thing to be burdened with, anyway; one fisherman's live bait can loaded for the day will probably contain enough to feed a medium-sized pike for two days. Of course, where these baits are taken from lakes and ponds which do not aim to provide sport with pike, the argument does not apply. Yet on the whole it is, to me, rather cheering to consider such arguments, for my own personal preference is for artificials and is based on a desire for completeness in deception of the fish and mobility for myself.

Surprise is often expressed at the statement that pike will take a bait right on the surface. Yet if one pauses for a moment to consider a pike's diet and also the position of its eyes, the reason will be quite obvious.

In an endeavour to get more pleasure out of pike fishing, I find myself concentrating more on the plug. The thrill of seeing the swirl as the fish comes up and seizes the bait before your eyes, brings this form of spinning in line with the use of the dry fly. And there are other things to be said for these baits than attaining a hitherto undreamed-of comfort in freedom from kinked lines; the colours are as fascinating as many salmon flies, and I find myself deriving the psychological pleasure of being able to collect a lot of interesting-looking baits and work out amusing (and self-deluding) theories about the various colour combinations!

The most versatile plug of the lot is the surface bait which one can make dance to several merry tunes. It will lie on the top and kick; it will dive and dip; it will travel with absurd realism about 6in. below the surface; finally it will do all the handsprings of a wounded minnow.

But there are others too which have their place in the bait box. One is the mid-water bait, with the tortured movement and another is its more heavily-leaded brother which swims even deeper. Then there are the "teasers": garishly coloured plugs with red heads and white enamel bodies which dip and dive, and others with comically-coloured bodies and little propellers. These are insults which infuriate a pike by their presence in its vicinity.

I find that the slimmer-bodied plugs with well-mounted single hooks have superior hooking powers to the chubby ones. Also, repeated experience has demonstrated to me that pike misjudge the speed of bright baits in clear water on bright days, and fail to grasp the bait securely. A change to a duller plug under such circumstances has more than once transformed regrets into rejoicings.

While one can be happy with one comfortably-actioned rod for fly fishing, for bait casting a great benefit can be obtained by having rods of different actions. In the first place, for comfortable overhead casting, which under general conditions is the only cast which gives a certain accuracy, a limber rod is essential. But a rod which is limber when casting a 1oz. bait is not always so when casting a ½oz. bait. To get the maximum pleasure out of casting the light baits, one should have a specially actioned and suitable rod. Again a limber rod gives a greater margin of safety when playing a heavy or lively fish; by setting a fair hoop in the rod, any sudden lunge on the part of the fish is taken up by the rod, and the chances of the hooks pulling out or the tackle smashing are minimised.

Against this limberness however must be considered the hooking power of the rod. There is a split second when a pike hits the bait, when, if there is not a definite degree of "snap" in the rod's action, the hooks will fail to strike home. Therefore a rod must have backbone besides limberness. This question is not quite so acute with soft-mouthed fishes, but even then if the fish happens to take the bait clear of a hook, this has to be pulled through its mouth until its armament strikes home.

An important factor in the effectiveness of artificial baits is their arming. Two well-placed hooks will do all and more that several will achieve. I am not altogether satisfied with any of the armaments I have achieved yet, but one primary rule must be applied: the size of the hook, its gauge, and the distance from the point to below the barb must be regulated in accordance with the amount of backbone in the rod used.

STALKING PIKE
An overhead cast being made with a short spinning rod

Whatever one's beliefs and sentiments, no one can deny the thrill of the heart-stopping surface lunge of a fish after its prey.

FOR THE FLY DRESSER

A New Labour-Saving Device

IT is a long time since any improvement in mechanical aids to fly dressing was introduced. About forty years ago artificial flies were normally dressed by amateurs with the hook held in the fingers of one hand while the tying silk and other materials were manipulated by the fingers of the other. Then came a thumb vice which was of some little assistance, and shortly afterwards the table vice of the professional came into general use. But apart from a pair of hackle tweezers and a pair of small scissors, the amateur fly dresser has had to depend on the sensitiveness of his own fingers for success in the craft.

Mr. J. Nuttall (Dinting Road, Glossop, Derbyshire) has now introduced an implement which he has named the "Lightning fly dresser." As can be seen from the illustration, it is in size and general appearance rather like an Eversharp pencil with a reel at the end. The tying silk is wound on to this reel and its end dropped through the "pencil" (which is hollow) by means of a fine needle. The end of the silk protruding from the point is now held against the hook shank by the thumb and forefinger, and, the "pencil" being held in the other hand, the silk is wound on in the usual way. The tension on the silk should be adjusted by the spring on the reel just sufficiently to allow the implement to hang down (when both hands are then free to manipulate materials) without pulling off the reel.

Dubbing, for rough-bodied flies, can be spun on very conveniently, and the "whip finish" made in the usual way by simply pulling a small extra length off the reel. The clip, which can be seen on the side of the "pencil," holds the silk tight when pressed with the thumb. This little implement certainly makes manipulation of the silk much easier and does away altogether with the need to hang a pair of tweezers on the loose end of the silk to prevent it unwinding while hackles or quill are being wound on. Also it gives, for most men, a tighter and more even binding.

An experimental trial certainly suggests that with a very little practice flies could be tied a good deal more quickly and easily than by the use of the fingers alone. The price of the apparatus is half-a-guinea, and, incidentally, would make an excellent Christmas present for angling friends.

DECEMBER IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

What "Christmas Weather" Means to the Birds

By FRANCES PITT

DECEMBER, the Christmas month, is, on the average, an easy one for the wild life of our countryside. As a rule we do not get seriously hard weather before Christmas—though in that dreadful year, 1916–17, the cold began early and continued late—and the autumn crop of nuts and berries is not quite finished yet.

The haws are still red on the hawthorns, though the fieldfares, blackbirds and missel-thrushes are making inroads, and, of course, the hollies are bright with berries, but the latter are usually left until necessity presses. The spindle berries also hang in their pretty pink tassels from the twigs, but they are unpopular with birds and never in much demand. Acorns are yet to be found among the fallen leaves beneath the oak trees, witness the numerous portly woodpigeons waddling about and looking for them; and the rushes and "roding" over this very hillside and valley, and descended to seek a nest somewhere beneath the oak trees. The native birds left some time ago, but northern ones have taken their place, or more than taken it, for the strangers outnumber the birds that are gone.

Another feature of December's days are the flocks of skylarks upon the arable land, where one may put up considerable assemblies—migrants again—from over the North Sea.

These are sociable days among the birds—look at the lapwings wheeling over the ploughed ground, a huge and seemingly well-drilled concourse, or the starlings hurrying across the evening sky on their way to the communal roost.

I know no sight in December more impressive, indeed awe-inspiring, than the night-time gathering of the starling clans, when they come rushing home in their regiments, from north, south, east and west, to meet above the roosting place, wheel and turn, become merged into a huge whole, which swallows more and more of the incoming flocks. Larger and larger grows the cloud of birds, the swinging, turning, swirling concourse that seems a great vaporous mass rather than a gathering of birds. Still it swells, still the dark cloud rises and falls, swoops down upon the bushy area where the birds desire to sleep, and as it swoops seems to lose its lower portion.

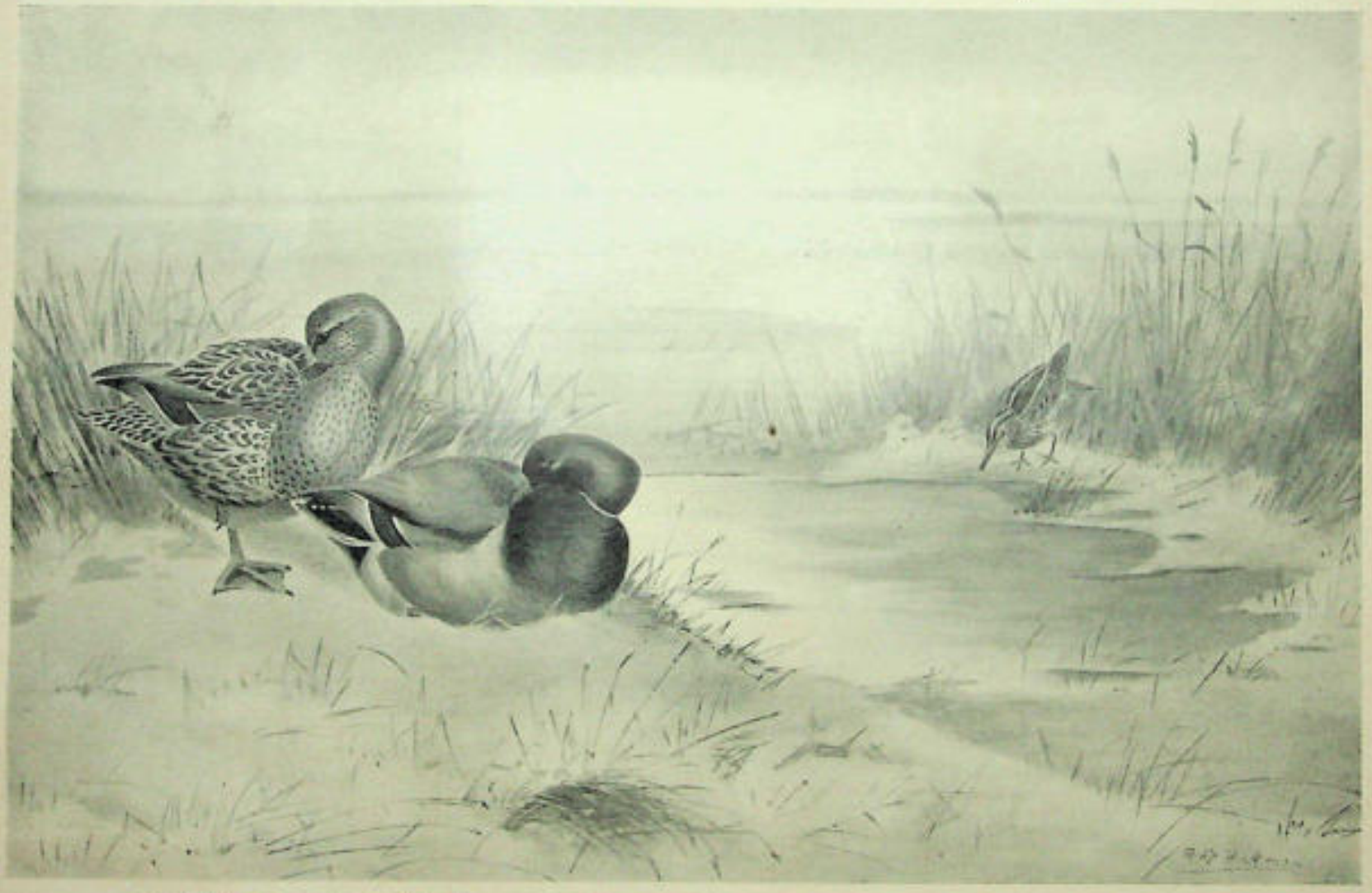
The bottom drops from the cloud, a mighty roar crushes upon the ears, but up goes the greater part of the assembly. Again and again is the manœuvre repeated, each time a portion of the flock alights, each time comes the roar as the birds descend, but it is some while before the last are down and the murmur of a myriad contented twitterings comes through what is by now the night.

Amazing and wonderful as are the evening evolutions of starlings at this winter trysting place, the spectacle is a serious one, because of the damage done by the multitude, and because of the difficulty of evicting them from their roost.

Apropos winter roosting places, how different are the sleeping quarters chosen by other birds. The house sparrows live up to their title and find snug quarters amid the creepers on the walls of the house or tuck themselves into the sides of the haystacks.

The stacks in the farmyard afford plenty of shelter, yet only the sparrows and the wrens seem to appreciate it. The blackbirds and thrushes sleep out in the bushes, while the tit clan resort to all sorts of nooks and crevices, generally returning to the same place night after night. One blue tit I knew slept a winter through in a hole in a door-post, while a treecreeper could be found every evening in a favourite crevice of the bark on the trunk of an oak tree. It was an exposed situation on the north-eastern side of the tree, but whatever the weather there the little thing slept.

In very cold weather, when the frost is severe and the waterfowl have trouble in finding open water, they will often stay upon their water hole at night, each bird with its beak thrust beneath its shoulder feathers, floating round and round. Ducks particularly seem to suffer from cold feet, as when they have to walk through snow or over frosted grass, and stop at frequent intervals to warm their toes, sitting down and drawing their feet up into their flank feathers to restore the heat.



"IN VERY COLD WEATHER, WHEN THE FROST IS SEVERE AND THE WATERFOWL HAVE TROUBLE IN FINDING OPEN WATER"
A winter study of mallard and snipe by Philip Rickman, entit'ed "The Open Spring," reproduced by courtesy of the artist and the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1, where some very fine examples of his work are now on exhibition

the thistles in the "gone-wild" corners of the fields still provide good hunting for the small seed-eaters such as linnets, goldfinches and others, including the pheasant which loves rush seeds.

Many a cock pheasant slips away from the woods so soon as the grey light has crept through the trees, and in company with another cock or two strolls quietly to the marsh in the valley where they breakfast sumptuously on fare that is to be had for the picking. Here the pheasants feast, in company with snipe that probe the soft mud between the rushy tussocks, while the gamekeeper wonders where his birds have gone to.

The wet boggy places are full of snipe these wintry days, mostly travellers from overseas, our home-grown birds having moved on, flying off southwards as is the custom of most birds at this season.

It is the same with the woodcock that rise in bat-like flight from the coppery-hued bracken, these birds are strangers from overseas, not those that flew in the summer twilight, doing their

It always amazes me that such a warm-blooded creature as the otter suffers so little inconvenience from icy water. My pet otters used to delight in a frost. It was their custom to make holes at the side of the ice, plunge in and swim far beneath it, their course being marked by a chain of imprisoned air bubbles. Although well acquainted with their ways and their unfailing memories their proceedings always frightened me. Surely one day one of them would forget where he or she got under the ice, would fail to find the way out and be drowned. But I need not have feared. They always emerged happy, joyful and none the worse for the adventure.

With regard to hard weather, those who provide food for the birds in their gardens should remember that during frosty weather water is as much needed and appreciated as food, and a pan kept free of ice will attract a stream of visitors both to drink and bathe. However severe the conditions, birds enjoy a good wash, for, as with most animals, cleanliness and the preservation of feathers or fur in good order is essential to life itself.

THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS AT IDSWORTH, HORNDEAN, HAMPSHIRE

On the left, Lorna Countess Howe's Banchory Varnish, the winner, handled by T. Gavnt, is bringing a pheasant to hand. In the foreground is the Countess of Brecknock and, on her right, Mr. W. McCandlish, representing the Kennel Club

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

Kennel Club's Puppy and Non-Winners' Stake

THIS fifteen dog stake was run off in the big Idsworth Woods in rather warm, damp weather, on November 28th. The judges were the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, Mr. J. Bell and Mr. G. Abbott. The ground was mainly oak and coppice woods with thick bracken undergrowth. Most of the retrieving was on pheasants, with a few woodcock; about a quarter of the day was occupied in walking in line and the rest at pheasant stands where plenty of birds were put over the guns and killed, falling in thick bracken. As usual, on Lady Howe's ground, the management was all of the best.

1st was Lady Howe's Banchory Varnish. There was no doubt in any one's mind about this very excellent retriever being the winner. He was out and away the best dog in the stake, with the best style, pace, and method of hunting. He made all his work look easy and without any waste of time or unnecessary ground covered. He appeared to me to be one of those dogs which, like his father Painter, you just send out, and he does all the rest in the very best way, without assistance.

2nd, Mr. A. J. Rank's Withington Victor is a good fast hunter with not quite the pace and style of the winner; delivery excellent, proved himself steady on fur when 50yds. out, a good trier and works well to hand.

3rd equal, Mrs. A. Radclyffe's Zelstone Jill, and Sir George Cuyler's Togo of Clun. Zelstone Jill, a good steady finder, seldom missed anything, controllable and easy to handle, but a little lacking in style and pace; covered her ground well. Togo of Clun, a quick good hunter with nice style, delivery not as perfect as some; answers well to handler, excellent in thick cover and perseveres. He cut his tongue rather badly on bracken, and this handicapped him somewhat when tried soon after.

Certificates of merit were awarded to Miss K. L. Despencer Robertson's Painted Lady of Wilbury and Captain W. S. Medlicott's Pickflett.

W. S. M.

SPANIELS AT WEST WOODHAY

ON November 26th and 27th the 32nd Working Trials of the I.G.L. Sporting Spaniel Society were held at West Woodhay, Newbury, by kind permission of the West Woodhay Shooting Syndicate. The judges were Mr. J. R. S. Arkwright and Mr. G. T. Woodger, with Mr. G. H. Turner as referee. The awards were as follows:

GRADUATE STAKE.—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's Bryngarw Fireaway, a promising young bitch who should go far. She hunted her ground methodically and with plenty of drive. A good game-finder and retriever. 2nd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's Hamptworth Turquoise. This dog hunted excellently, being very good in thick cover. Another good game-finder. 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's b. Mist of the Cairnies. Did well both on fur and feather. Hunted and retrieved well, and took a good line to collect a rabbit. Reserve, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Mirth, a little bitch who lived up to her name. She quickly collected everything shot to her. Certificates of merit to Captain O. P. Traherne's d. Bryngarw Rocket, Mr. E. P. Hands's d. Kingsham Krow, Mrs. P. Kennedy's b. Barrock Lucy, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Labes, Mr. O. Ellis's d. Nursecombe Don, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Barney's Double of Ware and Mr. K. J. Malcolm's d. Jock of Glenmorag.

OPEN STAKE, COCKERS.—1st, The Hon. R. W. Bingham's Simon of Corran. A stylish little dog, who did extremely well to find a legged rabbit and a wounded pheasant. No cover was too rough for him, and he left no cover unexplored. 2nd, Miss J. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's F.T. Ch. Poddle Crunch, a liver dog to whom no thick cover came amiss. A good game-finder who made good his ground. 3rd, Miss J. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crinkle. This little bitch proved steady under severe temptation, worked at a nice range and was a good game finder. 4th, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's b. F.T. Ch. Sue of Silverlands. Steady and obedient, she did some good line work. An excellent hunter and retriever. Reserve, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Racoon of Ware. Certificates of merit: Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Spider of Silverlands, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's Barney's Double of Ware, and Mr. J. H. Gibson's d. Heathmynd Robert.

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's Bryngarw Firefly. An all-round spaniel bitch in thick cover. A good game-finder who was rock-steady. She did good line work and retrieved well. 2nd, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's Rap of Winscales. A very able hunter who worked his ground methodically and well. Finding plenty of rabbits, he was steady and a good retriever. 3rd, Mr. K. J. Malcolm's Flash of Glenmorag. On good terms with her handler, this was a stylish little bitch, a good line worker, missing nothing. 4th, Mr. K. J. Malcolm's Jock of Glenmorag. No brambles lay too low for this dog to get beneath. Was good on wounded game. Reserve, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's d. Blendworth Lad. Certificates of merit: Mrs. P. Kennedy's b. Morn, Dr. B. G. Goodwin's d. Hillhampton Spark, Mr. C. McNeill's b. Donna Susie, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Dainty, Mr. M. Moreton's b. Sebenhal Donna, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d. F.T. Ch. Pierpoint Splint, Mr. J. Kent's d. Joburg of Chrishall, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Labes, Captain F. Holford's b. Whelford Nancy, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's b. Mist of Cairnies and Captain N. W. Tredinnick's d. Newburie Soda.

BRACE STAKE.—1st, Miss J. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crumpet and Crisp. These two little Cockers soon disappeared into the middle of a thick bramble bush, pushing out half-a-dozen rabbits. Steady and obedient. 2nd, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's F.T. Ch. Sue and Spider of Silverlands. A very pretty pair to watch at work. Both good game-finders, they worked harmoniously together and missed nothing. Reserve, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin and Blendworth Roach.

TEAM STAKE.—1st, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin, Roach and Jest. This was team work at its best, and everything in their beat was quickly up. All were steady and on good terms with their handler. 2nd, Miss J. W. Wykeham-Musgrave's Poddle Crinkle, Crumpet, Crusty and Crisp. Each seemed to know what the others were doing. Together, they left no cover unexplored. Their steadiness was again apparent.

AT COMBE

THE Cocker Spaniel Club held their field trials, by kind invitation of Mr. A. E. Baker, at Combe, Kintbury, near Newbury, on November 28th. The judges were Mr. C. C. F. Addie and Mr. R. Kelland. The awards were:

ALL-AGED STAKE.—1st, The Hon. R. W. Bingham's d. Simon of Corran; 2nd, Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's b. F.T. Ch. Sue of Silverlands; 3rd, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's d. F.T. Ch. Poddle Crunch. Reserve went to Mr. E. Brace's d. Western Electric, and certificates of merit to Major-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Barney's Double of Ware, Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands, and Mr. Hector C. Cowles's d. Burnt Sugar.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Miss Wykeham Musgrave's b. Poddle Cricket; 2nd, Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands; 3rd, Mr. O. Ellis's d Nursecombe Tim. Equal reserves, Mr. E. Brace's d Western Electric and Mr. J. Goddard's d. Blitzen of the Links. Certificates of merit: Miss M. Carnegie's b. Heydown Dinah, Mrs. G. Scott Moore's b. Golden Hill, Mrs. H. S. Lloyd's b. Benet of Ware, and Miss Wykeham Musgrave's d. Poddle Crock.

SPANIELS AT LAZONBY

THE North-Western Counties Field Trial Association held their Any Variety Spaniel Trials at Lazonby, near Penrith, by kind permission of Mr. Gerald G. Ley, on November 29th and 30th. The judges were Lieutenant-Colonel N. E. Tilney, D.S.O., and Mr. D. Johnstone. The awards were:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 2nd, Mr. J. C. Dalton's b. Delightful Pal; 3rd, Mr. G. Clarke's d. Rex of Blair. Reserve went to Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Desi of Balcary, and certificates of merit to Mr. G. Clarke's d. Beeson of Blair; Mr. G. Blacklock's d. Cock a Bendy and Mr. A. L. Trotter's Dalshangan Gold Digger.

OPEN NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Curle's b. Breckonhill Butterfly; 2nd, Mr. G. Clarke's b. Grock of Blair; 3rd, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Desi of Balcary. Reserve, Mrs. S. J. Farrer's b. Floss of the Fell, and certificates of merit to H.H. Maharaja of Patiala's d. Sir Jasper of Malwa; Mr. G. Baker's d. Dazzling Peter; Mr. H. Bland's b. Stolen Fruit; Mr. G. Curle's b. Breckonhill Buoy Bell and Mr. R. E. Davenhill's b. Pensnett Petal.

OPEN STAKE (COCKERS).—1st (equal), Mr. E. A. Walker's b. Braeside Freckles and Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. F.T. Ch. Rivington Hopalong; 3rd (equal), Mr. H. Ogden's b. Merlin Millie and Mr. A. L. Trotter's b. Dalshangan Silver. Certificates of merit to Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. F.T. Ch. Beat; Mr. C. C. F. Addie's d. Yoredale Pattern; Mrs. S. J. Farrer's b. Floss of the Fell; H.H. Maharaja of Patiala's d. Sir Jasper of Malwa; Mr. G. Curle's b. Breckenhill Beauty; Dr. W. J. Dawson's b. Grey Dawn of Fews; Mr. R. E. Davenhill's b. Pensnett Petal and Lady Hullins's d. Geordy Boy.

IN PRAISE OF THE SPRINGER SPANIEL

A Great Breed of Working Gundog

By COLONEL F. B. H. CARRELL

WHEN the Editor honoured me by asking me to write on the Springer, I think he might have made a worse choice because, although I always keep a large number of Springers, I have broken, shot over, and exhibited all the other varieties of land spaniels and am not biased by the Springer because I know no other, but because I have tried all the others and consider him the best all-round shooting dog.

From the point of view of shape and make, I think the English Springer on the show bench has improved quickly and steadily. The type is now very much more uniform, and if one attends a dog show nine out of ten of the Springers are sound, handsome spaniels, capable of a hard day in the field, and the exhibitors of any note, including the few women exhibitors, all shoot over their show dogs. Furthermore, if the breeders keep to the type laid down in the club book, you have the fastest hunting, the fastest retrieving and the longest staying of all the spaniel varieties. I have also never known the show champion fail to get with ease his qualifying certificate.

I think in the show ring there are some judges who favour the cobbier shorter-legged type, but I myself think the Springer is the leggiest, the shortest-backed and the raciest of all the land spaniels and should be 20in. at the shoulder. If one wants a short-legged cloddy spaniel, there are so many other varieties that supply that want that it is a pity to attempt to alter the Springer. I am sometimes accused of favouring the "Settery" type, and I perhaps do remember that it is not so long ago that one was the "setting spaniel" and the other the "springing spaniel," so that the one is not far from the other.

By nature the Springer is the easiest to train of all the varieties. I breed and handle many puppies each year and at eight months old every puppy hunts and retrieves automatically without any training. The nose in almost every case is superior to the other varieties. The temperament is calm and temperate and I have never known a Springer sulk on being reprimanded.

For years I looked upon him as a keeper's dog or the poor man's dog. The best dog to take out when one man or at the utmost two, were going to walk round the shoot and wanted a dog that both hunted and retrieved well, and I still think for that purpose you cannot beat him. He is not too big to take in a car, he is a fast hunter owing to his make, and a fast retriever owing to his oblique shoulder and reachy neck: but for the last few years I have been using them in teams of ten or twelve to hunt the woods for pheasants in place of beaters, and I think that owners of shoots might make note of this, as beaters in my part of the world cost 6/- per day each, and to beat the woods it costs about £3 a day. The method I use is to have two men 100yds. apart walking through the woods and the spaniels hunt between the two men, and I find them much cheaper and much more efficacious than beaters. With beaters when the stick comes down the pheasant is inclined to crouch lower in the bramble instead of getting up, but with a spaniel on his tail he has just got to go.

I was at a well-known wood not long ago and the beaters went through it and one-and-a-half brace of pheasants were shot. Twenty minutes after a team of spaniels went through the same wood, and 24 brace of pheasants were shot! These are actual facts.

A word must be said about spaniel trials. I have not the actual figures by me, but I think that of all varieties competing at trials, 80 per cent. are English Springers and of all the spaniels winning prizes at trials 93 per cent. are English Springers. This surely speaks for itself! I have as far back as 1912 attended spaniel trials and there is no doubt that much instruction and good has been done by holding trials in various parts of the British Isles, by showing to what a marvellous extent the spaniel can be trained. But latterly at trials I am inclined to think that the judges are often purely field trial men and not enough shooting men, and that much too much importance is given to style and speed and not enough to nose and natural ability. To give a concrete case, I attended a trial last year when a certain dog was doing a very good display of hunting, fast, stylish and quartering his ground well. Then two pheasants were shot and fell in the bracken. I saw the two pheasants run across a ride into more bracken. This dog was down for ten minutes and utterly failed to find either bird. The other dog that was down with him was then asked to find them, and within three minutes he gathered both birds. They had not run 50yds. The dog that failed was given second prize in a stake of eighteen! Had I been judging I would not have given him more than a certificate of merit, because, however stylish and fast he was, he would have lost me two pheasants through lack of nose. From a shooting point of view, what charm is it to me to have a fast stylish dog if my bag is nil? However, no doubt this sort of thing will right itself.

At trials one sees most often the Springer rather smaller than the average show one, and for trial purposes only I think perhaps the smaller dog does turn a bit quicker and appears to be going a bit faster, and therefore has some slight advantage. But for ordinary shooting purposes the Springer as laid down by the club's book of words is the ideal shooting spaniel for any purpose and, judging by the export pedigrees each month in the *Kennel Gazette*, this variety is held in high esteem in other countries.

There is still a certain amount of aloofness between the shooting man, the field trial man and the show man, and I think this should and could be bridged over. If, in the hunter world, I go to a man who sells horses, he will say: "Here is a horse, really good across a country, but nothing to look at, and more suitable for a whip! But here is another horse, really good across a country, and a good looking horse that is the horse for you!" Why shouldn't the Springer be good looking? That it can be done is proved, because there have been three dual champions in the last twelve years in English Springers.

I think the demand for Springers may be because lately big shoots have been broken up into four or five smaller shoots, and there are therefore a greater number of men actually shooting and wanting a handy useful shooting dog, for which purpose the Springer stands supreme.

OWNERS, HANDLERS, AND DOGS AT A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE FIELD TRIAL

A WONDER YEAR OF ALPINE CLIMBING

Some Recent Desperate Achievements

By C. F. MEADE

"Sport," Zurich

HERMANN STEURI

The guide who climbed the north face of the Matterhorn in remarkable time

THIS year's climbing season will long be remembered in the Alps. As a French mountaineering journal has expressed it, "this summer the last page in the history of mountaineering seems to have been already turned."

The most astonishing first ascent of the season has already been described in these columns, namely, the storming of the northern precipices of the Grandes Jorasses. The expedition revealed the fact that Peters, one of the two successful climbers, had spoken no less than the truth when he claimed to have reached to within 1,200ft. of the top in his desperate attempt of the previous season, during which his companion slipped and lost his life.

Yet when the first excitement over this tremendous feat had died down, it was noticed that the route had not the merit of being what the Italians call a "diretissima," since unfortunately it led to a minor summit and not to the highest point. It is to be feared that the more fanatical members of the European suicide club will now turn their attentions to the even more formidable task of forcing a direct way to the highest summit, for they will claim that the true northern route has not yet been achieved.

Another alpine engineering triumph has been the ascent of the unclimbable north face of the Dru by two audacious Frenchmen, camping on the cliffs and armed with the necessary ironmongery. In Dauphiny, too, many new expeditions have been made lately; among them the ascent of the south-east ridge of the Pic Gaspard by a Frenchman and an Italian, who last year conquered the north face of the Pic d'Olan, perhaps the grandest precipice in Dauphiny.

An affair on a smaller scale than such expeditions as these, but at any rate an exploit in the ultra-modern style, was the *tour de force* by which an Italian party, hotly competing with German rivals, succeeded in swarming up the ghastly northern precipice of the Westliche Zinne (Cima Ouest di Lavaredo), in the Dolomites. The overhang is described as worse than that on the notorious north wall of the Grosse Zinne, and it took the party seven hours to overcome one pitch of only 25 metres. The climb is classified, according to the cant of the strange enthusiasts who affect these exploits, as well up to "the standard of t' upper sixth" ("scalata di sesto grado superiore").

It is a relief to turn from such desperate ventures to some magnificent mountaineering of a more normal character, achieved by Swiss and English parties this summer. Among others the first ascent of the Grosse Schreckhorn, from the south-west, was made by a Swiss guideless party, also the ascent of the Schingelspitze from the north.

New climbs by Englishmen seem to have been relatively scarce this summer. One of the most important was the ascent of the Schallihorn, by Messrs. Lloyd and Bicknell, by a rib on the east face. Professor Graham Brown, Mr. Houston and their guides, though not seeking new routes, carried out some astonishing climbs that have never been previously attempted in combination.

"Sport," Zurich

From "La Montagne"

LEFT: STEURI AND BAUR'S ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN. RIGHT: THE BROTHERS FRANZ AND TONI SCHMID WHO FIRST MADE THE ASCENT OF THE NORTH FACE IN 1931. TONI HAS SINCE BEEN KILLED WHILE CLIMBING

Two of the most remarkable of their expeditions were the Dent Blanche, ascended by the Ferpèclegrat and descended by the Viereselsgrat, and the Nordend of Monte Rosa, climbed up by the east face and down by the north ridge.

Still more remarkable was a raid on the north face of the Matterhorn, made by the brilliant young guide, Hermann Steuri, from Grindelwald with Dr. Baur, a German. It affords an object lesson to all amateurs and shows how the best professional can deal with so difficult a problem. The daring young Schmid brothers, who in 1931 were the first to succeed in climbing the north face, passed the night suspended to the precipice and, reaching the top at two o'clock in the afternoon in bad weather, were obliged on their way down to spend a night in the emergency hut.

Steuri's ascent, on the other hand, was astoningly different. At first he postponed the attack owing to bad weather, during which a German party spent three whole days in making the second ascent. Finally, when clear skies and a high barometer held out hopes of two days of perfect weather, Steuri and Baur set out an hour-and-a-quarter earlier than the Schmids had done and, taking a more direct route from the Hoernli hut, actually passed the Schmids' bivouac place as early as ten o'clock in the morning. Their speed, indeed, was so great that they were already on the summit at an hour when the Schmids had still been low down on the face. Consequently, instead of bivouacking on the precipice, they were back at the hut on the Hoernli, from which they had started, on the same day. From the Hoernli they had only taken thirteen hours to reach the top of the mountain.

In spite of the fine weather they were fortunate in not finding rock conditions too good, for there was still plenty of ice and snow acting as a cement to correct the instability of the stones that generally stream down this face in avalanches.

Thus the brilliant young professional accomplished in little over half a day a task that had occupied the guideless party, who had just made the second ascent, the best part of three days. Moreover, Steuri only used two iron pegs throughout the climb, and only during the long traverse across the precipice, merely for security and not in order to surmount obstacles. As to falling stones, he says there was no longer any danger from them after eight o'clock and during the whole day, probably because they had wisely waited for ideal conditions they only heard one stone go past them.

Two more feats by guides deserve mention: firstly, the repetition for the first time of that climb up the prohibitively difficult, stone-swept face of the Teschhorn, so brilliantly described 20 years ago in Winthrop Young's book *On High Hills*, and, secondly, the fine performance by Swiss guides in effecting the complete traverse of the Eiger, Mönch and Jungfrau by their *arêtes* in a single expedition. From the Mitteleggi hut to the Rotthal hut the whole journey lasted only fifteen hours.

It is usually in the undiminished safety of their work at high speeds that the *élite* of the professionals surpass even the most accomplished amateurs. . . . As Mr. Smythe, of Mount Everest fame, has said, "the best amateurs I have seen were inferior in their technique to the best guides. On the only occasion that I have climbed with a guide—it was with Adolph Rey on Mont Blanc . . . I experienced the feeling of a pupil in the presence of a master." Those of us who have climbed much oftener with guides than Mr. Smythe has can only agree.

When preparing for Winter Sports...

remember—**Switzerland** is nearest to London and affords perfect conditions for all Winter Sports. **Swiss** hotels are **really comfortable and give wonderful** value at prices to suit every purse (special reductions this Winter). Indoor amusements are properly "managed" and you are sure to have a good time . . . Remember that more than 50 **Swiss resorts** have "Schools" where the art of Ski-ing may be speedily and painlessly acquired. Beginner or expert—you will enjoy yourself most in

SWITZERLAND . . the cradle of Winter Sports

Information from any Travel Agent or
Swiss Federal Railways & State Travel Bureau
11-B Regent Street, London, S.W.1

★ Special Reduction (30%) on fares in Switzerland from December 15 to April 30
Please ask for particulars

SAVING A CLIMB
A learner being initiated in the use of the cable hoist at Davos, which cuts out a climb to the ski-ing slopes

OFF TO SWITZERLAND

A Round of Gaiety in Famous Winter Play Grounds

ALMOST every year the facilities for the enjoyment of winter sports holidays become wider and better. The enterprise of the resorts themselves knows no bounds in the provision of attractions for visitors, in the organisation of sports and social entertainments, and in the help and guidance offered to beginner and expert alike. Ski-ing purists may deplore such artificial aids as funiculars and "ski hoists," the latest invention; but they do add vastly to the enjoyment of this exhilarating sport for countless enthusiasts. The numerous Swiss resorts are simply not content merely to present opportunities for winter sports. They have set themselves to teach winter sports, and the development of ski schools, with competent instructors for young and old, has become an integral part of the season.

This year some really practical efforts are being made to reduce the cost of winter sports holidays. The majority of Swiss hotels are reducing their rates, and substantial concessions are also being made in Swiss railway fares. The two things together will represent a worth-while benefit to visitors, compared with last year. Then there are the inclusive arrangements offered by various travel agencies at exceptionally low charges, made possible by the chartering of special trains to Switzerland. For instance, Pickfords will take you to Braunwald, in Eastern Switzerland, for as little as £9 5s. for nine days, including travel from London back to London, and hotel accommodation, or to Klosters for 10 guineas. Cook's have similar arrangements for special train holidays at all the chief Swiss resorts, and many others; while Alpine Sports, Ltd., are also providing inclusive holidays for the same figure. Truly, winter sports in Switzerland are no longer for the enjoyment of the favoured few.

The choice of Swiss resorts is as varied as it is numerous. To begin with Western Switzerland, the slopes of the Jura Mountains provide plenty of natural ski runs; and St. Cergue, at the foot of the Dôle, overlooking Lake Geneva, is a lively little resort with a ski club which provides instruction, organises races and tests, and arranges daily tours led by Swiss guides. It also has toboggan and bobsleigh runs, skating, curling and hockey rinks. Near the opposite end of Lake Geneva, above Montreux, is Caux, which boasts a bobsleigh run of two-and-a-half miles, where the World's Championship was held a few years ago. It is well situated for ski-ing, with sports trains to make neighbouring heights easily accessible, and it now has a ski school, as well as several well-kept rinks for skating and curling.

Farther south, high above the Rhône Valley, Villars attracts many English visitors. Its toboggan run is one of the finest in Switzerland, good practice slopes for ski-ing are near the hotels, and a funicular to Bretaye (6,500ft.) gives access to magnificent runs on the slopes of the Chamossaire. A large ice rink provides ample facilities for skating and curling. Not least of Villars' attractions is the wonderful panorama of mountain scenery which it commands; and the same is true of other resorts overlooking the Rhône Valley, such as Crans and Montana. Here on the southern slopes of Wildstrubel, in the Rhône Valley, is a toboggan run of more than a mile in length, good ski-ing, with a school for beginners, ski jumping, and skating and curling.

These pleasant little resorts, which are close together and connected by 'bus, are rapidly gaining in favour, partly because of their sports facilities and partly because they enjoy a particularly high average of sunshine. In ski-ing beginners are well provided with nursery slopes and ski school instruction, and experienced ski-ers have choice of plenty of excursions on neighbouring heights. Skating and curling are also popular, and gymkhanas, exhibitions and competitions are frequently arranged. For bobsleigh enthusiasts there is a very good run, with a funicular between finishing and starting points.

Farther south we have Zermatt, the most southerly of the Swiss resorts. It lies in a lovely valley at an altitude of 5,310ft., in full view of the Matterhorn, and it is becoming increasingly popular for its abundance of sunshine and snow. All around the village are splendid practice slopes, and there is, of course, a ski school to take beginners in hand. The Gornergrat rack railway up to Riffelalp (7,300ft.) and Riffelboden (8,500ft.) makes accessible enough variety of tours to satisfy the most voracious ski-runner, and there is a splendid luge run of five miles from Riffelalp down to Zermatt, as well as another about a mile long. Large well-kept rinks afford good skating, curling and hockey, and a full sports programme ensures plenty of competitions and excursions. An open ski-running championship meeting is held in January.

Of the many favoured resorts in the Bernese Oberland, Mürren is the highest (5,400ft.), and is always assured of an abundance of snow. Though all winter sports flourish, ski-ing is essentially the big thing at Mürren, and beginners will nowhere find better conditions. The ski school is the oldest official school in Switzerland, and instruction is free to every visitor. Mürren in fact makes a speciality of teaching people to ski, and has adopted equally thorough methods in skating instruction.

A FAMILY SKI-ING PARTY IN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS AT AROSA AND BEGINNERS AT WORK ON THE CELEBRATED NURSERY SLOPES OF MÜRREN

C. Brandt, Arosa

G. A. Michel

By Appointment

THE BURBERRY

The World's Best Weatherproof

The Burberry receives well-deserved commendation in every part of the world. It meets with the roughest usage in the worst of weathers as well as polite wear, and because of its comforting universal protection throughout its long life, it endears itself to its owner and becomes a constant protector and friend.

Proof without heat, warm without weight, ventilating naturally like an unproofed topcoat, The Burberry aids good health and adds joy and pleasure to life.

The many imitations confirm the general opinion that The Burberry, one of the world's best overcoats, is The World's Best Weatherproof.

Styles, patterns and prices sent on request.

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world.

N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully whether with or without knowledge.

BURBERRY WINTER SPORTS DRESS

Designed by experts and embodying the latest tips and gadgets, provides the most comfortable and protective equipment for Skiing, Skating and Lugeing. Burberry materials, especially woven and proofed for Winter Sports, keep out snow, wind and wet.

Catalogue

Patterns and prices sent on request. Special terms can be arranged for families and parties.

BURBERRYS LTD.

HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.1
PARIS :: NEW YORK
BUENOS AIRES

Bersi, Klosters

KLOSTERS AND PONTRESINA

Tracks in the snow where the famous Parsenn runs provide in several instances over 5,000ft. of downhill running. (Right) Spectators of scenic grandeur near Pontresina, which caters for ski-racing and Langlauf, ski-jumping and has renowned skating rinks

which is also free to all visitors. Yet the expert will find ample opportunities, with rack and pinion railway to take ski-ers, bobsleigh and luge runners to the magnificent slopes of the Allmendhubel. Numerous tours and races form a prominent feature of the sports programme, including the Anglo-Swiss University ski races on January 3rd. No fewer than twelve rinks are devoted to curling, and the International Bonspiel will be held at Mürren on February 6th.

Those who may like to stay at a quieter resort within reach of facilities such as Mürren offers, but at lower altitude, will find Lauterbrunnen a charming little village lying on both banks of the Lutschine. It is a very good centre for visiting not only Mürren, but Wengen, Grindelwald and Scheidegg, all of which are easily accessible by mountain railway, giving choice of a wide variety of ski-ing grounds and other sports facilities. At Wengen winter sports and social gaiety are at their liveliest. Ski-ing of every grade is available, with a ski school free to visitors, while the Wengernalp as well as a ski club, which arranges tours, tests and races; a toboggan run of four miles, and rinks for skating, curling and hockey. The practice slopes around the hotel are particularly suitable for beginners.

Kandersteg is another resort very easily reached from England, and offering perfect conditions for sports, with ski-ing for novice and expert skating and curling rinks of very fine quality and toboggan runs. Curling is a big feature at Kandersteg. A full programme of events usually includes some spectacular jumping on the Loetschberg Leap.

Few of the Bernese Oberland resorts surpass Gstaad in facilities for winter sports combined with charming situation. It is an unspoilt village situated in a wide valley which catches a large amount of sunshine, easily accessible, and providing beautiful slopes for ski-ing. Both for beginner and expert, ski-ing is well organised, with a wide choice of runs to suit all grades of skill; but skating is equally flourishing, with a rink two acres in extent. There is also an excellent toboggan run nearly a mile long, and curling and ice hockey are popular. The Swiss Ice Hockey Championships are being held at Gstaad on January 4th and 5th.

Lenk is another excellent little centre for ski-ing, skating, curling and tobogganing. Beginners may revel in the surrounding slopes, on which a ski-school provides instruction, and there is almost an unlimited variety of ski runs. The large ice rink is beautifully situated in the open valley and curlers have the benefit of a flourishing curling club. Hockey is played, and there are toboggan, bobsleigh and skeleton runs. A resort that will appeal particularly to those who do not want the gaiety associated with some of the larger centres is Grimmialp. Situated at an altitude of 4,100ft. at the head of an open valley, it has only one hotel, but it provides abundant opportunities for ski-ing, with gentle slopes for beginners and many interesting excursions for the more experienced. Some specially attractive tours may be made among the neighbouring passes and valleys. There are also a well-kept skating and curling rink, and a toboggan run.

Of the popular Grisons resorts of Eastern Switzerland, Davos gains more and more in favour as a ski-ing centre, thanks chiefly to the cable railway which has made accessible all the wonderful descents from the Parsenn. An innovation last season was a "ski hoist," which proved of great help to novices in particular by eliminating the tiring process of climbing up the slope. The hoist consists of an endless wire rope with a number of holds for ski-ers, who are thus towed up to the top of the slope. Davos boasts the oldest of all English ski clubs and, of course, has a ski school. But skating, for which Davos became famous, is still a big feature, and the World's Championship in Speed Skating will again be held there on February 1st and 2nd, as well as the Swiss National Ski Meeting on February 28th and March 1st. Curling continues to thrive under the ægis of the old-established Davos Curling Club, and ice hockey is always a big feature of the season's programme. There is also a two-mile toboggan run.

Benefiting also from the opening-up of the Parsenn ski-runs, Klosters offers as fine a variety of ski-ing of all kinds as is to be found anywhere in Switzerland, and is becoming increasingly popular with British visitors. Tours innumerable are open to the ski-ing "tigers," while the "rabbits" find

Perren-Barberini, Zermatt

ZERMATT AND SAMADEN

A contrast in Alpine scenic beauty. Zermatt in a valley with a wonderful view of the Matterhorn provides magnificent ski-ing fields, luge runs and skating and curling rinks. Samaden (right) a lovely resort which caters for winter sport in all its varieties

and Jungfrau Railways give ski-runners almost unlimited opportunities. Among the season's chief events is the Roberts of Kandahar Cup, on January 6th. A toboggan run over three miles long descends from Wengernalp and skating and curling are very popular. As usual, a full and comprehensive sports programme has been arranged for the season.

For those who are not likely to find an altitude of 6,770ft. too trying, Scheidegg offers ideal conditions, with the certainty of good snow and ice throughout the season. Grindelwald, at 3,500ft., is also an excellent centre for all sports. Its bobsleigh run is one of the best of its kind in Switzerland, two-and-a-half miles long, with a railway connecting start and finish. A ski school provides free instruction to ski-ers and the Ice Club gives free instruction to figure skaters. The British Open Ski Championship takes place at Grindelwald on January 11th-13th, and among other interesting events will be the International Curling matches for the Jackson Cup on January 20th.

As one of the most easily reached of the Bernese Oberland resorts, Gurnigel claims many English visitors and nowhere are winter sports better organised. The hotel is one of the largest, but by no means one of the most expensive in the Alps, and all sports can be had. There is a ski school

all that they can desire in the nearby slopes and graduated descents. There is a first-class ski-school and a ski-racing club. Curling, skating and ice hockey are also splendidly organised, and frequent competitions and matches take place. For bob-sleigh and toboggan enthusiasts there is a track nearly three miles long.

Arosa is another Grisons resort distinguished by its fine snow fields and variety of ski tours. From every point around Arosa there are short, easy descents, and some of the longer descents, such as those from the Hornligrat, the Weisshorn and the Rothorn, are unsurpassed. Other amenities include a first-class ski-school and large rinks for skating, curling and ice hockey, as well as a two-mile bob-sleigh run. Then there is Lenzerheide, a small but progressive resort that is rapidly gaining favour with British visitors on account of its numerous beautiful slopes, which give very fine ski-running. Nowhere are there better nursery slopes, and a ski school is there to teach the beginner. Skating and curling can be enjoyed on excellent rinks. Increasing numbers of visitors are also discovering the beautiful snow fields of Sedrun, another small resort with lovely graduated slopes and many opportunities for long ski tours. Here again are conditions eminently suitable for beginners.

In the Engadine, St. Moritz still takes pride of place as a gay and fashionable resort offering all winter sports under first-class conditions. The thrills of the famous Cresta Run are inexhaustible; but St. Moritz is equally attractive for its numerous skating rinks, a six-acre ice hockey rink, and the best of facilities for ski-ing for novice and expert alike. A ski lift installed this year will carry skiers 800ft. up in a few minutes. Within easy reach of St. Moritz, Pontresina is both an admirable centre for ski-tours and an ideal place for the novice, with some of the best practice slopes in Switzerland. Ski-jumping on the Bernina Leap is another prominent feature, and there are first-class rinks for skating and curling, as well as bob and toboggan runs. Within about ten minutes of both St. Moritz and Pontresina is Samaden, a lively little resort offering good ski-ing, skating, curling, hockey and tobogganing. The Cod run is over three miles long, the practice slopes for ski-ing are all that the novice could wish, and there are numerous opportunities for excursions.

SKATING AT GSTAAD WHERE THERE ARE EXCELLENT RINKS
This is a favourite spot for curlers and ice hockey enthusiasts as well as a fine ski-ing centre

MÜRREN

5,500 ft. a. s. SWITZERLAND

Mürren is the highest resort in the Bernese Oberland and famous for good snow conditions. It also is famous for its organisation of sport, it is "the centre where you learn to ski."

SKATING SCHOOL · SKI-ING SCHOOL

Make sure of a grand time and spend your winter holidays at

THE GRAND HOTEL

AND

KURHAUS MÜRREN

(BERNESE OBERLAND)

5,500 feet a.s.l.

ECONOMICAL PRICES

Select your rooms at any office of Thos. Cook & Son

GOOD WALTZING ON ICE

Steps to Master and the Art of Keeping Time

By COLONEL H. VAUGHAN KENT, C.B.

A PERFECT PAIR—MAJOR AND MRS. RICHARDSON

THE combination of the outside forward three on one foot, followed by the outside back on the other, adapted to waltz music, appears to have originated in Canada in the '60's of last century. It was, to my own knowledge, an old-established custom in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in the year 1885. It is claimed that this dance was "discovered" at the Palais de Glace in Paris in 1895, and a year or two later it appeared in England, and it is now generally known on the Continent as the "English" waltz. It is sometimes called the "Drop-Three" waltz.

When the waltzers are skating in a "clockwise" direction, the forward stroke is on the right foot, and the back stroke on the left foot, and *vice versa* when moving "counter-clockwise." The steps of the two partners are identically the same, and the only difference is in their relative positions, for they do not exactly face each other. Their right ears should be about opposite, and this will bring their feet so that the right foot of each partner points between the feet of the other.

At regular intervals, depending on the music, the positions of the partners are reversed by the one skating forwards, turning a three and dropping on to the outside back of the other foot, while the other simply takes an outside forward stroke as the partner starts the outside back, both keeping the fresh strokes to the same radius of curvature as before the turn.

It is frequently necessary to "change direction," *e.g.*, to pass from a "clockwise" to a "counter-clockwise" movement, and then the turn is omitted. If the change takes place at the moment when a turn would have been made according to the music, each skater takes a fresh stroke on the outside edge of the other foot.

If, however, the change of direction is made before the right note of music, each skater changes from outside to inside edge of the employed foot, and they wait for the right note of music before taking the fresh strokes on the outside edge of the other foot.

A beginner has, therefore, to master the following steps:—

(1) Outside forward on either foot.
(2) Outside back on either foot.
(3) Change of direction from outside to inside on either foot, both forward and back.
(4) The forward outside three, after holding the edge for some distance, and the quick change from inside back on that foot to outside back on the other foot.
(5) The change from outside back on one foot to outside forward on the other.

All these steps should be practised *alone* until they are thoroughly mastered, and each separate stroke can be held for a period of at least two seconds without any help.

The chief cause of bad ice-waltzing is because beginners try to waltz with a partner before they have mastered all the strokes alone. They then lack that essential thing—confidence—and instead of helping their partners at the turns they hamper them, and as they are afraid to hold their partners close, the result is that the turns are bungled and ugly. Not only that, but they are frequently unable to hold their strokes long enough to keep time with the music, which is the most essential thing in good waltzing.

Waltz music nowadays is either played to a modern slow "tempo" of about 45 or less, or to the old-fashioned quick "tempo" of about 60 or more. The latter is more suitable to ice-waltzing than the former, and the airs best suited to ice-waltzing are those with a strongly marked rhythm, the accentuated note occurring on the first beat of every other bar.

With such music (the old "Blue Danube," for instance) the turn should be made just before the end of the second bar, so that the fresh strokes of the two partners start exactly on the accentuated note. This means that when the "tempo" is 60 each stroke will last exactly two seconds. The actual length of the stroke, measured on the ice, will depend on the pace at which the skaters are moving. If they are skating at six miles an hour they will cover 17½ft. in two seconds. The beginner must, therefore, practice alone till he can turn the three after at least 20ft. on the outside forward. He should try counting to the music: *One*, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; *one*, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., to each couple of bars, and turn the three so that he starts the new stroke on the outside back on the *one*. If, however, the band is playing the modern slow tempo, say, of 45, he will have to turn on the first beat of *every* bar and each stroke will last for only 1⅓sec. To turn at every alternate bar with this tempo would mean that each stroke lasted for 2⅔sec., and this would give too long a stroke for the average skater, besides which there would not be room for such long strokes where the Serpentine system of waltzing is in vogue. At such a tempo, then, the beginner should count *one*, 2, 3; *one*, 2, 3, etc., and turn at the end of *each* bar, so that the fresh stroke starts on the *one*.

As regards the position of the body, it is important that it be carried erect, with the head up and the eyes not looking down. The employed knee should be bent slightly and the unemployed foot should be carried close behind, with the toe turned outwards and downwards. Do not raise the foot and stick it out horizontally to the danger of other skaters. This looks hideous.

When the turn is made the employed knee is straightened, and at the same moment the knee of the skater moving backwards is straightened prior to making the forward stroke. The result is that both bodies rise together, and as the new strokes are established the knees bend and both bodies sink together. Though the actual turn of the "three" lasts but a moment, the revolution of the bodies takes an appreciable time both before and after the "three."

This rotation of the waltzing couple should be done smoothly and gradually, without any jump or spring, or sign of effort. If the partners are not close together (with no daylight showing between them), the one turning forwards to backwards will have to straddle his feet wide apart and give an awkward spring in order to place himself in front of his partner on the outside back.

During the rotation, and before and after it, the shoulders of the two skaters should be kept perfectly parallel.

In the "Two-Bar" waltz, the rotation of the bodies will take about a second, and during the other second the line of the shoulders will be square across the trace on the ice. In the "One-Bar" waltz, the bodies are rotating more than half the time.

In both cases when changing direction the shoulders should be square across the trace. During the strokes the tips of the boots of the skaters should be just about level, the one moving forwards, tracing just to the left of the one moving backwards.

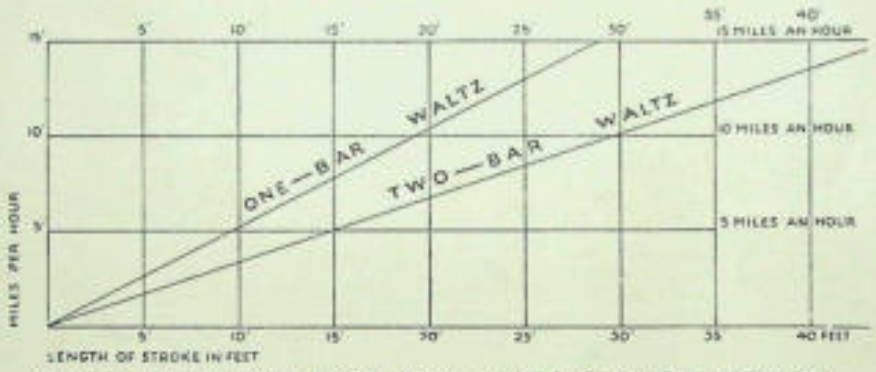
When the time comes to start the turn the one who is skating backwards can assist the other by a slight pull, or push, with the extended arm, according to whether they are waltzing "clockwise" or "counter-clockwise."

Speed is maintained, or increased, at the turns, chiefly by the fresh forward stroke of the one who was skating backwards before the turn. Speed can also be increased during a stroke by a few vigorous strokes of the "back-scratch" by the skater moving backwards—but this is not a graceful step.

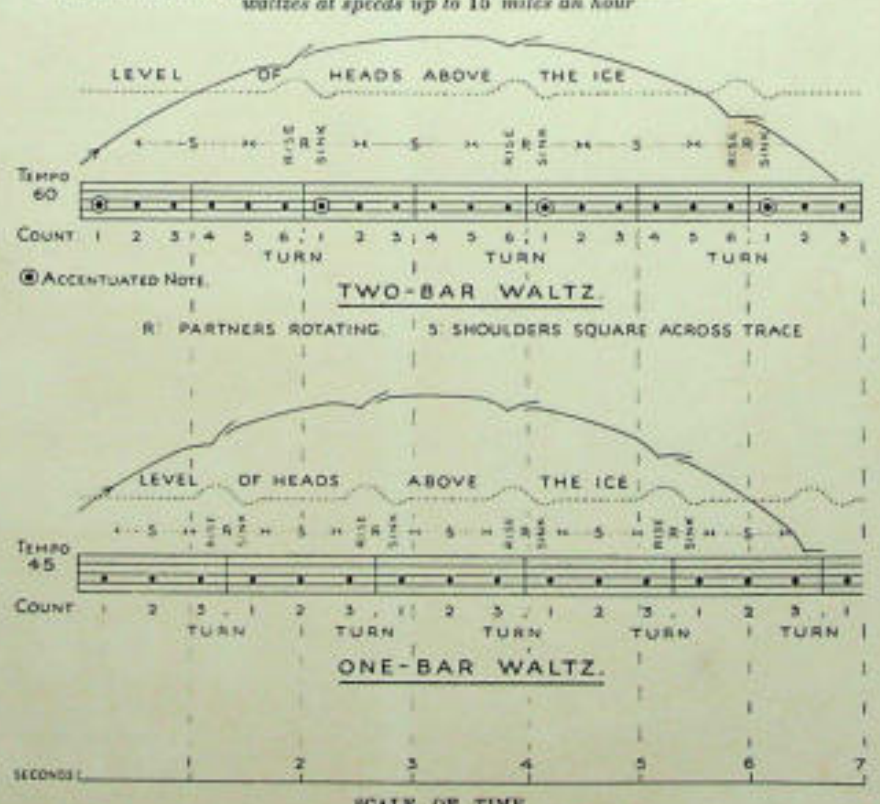
When changing direction the skater moving forwards can either cross over his feet to make the fresh stroke, or not—it is a matter of taste. Many people consider that crossing the feet is an ugly movement.

The start of the waltz should be made by the couple advancing side by side (the lady's left hand in her partner's right) by short strokes in unison

(Continued on page ix)



Graph showing comparative lengths of strokes in feet in the One-Bar and Two-Bar waltzes at speeds up to 15 miles an hour



Diagrams showing comparing times in seconds of R.O.F. stroke in the One-Bar and Two-Bar waltzes

FUN ON THE RINK

Novel Events in an Ice Gymkhana

CRISP air, warm sun and a large expanse of ice form a combination in which health and spirits abound, and in such atmosphere the ice gymkhana is a very jolly affair. It is usually organised by the sports manager of the hotel, if the rink belongs to an hotel, or the Kurverein Entertainments Committee if the rink belongs to a municipality. A notice of the coming gymkhana is put up in the hotel with a list of the events attached. Those wishing or willing to participate, sign their names under the particular events in which they are prepared to take part, and thus by the time the gymkhana is staged a complete list of competitors is available.

Some rinks can, of course, be hired for a few hours by a private party, but the events organised by the sports managers and entertainments committees are invariably really jolly affairs.

All kinds of novelty races are usually staged, and among the most popular of these are the egg and spoon race for ladies. Of course potatoes or lemons are used instead of eggs for safety's sake, but even so spills occur often and hard. A popular variation of this is the balloon race, in which the competitors have to propel an inflated balloon with a ping-pong bat. Of course, this can only be done in very still weather or on a covered rink. Another still-weather event is the candle race. In this the ladies stand at one end of the rink with unlighted candles, whilst the gentlemen race across the ice at a given signal, light their partner's candle, and race back together, trying to keep the candle lit. An extinguished candle means disqualification.

The races for men are usually of a more robust nature. For instance, an obstacle race compels the competitor to jump over a low barrier (no mean feat on skates, however low the barrier), skate under a rope stretched 2ft. from the ice, skate in and out of rows of blocks of wood placed in such a way as to give no straight line through, without displacing any of the blocks and finish up with a spurt up the "straight." For comedy purposes competitors are frequently made to don a barrel or a sack for the last spurt.

Three popular races for pairs are often seen at gymkhanas: the three-legged race (which needs no explanation, but should be seen on ice before the real difficulties are realised), the wheelbarrow race and the blindfold race. In the wheelbarrow race the gentleman squats on his heels and holds one leg stretched out in front, whilst his partner propels him from behind by holding his hands or his elbows. The balancing feat thus involved adds greatly to the fun, whilst considerable speed can be achieved, making the spills very spectacular. In the blindfold race the gentleman is blindfolded and is guided by the lady by means of ropes tied to each of his arms. A pull on the right arm means turn right, and *vice-versa*. It is extraordinary how blindfolded people will pull in some particular direction, and a competitor often finds himself galloping madly in a small circle despite the frantic pulls of the "charioteer."

Another event for pairs is the skeleton sleigh race, in which a couple sit on a small toboggan placed on the ice and propel themselves as best they can with ice-hockey sticks. The feet must not touch the ice.

Ski-jöring on the ice provides good fun, one partner on skates towing the other, who is on skis, round and round the rink by means of a rope. When several couples are taking part, jostling for position and entangled skis are a common feature. Another humorous event is the boot race, in which all the competitors' boots and skates are taken away from them and jumbled up in a heap at the other end of the rink. The competitors are then given goloshes and must race in those to the heap of boots, find their own pair, don them, and then race round the course and back home.

An exciting team race is the pole or boat race. In this two teams of six or eight men stand astride a pole which they hold up with their hands. The man at the end acts as rudder and has to swing the team round at the bends, no easy feat when travelling at speed. It is the team which works as one man, swinging from foot to foot in perfect unison, which usually wins, but if one of the men loses the time and skates out of unison, a spectacular crash is likely to occur.

Games such as musical chairs and follow-my-leader are often indulged in at these gymkhanas, and as the atmosphere is invariably friendly and free and easy, their instant success is assured.

Of course, no gymkhana is ever complete without one or two skating exhibitions and also a comedy exhibition. Surprising as it may seem, skating does not lend itself easily to burlesque and a good comedian on skates is hard to find, but as ice gymkhanas are essentially jolly affairs in which all spectators are invited to join, it is not always necessary to employ outside talent for amusement.

G. G.

Charles E. Rosen

WHERE THE YOUNGER MEMBERS SCORE

A hand-propelled balloon race on the ice as a serious business and a thing of joy

GOOD WALTZING ON ICE

(Continued from the previous page)

till a good speed is attained. Then, if they are going to waltz "clockwise," the man will shoot ahead of his partner on the right outside forward, turn a "three," and drop on to the left outside back, his partner remaining on the right outside forward till it is time to start the first turn in time with the music.

If they are going to waltz "counter-clockwise," the lady will shoot ahead of her partner on the L.O.F., turn a "three," and take up the R.O.B., her partner remaining on the L.O.F. till it is time for the first turn.

To finish the waltz, the one skating backwards lets go the partner with the outer hand and throws back the corresponding shoulder, while the partner throws back the opposite shoulder, and both sail off with feet widely separated and shoulders in line with the trace.

Summarising, the important things to remember, and to practise, are as follows:—

(1) Thoroughly master every step alone before taking a partner.
(2) Hold your partner close.
(3) Make your turns smoothly with no sign of effort.
(4) Keep your shoulders parallel to your partner's.
(5) Body erect and eyes off the ice; do not bend at the waist.
(6) By far the most important of all is the keeping of perfect time with the music, both partners starting their strokes together on the right note of music.

Finally, there are two distinct systems of waltzing on skates: (*a*) the old Canadian system of waltzing in large circles, swinging from one to another, everyone following more or less the same tracks; and (*b*) the new European system of waltzing in Serpentine curves up one side of the rink and down the other. In the former system it is easy to keep perfect time, but in the latter this is very difficult on a crowded rink.

The circular system is much safer than the Serpentine system, and the skaters can give themselves up to the music, without fear of running into another couple crossing their path at right angles, or meeting them "end on" in the centre of the rink. Those who have watched, or skated, both systems are practically unanimous in saying that the Canadian system is infinitely more graceful and enjoyable than the European system.

A. Heiser, Lenzerheide

NATURE'S SNOWMEN

Small pine trees covered with a crisp dazzling mantle after a snowfall at Lenzerheide

Davos PARSENN

HOTELS	Beds	Minimum Terms
Grand Hotel & Belvedere — Man.: A. Morosani.	200	Fr. 15.50
National Sport Hotel — Propr.: J. P. Branger.	100	„ 14.--
Angleterre & Park Hotel — Man.: B. Ryehon.	90	„ 15.50
Carlton Sport—Hotel — Propr.: M. Becker-Landry	80	„ 14.--
Esplanade Sport—Hotel — Man.: J. Steenaerts.	80	„ 11.--
Eden Sport—Hotel — Propr.: H. E. Saxer.	50	„ 10.50
Eisenlohr Sport Hotel — Propr.: M. Gilg.	50	„ 11.--

THE BIG DAYS OF DAVOS WINTER SPORT

DECEMBER 27th to 31st: INTERNATIONAL ICE HOCKEY TOURNAMENT FOR THE SPENGLER CUP
FEBRUARY 1st & 2nd: WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP IN SPEED SKATING
FEBRUARY 16th: XIth PARSENN-DERBY. DOWNHILL RACE FROM PARSENN TO KÜBLIS
FEBRUARY 28th to 15th MARCH: 30th SWISS NATIONAL SKI MEETING WITH MILITARY RACES

SWISS SKI-SCHOOL, DAVOS

GRAUBÜNDEN • SUISSE • THE GRISONS • THE GRISONS

MONTANA–VERMALA

Alt. 5,000 feet *21 hours from London*

SIMPLON LINE

ALL WINTER SPORTS

TOBOGGAN RUN, 1 mile long
BOBSLEIGH RUN, 1½ miles long
SKATING AND CURLING, many grounds
SKI-ING and Swiss Ski-School with fully qualified teachers
SKI-JUMP competitions

MANY COMPETITIONS IN THE SEASON

INQUIRY - OFFICE

CRANS

S/Sierre. On the Simplon line. Altitude 1,500 metres.

The sunniest part of Switzerland. Ski-School of Otto Furrer, the unbeaten World Champion of descent and slalom. All Winter Sports. Special ski and bobsleigh funiculars.

HOTELS :

GOLF & SPORTS, ALPINA & SAVOY, BEAUSÉJOUR, RHODANIA, ROYAL, CARLTON, EDEN, CONTINENTAL, BRISTOL, PAS DE L'OURS, VILLA SOLDANELLA

ZERMATT for Winter Sports

ALTITUDE 5,315 TO 7,500 FEET
BRILLIANT SUNSHINE
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY

Stay at **SEILER'S HOTELS:**

Victoria
Mont Cervin
Winterhouse

400 beds. Every comfort. Full inclusive rates from 10 Frs.

For illustrated booklet apply to HOTELS SEILER, ZERMATT.

Stop! Lauterbrunnen

Starting point of the

WENGEN & MÜRREN RAILWAYS

Make use of the cheap weekly tickets of the mountain railways.

The

HOTEL STEINBOCK & RAILWAY BUFFET

offers you every comfort at moderate terms.

"Ski - Heil!"

ZERMATT

All Winter Sports and a jolly Time at the Hotel

ZERMATTER HOF

ALL MODERN COMFORT :: EXCELLENT FOOD :: 170 BEDS

Pension from Fr. 11.50

ORCHESTRA :: ICE RINKS

GURNIGEL

Bernese Oberland 4,000 ft. A.S.L.
GRAND HOTEL 300 bedrooms

Ideal Winter Sports Centre

Of all First Class Swiss Wintersports centres GURNIGEL is the most easily reached, without change of train on the Continent. Luggage registration in the hotel direct from and to London. Regular Motor Service from Hotel to Picnic Corner 5,400 feet. All Winter Sports. The best place for an Alpine Holiday. Swiss Ski School.

Moderate Terms

THE HIGHER ARTS OF SKI-ING

By W. F. BRACKEN

"DO NOT AVOID DEEP SNOW, PRACTISE ON IT WHENEVER YOU CAN"

LAST year in these columns I dealt exclusively with the difficulties of the beginner in ski-ing. I now propose to try to help those beginners of last year who have attained some degree of proficiency. I will assume that they have learnt the rudiments of the stem Christiania and are now able, without an undue amount of falls, to do continuous turns down quite steep slopes, provided the snow is good, and are now anxious to improve their speed and control. I will not go into technical details as to how to do the turns, as in most cases the pupil has joined a school and had the rudiments well drummed into him there.

When getting equipment, the most important items are of course skis and bindings, assuming that last year these were hired. It is always better to have your own skis as you get used to them and skis vary a great deal in weight and balance, etc. I advise hickory in most cases, unless the purchaser is very light and not strong, in which case ash or birch are to be recommended as they are lighter, but not so durable. Do not get the ski too long; generally speaking they should reach to the centre of the hand when stretched to the full extent above the head.

And now as to the much-debated question of edges. The medium ski-runner is more able to appreciate the relative merits of different types of edges than he was during his first season when, if he were wise, he used the plain wood or fibre edges for preference. Steel, although the best edge, is not advisable in the early stages of ski-running; not only is it apt to cause injuries through the user suddenly "catching an edge" and taking a bad toss, but it makes it more difficult to execute any turn successfully owing to the difficulty the beginner has in skidding sideways at the finish of a Christiania. When this difficulty has been overcome and the novice has been proved—either by a standard test or experience—a medium-class runner, he can then with advantage—get a sharp type of edge. Generally speaking, I advise the steel edges screwed on. This is the first type of edge that was invented, and up to the present I consider it the best. There are many other kinds, but they do not seem to have the same grip on ice. Have the steel taken up to the groove in the ski and continue with fibre round the up-turn.

Bindings are very important. The Bilstein spring with the strap going through the ski just behind the iron is generally considered the best for the average skier; but it is important to have the strap going through the ski, as this holds the heel on the ski and gives better control and makes it easier to get the weight forward.

When arriving at your destination take the first two or three days quietly or you will probably ruin your holiday by getting overtired. Do not expect to be as good as the last week of the previous season for the first few days, as your muscles are not used to the unaccustomed exercise and you are not acclimatised to the height.

PASSING BETWEEN THE FLAGS IN A SLALOM RACE

Having got used to the conditions, the best way to improve is to take some test. In most large centres are tests of varying difficulty—usually a timed descent of some popular run. You will be astonished how quickly you can improve your speed if you time yourself once or twice down a run; but do not think you can improve solely by practising over the same course—as you may find that people you can beat quite easily on one particular run will leave you far behind on different country, or a tour in deep snow. Do not avoid deep snow—practise in it whenever you can. If you can turn well in deep snow you can always turn on hard, but the reverse is by no means the case. To run in deep snow it is necessary to execute a turn perfectly to achieve any measure of success, but on hard beaten snow you can get away with a great deal.

Another way of improving and perhaps the best way is to get a few flags and make a short course, known as a Slalom and do turns in and out of them. Start by placing flags in pairs at equal intervals, say each pair about two ski-lengths apart and one below the other in a straight line. The width of the pairs should be about four feet apart: thus—

Flagging out a practice Slalom course

Having learnt to go through the flags easily, change them about, making the turns longer and shorter and varying the gradient. In this way you will gain much more control than by merely practising on the slopes with no particular method.

A word of advice here: always watch the pair

of flags you intend to pass through and never look at your feet. This rule also applies to all ski-running—always look ahead. Do not make wide sweeps between the turns, but cut the corners as close as possible.

Straight running is perhaps the most amusing and exhilarating form of ski-ing—but very rarely taught in a school. The chief things to remember are as follows: Keep the feet together—one ski about six inches, in advance of the inside foot if on a slight traverse. Knees bent and supple—but not too deep a crouch. Keep the weight well forward so as to counteract wind resistance; when reaching a bump throw the weight on the heel of the back ski and thrust forward the other ski about another six inches. When reaching a sudden steeper gradient, throw the weight on the forward ski, letting the rear ski come up level with it.

The "Geländesprung," or field jumping, as it is called in the Ski Club of Great Britain *Year Book*, is a very good way of improving balance, particularly for straight running, as it teaches you not to mind leaving the ground on bumps, etc., which so often happens when running fast, especially in a snowstorm or mist when visibility is bad and unevennesses of the ground cannot be seen. I do not recommend it as an exercise for women, as they are liable to strain themselves, unless they are exceptionally strong.

The best way to start learning is to choose a bump on the practice slopes, if possible, one that rises about 3ft. and then falls away steeply; beat it down like a jumping hill, so that you do not land in deep snow, as this is liable to throw you forward.

The in-run should not be too steep—not more than 15 deg. Start the in-run with feet together, knees well bent, hands forward and sticks behind; as you reach the take-off straighten the knees slightly, lean forward and place the sticks firmly in the snow at the top of the bump, one each side and slightly in front of the ski points; at the same moment jump upward and forward, bringing the knees well up to the chin and thrust downwards on the sticks. This should throw you well into the air, and as you travel forward the sticks will come out of the snow. The chief thing to remember is to keep the weight well forward; when in the air let the legs straighten out to meet the ground, and, as you land, take up the shock by letting the knees bend and at the same time thrust forward one ski into a telemark position, and put the weight on it. The accompanying photograph gives quite a good idea of the correct position in the air.

THE CORRECT POSITION IN THE AIR IN FIELD JUMPING

The jump turn can also be mastered in the same way, and on the same practice hill. Run forward in the same manner as explained in the preceding paragraph, knees bent, but instead of placing both sticks into the snow, use only one—if you wish to jump to the right the right stick, and *vice versa*.

Jump well into the air, and throw the weight round, drawing the knees well up and sideways; land in the same way as from a "Geländesprung," but this time thrust forward whilst in the air the ski that is to be the inside ski when landing. This ski should be about 6in. in front of the other, as in the finish of a stem Christiania. It is not necessary to alter the grip on the sticks from the one used in ordinary ski-running.

Many people in England seem to think that ski-ing is purely a winter sport to be indulged in during the Christmas holidays and January. This is not so. Very often the best snow conditions are to be had at the end of February and in March, when the days are longer and sunnier. The snow is then much deeper, the ground having collected all the falls of the winter. The snow at this time is also much better in quality, and it is very seldom that the dreaded Foehn wind blows to make the snow wet and heavy and bring rain with it. The north slopes still have lovely powder snow, and on the southern slopes is spring snow, which, when in good condition, is the easiest of all to ski on. This type of snow is formed by the hot sun in the daytime, thawing the hard ice surface formed at night. These conditions can only be found after a good many days of fine weather.

At this time of the year a most delightful and inexpensive holiday can be had by taking a guide and going from hut to hut in the mountains. In Austria the huts are numerous and very comfortable, and nearly all have a "Huttenwirt" (host) who carries up food and drink to the hut and does the cooking. So that it is not necessary to carry supplies of food to add to the weight of one's rucksack.

For those who are not fond of climbing—which this form of holiday naturally involves—high centres such as Davos afford wonderful spring ski-ing, with the added convenience of a fine funicular service which ascends to 8,700ft. to a perfect ski-ing terrain.

At this time of the year, too, several big international races are held, such as the Arlberg-Kandahar and the Davos Derby, which are extremely interesting from a spectator's point of view, as some of the finest runners in the world can be seen hurling themselves down slopes at a pace that would spell disaster to the less expert.

Those who are able to take their ski-ing holiday at this time of the year will find better ski-ing conditions, longer days and hot sun, the hotels are not so full, and prices are cheaper than in the high season.

Advice From an Expert.—Hermann Steuri, winner last year of the Arlberg-Kandahar Slalom, holder of many Swiss ski championships, will be at Messrs. Austin Reeds, 103-113, Regent Street, London, W. 1, until Tuesday next, to give advice on all matters of equipment. He arrived last week by air from Berlin, where he has been coaching the German Olympic ski team.

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS

SUN SNOW SKI-ING SKATING

50 CENTRES — 150 HOTELS
We hold allotments at the best centres

INCLUSIVE HOLIDAYS
from £9.5.0
2nd Class Sleepers on "Winter Sports Special" now available

Handbook giving full particulars free.

EXPERT ADVICE

CALL — WRITE — TELEPHONE

ALPINE SPORTS LTD.
2, FD, ALBANY COURTYARD, PICCADILLY, W.1.
(PHONE: REGENT 4251)

The Book of the Season

POST FREE ON REQUEST
from
Lillywhites LTD
of Piccadilly Circus

by THE PRE-EMINENT HOUSE FOR WINTER SPORTS EQUIPMENT AND CLOTHING

EVERYONE interested in SKI-ING or SKATING should obtain a copy of this Book . . .

32 PAGES FULLY ILLUSTRATED

Containing Latest Ideas on Kit and Clothing . . . and Advice on Selection.

Learn to ski in the sun of
St. Moritz

THE SUN OF ST. MORITZ!

This has become a slogan justified by reality. From the first of December to the first of April the sun shines on an average of seven and a half hours every day—not only on holiday-makers but on one of the most lovely places in which to make holiday. The classic landscape is a joy in itself. Ask for the new booklet with photographs in colour from the Kurverein St. Moritz.

Lenk

3,800 ft. a.s.l.
BERNESE OBERLAND

Ideal centre for all Winter Sports

The
SPORT HOTEL WILDSTRUBEL
THE LEADING FIRST-CLASS ENGLISH FAMILY HOTEL

Excellent Indoor Amusements. Own Private Ice Rink and Curling Club. Swiss Ski School. English Sports Manager. Terms Re-adapted to Present Conditions

Please apply for prospectus to E. Burkhalter

BERNESE OBERLAND

4,100 FEET A.S.L.

GRIMMIALP · GRAND HOTEL

The unspoilt ski-ing centre; numerous runs, both for beginners and experts. Skating Rink & Car Service.

TERMS: £1.0.0, INCLUDING ROOM, FULL PENSION, HEATING, AFTERNOON TEA, KUR TAX, BATHS AND GRATUITIES.

PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

PONTRESINA

HOTEL LANGUARD

A home away from home. Inclusive rate from 11 frs. Manager: J. Eisenz.

Rosatsch Hotel—PONTRESINA

In the centre of the village, facing the mountains.

Close to all Winter and Summer Sports. Modern First-class Family Hotel with Up-to-date Comfort.

Apartments with private bath :: French restaurant, excellent cooking.

'Phone: 63.51 Managing Proprietor: **A. ERNST**

THE TWO YOU WILL LIKE AT

PONTRESINA

PONTRESINA HOTEL

200 Beds. First class throughout. Best sunny situation. En pension rate, Frs. 13.50; special weekly arrangements.

ROSEG HOTEL

First class Family house. Best and sunniest situation. All modern comfort. Pension rates from Sw. Fr. 13.50. Inclusive rates from Sw. Fr. 112 per week. *For particulars apply to A. H. GYSLER, manager.*

GSTAAD

The centre of beautiful ski-runs —the Ski-ing field touches the doors of the Hotels

ROYAL HOTEL · WINTER PALACE
250 Beds. Fr. 20.—incl. taxes

HOTEL BELLEVUE. sunny and quiet, 90 beds. All incl. Fr. 15.50 to Fr. 18.50
Apply to E. ROHR, *Propr.*

PARKHOTEL REUTELER. private-skating rink. Moderate all-in terms.

SAMADEN

10 min. from St. Moritz

HOTEL BERNINA

First Class Sport and Family Hotel. Sunny Terrace. Curling. Private Rinks. Ideal Sunny Slopes for Ski-ing. Own Orchestra. Entertainments.

SWISS SKI-SCHOOL MODERATED TERMS

GSTAAD

"MONTESANO"

High Class Alpine School for Children
(INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL)

Instruction in English and French. Individual Care. Home Life. Physical Culture Private Skating Rink.

MDME. and MR. HÖSCHING-GUIGNARD.

SEDRUN in the Bündner Oberland on the Furka-Oberalp-Line, 1459 m.a.s.l.
SUNSHINE & SNOW Endless Ski-ing grounds for all.
Ski-School. Large Ice-Rink.

HOTEL KURHAUS OBERALP

offers Comfort to all. Running water. Food prepared with pure Butter under Proprietor's supervision. Full Pension, Fr. 9. to Fr. 12.

Write for Prospectus to: H. DECURTINS-AGOSTI, *Proprietor and Manager.*

BILLIARDS. SKITTLE ALLEY. MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

COPPET COLLEGE
LA CHATAIGNERAIE, near GENEVA

Christmas Holidays at

MORGINS (WALLIS 4,200 ft.) **Dec. 23rd to Jan. 20th**

SKI-ING COURSE AND SKATING (1st Class Instructor)

FRENCH :: Apply to the Director

ZERMATT

HOTEL MATTERHORNBLICK

Comfortable Winter-Sport-Family-Hotel

Sunny position Facing Matterhorn Newly opened 1935

Latest comforts Pension from Frs. 9.50

Sporting articles can be hired at the Hotel

THE THRILL OF A SKIJÖRING RACE

Skijöring can be done behind a horse or a car and in the former case to control a cantering horse as well as a pair of skis can require great skill

A CHANGE FROM SKI-ING

Full Variety Programmes

By T. S. SYDENHAM-CLARKE

"IT is all very well for you to rave about the magnificent ski-runs at X, but I do not wish to spend my entire holiday nursing bruises on the nursery slopes." Such is the very reasonable attitude of many who visit the Alps during the winter.

Ski-ing is a sport which rich and poor and young and old alike can enjoy, once they have reached the mountains. But there are enthusiasts who can never learn to ski—they are not of the right build; there are others who feel at times that they would like a change from ski-ing; and, again, there are those who curl because they are Scots or because they believe themselves too old to take up ski-ing, and those who skate for the sake of skating.

All who want a change from ski-ing for their holiday, will find that there are many Swiss resorts which give them a wide choice, for Switzerland is *par excellence* the provider of variety in winter sports.

At a number of Tyrolean resorts the local Kurverein concentrates almost exclusively on encouraging the skier. In places, forests are cleared and timber embankments built to provide a new run. But in most large Swiss centres, such as St. Moritz, Davos, Arosa, Wengen or Villars, the interests of the skater and the luger are considered, as also at Lenzerheide, Kandersteg, Diablerets and many other smaller places.

For sheer breath-taking excitement and as a test of nerves, quickness of eye, balance and cool-headedness, bob-running is one of the very few sports which can compare with ski-jumping and downhill-racing; it is at its most dangerous when performed by amateurs on an inadequately banked run.

At one place I can remember, skiers used to set off on a bob on a half-made run which ran for a mile down a road. Bobs would round a bend to find a timber waggon barring their path, or before a crucial corner an inexperienced brakesman would lose his head and the bob would fly over the banking into space; serious accidents in such cases were inevitable, although it is remarkable how often a bob-crew is thrown clear. Those who control the runs are now alive to precautions being taken against inexperienced users. Lugeing is tamer than bobbing, and there is little danger of injury; but a first-class run, such as at Wengen, can provide considerable excitement.

Tailing with a string of luges tied behind a sleigh or a horse is well worth doing by moonlight; at the corners spills are frequent, and the chase to catch up with the rest of the party, after you have fallen off, keeps you warm on the coldest of nights. As a change from downhill ski-ing, or in bad weather when the mountains are wrapped in clouds, it is a very good plan to skijör, either behind a horse or a car. To control a cantering horse as well as a pair of skis can require great skill; remember, if you use a horse, that you must have a mat to protect you from the snow thrown up by the animal's heels.

With car-skijöring, provided that the driver is skilful on snowy roads, it is possible to reach a speed of nearly 50 m.p.h. The ideal road for skijöring is one which has a large number of hairpin bends. If you are on a 25-yard rope behind a car with good acceleration, get the chauffeur to drive round the bend and then accelerate quickly as soon as the road opens up ahead of him. You may still be facing in the opposite direction if you have not yet reached the corner; suddenly the rope will tauten, and you will be swept forward with a rush, probably narrowly avoiding the snow-bank on the outer side of the road. This manœuvre can be very exciting and it demands strong legs and good ski-ing technique or you may find yourself pulled on to your face by the sudden jerk of the tow-rope.

Ice-hockey, too, is a magnificent sport even for the unskilful, as many know who have played in a scratch game on a frozen lake in England. At a number of winter sports centres games are played in the evenings; but it takes an unusually strong pair of ankles, to be able to crown a day's ski-ing with an hour of ice-hockey. Finally, in addition to ice-skating, there is curling, a great game, which makes a Swiss holiday a real pleasure to many, who have to deny themselves the infinite joys of ski-ing. Those, then, who do not wish to spend the entire time on skis need have no fear of being bored in any medium-sized Swiss resort; they will certainly find much else to interest them.

CALM ENJOYMENT AND BREATH-TAKING EXCITEMENT

Curling at St. Moritz and (right) Bobsleighing at Mürren. As a test of nerves bobbing is one of the few sports that can compare with ski-jumping and downhill racing

SKI HEIL!

NEW IDEAS FOR WINTER SPORTS

This season we are presenting a complete new range of winter sports clothes, designed in collaboration with one of the greatest authorities on winter sports equipment in this country, and incorporating all the latest cheerful and efficient ideas.

We have a new Canadian type of ski cap, for 10/6; new-style ski jackets in a fine quality of gabardine that is both wind-proof and snow-proof, in navy blue or white (42/-); the latest type of plus fours and ski trousers, in the same material but in blue only (35/6); ski boots in all sizes; and, of course, an almost endless choice of socks and sweaters and scarves and other accessories.

We invite you to come and inspect what is, we believe, the most up-to-date display of winter sports equipment in London.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

P.36113

MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE
British Lady Champion and first string of the Olympic Ladies' team

YOUTH'S LEAD IN SKATING

Our Very Young Olympic Team

By GEORGE GRAHAM

FOR the first time since the inception of the winter Olympic Games England will be fully represented in the figure skating events for ladies, men and pairs.

The decision of the National Skating Association to send the full complement of skaters to Garmisch on February 6th is all the more welcome as the efficiency of British skaters has improved out of all recognition, even since the last winter Olympic Games held at Lake Placid, New York, four years ago.

A trial was organised at the London Ice Club on November 23rd, when eight ladies, four men and two pairs gave demonstrations of their skill before a panel of judges and a large and enthusiastic crowd. These trials provided several surprises. In the first place it is doubtful whether it was generally recognised up to now how outstanding is the youthful talent of our country, and in the second place how really youthful this talent is. Only two members of the Olympic team of 1932 have been chosen for the 1936 games; Miss Cecilia Colledge at the age of fifteen leads the ladies' section in her capacity of British Champion, and Miss Mollie Phillips, who was in the 1932 team, is chosen again.

The final choice of the selectors included Miss Gweneth Butler of the Figure Skating Club, Miss Belita Jepson-Turner of Queen's Ice Club; and as reserves eleven-year-old Mia Macklin and sixteen-year-old Pamela Prior. H. Graham Sharp leads the men's section, and is followed by Jack Dunn, F. Tomlins and G. Yates. The two pairs chosen are Mr. and Mrs. L. Cliff and Miss Rosemary Stewart and Mr. E. H. C. Yates.

Among the surprises at the trials were the splendid performances of young Miss Jepson-Turner, who is thirteen, and Freddie Tomlins, who at the age of sixteen skated a programme well up to World Championship standard. It is therefore obvious that our boys are not far behind the girls in skating technique. It will be remembered that Graham Sharp won the British Championship two years ago at the age of sixteen.

Among the girls participating in the trials, fifteen-year-old Brenda Stroud, Gladys Jagger and Pamela Stephany gave excellent exhibitions, but apparently did not fulfil the requirements of the selection committee. It must be remembered that set figures as well as free skating have to be taken into consideration, as 50 per cent. of the marks in a competition are awarded for school figures.

Belita Jepson-Turner is a wise choice for the team. Although so young she has the poise and technique of an experienced skater, and should develop considerably in the near future. She is training as a ballet dancer, and has also had invaluable experience in skating in the open air on the Continent. Gweneth Butler, who was runner-up in the British Championship last year, is a very safe skater; she did not miss one item from her programme, and finished dead on time, giving the impression that she had devoted much time and thought to its preparation. Mollie Phillips, who has also had much experience, skated immaculately—not missing one jump or spin or edge.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD MEMBER OF THE TEAM
Miss Belita Jepson-Turner, who turns her ballet dancing to advantage on skates

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS RESTING DURING TRIALS AT THE ICE CLUB
Miss Pamela Prior, Jack Dunn, Miss Mollie Phillips, who was in the 1932 team, and Miss Brenda Stroud

The two reserves in the ladies' section of the team, who have been chosen in case any of the competitors are unable to participate in the actual games, are both excellent; Pamela Prior skated in very polished style, while Mia Macklin shows the greatest of promise in one so young. Among the competitors she was the only one to perform the toe-spins which Cecilia Colledge introduced.

Freddie Tomlins is a great surprise. This boy was at one time a very keen speed skater and was persuaded only a short while ago to exchange his speed blades for figure skates and he has proved that, if anything, the latter suit him best.

Jack Dunn, who skated after Tomlins, was a little disappointing; he had plenty in hand. Dunn has had much Continental experience and should be a great asset to the British team.

MISS GWENETH BUTLER
Runner-up in the British Ladies' Championship last year

Miss Rosemary Stewart and Mr. E. H. C. Yates were another pleasant surprise for the English judges. For contents of programme and execution they were up to the best Continental standard.

Little more can be said about our own champions. Cecilia Colledge was runner-up to Sonja Henie last year and she should certainly achieve the same position again. Graham Sharp was also runner-up in the World Championship two years ago, and together with Jack Dunn stands a good chance of beating everybody except Karli Schäfer, of Austria, the present world and Olympic champion. Mr. and Mrs. Cliff, who won the British Championship as Miss Violet Supple and Mr. Leslie Cliff, although great stylists, will probably find the German Baier-Herber combination too strong.

GLACÉ FRUITS

Fortnum & Mason have all sorts of delicious fruits that you have never seen glacé or crystallized before

6/6, 11/6, 22/6 *and* 35/6
a special wooden box

Write for our amusing Christmas catalogue

FORTNUM & MASON

181 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W1. REGENT 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd

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 LADIES' PLATE

SIR, May I enlist your interest and sympathy in the attempt I am making to get an alteration in the conditions for the Ladies' Plate at Henley.

I suggest that the entries should be limited to eight for schools and to eight from Cambridge, and the same number from Oxford (but four from each university would be better); that the schools and colleges should be drawn in separate heats, with the result that the final heats of the schools and the colleges should be rowed on the Friday and that between the champion college and champion school on the last day of the regatta.

I think this would add greatly to the interest of the racing, and would only eliminate crews of inferior ability (there are plenty of other regattas open for them), would shorten the daily programmes, and do away with the severe strain on the boys' crews in rowing many heats against more mature oarsmen.

The only difficulty I can see is how the entries are to be kept to the number allowed.

I suggest—by heats rowed before the regatta proper, or by such other means as the authorities at each university might arrange. Honour would accrue to the crews which would thus become representative in a sense in which they are not now.

Yours faithfully,
Sunnygarna, A. HALL HALL.
Witley, Surrey.

LANDLORD AND TENANT

SIR, At the present time landlords of agricultural property have to accept considerably reduced rents, the cost of repairs has gone up enormously, and local rates and national taxes are a very serious burden. Tenants, on the other hand, have gone through a bad time, and many a farmer who was comparatively affluent in the days following the war can now only make ends meet with the assistance of his banker.

No doubt largely on this account the relationship between landlord and tenant seems in some cases at any rate to have deteriorated, which perhaps is not to be wondered at. At the same time may I, as one who is neither a landlord nor a tenant, but has to deal professionally with both classes, plead for a resumption of the little attentions which usually count for far more than they cost, such as a small present of game after shooting, or even an expression of sympathy with the tenant's farming difficulties, and which certainly do a great deal to produce a kindly feeling which facilitates negotiations between the two?

For obvious reasons I sign myself,

Yours faithfully,
Edinburgh. LEX.

GOLDEN RETRIEVERS

SIR, May I bring to the notice of your readers the objects of the Golden Retriever Club? These appear in the Rules and Regulations of the club, and read as follows: "To encourage the breeding and type of golden retriever *most suitable for work*. To encourage field trials. To ensure qualified judges at shows, and adequate classification being given."

I have put the first object in italics, because we, who formed the standard of points, considered it to be the most important. From what I have lately seen and heard, I am greatly concerned lest in the minds of some of our best-known breeders, and, alas, of some of the judges, this most important rule is being lost sight of.

In my humble opinion it is absolutely fatal to attempt to divorce the show type from the working type, as has most unfortunately been proved in more than one breed of gundog to-day. I am sure that all those who work gundogs, hunt hounds, or work terriers, will agree with me when I say, as strongly as I possibly can, that the working type must of necessity be the show type; otherwise the breed must be going the wrong way, and breeders, far from doing good to it, are going the quickest way to ruin it. If the first object of the club is to encourage the working type it must surely be a point of honour to judge on those lines, and not according to individual taste? I was horrified to hear one very well-known breeder and judge of Goldens say, not long ago, that they were not judging gundogs but show dogs. Could anything be more calculated to bring disaster to the breed than such an opinion? Before it is too late, our breed spoilt, and all our care and hard work in breeding and selecting thrown away, may I beg that judges will pause and remember that the least they can do is to study the wishes of those who formed and are keeping to the club's standard, to abide by it, and to judge our breed as we who love the Goldens and value their working capacity, wish them to be judged.

Personally, I am so afraid for the future of the breed that I have decided to withdraw from the show ring, saving and excepting when judges are officiating who have experience of the make and shape required in a working dog, and who realise that a perfect show specimen must be so built as to be able to do his job.

Yours faithfully,
Herons, W. M. CHARLESWORTH.
Buckhold, Pangbourne.

KITES IN THE WEST COUNTRY

SIR,—Our attention has been called to an article signed "P. G.," and printed in your issue of October 26th, in which the writer makes the following statement:

"The miserable remnant of kites in a locality in the West Country is a good example of the ruthlessness of collectors. Only a few pairs still exist to lay their eggs, and very seldom is a clutch spared to be hatched out, for year after year in spite of laws, in spite of the money and care devoted by the R.S.P.B., the last of their race have their nests robbed and their eggs blown to add to the oologist's plunder."

The assertions of your correspondent are not true, the following being the facts of the case.

The first step in the protection of the kite was taken in 1903, when the Rev. F. C. R. Jourdain and Dr. J. H. Salter wrote a letter to the British Ornithological Club urging them to undertake their protection. Over £40 was immediately subscribed; professional collecting ceased and the kites began to increase. The R.S.P.B. took the work over after it had been carried on successfully for several years.

One nest was taken five years ago by a collector, who subsequently apologised publicly for his action. This is the only case known for some 30 years, though in two cases eggs have been taken from nests, where the kite had already been shot by a keeper or his emissary.

It is stated that some 70 young kites have been hatched off during these years, but owing to destruction by poison, and to some extent by trap and gun, few of these have survived.

In fairness to egg collectors we request you to publish this letter.

Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS C. R. JOURDAIN
(President British Oologists' Association).
CECIL SMEED
(Hon. Secretary, B.O.A.).
CLIFFORD D. BOBBER
London. (Hon. Treasurer, B.O.A.).

A TALE OF TWO BADGERS

SIR,—We have here a boar badger, aged about ten months. He is very tame, follows the butler all over the house, begs at table, and is not in the least frightened by dogs, even strange ones. He is master of those here, including two terriers that have "been to a badger." He is free to roam anywhere, inside and out. His usual daytime sleeping place is up about twelve to fifteen stairs into an apple room in this house.

Early last month he was shut in one night, because hounds would be near here next day. We noticed that a small hole had been made at the bottom of the door, also there were claw marks. These on the *outside*. Some 20yds. away from this door is a raised hut. On the night of November 13th I let the dogs out at about 10.30. They rushed off, giving tongue. I went to see what was happening and found a terrier bitch had a wild badger under the hut. She let go after about two minutes, and the badger went away to the wood close by. Next night at about the same hour, the butler went to take "Brock" (tame badger) to his apple loft. The butler heard something up there and shut the door. He came for me, and to our astonishment we found a wild badger up there. We shut Brock up elsewhere, and gave the wild one some milk and honey, which was eaten by next morning. Later in the morning we put Brock in with the wild badger. He was very cautious and scared. Would not go near the wild badger or to his usual bed. In fact all day he slept on the bottom step, and at times tried to get out.

Is it not very strange for a wild beast to come to a tame one and into a much-used building? Brock does *not* smell to us in the least, and is always being handled, stroked, etc. He was castrated at three months and is very clean. There is a badger sett about 300yds. away from the house, used all the time. Brock went down it some months ago, and came back with a nasty bite at the back of his ear. He has never been near it since! I do not yet know the sex of the wild one, but suppose it is a sow.

I should be most interested to know what your readers think, and if any have had a similar experience.

Yours faithfully,
Sun Rising House, ROBIN GROSVENOR.
Banbury, Oxon.

SUBSISTENCE FARMING

SIR,—I read with great interest the account given by your correspondent "R. F." of a new land settlement at Potton in Bedfordshire. In this article the necessity for a good market is shown.

I would suggest another alternative to make future land settlements a success. Let us call it "Subsistence farming." That is to say, if instead of producing to sell in a market, food and those necessaries of life which the land produces were aimed at, then the "Group" or small community would be independent of a doubtful market.

People nowadays are so accustomed to think in terms of money that they are apt to forget that the first essential for life is food. This does not mean that no produce can be sold. On the contrary, produce must be sold, but only that which is surplus to food requirements. At first the surplus will be small, but this will increase as the land is improved. Being in such a position that produce can be held back from the market a better price should be obtained for this surplus. The advantage of this system is that those who follow it are independent of money, whereas those who produce for a market must get money in order to obtain the necessaries of life. Failing this market they must get into debt or starve.

There is nothing new in this idea of Subsistence farming. Our colonies started that way. Having no markets they had to depend on their land to feed and clothe themselves. An aspirant to this life must be trained both morally and physically for the purpose.

I understand that training on these lines is now carried out at that most successful undertaking, the Fairbridge Farm Settlement School in Western Australia.

I feel sure that unless something on similar lines is attempted in this country extensive settlement on the land is foredoomed to failure.

Yours faithfully,
London. R. K. McC.

FLIGHTING WEATHER

SIR,—I think I am justified, as one who seldom misses being out at sunset under all conditions, in making the following remarks as to the best light for flighting.

On a moonlight night, as Mr. Colin McLean remarks, you want the white clouds, as you can then pick up duck coming out of the blue against them. But by far the best flighting sky is a dull grey, as the birds show dark against it and are quite easy to see and shoot. This is because there is no reflected light and the duck display their whole tone against the sky. This may be noticed especially in shooting plover on a grey night, they look like black rags, but on a moonlight night they are scarcely visible. It is the reflection of sky on the backs and bellies which obscures them, and which so many artists do not paint which makes their pictures quite valueless to those who really paint landscapes. It is useless to paint the plumage of birds under circumstances which one could never see; and it is that bewitching hour of uncertainty that makes the sport of flighting so fascinating.

Yours faithfully,
Hitchin. JOHN C. TUNNARD.

MEASUREMENTS OF BIG GAME

SIR,—I am glad to see that Colonel Meinertzhagen confirms my estimates, which must always be approximate, though Mr. Parfitt thinks otherwise, of the standing heights of lion in life, when measured after death. He now gives a lioness 8ft. 1in. straight, just an ordinary good lioness, as having stood 3ft. 11in. in life. I can only repeat that I am confident that no lion, much less a lioness, either wild or in captivity, measures 3ft. 11in., much less the 4ft. 3in. he gives for a fine lion of 9ft. 4in. With reference to my surprise that a bull wildebeest should exceed a cow in weight by 200lb., Colonel Meinertzhagen weighed 14, the lightest 506lb., the heaviest, curiously enough a female, 588lb.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. MANNLICHER.

SAID TO BE IMMUNE TO THE ATTACKS OF DRY ROT
(See Letter "Wood Tiles for Cottages")

EAGLES AND RED DEER

SIR,—After the interesting letters published recently you may think it worth noting that while stalking on September 25th this year the stalker and I watched through telescopes a golden eagle attacking a full-grown hind. The eagle's attack consisted of stooping, not from a great height, and then flying along apparently trying to catch the hind by the neck while she galloped as hard as she could. After the attack, which lasted while the hind galloped about 100yds., the hind would stand still, looking wildly round, until the eagle renewed its attack. This it did five times while we were watching before finally giving up. The hind was accompanied throughout by a calf of the year before, but there was certainly no calf of this year. The stalker was quite certain of this, though he said he had never before seen or heard of eagles trying to kill full-grown hinds except by driving them over steep rocks. I do not think this was the eagle's intention in this case as there were no suitable rocks at hand, and he did not seem to do anything to make the hind take any particular direction. Yours faithfully,

Cambridge. E. LUXMOORE.

THE PATRON SAINT OF HUNTING

SIR,—The church at Corfe Mullen is dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunters and, so far as I have been able to trace, is the only such dedication in England. It occurred to me that some of your readers might be able to say whether this is correct, and if it is not I should be glad if they would tell me of any other instance. The rector is anxious to know himself, and is of the same opinion that the dedication is unique.

Yours faithfully,

London. R. T. L.

THE LAST WYE CORACLE?

SIR,—For many years past this museum has been on the lookout for a Wye coracle, but frequent inquiries through the local papers and in other ways failed to find the whereabouts of a single specimen, though the craft was in use on this river down to the early part of this century. They are still used on rivers in Wales. Indeed, intensive search was made this summer in the hope of finding a specimen and was given up in despair. Just recently, however, Mrs. M. Howell, of Walford, has been good enough to give to the museum a coracle made by her father, William Dew, of Kerne Bridge, not later than 1880. This had been kept in an outbuilding for years past, and is in perfect condition. The enclosed photograph shows the coracle being brought to Hereford Museum, where it will be carefully preserved.

Yours faithfully,

F. C. MORGAN

Hereford. (Curator, Museum and Art Gallery).

MOVEMENTS OF JAYS

SIR,—"M.'s" exact notes from Hampshire are very interesting. I have seen no large flocks, nor any passing over, but from the last week in September and during the early part of October there was a very marked influx of the species in East Anglia. I estimate the numbers during this period as x6 the normal summer or resident population.

The sequence of autumn arrivals of the crow family has been marked in this district. From mid-September onwards there was a definite influx of carrion crows; the jay influx was, as already stated, mainly during the last days of September and early October. The first hoodie crow was seen on October 21st; doubtless several had arrived before this date, but the species was not general until the last few days of October. At about the same time, or a few days later, rooks began to appear in numbers, and some jackdaws. Both are now to be seen in large numbers in an area where, in summer, the numbers are very small. Large flocks of rooks and jackdaws came in from over the Wash (Lincolnshire) at dawn on November 4th, flying at a great height. Yours faithfully,

Brandon, Suffolk. W. A. CADMAN.

WOOD TILES FOR COTTAGES

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to know that Western Red Cedar shingles (wood tiles) are being used in the renovation of old cottages on the Earl of Aylesford's estate, replacing thatch and tiles. Western Red Cedar is said to be the world's most durable softwood, and in recent tests made at the Forest Products Research Laboratories at Princes Risborough, was found not only to remain immune to the attacks of dry rot but to kill the fungus in other timbers. Yours faithfully,

Warwick. L. M. C.

LABRADORS *versus* SPANIELS

SIR,—I cannot let Major Kenneth Dawson's article which appeared in last week's *Field* on "Labradors for Rough Shooting" go unchallenged. Having had nearly 40 years' experience with spaniels and Labradors, I entirely disagree with his statement that the Labrador has more intelligence, and is a superior dog for rough shooting, and general purposes than the spaniel. For retrieving only, the Labrador may possibly be more suitable in the hands of the average individual with limited dog knowledge, but for all-round work, nothing can compete with the right type of strongly made Springer spaniel, either in intelligence or endurance. To back up my statement, I am prepared to challenge any of Major Kenneth Dawson's Labradors against my Springers on any ground likely to be met on an average day's rough shooting, in thick cover or water.

Yours faithfully,

Fairford, Glos. F. HOLFORD (Captain).

A DAY WITH BACK-END SALMON

SIR,—The following details of a day's salmon fishing may interest some of your readers, as it does not fall to every fisherman to have the good fortune that I had when fishing the Lower Floors water at Kelso on November 12th of this year, and I think that the combined number and weight of salmon killed in the time is worth mentioning.

The morning catch was six fish, weighing 10½lb., 12lb., 11lb., 25lb., 21lb. and 22lb., totalling 101½lb., and the time was 10.10 a.m. to 12.45 p.m.—2 hours 35 minutes.

The afternoon catch was seven fish, weighing 8lb., 15lb., 18lb., 21lb., 10lb., 18lb. and 30lb., a total of 120lb.; the time was from 2.35 p.m. to 4.55 p.m.—2 hours 20 minutes, or a total for the day of 13 fish weighing 221½lb. in 4 hours and 55 minutes.

MADE NOT LATER THAN 1880
(See Letter "The Last Wye Coracle?")

Everything was in my favour. The pool was full of fish. It had not been fished for some days owing to want of a breeze on the water. There was a breeze that day from the right quarter, and I happened to hit on the right fly, as twelve out of thirteen were caught on the same fly.

Yours faithfully,

Northern Counties Club, Londonderry. JOSEPH H. WELCH.

You can easily tell how old a Horse is

— how do you tell the age of Brandy?

The age of brandy has nothing to do with the length of time it has been in bottle. All that counts is the number of years it has matured in the wood—the only place where brandy can mature.

The quiet undisturbed years at Cognac where Hennessy Liqueur Brandy matures and "grows gracefully old" are the years during which it acquires that rare bouquet and rich mellowness which make it a brandy of such exceptional goodness.

HENNESSY
X·O
LIQUEUR BRANDY

MATURED IN THE WOOD FOR OVER 45 YEARS

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS" ON THE CRICKET GROUND AT SUVA, FIJI, AND (RIGHT) KINGSFORD-SMITH WITH HIS ASSISTANT PILOT, ULM
(See Letter "A Memory of Kingsford-Smith")

A MEMORY OF KINGSFORD-SMITH

SIR,—At the present time, when we are all anxious about the safety of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, your readers may be interested in the following notes about the first flight across the Pacific.

In June, 1928, Kingsford-Smith and his companions (including Uhn, assistant pilot) flew from San Francisco to Honolulu, from thence to Suva, Fiji, and thence to Brisbane, Australia. The following little narrative deals with what happened in Fiji. The authorities there were duly advised of the date on which the Southern Cross might be expected. Fortunately there were two experienced airmen there who had served in the Royal Flying Corps in the Great War, where they had both distinguished themselves. The Governor of Fiji, acting under their advice, had the cricket ground at Suva prepared for the Southern Cross's arrival, and the landing there was safely accomplished.

RISALPUR LOO AND HER LITTER OF NINE
(See Letter "A Much-Travelled Labrador")

One of the photographs enclosed shows the Southern Cross immediately upon her arrival. She was lightly laden then, and there was not much trouble in effecting the landing. It was a different matter when it came to getting away. The 'plane was then heavily laden after refuelling and taking in provisions, etc., for the last lap to Brisbane. The two R.F.C. officers advised that the Southern Cross should fly light to Point Naselai, the south-east extremity of Viti Levu (Great Fiji), sixteen miles east of Suva, where there is a hard sandy beach a mile-and-a-half in length, which afforded an ideal track for the run off, and that the necessary stores for the remainder of the flight should be brought round to the starting point by a Government steamer.

On June 18th, 1928, the two R.F.C. officers (Major C. Brewster Joske, M.C., O.B.E., Fiji Defence Corps, and Mr. Ellis, M.B.E.) piloted the Southern Cross to Point Naselai, where she was at once surrounded by admiring Fijians.

Kingsford-Smith was given a letter for me bearing the special stamp struck to commemorate the first flight across the Pacific. He posted it all right in Brisbane, but it reached me minus the stamp, although I was not surcharged by the P.O.

Yours faithfully,
Portland Lodge, Exmouth. A. B. BREWSTER.

A MUCH-TRAVELLED LABRADOR

SIR,—I enclose an amusing photograph of a litter of nine yellow Labrador pups which I bred and another of the dam—Risalpur Loo. I imported her from Scotland in October, 1934, and she was mated at Risalpur (India) two months later to Captain J. K. Starling's Jeremy of Fieldbureote. I was then posted to Burma, where she had this very level litter of seven dogs and two bitch pups. Her own age then was only fifteen months. In view of the amount of travelling she did both before and during whelp at her young age, I think that I was lucky to be presented with such a fine lot of pups.

My bitch is a good gundog, but I find that she will not look at a snipe. I would be interested to know if any of your readers abroad, who possess imported gundogs, have had the same experience. I think the mud from the paddy fields must give snipe a peculiar taste which is obnoxious to a dog, because it is only this particular bird that my bitch will not retrieve.

Yours faithfully,
Governor's Camp, Burma. C. R. DOUGLAS GRAY (Skinner's Horse).

BRIMSTONE BUTTERFLY IN NOVEMBER

SIR,—It is well known that the brimstone butterfly usually enters into hibernation shortly after emerging from the chrysalis, in August or early September, and seldom is one seen again (in late autumn) until after the winter sleep. It is therefore of some interest to record a male specimen seen on the wing by my brother on November 3rd, at Mitcham, Surrey. The previous latest appearance of this butterfly on the wing was a male I saw on October 21st, 1928, at Sutton, Surrey, which I recorded in the *Entomologist*, LXII, January, 1929. The one seen on the 3rd is the only occurrence I know of in November. During a warm spell of weather it has been seen, *after December*, as early as January or February, when the warmth may induce an occasional one to awake from its winter's sleep and take wing.

Yours faithfully,
Sutton, Surrey. F. W. FROHAWK.

TARPON FISHING

SIR,—With reference to Mr. J. P. Birch's letter in your issue of August 10th concerning the foul-hooking of a tarpon, I had a similar experience in January, 1930.

At the time I was casting for tarpon from the bank just below the apron of the spillway of the Gatun Locks at Panama. The river here was flowing at about six miles an hour. I was using a 14ft. light, split-cane salmon rod and usual salmon reel and line with backing. At the end of my casting line I had about 2ft. of piano wire and a special fly 3in. long. Below me the water was crystal clear and, perhaps, 15ft. deep.

As I was retrieving my fly, I saw a tarpon follow it like lightning. It was too late to slow up the retrieve, but as the fly passed almost at my feet the tarpon made a lunge for it. I thought that at the same instant it must have seen me for it started to sheer away. The fly was missed, but it foul-hooked the fish.

I now had the opportunity to compare salmon and tarpon on identical tackle. I had 110yds. of line on the reel. The fish immediately made a straight run of 100yds. embellished with two magnificent tarpon leaps. In an effort to check it I burnt my hand on the line and rapped my knuckles badly with the reel handle. Fortunately I then thought to release all pressure. The fish only went another 6yds. or so, and I finally managed to beach it. When it gave its first jump, I said, "He's a 50-pounder." But on the scales it was only 12lb.

The hook had caught in the skin of the nose between the lip and the right eye. To compare the fight of this fish with that of any salmon I have ever hooked would scarcely prove complimentary to the salmon. I wonder if other readers have had similar opportunities to compare the two fish.

Yours faithfully,
Kitzbuhel, Austria. LEANDER J. MCCORMICK.

You should always specify Sandeman

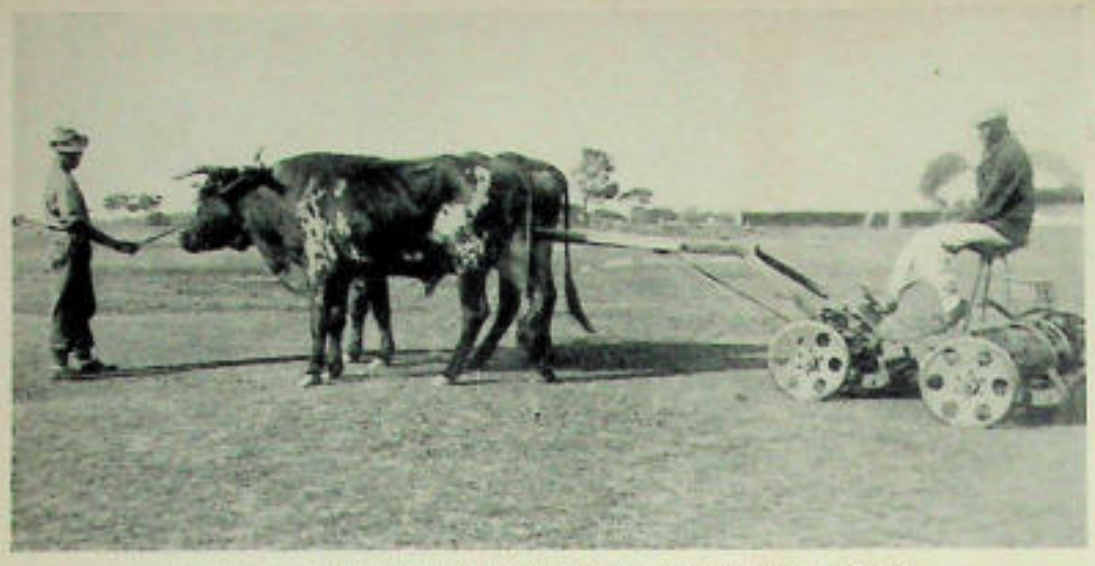
when you are ordering port or sherry — or both. For over 140 years Sandeman wines have enjoyed a reputation for carefully matured quality and mellow excellence. All are guaranteed genuine in origin and of honest value for money.

PORTS
THREE STAR
(Select Old Ruby or Tawny)
Per Doz. 72/-
PARTNERS
(Finest Old Ruby)
Per Doz. 108/-

SHERRIES
APITIV
(Extra Dry Pale)
Per Doz. 72/-
BROWN BANG
(Fine Old Dessert)
Per Doz. 108/-

Geo. G. Sandeman, Sons & Co., Ltd., 20 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4

SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY



MOWING MACHINE DRAWN BY OXEN ON A SOUTH AFRICAN FAIRWAY
(See Letter "Oxen on the Golf Course")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Oxen on the Golf Course.—Your readers may be interested to see, from the enclosed photograph, that the Rondebosch Golf Club in South Africa still uses oxen to draw its mowing-machine and water-cart.—Miss DOROTHY M. CLARKE, Long Acre, Oxted, Surrey.

Late Swallows.—While shooting with Mr. Riddell on the Moor (near Hay), on November 2nd, the Rev. G. H. Powell saw two swallows. This is the latest I have ever known them to be in this district.—T. G. VAUGHAN PHILLIPS (Captain), Brooklands, Hay, Hereford.

Albino Otters.—Regarding Mr. D. Seth Smith's letter about an albino otter, which he states to be very rare, I may say a lady neighbour of mine has a mounted specimen which was killed in Islay about 1900, and she tells me that she knew of about five other albino otters which had been killed in the same district.—F. R. N. CURLE, Melrose.

An "Irritation" of Fleas.—With reference to Mr. Martland Walker's letter on "Fleas on a Dog." Even if Mr. Punch agreed with the term "a patch of fleas" he would be wrong. It is surely "an irritation of fleas," just as it is a "perruque of earwigs"?—J. E. S. P. BRADFORD (Captain), 37, Palace Gate, W. 8.

Late Redstart.—I thought it might interest your readers to know that we have had an immature common redstart in our garden for a couple of days. It left here on November 8th. Is this not rather late?—Captain J. A. WHITAKER, Kenilworth, Brandon, Suffolk. [Yes; but most November records are attributable to confusion with the black redstart, a winter visitor.—ED.]

Marked Pheasant.—I enclose a ring taken from the leg of a pheasant at Park of Drumquhassle, Drymen, on November 16th. There is no number, but I presume the mark will indicate its origin, and I should be grateful for any information as to where the bird was ringed.—GEORGE A. MITCHELL, 4, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

[The marking on the ring is shown in the accompanying sketch.—ED.]

Pine Marten in Essex.—On the morning of November 14th my keeper found a female pine marten trapped in a rabbit hole in the wood. As this district is so far from any of this animal's "known habitats," I would be interested to hear if any of your readers can account for its appearance, as an escape from confinement or any other way.—Captain C. E. MATURIN-BAIRD, Langham Hall, Colchester, Essex.

"Sealing" a Hare.—In reply to your correspondent's enquiry, I always seal my hares on the head when sending them by rail as presents to my friends. For this purpose I use my signature stamp on sealing wax, which is affixed to the head of the dead hare after cutting away the fur.—ISSETTE MILLER, Singleton Park, near Blackpool, Lancs.

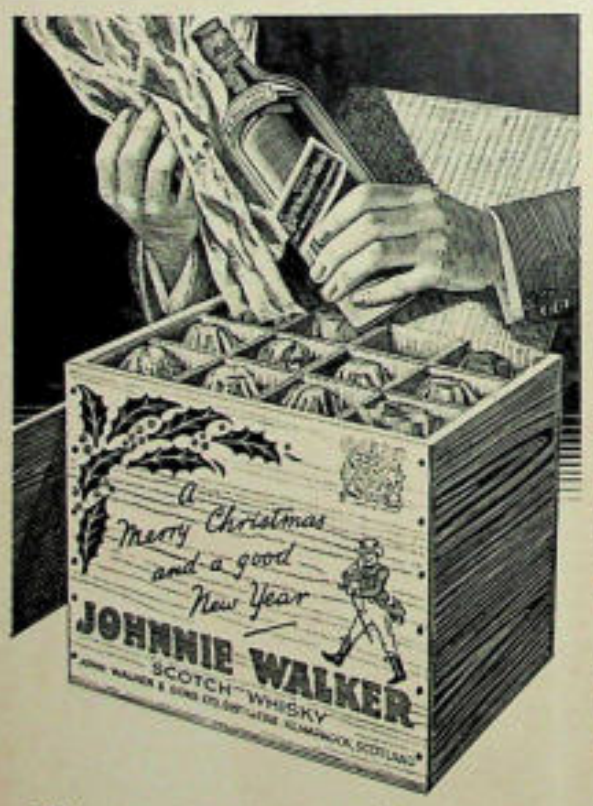
"Early Southdown Lambs."—Mr. Beckley, of Friars' Oak Farm, Hassocks Gate, tells me that the lambs of which I wrote in your issue of November 23rd are not Southdowns but "Dorsets." For the sake of accuracy I would be glad if you will kindly publish this correction. The lambs are flourishing despite the severe weather.—J. P. BACON PHILLIPS, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Movements of Crossbills.—On November 24th, in Norbury Park, near Mickleham, Surrey, a small party of crossbills were feeding busily on larch cones. They were very tame, and the five I saw clearly were all red birds.—W. KAY ROBINSON, London, W.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, need £10 to help an East End boy (aged 15) who is handicapped by an abnormal fear of London noises, probably because he was born when his father was a victim of shell-shock. He has a wonderful mother, who supports the family by charing, for the father is often out of work. The only chance for the lad's future is to get him to the country for at least a year. Rest, fresh air and good food should work wonders for his health and nerves, but funds are needed as he must be more of a patient than an employee. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.



This old whisky with a century of Tradition behind it has again been packed in specially decorated cases

FOR CHRISTMAS

containing 2, 3, 6 and 12 bottles. Your wine merchant or licensed dealer has them all ready for despatch. No extra charge for case.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Older and better than ever

IN THE CITY

LLOYD'S PACKING WAREHOUSES, LIMITED

OF late some shrewd observers have expressed the opinion that the difficulties and misfortunes of the textile industry have passed their nadir, and that companies in this industry should *gradually* recover at least part of their former earning capacity. Since most textile companies have been unable in recent years to earn profits sufficient to cover Preference dividend requirements, only the boldest investors will be prepared to acquire an interest in the Ordinary shares of such concerns, even as "speculative lock-ups." A less risky and yet seemingly as good a medium for participating in a real recovery in Lancashire's trade is to be found in the Ordinary shares of a company such as Lloyd's Packing Warehouses, Ltd.

This concern carries on the business of shippers and forwarding agents, packers, timber merchants and warehousemen. The company owns twelve packing warehouses with complete facilities for making up, and packing, cases of textile goods. In addition it has woodwork factories on the Manchester Ship Canal with modern equipment for making cases and boxes, and it owns several waterside warehouses for the handling, forwarding and distribution of all classes of goods. Further, the company owns leasehold properties in Manchester, Liverpool and London, and freehold properties in Manchester, Blackburn and Bradford.

The issued capital consists of £200,000 in 3½ per cent. perpetual first mortgage Debenture stock, £212,345 in Preference shares, and £691,090 in Ordinary shares of £1 each. Revenue figures in recent years compare as follows:

Year to Sept. 30.	Profit.	Earned for Ordinary Dividends.	Ordinary Shares. (per cent.) Earned	Paid.
1926 ..	£147,375 ..	£122,097 ..	18.6 ..	15
1927 ..	145,826 ..	120,546 ..	18.4 ..	15
1928 ..	158,587 ..	133,307 ..	20.4 ..	15
1929 ..	144,616 ..	103,065 ..	15.0 ..	15
1930 ..	86,301 ..	60,889 ..	8.8 ..	10
1931 ..	33,756 ..	6,294 ..	1.2 ..	5
1932 ..	58,182 ..	22,464 ..	4.3 ..	5
1933 ..	56,861 ..	29,192 ..	5.6 ..	5
1934 ..	50,573 ..	18,271 ..	3.4 ..	5
1935 ..	52,689 ..	22,159 ..	4.1 ..	5

The company's revenues have been derived from three sources, namely, rentals from freehold properties, interest on gilt edged investments and trading profits. In this connection it is interesting to note that the holding of gilt edged investments has been reduced substantially in the last two years from over £200,000 to only £91,000 on September 30th last, and this may be regarded as a favourable factor in that it undoubtedly implies that additional funds are required to finance a growing volume of business. Furthermore, the accounts recently published show that the "profits" figure for last year is represented by the income from freehold properties and interest on investments *less* the trading loss after providing for depreciation and repairs. The extent of the trading loss is not disclosed, but it would seem that the rentals from properties together with the interest on investments is sufficient to cover the dividend of 5 per cent. at present being paid on the Ordinary shares—in other words, that it is only necessary for the company to "break even" on its actual trading operations for the present dividend payments to be covered by revenues.

For several years up to and including 1929 holders of Ordinary shares of Lloyd's Packing Warehouses received dividend payments totalling 15 per cent., and the shares used to stand at about 50/-. At the time of writing they can be picked up around 19/- ex dividend to yield 5¼ per cent. after allowing for the expenses of purchase. The Ordinary shares of this concern appear to be a good medium for participating in a recovery in the volume of trade in the textile industry, with the added attraction, pending such recovery, of a return of 5¼ per cent. on the funds invested.

LICENSES AND GENERAL INSURANCE

The average yield on the shares of the leading insurance companies is only 3½ per cent. whereas the £1 shares 10/- paid of Licenses and General Insurance Co., Ltd., can be bought at about 49/- to yield 4 per cent. (after allowing for the expenses of purchase), with dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. as paid for a number of years past. In the early months of this year the shares were quoted around 55/- and the decline in price is attributable to the necessity of liquidating a large line of shares held in a deceased estate. It is understood that this line of shares has now been sold, and consequently it seems likely that the market price will shortly recover to former levels. PACTOLUS.

PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS IN 1935

A Year of Good Performances —Bar the Ryder Cup

By E. R. TIPPLE

IN 1934 a Briton became British Open Champion for the first time since 1923, and it was indeed a wonderful vintage year. Perhaps the season just ended may not be remembered so kindly as the previous one, but nevertheless, during the twelve months much good golf was seen, some games being thrilling and a few rounds spectacular. Preserving modern fashion, the scoring in the majority of the tournaments was low and the length obtained from the tees even greater than before.

Henry Cotton shattered the long spell of American successes in 1934 and at the beginning of this year much was expected of him. Judging by the number of victories his competitive season has been a lean one, yet he told me personally that he believes he played just as well, if not better, than when he achieved his triumph. His average score works out at less than 73. His one big success was at Leeds when he defeated Percy Alliss in the final by 3 and 2, but at Mid-Surrey, later in the year, Alliss obtained his revenge. Although no longer Open Champion Cotton can be regarded rightly as the greatest personality in European golf; like Walter Hagen he is a showman and a superb performer. Up to the green his strokes appear to be as magnificent as ever, but his putting seems to lack that inspiration which is needed to-day. Still situated abroad he was not available for the Ryder Cup team, but rumour has it that before the next match he will be back in England, in London to be more exact.

A. Perry was the cause of one of the two surprises of the season. His amazing victory at Muirfield dumbfounded the critics for his chances had not been considered seriously, except by those willing to bet on an outside starter. His winning total was the same as Cotton's and equalled the lowest in the history of the championship. As scores speak for themselves little need be added. Most definitely not a graceful golfer to watch, Perry does attack the ball with a confident air amounting at times to ferocity. He is erratic, yet capable of achieving almost anything though at times failing to qualify for tournaments. Still it was proved at Muirfield that the encouraging displays of 1934 were not a mere flash in the pan.

The competitive season opened as usual at Roehampton, and because of the bad weather the scoring was exceptionally high. Only Compston managed to beat 70 in the qualifying rounds and he went on to victory in a style that was most convincing. He beat both Cox and Padgham because of his superb short play. A feature of the meeting was the number of young players among the final sixteen, four of whom were assistants. The Southport tournament was another marred by inclement weather and consequently the scoring was not as low as is usually associated with this popular event. Despite the wintry conditions Charles Whitcombe managed to produce wonderfully steady golf and he beat Cotton and R. Barton by a stroke. Finishing equal second once again Cotton now has the wonderful record of being twice winner and four times runner-up in six years.

Undoubtedly the most consistent professional of the year was Charles Whitcombe, who was deservedly honoured with the captaincy of the Ryder Cup team. His average was slightly over 72, and his name was to be found among the first three on no less than six occasions. He had a wonderful chance of achieving his life's ambition at Muirfield, but in the last round his putts refused to drop in, and an unfortunate start proved fatal. His two brothers were also well to the fore, and an unusual spectacle was seen when they fought a replay for the Irish Open Championship. Ernest won by three strokes, but Reginald would have won if it had been decided by match-play. On this performance the selectors finally decided to give them their places in the British team, so the three Whitcombe brothers established a precedent.

What of the lost Ryder Cup? This was the one blot on the copybook of 1935, and a very bad one, too. The British side was annihilated, although beforehand their prospects seemed excellent. The handicap of playing in America again proved too much for our players. Various excuses have been offered for this defeat, many criticisms made, but the only real remedy is for the professionals and their authorities to get busy and try to prevent any repetition of such a débâcle. This can be done by wise and early selection, plenty of foursome practice, and by the players appreciating exactly how good they really are. They want to become confident attackers, not merely cautious defenders.

Percy Alliss secured the sole victory for Britain in the singles at New Jersey and, except at Roehampton, where he, as usual, failed to qualify, his name was found among the leaders of the competitions. He won the new Scottish Open Championship at Gleneagles with the amazing total of 273, was equal second in the Dunlop Southern events, and runner-up in the Leeds and *News of the World* tournaments.

Once again A. H. Padgham enjoyed a good season. He had an average of just over 73½, and reached the final at Roehampton, besides being second to Perry in the Open Championship. In 1934 he finished third so he improved one position. Does that mean he will go one better again next year and win? He is good enough, and reliable, too. But his best performance was winning the *News of the World* event at Mid-Surrey, when he produced sparkling golf and gave a wonderful display of skilful control and power.

J. J. Busson, who was the outstanding discovery of 1934, achieved little of note except at Gleneagles, when he was runner-up, but Alan Dailey showed at Hendon that he can still hit a golf ball properly. He is one of the many young golfers who should do well next season.

W. J. Cox became the first assistant ever to play in the Ryder Cup match, and this honour was won by his consistent record in the tournaments both stroke and match play. Last year I wrote that "he has shown he is acquiring control and giving up the prevalent craze for mere length." The results of this season have justified those remarks; to-day Cox is much more steady and perhaps longer off the tee than before. Whether his new duties at Wimbledon Park will hinder his playing career remains to be seen, because teaching and playing the game do not usually make a good combination. He was one of many who had an average of approximately 73, the others were R. Burton, J. J. Busson, Compston, Branch, Padgham, Easterbrook and R. A. Whitcombe.

Altogether I believe 1935 can be regarded by professional golfers as a successful year only marred by the loss of the Ryder Cup.

THE 'VARSITY RUGBY MATCH

Why Oxford Should Win

THERE is again a most interesting contrast in styles between the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby teams, who meet at Twickenham on Tuesday in the sixtieth match between the two Universities. Broadly speaking, it is much the same sort of contrast that has been particularly marked in the last few years, during which Cambridge have usually produced the heavier pack of forwards and Oxford the more mobile, while behind the scrummage Cambridge have had the greater individual brilliance and Oxford the more consistent steadiness.

Oxford have had a more satisfactory and less interrupted season than last year, and in spite of the presence in the Cambridge team of W. Wooller, C. W. Jones and K. C. Fyfe, who had a big hand in their smashing victory last year, Oxford will almost certainly start favourites on Tuesday. All through the season their forwards have been shaping exceptionally well. They may not have as much weight as the Cambridge pack, but they have shown that they do know how to make the most of it by solid scrummaging, and in the open they have shown rare skill and dash.

To some extent Oxford's back play hinges on the question of how to make the best use of Obolensky's speed at right wing three-quarter. He is probably the fastest wing in the game to-day, and no mere runner at that, for he has also Rugby brains and a useful hand-off. Oxford have very wisely based their tactics on the short quick-passing game, with intensive backing up. The New Zealanders have demonstrated the advantages of this game for a team that can practise it well together. It not only gets the ball out to the wing quickly, but gives him room to exploit his speed or to pass inside again. Great speed is of little use to a wing unless he has room to use it.

Oxford this year are well served at half-back, in spite of the inability of their captain, K. L. T. Jackson, to play owing to injury. Everyone must feel sympathy with Jackson on the ill luck that has kept him out of the team both last year and this year. Even if he had played this year it is doubtful whether he would have occupied his customary position at stand-off half, with so talented a player as C. F. Grieve available. As it is, J. M. S. McShane, who played in 1933 but not last year, and Grieve have hit up a very good understanding, and McShane is a much better player than he was two years ago. Soundness rather than brilliance is the strong point of the centres, Walford and Harding, and G. R. Rees-Jones, on the left wing, is an experienced player who goes hard for the line if not as fast as Obolensky.

But what I like particularly about the Oxford side is their real team work. With unusually few changes being made in the process of building up, the side have had time to settle down and have developed a combination, in both attack and defence, comparable to that of the New Zealanders. With all their brilliance, the Cambridge mid-field backs are likely to find as many openings and opportunities as they did last year.

It may be that the Cambridge forwards will rise to the occasion on Tuesday and confound their critics, as has so often happened in the 'Varsity match, for they are without doubt a powerful lot. But they have been singularly unimpressive, lacking in co-ordination and fire in the breakaway and in the open, though there was much improvement in this respect against the Old Merchant Taylors last Saturday. Chief reliance will probably be placed on their ability to make their weight tell in the scrummages and to heel the ball sufficiently often and quickly to give the mid-field backs adequate chances. And one cannot imagine that, given the chances, Jones and Wooller, in their third season, will be kept in subjection the whole afternoon.

Jones, at stand-off half, has lost O. C. Browning, the scrum half, who served him so well last year, but has found another equally good in J. D. Low. But the back division cannot have benefited in combination from the changes that have been made in its composition. Comparatively late in the day K. C. Fyfe, the captain, transferred himself from the left wing to centre-three-quarter, and he was back on the wing against the Old Merchant Taylors last Saturday.

One of the chief Cambridge problems is, of course, to hold Oxford's right wing, with Obolensky, in check, and one way of doing it is to concentrate on nipping the Oxford attacks in the bud before they can get so far. But the Cambridge tackling and general team work have not been anything like as good as Oxford's. Taken all round, Oxford have the better record through the season, and theoretically they should win—but how many times has theory gone awry in this match! F. L. W.

LIVE GAME FOR RESTOCKING

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES AND PHEASANTS

. . . . . Live delivery guaranteed; exceptionally low prices.

Price List and conditions from:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

Assoc. with Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

★ ★ ★

SALMON RIVERS OF NORWAY

A selection of 18 of the best available beats are offered on different rivers.

Send details of requirements and dates to:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 9797

Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

New Books

DEATH OR THE GEOGRAPHERS

Beside the Seashore—The Charm of Scottish Fishing

WHEN Lytton Strachey wrote his *Eminent Victorians* he founded a new school in biography. In some lesser degree Mr. Peter Fleming may be said to have founded a new school in travel books, ending the accounts which, in various degrees of portentiousness, have held the field since *Eothen*. It is the school of purposeful self-depreciation. It is the more effective in these days when a Mediterranean cruise allies the Passenger to Syracuse with the Pilgrim to Sinkiang. Both can claim to be travellers, as the wife of the recent knight feels that she and the spouse of the noble marquess are both "ladies." It is therefore not altogether certain whether Mr. Fleming started off a new school of travel books, or whether a new school of traveller started off Mr. Fleming.

"Together let us beat this ample field
Try what the open, what the covert yield."

With Pope, with Peter Fleming, the passenger to Piræus mouths this simple couplet, and as his mentor tells how bored he was in the deserts of Central Asia, he recalls with reminiscent pleasure the vast aimlessness of the new station at Milan.

As an author, Mr. Martin Lindsay is a follower of Mr. Peter Fleming, as he is also his friend. If his methods are not so entirely new as his publishers and occasionally he himself rather too forcefully proclaim, his is a very good book. The journey it describes was to be the longest unsupported Arctic journey ever taken, and at the very outset it was turned down by the Royal Geographical Society as an insane gamble, and Mr. Lindsay only started at all owing to a mistake made by the Foreign Office. Worse still, this refusal utterly shut off all financial aid. The shifts that the expedition went to to raise money are well and candidly told, and they form, to me, not the least interesting part of the book. It shows us, too, that the leader had the courage to face other things than an ice-cap, for he knew that failure meant more than a few "I told you so's" from the geographers; it meant "so much a month for perpetuity."

The drama of those three men struggling through an unexpected thaw with absolute failure seeming more than a probability, forging their way with tired dogs across the ice cap by night marches, and finally arriving at the other end with their supplies all but exhausted, has two distinct facets; and drama is not too strong a word to use. There is the drama of three men struggling forward in a race against death, not three automata with the constitution of a Sandow and the self-restraint of an archangel, but three flesh and blood men with their weaknesses and pettiness and essential decencies. Mr. Lindsay uses the diaries of all three to show just how they reacted on each other's nerves.

("My exact words of protest were: 'I wish heaven you would do what you are told, Andrew.' And Croft wrote in his diary that evening, 'Martin gave me a severe ticking off, told me I was to do nothing without orders, and that he was the leader of the expedition.'")

But more essentially if less strikingly dramatic than this was the race against the geographers. To the leader it was a matter of individual pride: to show that he was not the irresponsible optimist seeking publicity that he was apparently considered. It was a matter of intense personal moment. Need I enlarge on Mr. Lindsay's feelings as he saw plotted the highest peak in the Arctic, hitherto uncharted? And need I enlarge on his feelings as he found a few days later that he had plotted the wrong peak? ("He took it extraordinarily well—really very well indeed. I take off my hat to him, considering what a lot he's staked on it. . . . Andrew and I thought it a bum peak, anyway.") Actually it turned out seven months later to be the right peak after all!

Mr. Lindsay, granting him just a few rather opaque glimpses of the obvious, and occasionally a facetiousness worthy of the Shell, has written a first-class account of a really great achievement in the style of the romanticist that he is at heart. With true art, and greater forbearance, he does not tell us how that achievement was received by the Realists of the geographic world. Yet I wish he had, for there is nothing more stirring than a Realist faced by Reality. R. M.

Sledge. By Martin Lindsay. (Cassell; 21/-)

ESTUARY BIRDS

ON November 16th the *Field* published illustrations of Miss Winifred Austen's water-colours which are part of the great charm of *Birds Ashore and Aforeshore* to which Mr. Patrick Chalmers writes the letterpress.

Mr. Chalmers in his introduction modestly remarks that all he has had to do is "to supply captions for Miss Austen's plates." He has done much more than this. He has evidently taken a delight in research into quaint legends and superstitions concerning the various birds drawn by Miss Austen, and the book itself apart from the illustrations will be valuable to naturalists if only for these odd pieces of information. How many people, for instance, know that the bearded tit was named *Silerella* because of its note by Sir Thomas Browne as long ago as 1645? Or how many have heard the tradition that golden plover with their wild whistling are the souls of the Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion and who were therefore doomed to float in air for ever? Or how many have read Lord Northampton, who in 1538 wrote of "the Poyson of supposed Prophecies," and observed that "it is a paradox of simple men to think that a Swann cannot hatch without a crack of thunder"?

MARTIN LINDSAY
Leader of the British Trans-Greenland Expedition, whose book "Sledge" is reviewed on this page

The "Field" choice for the Best Open-Air Book of the Month is

"SLEDGE"

By MARTIN LINDSAY

(Cassell; 21/-)

What is the origin of the legend (and where is it to be found?) that when Noah took the kingfisher into the Ark its plumage was grey, and that it became blue because Noah sent the bird to fly up into heaven to bring news of the subsiding of the flood, and that the kingfisher's breast became orange because it flew so near to the sun and was scorched? How many poachers, again, know that "if any man put the heart of an owl under his armpit no dog will bark at him but will keep silence"? Mr. Chalmers has found this information in *Hortus Sanitatis*, but incidentally does not name the author. He tells us definitely again of a certain Mr. Catesby who lived in Carolina in 1731 and watched sea pies standing on an oyster bed. He named them oyster catchers on the spot and the name has stuck ever since. Mr. Chalmers found this, he tells us, in Alexander Moniepenie's *Birds of Angus and the Mearns*, printed by Messrs. Black, of Brechin, in 1834, and he remarks that when he found the story he was "as uplifted as if I had found a colony of great auks." He is the discoverer, too, of the origin of the name Royston as applied to the "hoodie" crow, a discovery which he made in the unexpected pages of a Mr. Penruddock's *Tantivy Times*.

These are a few examples only of a large and recondite store of fable, anecdote and superstition, but the letterpress of this book is more than that. It is delightful reading throughout. Mr. Chalmers writes as if he were talking joyously and a little excitedly, illuminating his phrases with flashes of strange beauty. E. P.

Birds Ashore and Aforeshore. By Patrick Chalmers. Illustrated by Winifred Austen. (Collins; 21/-)

FISHING IN SCOTLAND

CONTROVERSY has been so busy these last few years, in exposing the nakedness of the water in the matter of Scottish trout fishing that it is something of a relief to come across a writer who accepts the sport as it stands and can still give a good account of it. Some of Mr. Robertson's experiences, one suspects, date back a few years, but he still finds plenty to eulogise in Scottish fishing, though he warns his readers that nowadays fishing near good motor roads is not likely to yield the best results.

That is one of the troublesome problems of modern angling, particularly since the war. There was a period when motor cars had attained a degree of reliability but were not in universal use, in which the well-to-do angler had a field time. Comparatively unfished waters were available for the car owner which formerly had been accessible only at the expenditure of much time and energy. To-day, with cars everywhere available, such waters are almost as much fished as were those served by the railways a couple of decades ago.

But the size of the bag, or even the size of individual fish, is, after all, not the whole of angling. If Scotland's burn trout do not compare well in size with those of more southerly streams there is an exhilaration about the "wilds," a sense of freedom, a feeling that any day may provide one of those red-letter discoveries, be it of pool or fly or method, which is almost wholly lacking in the more sedate and scientific fishing of the southerner.

Legends and fishermen's tales always make pleasant reading. There are plenty of them here. Mr. Robertson, for example, is able to date back the first report of the Loch Ness monster to the sixth century, A.D., as described in the *Life of St. Columba*, but what has particularly intrigued me is the story recounted in his preface of a London Stockbroker, whose first salmon was tied neck to tail for carrying and was subsequently lost by being allowed to bowl down a hill "like a motor tyre" into the rapids below. What was the origin of that story? It appeared in a slightly different form in the *Field* of December 25th, 1924, in an entertaining series of articles called "The Visits of Alphonse."

Now did the creator of Alphonse adopt a Scottish legend already in existence? or has the *Field* article become incorporated into highland fishing lore varied to suit the raconteur? H. D. T.

In Scotland with a Fishing Rod. By R. Macdonald Robertson. (Herbert Jenkins; 10/6 net.)

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Lovers of *Grey Owl* (and who is not?) will want *Grey Owl and the Beaver*, issued by Nelson at 2/6.

Heir Presumptive, by Henry Wade, is a good 7/6 novel from Constable, the scene of which is a Scottish forest, and those who like both crime and deer-stalking will get a rare browsing.

The Training and Control of the Retriever is an interesting little booklet, especially useful to the one-dog man, by Major C. C. H. Doran, issued by the author from Avoch, Ross-shire, at 2/- post free.

Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough is an acknowledged authority on the habits of such animals as fox, badger and squirrel, and in *English Wild Animals* (Burns Oates; 3/6) he imparts much of his knowledge in a very charming manner.

Australian readers should hasten to acquire two well-illustrated books by A. C. Chisholm—*Bird Wonders of Australia* and *Insect Wonders of Australia* (Angus & Robertson; each 6/-)—which are packed with information about the natural history of the Commonwealth. In this country, also, they deserve a ready sale.

In *Shakespeare with the Pets* (Methuen; 6/-) Miss Persis Kirmse, who is well known for her portraits of dogs, has produced a worthy successor to her book *Shakespeare at the Kennels*, which was published last year. In this book, adding the feline element to the canine, Miss Kirmse has produced some animal studies of the very highest order.

Skating, by Captain S. Duff Taylor (Seeley Service & Co., 2/6), forms a perfect book of reference for the amateur skater wishing to enter for the N.S.A. Tests and Competitions. It describes both English and International styles of skating and contains many useful hints regarding exercises for keeping the body fit out of season and suggestions for avoiding monotony in practice. There is a particularly useful chapter on ice hockey.

Follow the Sun to Spain

BY TRAIN OR BOAT OR 'PLANE

Here you will find more of the unusual, more of the exciting strangeness of foreign travel than in any other corner of Europe. Contrast is woven through and through the sunlit fabric that is Spain. The exhilaration and glamour of Spain is something never to be forgotten.

The hedonism of the Moors, who made Spain their Earthly Paradise, still lives. People of the desert, they loved deep shade and falling water. The delicate beauty of their architecture is displayed against cascading fountains. Roses tumble over everything. The clear air is heavy with the perfume of magnolias. In striking contrast are the Christian churches, tall and dark; and the lonely castles keeping watch across the plains of Castile.

Whatever you seek in Spain you shall find. Priceless art in the work of Goya, El Greco, Velazquez. Old cities like Toledo, Granada, Cordoba, Seville. The magnificent scenery of the fine sea-coasts and snow-capped Sierras. Fast trains and good hotels, fine food and wine. Roads that make motoring a holiday—endless kilometres without a turn stretching across Spain, through quaint old towns out into the wide plains where eagles swoop and soar.

Endless sunshine and endless gaiety. Through all the mystery and loveliness of Spain stirs the rhythm of the castanets. The beautiful Andalusians; the dark striking women of Castile, all take part in the fiestas, the dancing and song you find in every town in Spain.

The orange trees are in bud, the sun is shining. Spain is cheap just now—very cheap. Come.

For full information and literature apply to any of the leading Travel Agencies or write to:
Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish State Tourist Dept.), MADRID, Medinaceli 2.

"A" CREW LEADING SOON AFTER THE START OF THE CAMBRIDGE TRIAL EIGHTS
Stroked by C. Lewis (Westminster and Pembroke), "A" crew won by 1½ lengths. "B" crew were stroked by H. W. Mason (Clifton and Trinity Hall)

THE TRIAL EIGHTS

Two Good Cambridge Crews

A ROWING correspondent of a leading London newspaper, commenting recently upon this year's trial eights at Cambridge, remarked that, in spite of the change over to Fairbairnism, the crews differed very little in appearance from the orthodox crews of a few years ago. It might perhaps be expected that such a statement would be sharply contested by all ardent Fairbairnists, but this, as a matter of fact, is only partly true. In the first place, Fairbairnists freely admit that all oarsmen, however trained, are seeking the same ideal and, secondly, it is not so much in the appearance that the trial eights this year differed from the orthodox as in the methods of training and vastly improved ideas by which they sought to attain their ideal.

The two crews that rowed at Ely last Saturday were a pair that would have gladdened the heart of any ardent realist. No longer did we see that much exaggerated shoulder catch, which many orthodox idealists believe to contain as much propelling power as leg drive, and which they invariably accentuate to such a degree that leg drive is almost forgotten. Nor did we see that stiff and formal swing from the hips, which is the denial of all true balance and rhythm; nor the jerky movements resulting from such a swing and giving the average orthodox crew the appearance of a well-sprung limousine; nor the knees held down till stomach muscles were strained; nor those knees pushed down so slowly that one gets tired of waiting for the blade to appear again. We saw crews with life and snap, power and ease, poise and punch; a perfectly timed and combined punch which drove the knees down like pistons, drove the slides straight to the back stop, and hit the blades through in one piece like a flash, while the bodies correctly coupled the blades to the stretchers. These men really understood that the oarsman's function is to move the boat the maximum distance with the minimum amount of effort, and, like all good Cambridge oarsmen, they knew that in order to have a chance of winning one must race and not merely row.

The object of the trial eights race is, of course, to test the reliability of newly distinguished talent and to give the authorities an opportunity of comparing proved oarsmen with others of their own class. And though this year's race was even enough to test the racing abilities of anyone in the crews, it could hardly be said that it showed even three or four outstanding individuals. Everyone agreed that they were very well together and that, as crews, they were the best of recent years. The reasons for this were that they had rowed in settled order for a longer period than is usual, and, owing to the standardisation of Fairbairn methods throughout the Cambridge colleges, the individuals in the crews differed rather less this year than of late. But individually they certainly did not compare with the 1933 trial eights.

Of the two strokes, Mason was potentially better than Lewis, but, while Lewis fitted in quite well with the rest of the men in his crew and gave them the kind of rhythm they needed, Mason hardly did the same, and when the test came Lewis proved the better racer. It is not possible to mention each man individually. Of outstanding oars, all much of a class, the following are noteworthy in the selection of a University crew: Burnford (Jesus), an extremely powerful man, who has improved greatly since last year, should be certain of a place, while Lonnon (Third Trinity), though not rowing so well as last year and tending to be late with his work, should get in again; Williams (Jesus) is an almost perfect little oarsman with few noticeable faults, but lacking weight; G. M. Lewis (Pembroke), the other 7, is a good oarsman whose experience might win him a blue, and the same can be said for Cree (Jesus), who has had several rowing successes at Cambridge.

If a heavy-weight is wanted, Hambridge (Lady Margaret) is one of the few in these crews. He is polished, but at present ponderous. I am personally wholly opposed to the inclusion of freshmen in the trial eights or University crew unless they are outstandingly brilliant and powerfully built, for they are invariably spoilt and dropped next year, but of the three included this time, T. B. Langton (Jesus), the Radley freshman, appeared the best at present.

From the material the Light Blues possess it seems impossible to forecast anything but another

ESTABLISHED 1813

MOST INVITING!

THE
CRAWFORD
TARTAN
ASSORTED
SHORTBREAD

Contains a choice variety of many kinds in one quality only — the best

Delightful for afternoon tea or light refreshment

SOLD BY GROCERS & BAKERS EVERYWHERE

WILLIAM CRAWFORD & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

The best Christmas Gift...

success for Cambridge in the Boat Race. With Laurie at stroke and Wilson at 7 and an adequate supply of Old Blues and Trial Caps to fill the vacancies, the Cambridge crew should be a great one. But Cambridge must have Laurie at stroke, as strokes such as he is are rarities. SABRINA.

CAMBRIDGE

"A" CREW.—T. S. Cree (Geelong, Australia, and Jesus) (bow), 11st. 11lb.; W. F. M. Clemens (Bedford and Christ's), 12st. 7lb.; R. S. Foster (Eastbourne and Peterhouse), 12st. 6lb.; T. B. Langton (Radley and Jesus), 13st. 2lb.; M. F. Lennon (Westminster and Third Trinity), 13st. 1lb.; D. W. Bamford (St. Paul's and Jesus), 12st. 10lb.; A. E. B. Williams (St. Paul's and Jesus), 10st. 11lb.; C. Lewis (Westminster and Pembroke) (stroke), 12st. 4lb.; D. R. Rose (Radley and Jesus) (cox), 8st. 5lb., 1.

"B" CREW.—A. Campbell (Barrow G.S. and Selwyn) (bow), 11st. 9lb.; T. D. Little (Eton and Third Trinity), 12st. 10lb.; M. B. Hewitt (Scarborough and Jesus), 12st. 4lb.; P. C. Kirkpatrick (Monkton Combe and Queens'), 13st. 6lb.; R. Hambridge (King's School, N.S.W., and Lady Margaret), 13st. 7lb.; J. D. Burrough (Kelly College, Tavistock, and Selwyn), 12st. 8lb.; G. M. Lewis (Malvern and Pembroke), 12st. 8lb.; H. W. Mason (Clifton and Trinity Hall) (stroke), 11st. 13lb.; T. H. Baxter (Harvard University and Trinity Hall) (cox), 7st. 9lb., 0.

Won by a length and a quarter in 13min. 37sec.

INNOVATIONS AT OXFORD

THE Oxford Trial Eights' Race, which took place at Henley on Saturday last, did not provide the keen struggle which, after all, is one of the main reasons for the continuance of racing of this kind. In view of the fact that some effort seems to have been made to form two crews of nearly equal pace the result was disappointing in the extreme, for "A" crew, stroked by Hope, established a lead from the start, which, despite Winser's efforts in "B" crew, was never seriously threatened throughout the course; and a lead of some three lengths at Fawley was about doubled when the finish at Hambleden was reached.

I do not propose to discuss the features of the racing that day, but rather to examine some of the indications that these two crews may provide as to the state of rowing on the Isis, and the possibilities they give in the formation of next year's Boat Race crew. In one important aspect the two crews that took the water on November 30th differed from many Oxford Trial Eights of previous years. In the rig of the boats and in mechanical attributes of rowing there were considerable variations from what one has recently come to regard as "normal" practice. By now it is probably widely realised that the men in the crews were, on the average, set back some 3in. to 5in. behind their work, though this fact, surprisingly enough, did not make itself so apparent as I should have anticipated, in view of the considerable difference from the "normal" orthodox rig, where a man is allowed to slide to a point level with his pulling thowl. True, the two crews as a whole gave the appearance of being a trifle short forward, but whether this was due to the altered rig, or to innate inability to swing among the men themselves, I was unable to decide. It should, however, be pointed out that oarsmen are not encouraged to touch their front-stops when rowing or paddling, so that, in effect, the crews were "stopped back" more than the 5 odd inches mentioned—some, indeed, may never have reached a point less than 6½in. from the pulling thowl.

I consider this technical innovation, so far as Oxford is concerned, to be of very real importance in diminishing the ever-present danger of pinching a boat at the beginning of the stroke; moreover, the increased leverage given to the oars of the men also contributes to this end. Most of this technical alteration was probably unnoticed by many who watched the crews, but even the more casual followers of Dark Blue rowing could hardly have failed to notice that a new form of swinging rowlock had been employed throughout the boats. While not referring to this device as a "swivel," it cannot be denied that most of the principles of the genuine swivel are comprehended in it, but adapted for use with fixed-thowl pin oars. By this device the smoothness anticipated from the use of the rather different Fletcher swivels employed for a time early this year was, in a measure, recaptured.

Now all this alteration is strange, but by no means as new to Oxford rowing as it might appear. The alterations in rig, indeed, recall in some measure the fashion of the latter years of the nineteenth century, and their value was reaffirmed only this year by Mr. C. M. Pitman in a pamphlet comparing the styles and rig of rowing to-day, with those of his own contemporaries. Judging from the pace shown by these Trial Eights alone when paddling, the revised form of rig seems to have been successfully applied, and the Oxford President must be congratulated on having made this interesting development justifiable.

Against all this, the Oxford Trial Eights could not be described as first-class crews by any manner of means. The direct cause of such a complaint might seem to lie in a system which aims at producing two crews of equal merit and pace (rarely with satisfactory results, as the outcome of this year's race tended to demonstrate), while disregarding, to a large extent, the first signs of pace and grace that often become increasingly obvious by concentrating all the best available talent into one crew. After all, only one crew represents Oxford against Cambridge, and I cannot help feeling that in view of the obvious discrepancy in pace alone of the two crews which raced last Saturday (although it was manifest that a race was anticipated) it might have been interesting to see what a crew composed of the more proficient oarsmen could have done against a series of scratch crews stationed along the course.

But what is more valuable than speculation of this type, the Oxford President and his coaches have discovered talent hitherto unsuspected by all but a very few Oxford supporters, and particularly is this the case in the work of R. Hope at stroke in an eight. He possesses that rare power of carrying a crew along with him, coupled with an ability to sprint suddenly, the lack of which has made so many Oxford crews conspicuous in the last few years.

To Winser's credit it must be said that although stroking a losing crew he was always leading his men, and being, indeed, quicker on to the beginning than many of those behind him, the result of the race can hardly be blamed on him. But of all sixteen men the form shown by Cherry gave perhaps the greatest pleasure. His steadiness and the solidarity of his blade throughout the course were remarkable in a heavyweight rowing in the middle of a losing crew—it was he, indeed, who gave the impression of holding "B" crew together under the strain. Ashby at seven in "A" crew was perhaps the most improved oarsman of them all, for he combines steadiness with determination, though his finish tends to detract from an otherwise quite indisputable claim to recognition. A combination of Hope and Ashby in the stern of a boat must not be lightly disregarded. Mynors, Ogilvie, Garside and Waldron were outstanding for their hard rowing; and a stubborn spirit was, in fact, a feature of both crews.

E. E. T.

"A" CREW.—J. F. Brown (Eton and Balliol) (bow), 11st. 7½lb.; J. L. Garton (Eton and Magdalen), 12st.; R. W. G. Morrell (Eton and Magdalen), 12st. 7lb.; F. A. L. Waldron (Shrewsbury and Trinity), 12st. 12½lb.; L. V. Garside (Bradfield and St. John's), 12st. 8lb.; S. R. G. Wood (Geelong and R.N.C.), 12st. 11lb.; M. G. Ashby (Oundle and New College), 12st.; R. Hope (Eton and New College) (stroke), 12st. 4lb.; C. J. M. Merrifield (Southampton and St. Edmund Hall) (cox), 7st. 13½lb., 1.

"B" CREW.—P. A. Lane Roberts (Cheltenham and Wadham) (bow), 11st. 13lb.; R. Dumas (Radley and New College), 10st. 9lb.; D. R. B. Mynors (Eton and New College), 12st. 13lb.; A. S. Ogilvie (Winchester and University), 12st. 11lb.; J. C. Cherry (Westminster and R.N.C.), 13st. 9lb.; R. C. Lumb (Huron and R.N.C.), 12st. 11lb.; J. S. Lewes (Kings, Parramatta, and Christ Church), 12st. 6½lb.; D. M. de R. Winser (Winchester and Corpus) (stroke), 11st. 11lb.; M. A. Kirke (Sherborne and Keble) (cox), 8st. 4lb., 0.

Won by 5½ lengths in 15min. 20sec. from Marsh Lock to Hambleden Lock.

The Long Handle Stub Umbrella

Looks particularly smart when carried on the arm. Much more comfortable when carried open, as the longer handle makes it unnecessary to hold the umbrella so high. Excellent balance and light in weight.

PRICES

Crook Ash or Hazel	30/-
Crook Malacca, Macassar or Rattan	35/-
Pigskin covered crook	40/-
Crocodile covered crook	42/-
Grey Lizard crook	55/-
Extra for coloured silk	2/6
,, ,, plated gold band	7/6

Handbags to match Umbrellas from 35/-

Thos. Brigg & Sons Ltd.

23, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1

PROTECTION

YEARS AGO, the crofters of the Outer Hebrides wove their tweeds to protect themselves and their families against the weather—weather worse than most of us know. To-day Harris Tweed has no peer as the all-weather cloth. To protect the reputation of Harris Tweeds a Trade Mark has been registered by the Board of Trade. It is your protection, too. ¶. Look for the Trade Mark on every piece of Harris Tweed you buy.

HARRIS TWEED

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH

The Trade Mark is a guarantee that the Tweed is made from pure virgin wool, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides, and hand-woven by native craftsmen.

ISSUED BY THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

Barr & Stroud

BINOCULARS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Made with the same care and precision as the world-famous Barr & Stroud Naval and Military Rangefinders.

The percentage of light transmitted to the eye through Barr & Stroud Binoculars has never been exceeded, all models are light in weight, and have a beautiful permanent finish.

The 7×50 glass illustrated on the right has been adopted by the Admiralty for general use in the British Navy. Its shape and balance enable it to be used for long periods without fatigue. Five of the seventeen models are based on this design.

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING RETAILERS

Send for List F and Booklet "CHOOSING A BINOCULAR," post free on request

BARR & STROUD, Ltd., Anniesland, Glasgow, and 15, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

THE WALL GARDEN AT GRAVETYE MANOR IN SPRING

The Country House

SPRING BORDERS

Plants in Flower in March and April

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN the vast majority of gardens a great deal of time and thought is bestowed on the herbaceous borders which are in their full glory during summer and early autumn, but in these same gardens one frequently notes small borders in the less conspicuous parts to which little or no attention has been given. For instance, in many gardens the garage is near the road, and there is often a border leading to it which to passers-by is usually painfully conspicuous for its dullness. In many cases these might be made attractive with a little thought and trouble, and it seems a pity to waste ground which could be colourful during one season, and at least pleasing for the rest of the year.

Frequently borders such as this are in part shade. A border in part shade can be beautiful in very early spring with crown imperials, doronicums, and that charming but seldom seen, old-fashioned plant, *Orobus vernus* (one of the best and bushiest spring-flowering plants, about a foot high), also pulmonarias. All these subjects do admirably in part shade, and with the exception of crown imperials, in full shade. Crown imperials only like shade from the full glare of mid-day sun. If too shady for crown imperials I should plant the border with the handsomest of the doronicums, with a thick edging of *Orobus vernus*, and then for a succession foxgloves and later monkshoods.

Doronicums are so easy that they are usually very badly treated, *i.e.*, allowed to grow into clumps, with the result that the flowers are poor and short-stalked. They should be divided every year, and as they make their buds in late autumn, the best time to lift and divide is after they have flowered. *D. plantagineum excelsum*, planted singly, *i.e.*, allowing only one flower to each plant, is strikingly handsome, with its big, golden flowers on 4ft. stems.

Why *Orobus vernus* is now so seldom grown I cannot understand. It is a very quick grower, and its masses of bright green foliage smothered with pea-like flowers are a delight in early spring. The flowers are a quaint mixture of pink, mauve and blue, and as they fade they become more blue. Clumps about a foot across make a generous edging and look most effective. This bitter vetch or wood peaseling is now a rare native, but formerly it was so common that the roots were used by poor folk for food. The roots are tuberous, and when cooked taste like chestnuts.

Pulmonarias are amongst the most attractive of shade-loving plants in flower in early spring, and make a very charming edging. The variety with terra-cotta coloured flowers attracts every eye at spring shows. I like best *P. officinalis*, formerly grown in every cottage garden and called Soldiers and Sailors, because the reddish-pink flowers turn blue as they fade, with the result that the plants look as though they produced both pink and blue blooms. This pulmonaria was formerly used for chest complaints. *P. angustifolia azurea* has flowers of the richest blue, and associates well with the white-flowered variety. *P. saccharata picta* has silver and green foliage.

Foxgloves of the better sorts, *i.e.*, the giant primrose and apricot flowered kinds, could be sown sparsely between the doronicums, leaving enough room for monkshoods for late summer. One of the handsomest monkshoods is Sparks' variety, with flowers of the richest blue on 6ft. stems. The commonest of the aconites, *A. napellus*, looks rather poor in a border in full sun, but in shade both the foliage and flowers are much handsomer, especially on soil inclined to be heavy.

For a sunny border, crown imperials with a thick edging of the pale blue *Iris reticulata* is wonderfully effective. Or, as this variety of *I. reticulata* is rather expensive, another possibility would be crown imperials with an edging of the dwarf *Iris pumila*. *I. pumila cærulea* has lavender-blue flowers and goes well with the yellow crown imperial. *I. pumila curiosa* is charming with rich yellow flowers. Queen Sophie is another effective variety, the flowers being sulphur touched with orange. These varieties are more attractive and cost only a few pence more than the common kinds, such as *I. pumila atropurpurea*, with rather dingy, purple flowers. Like the taller hybrids, these irises can be planted in late autumn provided the weather is open, and again, like the taller kinds, their rhizomes must never be buried but left just showing above the surface soil, with the stringy roots very firmly planted. They succeed in any good soil, provided it is not heavy clay.

A very narrow border, perhaps only a foot wide, in shade is anything but easy. I think the best solution is the coarse-leaved saxifrage—*S. cordifolia*. If this plant were difficult to grow we should appreciate its heads of pink flowers at a time when that colour is so scarce. As it will grow almost anywhere it is unduly despised. *S. cordifolia rosea præcox*, very early flowering, with deep, reddish-pink flowers, is very handsome and attains quite a foot. *S. cordifolia Gosta* has rich bronze foliage and dark pink flowers. *S. Delavayi* also has bronze foliage and flowers as early as February, but the pink flowers are not so attractive as the deep reddish pink of *S. cordifolia rosea præcox*. Picked for indoor decoration these flowers without their unattractive foliage associate well with other early blooms, such as *Iris stylosa*, *Iris reticulata*, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, *Garrya elliptica*, and the early flowering heaths.

LAST year the entire edition of the "Field" Sporting Calendar was sold out before Christmas. The Calendar for 1936, now ready, is even better and there is sure to be a great demand for it as a useful and artistic Christmas present. It is arranged with two months to a page and the calendar also gives the principal sporting fixtures for the year, together with much useful sporting information. Full colour reproductions of paintings in the calendar include a study of Chinese Pheasants by Roland Green, hunting pictures by George Wright and Miss M. Latham, Alsatians by Ward Binks, Lawn Tennis at Cannes by Sir John Lavery, His Majesty on Britannia, and a quaint old-time cricket scene "Tossing for Innings." The cover is illustrated above. The "Field" Calendar can be obtained from all principal stationers, or the Fine Arts Publishing Company, Ltd., 3, Burlington Gardens, Old Bond Street, London. Its price is 5/- plus 6d. for postage.

SQUASH RACKETS

A Full Calendar for Amateurs

By JOHN ARMITAGE

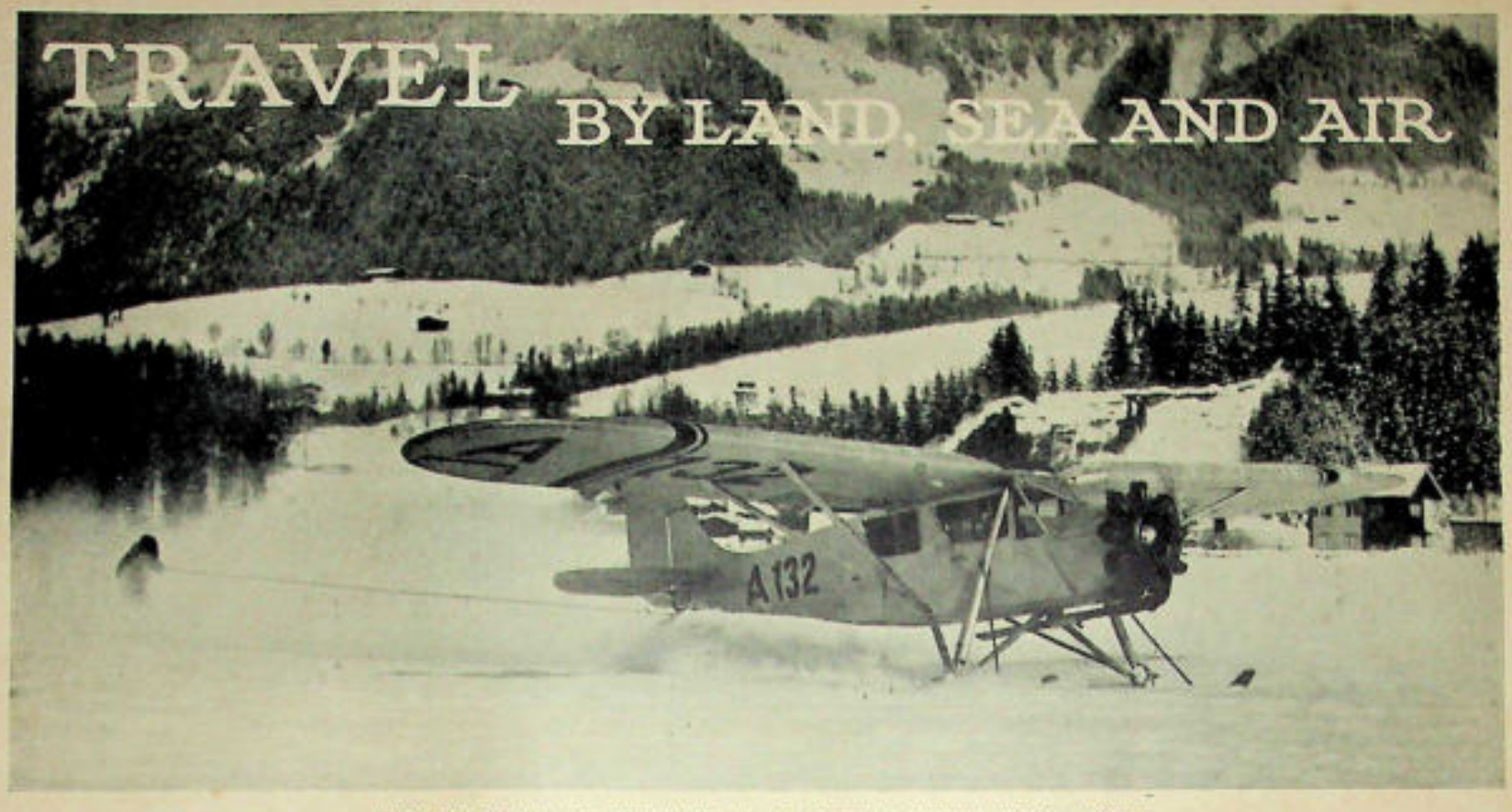
AT this time of the year, squash rackets events follow one another in rapid succession. The R.A.F. Championship, played at the Kensington Country Club, was won by Flying-Officer J. W. C. More, an unorthodox player brim full of energy and agility, who defeated the holder, Flight-Lieutenant G. R. A. Elsmie, in the final by 9—5, 4—9, 9—6, 9—1. Flying-Officer B. K. Burnett, the brother of the Army Champion, was the favourite for this competition, but he was beaten early on partly by Flight-Lieutenant H. M. Mellor, a good player, and partly by an injury to his knee. The general standard of play in the competition was not tremendously high; Flying-Officer R. G. Shaw did well to reach the semi-final round, as did Flying-Officer J. L. H. Fletcher.

The R.N. and R.M. Championship was won for the third time by Sub-Lieutenant G. W. Vavasour, who defeated Commander D. C. Hill, a former winner, 10—8, 7—9, 9—0, 9—5 in the final at the United Service Club. Vavasour, who is still only 20, first won this title in 1932.

The arrival of the team from the United States has created considerable interest, but good as they really are, it is not expected that they will go very far in the Amateur Championship, which started yesterday (Friday). In spite of a bad start against the Jesters they have shown rapid improvement in their play, but a bare week of practice matches before the international match of last Wednesday was not sufficient for players entirely unaccustomed to English conditions. It may be said that the Americans are at a far greater disadvantage in England than Englishmen in America, for here a game of delicate drop shots and tactics must be learnt, whereas in the United States in the narrower courts most points are won from good length strokes and hard hitting.

As usual, a great many well-known names are missing from the draw of the Amateur Championship, but there seems little doubt that three of the semi-finalists should be C. P. Hamilton, the holder, E. Snell, and F. D. Amr Bey, who did not compete last year. On last year's form, J. A. Gillies should be the fourth, but his play has disappointed many times this season, and there are several strong players in his quarter of the draw.

F. D. Amr Bey retained his title in the Open Championship of the British Isles last Monday, when he defeated James Dear at the R.A.C. by 9/4, 9/7, 3/9, 9/7. In the previous game at the Bath Club, Dear had given him a much closer fight, only losing by 9/3, 6/9, 8/10, 9/2, 9/4. There was never any question of Amr Bey's superiority in the R.A.C. game, his stroke play being brilliant, while he was continually on the attack. The chief feature of Dear's play was his wonderful retrieving.



SKIJÖRING BEHIND AN AEROPLANE AT AN AUSTRIAN WINTER SPORTS CENTRE

Kitzbuhel, the Austrian winter sports resort, which was visited by the Prince of Wales last season, has introduced the new sport of skijöring behind an aeroplane. The illustration above shows an enthusiast hanging on behind while the 'plane taxis along the snow

AMAZING EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN CAR

With a Forecast of the Car of To-Morrow

By CAPTAIN SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

(Holder of the World's Land Speed Record)

Motoring Editor of the "Field"

LOOKING back over the past years it seems almost incredible that motor manufacture should have taken such vast strides, and that the modern car had as its forefather, the monstrosity of the opening of the century.

If our engineers continue to progress at the rate they have been doing, were I a Jules Verne I should predict that within another decade or so we should have the completely automatic car in which the driver would only have to press a dial selecting the route chosen, and the car would do the rest. There is no doubt that we have not yet reached finality in motor-car construction, but it is difficult to conceive what other improvements are possible except as regards modifications in design, which I will deal with later.

The electrical side has unquestionably been responsible for the major portion of the changes and improvements which have taken place in recent years.

For instance, instead of being obliged to crank the engine up by hand the electric self-starter now does this arduous work for us. It used to be no joke starting up a large engine in the old days; for one thing the ignition system was far from perfect, and for another the high or low tension magnetos only gave an adequate spark as long as the motor was turned at a fairly high speed which required a tremendous physical effort. What was more, it was often necessary to fully advance the spark with the consequent result that a back fire was almost inevitable, and this sometimes involved a broken wrist.

Then, again, only those who experienced the vagaries of the old acetylene head lamps, and the paraffin side and tail lamps, can fully appreciate the modern electrical system.

The pioneers certainly had much to contend with when motoring after dark. Sometimes the head lamps worked, more often they did not, the burners continually became clogged, and when this happened gas pressure became excessive until the blockage was blown clear, with the consequence that the burst of flame was apt to crack the glass. It was difficult enough to light a paraffin lamp on a windy night, but to keep it burning when travelling at a speed in excess of 30 m.p.h. was wellnigh impossible. How different to-day. All the driver has to do when darkness sets in is to turn on a switch, and the batteries and the dynamo do the rest. Another little accessory which adds much to our comfort these days is the windscreen wiper. Before its advent we were obliged to open the windscreen when it was raining to obtain visibility, with the result that not only did the driver get drenched, but, worse than that, the discomfort and pain caused through the rain beating into his eyes were almost insufferable.

Now we have electric horns, and are saved the bother of having to squeeze a large rubber bulb which, owing to the reed of the horn becoming choked with dust and dirt, seldom used to work efficiently.

All kinds of other labour-saving devices on the modern car are ours to-day, such as electric signalling devices, electric stop lights warning those coming up behind that we are slowing down, and to save us the trouble of winding our clock each week, we can, if we like, have one coupled up to the battery. Then there are electric cigarette lighters, the rear blind can be raised or lowered by merely pressing a button, and even the radiator shutters are now automatically opened or closed thus keeping the cooling water at an even temperature. In the old days, owing to this trouble, motors invariably boiled away their water or else much engine efficiency was lost through running at too low a temperature.

Then we now have inbuilt jacking systems, whereby all four wheels of a car can be hydraulically lifted from the ground without the necessity of the driver leaving his seat to carry out the operation.

There are shock absorbers that can be adjusted to suit varying road conditions by merely moving a lever while the car is in motion. Formerly this task necessitated pulling up and getting underneath the car.

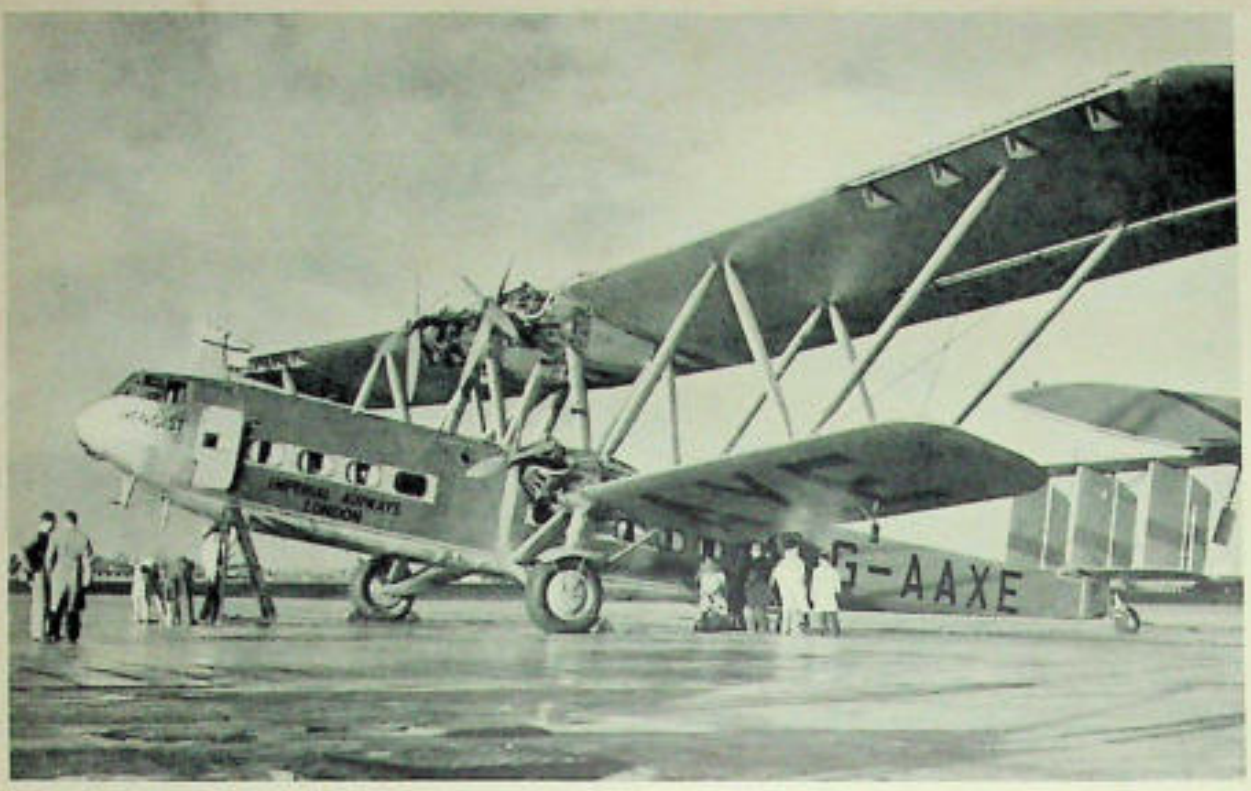
During recent years the gear-box has been so greatly improved that even a novice can now change up or down without crashing the gears, but in the old days it took a real expert to make even moderately silent changes. There are also on the market automatic gear-boxes which keep the engine running at a constant speed, thus entirely eliminating the necessity of changing gear.

I think it probable that the car of to-morrow will have the engine installed at the rear, while it will have independent suspension to all four wheels. There will be a great saving in weight, and consequently higher speeds will be achieved. More efficient brakes will certainly be a feature.

Running costs will be reduced, and cars will possess more comfort, leg room and far greater stability. Modern cars are far too heavy, but if weight can be reduced it will mean that we shall obtain the same performance which we now possess with much less power and a consequent saving in running and initial costs will result.

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND ONE OF THE NEWEST

"It seems almost incredible that the modern car had as its forefather the monstrosity of the opening of the century." The two cars illustrated are the 1898 *Daimler and a* 1936 *Brough Superior*



THE MACHINE EMPLOYED AT THE COMMENCEMENT, A YEAR AGO, OF THE AIR MAIL SERVICE TO AUSTRALIA
"Hengist," one of the Hannibal class of air liner, was the first 'plane to leave Croydon with the air mail last year. By introducing night services it is hoped that in a short period the ideal of a seven-day schedule to Australia will be realised

BRINGING OUR AIRWAYS UP TO DATE

Britain's Answer to Foreign Competition

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

EVER since the outstanding performance of the Douglas machine in the Melbourne air race, British airways have come into more than their fair share of criticism. It is, of course, a very healthy sign that our air services in general and the Empire routes in particular should be a live topic of public discussion; but no one with any sound information about aviation could agree with the attacks so repeatedly made during the last year about the antiquity of our commercial air fleet and with the claims for the vast superiority of foreign methods.

Speed has, of course, been the main theme of the attacks; but, as has been pointed out time and again, the mere maximum performance, or even the cruising speed, of a given aircraft is not the chief criterion by which air transport must be judged. Airways efficiency is the product of a number of involved factors. Reliability in flying, as in all means of transport, is of vital importance; comfort exercises a large influence; and frequency and convenience of service may often offset the apparent advantages of high speed.

Nevertheless, it had become apparent to all that our trunk airways were lagging a little behind what was technically possible under the conditions now obtaining; and the report of Imperial Airways, coupled with the speech of Sir Eric Geddes at the annual general meeting, is a welcome assurance that full plans are being laid for expansion on strictly commercial lines. Indeed, the programme revealed indicates something much more than a mere desire to bring the system up to date; it shows an imaginative grasp of what will be required in the near future and promises expansion on a scale that might well have been considered fantastic four or five years ago.

Perhaps the most significant fact contained in the recent announcements is the stress laid on the flying boat as the primary factor in Empire air transport. The building programme includes as many as 29 flying boats, some of which are already under construction. It is known that these will represent a big advance in commercial machines of this class, since they have been designed to provide a high combination of economy, speed, and comfort. It is understood that one may be used for experimental work in connection with the Atlantic crossing, on which, as official announcements have recently stated, a great deal of thought is being expended.

Not the least interesting item of the flying-boat programme is the decision to order a Short-Mayo composite flying boat, a type which may solve the difficulty of getting a heavily loaded machine—such as one intending to make the Atlantic crossing—into the air with safety. Flying tests on this will be watched with the keenest interest.

So far as landplanes are concerned, orders for twelve new machines are in hand. Here it is expected that the types will show a marked advance in performance and comfort on those now in use. They will add needed strength to the fleet, for it has to be admitted that the Empire routes are, at present, not too well served in the matter of reserve stock.

The question of speed was dealt with in some detail by Sir Eric Geddes, in defining his company's attitude towards this important problem. He laid special stress on the economic side of the matter, and pointed out that too much attention to this aspect of operation might well lead to uneconomic conditions, and that no transport concern could afford to provide higher speeds than those for which its public was prepared to pay. Moreover, the overall speed must be the standard of judgment, since frequent stops and prolonged delays could more than offset the apparent advantage gained by using machines of exceptionally high performance.

Proceeding from this basis, he announced that the end of high overall speed was most economically attained by night flying rather than by high-speed flying by day alone. It will be the policy, therefore, on the Empire routes, to introduce night services as quickly as ground organisation permits. In this way, the ideal of a seven-day schedule to Australia will, it is hoped, be realised within a comparatively short period.

Taken all round, these official indications reveal that British airways are preparing themselves to answer conclusively whatever foreign challenge may arise in the next few years. More encouraging still, the plans adopted are such as will very markedly improve the Empire services without any departure from that principle of operating on soundly commercial lines which the British company has adopted from the outset.

Progress tempered with discretion, a live realisation of the needs of Empire communications, and a determination to place operation on as firm a commercial footing as possible, are the points emphasised by the plans for expansion; they are the lines on which all disinterested people would like to see our airways developed.

OFF TO THE WINTER SPORTS
One of the "flying hotel" type of Douglas machines, which are being used on the daily service between Croydon and Switzerland, about to take off. The service comes into operation on December 16th

The Last 10 m.p.h. Signs.—Until recently a number of pre-war 10 m.p.h. speed limit signs were still erected in Harrogate and Giffnock, in Renfrewshire, on the main Glasgow–Kilmarnock road. The R.A.C. took up the matter as this was a breach of the Traffic Signs Regulations and of the speed limit now authorised. As a result of these representations, the signs have now been removed from both these towns. These were the last of the old 10 m.p.h. signs to remain in position on a public road.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4329. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1935 REGISTERED. PRICE 1S. POSTAGE {INLAND 2D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3½D.}

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY

This picture was taken at a shooting party at Ingestre during the recent celebrations held in honour of Lord Shrewsbury's coming of age. He is the Premier Earl on the roll of the Peerage both of Great Britain and Ireland, and a godson of both the King and the Queen. He takes an active interest in the management of his estates

AUTOMATIC
CHASSIS
LUBRICATION

Another
Proved Feature
of the

ROVER

CONTENTS

RECKLESS MOUNTAINEERING	1399
HORSE DEALING IN THE SHIRES	1400
HUNTS OF THE WEEK	1401
HUNTING NEWS	1402
NEXT SEASON'S CLASSIC ASPIRANTS	1405
WHERE THE GREY SEALS BREED	1406
SHORE SHOOTING: ITS PLEASURES AND ITS PENALTIES	1408
AN INDIAN BUFFALO EMERGING FROM HIGH GRASS (photograph)	1409
CURING THE WEED TROUBLE IN CHALK STREAMS	1410
AN ADVENTURE WITH A NILE PERCH	1410
SHELDRAKE RISING FROM THE DUNES (in colour)	1412
THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER—A GREAT GUNDOG	1413
MODERN GOLF COURSE DESIGN	1416
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1417
IN THE CITY	1422
IN THE RING AT OLYMPIA	1423
NEW BOOKS	1426
EARLY SUMMER BORDERS	1428
CHAMPIONS AT THIS WEEK'S SMITHFIELD SHOW	1430
SELLING FAT STOCK BY GRADE AND WEIGHT	1432
SQUASH RACKETS	1432
FIELD TRIALS	1432
STORMING THE ALL BLACKS	1433
'VARSITY RUGBY AT TWICKENHAM	1433
COLD WEATHER PRECAUTIONS IN THE GARAGE	1434
SOLVING THE SECRETS OF AERO DESIGN	1436
WITH A CAR IN MAJORCA	1438
MOROCCO MEMORIES	1440
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1443
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1444
RIVER REPORTS	1387
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1392
SPORTING CALENDAR	1394
THE *FIELD* GUIDE TO CRUISING	*Third page cover*

WITH SPECIAL COLOUR PLATE

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London."
Telephone: No. 3682 Holborn.
THE FIELD HOUSE,
BREAM'S BUILDINGS,
CHANCERY LANE.

NATIONAL HUNT JOCKEYS

EVER since the early days of the sport National Hunt racing has been regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by some supporters of racing proper. In the old days Surtees vilified it—who does not recall the death of poor Jack Spraggon in the Grand Aristocratic Steeplechase?—and many people are to-day apt to look upon the winter sport as only a temporary lull from the activities of flat racing. And yet it is in reality nothing of the sort. Its interests are safely guarded by the National Hunt Committee, Cheltenham and Aintree are household words all over the world, and sport over fences is at the present time being reinforced by the inclusion of many notable sportsmen in its ranks. It is therefore pertinent at this time of the year, when National Hunt racing is in full swing, to raise the question as to whether professional riders are adequately rewarded for their labours. Very few cross-country jockeys have died rich men, others are often hard put to it to make a bare living. Even the foremost riders do not make the income which a Richards, a Wragg or a Donoghue can do on the flat and yet they run risks very nearly every time they go out to ride.

This is an unsatisfactory state of affairs, for the National Hunt season is only a short one, and there is no doubt that its prizes, from a rider's point of view, are relatively small as compared to flat racing. The Jockey Club have in recent times adopted measures to improve the status of jockeys, and it might be suggested that the National Hunt Committee should do the same. There is not at the present much incentive for capable horsemen to take up a sport for which the rewards are not commensurate with the risks so cheerfully taken. Probably every National Hunt jockey would agree that there would be little cause for complaint if the fees embodied in the code of National Hunt Rules were strictly adhered to. Rule 97 says that:

> "In the absence of special agreement (duly lodged at the Registry Office) to ride for a lower sum, the fee to a winning jockey of a steeplechase or hurdle race of the value of 85 sovs. or upwards to the winner (calculated as in Part XVI) shall be 10 guineas and to a losing jockey 5 guineas; in all other races the fees shall be 5 guineas and 3 guineas respectively and no further charge shall be made except when requested to leave home for the purpose of riding, in which case the cost of travelling expenses and £1 per day for living may be charged to the owner, or divided between the owners, at whose request he left home."

This in its strict interpretation sounds fair enough but it is by no means always followed, for the practice of registering special terms, as allowed, is widespread and is even on the increase. A labourer is always worthy of his hire, and if ever a fee is well earned it is by the man who partners all sorts and kinds of horses—some of them half schooled—in races attended by risks of no small order. It seems then that to promote the welfare of National Hunt jockeys the wording of Rule 97 might well be revised to forbid the making of special agreements. It would be all for the good of the sport, and most important of all, would give the younger and less experienced riders the chance which they should enjoy. Curtailment of fees may bring about a decline in the standard of riding, for who would wish to take up a career in which the most experienced of the profession are riders for half fees? In the event of accidents it should not be forgotten that the premiums for insurance are exorbitant. National Hunt riders in their own sphere are just as famous as flat race jockeys and possess just as high a standard of horsemanship. For this and other reasons—such as meetings being put off, falls and accidents, the comparative length of the season and the like—there is no reason why their status should not be improved.

FELLOWSHIP OF SPORT

IF there was any lingering hope in the minds of the representatives of the Trades Union Congress, who made so futile a protest against the holding of last week's match between the football teams of England and Germany, that their quarrelsome tactics could succeed at any future time, it must have been dissipated by the attendance at the match and the dinner that followed in honour of the German Sports Leader, Herr von Tschammer und Osten. As Lord Mount Temple, chairman of the Anglo-German Fellowship, said in his speech, the match was the turning point of the good feeling between the two countries. "The language of sport is international," replied the Sports-Führer, and we applaud his gesture. There can be nothing but friendship between followers of sport. There is no greater maker of friends than a good game, and last week's match made friends of thousands of Germans and Englishmen. Let us assure our German fellow-sportsmen that on the football field, on the river, on the running track, they will receive nowhere a more hearty welcome than in England.

WOMEN ON THE TURF

The sweeping dictum of a very good judge of racing in the old days concerning women's place on the Turf was that they "could neither win with dignity nor lose with equanimity." Times have changed, and such an attack on women's sportsmanship could not be justified to-day. They are well to the fore on the Turf, and during the flat race season women owners met with remarkable success, for no fewer than 122 won races which totalled over £90,000 in stakes. It is quite possible, too, that one of them, the Hon. Dorothy Paget, may win a classic race next season with her Sledmere-bred colt by Blenheim from Bossover, which has proved himself one of the best of his year. There is no doubt that much of the present-day Turf prosperity may be traced to the influence of women, and it is tolerably certain that in the future they will claim an even more active part.

A GREAT GAMES PLAYER

Few men have equalled the versatility at ball games of Mr. Hylton Philipson, who died last week at the age of 69. At Eton he made his mark as a cricketer, showing uncommon skill as a wicket-keeper, and he was in the eleven in 1884 and 1885. In the second year he made 53 and 27 against Harrow, who tried no fewer than nine bowlers in the Eton first innings, and eventually won an exciting match by three wickets. At Oxford, Mr. Philipson had an extraordinary record, gaining four Blues. He was then one of the best amateur wicket-keepers of his day, and was in the cricket eleven from 1887 to 1889, being captain in his last year. At rackets he also distinguished himself at Eton, played in the singles and doubles for Oxford in 1888, and won the Amateur Championship in 1891. In 1888 and 1889 he also played tennis for Oxford; and he gained his fourth Blue when he played full back in the Association football team in 1889. While still at Oxford he played for the Gentlemen against the Players, and he went to Australia with the English cricket teams of 1891–2 and 1894–5, keeping wicket in four Test matches on the second tour. But for the fact that he was contemporary with Gregor MacGregor, he would undoubtedly have played for England before then. He was one of those fortunate players with a natural aptitude for almost any ball game.

AMATEUR SQUASH RACKETS

Although the result of the Amateur Squash Rackets Championship will not be known until next Monday, there is little doubt that F. D. Amr Bey will regain the title. Meanwhile interest this week centred around the play of those in the top half of the draw, who have a chance of reaching the final. One of these, A. G. Hazlerigg, one of the most improved players of the year, was beaten in the third round by Captain V. A. Cazalet, M.P., who first won the championship exactly ten years ago. Cazalet's victory earned him the right to meet the holder, C. P. Hamilton, a match of great promise, as Hamilton has not yet produced his excellent form of last year. J. F. Stokes, of University College Hospital, is another greatly improved player who was also destined to play in one of the big matches of the competition, against E. Snell.

A NEW GOLF BALL TEST

An experimental golf ball was tried out in actual match play at Addington last Sunday, when a combined University team opposed a representative side of amateurs, which included Miss Wethered, the brothers Hartley, E. F. Storey, and the professionals Mitchell and Robson. This ball was the same size as the one normally used to-day but considerably lighter and less tightly bound. It did not meet with any real appreciation. The majority disliked it, and several experts maintained that such a ball could not possibly be standardised so that no rule could be drafted to govern it. It quite obviously affected those who hit at the ball—as compared with those who possess good swings—and for everyone the long holes were really long, not merely a drive and a "flick." For the short game very little difference was noticed except that the experimental ball was apt to bounce a little more than the normal one, and so run a little further. It would be interesting if a further experiment were to be conducted with a larger and a heavier ball—that is, if a change is vital to the best interests of the game and *all* those who play it.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a London daily paper: "With a bang like a clap of thunder, the report of a sporting gun erupted upon the moorland solitude, and a grouse fell back into the heather. It was the mate of the leader of the covey. He saw her fall, and instinctively he swerved and came back to alight beside her. She was not dead; but the breath was almost knocked out of her, and half the flight feathers blown from one wing so that she could not rise. The cock grouse could hear the man encouraging his dog to go into the heather and recover the fallen bird. The old grouse realised his wife's life was at stake: if he wished to prolong the partnership they had shared for three seasons, he must act quickly. And he did. He floundered on through the heather, right towards the dog."

MR. GEORGE WENTWORTH-FITZWILLIAM

There is no more historic property in England than Milton, which has been in possession of the Fitzwilliam family since 1499, and where there is preserved a scarf presented by the Conqueror to his cousin William Fitzwilliam; and there is no greater stronghold of foxhunting in England, ranking as it does with Belvoir, and Brocklesby and Badminton. Mr. George Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, who died last week, was a worthy holder of this historic home. He had owned the hounds for more than sixty years, and he had been master single-handed for 24 years; since 1919 he had shared this responsibility, being joined by his cousin, Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1927. Mr. George Fitzwilliam was a man of delightful character, and great personal charm. He was a wise and considerate landlord, full of sympathy and understanding. His loss is a heavy one to foxhunting and agriculture in the Midlands.

DIFFERENT DOGS

In another column will be found an article devoted to the virtues of the golden retriever as a gundog and friend. This article is a further instalment of a series which was begun with Major Kenneth Dawson's article in praise of the Labrador. It will be followed by other articles devoted to the merits of other breeds of gundog, the cocker, the flatcoat, the curly, and so on. Needless to say, the opinions expressed in these articles, which are signed by the writers, are not necessarily those of the *Field*, and correspondents who are good enough to send us letters dealing with this subject are asked to note that the series was designedly planned to give the champion of each breed the opportunity of voicing his own preference.

DECEMBER GRAYLING

That December's opening week should provide about the only real "grayling weather" of the autumn seems, to the South-country fisherman, rather like adding insult to injury, for many chalk-stream fisheries close their grayling fishing on November 30th. The policy is based on a desire to leave trout undisturbed on the spawning beds, but if the rods fishing are men of knowledge it is doubtful whether the policy is sound, particularly in a year like this, when much of the netting (a necessary feature of trout conservation) has failed owing to heavy water. Grayling have a habit of lying immediately down stream from the spawning trout, waiting for the feast which Nature's prolific methods are likely to supply, but ready, none the less, to take an unsuspicious interest in surface food. December grayling fishers can count a full basket in terms of future trout saved as well as present grayling slain.

NIGHTJAR OR WOODPECKER?

In December the bird table season opens, and we may expect any day to hear of strange visitors to its hospitable board. Year after year eager correspondents write to the daily papers chronicling the appearance of kingfishers which come for bread or seed, or nuts, and which should be more accurately described as nuthatches. To the list of unlikely winter residents must now be added the nightjar, which a correspondent of the *Times* states he has heard recently uttering "the familiar rattle-cry" at 5 a.m. at Kenley, in Surrey. And the cry seems to become more familiar year after year. We are told by the *Times* correspondent that he has recorded in its columns "the case of a specimen which has performed daily for the past three years during warm periods in February or March." It is possible that some time in February or March next year another observer may record the drumming of a spotted woodpecker.

THE STORMCOCK

The stormcock—that's the missel-thrush,
Who sings above the winter weather,
Daring the cold and rain to crush,
The tempest to displace a feather.

Press'd by the gale, you see him winging
To highest branch of leafless elm,
His clarion to the storm ranks flinging—
Proud in his lonely airy realm.

And there, while overhead race clouds,
And branches bend and sway together,
Poised like a sailor in the shrouds,
He sings defiance to the weather!

DERIC HARRIS.

RECKLESS MOUNTAINEERING

New Fashions in Climbing and a New Spirit Which Courts Disaster

By C. F. MEADE

MANY of the accidents that have happened to climbers in recent times can be attributed to a studied disregard for the traditions of mountaineering that were so universally respected by climbers before Europe had undergone the shattering ordeal of the Great War.

The new type of climber will have nothing to do with the precautions that had become almost sacred observances to the previous generation of mountaineers. To the new technician even the steepest, smoothest precipice is assailable, and artificial aids in the form of pegs and rings, spring-hooks and balustrades of rope are all considered fair in a struggle in which no quarter is given or expected, and even bad weather is considered no excuse for inaction.

Thus bivouacs are deliberately planned to take place in "tent-bags" suspended on precipices, often for several nights in succession, and the spirit of nationalism is invoked so that the more foolhardy the exploit the more patriotic is the deed considered. To facilitate and exacerbate the spirit of competition, national or personal, a movement has even been started to classify ascents in six different categories according to their difficulty.

It is not surprising that this new school of mountaineering has suffered many casualties among its followers. In 1934, for instance, Herr Toni Schmid was one of the most brilliant exponents of the new fashions in climbing. He had achieved the extraordinary distinction with his brother of being the first to ascend the north face of the Matterhorn—a route that had for long been deemed prohibitively dangerous and impossible. The two brothers had spent a whole night on the forbidding precipice down which Whymper's unfortunate companions fell on the occasion of the first ascent of the mountain in 1865.

In 1934, then, Herr Toni Schmid, with a companion, was climbing the formidable ice-clad northern face of the Wiesbachhorn. He was leading and, as his friend afterwards explained, was about to attach the spring-hook at his waist to the iron ring that he had just driven into the ice. First he tested the ring by pressing it. Suddenly the peg to which the ring was attached gave way, and came out carrying with it a large block of ice. It was the last peg and ring that he had with him, and must be retrieved at all costs. In the effort to snatch it, however, Schmid unfortunately overbalanced and shot down the mountain-side past his horrified friend, who was immediately hurled after him by the jerk from the rope to the very bottom of the slope, where he lay for long unconscious. When he came to be found that the unfortunate Schmid was dead.

On the north face of the Morgenhorn another similarly difficult climb was being attempted this year for the first time by Herr Walter Stoesser, in company with a young man who was a novice. Stoesser himself was an exceptionally audacious experimenter with the new climbing technique. He had pioneered a climb in the Dolomites for which guides subsequently charged their clients 8,000 lire. It is symptomatic of Stoesser's unhappy attitude of mind that he is supposed to have said that for a German there was nothing more to lose, and his attempt upon the Morgenhorn ended in the nemesis to which he seemed so indifferent.

The hut-keeper watched at a distance through a strong telescope, and observed every step in the tragedy. He noticed that more than one rock-fall took place at a point where the climbers appeared to be in great difficulties and were beginning to retreat. Suddenly the younger man, who was evidently ill or had been injured, collapsed and fell like a stone for several yards on to Stoesser, both men being dashed to the bottom of the mountain. Their bodies have not been found.

On the Matterhorn in 1934, an appalling disaster overwhelmed two particularly reckless parties. Three men who had started late to climb the Italian side of the Matterhorn in doubtful weather abandoned one of their number, who was exhausted, at a point high up on the mountain, but far below the top, and told him to wait for them till they came back. They never returned, for, later on, to the horror of a party of four climbers, who happened to be following, there was a sudden noise above, and two bodies flew past them through the air, almost sweeping them from the cliff and disappearing instantly down the vast precipices of the Italian face.

Astonishing to relate, the four men following decided to go on with their climb. So late were they, however, in reaching the top, that they were obliged to spend the night there, and all next day, in storm, they only succeeded in descending a few hundred feet.

Meanwhile two parties of Italian guides, when they realised that the men were missing, performed prodigies of courage and skill in ascending the Matterhorn in bad weather, and rescuing the party who had begun to spend a second night in the open. Two of the unfortunate men perished from cold and exhaustion while the guides were carrying out the rescue work, and two were able to return to their homes. The man abandoned on the Italian side of the mountain was frost-bitten after a night in the open, but managed to reach the Italian hut in safety. The guides noticed with well justified astonishment that the men they rescued were all wearing thin summer clothes.

Finally, one Alpine exploit that occurred this season is an instance of the absurdity of modern mountaineering methods carried to fantastic extremes. Two young specialists in the manipulation of artificial aids determined to attack the Eiger by forcing a direct route up the northern face. This is the biggest precipice in the Alps, more than 5,000ft. high. With hammer and pegs and a week's provisions they set out on August 21st. All that day and the two following days they toiled upwards, bivouacking every night on the precipice. But on the 23rd it was raining, and on the 24th there was a thunderstorm. The fourth bivouac on August 24th was their last. On that date stormy snow-clouds enveloped the Eiger, and the infatuated climbers were never seen alive again.

Accidents such as I have described are numerous and easily accounted for. They are due to the new methods that are being introduced into mountaineering, and to the new spirit of recklessness that is an essential characteristic of these methods.

WAITING WHILE HOUNDS DRAW
The Whaddon Chase at Newport Pagnell. Lord Rosebery, joint-Master, is third from the left in the group

HORSE DEALING IN THE SHIRES

Some Humorous Experiences with Hirelings and their Hirers

By R. ANSELL-WELLS

WHEN one has run a large hireling and dealing business for some years one can look back and realise how many very amusing things one's fellow men, and women, can do without ever seeing how amusing they are at the time.

Leicestershire has a curious attraction for the foxhunter, and sooner or later everybody who is a foxhunter will probably have a day or two there, and a lot of people who are not foxhunters at all—unfortunately they, as a rule, have more days "with the Swells" because they have more money. After all if you go hunting because you are told that it is the thing to do, and you will look nice in a top hat, you may as well go where there are plenty of Press photographers, and the small-talk centres not round foxhunting, but around the things you probably know something about — restaurants, parties, scandal, and so-called stories, which are probably merely scurrilous gossip.

So the business of a hireling stable is to cater for anybody, from the very keen provincial Master of Hounds, who does not know Leicestershire, but wants to be on the tail of hounds to see the crack packs in the field, down to the London "lovely" imported into the country for a ball.

An instance of the latter I shall never forget. She ordered two horses and would have done well to remember Jorrocks's advice and learned to ride one before, to slightly misquote, hiring two. At the meet the lady in question had her leather taken up so short that it was cut to pieces with extra holes being punched in it, and the safety device came into operation, letting it fall out twice. However, she insisted that this was quite comfortable, regardless of the fact that a very long, sharp spur was brought into close contact with her horse's side. Hounds drew a wood with a steep, muddy ride through it; the horse, with the spur well in the side, merely trotted down the ride quite resolutely until he came into contact with a large lady, whose horse was up to the hocks in the mud—result, sudden stop, and the "lovely" on her back in the mud.

There were hysterical screams for her second horseman, with whom she changed; but her confidence (or was it only her appearance?) was gone, and the wretched groom had to lead her back to her car, and then go home without a tip.

Then there was the couple that came from a far country, but not to hunt foxes. They dressed themselves up and rode about by secluded by-ways, eventually getting back to the yard at 6.30 p.m., never having seen hounds. Their engagement was announced not long after.

One day a certain Eastern potentate wished to see the chase. The safest of "patent safeties" was commissioned by the second equerry! for His Highness to sit upon. Alas for his illusions, within the first hour or so he was unfortunate enough to see one of the thrusters jump rather too close to the bough of a tree; the red blood flowed, and His Highness, there and then, decided that he was not cut out for the sport of kings, and went home, never to grace the field again.

One could go on multiplying such instances a these almost indefinitely, but there is just one more that I should like to include, that of the foot soldier who, despite the kindly advice of his friends, wanted to buy a Point-to-Point horse. The horse in question, a good-looking bay standing 17.1½, was paraded in the yard; after the usual running-up in hand, which could have conveyed nothing at all to the would-be purchaser, he was asked to get up and have a ride. The stud groom led the horse up to the mounting block which was against the wall, whereupon our young hopeful walked up to the horse with assumed nonchalance and placed his left foot resolutely in the off-side iron!

The foregoing, of course, form only one side of

IN COUNCIL AT THE MEET
Sir Peter Farquhar (joint-Master of the Whaddon Chase with Lord Rosebery) and Mr. G. Boyd Thomson (secretary), at the Newport Pagnell fixture

FOLLOWERS OF THE QUORN HOUNDS
Lady Patricia Ward with Captain Lloyd Thomas at the Ingarsby meet of the Quorn

the picture, and I should like, here and now, to thank most sincerely those ladies and gentlemen who formed the other side. They treated their horses well, rode them properly, did not grumble, and returned their hirelings the better for having been beautifully ridden. It was my good fortune to have many clients who belonged to this school and came to me regularly throughout my time in "the trade."

On the whole, people were amazingly kind and considerate, and there were so many instances of spontaneous consideration and thought that I can only mention one. There leaps to mind one night in late January after a very hard day with one of the Leicestershire packs.

One of the grooms was taking a very tired hireling back to the station, and a heavy storm was likely to break at any moment. Rounding a bend in the road he came upon the Master, who was in the act of putting his second horse into the horsebox.

"Good-night, sir." "Good evening; isn't that the horse —— was riding?" "Yes, sir." "How are you getting home?" "Train from Melton, sir." "You'll be soaked before you get there and probably miss the train. Look here, my box will take you to the station. This horse has not far to go, and the box can pick him up when you have finished with it."

If that, from the Master of one of the most famous packs in England to a groom in charge of a hireling, is not real kindness and consideration, I don't know what is.

As I have said before, our business was to cater for everybody, from the expert to the "mug," and it was of necessity a business that was intended to show a profit. In consequence the horses had to be really good hunters and have plenty of sense, so that they could take care of themselves and their riders and at the same time cost as little as possible. Among the twenty or so which we always had in the stable, there was every known and unknown form of technical unsoundness which it was possible to imagine, but all those horses could and would go hunting. Such good performers were they—though I say it who perhaps should not—that in three years we never had a bad fall. This was largely due, I think, to the way the stable was run and to the way in which the stud groom did his work; he was an artist and the finest feeder that I have ever come across.

Provided horses are fit, have been conditioned thoroughly, are getting the best of food—nothing else but the best is good enough—and are treated properly, they will not come to much harm; it is the dead-beat horse that hurts itself and its rider.

The sale horses, which we expected to, and did, fetch high prices, were kept, as far as possible, separate. These did not provide the laughs. After all, anyone can pay plenty of money for good horses, but getting the star performer for very little because he has one or more "lumps and bumps" is very amusing. There was not a pig-sty or back-yard within a radius of 50 miles that we did not know intimately.

One of the best horses I ever had had to be put away for two months after I bought him, and just fed and looked after, to get him well in himself and heal his sores. A six-year-old horse, too, and I have never known him fall from that day to this, except once in a rabbit hole, and he does not know the meaning of the word "refuse."

We all do silly things in all walks of life; sometimes they turn out all right in the end. I remember once buying a four-year-old. I had heard of the horse, but had never seen it. When I arrived at the farm the light had gone, the only aid to the fast-fading daylight being a flickering hurricane lantern. I was tired, having had a busy day and come a long way; the price was small, the horse green, but up to some weight, which was what I wanted, with the result that I bought him and then motored on to stay the week-end with some friends.

When I eventually got home, the horse had arrived the day before, and I was greeted by a stud groom with a very long face. I was soon as dismal myself, for, for sheer commonness, that four-year-old in the bright light of day took the cake. He was the ugliest, most unprepossessing horse that I have ever seen; however, I had bought him and that was that.

About a fortnight later a certain lady, who was looking round the yard, was very taken with this horse, and wrote to a friend of hers in Scotland about him, with the result that, in a few days, I received a letter making what, in the circumstances, was an extravagant bid for the horse, should he prove satisfactory, and offering to pay expenses for him to be sent on trial to Scotland. So expecting to have him back by the next train, I despatched him. My surprise may be imagined when, a week later, I received the clothing back and a cheque, without even a murmur or a try to get ten pounds off the price. Had the buyer only known, I should have been very pleased to sell him for £50 less!

A great deal of fun and amusement can be got from the horse trade, but, speaking anyway of the hireling business, no money. It is my considered opinion that it is impossible to make a hireling stable pay in the Shires. It is expensive to hunt here with a cap of £3, so the available clients are, of necessity, rich people—true, they do not mind paying their £4 4s. a day, but for their money they expect a horse like the expensive animals they are accustomed to ride, and will not come back unless they get them.

The horses have to be good, fresh, fit and well turned out in first-class tackle and taken on to the meet by grooms in tidy clothes and looking like gentlemen's servants. With the huge crowds out, hounds have to be hurried from covert to covert, with the result that the field is cantering or galloping all day. Under these conditions horses can only do one day a week, or at the very most three days a fortnight. Even at £4 4s. this can never be a paying proposition, which is borne out by the short life of some of the hireling stables there have been in the Shires of late years.

HOUNDS STOOPING TO THE LINE AFTER LEAVING COVERT FROM THE HOLLESTON MEET OF THE FERNIE

HUNTS OF THE WEEK

Magnificent Hound-work with the Cattistock

THE fog which had hung in the valleys early in the day had lifted by the time the Cattistock dog hounds met at South Perrott on Saturday, and there was a big field out, including a good many visitors from over the Seavington border. There was news of a fox in a nearby root field from one of the farmers at the meet, but he must have heard that hounds were about for nothing more interesting than a brace of hares was seen when the field was drawn. However, Mr. Neal's farm at Picket held, and Mr. Neal had the satisfaction of seeing the young dog hound with which he had won at the puppy show racing across the Axenoller Vale as hounds ran on toward Whetley Cross. Unluckily they divided just beyond Buckham Mill, and by the time they had got together again scent had failed, and what might have been a good hunt was spoiled.

Captain Pass had had complaints of an outlier who had been doing some damage near Whetley Cross, and although he was not to be found in his usual haunt in Gundry's Gorse, hounds had hardly been thrown into Potwell before there was a welcome holloa from Hewlett at the far end, and hounds coming away soon settled to the line across the swampy pastures, racing away toward Horn Park at a pace that made it none too easy to stay with them across the "hairy" obstacles that intersect this region. The big covert at Horn Park just slowed things down enough to allow everyone

to catch up, and when our pilot swung to the right across the Beaminster-Broadwindsor Road into the Seavington country no one was left behind.

There was a holding scent, and hounds hunted over the hills and through the Goyles (the Apennines they call them thereabouts) steadily, but when they got out on top of the plateau which terminates in Lewesdon Hill, they were able to go on a little bit faster, although at no time during the hunt—except at the very end—could the pace be called anything but moderate. Coming out into the road which leads to Stoke Abbott, they hesitated, but Holland held them on and hit off the line again back across the valley toward their starting point. Once across the main road with Broadwindsor behind them and on their left, they went on at a better pace to Horn Park, where a welcome holloa told us that our fox was not far ahead.

There are always foxes in Horn Park, and the chances of changing were good, but thanks to information Holland managed to keep his pack on the line of the hunted one, and we went away from the covert toward Whetley Cross at a better pace than we had come back, breasting the hill toward the tunnel with hounds driving on in front of us and just screaming at him. On the top Holland viewed his fox and was able to save a few valuable minutes, and when the pack ran down the hill toward Colonel Pinney's house they were close at his brush. There are several small coverts within a stone's throw of the house, and our fox must have had an intimate knowledge of all the earths that might have been open, for he tried them all. But the Horn Park stopper had done his work well, and he was forced to face the open again. By this time, however, hounds were racing, and although he made one last attempt to beat them into the main covert, he was unable to do it, and turning back was killed within 100yds. of the house to which Colonel Pinney—who has just retired—has returned after an absence of several years; a very pleasant welcome home.

This good hunt lasted just five minutes over the two hours, with hounds hunting steadily throughout, and I have seldom seen a more tired fox. Seventeen couples went away on his brush, and seventeen couples were in when he was killed—as good a hound hunt as I have seen in many a long day.

LINCOLN.

THE PESHAWAR VALE, THEIR MASTER AND WHIPPERS-IN

From left to right are: Lieutenant L. M. Murphy (whipper-in, 18th K.E.O. Cavalry), Squadron-Leader H. P. Lloyd, M.C., D.F.C. (Master), and Flight-Lieutenant T. J. Arbuthnot (whipper-in). The country around Peshawar has been hunted regularly by the P.V.H. since 1865 with the exception of 1880-81, when hounds were taken to Kabul during the second Afghan war and hunted there. The strength of the pack is 25 couples

SPORT WITH THE V.W.H. (CIRENCESTER)

THERE is no mistaking the quality of these hounds when they find the conditions to their liking.

Following a red-letter day on Friday, November 29th, in the vast woodlands of Braydon, they went one better on Tuesday, December 3rd, putting up a really magnificent display of hound work over the fringe of the southerly portion of the Cotswold Hills. The Tuesday side of the country differs entirely from that of the Friday, being mainly over good, light land, bounded by the typical stone walls peculiar to the locality.

The meet was at Fairford Park, and the generous hospitality of Colonel and Mrs. A. J. Palmer was doubly appreciated, as the day wore on. Viscount Knutsford, who as the Hon. T. Holland-Hibbert showed such excellent sport in the Avon Vale domains, carried the horn. Although a rare fox-holding covert, Lea Wood has been but seldom associated with outstanding runs; to-day the unexpected happened.

Hounds were thrown into covert, and soon a trusty old hound spoke. A whimper here, another there. "A fox for a million" as the pack broke into a chorus of soul-stirring music. An unsuccessful bid for the open and, at the second attempt he was away, with the majority of the field caught unawares.

Hounds went along at top pace to Far Hill Farm where, by dint of some hard riding, the field got up to them just as they streamed away to Byfurlong. No time was wasted in the wood, and soon they were racing on to the Italian-sounding Macaroni—a celebrated woodland above the village of Eastleach. Driving their fox straight through, the field were treated to a veritable steeplechase across Mr. F. Honour's farm, all of which was on delightful going, with well-made fences, and never a strand of wire. Turning downhill into Eastleach, a lovely village, nestling in a fold of the Cotswold Hills, beloved of John Keble, hounds checked.

Their fox, however, had been viewed passing Oxleaze, and the Master quickly had them back on the line. Running with a great cry, they drove their pilot over the big grass fields and so on to the ploughs which rode very heavy after weeks of rain.

The ploughs were worrying the fox, too, and he sought a temporary rest in the belt of trees beyond College Farm. The pack puzzled out the line to his resting place, and he was up and doing only in the nick of time. Setting his mask over Broughton Downs, he went nearly to Bradwell Grove in the Heythrop country before turning back to retrace his way to Eastleach.

On foiled ground near the village, hounds were set a puzzle. Their difficulties were increased when their fox, with the cunning generally attributed to his species, ran through a herd of cattle and on by a field full of pigs.

It was here that hounds were seen at their best. Slowly they worked the line out until they reached fresher ground on top of the hill. More slowly, but never tediously, they hunted into William-strip Park. Bold fox that he was, he chose no sheltering hedgerows or stone walls to run beside, but crossed the park right across the middle of every field. On the road by Swyre Farm, at the far end of the park, a misguided enthusiast turned him. Hounds held a line into The Bratch, but never getting on to terms again, had to give him best.

Thus finished a brilliant hunt of two-and-three-quarter hours with two long points. The outward journey from Lea Wood to Broughton Downs was a straight eight miles, while the return journey to The Bratch shows on the map another seven-and-a-half miles. Few of the field survived to the end, while several fell by the way.

J. R.

GOOD GALLOP WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR

ON Wednesday, December 4th, the Bramham Moor hounds met at Creskeld, where Mr. Bertram Parkinson always has a good show of foxes. Scent was only poor in cover, and hounds, though hunting with a beautiful cry, were never able to exert much pressure. After an hour's work there, they were taken to the Arthington covers which did not respond. They then drew Rawdon Hill, one of Lord Harewood's covers, where there were a brace of foxes. Hounds killed one, and as they were breaking him up the keen eye of Major Fawkes, the Squire of Farnley, viewed a fox stealing away towards the River Wharfe.

Gulliver got his hounds on the line as soon as possible, and they ran to the Willowgarth. Going away for Harewood Bridge, hounds were bothered by sheep and motor cars, but having crossed the Harrogate Road, close to the bridge, they started to run hard over the grass, leaving Harewood Park on their right and the river on their left. Carrying a good head, they skirted the backwater and ran through Carthick.

At this point one follower got a proper ducking in some flood water which had hidden depths. After a slight check hounds were held forward and ran on to Keswick Oxclose. Here they divided, three-and-a-half couple taking another fox back to Carthick. The main body, with a right-handed turn, crossed the Collingham and Harewood Road just to the right of Collingham, and hunted over the beck and the railway to Fat Pot Hill, where the fox had tried an earth and hounds checked.

A holloa forward got them going again in the direction of East Keswick, but getting among cottage gardens and poultry-runs, they had to own defeat close to School House Whin. This had been a good gallop of 50 minutes, all over grass, with a point of five miles.

E. L.-F.

A QUICK CHANGE ACT WITH THE MEYNELL

ON Tuesday, December 3rd, these hounds met at Catton Hall. Colonel and Mrs. Anson dispensed hospitality to a fair-sized field. Not only were we grateful to Colonel Anson for his hospitality, but also for producing the best hunt of the season; for providing the fox, and also for hunting the hounds.

The first fox was found in Catton Wood, and hounds settled down to run well. Just touching Donkhill Wood, they turned slightly right-handed, and reached the Raddle Lane just short of Edingale. Here the fox was headed, and after some delay hounds hunted him slowly back past Brookfields Farm, along the banks of the River Mease, nearly to Croxhall. Here a fresh fox jumped up, and hounds ran him over the river to ground on the Grange Farm. It was the crossing of the Mease in this hunt that brought out Colonel Anson's local knowledge of the fords, and he showed a certain low cunning in allowing the Master to try it first! As a result, the Master, after giving a very good exhibition of the crawl stroke, had to retire to Catton Hall to change into clothes which were welcome more from the fact that they were dry than that they fitted!

As there was no joint-Master out, and only one whipper-in, the horn was handed to Colonel Anson, who wasted no time before refreshing his memory of the many good seasons when he carried the horn.

Finding a good fox in Colonel Anson's own covert at The Homestall, hounds headed first for Catton Wood; but a man and a sheepdog headed him, and they ran, with Edingale on their right and the Lullington Coverts on their left, to the Seal Brook. Bearing left-handed here, they followed the course of the brook to Grange Wood, in the Atherstone country. Through this they ran, with Overseal on their right and Linton on their left, reaching the railway at Castle Cresley. Here they were tied to their fox, who ran the metals for some distance. As it is a very busy main line, Colonel Anson very wisely had them stopped, after a splendid and very fast hunt of 1 hour 50 minutes, with a five-mile point and about twelve as hounds ran.

H. A. J.

A STOUT FITZWILLIAM FOX

THE Fitzwilliam met at Lutton on Monday, December 2nd, and had the best hunt of the season up to date.

As is usual on Mondays, there was only a small field out; but of more importance was the fact

A HUNTING FRIEZE FROM CHESHIRE

Members of the Cheshire Hunt crossing a bridge over the Nantwich Canal on their way to the first covert after their meet at Highcayside

that nearly half the field were farmers. The beginning of the day gave no indication of what was to follow. There was a bitterly cold north-east wind and nearly an hour was spent trying, without success, to find an outlier. This failure was almost certainly due to the rough weather on Sunday night.

At twelve o'clock hounds were taken to Flittermere Gorse; this sure find did not disappoint us, and a fox was soon holloaed away. Hounds hunted to Great Gidding, over the lane, and then swung right-handed almost to Hemington and back right-handed again; but were brought to a check by a hailstorm.

Agutter had made a long cast over several ploughed fields, when a fox was viewed not far in front of hounds. He was hunted up to Washingley Hall, and then left-handed over that fine bit of grass country round Morborne, over the point-to-point course, and on to Haddon Nursery.

The fox never dwelt in this covert, but bore left-handed to Tooley's Lodge, and seemed to be making for Elton Firs; but he swung left again up to Proby Farm. Here there were several foxes afoot, the secretary actually viewing three foxes in front of hounds, and little more was done.

The features of this fine hunt were the way hounds stuck to their fox for 2 hours and 40 minutes in making a seven-mile point, the scarcity of ploughed fields, and the stoutness of the fox, who never touched a covert till he reached Haddon Nursery.

Everyone is very sorry to learn that Mr. Lascelles, our secretary, is ill, doubtless as a result of hunting on such a bitterly cold day when not in the best of health. Yet he was one of the old fifteen who saw the end of the hunt. The going on the grass was very good, but the plough was heavy and, considering the size of the field, there were many falls.

F. M.

EIGHTY MINUTES WITH THE WHADDON CHASE

ON the 3rd hounds met at Stewkley Cross Roads, always a popular fixture. After Mr. and Mrs. Judd had kindly dispensed hospitality a move was made to the Smees in search of a reputed outlier. He was at home, and within a few minutes of leaving the cross roads hounds were running close at him, pointing for Heggeston. Foot people who had anticipated the drawing of High Havens certainly headed him, and he swung round into Wendover Gorse, where he was killed. High Havens was now called upon for the first time since cubhunting; three brace at least were on the move, but the first to go needed little pressure—there was no waiting or wondering.

Scent was fair and improving, and hounds ran fast to Mr. North's Dunton earths. Leaving these and the church on their left they went right-handed up the valley as if for Hurdlesgrove. Short of the Aylesbury turnpike our pilot swung round sharply for Hartwell, with the spinney and the Great ground on his right, and crossing the brook, bore up to Cublington and Mr. Bigg's earths. Turning just under these, hounds were in difficulties for the first time; fresh foxes had intervened, and they could only carry the line over the Brancot Lane to the Brook. Here Sir Peter Farquhar decided to give his opponent best and straight away trotted back to High Havens.

A couple of hounds had detached themselves from the pack at Hartwell and were hunting a fox on their own and having the hunt of their lives. But it takes more than this to disturb the famous Stewkley "fox harbour," as the locals describe it, and there was still a good fox to go away. Scent had improved since the morning, and hounds ran very fast across a lovely line in the Swanbourne Valley, crossing the Mursley Road close to Shorndon. They raced on, with Mursley on the right, for Swanbourne Station. Here the fox unexpectedly crossed the Little Horwood Road as if for Narbury, only to recross it higher up and run the edge of Horwood Park to Hollow Hole. After crossing the Winslow Road by the Farmhouse the pace slowed up and hounds had to hunt a twisting fox who knew no country; wonderfully well they did it.

Having run a ring up to the railway round Roddimore Covert, the fox crossed the Winslow Road at the Wash Brook. Here hounds were on better terms again, and they ran well over Captain Lambton's fields, killing their fox in a double when one field away from the old covert and safety in open earths and fresh foxes.

Hounds and huntsman deserved their reward, and everyone enjoyed a first-class hunt of eighty minutes, the first half a ride and the second a hunt.

E. B. T.

A FIFTEEN-MILE POINT WITH THE BORDER

WHEN the Border foxhounds had a bye-day at Houxty Wood, the country around was clear of snow.

Owing to the uncertainty of the weather the meet was not advertised, and there was only a small very field out.

Hounds found at once in Houxty Wood. Deer rather complicated matters at the start but, getting hounds on to our fox, we ran up the Houxty Banks, then by King's House, Crossridge, Warks Fieldshead and back into Houxty Wood.

Here hounds got on close terms with the fox, and after rattling him round the wood the fox broke at the Gold Island end. From here the pace was a cracker, and hounds raced over the Wark Road and down the fields to the Tyne, which they crossed opposite Blindburn. Now by Blindburn, Carry House, Birtley Shields, Millknock Quarry, Pitland Hills, Bogshield, Rushey Law, the Cowdens, crossing the Watling Street north of Colt Crag Lake, the pace was as fast as ever as we galloped after the flying pack over Colt Crag Fell, Hetchester, Noreheugh, Fell Quarry House, Bavington Crags to Great Bavington.

Now via Bavington Hillhead, Greatlaw, Kidlaw, Mirlaw House, and over the Newcastle Road by New Deanham to the Swilter Burn, where the first check occurred since Houxty Wood.

The time to here was two hours from the find, and a thirteen-mile point.

The run fox had been seen by a foot follower to leave the whins in the Swilter Burn, and we ran into the covert on the back of East Shaftoe Moor. Here, unluckily, several fresh foxes were astir. The hounds changed and ran very fast over Shaftoe Moor, Corridge, across the Wansbeck by Wallington Newhouses, to Grangemoor below Scots Gap, where we stopped hounds.

The point from Houxty to Grangemoor was fifteen miles, over 20 miles as hounds ran, and the run of the season so far.

Although we only had a small pack of 7½ couples out, they ran splendidly, and thoroughly deserved to kill their fox. It was the best scenting day of the season.

CARTER FELL.

THE CROOME INVADE WORCESTER, BUT KEEP THE LAW

TWO most excellent days concluded last week's hunting, on both occasions hounds killing their fox in the open after a long and enjoyable hunt.

The weather was unpropitious for scent on Thursday morning, when the mixed pack met at Wyre, for it had started to freeze during the "wee sma' hours," and there was still a white frost on the grass at 11 o'clock. It was beginning to thaw in the sunshine, however, with the result that scent lay badly until, soon after 1 o'clock, freezing set in again.

Mr. Shepherd's bushes at the back of the village were drawn first, and no sooner were hounds in covert than a fox was away on the far side, running precisely the same line as our fox from here three weeks previously. Hounds sped after him along the brookside meadows like a flock of seagulls, but scent, which was catchy all the way, failed at Tilesford, and though Pavitt cast them forrard as far as Seaford Grange they could not hit it off again.

They were jogging along to Woodnorton by way of the old bridle-path through Hill, when a fine dog-fox suddenly popped out of the fence not 200yds. in front of them, and catching hold of the line they streamed away over Craycombe Banks, and into the vast coverts of Woodnorton. Scent was faint here, too, but it was not long before they had succeeded in getting him into the open again, out by the Chalet and through all the intricacies of fruit orchard and market garden below Craycombe Banks to the grass fields beyond the road at Badger's Hill. There was a decided "nip" in the air now, with an oncoming frost, and with the consequent improvement in scent hounds drove on with a great cry, clinging to the line like a spider to his web. On they raced left-handed now, over the Fladbury Road below the Larches, and were close behind their fox as he was holloaed passing through some allotments adjoining the road near Throckmorton. They crossed this road and

went on in full cry, presently bearing to the left again and threading Mr. Shepherd's bushes as if for Wyre. Yet another left-hand turn and they were back at their starting-point at Hill once more, having completed a large circle and covered a wide extent of country, at times running very fast indeed.

Now came a check, as hounds reached Mrs. Hemming's house at Hill. It was discovered later that their fox had taken refuge in a fowl-house there, from which the owner had "shooed" him out. Pavitt held them all round the house and presently Dulcet threw up her head as she winded the unmistakable taint of fox drifting out from the garden. This was enclosed by a high corrugated-iron fence on the one side, whilst stout wooden palings separated it from the road. She was over these in a flash, landing nearly on the fox's back as he lay there, and, putting him on his legs again, the whole pack coursed him across to Mr. Wright-son's farm and bowled him over in the open. They had been running for exactly two hours, with an incessant chorus of music, over an unusual line of country. Vandal claimed the mask and started for home proudly carrying his trophy.

A thick blanket of fog hung all round when the hitch pack met at Egdon Cross Roads on Saturday, and it looked extremely doubtful whether we should be able to hunt. Soon after 11.0, however, a sickly-looking sun made its appearance, and though it was more than an hour before the mists really rolled away, by 11.30 it was decided to chance it and the order was given for Spetchley Park. This is owned by Mr. R. G. W. Berkeley, the Master of the famous Berkeley Hounds. Everybody was delighted to see our Master, Lord Coventry, out again after his absence for so many weeks, during which he has been kept to his bed as the result of a hunting accident at the end of last season. Though not yet well enough to ride, he followed hounds by car for the earlier part of the day, and it was he who bolted their first fox for them, from the artificial drain in Spetchley Park.

After circling round the park once or twice, hounds pointed for Nunnery Wood, in Worcester-shire territory, but their fox apparently altered his mind and decided instead to make for Worcester City. Hounds carried the line right into the 30 m.p.h. limit, where, in strict accordance with the traffic laws (for who ever heard of a pack of hounds being "gouged"?), they slowed up, and after a while we left him to enjoy his suburban environments and departed to find our next fox in more rural surroundings.

Almost as soon as we reached Whittington Rough, Ernest hollos'd a fox away. At first it seemed as if he would follow in the footsteps of his predecessor and also take to city life, but as good luck would have it, he was headed at the road near Swinesherd. He doubled back on his tracks, and after crossing a bad piece of country on the outskirts of Worcester, hounds settled down to run to Spetchley again. Sweeping across the green expanses of the deer-park where the herd were peacefully grazing, they now veered round to the right, making for Whitting-ton, a little village on the Worcester—Pershore Road. With the turn of the noontide, the fog had lifted, and from now on, with the atmosphere clear once again, scent improved as if by magic. Crossing the railway to the right of Norton Barracks, hounds made for the main Worcester—Tewkesbury Road, which always, but on Saturday afternoons in particular, is charged with a steady stream of traffic of all descriptions. Nothing daunted, our fox boldly crossed near Clerkenleap Farm, with the River Severn, which lies but a field or two away, evidently his objective. But——"at length his strength to faintness worn, poor Reynard ceases flight . . ." and he was viewed as he crawled through the bushes above the river bank, and a few seconds later hounds came up with him and had their well-earned reward. The hunt had lasted for one-and-three-quarter hours, and as they were now well out of their draw the order was given for home.

A chapter of accidents occurred towards the latter part of the hunt. Lady Coventry had the misfortune to cut her grey mare rather badly on wire; our local Master of Harriers staked his horse; whilst Ernest, the first whip, came into violent collision with a metal clothes-line and turned both his horse and himself over backwards after receiving the full force of the impact on his face.

D. M. M.

A SEVEN-MILE POINT WITH THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY

ONE of the coldest days I have ever been out hunting was last Monday, when the Wood-land Pytchley Hounds kept their tryst at Stanion. A cold east wind and the remains of frost in the ground caused us to turn up our coat collars, and we were relieved when the Master moved off to draw Stanion Wood.

Contrary to the prognostications of many there was a really good scent to start with, and the bitch pack were hardly inside the covert when there were a brace of foxes on foot. Selecting one, they hunted him round the covert twice before forcing him away on the Brickhills side, where he took us through Brickhill Wood and doubled back to the starting place, where once more he was hunted through Stanion Wood, finally taking the open at the north corner of the Wood.

By this time hounds had got him really well warmed up and settled down with a cry such as I have not heard bettered, at any rate, during the current season.

They raced on without a check to Weldon Rectory gardens, and we had our work cut out to keep with them. But it gave us a breathing space when they checked for the first time here.

Fred Phillpotts, who was hunting hounds in Thatcher's absence, held them on over the Oundle Road, and making a clever right-handed cast on Mr. George Singlehurst's farm, hit off the line once more, and hounds ran on very nicely into Weldon Rough Park, where they forced him out on the far side. Though he tried to double back one field away, he thought better of it and headed for Deenethorpe.

It was bad luck for some of the field being left behind in Weldon Rough Park and losing the best of the fun, which was yet to come. I am afraid, hearing two-and-a-half couple of hounds speaking behind them, they wrongly assumed it was the main body of the pack, which by that time was taking us really fast over a good line of country with Deenethorpe Wood one field away on our right. I thought it was almost a certainty our fox was taking us there, but we continued on, leaving Hornsby's Rough Close also on our right, into the Fitzwilliam country.

Hounds checked a couple of fields further on, and casting left-handed at the bottom of the hill, Fred was rewarded when they hit off the line and continued to Blatherwycke Wood, running through half the covert and emerging on the plough, and so into the Apethorpe Coverts, where scent failed.

It had been a very useful hunt, and from the time of finding till we lost our fox in Apethorpe, it was exactly 1 hour and 45 minutes, the earlier part of which was fast and the latter part most satisfactory from the point of view of hound work. It was a seven-mile point and, according to my map, they covered twelve miles.

Cold sleet showers were with us from Apethorpe till we returned to kennels, and though we drew three usually good holding coverts blank, it was not surprising as weather conditions were of the worst kind. We were indeed lucky to have had such a good hunt earlier in the day.

C. D.

THE TIVERTON'S GOOD DAY

THE Tiverton Foxhounds met at Pennymoor on Saturday, December 7th. The large field that went to this meet, which lies on the boundary of the country hunted by the Tiverton, were very well rewarded for their journey, for hounds brought off a really fine hunt of 85 minutes, over a good line of country, with a point of five-and-a-quarter miles.

At 11.20 a fox was found in Mr. Coles's covert, Hudery Wood. Hounds drove their pilot away after one turn round the wood, and pointed for East Densham, then made a right-handed circle round Puddington, over Minchindown, and checked on the Black Dog—Puddington Road, the trouble being that a few couples of hounds had gone on and were screaming away over Washford Moor.

As we passed Mr. Hellier's home at Pulsfordmore, the whole pack was on, and they hunted very nicely over Mr. Fulford's farm at Week, until they again checked on the road that runs from Henceford Moor to Mudford Gate. The Master cast hounds across the road, hit off the line on Stubborn and, thank goodness, hunted on to skirt Merryfieldhayes at a reduced pace, which enabled horses to keep with the pack, and enabled the field to enjoy a fine piece of hound work to the full.

Goglands was soon left behind, and hounds drove right through Looseland, to come out on to Witheridge Moor, with only fifteen couples out of the seventeen-and-a-half; it was some time before the missing two couples could be brought on. In the meantime the Master, with the body of the pack, went right through Higher West Moor Plantation and Alworthy Wood, Hilltown, turned right-handed, past Collerton Hall and Mr. Pearce's home, emerging into the open moors of Tidderson, where this stout fox wheeled to the left (I see no reason why hounds should have changed in Hilltown, and do not think they did so in Looseland, judging by the hounds that were leading when Witheridge Moor was crossed) and traversed Bulworthy Farm.

By this time horses were feeling the deep going, but there was no slackening of the pace. Mill Brake was entered and soon left behind; before turning sharp left-handed the pack re-entered Hilltown, where fresh foxes caused the loss of the hunted one.

I hear now that our hunted fox was viewed over the Tiverton—Rackenford Road, on Little Racken-ford Farm, with three couples of hounds close to him, at about the time when we were crossing Witheridge Moor on our way to draw Merryfield-hayes with twelve couples of hounds, only that was long after the Dulverton Hounds, who had been in Hilltown, had gone out again. Many riders told me that they enjoyed the hunt more than any they had had this season, in spite of the deep going, and added, "Thank goodness the pace was no faster!"

The Master's bad luck in not being able to account for his morning fox was in some way atoned for by hounds bringing off a quick burst of eighteen minutes from Merryfieldhayes, over Moor and past Edsworthy, which lies just across the Tiverton—Witheridge main road, killing their fox in the open near Little Witheridge Moor Farm. Just one word of thanks to Mr. Cruwys for the good show of foxes we found in Merryfieldhayes. Hounds marked one to ground, as well as killing the one I have told you about, and the writer can vouch for another brace.

Thank you, Puddington farmers and friends of the hunt for that good fox, and thank you all, kind farmers, whose land we rode over for a very enjoyable day's foxhunting.

Gipsy.

HUNTING NEWS

Captain T. Hext is now first whipper-in to the Cotswold in place of W. Wyatt.

The South Hertfordshire Beagles Hunt Ball will take place at Bushey Hall on Friday, March 20th, 1936.

The South Dorset Hunt Point-to-Point dance will be held at the Corn Exchange, Dorchester, on Friday, April 17th, the night before the Hunt Point-to-Point races.

To assist the Hambledon Hunt Wire Fund, the East Meon Players have most kindly consented to repeat their very successful performance of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, a three-act play, by Walter Hackett, at the Holy Trinity Church House, Fareham, on Saturday, December 14th next, at 8.30 p.m.

With hunting people, Bath Horse Show has become very popular, and the fact that almost as many classes are now merged in the one day show as used formerly to occur in two days has caused considerable congestion, and difficulties have arisen in providing sufficient time for the exhibits to be carefully judged. The Committee have given this their very careful consideration, and plans are now in course of preparation to enable them to provide three rings for exhibitors instead of two now in existence. The next show will be held on Wednesday, September 2nd, 1936.

The subscriptions for the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) hounds are: Lady or gentleman (one day a week), £25; (two days), £40. Wife or daughter of Sub-scriber (one day), £15 each; (two days), £25 each. Officer on leave (per month), £10. Subscriber to and residing in a neighbouring Hunt (one day a fortnight (average)), £10. Owners of land or coverts within the Hunt, and farmers, will not be asked for a fixed subscription, but it is hoped they will generously support the Hunt. The capping rules are (*a*) for non-subscribers, £2 a day up to eight days, after which a subscription is obligatory; (*b*) two tickets are issued to a subscriber of £25 or more, each ticket entitling one guest, *who must be staying in the subscriber's house*, to one day's hunting free of cap; (*c*) covert owners, or owners of not less than 500 acres of land within the Hunt, may bring out a guest free of cap. Viscount Knutsford is joint-Master with Earl Bathurst, T. Goddard kennel huntsman and first whipper-in, and J. Power second whipper-in.

"GONE AWAY"

A fox on foot; a breast-high scent;
A flying pack, on killing bent;
A charger sent from Mars to man,
Up on their sterns—no "also ran,"
Who'll keep the pace, while on the level,
And top the timbers like the devil;
With Reynard getting all the odds,
The outcome's in the lap of gods.

K. Sheridan Hayes.

NEXT SEASON'S CLASSIC ASPIRANTS

Is Bala Hissar the Best of His Age?

W. A. Rouch

H.H. AGA KHAN'S BALA HISSAR

The winner of the Dewhurst Stakes and a colt which the official handicapper considers the best of his age

IN view of the in-and-out running of several of the leading two-year-olds during the past season it was evident that Mr. Arthur Fawcett would have difficulties with his Free Handicap. It is not surprising, therefore, that his recently published compilation should be causing a good deal of discussion. Many thought that Abjer should be placed at the head of the handicap by reason of his crowning success in the Middle Park Stakes; but the Jockey Club handicapper has taken a different view, and has gone outside that race for his champion.

It certainly needs discrimination to determine the respective merits of such colts as Abjer, Mahmoud, and the Bossover colt. If we go back to Ascot we find that the Bossover colt, when winning the New Stakes, finished three-and-a-half lengths in front of Mahmoud. But when they met over an additional furlong in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster Mahmoud had so far improved that he won by three-quarters of a length from Abjer, who beat the Bossover colt by two lengths for second place.

The three met again in the Middle Park Stakes. This time there was a complete change round. Abjer won by two lengths, and Mahmoud was a head in front of the Bossover colt. Here, then, was a pretty problem for the handicapper. Mr. Fawcett's method of solving it is to place Abjer and Mahmoud on an equal mark, with the Bossover colt 3lb. behind them.

And for the leader of the list he has turned to Bala Hissar, the winner of the Dewhurst Stakes. Some of the critics declare that the top-weight has not done sufficient to justify the position of distinction in which we find him. On the other hand, many agree with the view which the handicapper obviously holds—that no colt of his age exhibited greater promise than Bala Hissar. Time will show which of these two divisions of opinion is correct.

Mr. Fawcett has not lacked the courage of his convictions, and if the colt in question should win the Derby it will be a great triumph for his judgment. Twelve months ago we had to congratulate the Aga Khan on having four colts in the first six in the Free Handicap, and Mr. Frank Butters, their trainer, was also represented by Maltravers among the leading half-dozen. For one stable to supply the five out of the first six eclipsed all records.

The fate of those Fitzroy House colts has varied considerably. Bahram fulfilled the highest hopes and stands out among those Free Handicap top-weights who have improved with age. Hairan and Theft were rated only 1lb. below the classic champion of the present year. The first has been something of a disappointment, his only success having been gained in the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. It was always evident that Theft, from his breeding, would not develop genuine staying qualities. For that reason it would not be fair to say that his reputation has suffered appreciably, and over courses of a mile, and perhaps a furlong or two more, he is likely to be one of the most brilliant of his age next season.

Maltravers lost form in a most unaccountable way, and it was one of the curiosities of the racing year that a colt placed at 9st. in the Free Handicap should have run seven times at three years old without getting into the first three on a single occasion. Shahali also failed to win another race before being sent to India. It will be seen, therefore, that the premier stable of the year had its downs as well as its ups in 1935.

The Aga Khan now finds himself with three of the first seven in the Free Handicap—Bala Hissar at 9st. 7lb., Mahmoud at 9st. 6lb., and Prince Aly at 9st. 2lb. The last-named ran once in the spring, and once again in the autumn, when he finished third in the Dewhurst Stakes, only a length-and-a-half behind Bala Hissar. We can regard him as a colt of possibilities, though the fact that he is by Tetratema naturally arouses some doubt as to his prospects of making a stayer.

Having decided to place Bala Hissar at the head of his list, Mr. Fawcett was obliged to treat the other placed horses in the Dewhurst Stakes with considerable respect. Thus we find Monument fourth on the table with 9st. 4lb., a compliment to any colt who has yet to win a race. This son of Sansovino, who belongs to the Duke of Marlborough, was greatly admired for the combination of power and quality he displayed, and as he finished within less than a length of Bala Hissar without being any more forward in condition than the Aga Khan's colt, he is clearly one to be reckoned with in the classic field.

Like that of every other great industry the bloodstock market is liable to its fluctuations. To some extent it is sensitive to political situations at home and abroad. International complications will unfailingly depress the value of thoroughbred stock for the time being. At present grave issues are still in the balance, and in the circumstances the results of the Newmarket December Sales must be declared extraordinarily good.

In the course of the five days over which the sales extended the grand total was 213,279 guineas, no fewer than 697 lots being disposed of by Messrs. Tattersall. And here let us express the view that the head of that firm is entitled to the thanks of all interested in the bloodstock sales for the remarks he made from the rostrum relative to the absence from the sale ring of one of the important lots on the catalogue. The mare in question had just previously been sold privately.

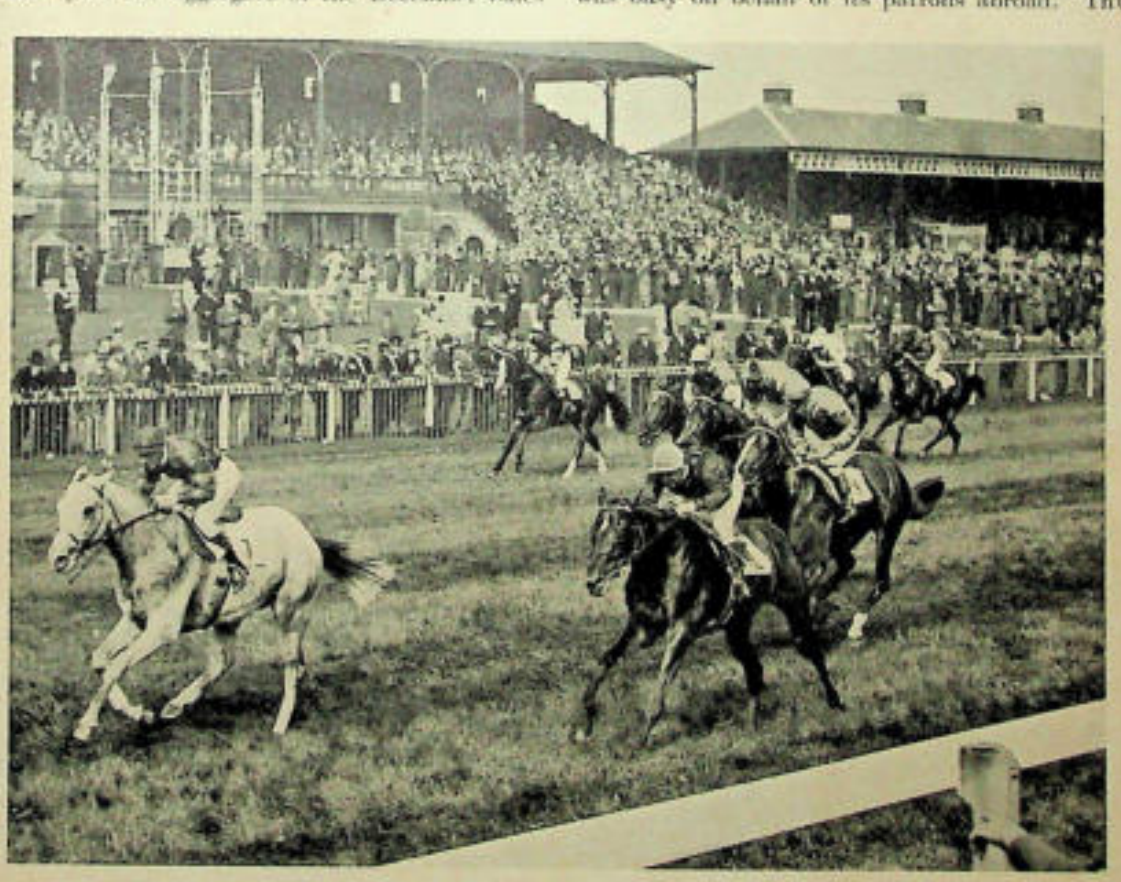
"This," said Mr. Somerville Tattersall, "is totally contrary to our rules, and if we permit it to pass without comment it would destroy the confidence of buyers who have travelled a long way to the sales. We will not permit this to happen again if we can help it." The reproof was timely. It is easy to contemplate the chaos which would be the result were the incident complained of to become more frequent.

Last year the aggregate of the December Sales was 202,780 guineas, so there was an advance of 10,499gs. on the figures of 1934. In this way the recovery of the bloodstock market from the slump of four or five years ago has been steadily maintained. It was specially satisfactory to observe the good average made by the stock which changed hands. There was nothing in the way of spectacular prices, but buyers were quick to appreciate genuine quality, and almost every lot of real attractiveness was assured of keen bidding.

It was pleasant to see so many breeders and their agents from countries in most parts of the world. Naturally we missed the Italians, who in the past have been good customers here, but many lots went to France in spite of the slight depression existing in racing circles there. Russia bought more freely than at any time for the past twenty years. From this it is fair to assume that the Soviet Government has become alive to the necessity of restoring the strength of its horse-breeding resources, a change which presents an encouraging prospect to English breeders, for here is a wide market for our surplus stock.

Financial difficulties did not prevent the Minister of War for Argentina from acquiring a number of well-bred lots. Japan was a buyer and even Venezuela will receive a number of judiciously purchased lots. Poland bought Gainsław and a number of others, and the British Bloodstock Agency was busy on behalf of its patrons abroad. Thus in one way or another the foreign market displayed no lack of vigour.

Top price of the week was 4,400gs. for the young Solario mare Dona Sol, in foal to Blenheim, who goes into the Duke of Westminster's stud. Although thirteen years old the Hurry On mare Cradle Song, in foal to Blandford, made 3,900gs., Mr. J. A. Dewar being the purchaser. Foals made up to 2,500gs., the price realised by the grey filly by Mr. Jinks-Queen of Flight, from the late Mr. Peter Fitzgerald's successful stud. Among horses in training Mark Time made 3,000gs. and Plymouth Sound 2,500gs. Altogether a week which should prove heartening to everyone concerned in the welfare of the British Stud.



MAHMOUD WINNING THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES FROM ABJER AT DONCASTER

Abjer subsequently beat Mahmoud in the Middle Park Stakes, but both are ranked equal in the Free Handicap

WHERE THE GREY SEALS BREED

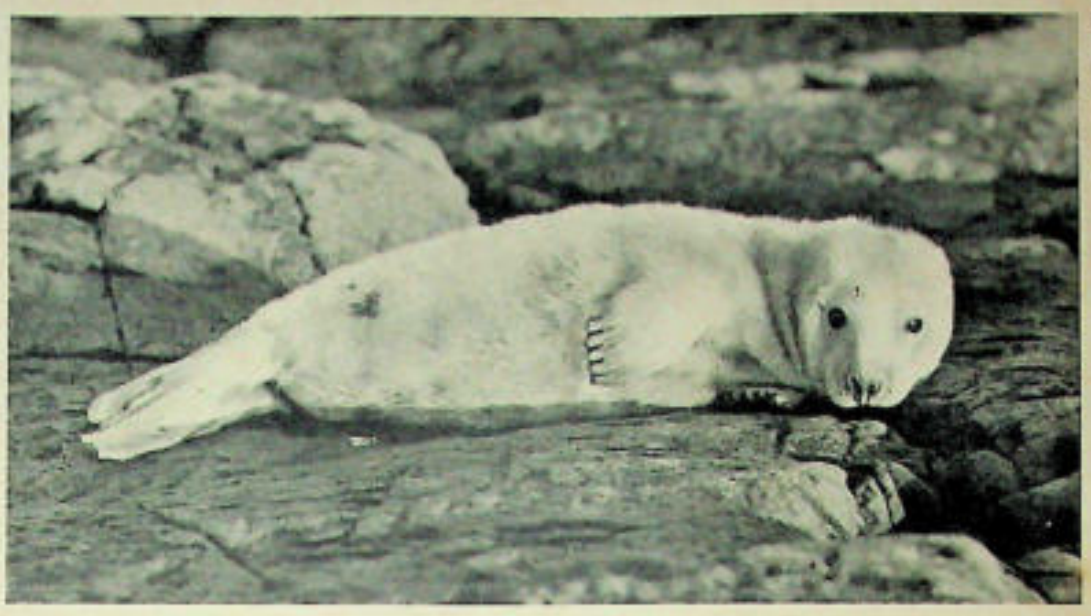
December on the Farnes

By NIALL RANKIN

(With illustrations by the author)

NATURE is usually so provident with regard to the breeding seasons of wild animals, so arranging things that the young arrive in the world at the moment when conditions are most propitious for their survival, that it seems remarkable that the late autumn should have been selected as the time for the grey seal (*Halichaerus grypus*), to bear its young. For it is not until late September, October, or even November, when the summer breezes have given way to harsh Atlantic winds and the waves are pounding themselves into foam on the rocks, that these animals start to seek their breeding stations on a few secluded islets off the west coasts of Scotland and Ireland.

The grey or Atlantic seal is the less common of our native species and there are only a very few places on the east coast of Britain where the young are to be found; the most accessible of these are the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland.



YOUNG GREY SEAL ABOUT TWO WEEKS OLD IN THE THICK CREAM-COLOURED COAT WHICH IT RETAINS FOR ABOUT A MONTH

ABOUT FOUR WEEKS OLD. THE FUR HAS ALREADY LEFT THE HEAD AND IS REPLACED BY THE ADULT HAIR

For several years I have made attempts to visit the group in the hopes of seeing the seals, but have always been beaten by the weather. This year the seals were late, and it was not until the very end of November that I got news that a large number of young were on the rocks. Hastening northwards, I arrived on a brilliant sunny morning, only to find that there was half a gale of wind blowing and no hope of a landing. The next day, however, the wind had backed to the N.W. and though there was quite a heavy sea running the fishermen assured us that there was a good landing place on the lee shore of the particular island where the seals were. Again, there was no cloud in the sky, but the wind was Arctic and the cold spray lashed our faces during the 40 minutes' crossing.

Arriving at dead low water, we found a huge rampart of rocks to be climbed near the little natural landing place. Of seals there was no sign, but borne on the wind we could hear a jumble of moans and groans like a human being in great pain. Silently we climbed the rocks and cautiously poked our heads over the ridge. From there the rocks sloped gently down to the sea on the northern side of the island, where only 70 yards away the breakers were hurling themselves on to the shore, and I shall never forget the sight of those first few minutes. Every yard or two, from end to end of the island, lay a cow seal beside her calf; some were asleep, some rolling gently from side to side shaking their flippers, others with their heads in the air uttering their strange moaning call. In the water beyond, surrounded with foam and every now and again obliterated by the spindrift, appeared a similar number of bobbing heads which we took to be the bulls.

I was very anxious to try to get some pictures of an old cow, so we planned a mass attack at a certain point of the island in the hopes of trying to cut one off from the sea. At a given signal we all started to run for this point and as we came over the top, the whole island seemed to move. From every corner adult seals started on a headlong dash for the water. Their speed over the uneven rocks was incredible and it was quite as much as we could do to get to the required spot in time. Eventually we reached it and managed to head off an old lady by forming a ring round her. She was not quite as big as some (a large bull will measure ten feet), but I noticed that all the largest animals remained near the water, whether because they had learned more caution in their old age, or because it was so much of an effort to heave their enormous carcasses up the rocks, I cannot say.

This animal immediately showed fight and it was no easy matter to get a picture of her. As soon as anyone made a move towards her to try to turn her into the sun, she started at him with bared teeth and snarling viciously. I had secured one photograph when one of the fishermen became a little too daring and she went straight for him: I have never seen a man move faster, and after that, of course, there was no stopping her.

I then turned my attention to the young ones, which were lying about singly and in small clusters all over the rocks. The island is only about 250 yards long, but altogether there were nearly a hundred calves in various stages of development. These are some of the most attractive small creatures I have ever come across. When born they are covered all over with a thick cream-coloured fur, which remains on them for the first month of their life. This gradually falls off and is replaced by the silver, yellow and brown hair of the adult, but until this has happened they never enter the water, spending their whole time on the rocks. When approached, most of them showed no concern at all, merely blinking their beautiful dark eyes and some even went to sleep while we were standing beside them.

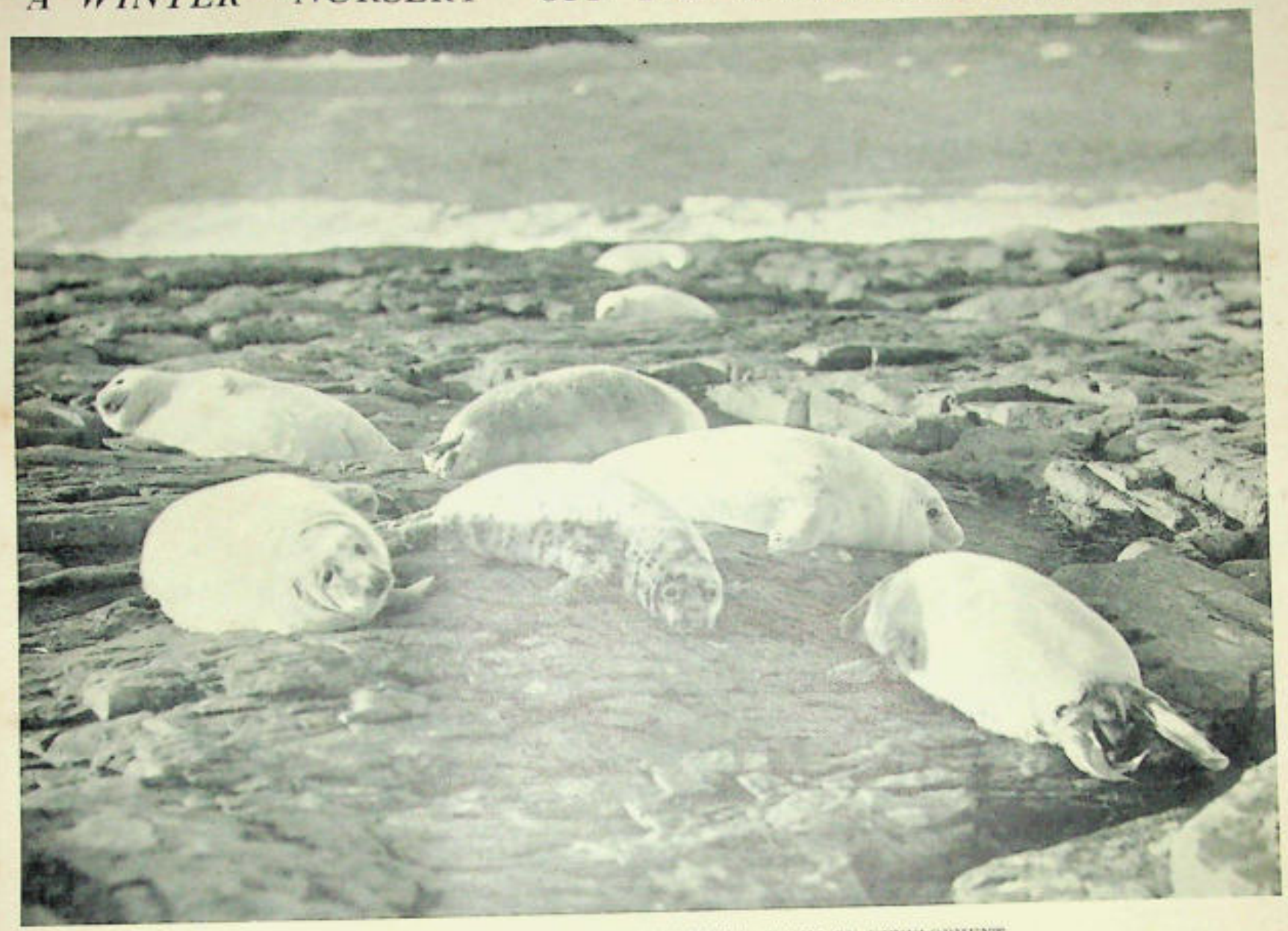
In the case of the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which breeds all around our shores in summer, the young is also born with a cream coat, but this falls off in a few hours and the calf takes to the water immediately. Perhaps we can find an explanation for the extremely uncomfortable season chosen by the grey seal for its breeding in the fact that as the calves are unable to enter the water for five or six weeks, they have chosen a time when the nurseries are least accessible to any hostile approach and the coat remains on as a protection against the extremely inclement conditions.

During my tour of the island I came across one old cow who refused to leave her three-day-old calf and, having photographed her at various distances, I was trying a close-up from about 4ft. when she decided this was too undignified and came hurtling at me with mouth wide open. I stayed no longer.

The sun was low in a golden sky as we said good-bye to the island and reluctantly set sail for home with only the sound of the bitter wind and the moaning of the seals in our ears.

ABOUT SIX WEEKS OLD. THE HAIR HAS COMPLETELY REPLACED THE FUR AND THE ANIMAL IS NOW READY TO TAKE TO THE WATER

A WINTER "NURSERY" OFF THE NORTHUMBRIAN COAST

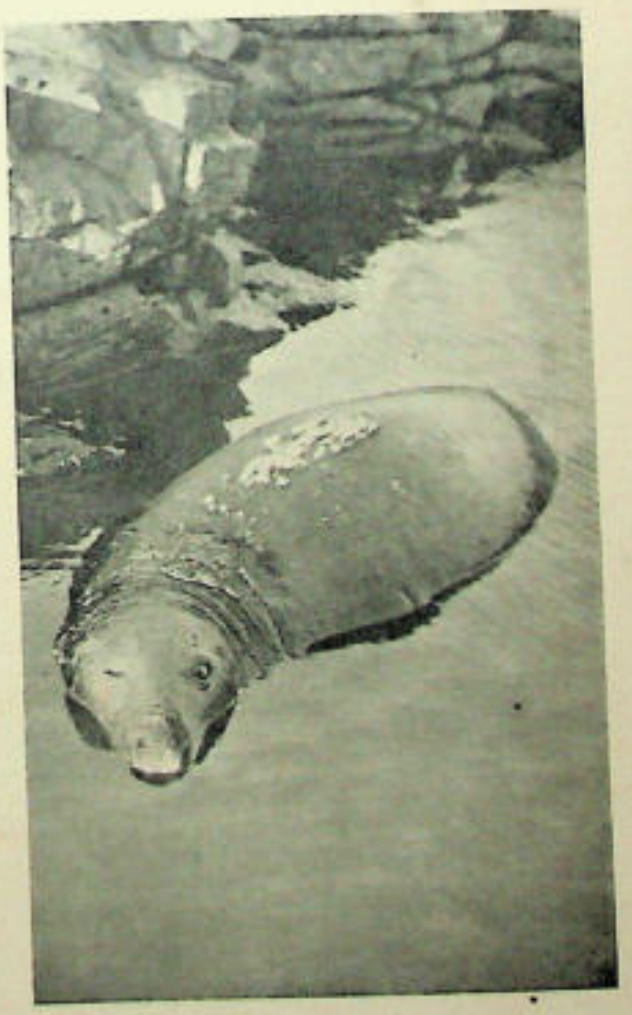


A GROUP OF YOUNG GREY SEALS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT

The calf on the extreme left is completely in fur, that in the centre has a good deal of hair already grown, while the two on the right have hair on their faces only

COW GREY SEAL AND CALF

The mother is just starting on a charge at the photographer, who remained not a minute after this picture was taken



NOTE THE WINK!

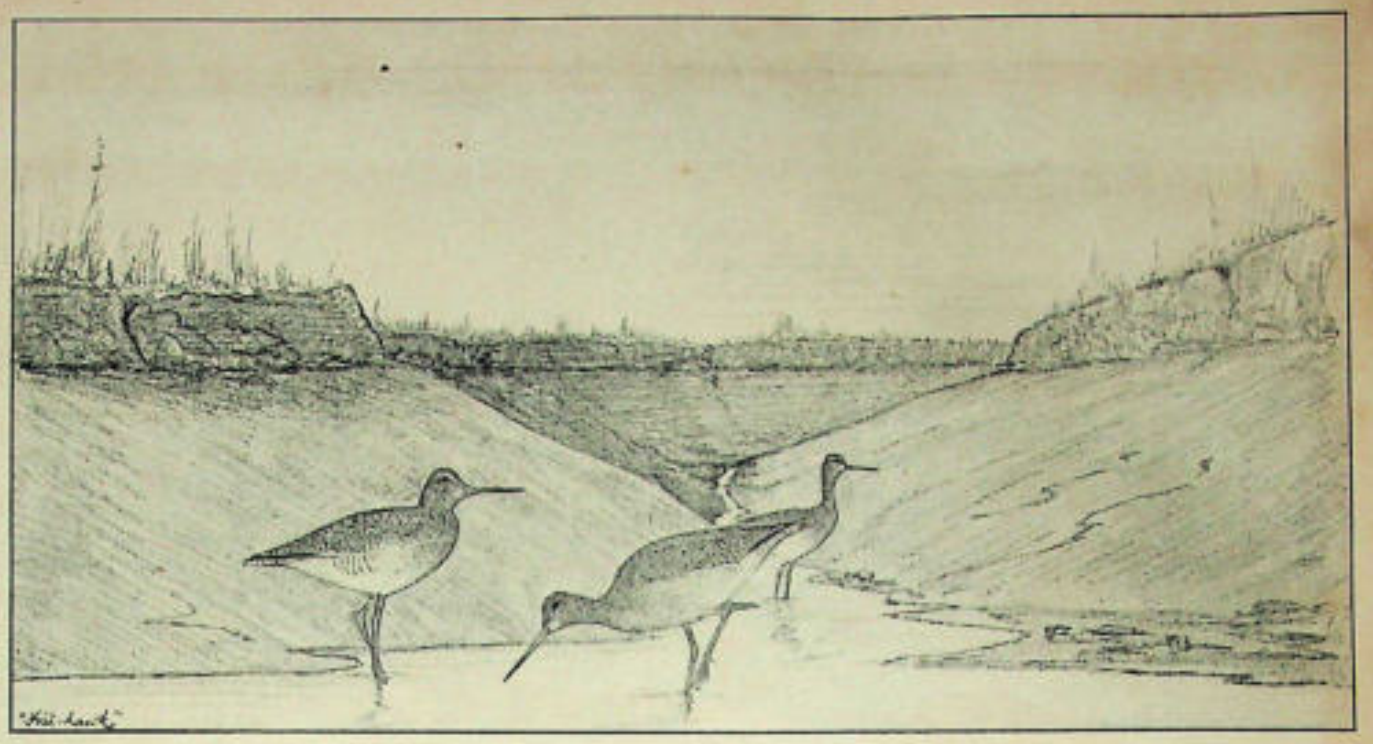
A very old female. Half-submerged in the water she looks more like a stallion than a grey seal

SHORE SHOOTING,

ITS PLEASURES AND ITS PENALTIES

And Some Notes on When to Stay One's Hand

By R. N. WINNALL



"TEWKS" IN AN ESSEX DRAIN—A STUDY OF REDSHANK

NORMALLY the only times at which the shore gunner can practise duck shooting with any success are at dusk and dawn. If, therefore, he wishes to shoot throughout the day he must confine his attention to the numerous wading birds that populate mudflat and salting. Of these, the curlew is the largest and most worthy object of pursuit, for a wild goose scarcely surpasses him in wariness.

During early autumn curlew do not always feed inland to the same extent as in winter, but confine themselves to the shore. Where saltings occur it is possible to get within range of the birds by walking stealthily down the creeks at low tide and thus surprising any that may be feeding in them. This, however, is not an easy task, since one can never be sure where the birds are, and they are capable of getting up a quarter of a mile away if anything alarms them. Once disturbed they rarely commit the blunder of flying back over the gunner unless he is an adept at calling them.

On the mudflats the birds are hard to approach owing to the lack of cover, but by lying in wait in any creek that may flow across the mud to the sea, in a shallow pit dug for the purpose, or in some place that may afford concealment with the chance of a few shots, they may be killed as they are driven off their feeding grounds by the tide, or as the ebb permits a return to them. In such cases a boat is a valuable asset, particularly on a receding tide.

In winter curlew fly inland to feed soon after sunrise with considerable regularity and return to the shore late in the afternoon. When they do this their line of flight is fairly regular and it is not difficult to waylay them by hiding in any convenient place along it. For morning flighting a rising tide is very useful, as the birds then tend to move in greater numbers than usual.

During autumn one is always likely to come across the whimbrel, which is a smaller bird than the curlew though it possesses the same curved bill. It is less wary than its larger relative and responds readily to a call. Its note (a short, quickly repeated whistle) is comparatively easy to imitate, and it will take little notice of a sackcloth hide erected on mudflat or salting, whereas a curlew, on seeing such a contrivance, will sheer off immediately. Like the curlew, the whimbrel is quite palatable if you "roast it with onions and roast it with care" (as the Bellman might have remarked in the *Hunting of the Snark*), but it is advisable to discard any old birds with very long bills as these are likely to be both rank and tough.

In the process of "creek crawling," the shore shooter will commonly encounter the redshank, a noisy fellow whose alarm cry will put every fowl in the neighbourhood on the alert and which, though not very large, is a good sporting bird as it is a fast and erratic flier. Like many shore birds the redshank can be attracted by an imitation of its note and it does not seem particular about the accuracy thereof. The main thing to do is to keep hidden and to reproduce the cry to the best of one's ability and as loudly as possible! If adequately concealed, one may shoot these birds out on the mudflats at the flow when they will fly along the coast with curlew and other waders. They are often very abundant, and this autumn on the Wash, three of us decided that redshank shooting of the type just described could be nearly as good as partridge driving!

Although the curlew and redshank both frequent the mudflats, one may find that one's activities with regard to them are largely confined to the saltings and the sea wall. There are various other fowl of a sporting and edible nature that are peculiar to the flats themselves, and the chief of these are the knot, the bar-tailed godwit (distinguished by its long, slightly upturned bill) and the grey plover. Knot abound on many of the larger estuaries, and early in the season, soon after their arrival, they are generally fairly easy to approach. Later in the year, however, they become more wary and unite into huge flocks so that the chances of meeting the small "trips" of them, so common in autumn, are considerably reduced.

Their time of greatest activity is at half tide, either as they are driven off their feeding grounds by the flow, or as they return to them when the tide has ebbed sufficiently. Their line of flight on these occasions is generally along the shore line and the gunner should endeavour to conceal himself there at a likely place. This is not always easy, for knot often fly just beyond the sea's edge, and a boat anchored in a suitable place may be necessary if one is to intercept them. A gunning punt or a light canoe will be found most useful for this purpose as these only draw a few inches of water and can be guided back without difficulty when the tide has ebbed and the creeks are shallow. Additional advantages of a boat are, that anything falling into the water can be at once retrieved, and from it there is always the possibility of obtaining shots at other species.

It is as useful to know how to call a knot as a curlew or redshank, and for the purpose a high-pitched whistle imitative of the golden plover's note is generally sufficient. The result is sometimes startling as, for instance, on one occasion last year when, in response to my whistles, about 800 dived straight at me!

Godwit and grey plover are less numerous than knot, but it is always possible to get a few shots at them from the shelter of a creek or pit or when shooting from a boat. Grey plover are rather solitary birds and are rarely found in large flocks; they are swift fliers and give good sport, though their qualities as edible fowl do not approach those of the golden plover.

These species, together with an occasional duck and a few plover or snipe, will figure chiefly in the shore shooter's bag. Others such as the dunlin, the ringed plover and the turnstone are too small and confiding to shoot. The oyster-catcher is quite inedible, and such birds as the ruff and avocet must be spared on account of their rarity. The shore shooter must use his gun with discrimination and must realise that to be successful nothing will benefit him so much as his own experience.

He will often find that his task is arduous and the results small. It will be usual for him to return from his shooting with a large proportion of mud on his clothing, and he may occasionally suffer immersion in creek or tideway. But for such things there is ample recompense, as he will quickly discover if he is a real lover of wild things and wild places.

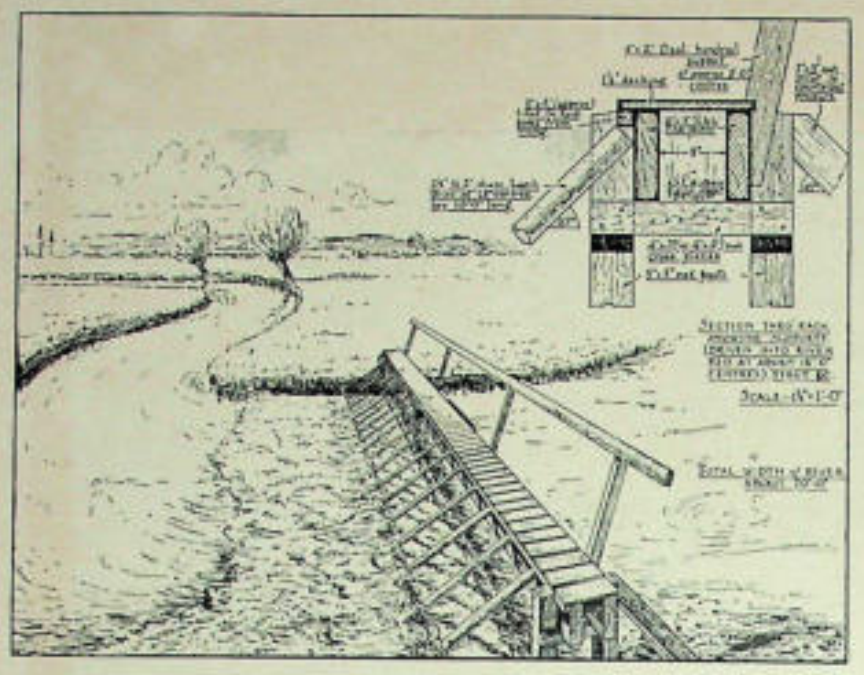
"SURPRISING ANY THAT MAY BE FEEDING IN THEM." "FISH-HAWK'S" IMPRESSION OF A RISING CURLEW

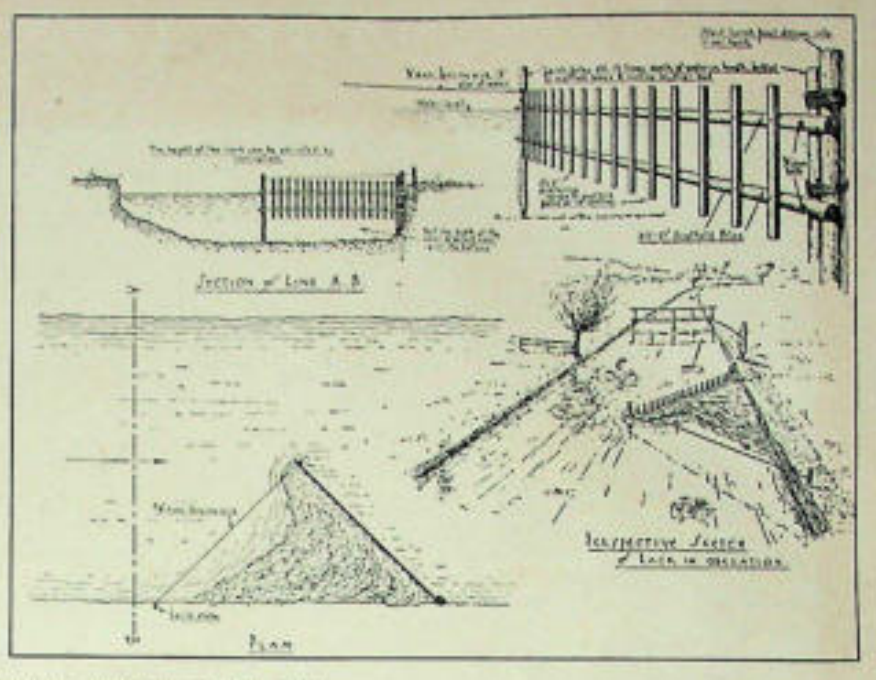
THE TAINT OF MAN

AN INDIAN BUFFALO EMERGING FROM HIGH GRASS

Although there may be many doubts as to what constitutes the blue ribbon of African and American big-game shooting, the great Indian buffalo must surely be awarded the palm of Indian shikar. Standing as he does six-foot at the shoulder with his sweeping horns measuring perhaps ten feet, with his cunning, his wariness and his superb courage, he is a trophy that only falls to the sportsman perhaps once or twice in a generation. He can now only be shot in Assam and Northern Bengal, possibly in the Sunderbands, and in certain native states such as Bastar of Central India. Mr. Bengt Bery's splendid photograph shows a fair bull who has just picked up the taint of human footsteps

(This photograph has never previously been exhibited or reproduced in the United Kingdom, and is the copyright of Mr. Bengt Bery, of Hallsberg, Sweden)





SUCCESSFUL WEED RACKS DEVISED FOR THE TEST AND ITCHEN

Type A *Type B*

CURING THE WEED TROUBLE

A Successful Rack for Chalk Streams

By COLONEL A. H. FRENCH, D.S.O.

SINCE 1933 the Test and Itchen Trout Fishing Association has been making a serious effort to abolish the long-standing grievance caused by the cut weed which floats down the rivers in such quantities at weed-cutting times. For some years the association endeavoured to abate this trouble by a weed-cutting programme. This asked all riparian owners, tenants, etc., to cut weed only on certain days of the week, and to get it all finished by a certain date. But this was not a success. Where the programme was adopted the scheme of cutting only on Mondays to Thursdays did not really meet the case, as weed cut at, say, Whitchurch on a Wednesday did not reach Romsey till the Saturday or Sunday.

Many fishery owners or tenants, too, who have occasion to cut weed are not members of the association, or may even not be fishermen, and so do not feel bound by its rules. It is far less trouble to float the weed down! Under this old system the quantity that floated down to the lower reaches had to be seen to be believed for, of course, the effect is cumulative. The general annoyance caused can be imagined.

In an effort to put an end, once and for all, to this irritating state of affairs, a system of weed racks has now been initiated. Each riparian owner, tenant and fishing club has been asked to build a rack at the lower end of his water. The response has been most gratifying.

The advantages that follow a general system of racks are many. To quote only four:

(1) Each owner can cut his weed as and when it suits him best, without risk of interfering with the sport of his neighbours below.

(2) The knowledge that there is a rack at the lower end of the reach above guarantees to each owner that he can fish when he wants to. Those who can only fish at week-ends derive considerable satisfaction from this.

(3) Cut weed can be left on the rack for a time, so preserving the food on it.

(4) The more racks built the less the accumulation of weed on any one, and so the lighter, and therefore the cheaper, can each be.

Two patterns are here illustrated. The mention of a few points about them may help anyone who has had no experience of such a machine. Type A, the more expensive (if a bridge does not exist at a suitable spot), but certainly the more effective, is the pattern in use on the celebrated Houghton Club water. To obviate danger of flooding the bank sites for the rack should be selected at a spot where the depth of water is above the average. On a stretch where the average depth is, say, 4ft., a place should be chosen where there is five or more feet of water. Larch poles are cheap and suitable timber for the working part of the rack; when stripped of their bark old weed will work up the poles under pressure from newly arriving weed. The lower ends of the poles need only be driven a foot into the bed of the stream. They have no tendency to lift.

In a light rack the tops can be held in position by long nails projecting from a cross transom on which the poles can lie, one of each pair of nails being slightly bent over to hold the pole. The poles should be easily removable. In the Test and Itchen they are put into position in early April and removed at the end of September. The angle between the poles and the bed of the stream should not exceed 45 degrees. An interval of from 15in. to 18in. in the clear between poles will ensure that all weed is caught and, a most important point, will prevent the rack from acting as a barrier to the free movement of fish. A bridge on the downstream side of this rack is essential for general maintenance.

Type B is so simple in design that the diagram is self-explanatory. It is well suited to water too shallow for Type A. A pair of racks are required, on opposite sides, the second about 40yds. to 50yds. below the first. An Itchen fishing owner has built racks of this type and is well satisfied with them.

SINGLE-HANDED IN NIGERIA

An Adventure With a Nile Perch

AN early rise and a four-mile motor drive over a road consisting mostly of sand and ridges brought me to the lake at about 7 a.m. The sun had just risen, and the water was as clear as crystal. A spring of teal whizzed over my head, while the reeds resounded with the deep-throated grunting of the King Reed Hen—a very beautiful bird, red, blue, purple, green and white, and which makes a noise more like a pig than a bird.

FISHING CANOE IN NIGERIA

Having put up my rods and put together the canvas collapsible boat, I paddled off amongst the water lilies on which were innumerable moorhens, crakes, lily trotters and the small buff heron, while the larger herons and cormorants looked on from the reeds. All along the shores of the lake, growing on floating vegetation in a belt of reeds about 20yds. to 30yds. thick, is the haunt of crocodile.

Once past the water lilies the lake opens to about 300yds. broad and several miles long. The water is deep and clear of weed except at the bottom and edges. I fixed the two rods for trolling and started rowing quietly with about 40yds. of line out.

I had not to wait long before the reel on the big rod screamed. I made three quick strokes in lieu of a strike and to keep the boat moving while I hurriedly shipped the oars and seized the rod. Then the fun started. Fortunately, the fish began to move away and I was able to reel up the other line with one hand while the fish towed the boat.

We cruised down the lake for about 50yds. before the fish turned, luckily not moving fast, so that I was able to recover most of my line and keep a heavy strain on it all the time. It passed quite close to the boat, and we cruised down about 100yds. in the other direction. A canvas boat is so light that it takes very little to move it.

The end was getting near, and it was then that the difficulties began. I was terrified that the fish would go under the boat as I was powerless to stop it. Except for an occasional hurried paddle with one oar to point the boat in the right direction, I had no means of moving other than where the fish took me. Then there were the reeds and floating vegetation, but the fish for some reason ignored them. Whenever it saw the boat it went off into deep water until it finally came to gaff. This in itself was no easy matter sitting in the bottom of a collapsible boat.

Luckily, all went well, but then came the next problem. How to get a fish weighing over 50lb. in the boat without upsetting it; for once in there is very little room for a jumping, flapping fish, especially when it has very large and sharp spikes on its dorsal fin.

I had recourse to a hammer, a Woolworth one—holding the fish in the water on the gaff with one hand and administering the *coup de grâce* with the other. Off flew the hammer head and sank into the depths, but the fish had ceased to struggle.

With a certain amount of difficulty I got a cord round the fish and, after nearly falling in myself and all but capsizing the boat, the fish was duly hauled and trussed up in the bows.

These fish run to about 100lb. in that lake, though they reach nearly 170lb. in some rivers in these parts. What one does with a 100lb. fish alone in a collapsible canvas boat I do not know, but I believe a catch of this weight has been made from such a craft, though it took from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. according to the natives.

W. S. H.

DEWAR'S

"WHITE LABEL"

"THIS is my Winter Medicine Chest"

SHELDRAKE RISING FROM THE DUNES

From the Painting by J. C. Harrison, in his exhibition at Messrs. Vicars Brothers' Galleries, 12, Old Bond Street, London, W.1

THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER—A GREAT GUNDOG

Brains, Beauty and a Big Heart

By MRS. CHARLESWORTH

YES—golden in colour, and gold of heart. True all through. It is very rash to ask me—or indeed any owner of this most charming breed—to say what I think of them, for the result must be one long panegyric. I have often spoken of them—and heard them spoken of—as "Great Gentlemen," and the description fits them, even from their early days when they chew my bedroom slippers, and thoughtfully leave my best sponge on the marrow-bed to dry.

Goldens are, to my mind, more ornamental than other gundogs, and it is a real pleasure to the eye to see a team of them, their varied shades gleaming in the sun like autumn leaves on a fine October morning. Incidentally, whether the Golden is left rough, and more or less unkempt, when he will grow a jacket like a sheepskin, or is an honoured inmate of the house, groomed and tended as all thoroughbreds should be, he stands as much exposure as any dog, while he yet retains his charm and refinement, and is most particular about having his feet wiped before coming into the house in muddy weather, having in early youth been taught to hold up his feet one by one to be cleaned, before walking on his owner's best carpet.

Assuming that they are brought up from puppyhood by someone with a certain knowledge of training, and, more important, though strangely rare, common sense, Goldens are not barkers, although they are excellent guards. I had one experienced bitch who always guarded the rearing field and lived in the hut which she never left during the rearing season. She was alone here for hours at a time, and if anything disturbed the hens she would at once come out to investigate. If it were deer, she chased them away, and if it were vermin, they had short shrift, but if in her chase she happened to upset the birds, and they started to get up in the field, she would drop at once, and wait to creep back to the hut until they had settled down. If this is not brain work, I do not know what is.

Another great dog of my acquaintance was used by his owner as a stop when covert shooting. It was really delightful to see him move a few paces to one side or the other, and go back to his place, repeating the performance at intervals; in fact, he knew all about the game.

Goldens take to the house as to the manner born, and I find it far easier to teach them their manners than many of the other breeds I have owned in my day; and although I am possibly more careful than many people about such things, I never remember a puppy, brought into the house for the night for the first time at, say, three months old, make a mistake. Indeed, a friend of mine who had a youngster in her bedroom, was horrified on waking in the small hours of the morning, to find no puppy. The windows were open, and, with her heart in her mouth, she crept downstairs and out, realising that the window was the puppy's only exit. True enough, after a long search in the faint morning light, the puppy was found sitting up on the back doorstep, fortunately none the worse for a jump of about 18ft. on to very hard ground. This, you will note, rather than transgress the rules.

I believe they have a finer quality of brain than any other breed, and once telling is usually sufficient. I have many times been amazed, after teaching or showing them something in the house I wanted them to do, to find that the second time I spoke of it, they began to obey before I had completed my request.

They have one asset, just as great in car as in the house, which is that they have not that unpleasant doggy smell which seems to be associated with many dogs, however carefully they are groomed. Ours are rarely bathed, and their daily grooming seems all that is necessary to keep them sweet. I can only conclude that something in the colour or the texture of their coat is responsible for this.

A Golden has a particularly keen nose, and several of my shooting friends are proud possessors of the sort of dog which is kept in the background till all others have had their chance, when he is sent out with some such casual remark as "Let my old dog have a try." Usually the old dog is successful.

COMMANDER COLIN BUIST WITH HIS BONZO

They are good markers too, almost embarrassingly so, particularly at Trials, as the judges have a disconcerting way of asking, for a certain bird to be retrieved; quite possibly this may not be one shot in view of the dog. He, having marked all the birds in his vicinity, finds it puzzling to be told to hunt in an entirely different, and to him, wrong, direction. This way are trials lost by really good retrievers.

Marking and a good memory—these are invaluable. The latter can be most irritating. Time and again have I removed to what I thought an inaccessible spot, a tempting and over-ripe bone, to have it brought to me in triumph, quite a week later. There are other times when this characteristic seems little short of miraculous, and the story told of Anningsley Sunlight, now, alas, gathered to his fathers, is hard to believe. The youngsters were having lessons on retrieving in roots, and Sunny, as an experienced grey-beard, was looking on. Five partridges had been shot and duly gathered by the pupils, and on the way home it seemed only kind to give the old man something by way of recompense, a partridge was thrown, and Sunny sent for it. To his owner's utter confusion, and in front of the jeering youngsters, very smug at having done their work well, this perfectly trained gundog dashed off in the opposite direction, back, in fact, to the root field, from which he reappeared at once with—another partridge. Now, it can only be that two birds had been killed with one shot, and the old dog had seen and remembered it (six birds to mark and memorise for over an hour. Could you?

MRS. CHARLESWORTH AND ONE OF HER GOLDENS

To return to bones. When I had my dogs in London, our routine walk was a round of five miles or so in Hyde Park, and my neck grew stiff with watching my Ch. Daydawn, whose nose took her unerringly to the most noisome bones in the neighbourhood, which, after having seized them from her, I used to throw away over the tall spiked railings round the shrubberies, till she taught me not to, by jumping over the 4ft. spikes to retrieve them, after sometimes as much as ten days.

One rather touching instance of memory occurs to me. Years ago while I was benching my dogs at a show, I heard the most unusual hullaballoo. I went along the benches to see what was amiss, and found a dog I had sold over two years earlier, nearly tearing the bench down to get to me because he had recognised my voice as I spoke to my dogs. After this eulogy, is there anyone so deaf and blind to Brains and Beauty that he can refrain from at once rushing to acquire one of these ideal companions, who are as charming in the house as they are reliable in the field, who are as good as they are beautiful, and whose greatest pleasure is your wish.

THE HOME GREEN AT ST. ANDREWS
On the left can be seen the "Valley of Sin," which illustrates a typical natural hazard. St. Andrews is one of the few courses which can still defeat the modern ball

MODERN GOLF COURSE DESIGN

I—The Architect's Real Objects

By E. R. TIPPLE

SINCE the beginning of this century the popularity of the game of golf has increased enormously year by year and, with this amazing growth, has followed the demand for more and more courses. The manner in which this has been answered depended entirely on the requirements of the particular neighbourhood. As the game has developed so has the art of golf course architecture progressed, until to-day we find that the designing of a course requires a great deal of experience, technical knowledge of the subject, practical knowledge of the game itself, and a quaint sense of artful humour which will look away from the commonplace. It is certain that courses laid out before the war—with very few exceptions—do not prove suitable for modern needs.

If the game of golf is to preserve its real character, if it is to follow the path which all who respect it, desire, then the question of design of the holes which constitute the game must be considered most carefully. Haphazard work will not produce any real results, neither will the ideas of the majority of amateur architects provide solutions to the many present-day problems. The task of designing a modern golf course to suit and battle with modern requirements must fall on those who have made a comprehensive study of the subject and on them only.

What is the chief aim of the architect? Surely to produce courses which will provide the maximum amount of pleasure for the greatest number of players as well as ensuring that it will prove a fair test for every type of golfer. This combination is essential. A good course of necessity requires to have character and individuality and to bring this about the architect needs to be both a shrewd and an impartial judge, paying no attention to the claims and suggestions of any one class of player. In fact, perhaps to do almost the opposite of what they suggest, as most golfers are only capable of visualising a course from their own particular angle. However, as Mr. T. Simpson says, "It is no part of the golf architect's business to plan holes that present an infallible tribunal or merely call for physical skill, but rather holes that provide a type of adventure in a certain degree akin to the adventure of the surgeon performing an operation where it is necessary for him to exercise both physical skill and mental agility."

To-day, unfortunately, the majority of golf courses in this country present problems which are far too simple and straightforward. Their difficulties which perhaps once really did exist are now but a memory, thanks to the modern ball. With its aid the expert player is able to defy the real design of holes and the plans of the architect are destroyed. As I have mentioned before, merely increasing the length of golf courses would be of no avail and in any case would destroy the real interests of the game. Adding hordes of new bunkers, nests of them here and there, others dotted about by themselves at supposed vantage points, again would not produce a suitable solution. The only way this problem can be solved successfully is for courses to be made and existing ones altered so that they require from all those who play on them a great deal of thought.

The architect's object is to create difficulties, not to explain them, but to let the expert discover the best solution. The very last thing he desires is to present his public with the secret of any hole, for he wishes it to be subtle above all else; thus the erection of masses of bunkers, which would only act as landmarks and define the correct paths, is not viewed with favour nowadays.

In three subsequent articles it is proposed to explain in detail the best modern methods of design relative to three fundamental subjects; to do so with the kind assistance of Mr. Tom Simpson, who once again has given the benefit of his expert knowledge, and who will draw the various illustrations as he has done so many times for the *Field*. First of all, the tee-shot and the correct shaping and orientation of the fairways will be dealt with; secondly, the design and placing of bunkers; and finally, the orientation and tilt of putting greens. The drive should not be regarded merely as a stroke that gets the player off the tee, bunkers should not be made by digging a hole in the ground and throwing the earth excavated on one side to form the bank, and a green should not be just a continuation of the fairway, if the total result is to be a good example of the art of modern golf course construction. In the design of a hole each of these three items is important, and the combination they make more so.

The old course at St. Andrews is the supreme example of what a golf course should be. Time has made little or no difference to it—from the playing point of view—and it alone has defied the modern ball. On this classic course subtle problems follow each other, and the player is aware that if he makes a mistake his next shot will be extremely difficult. Because of the wonderful nature of the ground, the player is confronted with several alternative lines of attack. There luck plays a part, as it did of old—the rub of the game. Perhaps that is its chief fascination, and its grand uncertainty. There is no obvious way to play it, and to play even moderately well the individual needs to know just as much about the course as possible, and let it be said that no one can ever learn too much or indeed sufficient about St. Andrews.

As one famous architect has put it, "The vital thing about a hole is that it must either be more difficult than it looks or look more difficult than it is. It must never be what it looks." In other words, the imagination and mental ability of golfers must be tested. If the player before hitting the ball finds himself wondering how to play it, what stroke to employ, because it appears that several could be used with equal success, then the architect has achieved his desire. After all, from the golfer's own point of view, it is imperative that he is interested, that he has something worthy of himself to overcome.

If the player is to be left amused, his interest must be maintained. No one can become enthusiastic over a dull course. The design of new courses and the modernising and improving of those existing to-day is, as I have stressed, a subject worthy of the specialist. The real architect can satisfy all classes of golfers. He can "keep within bounds the man who does unpardonable things," reward the meritorious player whose tactics are invariably respectable, and make his courses agreeable to the beginner. Indeed, all this is being done now, perhaps gradually, but nevertheless surely and, as a natural consequence, the future popularity and growth of the game should be secure.

"EN-TOUT-CAS" HARD COURTS

IN our issue of October 12th a notice of the "Sanderete" court appeared in which it was stated that this court "was used in the recent hard court championships at Bournemouth." The "En-Tout-Cas" Company, Ltd. of Syston, Leicester, have drawn our attention to the fact that this is incorrect.

For the past six years these hard court championships have been played on courts made by the "En-Tout-Cas" Company. We much regret having published such an inaccurate statement, and our apologies are tendered to the "En-Tout-Cas" Company for any inconvenience it may have caused them.

Diaries as Christmas Gifts.—We have received from Messrs. Charles Letts & Co., Diary House, Borough Road, S.E. 1, a selection of their well-known diaries and notebooks. These are of all sizes and various descriptions, compiled especially for business men and women, schoolboys and girls, housekeepers, teachers and persons with hobbies such as gardening, keeping animals and managing poultry. There are also guides for motorists, girl guides and boy scouts. Bindings vary from morocco to cloth, and the prices are suited to every purse.

A useful game card is supplied free of charge by Messrs. Spillers, Ltd., of 40, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C. 3. It provides, on one side, space for particulars of shoot, names of beats and classification of game, state of weather, etc., and, on the other side, a ruled column for the names of the guns.

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.

R.A.F. PRACTICE AND WILDFOWL

SIR,—May I call the attention of your readers to the fact that the Air Ministry propose to turn the Dengie Flats into a bombing ground and an air-to-ground gunnery target. If this proposal is adopted it will mean that the wildfowl and brent geese will be driven out of their last haunts on the south-east coast of East Anglia. The noise of modern aircraft when diving down to 200ft. or so at high speed and firing at the same time will be as much as the local inhabitants can stand, let alone geese and wigeon. I would point out that the whole of Foulness Island has been taken over by the War Office, while south of the Thames a large area off the Isles of Grain and Sheppey has been a practice area for the Air Force practically since the war.

It is difficult to see the necessity of sacrificing the whole of the coastline of Essex south of the Blackwater when so large a stretch of coastline has already been dedicated to the fighting services. A little co-operation with the War Office could surely result in fitting in the ground target on the area already destroyed from a goose's point of view.

Yours faithfully,
London, W. 1. G. F.

SPANIEL OR LABRADOR ?

SIR,—I have read with much interest Major Dawson's article in the *Field* of November 30th about Labradors for rough shooting. As one who has shot for 40 seasons and never been without a dog of some sort—flatcoat, golden, Labrador or spaniel—I cannot allow many of Major Dawson's remarks to go unchallenged. I hold no brief for the spaniel, but to say that the Labrador is a vastly better, all-round dog than any breed of spaniel ever evolved, upon the average occasion, seems to me very wide of the mark. I have seen just as many occasions spoilt by the unruly retriever as by the unruly spaniel, and when the former does get off he goes farther, makes more noise, especially in a root crop, and disturbs much more ground than the latter. So far as doing one job only is concerned, my experience is that the spaniel can do every job that a retriever can, and some of them better—he will quarter, brush out, stand to his game and retrieve, is just as good in water, and generally has superior staying power.

With regard to brain capacity, I cannot allow that the spaniel plays second fiddle, and I should say that the nervous system of the spaniel is less highly strung than the average highly bred Labrador. If I were reduced to one dog only, I should keep a spaniel. For the purpose of comparison I must assume that the dogs were under proper control, for I do not admit that the Labrador is any easier to train if used as a spaniel, whilst the latter is of equal value when acting the part of a non-slip retriever.

Yours faithfully,
Turnditch, Derbyshire. ALAN GREENWELL.

SIR,—I cannot conceive anyone making such a sweeping statement, especially the last two lines, as that made by Major Kenneth Dawson under the above heading in your issue of November 30th against practically the whole spaniel family. Whose fault is it, I wonder, that nearly all the spaniels he has come across are such "brutes," as he puts it ? I should say it is the fault of whoever let them do all these awful things when training them as puppies, or later, when they were gaining experience. However, my experience is that many types of gundogs, even at big shoots, would be far better on the lead, or left at home. How often does one see even fairly steady dogs go over fences into roots before the guns, keepers, etc., are over, or ready in line ? No; it is not only the spaniel that is to blame in this respect but many other breeds, and it is simply bad training and want of control.

Major Dawson seems to forget that there are flatcoat, golden and curly retrievers as well as Labradors, and some good ones amongst them, too ! Fancy being under anyone at a trial who had such pre-set ideas about his own pet breed.

I am not very interested in spaniels, but consider them excellent dogs if bred for real work and not as "show specimens" only. I do, however, possess a couple of young retriever bitches of one of the types mentioned above, and consider that they could hold their own with most Labradors (one, perhaps, excepted !) and other gundogs, either as a one-man dog, at a big shoot, or wildfowling, and one of them is only nine months old. Anyhow, "comparisons," to my mind, written as they have been, are "odious"; there are good dogs and bad dogs in all breeds. Yours faithfully,

Avoch, Ross-shire. C. C. H. DORAN (Major).

"MAKING THE LAND"

SIR, Captain T. H. De Herez Smyth, R.N., and others might be interested to hear of another landfall which was somewhat wide of the mark. In 1913, while at Manzanillo, a Japanese brigantine was anchored in the harbour. She had sailed from Japan for Hilo, Hawaii, and fetched up on the west coast of Mexico.

"Walking back to Wigan" was child's play to what she had to do. Yours faithfully,
Cyprus. ALGERINE.

GREAT GAMEKEEPERS

SIR,—I have been privileged to read a copy of the *Field* dated September 7th, 1935, and came across an article "About Gamekeepers and Others," by Lieutenant-Colonel Cyril Foley. On reading this I noticed, among others, the name Bond, coupled with Floors, and I felt I would like to add a comment or two about one of the keepers of his day.

When Harry Bond went to Floors from Lilleshall he was called to see the Duke one night. The latter produced game books of previous times—the shootings had been let for some years—and asked if Bond thought that a shoot of 80 brace could again be attained. What Mr. Bond thought the Duke never knew, but he expressed the opinion that 500 brace was more like a bag. That was in 1903–4, and Mr. Bond assures me that there were not ten brace of partridge on the Roxburghe beat of 3,000 acres when he took over. In 1913 with six guns—the Duke never allowed more—the day's bag reached the total of 498 brace. The results are declared startling; it is an achievement worthy of the great Marlowe himself. The late John Grierson, of Moy, was a great head keeper, yet he came to Harry Bond for advice on low-ground shooting, a tribute to Bond and an action which must give John Grierson an award of "full marks," as Fifield got. Yours faithfully,

Winsford, Cheshire. A. E. LATHAM.

FIRST BLOOD AND CLAIMING THE TROPHY

SIR,—The other day four of us were discussing the "Law of the Veld," namely, the unwritten law whereby the first to draw blood is entitled to an animal shot and killed by more than one person.

It was pointed out that the first shot is sometimes the cause of a dangerous animal charging some unfortunate spectator who has to bear all the risk, and when he has succeeded in killing the animal has to hand over the trophies to his companion, who may have only inflicted a very minor skin or flesh wound, and merely made it thoroughly angry without incapacitating it in any way.

The point on which none of us could express an opinion was, how long does the unwritten law hold good ? A party of two might be out on a trip and, say, for the sake of argument, A. shoots at a lion which is only very slightly wounded and makes off and is lost. Next day B. comes across the same lion, wounds it, is charged and finally gets it at close-quarters. On examination he finds the flesh wound inflicted by A. the day before, and according to the "law" must hand over the skin to A. The same thing might apply with a much longer interval of time, especially in districts where lion are scarce. Suppose A. wounded the lion, and six weeks or two months later his friend B. went out over the same ground, met the same lion, and the same sequence of events occurred as in the first case, but the wound had healed. On cutting up the lion B. found a bullet which he recognised as having come from his friend A.'s rifle owing to it being an uncommon type or bore.

The discussion was purely theoretical, and was not based on an actual case, but arose from the writer having killed a good wart-hog sow after his companion had just broken the skin on its elbow. The first shot was entitled to the tushes by the "law," and quite rightly, as it was the effect of it being hit on the elbow which stopped it and gave the writer his chance to kill it and fill a much depleted "skoff box." In the cases mentioned above the conditions are not the same, and the second shot had to take all the risk.

It would be interesting to hear the views of your big game hunting correspondents and whether this "law" holds good in other parts of the world or is merely an African custom. One suggestion made during our discussion was that after the sunset of the day following the wounding of an animal it should be "anybody's meat," thus allowing the original shooter one clear day in which to follow up and try to get the animal if it was so slightly wounded that he was unable to get it the first day. Of course, this suggestion in no way absolves the first shooter from doing all he can to get an animal which he believes he has wounded, but after the lapse of a day whoever shoots it would be entitled to keep the trophies.

Yours faithfully,
Chikeya, Southern Rhodesia. W. GORDON H. BARR.

[The rule that the man who fired the first shot which draws blood takes the trophy is of Indian origin. It originated as a means of simplifying claims in tiger beats. It has lead on occasions to regrettable shooting at long range to register a claim. If the man who has inflicted a trifling wound does not join in the follow up, and another man later shoots the animal under possibly dangerous conditions, the *Field*, if asked to adjudicate, would not hesitate to award the trophy to the man who faced the music. ED.]

EARLY ARRIVAL OF FOREIGN SNIPE ?

SIR,—When shooting on September 30th on a bog near here, we got a snipe with a ring bearing the following inscription: "Vogelwarte, Helgoland. 671478A, Germania."

I am endeavouring to get in touch with whoever ringed the bird with a view to ascertaining when it was ringed as, having shot snipe round here for a good many years, I find it hard to believe that the "foreign" snipe were coming in so early, unless we are in for a very hard winter. I think myself it is more likely that the bird was pricked towards the end of last season and in consequence stayed on over the summer with the home snipe.

The bird ringed, however, may be able to throw some light on the matter.

Yours faithfully,
Charleville House, Turlough, Castlebar, Co. Mayo. GERALD FITZGERALD.

MOONSHINE AND THE RUT

SIR,—I was very interested in Sir Robert Pigot's article on the rutting season of deer in your issue of September 14th.

I was for many years in the far north, Yukon Territory of Canada and also Alaska, where my principal sport was moose hunting.

The old professional hunters and trappers always maintained that the moose started to rut at the first full moon in September, and years of personal observation convinced me of the correctness of their theory.

I always watched the calendar for my annual hunt, but it was the full of the moon and not the date I noted. It never let me down.

It would be interesting to know if Sir Robert kept any notes of this phase of the moon with regard to rutting in the various parts of the world he has hunted in. Yours faithfully,

Hollyburn, British Columbia. J. EDELSTON (Major).

BADGERS (?) AND COCKCHAFER GRUBS

SIR,—I am sending herewith two grubs which I take to be those of what is known locally as the "May Bug," and of which there was a veritable plague here in the spring of 1934. While playing golf I noticed a strip of rough ground between two "fairways" where the grass had apparently been destroyed, and on closer examination I found that not only was the grass dead but the turf had been rooted up as if by a herd of unringed pigs; many sods were a foot square and 2in. or 3in. deep, and hardly a yard of turf was left unturned. On probing into some of these turfs I found these grubs.

I should be interested to hear what you think are the marauders. Birds I hold, owing to the size of the sods, to be out of the question; there are no pigs in the immediate neighbourhood. Badgers in the Usk Valley are numerous, and there is a large "sett" across the river from the links. Could they not have done the damage, and although there are plenty on the golf ground side of the river, would the inhabitants of the "sett" mentioned swim the river (which is at this point about 20yds. wide) in order to get at their food ?

Yours faithfully,
Leven House, Abergavenny. W. S. TRESAWNA.

[It would be interesting to hear if any readers know of badgers digging up cockchafer ("May bug") larvæ.—ED.]

A RARE SIGHT NOWADAYS
(*See Letter "The Last of the Hansoms!"*)

PICKING UP RUNNERS

SIR,—Major Dawson quotes one authority, a contributor to the *Field*, as saying that a pick up of one runner in two is good. Putting my memory back over 40 years' continuous seasons, I can remember one very big retriever that picked up 99 per cent. This dog would mark a towered pheasant or partridge that fell fields away, and start to prance and whine. When given the word to go he was off at the speed of a greyhound, and always returned with the bird. Although it is close on 40 years ago, I have never been able to fathom how the dog located the right field (the fields were small, average seven to ten acres), let alone find the bird.

The average quoted as good (67 per cent.) does not strike me as anything wonderful. I have a dog who is now nine years old, and between the age of three to seven years I can hardly remember him failing to find any form of wounded game: pheasant, partridge, snipe, woodcock, hare, rabbit or wildfowl.

Whether conditions have altered and game has become more cunning, or whether the breeding of dogs for show purposes has deteriorated their brains or scent, I cannot say.

In my opinion it is necessary for a retriever to be in the house as one of the family, which must improve his powers of reasoning, to become a first-class shooting dog. Training on a mixed rough shoot when young gives the necessary experience when used at the usual driving method to-day. I will admit the dog so trained will require a lead on for the first two seasons while shooting from a butt. The real good dog is always wilful.

Yours faithfully,
Aldringham, Suffolk. H. BARLOW.

THE LAST OF THE HANSOMS!

SIR,—I wonder if many of the "horse-minded" people in London realise that Mr. Bertram Mills, of circus fame, still drives his own private hansom backwards and forward from Olympia. I believe that, apart from this private cab, there are only two hansoms now plying for hire in the streets of London, which at one time were chock-a-block with the "gondolas of London," as Disraeli termed them.

Yours faithfully,
Surrey. HORSE LOVER.

ALBINO OTTERS

SIR,—I was interested to read in your issue of November 9th a letter under the above heading. It may be of interest to the author of this letter to know that my late father trapped a pair of albino otters at the head of Loch Dochart, West Perthshire, in the winter of 1918, and they were set up by Messrs. P. D. Malloch, Perth. Both otters were the same pale cream colour, including nose and pads, with pink eyes. The pair, male and female, were not more than one year old.

Yours faithfully,
Glenfesie, Kinernig. D. MACD.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in the *Field* of November 9th, in which Mr. Seth-Smith asks if any other readers know of cases of albinism in otters. I have known of four white otters during the past 50 years, but none of them were true albinos, all having black noses and black eyes. It is true that one of these was converted into an albino by an enterprising taxidermist, to whom it was sent, but it was not an albino at time of death, having neither pink nose nor pink eyes. I am not certain whether it remains as the taxidermist made it, or whether it has been altered to its original state.

Yours faithfully,
Cairnmore, Port Ellen, Isle of Islay. IAIN RAMSAY.

SUNFISH AT BRIGHTON

SIR,—A sunfish was taken two-and-a-half miles off Hove in June, 1933, on a hand line by a member of the Hove Deep Sea Anglers' Club, weighing 94½lb. The specimen was preserved by Mr. A. F. Brazenor, the local taxidermist, and is to be seen at the premises of the above-mentioned club.

Yours faithfully,
50, Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex. J. GORDON DALGLIESH.

GOLFING TERMS

SIR,—In Mr. E. R. Tipple's article on "Should the stymie be abolished," he mentions the derivation of this term, suggesting it comes from an old Scottish word meaning "faintest form of anything."

The following list I have made may interest golfers: *Links*—an old Flemish word "linken" meaning a flooded field. *Caddy*—a French word meaning a younger brother—as golf bags were not in use the younger brother had to carry; or the Scottish word "cadger" a fight porter. *Golf*—from the Dutch word "kolf," meaning a club. *Putt*—from the Dutch word "putten," to place in a hole. *Fore*—from the Dutch word "voor," in front. *Niblick*—from the Dutch "knobblachtig," meaning a knot of wood. *Stymie*—a Scottish word, an obstruction to the eye, or Dutch word "stem," a voice—balls so near to one another they can talk. *Divot*—a Scottish word for a sod of turf used for roofing crofters' houses. *Dormie*—from the French "dormir," to sleep, one cannot be beaten so one may rest or sleep.

Golf was introduced into Scotland in the reign of James I by mercenary troops who had been quartered in Holland and there had learnt the game, which was originally played on the ice with a feather ball covered with leather, and the ball had to strike a peg stuck in the ice, hence the word "links"—further, they only played with one club, a wooden one like a right- and left-handed mashie.

Yours faithfully,
Royal Automobile Club. G. P. ASHMORE.

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS

SIR,—Over 30 years ago I trekked north with a waggon from Livingstone into the Mashikolumbwe country, having heard that very fine sable heads existed there. Some fifteen years before, Fred Selous ventured there, but his camp was attacked by night, and he narrowly escaped with his life. Since then, however, the *pax Britannica* had been creeping northwards, and though there were no white men in those parts, I was well received by the natives. The extraordinary head-dress shown in the photograph is now probably a thing of the past, but was then adopted by the warriors. The hair was allowed to grow to a great length, and with the aid of gum and, I think, clay, made into a sort of spear, from 30in. upwards in length. The sable were indeed fine, and I got heads of 50½in. and 47½in.

HAIRDRESSING EXTRAORDINARY
(*See Letter "African Head-dress"*)

The photograph was taken by my wife, perhaps the first white woman to visit that country.

Yours faithfully,
London, S.W. MANNLICHER.

TAMENESS OF GREY PHALAROPE

SIR,—With reference to recent letters on the occurrence of grey phalaropes, it may be interesting to record that while riding about mid-day on September 24th through a farmyard north of the Dorchester–Bridport road and five miles from Abbotsbury, my wife and I saw a bird which we subsequently identified as a grey phalarope swimming on a small horse pond within five yards of us, near enough to distinguish the markings of the plumage, the shape of its bill and its colouring.

The bird swam about quite undisturbed by our presence, continually feeding on small gnats and flies on the surface of the water. We rode our horses quite close, but the bird made no attempt to go and we refrained from disturbing it.

Yours faithfully,
Wynford House, Maiden Newton, Dorchester. WYNFORD.

A CURE FOR HARVEST MITES

SIR,—I used to suffer from harvest mites until I found that by digging my thumbnail hard into the area of irritation I stopped the itching, having apparently killed the mites which cause the itching by working under the skin. As the skin closes above the buried mites lotions can have no effect.

Yours faithfully,
Newport, I.W. LIONEL E. ADAMS.

SAWFISH OFF PERU

SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending you a snapshot of a sawfish caught on a handline off Cabo Blanco, 60 miles north of Paita, Peru.

Unfortunately I cannot say what it weighed, but as a very conservative estimate, comparing it to two sawfish landed here in January weighing 712lb. and 601lb. respectively, I should judge its weight to be 950lb. at least. I can tell you I am very disappointed that I could not weigh it, and I know an estimated weight is no good.

As a matter of interest, when I opened the fish there was a young shark in its belly, 20in. long, with three lacerated cuts on it, which may have been caused by the saw. Yours faithfully,

Compania Petrolera Lobitos, Lobitos, Peru. S. PHILLIPS.

CAUGHT ON A HANDLINE AND BELIEVED TO WEIGH 950LB. AT LEAST
(See Letter "Sawfish Off Peru")

PROTECTIVE COLORATION OUT OF PLACE

SIR,—At the present time a small tortoiseshell butterfly is hibernating on the wall of my bedroom. For this species to hibernate is, of course, a normal occurrence, but my wall paper is of a light yellowish colour and the dark underwing of the butterfly can be seen against it at a long distance. About an inch above its head is a dark frieze, where it would have been almost invisible.

What about protective coloration?

Yours faithfully,

Woodstock, Weymouth. W. R. THOMPSON (Lieutenant-Colonel).

[While it is generally admitted that many kinds of insects are protectively coloured to harmonise with their natural surroundings, few would pretend that they have the necessary intelligence to *know* when their colouring is out of place, or that they *choose* a suitable background. ED.]

A RECORD STAG

SIR,—With reference to the photographs of Mr. Franz Vogt's Czechoslovakian stag which appeared in the *Field* early last month, I have now received the following particulars from Mr. Vogt, comparing his stag with the Montenuovo stag—the previous world record:

	Montenuovo Stag. (Nadler Points.)	Vogt Stag. (Nadler Points.)
Points	11 and 8 = 19	11 and 9 = 20
Weight	13 kg. = 26	14 kg. = 27
Length	116 and 118 cm. = 58.5	116 and 112.8 cm. = 57.2
Brow tines	45 and 48 cm. = 11.72	49 and 48.3 cm. = 12.1
Circumference of burr	30 and 30.5 cm. = 30.25	32.8 and 32 cm. = 32.4
Circumference of antlers:		
Below the crown	17 and 19 cm. = 36	20 and 20.7 cm. = 40.7
Above the crown	16 and 17 cm. = 33	16.6 and 17.4 cm. = 37
Beauty points	10 = 10	10 = 10
	Nadler points 224.47	Nadler points 242.4

A DISAPPEARING TYPE
(See Letter "A Japanese Fisherman")

In connection with the above details Mr. Vogt writes as follows: "The details of the Montenuovo stag are taken from Hungarian and German periodicals which show slight differences. The total of 224.47 Nadler points is undoubtedly correct.

"In the case of the Vogt stag the details were taken down eight days from boiling out the antlers; their weight at that time was 14 kg., and this was notarially certified. As time goes on all antlers lose in weight, and it is therefore possible that the Nadler points of the Vogt antlers will drop to about 240. It will possibly strike you that in the case of the Vogt antlers only 27 Nadler points are given for the weight of 14 kg. The reason for this is that the upper jaw was left on, and accordingly ½ kg. is deducted in calculating the Nadler points."

I wished to bring this to your notice as you may like to publish these additional details.

Yours faithfully,

London, E.C. GEORG SCHICHT.

[This method of measurement will probably only appeal to those with a knowledge of measuring Continental stags' heads. We have therefore let the decimal measurements stand. But they clearly show how well this stag compares with previous measurements.—ED.]

WOODCOCK IN LONDON

SIR,—On the morning of November 18th, while walking along the Spaniards Road, Hampstead, a woodcock flew low over my head in the direction of the Heath. It had evidently lost its bearings and was being mobbed by smaller birds which, I think, were starlings.

There are still, fortunately, several of the rarer varieties of birds which make their homes in the Hampstead district. I have had, for example, a greater spotted woodpecker in and out of my garden there for the past three years. But so shy a bird as a woodcock could not now be a regular visitor. Yours faithfully,

5, Turner's Wood, Hampstead, N.W. 11. R. C. JERRAM.

A JAPANESE FISHERMAN

SIR,—The enclosed photograph shows a type of Japanese fisherman now rarely seen. His grass skirt—or rather, apron—is very old-fashioned indeed. The net so carefully gathered in his hands is thrown with a swing which spreads it into a great bell. When it has settled to the bottom it is pulled in, and the weighted edges imprison the fish. This method of fishing is fairly common along the coast, but the old chap in the picture was just setting out to fish a tiny stream. His catch would be two or three inches long.

Yours faithfully,

Shizuoka, Japan. E. H. CASSIDY.

LATE BIRD MIGRATION

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence under the above heading, a few of my own observations may be of interest. On September 29th I saw three swifts on Stiffkey salt marshes. On October 8th a single swift passed me after a heavy rainstorm, flying low in a south-east direction. This was at Hockwold, near Brandon, Suffolk—a very late record. A flock of ten stone curlew on October 19th at Feltwell was my last record. Four passed over Brandon the previous evening.

Yours faithfully,

Brandon, Suffolk. W. A. CADMAN.

COWS AS WEATHER PROPHETS

SIR,—I see the following sentence in Captain Monckton's article: "If the cows are lying down it is going to rain." I was born and bred in the country and am nearly 80 years old, but I have no doubt at all that the universal belief in the country, at any rate in the south (I know nothing of the north), is that if the cows are lying down it is *not* going to rain; if the said cows—without being disturbed—rise and begin to feed, you may be sure that rain is not very far off.

I feel quite sure that, whenever I have noticed the cows forecasting the weather in this manner, they have always been right. Yours faithfully,

Swanage, Dorset. A. J. L.

WILD BEES IN KENYA

SIR,—Can any reader advise the best means of destroying wild bees in Kenya when they infest houses and buildings, getting into the walls and underneath the floors? Burning or pouring boiling water on to the swarms is often impracticable.

Yours faithfully,

Fourneres, Lindfield, Sussex. DONALD SETH-SMITH.

[In England the only practical remedy is carefully to cement or otherwise stop up all holes and crevices, but before doing so it would be well to pour or syringe paraffin into their retreats. Perhaps some Kenya reader can help?—ED.]

HATCH MANSFIELD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King

5 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

* * *

Special Bottlings of

SANDEMAN

VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919*	120/-	Per dozen delivered
VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922*	90/-	
VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929*	60/-	

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

TAKEN WITH A NO. 2 BROWNIE
(See Letter "Snapshot of Wild Elephants")

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Snapshot of Wild Elephants.—I enclose herewith a snapshot of wild elephants taken with a No. 2 Brownie camera, which may be of interest to your readers, several of whom have suggested my sending it to you.—H. ROGERS, Kadalparai Estate, Mudio, P.O., via Pollachi, S. India.

Periscope on a Golf Course.—I believe that your correspondent in the *Field* of November 30th was in error in stating that the periscope on the Welsh golf course is the only one in Britain. There is one near here, on the Ogbourne Downs golf course, halfway between Marlborough and Swindon. —F. SCOTT, The College, Marlborough, Wilts.

Grey Squirrels and Pheasant.—My keeper saw a grey squirrel attack a full-grown pheasant, which it killed instantly by biting the back of its head. The culprit and three of its relations were subsequently caught on the corpse before it was removed by a larger animal.—JOHN P. S. CLARKE, Broadhurst Manor, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

Spinners and Nymphs.—May I demur to the editorial dictum in the note appended to Mr. Severn's letter? Surely "fishing wet" means fishing the fly *below* the surface of the water, as opposed to fishing the fly floating *upon* the surface. No matter what regrettable attitude the fly may assume, it is surely a dry fly (however paradoxically wet it may be) so long as it is not sunk.—A. IRVING MUNTZ, Ecchinswell House, near Newbury.

An Egg-Laying Record?—Two years ago I wrote you about a white leghorn hen of mine that had laid 997 eggs in seven years. She has just died of old age, after laying 73 eggs in 1934 and 66 in 1935, bringing her total to 1,136. She laid her last egg in July. Surely this is a wonderful record?—GEO. O. NICHOLSON, Rose Hill, Market Harborough.

"WHISKEY" ON WHEELS
(See Letter "A Diminutive Hunt Terrier")

A Diminutive Hunt Terrier.—It might amuse your readers to see the enclosed photograph of Whiskey, the diminutive terrier of the North Herefordshire Hunt, on the road after a meet.—M. W., Hereford.

Milkweed Butterfly as Prey of Pipit.—With regard to a letter in the *Field* of November 23rd, about a milkweed butterfly being found here, I identified the insect myself, and have kept the remains.—R. N. WINNALL, Penally, Pembrokeshire.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, are anxious to help a one-armed girl (aged thirteen) who has the makings of a clever and intelligent secretary. Her training at a well-known clerical college would last for two years, and the sum of £35 is needed to cover the fees, etc. Her father earns only 30/- weekly as an insurance clerk, and as there are two other children, extra fees are quite beyond the family budget. The girl is unusually gifted, and the Friends of the Poor feel that, in view of her handicap, it is essential that she should be helped to become self-supporting. Donations towards the £35 will be gratefully received and acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN

★
(1) HUNGARIAN LIVE GAME FOR RESTOCKING ?

(Prices for Partridges 9/6 a brace live delivery in December)

★
(2) SALMON BEATS ON 18 OF THE BEST AVAILABLE RIVERS OF NORWAY ?

★
(3) RODS ON A FIRST-CLASS RIVER IN ICELAND ?

★
(4) A TIGER SHOOT IN INDIA THIS WINTER ?

★
(5) PIG STICKING IN IRAQ *THIS WINTER* ?

If interested you are invited to write to—

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: Whitehall 9797
Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

IN THE CITY

THE BLACK SHEEP

NO particular credit is claimed for the appreciation which has taken place in the values of approximately 80 per cent. of the securities recommended in this column during 1935, since Stock Exchange price levels, as a whole, have tended towards higher levels. In a few cases this appreciation could almost be described as spectacular, whereas of the remaining 20 per cent. some have not materially altered in value. In six cases, however, the securities recommended for purchase are definitely standing at lower prices now than when mentioned, and, risking the Editor's scorn, the writer intends to-day to follow the course (which seems unfashionable in financial columns) of referring only to these black sheep, which are named below:

	Offered Price when recommended.	Present Bid Price.
Gordon Hotels 6% Cons. First Mort. Deb. 1975 ...	74 xd. ..	64
Brazil 5% 20 year Funding 1951	82 ..	62½
Central Argentine 5% Deb. 1967/87	82 ..	69
Argentine Navigation 10% Cum. Partic. Pref.	23/- ..	20/-
William Cory £1 ordinary ..	80/- ..	77/-
Manila Railway 3½% "B" Debenture	41½ ..	36

The accounts of the Gordon Hotels, Limited, for the year ended on June 30th, 1935, showed that after meeting expenses, etc., and after charging interest at the full rate of 6 per cent. on the Debenture Stock (although only 4 per cent. is being paid in cash) there was a net deficit of £8,270. This was not a very satisfactory showing, but results were better than those for the three preceding years when the deficit ranged from £23,535 to £34,716, and it is to be noted that the interest on the Debenture Stock actually paid in cash was more than covered by revenues. Although business in the London hotels arising from the Jubilee celebrations, Royal weddings, etc., will not be repeated during the current financial year, the company seemingly can count on a larger number of American tourists in view of the better conditions in the United States, and there does not appear to be sufficient cause to warrant a sale of this holding at present levels, bearing in mind the satisfactory cover for the capital as opposed to the interest requirements.

Last August the position of the Brazilian Government obligations was reviewed, but since the status of the four Funding issues and the specially secured State of San Paulo 7 per cent. Coffee Realisation Loan now seems as much dependent on politics as economics, it is impossible to offer categorical advice to holders, although it is felt that the retention of these senior issues is likely to prove justified in the long run by those prepared to ignore temporary fluctuations in price.

The accounts of the Central Argentine Railway, Ltd., for the year ended on June 30th last indicated that profits were only moderately in excess of interest charges owing to the necessity of writing-off no less than £1,228,000 for exchange losses. It does not seem probable that the exchange losses will grow any larger, indeed, some amelioration of the position may be forthcoming this year.

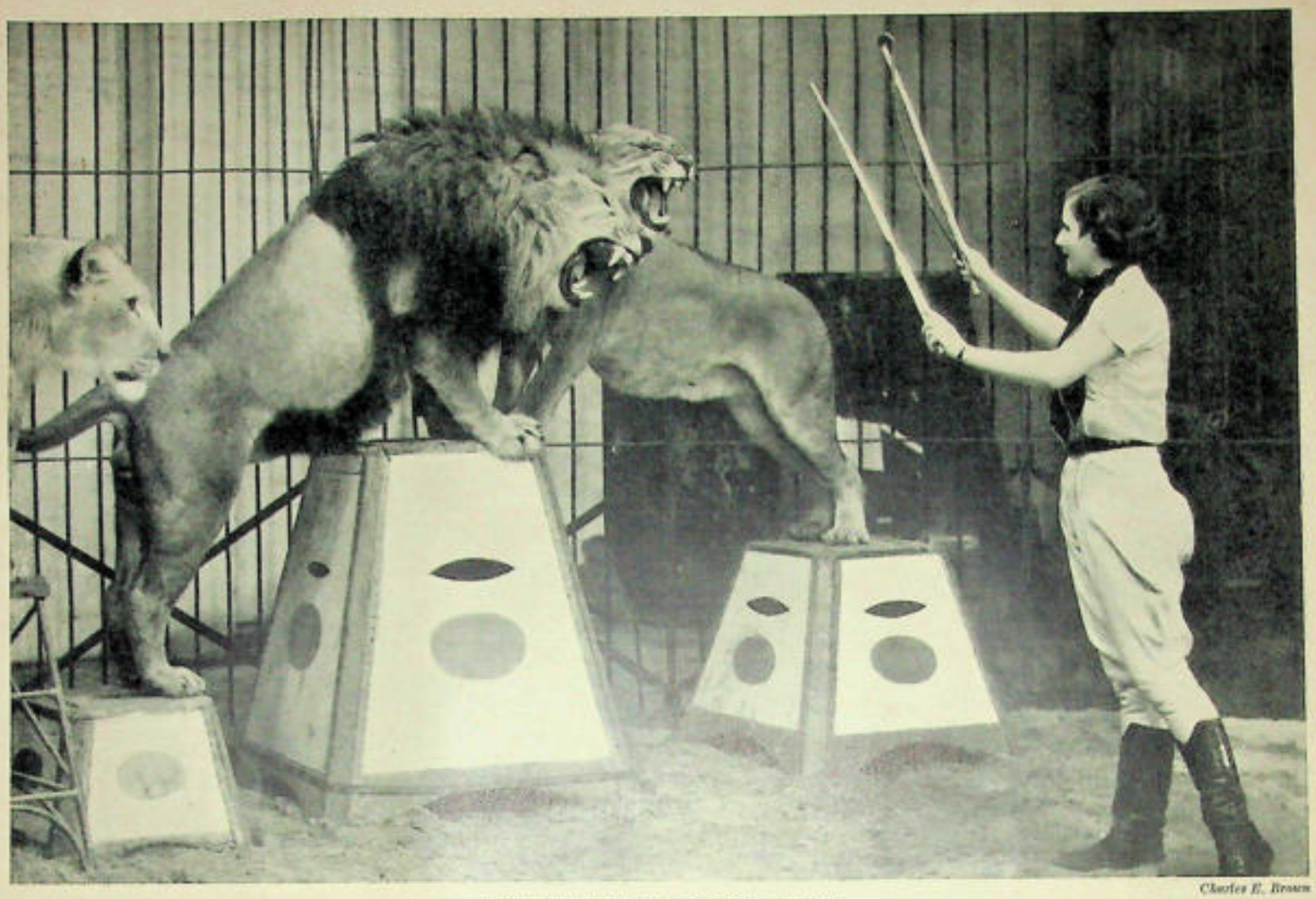
In respect of 1934, dividend payments on the preference shares of the Argentine Navigation Company totalled 8 per cent. The monthly traffics published during the current year show that for the first eight months receipts in pesos have been widely in excess of those for the corresponding months of 1934 (on the average the excess is 13 per cent.) and the yield offered at the current price of the shares seems abnormal.

Earlier in the year the ordinary shares of William Cory changed hands up to 88/4½, but they have fallen back recently owing to fears that if the present demands of the coal miners for an increase in wages should lead to the establishment of a central selling agency the company's margin of profit may be reduced—the wide difference between pithead and retail prices being one of the chief points now at issue. Some adverse effects may possibly be occasioned in this respect, but it should be remembered that the company has wide interests (amongst others the sole selling agency for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company), and the writer is loath to recommend a sale of shares of such a very well-managed company at current price levels.

For the year ended on June 30th last the Manila Railway Company (1906), Ltd., reported a balance of £219,314 available to meet interest charges of £160,992. The 3½ per cent. "B" Debentures still seem worth considering on the basis originally suggested, namely, as a possible alternative to some of the Brazilian and other South American railway stocks.

Everything comes to those who wait.

PACTOLUS.



Charles E. Brown

FROM BALLET DANCER TO LION TRAINER

Miss Patricia Bourne, with some of her lions, which will take part in her daring acts in Mr. Bertram Mills's circus at Olympia on December 20th. Miss Bourne is twenty-two, was born in Lancashire, and was formerly a ballet dancer

IN THE RING AT OLYMPIA

Mr. Bertram Mills's Great Christmas Circus

ANYONE who has seen Mr. Bertram Mills's circus as it is to-day, with its perfect organisation and its varied acts from all over the world, which appeal to thousands, from "grown-ups of seven to children of seventy," as its proprietor once observed, will find it almost impossible to believe that the huge business was started as the result of a bet after a supper party at Olympia.

That was some sixteen years ago when, after seeing an indifferent show, Mr. Mills threatened to eat his hat if he could not put on a better one himself. He knew no more of lion tamers or the circus world than the average man in the street, but before the war had been actively engaged in the show ring world, and had had much to do with harness horses and show wagons. Those who can recall that period will remember the spanking way in which he used to "tool" Miss Ella Ross's blacks along in the ring or on the highway.

Determined to follow in the footsteps of Sanger, Ringling, and Barnum, with supreme optimism he put the whole of his fortune and his boundless energy into the circus business. When one considers that his total financial commitments before the doors open at Olympia amount to some £60,000, and that he and his sons travel the year round all over the world to find new turns and novel acts, one can imagine how proud he must be that he has saved his hat!

Now once more, after a very successful "tenting season" in the North, the circus once more comes under the glass roof of vast Olympia, and Mr. Bertram Mills presents a long and varied programme which consists of talent not often found under one "big top."

There are, of course, the usual bevy of clowns, headed by Joe Craston, who took Whimsical Walker's lamented place last year, comic cyclists, stilt walkers and others to provoke laughter, and there is also a breath-taking high wire act contributed by a family of five brothers and sisters, while Con Colleano, who is described as the world's greatest wire walker, promises some sensational slack wire performances. But for sheer thrill the turn of the show will be that of Patricia Bourne, who surely must be the youngest lion tamer in the world. She has been engaged to exhibit Mr. Mills's lions and was originally a ballet dancer before taking up her hazardous profession. She is proud of her charges, has no fear, and sees nothing extraordinary in being alone in a cage with seven or eight full grown lions. "They never make a mistake unless I do," is her generous tribute to her charges.

There are six baby elephants (their ascertained weight is some four-and-a-half tons, so one uses the term "baby" somewhat advisedly), which Mr. Mills bought in Burma some time ago and which will be exhibited by Gindli, an expert in elephant training and also a great authority on their habits and strange affections.

The horses have been left to the last and provide some of the best turns of the whole show. A young Pole, M. C. Mroczkowsky, has trained them on methods based on patience, kindness and gentle handling. He appears at Olympia with his Anglo-Polish stallions in a colourful equestrian ballet in which he takes the part of a Cossack, and the horse he rides himself was at one time a Polish cavalry trooper which was cast from that army as being incurably vicious!

Another daring equestrian act is that of the Eight Corinthians; and there is also plenty of high-school riding, too. Why the latter is not more appreciated in this country I cannot imagine, as the evolutions have all a definite purpose and are in point of fact a relic of the old cavalry training of the times when the "great horse," such as that on which Charles I is shown mounted in his statue at Charing Cross, was the only animal considered fit for cavalry work. Shetland ponies are staged in acts in which they pass through doors and look through windows and are sure to meet with appreciation. Horses and ponies have ever been the backbone of the circus ever since Phillip Astley started his show with a couple of horses in an empty field hard by where Waterloo Station now stands. His humble beginning marks a contrast to the hundred odd horses which will be stabled at Olympia this year.

WILLIAM FAWCETT.

New Books

WOODS NEAR ATHENS

Some Shakespearean Posies

PROFESSOR MADDEN has suggested that Shakespeare's recollections of country life may be regarded as, in some sense, "a fragment of an autobiography." Miss Eleanour Rohde, in *Shakespeare's Wild Flowers*, wherein are also included his "fairy lore, gardens, herbs, gatherers of simples and bee lore," says much the same as Professor Madden since she says that Shakespeare writes of wild flowers not as a botanist but as the countryman. And true it is that of the hints given in his plays and poems we best may build the bard's private life. "Most poets," wrote Anthony à Wood of Shakespeare's contemporary, George Peele, "die poor and consequently obscurely and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves." Had it not been for these signposts, these "facetious graces in writting," Shakespeare's personality had perhaps perished as completely as that of Homer. Yet not quite, for in contemporary criticism of his work, much of which is adverse, we find nothing but affection for the man's lovable nature. Miss Rohde in her present book of quotation and harmonious commentary brightens not a little the mirror by which we may see and judge Shakespeare the man. Indeed, it is only now when I have read Miss Rohde that I realise how much Will Shakespeare knew of fairies and their companion bees. Mostly Shakespeare's fays are pretty and playful; they are not Saxon Robins a-Robin, or the great wild giants of Ossian who cry "Hiv! Haw Hougraich! It is a drink of thy blood that quenches my thirst this night!" Yet Mamillius, that delightful child, would have whispered a tale of goblins ("Dwelt by a churchyard; I will tell it softly; yon crickets shall not hear it") save that the entrance of Leontes stops the bloodcurdling recital. It is interesting to remember here that Mr. Swinburne, no less, has said that Mr. Kenneth Grahame's Harold would have been "a good playfellow for Shakespeare's Mamillius."

When Miss Rohde writes of Sir Christopher Hatton (he who "danced with grace") and his city rose garden, which Shakespeare must have known well, she says no word of that famous housewarming at Ely House, when Dame Alice danced with the Black Figurant. It is quite possible that Shakespeare was present on that awe-inspiring occasion among the "knights, poets and gentlemen."

But Miss Rohde makes amends when she writes of noble Shakespearean salads and Shakespearean apples and Warden pears. Yet possibly the most interesting and practical chapter in a delightful book is the one which gives the authoress's expert recommendations as to how to make a Shakespearean garden. To this she adds a selection of Shakespearean mottoes for sundials. Yet she omits one that once I read on a dial set up in a sixteenth-century rose garden, set up, I hope, by a sixteenth-century lover for his sixteenth-century lass:

"Then come kiss me, Sweet and twenty—
Youth's a stuff will not endure."

I cannot leave Miss Rohde's valuable addition to Shakespearean scholarship without a reference to the illustrations, so suitable and characteristic. These are reproduced from the water-colour drawings of Jacques le Moyne de Morgues in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and they are very beautiful.

P. R. C.

Shakespeare's Wild Flowers. (Medici Society; 8/6.)

KENYA IN THREE MONTHS

MANY travellers write accounts of their journeys; visitors to Kenya more than most. Lady Evelyn Cobbold has followed in the foot-steps of others, and in *Kenya: The Land of Illusion*, gives us a readable and chatty account of her experiences. She makes no attempt to dive into politics and confines herself to the general incidents which occurred on her wanderings. She seems to have enjoyed everything and, thanks to her energy, to have got a lot into the three months she spent in the colony.

Many visitors follow the beaten track and never leave the highlands. Not so Lady Evelyn. Taking full advantage of the road system which, at any rate in dry weather, makes motoring possible, she dashed up to Marsabit, back to the Aberdares, visited the southern game reserve, and even found time for a short porter safari to the Tana river falls.

Her book is really an amplified diary, and in it she describes everything she sees and most of the people she meets. When she writes of conversations she always makes them interesting: if she has included a few "Travellers' Tales," what of it? After all they might so easily be true. Lady Evelyn is at her best when describing country and scenery. She has a quick eye for colour and paints a word picture which is both true and convincing—a rare achievement. This, coupled with her obvious capacity for being interested in everything, gives the book its charm.

One could wish she had found someone to revise her work before publication, for obvious ethnological and zoological errors could have been avoided and spelling of names corrected. Such mistakes as Lake "Boringa," the "Bomo or Capital" and the "Vivirucha" Crane are unnecessary and detract from the result. The book is illustrated with over 20 photographs, some of which are excellent, and has a sketch map and index.

K. F. T. C.

Kenya: The Land of Illusion. By Lady Evelyn Cobbold. (John Murray; 10/6.)

YONDER HE GOES

THERE is at this season of the year always a large influx of hunting books, but in *Yonder He Goes* the author, Mr. Ralph Greaves, has selected the happy idea of writing a series of sketches in the form of a hunting calendar. They are written in a light easy vein with an evident amount of personal experience underlying the various phases of the hunting year. They do not, as is pointed out, make any pretence to add to the already vast store of hunting literature that is at our disposal, but the author recreates for us the pleasures of the hunting year, giving as he does a fuller understanding of the best spirit of foxhunting, and, what is more important, a real appreciation of hound work which is sadly lacking at the present time, but which may perhaps be rejuvenated in the future by the members of the Pony Club for which the pages of this book are primarily intended.

All the changing seasons are dealt with, and it will appeal to a wide circle who will find in Ralph Greaves a kindred spirit. He is evidently one of those who, like Jorrocks, "wot come out to 'unt." Having hunted through his pages with him from January to December, I can frankly say that he has found a good fox and hunted him very handsomely. The illustrations by T. Ivester Lloyd do much to embellish the value of the book.

W. F.

Yonder He Goes. By Ralph Greaves. Illustrated by T. Ivester Lloyd. (Collins. London. 10/6 net.)

THE NEW SPORTING JACKET

THE "LONG-BAK" (REGD.)

Illustrated List on application

The most perfect for **SHOOTING, GOLF, FISHING, &c.**

WESTS—the originators of "Plus-Fours"—apply the same "Fall-over" principle to the "Long-Bak" and achieve a greater measure of Freedom for Arm and Shoulder Play than has ever previously been attained, and the quickest Shot or most difficult Cast can be made without tug—or fear of tug—to mar its Precision.

MADE in Real Harris and other Homespuns—Gabardines, Corduroy, &c.—it also makes up to great advantage in Leather.

WEST & SON, LTD.

ORIGINATORS OF "PLUS-FOURS"

FIELD HOUSE, 152, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams: "PLUSFOURS, WESDO, LONDON." Cables: "PLUSFOURS, LONDON."

BERTRAM

MILLS' CIRCUS

OLYMPIA

GRAND HALL Adj. ADDISON Rd Stn.

DEC. 20 1935 to JAN. 25 1936

Daily 2.30 & 7.30

RESERVED SEATS 3/9, 6/-, 8/- & 10/6
UNRESERVED SEATS 2/6
RESERVED BOXES £2 2 0 to £4 4 0
All prices include tax and admission to Fun Fair.
ADMISSION TO FUN FAIR ONLY, 1/3

THREE SHOWS BOXING DAY and DEC. 27th & 28th at 2-0 : 5-30 : 8-30

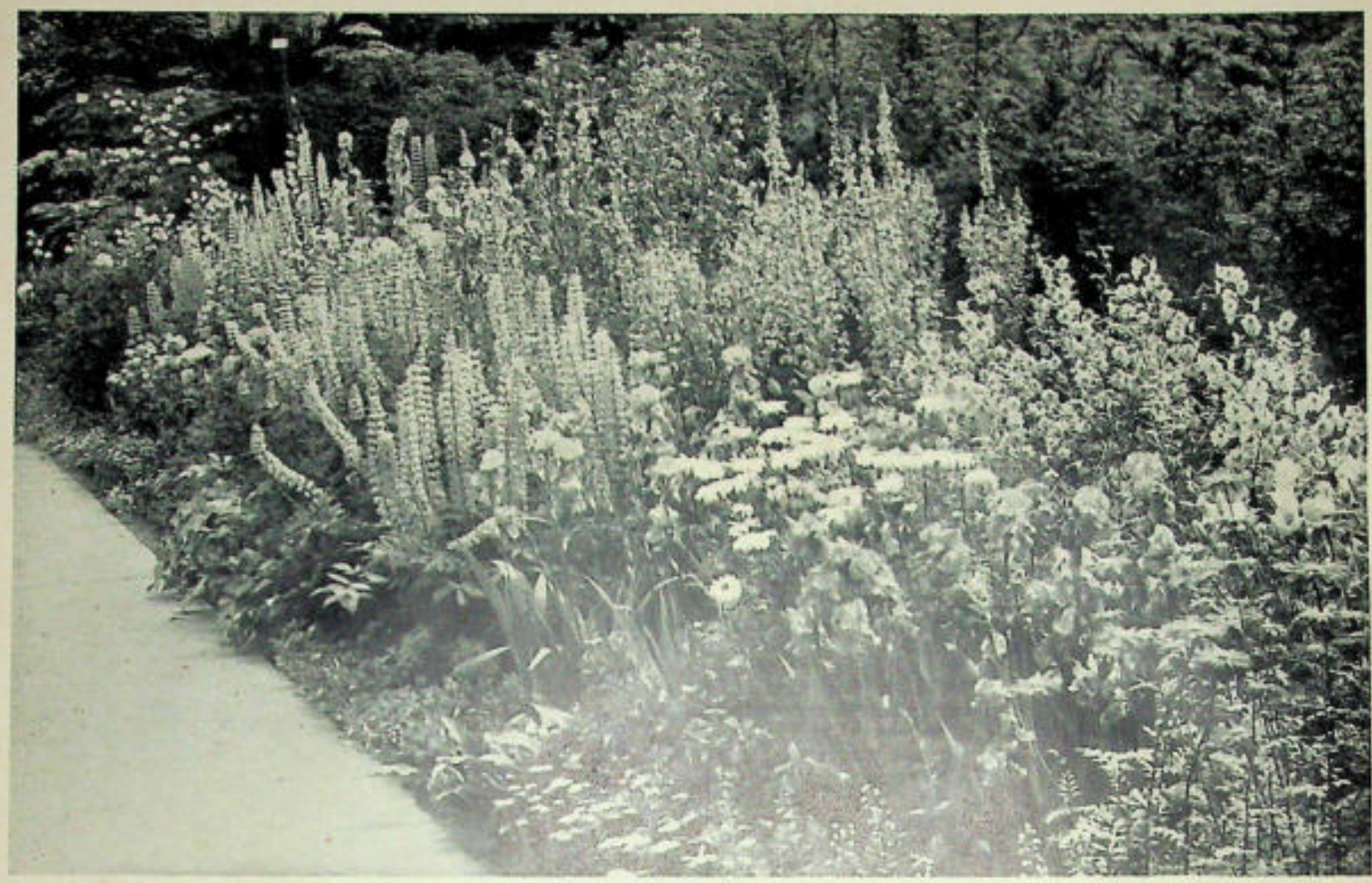
BOX OFFICE, OLYMPIA, OPEN DAILY 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Plans: Hayward's Book Shop

Seats also bookable at usual Agencies and Libraries.

There's a good drink coming when the syphon *says* . . .

★ Schweppes Soda Water is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . . .



GROUPS OF LUPINS, CAMPANULAS, AND ANCHUSAS, IN THE EARLY SUMMER BORDER

The Country House

EARLY SUMMER BORDERS

New Varieties of Old Favourites

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

IN most gardens the effort is made to secure a good effect in the principal herbaceous borders both in early summer and in late summer and early autumn. This is extremely difficult, for the latest summer and autumn subjects take considerable space, and delphiniums, when their flowering period is over, leave big gaps.

I think it is far more satisfactory to try and make two good borders, the one for May and June subjects, and the other for late summer and autumn. It is easy enough to give the May border a certain amount of interest in the later months by inter-planting with subjects which take very little space. Such as the new hybrid small annual sunflowers, with pleasing bronze, or pale yellow flowers on stems 3ft. or 4ft. high, *Galtonia candicans* gladioli and easy lilies, such as *L. regale* and the tiger lilies.

Most of the showy May and June flowering subjects do best on a light well-drained soil, notably lupins, anchusas, heucheras, geums, pinks, Sweet Williams, campanulas, pyrethrums and Oriental poppies. Heavy soils have to be thoroughly lightened, therefore, by liberal additions of sand, leaf mould and wood ash. Erigerons do well in almost any soil. Peonies and columbines both like a rich, cool soil.

Lupins are very short-lived perennials, and consequently buying the roots is an extravagant proceeding, unless some exceptionally good named varieties are required. Seed of all the best colours can be cheaply procured, and I suppose there is no early flowering subject which makes such a display at so little cost. Further, lupins being rabbit proof, do admirably in grass land, but it must be remembered that no lupin tolerates chalk.

I had some planning to do recently in a garden where the herbaceous border led past a yew hedge into a field with a fine oak at the further end. I was asked to suggest some arrangement whereby this field should be made attractive and yet not strictly part of the garden. I suggested a narrow path leading to the tree, the path laid with big, uneven flagstones of the type one sometimes sees marking a field path, June-flowering irises on both sides (these irises are rabbit-proof), lupins behind them and beyond big drifts of lupins growing in the grass. I think that this will be a very lovely picture, involving the minimum of expense and upkeep. There is a great deal of satisfaction in getting a good picture at little cost. It is easy enough to secure effect where expense is no object, but surely far more interesting to secure it at the minimum of cost.

It is worth taking the trouble to plant every lupin seed singly 6in. apart. They are tap-rooted, dislike root disturbance, and planted at this distance there is no need to transplant twice. Put into their flowering positions they should be 18in. apart. Seed should be sown in spring. The modern annual lupins are very good, although they do not attain much over 2ft. The tall pink and blue are the best. These annual lupins have to be sown where they are to flower, as they cannot be transplanted successfully. They should be thinned to 18in. apart.

Anchusas have always been favourites, and there is a beautiful new variety called Morning Glory, with flowers double the size of Dropmore. It attains quite 6ft. The early flowering *Anchusa myosotidiflora* is not so commonly grown as it might be. It is only about 2ft. high, but the flowers are a good blue.

Oriental poppies are now so magnificent that they need careful placing or they completely eclipse everything within range! The trouble with these plants is that after flowering their foliage is so untidy and unattractive. It is a good plan to plant gladioli near them. Ethel Swete is one of the very best pink Oriental poppies, and the apricot pink, Mrs. Perry, is an established favourite. For those who like a gorgeous scarlet of immense size on vigorous erect stems there is nothing to equal Goliath. King George has beautiful fringed scarlet flowers. Masterpiece is curiously attractive, a sort of bronze pink. Olympia is a double variety with orange-red flowers, but attains only about 2ft. Peter Pan with cherry-red flowers on stems about 18in. high is good for the front row. A border devoted to Oriental poppies is magnificent, but it is essential to plant enough of the paler shades, such as Silver Queen and Perry's White, to show off the others.

Heucheras only succeed on thoroughly well-drained soil and in full sun, and once planted they should never be disturbed. There is a new, very early flowering variety—Petworth. It has vivid coral flowers on 18-in. stems, and is in bloom from May to the end of July. Pluie de Feu is now a well-known favourite, and flowers from June onwards. *H. brizoides gracillima* is lovely, with pale pink flowers on stems 2½ft. high. All the heucheras are invaluable for cutting for mixed bowls of flowers.

Pyrethrums should be planted either in a damp spell in very early autumn or in April. I far prefer the graceful single varieties to the rather heavy double kinds. They make admirable edgings in the kitchen garden. Amongst the best of the new kinds are Scarlet Glow, with long stout stems, and Mrs. James Leake, a rich, beautiful pink. Harold Robinson is one of the most free flowering crimson kinds. In lifting and dividing pyrethrums the roots, which are solid and ball-like, should be cut with a clean, sharp knife. They should be quite 15in. apart. Watering at the time of planting is apt to make them rot in the centre, so a wet spell should be chosen.

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, January 18th. Envelopes must be marked "Photographic Competition" and addressed to The Editor, "Field" Newspaper, The Field House, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4. 2. Only amateur photographers are eligible to compete. 3. Photographs should be sent unmounted, and no prints will be returned. 4. No correspondence will be entered into concerning the competition and the Editor's decision will be final. 5. Any photograph reproduced in the "Field," apart from the winning entries, will be paid for at the rate of 10/6. 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.

THE OXFORD (LEFT) AND CAMBRIDGE FIFTEENS AT TWICKENHAM

OXFORD

Standing, left to right: Prince A. Obolensky, J. A. Brett, R. F. Harding, C. T. Bloxham, J. H. Pienaar, P. C. W. Disney, G. A. Reid. Seated: G. R. Rees-Jones, C. F. Grieve, M. McG. Cooper, K. L. T. Jackson, J. S. M. McShane, N. F. McGrath. On ground: M. M. Walford, J. L. Stuart-Watson, H. M. Hughes

CAMBRIDGE

Standing, left to right: F. W. Cocks, K. G. Irving, J. R. Rawlence. Second row: J. S. Young, H. P. Dinwiddy, J. R. C. Lord, W. B. Young, W. M. Inglis. Seated: G. W. Parker, C. D. Laborde, K. C. Fyfe, W. Wooller, C. W. Jones. On ground: J. D. Low and J. R. Stewart

STORMING THE ALL BLACKS

Irish Tactics that Shook the Tourists

IT was in some ways unfortunate for the English and Welsh International Rugby Selectors that they had to concentrate on their own trial matches last Saturday instead of watching the great struggle between Ireland and New Zealand in Dublin. This Irish match would not, perhaps, have taught them much that they did not know about the New Zealanders, but it provided fresh evidence of the type of play and players needed to beat the visiting side. The Irish match was totally different from the Scottish match, but there was one similarity worth noting. Against Scotland the New Zealanders gained a lead of 13 points to 5 in the first half and were held to even scoring in the second half. Against Ireland they gained a lead of 11 points to 6 in the first half and were really outplayed in the second half, though they added 6 points to Ireland's 3, to win by three goals (two penalties) and two tries (17 points) to two penalty goals and a try (9 points).

The moral of this comparison is that Scotland and Ireland both took the best part of the first half to get going properly, and it is hardly reasonable to expect anything else from teams with new and old players playing together for the first time. To be real tests of Rugby strength, the International matches against the New Zealanders ought to be played at the end of the International season instead of at the beginning. Unfortunately, it seems impracticable for touring sides which arrive here at the beginning of our football season to prolong their stay for this purpose; but a later arrival and a later departure would certainly enable the International matches to be played on more level terms.

As against Scotland, it was chiefly the New Zealanders' team work that pulled them through against Ireland. No visiting side can ever have had a more severe gruelling than the New Zealanders underwent in the second half, when the Irish forwards lived right up to their national reputation for sustained fury. The New Zealanders must be given full credit for their defence, often desperate but never wavering, during this period. But the result demonstrated once more the old axiom that forwards can seldom win matches on their own.

The Irish backs were too weak to be able to drive home the advantage gained by their forwards in the second half. Worse still, they revealed gaps in defence, from which the New Zealand backs were quick to benefit in the first half. The only consolation for Ireland was that G. J. Morgan, at scrum-half, was fully the equal of B. S. Sadler, the clever New Zealand scrum-half, and that C. V. Boyle made a very promising first appearance at right-wing three-quarter. The centre three-quarters were quite unable to cope with the versatile T. H. C. Caughey and C. J. Oliver, who showed once more what dangerous players they are if they are allowed room to move.

The New Zealand backs have thriven on experience, and at full strength they are undoubtedly a fine combination. But they can play only as well as they are allowed to do, and the story of this match is that in the first half they were allowed to play devastatingly well and in the second half they were not. Scarcely a back movement was then allowed to develop in face of the fiery Irish forwards, of whom Beamish, Ross and Deering were particularly outstanding. Ireland may be accounted unfortunate in one respect. Early in the second half Siggins, the Irish captain, capped a glorious forward rush with what appeared to nearby spectators to be a clear try. But the referee was apparently unsighted and disallowed a score. This naturally gave rise to hot debate as to the probable effect on the course of the match of an Irish try at that time, when the forwards were running into their fiercest form. But the chief point was that the New Zealanders won this match, as they have won most others, by taking their chances when they came, and the side which makes the fewest mistakes stands the best chance of beating them.

England's chance of doing so will be more clearly estimated when the second and final trial is played at Twickenham next week. Last Saturday's trial at Moseley was not quite as satisfactory as a victory for the Probables over the Possibles by 21 points to 6 would suggest. It confirmed the good form shown by B. C. Gadney, at scrum-half, this season, and at stand-off half P. L. Candler showed up very favourably. At his best Candler can be brilliant, but so far he has been a little too variable to be really convincing.

At centre-three-quarter England must have two players as strong in defence as attack for the New Zealanders, and it was good to see P. Cranmer in something like his best form. The old international R. A. Gerrard, playing for the Possibles, looked the next best centre, and there would be much to recommend these two as strong and sound all-round centres, experienced enough to give little away and make the most of their chances. At full back H. G. Owen Smith was as good as ever, and here at least is a challenge to the best that G. Gilbert, New Zealand's fine full back, can produce.

The selection of the England pack, so vital to success, is evidently not going to be so easy. The Probables' eight had weight and power but wanted more dash. The Irish forwards showed what could be accomplished by sheer fire and quickness in the open and England cannot afford to ignore that lesson.

F. I. W.

'VARSITY RUGBY SPOILERS

Why Oxford Failed to Win

NOT often, fortunately, does the Oxford v. Cambridge Rugby match produce as many disappointments as last Tuesday's game at Twickenham. The fact that neither side could score was an anti-climax for teams that had previously shown themselves possessed of a good deal of scoring talent. And the play was, to speak plainly, unworthy of 'Varsity Rugby, except in the matter of hard going. The spoiling tactics adopted by both teams virtually killed the more spectacular arts of back play, and the forward play was for the most part very scrambling.

For all the chances they had Oxford ought to have won; but, as was the case last year to a greater extent, they were put off their game by the sheer vigour of the Cambridge spoiling. The Oxford forwards were dashing enough, but not in the co-ordinated way that had marked their play in previous matches. On the other hand, they beat the heavier Cambridge pack in the scrummages with surprising regularity, and almost throughout the game they took scrummages instead of lines-out. Their good work was spoiled, however, by slow heeling, which seldom gave the half backs a chance to open up an attack that had any prospects of success against quick-breaking forwards and strong-tackling backs.

One of the most disappointing features of the match was the almost complete "black out" of Obolensky, the fast Oxford right-wing three-quarter, who was perhaps the greatest potential scoring force in the match. This was not because he was marked so closely, but because he was never given a single reasonable chance to score. This was, in part at least, due to the fact that Oxford backs made the mistake of attempting too long passes, instead of exploiting the short passing game which they had practised so successfully before, and which offered the best means of getting the ball out to Obolensky quickly. As it was he received the ball certainly no more than half a dozen times throughout the game and never had the faintest chance of getting through. Yet Oxford would undoubtedly have lost the match without him, for no other player could have matched the speed with which he came across to hurl the Cambridge right-wing three-quarter, Rawlence, into touch within inches of the corner flag.

Handicapped as they were by slow heeling, the Oxford half backs yet played well, but neither of the centres was up to his best game, and several passes were dropped or badly given at critical moments. Nor did the Oxford full back give complete confidence, and must sometimes have seriously disturbed his team by his slowness in fielding the ball. Taken all round the Oxford team showed signs of being very considerably rattled, and unable to produce their best at the right moment.

The Cambridge backs showed a good deal more confidence, but here again the Oxford spoiling and close marking cancelled out the scoring power represented by Jones, Wooller and Fyfe. They had nothing like as many chances as the Oxford backs, of course, but they have seldom been thwarted so consistently as they were by Oxford. Wooller was the greatest danger and broke through once or twice with that long, powerful stride of his. Towards the end he also came very near to dropping as spectacular a goal as he scored last year. Rawlence, on the right wing, did well with his few opportunities, and Stewart, the last minute choice for right centre, showed up particularly well in defence. Before the match the Cambridge tackling had been suspect of weaknesses, but it proved even stronger than Oxford's.

The play itself was marred by far too much touch-kicking and far too little attacking spirit, each side concentrating too much on cancelling out the other's strong points.

Taken all round it was a dull match to watch in spite of its excessive vigour. Not for over forty years has there been a 'Varsity match totally barren of scoring. That was in 1892. In only one other match, in 1878, has neither side succeeded in scoring.

WINTER CAME EARLY TO THE HIGHLANDS THIS YEAR, AS MAY BE SEEN ABOVE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN PERTHSHIRE, LOOKING TOWARDS GLENSHEE, WITH BEN GULABIN IN THE BACKGROUND
The car is a Hillman Magnificent, 1936 model

COLD WEATHER PRECAUTIONS IN THE GARAGE

Methods of Counteracting Frost

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

RECENT spells of frosty weather come as a reminder that winter calls for certain precautions in the garage if heavy repair bills and much vexation of spirit are to be avoided. Frost damage is quite inexcusable, because the precautions to be taken are so well known and so elementary that it is almost inconceivable that they should be neglected. However, the fact remains that every winter frost takes a severe toll of the motorist who, although he knows what ought to be done, still neglects to do it.

The best and most obvious counter to cold weather and frost is to have the garage properly central heated and kept at a temperature of between 50 and 60 degrees. Unfortunately, the installation and upkeep of an adequate heating plant is a rather expensive matter and not all who own cars can afford the outlay. Furthermore, it is not every building used as a garage that lends itself to a satisfactory system, so other methods have to be sought for safeguards against the dangers of winter. One possibility is to heat the garage by means of one of the very efficient oil-burning heaters that are sold mainly for greenhouse heating. Most of them are perfectly safe, though for my own part I do not like taking the risk which is almost inseparable from any oil-burning stove or heater. They practically never give any trouble, but personally I have a rooted objection to burning paraffin in a garage where one or more cars are kept with their tanks partially filled with petrol. Nevertheless, the insurance companies approve of certain types and there is no law against using them, and a paraffin-heated garage is certainly better than one that is not heated at all.

There are many ways of preventing damage to the radiator and cylinder block. Although my own garage is kept at a pleasant temperature all through the winter, I make it a rule when the really cold weather sets in to use an anti-freezing compound in the radiators of all my cars. There are many of these sold to-day, and I believe they are all quite efficient in preventing the water freezing at any temperature likely to be experienced in this country. Both commercial glycerine and calcium chloride added to the water is effective. But it is not worth while experimenting with home made preparations when one has the choice of a dozen proprietary brands all of which have been compounded after careful scientific experiment and which carry a guarantee against corrosion of the metals with which they come in contact. Personally I have used Smiths' "Bluecol" for the last two winters and find it not only effective but clean in use.

WEATHER CONDITIONS AT THEIR WORST
Mr. S. Cheal and his passenger, covered from head to foot in mud, pushing their Lewis cycle up Penthold Hill during the annual Southern trial near Horsham last week. Although the course of 37 miles was scheduled to take only 1 hour 50 minutes only one quarter of the competitors had got through after five hours

There is no end to the number of gadgets for keeping the cooling water warm, which ensures an easy start on cold mornings. If the garage is electrically lighted, there are small heaters that can be plugged into the lighting circuit and the heating element dropped into the filling orifice of the radiator. They are inexpensive to buy and the cost of current is negligible when compared with the possible cost of replacing a cracked cylinder block. Another, and more ambitious type of electric heater, is permanently mounted inside the hose connection from the bottom of the radiator to the engine, and all that has to be done is to plug in a wire from the nearest lamp-holder. This supplies heat exactly where it is wanted to maintain a gentle water circulation while the car is not in use.

In addition to these there are several other quite efficient heaters which are suspended under the bonnet, and these are effective so long as the bonnet is well rugged over to prevent the escape of the warmth. Other heaters are designed on the lines of the Davey lamp and use paraffin; these also hang under the bonnet. I have never heard of a case of accident through their use, but I am rather afraid of them—quite needlessly, possibly—but I have all the old-time motorist's horror of bringing flame, however well shielded, anywhere near petrol. Certainly there is very little petrol under the bonnet when the car is standing—a small quantity in the carburettor and a smaller amount still in the pump, but even so to me it seems dangerous. However, a great many of them are sold and prove themselves to be perfectly efficient, but I do think it is essential if a heater of this type is used, that

Before you buy your next car . . .

THE VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX is the car that has changed Riding into Gliding with Independent Springing. A lively six-cylinder engine, roomy luxurious coachwork, Synchro-Mesh, No-Draught Ventilation and an easy jacking system—are other reasons why it is the most popular Light Six to-day. Standard Saloon (12 h.p.) £205. De Luxe Saloon (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) £225. Coupe (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) £245.

THE VAUXHALL BIG SIX is a big, luxurious car in the true Vauxhall tradition with a choice of a 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine. It has Body-Conformity seating—the most comfortable driver's seat ever yet devised—entirely automatic chassis lubrication, Synchro-Mesh and No-Draught Ventilation. Saloon, as illustrated, £325. Wide range of special coach-work models.

Vauxhall

12 H.P.—14 H.P.—20 H.P.—27 H.P.

Wide range of models on view at 174/182, Great Portland Street, London, W.1

We recommend that, in your own interests, you try one or more of the new Vauxhalls.

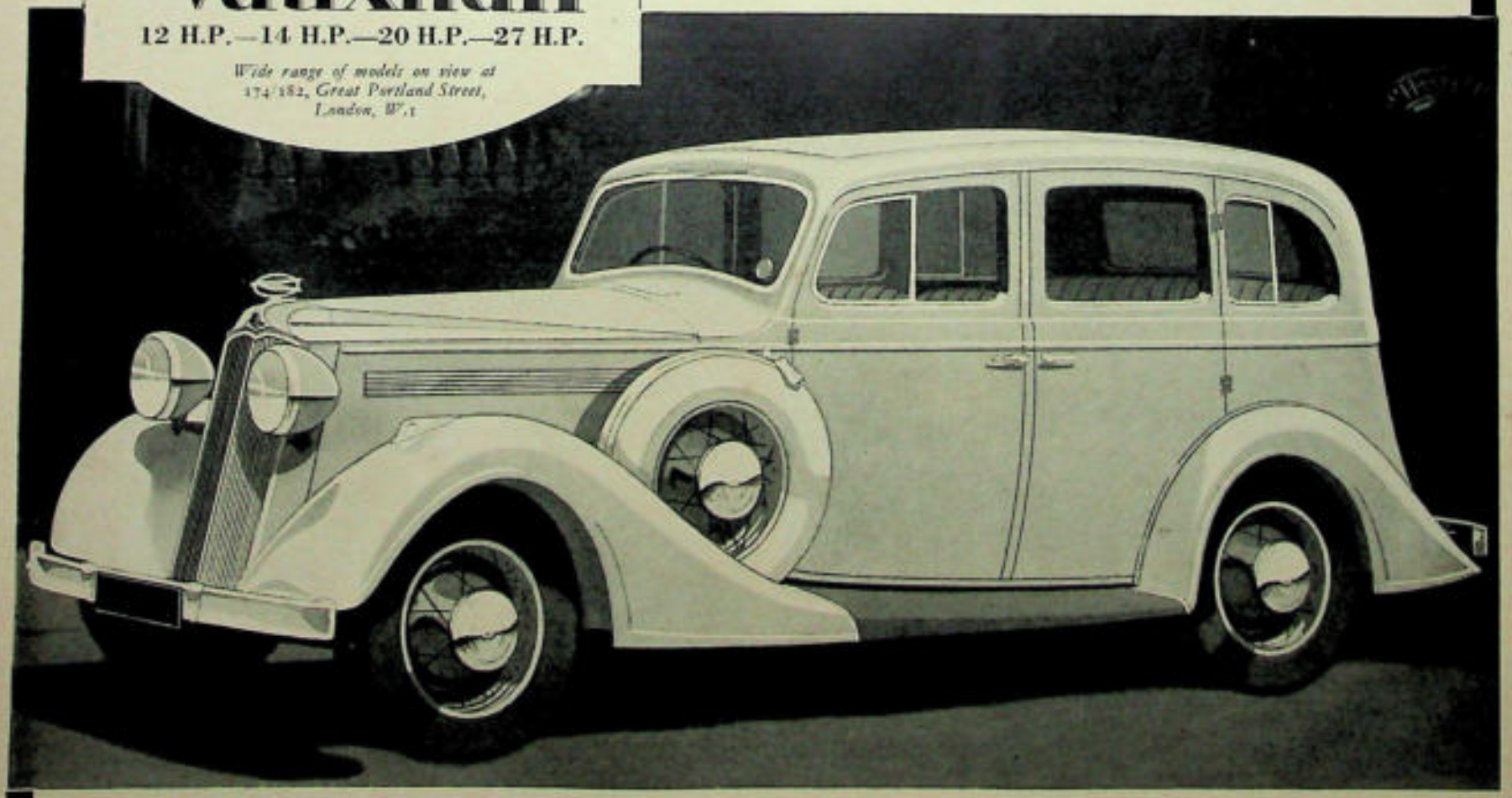
The things we say about the cars we manufacture are not nearly so important as your own impressions after driving a Vauxhall—*plus the experience of thousands of satisfied owners.*

You will have to live with the car of your choice for a long time so, surely, you owe it to yourself to make your tests and comparisons as complete as possible by investigating all cars that come within the price you wish to pay.

Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to place a car at your disposal for a trial run, or if you prefer, we will arrange it for you.

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON.

May we send you copies of the latest Vauxhall catalogues.



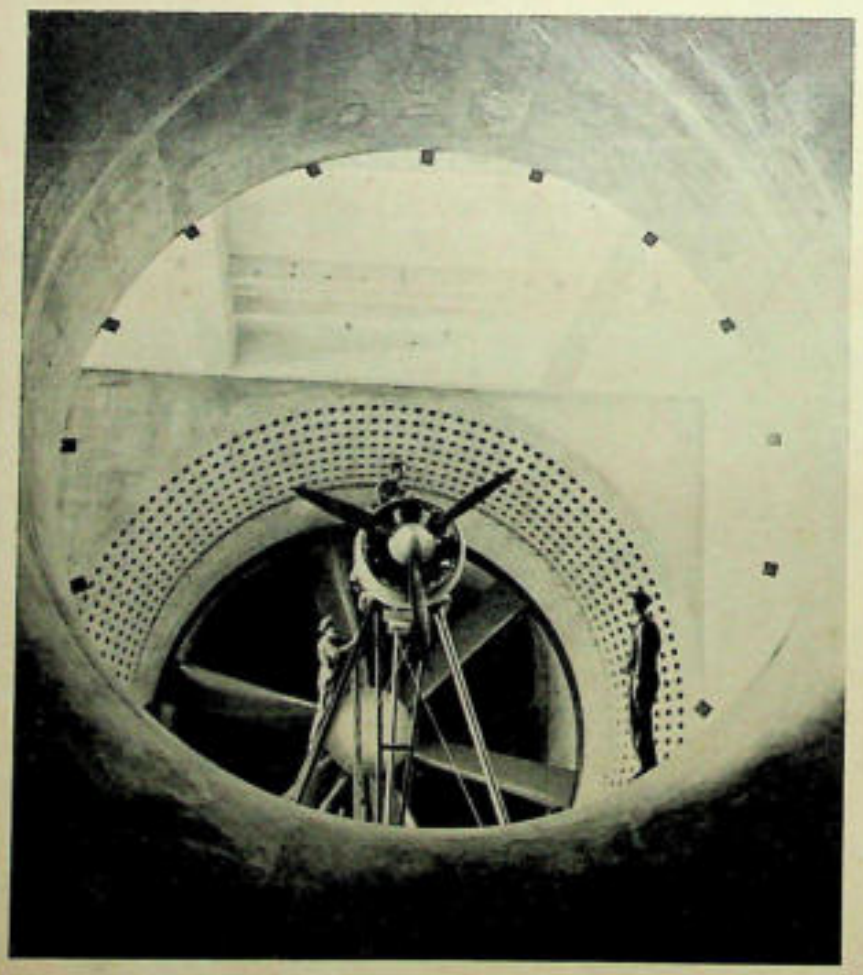
● THE VAUXHALL BIG SIX SALOON 20 H.P. or 27 H.P. **£325**

a petrol cock should be fitted between the pump and the tank; this should be shut when the car is run into the garage for the night and the engine allowed to run until it stops for lack of petrol.

These devices for safeguarding the car during cold weather, however, are rather by way of being makeshifts. I think it was His Majesty the King who said, at the opening of a large public building, that "to be meanly housed is to be meanly esteemed," and this remark is quite as applicable to the car as to its owner. To pay several hundreds of pounds for a good car and then to house it in an unwarmed garage is certainly to meanly esteem it, apart altogether from other considerations of deterioration and damage. Wherever it is at all possible—as it should be in almost every case—some type of heating apparatus ought to be installed in the garage. That, and the use of an anti-freezing compound in the radiator, should eliminate the possibility of damage through frost. I stress the use of the anti-freezing mixture because, however careful one may be, there is always the risk of the heating plant failing just when it is most wanted. I had an experience of such a failure some four or five years ago, and very costly it was, too.

STATIONARY VEHICLES AT NIGHT

THE increase in the number of accidents caused at night by lighted vehicles drawn up on the wrong side of the road has led to the issue of a warning by the Royal Automobile Club.



INSIDE THE WIND TUNNEL
An aero engine being tested at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough

On an insufficiently lighted road, this practice is highly dangerous, for the driver who is faced with white lights instinctively draws over to his left and an accident results.

Even more dangerous is the habit of leaving the headlights of a stationary car full on. When it is on the right-hand side, it is impossible for the drivers of oncoming vehicles to see anything at all.

SOLVING THE SECRETS OF AERO DESIGN

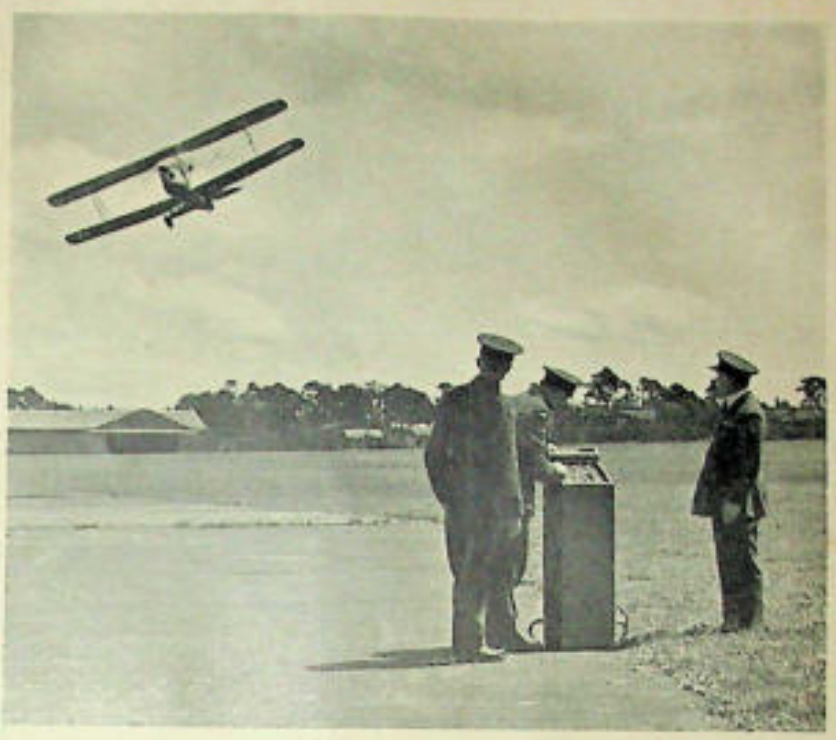
The Scientist's Part in the Development of Aviation

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

SO many sided is the progress of aviation and certain of its aspects so spectacular, that it is not surprising that some of the factors which contribute to it are lost sight of except, perhaps, by those in the closest touch with development. The issue of the annual report for 1934-35 by the Aeronautical Research Committee gives considerable emphasis to this reflection, for its pages provide innumerable instances of the way in which the scientist, by patient study and experiment, is steadily helping forward the advance of flying and providing solutions for its still many problems.

It is not unnatural that this work should go largely unrecognised by those whose interest in flying is only superficial. Many of the researches are, indeed, highly technical, and the lessons they teach may not be absorbed into the general mass of aeronautical practice until a considerable time later, if at all. But the fact remains that, through the work of the A.R.C., an immense amount of extremely valuable data has been collected which could not probably have been obtained by any other means.

The Aeronautical Research Committee, or A.R.C., is, of course, the official body set up by the Government to direct and control research into all problems of flight. It works through the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough and the National Physical Laboratory, as well as in association with the aeronautical departments at the leading universities. From time to time it issues a series of monographs dealing with some specific research under the general title of *Reports and Memoranda* which are, in the main, of interest only to the technically minded. Its annual report, however, sums up the work, and gives a glimpse not only of what has been achieved, but of how many problems there are still to be solved.



THE WIRELESS-CONTROLLED AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT
The main function of these pilotless machines, which are operated entirely by radio, is to provide targets for anti-aircraft guns, but there is no doubt that scientific research will extend their utility

A mere catalogue of subjects investigated shows how wide and complicated are the activities of this body. During the past year, for example, the work on the highly involved question of slots and flaps has been continued; the problem of ice formation, both on wings and in carburetters, has been tackled; new forms of construction for fuselages and wings have been investigated; further study has been made of the water pressure of flying-boat hulls; methods of silencing the noise of airscrews and engine exhaust have been examined; experiments with a view to reducing fuel consumption in both internal combustion and compression-ignition engines have been carried out. These are only a few items selected almost at random; they give an idea of the many tasks that the research departments set themselves.

It is, of course, impossible in an article such as this to attempt any complete review of the work undertaken and the results attained. A better plan is, perhaps, to indicate some of the ways in which this ceaseless research is providing practical benefit to the aviator.

An interesting example is provided by the work on ice-formation. Hitherto, this has been one of the big problems of flight. Ice formation on the wings can become a serious matter; ice in the carburetter may cause engine failure at a critical moment.

For both of these dangers solutions have been found. As a remedy for ice on wings, the "Anticer" has been developed, with results so successful that a commercial undertaking has now marketed the appliance. For the carburetter problem alcohol has been found to be a solution, and a device has been invented for injecting the requisite quantity into the fuel only when it is required.

Interesting as giving an indication of the problems of the future are the researches carried out in connection with high-performance aircraft—the development of which owes, incidentally, a great deal to past work at the R.A.E. and N.P.L. Hitherto, one of the great problems in efficient design has been the reduction of drag, or resistance, to motion through the air; great improvements have been made by means of streamlining; but it is now suggested that, as this approaches its limit, the chief drag of high-speed machines is likely to arise from skin friction, or the actual friction between the surface of the fuselage and wings and the air.

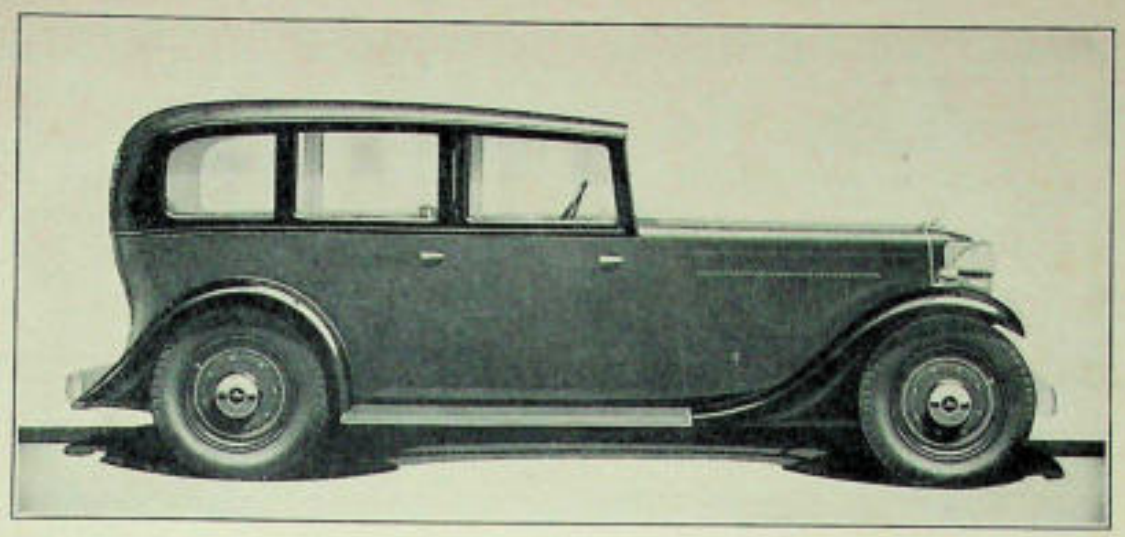
Another pointer for to-morrow is the statement that the construction of flying boats of 200 tons in weight should not present any insoluble difficulties—a conclusion that, coming from this usually cautious source, suggests very big possibilities.

Taken all round, the function of the A.R.C. and its practical organisations is a vital one for the future of flying. It is only by the most searching analysis into apparently trivial details that the near-perfect aircraft can be evolved; the more thorough and widespread that research, the greater may be the eventual results.

There is, in fact, no substitute for the painstaking work of the scientists in the background of aeronautical progress. Criticisms in plenty have been levelled at the R.A.E. It has been alleged that its work is of little immediate value to the industry, and that it is out of touch with the practical needs of the designer. But these criticisms cannot detract from the basic value of the research carried out. Whatever truth there may be in them is rather an indication that the actual mechanism of contact between the laboratory and the factory needs adjustment.

No serious person can justifiably decry the value of Government aeronautical research bodies throughout the world; and there can be no doubt that, among them, the British Aeronautical Research Committee takes a high place.

It has the fine appearance of a quality car . . .



The Twenty H.P. Coachbuilt Saloon, a car of dignity and performance £550

THE FINEST RANGE OF QUALITY CARS

Twelve - *from* £275
Twelve-Plus *from* £295
Seventeen *from* £385
Twenty - *from* £550
and the **Siddeley Special**
(*Prices ex Works*)

Please write for Catalogue "R. 180"

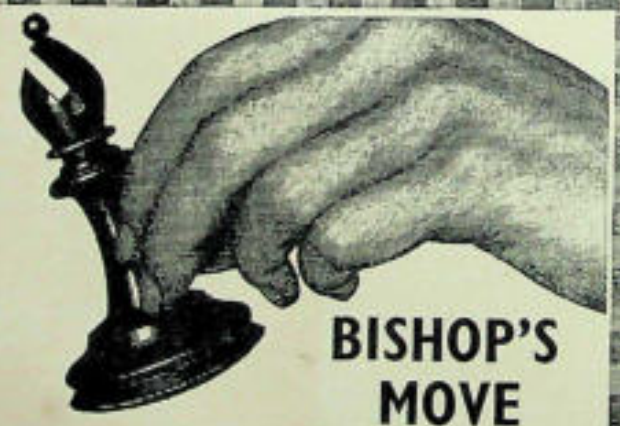
AMPLE head-room, leg-room, elbow-room; every Armstrong Siddeley is carefully designed to give full accommodation. Spacious carriagework gives the highest degree of luxury and comfort. The concealed luggage grid is a particular feature of Armstrong Siddeley cars. Their well balanced proportions preserve a beauty of line which gives them an attractive and distinctive appearance.

ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY
With the only proved self changing gear

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CENTRES

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

45196C



BISHOP'S MOVE

UNCHANGED IN QUALITY
REDUCED IN PRICE
Now 1/- the ounce

Ever since we started manufacturing Bishop's Move, many years ago, our first consideration has been quality, and quality only. Our policy has been amply justified by an ever increasing demand from those men who look primarily for quality in their tobacco.
In fact this demand has so increased that it enables us to reduce this rare old mellowed tobacco to 1/- the ounce—a price which makes it the most astounding smoking value ever offered.

Bishop's Move
SPUN CUT
TOBACCO

WHEN VIBRATION might be dangerous

Invalids need special care when being taken for a drive. Even slight shock or vibration might result in retarded convalescence or relapse. See that your car is fitted with "Float-on-Air" Seating or have the old seats converted whichever you prefer.

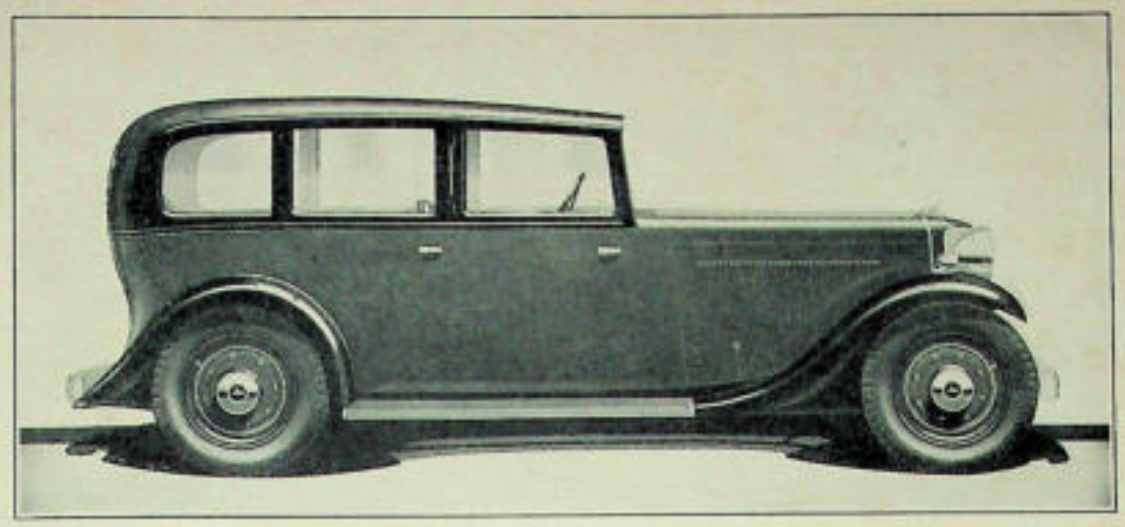
Ask your garage for particulars of "Float-on-Air" Seating. Conversions from 22/6 (for seats up to 14" side to side). Loose cushions from 5/6.

Moseley 'FLOAT-ON-AIR' Cushions
REG'D
FOR COMFORT AND GOOD HEALTH

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD.
Ardwick, Manchester 12

19/20, Holborn Viaduct - - - - - - London, E.C.1
17, Ombersley Rd., Balsall Heath - - Birmingham 12
126, Ingram Street - - - - - - - Glasgow, C.1

It has the fine appearance of a quality car . . .



The Twenty H.P. Coachbuilt Saloon, a car of dignity and performance £550

THE FINEST RANGE OF QUALITY CARS

Twelve - *from* £275
Twelve-Plus *from* £295
Seventeen *from* £385
Twenty - *from* £550
and the **Siddeley Special**
(*Prices ex Works*)

Please write for Catalogue "R. 180"

AMPLE head-room, leg-room, elbow-room; every Armstrong Siddeley is carefully designed to give full accommodation. Spacious carriagework gives the highest degree of luxury and comfort. The concealed luggage grid is a particular feature of Armstrong Siddeley cars. Their well balanced proportions preserve a beauty of line which gives them an attractive and distinctive appearance.

ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY
with the only proved self changing gear

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CENTRES

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

BISHOP'S MOVE

UNCHANGED IN QUALITY
REDUCED IN PRICE
Now 1/- the ounce

Ever since we started manufacturing Bishop's Move, many years ago, our first consideration has been quality, and quality only. Our policy has been amply justified by an ever increasing demand from those men who look primarily for quality in their tobacco.
In fact this demand has so increased that it enables us to reduce this rare old mellowed tobacco to 1/- the ounce—a price which makes it the most astounding smoking value ever offered.

Bishop's Move
SPUN CUT
TOBACCO

WHEN VIBRATION might be dangerous

Invalids need special care when being taken for a drive. Even slight shock or vibration might result in retarded convalescence or relapse. See that your car is fitted with "Float-on-Air" Seating or have the old seats converted whichever you prefer.

Ask your garage for particulars of "Float-on-Air" Seating. Conversions from 22/6 (for seats up to 14" side to side). Loose cushions from 5/6.

Moseley
'FLOAT-ON-AIR'
Cushions
REG'D
FOR COMFORT AND GOOD HEALTH

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD.
Ardwick, Manchester 12

19/20, Holborn Viaduct - - - - - - London, E.C.1
17, Ombersley Rd., Balsall Heath - - Birmingham 12
126, Ingram Street - - - - - - - - Glasgow, C.1

A REMINDER OF HOME
Scotland is not the only place where bagpipes are played. Here are some at Palma!

WITH A CAR IN MAJORCA

A Pleasant Termination to a Motor Trip Through Spain

By MARTIN RAYMOND

ISLANDS have a fascinating way with them. The few miles of sea that separate them from their mainland neighbours clothe them in features individual and unexpected—customs of the people or language no less than points of architectural or topographical curiosity. Often, too, neither maps nor guide-books indicate the peculiarities that after a visit are indelibly impressed on the memory and give to that particular island an atmosphere of its own, a character, a personality. It is true of the Isle of Man—and of Guernsey, and of Jersey. Of Malta or Cyprus the same holds good, and our own Scilly Islands emphasise this same strength that seems the proud inheritance of islands.

Majorca with its Celtic cairns, like those of Scotland, and its "talayots"—stone monuments of the Druid age—is no exception to this island rule.

-sky. He was a wise man who chose Pollensa Bay for the spring rendezvous of the Mediterranean Fleet, for here in the early months of the year it is calm and warm, and you may lie out in a deck-chair basking in a sun several degrees higher than that of the Riviera.

There are many ways of visiting the Balearic Islands, by cruising liner or overland via Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, whence Majorca is an overnight journey on the Algiers boat. My route was by road, via Havre, Limoges, the eastern end of the Pyrenees and Barcelona; and even in mid-winter neither snow nor floods are likely to be serious obstacles.

In Barcelona, our "jumping-off place" for Majorca, there is much to be seen, for it is a city of vivid contrasts. Wealth and poverty, silence and seething activity, antiquity and complete modernism, filth and spotless hygiene, magnificent streets with modern shops and alley-ways of squalid hovels, are huddled together in a bewildering medley. The cathedral, dark and sombre as one comes in from the brilliant sun, and the cloistered courtyard planted with sweet-scented oranges are monuments of Spain at her zenith and should on no account be missed. In a lighter vein the circus, which does not get into its stride until after midnight, provides good entertainment; and at the Colon cabaret are Spanish dancers of the best, complete with mantillas, shawls and castanets. A conspicuous national touch is added by a surround of immense sherry casks, reputed to hold 130 gallons each, against which you lean and watch the show.

PALMA FROM THE SEA, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL

"A COASTLINE RUGGED AS THE CORNISH"—ANOTHER VIEW OF PALMA, CAPITAL OF MAJORCA

And from the scenic point of view the largest of the Balearic Islands provides in a small space a coastline rugged as the Cornish, and bold snow-capped peaks that rise from a foreground of orange groves and glisten white under the clear Mediterranean

Harbour facilities at Barcelona are among the best in Europe, and within ten minutes of arriving at the quayside our car was aboard, covered with tarpaulin and resolutely lashed.

The boat for Majorca leaves Barcelona soon after ten at night, and is

alongside the quay at Palma by eight in the morning. The cabins are comfortable and service aboard is distinctly good.

Palma di Mallorca, as the Spaniards have it, thrives upon oranges and tourists, for many cruise ships call and the Orient Line include it in their regular schedule for the Australian mail boats. The narrow streets and long flights of steps lead from the harbour to the town. Beggars and ill-clad musicians look upon anyone with a car as a perambulating gold-

mine, but when they have been shaken off you will find in the shops lingerie and lace, embroidered table-cloths, linen table mats and other charming examples of local hand-work at very reasonable prices. The cathedral, imposing and austere, on the edge of a low cliff, is so dark and sombre within that its noble proportions and rich colours are difficult to appreciate. From the harbour the bold outlines are very fine and dominate one of the most striking of Mediterranean views.

From Palma to Formentor, the eastern end of the island, is only 30 miles, but the road is pocked with pot-holes of indecent depth and spurts of slimy water rise high enough to make a roof over one's head essential. This is a pity, for the mountains, culminating in the huge snow-capped massif of Puig Mayor, the rich grey-blue of the foothills and the fields of heavy-laden orange trees are better appreciated from an open car.

On the sandy shores of Pollensa Bay are many up-to-date villas, the residences of Barcelona merchants. The grey rocks of the mountains, streaked with junipers and deep green pines, reflect themselves in the still waters of the bay and contrast strangely with the riotous colour of the gardens. The left arm of the bay leads to lovely Formentor, where a rich Argentine has recently built the most beautifully situated hotel in Europe. Every room has a bath and a sun-balcony, and there are at least 100 rooms, whose wide windows look across the sapphire bay. The public rooms, furnished in modern style with olive wood as the keynote, are warm and well ventilated; and neither cuisine nor service leave room for criticism. Tennis courts and bathing beach are alike first class, and the garden is exquisite. For the less energetic there is good walking, and hacking mounts are ready in the stables.

Many are the enchanting drives in Majorca, and a night spent at Soller will enable you to find a mule for the ascent of Puig Mayor. From the summit you will see spread out below the whole island, the serried ranks of the fruit orchards and the patch-work green of the fields, and the two arms of Pollensa Bay pointing through the azure sea to Minorca in the distant haze.

Christmas Traffic Arrangements.—The Great Western Railway's Christmas arrangements have been drawn up in anticipation of heavier traffic than last year. The number of additional passenger and relief parcels trains to be run during the holiday period will be 440, and the platform staff will be strengthened by over a hundred additional men.

Pack a bag and come to Spain — the sun is shining . . . the exchange is in your favour

"This England"—on a winter's day.

When weariness of our English winter grows to discontent. When philosophy no longer holds its ground against the cold and fog and rain. When the rustle of dead leaves reminds you that our Spring is still a long way off—that is the time to pack a bag and come to Spain.

As you go south, into the sunshine, you will come alive. The warmth, the sunlight and the colour will give you energy and lightheartedness you feared were lost for ever. Spain just now is the perfect place for a holiday. Even in winter the skies are brilliant blue, and in the gardens of the south you can pluck oranges and roses in December.

If you take a touring holiday in Spain, novelty and excitement will crowd the sunlit hours. The romance and mystery of lovely cities, the glorious scenery, the art and architecture will lend unfailing interest and enchantment.

If you seek a restful holiday you will find the waters of the Mediterranean Sea coast are limpid blue and the golden sands are bathed in sunshine almost the whole year round.

And all this little more than a day from London! And so economical with the money exchange decidedly in your favour. Come *Now*. Even if you can only manage a fortnight you will return so completely refreshed, so invigorated by the sun and the wonderful air that you'll feel gloriously and buoyantly alive until our own Spring has come round again.

Follow the Sun to Spain

BY TRAIN OR BOAT OR 'PLANE

For full information and literature apply to any of the leading Travel Agencies or write to: Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish State Tourist Dept.), MADRID, Medinaceli 2.

MOROCCO MEMORIES

Being the Fruits of a Lazy but Better Way of Sightseeing

By CAPTAIN C. E. GRAHAM HOPE

WE once had occasion to take a friend from Ireland on a drive round that, to us, delectable, if slightly irregular, triangle of ancient England that has Salisbury Plain as its rather spacious apex, and the New Forest as its base. She was a great sightseer, and we had dawdled rather, looking at everything there was to see. The day had been fine until towards the end, when we were nearing Winchester. We pointed out the Cathedral as it came into view, and at the same time it began to rain, the growing strength of the downpour causing a corresponding abatement in our friend's fondness for sightseeing. When we halted in the city she said:

"It's all right. I've seen Winchester Cathedral. Can we go home?"

So we went home.

The moral of this story may be that you can have too much of a good thing. It also illustrates a very prevalent form of sightseeing, namely, that of passing rapidly from place to place, and ticking each one off as seen in a guide book, map, diary or whatnot. This method, no doubt, has its merits in an age that is too busy discovering how to save time to have any left for anything else. In an incredibly short space of time it is possible to tick off half the world in this way, and come home triumphant, having seen—nothing.

At the other end of the scale is my own method, which is to get to a place, and sit still in it to the end of my holiday, and let the life and atmosphere of the country surge round me, instead of going out in the hot sun to look at what ceased to live some centuries ago. Candid critics call it ill-disguised laziness, but I continue to think that I have the better of them as regards sightseeing. True, I have not ticked off anything, but on the other hand I remember quite a lot.

I remember a dream city on the coast road from Casablanca, the great modern port of Morocco, to Mazagan. It was a city of black and silver; silver turrets, minarets and domes, whose shadows made deep chasms of darkness across the flat roofs; gleaming white walls and bastions that seemed to plunge into the dark waters that lapped their base; a city almost literally of the Arabian nights. By day it was Azzemour, a small town on the mouth of the Oum-er-R'bia. But I never saw it by day. I never shall. One should not seek to explain a miracle.

I remember a garden in a Moorish town, where there were cool green lawns, shady avenues of tamarisks and palms; where roses bloomed all the year round; where arum lilies and scarlet geraniums grew as hedges; where oranges, camellias, and magnolias carried an inexhaustible store of blossoms; where there was no sightseeing to be done, only lazing in the shade. That was in Mazagan, south of Casablanca on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, and the garden was one that was made by Robert Spinney, one of the first English merchants in Morocco.

I remember a barren, dusty plateau, where there is no colour, no life, no magic, only desolation; then a great tower, the landmark of journey's end, rises out of the horizon, and the country smiles again. Presently a walled city appears, red walls glowing in the sunset, leaping out of an oasis of palms and green trees, with a backcloth of snowy peaks emerging from a purple haze. They are the Atlas, "where Day and Night meet," and the town is Marrakesh, in the heart of Southern Morocco.

I remember a great square full of noise of men and beasts. Moors, negroes, Jews, Arabs, men of the Atlas tribes—El Glaoui, M'Touga, Goundafa, sturdy water-carriers with their bulging goatskins, beggars and cripples sprawling on the ground, lifting up their voices to Allah but holding out their hands to man, horses, donkeys, camels, mules, swirled in a constantly changing pattern of colour and sound. Stalls of fruit—oranges, lemons, pomegranates, apricots, olives, covered by small awnings, dotted the square with no attempt at orderly arrangement. Under the badge of their red flag were apothecaries, selling the most devilish-looking, and devilish-sounding, nostrums.

In one corner was a juggler extracting oranges or baby chicks from the clothing of the ever-mystified and delighted onlookers. In another an old man with a resonant voice was reciting to an intently silent group of listeners. The old Eastern craft of story-telling flourishes in Morocco, and doubtless some of the stories they tell were told by Scheherezade. In passing, do not expect a guide or interpreter to give an unexpurgated rendering of the tales of the story-teller, for although the inhabitants of Africa and the East cannot blush, those of the West can.

Such is Morocco, a land of unexpected variety and never-ending charm. The way of the tourist is made very easy. France has built modern towns beside the old ones, and not inside them, with comfortable hotels and every facility for rapid movement. The motor roads are superb, and the comforts of the Tangier-Fez Railway leave nothing to be desired.

The English tourist has many points of view. He may want to career across the country from end to end, "seeing" every nook and cranny, every monument and ruin; he may prefer to learn who built the Kotoubia, to know who were the Saadien Sultans, and where they are buried; or how Sultan Moulai Ismail improved the binding quality of his cement; or how Fez got its name; he may just be content with a memory or two of a short visit, that will yet remain with him after many other things are forgotten, and draw him back again for more. It is all one to Morocco.

Any time from November to February is good for visiting Morocco. Wherever you go you will find something worth seeing. The only thing to avoid is the temptation to see too much, and consequently too little.

STREET SCENE IN TETUAN

"FULL OF NOISE OF MEN AND BEASTS"—THE GOAT MARKET AT FEZ

A Correction.—We have been asked to draw attention to an error in the Armstrong Siddeley advertisement which appeared in our Christmas number, a picture of the 12 h.p. Saloon De Luxe being inserted instead of an illustration of the Armstrong Siddeley 20 h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon. The correct illustration of this model appears in the Armstrong Siddeley advertisement on page 1437 of this issue.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4330. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1935 REGISTERED, PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D.; CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D.; FOREIGN 3D.}

THE COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND, AT THE MERTOUN MEET OF THE BUCCLEUCH HOUNDS

Both Lady Lauderdale, who, before her marriage, was Miss Bell-Irving, and her daughter are keen followers of the Buccleuchs. Mertoun is the seat of Lord and Lady Ellesmere

THE NEW TWO-LITRE

Opposites are meeting at last. The fast car has been becoming more and more comfortable. The comfortable car has developed more and more speed. Today you have the two-litre M.G. — magnificent compromise between those two different types. Fast, comfortable, beautiful, this new two-litre M.G. is the answer to the question which motorists have been subconsciously posing for several years.

Price £375, ex works. (Tax £12)

MG

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED
ABINGDON-ON-THAMES

v8.1

CONTENTS

WIMBLEDON AND L.T.A. FINANCE	1461
GAMBLING AS A NATIONAL MENACE	1462
WELSH HOUNDS ABROAD	1464
FOXHUNTING FOR THE POOR MAN	1464
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS	1467
HUNTING NOTES AND NEWS	1468
BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY IN TROPICAL FORESTS	1469
MODERN GOLF COURSE DESIGN	1470
A BULL RHINOCEROS CHASING HIS COW (*photograph*)	1471
FLAT-COATED RETRIEVERS	1472
WINTER ON THE RIVERS	1473
FOUR HOURS WITH A SALMON	1473
YEW POISONING OF PHEASANTS	1474
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1475
IN THE CITY	1478
NEW BOOKS	1479
THE SPRING HANDICAPS	1480
DECEMBER SHRUBS	1482
FIELD TRIALS	1482
REFLECTIONS ON THE SMITHFIELD SHOW	1484
YORK FAT STOCK SHOW	1484
DIFFICULTIES OF NIGHT DRIVING	1486
A DISTINCTIVE SPORTS CAR	1488
MANNING THE AIRWAYS	1488
LE TOUQUET AT CHRISTMAS	1490
CARDS, CHESS AND BILLIARDS	1493
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1494
RIVER REPORTS	1453
SPORTING CALENDAR	1454
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1456
PRIZEWINNERS IN THE *FIELD* PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.	*Third Page Cover*

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." Telephone: No. 3061 Holborn. *THE FIELD HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.*

WHAT IS DRY-FLY FISHING?

JUDGING from correspondence in the Press and from occasional comments in recent angling books there seems to be a growing tendency to suggest that the system known as "dry-fly fishing" should consist in nothing but the use of an artificial fly carefully dried by false casts in the air, presented to the trout delicately poised on the surface film, and by no means allowed to sink into or below it. It seems, indeed, as if the writers thought there was some kind of queer moral virtue attached to the dryness of a fly; that the object of the fisherman was not so much to catch trout as to make them conform to "correct conduct" as determined by the angler.

It reminds one rather of that acme of pre-war purism: the angler who returned a two-pounder in disgust because it had taken, at long last, a small sedge during a good hatch of olives. "Now," he said "what I wanted to do was to *make* that fish take an olive." Where does the idea come from? The theory seems to be that because a popular name, "dry-fly fishing," has been given to a certain system of angling, the fisherman must make his practice conform to the name quite irrespective of the origin and object of the method itself.

It must be over a hundred years since dry-fly fishing began to be practised. Pulman in his *Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout* (1841) is generally conceded the honour of its first mention, but he speaks of it as already in use and moreover makes it clear that the system consisted in imitating the *behaviour* of the hatching dun and that its object was to enable the fly fisher to catch more fish: "It is well known that trout feed upon flies *Ephemerida*—that is to say the duns, etc., the habit of which insects is to sit upon the water . . . if the wet and heavy fly be exchanged for a dry and light one, and passed in artistic style over the feeding fish, it will, partly from the simple circumstance of its buoyancy, be taken, in nine cases out of ten, as greedily as the living insect itself."

It is obvious that he is here dealing with a feeding fish—a fish feeding on surface food, and the method suggested is for imitating that food. There is no suggestion that there is any merit in the dryness of the fly apart from its ability to deceive the fish. Nor could there be, at that date, any such suggestion, for the idea of a fly being "dry" was nothing new. It was a well-recognised method of the *wet-fly* fisherman. The author of *The North Country Angler*, probably the most notable wet-fly fisherman of his generation, who wrote some half-century earlier, says of flies: "When I fish . . . I let one of them only touch the top of the water; the uppermost only sometimes; for I have observed that the fish strike the boldest at those flies which do not touch the water." Here was the driest of dry flies. The North-country angler in fact did much what the expert wet-fly fisherman does to-day and used nymph, dun, and spinner on his cast—a system admirably adapted for swift streams where neither the exact position of the fish nor the type of fly on which it is feeding can usually be known with any certainty.

Dry-fly fishermen have simply modified the old wet-fly methods to suit the problems of their own waters. They have no need to "fish the water" since the position of a feeding fish can be seen; nor any need to offer a choice of flies since a skilful angler should be able to judge shrewdly whether his trout is taking nymph, dun, spinner or spent and alter his tactics accordingly.

Dun and spinner are fished dry since the natural insect is above the surface; spent flies and nymphs are fished wet since the natural insect is in or immediately below the surface, but all four are logically included in the complete dry-fly fisherman's repertoire.

EASY MONEY?

MR. DANIEL ROCHFORD, in an article on American gambling, gives an idea of the amount of money which would be spent in the British Isles under the circumstances prevailing in the United States. But what is spent here? Certainly there is not such frenzied speculation, and when Mr. Churchill sought to solve problems of the Budget by taxing the bookmakers he found his expectations had been exaggerated. But the British working man enjoys his "flutter," and if we were to bring in other excitements the figure of the cash expended would be pretty high. Gambling is illegal and even the Crossword has been condemned when run as a prize fund, but Football Pools must prove a heavy source for "Investment" by those seeking "Dividends" which, for a pool of twelve results, are quoted as high as over £1,200 for 6d.

AMATEUR SQUASH RACKETS

The contrast between the play of F. D. Amr Bey's last two opponents in the Amateur Championship was truly remarkable. N. W. D. Yardley, who had played beautifully throughout the tournament, gave of his very best in the semi-final, and, although he lost by 9—3, 9—3, 9—3, it was a match which anyone might count himself lucky to have seen. Yardley's stroke play was very nearly the equal of the champion's, his mistakes those of a player who should without doubt become the next, if there is a next within half-a-dozen years, amateur champion. Previously he had beaten J. A. Gillies, one of England's players, in the fourth round, and he must be accounted unfortunate to have been drawn in the same half of the competition as Amr Bey. Snell in the final was defeated 9—1, 9—0, 9—1, having just managed to dispose of the holder, C. P. Hamilton, in the semi-final. The score speaks for itself. Snell, as if aware of the limitations of his stroke play, tried throughout to set the pace by high lobbing and an occasional drop-shot. His methods, usually so successful, prolonged some rallies, but did no more.

ENGLAND'S RUGBY HOPES

The first English Rugby Trial match was sufficiently promising to warrant high hopes from the second Trial which takes place at Twickenham to-day, while the New Zealanders are trying conclusions with Wales at Cardiff. Welshmen regarded as a good augury the fact that although the All Blacks beat Neath and Aberavon last Saturday they were beaten forward, for it is rightly regarded as important that the visitors should be subdued forward if their clever backs are to be held. Whatever the final selection of the England team, there is promise of a back division capable of challenging the best the All Blacks can produce. There are also enough good forwards to make a really strong scrummaging pack. But what is equally important, as the Irish forwards showed, is fire and speed in the open, and here the English selectors are likely to find some difficulty, for English packs of the last season or two have taken a lot of rousing to the fury required in loose play. It is to be hoped that not many changes will be found necessary in the probable English side after this trial, for it is real team work that we want more than anything to beat the All Blacks.

OXFORD'S CROSS-COUNTRY WIN

It looks as though the tide is turning for Oxford. They have won the "Fresher's" Athletic match, tied with Cambridge at Rugby, beaten them at Soccer, and last Saturday they won the cross-country match by a single point (27–28). Cambridge, the heavier side, found weight per man telling against them on the heavy going at Horton Kirby, as the placings quickly proved. Cambridge were three men up and leading 21–42 at the end of a mile, but the half distance found H. R. McIntyre and A. Robertson, Oxford, in the van and their side leading by three points.

The two nursed each other cleverly and, when Robertson came home in 41min. 56⅘sec., McIntyre was but 12⅕sec. behind him, and both had beaten the record for the seven-and-a-half miles course. A great feat this, when one remembers how J. E. Lovelock and C. J. Mabey tied for record of 42min. 38sec. in 1932, and P. J. Albery, also Oxford, lowered the record to 42min. 27sec. in 1933.

MIXED FORM AT FENNER'S

There was an amusing end-of-term match at Fenner's between F. R. Webster and E. V. Hope, which went a long way to prove just how good British athletes might be in the Olympic Decathlon, if they were given more chances of all-round competition. In England, unlike every other country, however, we have no Decathlon Championship. In a ten-events match at Fenner's, five events were decided on the first of two bitterly cold days, and the other five on the next day. Webster won by 352 points, the results being as follows:

F. R. Webster.—100 metres, 11.8sec.; long jump, 18ft. 6in.; weight, 34ft. 7in.; high jump, 5ft. 4in.; 400 metres, 58.3sec.; 110 metres hurdles, disqualified; discus, 85ft. 8in.; pole vault, 12ft. 4½in.; javelin, 145ft. 8in.; 1,500 metres, 5min. 24.1sec.—4,682 points.

E. V. Hope.—100 metres, 13.8sec.; long jump, 18ft. 11in.; weight, 21ft. 1in.; high jump, 5ft.; 400 metres, 53.6sec.; 110 metres hurdles, 23.8sec.; discus, 57ft. 4in.; pole vault, 9ft. 6in.; javelin, 87ft.; 1,500 metres, 4min. 21.1sec.—4,330 points.

Had Webster not been disqualified for running round one hurdle, and could he have produced his former 170ft. with the javelin and 5ft. 7in. in the high jump, he would easily have beaten the English Decathlon record at present held by Flying Officer H. Ford, R.A.F.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From a London evening newspaper:

"In the show ring other proud beauties were going through their paces. I saw the King's cross-bred steer Windsor Eric and his cross-bred heifer Windsor Belle standing shyly side by side, while the judges—two weather-beaten Scotsmen—prodded their glossy black sides, and fingered the bunches of feathery hair which blossomed unexpectedly at the end of their tails."

TWO FINE 'VARSITY ELEVENS

While the Universities' Rugby match was disappointing, both teams in the Association match on the next day provided some of the best football seen in this annual contest for at least the last four years. Despite difficult ground conditions, there was some extraordinary good dribbling by the inside forwards of both elevens, while the way in which heavy charges were given and received without a murmur showed up in marked contrast to professional matches, which are too often spoilt by constant bickering amongst the players. Although Oxford won by 3 goals to 1, the Cambridge forwards so dominated the game in the first half that, in spite of their decline later, they were unlucky not to have led by more than one goal to nil at half-time. On the run of the play they should have made a draw of the match.

L.T.A. EXPENDITURE

After a desultory debate at the annual general meeting of the L.T.A. last week, the proposal to partly remit the poll tax paid by tournament competitors was thrown out. It was clear that, owing to the fall in general finance from a profit of £6,512 in 1934 to a loss of £25 in 1935, no revenue could be lightly abandoned. Various utterances by members of the council pointed to projects for retrenchment, and their representatives were alarmed when the hon. treasurer, Mr. C. T. A. Sadd, referred to "the almost excessive expenditure for counties and clubs which at present obtains," and stated that only the Davis Cup proceeds had prevented drawing on reserves this year. The chairman, Mr. G. F. Goodman, said in his address that the L.T.A. rather left the organising and running of public competitions to their good friends of the press, and that that was a matter which might receive the consideration of the council in the near future. What the hint meant did not transpire.

FISHING AT CHRISTMAS

Seldom has the approach to the winter holiday been more discouraging to fishermen than it has been this year. An occasional dry and sunny day, when the banks of a river might be tolerable to the slow-moving angler, has only proved a fleeting interlude between torrential rains or the malicious lashing of sleet; fishing at Christmas looks as if it would be confined to the kind in which a book, an easy chair and a large fire form the principal ingredients. Christmas, even to the most enthusiastic, is not a favourite angling festival; but should our fractious climate suddenly recover some semblance of the festal feeling there will be many rods who will welcome a break in their house-bound existence. A crisp day with the rustle of hoar frost underfoot; a red ball of sun just breaking through the mist; and grayling rising to something quite invisible in the swift water, make just the right *apéritif* to the feasting indoors.

WINTER SONG

December has been a cold, wet month, and by many countrymen it will be remembered as a songless autumn and beginning of winter. A few notes in casual sunshine from thrushes, the great tit see-sawing here and there from the larch, the robin carolling even in cold and damp, but surely less cheerfully than usual, a stave or two from the hedge-sparrow, and a sudden challenge from the wren—November and December have held little more. Perhaps the snow may hold off, perhaps the fog may lift, perhaps yet in Christmas week the sun may stir the pulse of the missel thrush, or set the woodpigeon on the oak branch with his *tak-tuvo-coos*, *tak-tuvo*, or may send the lark climbing into blue air? Will it be a white Christmas or green?

FIRES

The fire I love is the fire of Yule,
Well-cut ash with a sizzling sap,
A flame that leaps like the Lord Misrule,
Laughing splutter and jester's cap.

I keep good faith in a fire of coal—
Even strength and a golden heart.
But that's the love of a sober soul,
Not the warmth of a wayward heart.

I hear some swear by a fire of peat—
Earthy tang of a moss-land crust.
But while I thawed in its quiet heat,
Dust went back to a deeper dust.

The fire I have is a flameless glow,
Shilling meter and pressure strong.
With no gnome faces of long ago
And no gay crackle of Christmas song.

G. D. Martineau.

Wimbledon—Waiting for the gates to open

WIMBLEDON AND L.T.A. FINANCE

A Coaching Retrenchment Which May Affect Lawn Tennis Progress

By J. E. COLLETT

According to the L.T.A. accounts for the current year, there is a decrease of some £5,000 in the association's receipts from its share in the Wimbledon championships. The immediate effect on the income and expenditure account is that whereas in 1934 there was an excess income of £6,500, there has been an excess expenditure of £25. The share of profits for the 1935 Wimbledon is described as "not yet ascertained or provided for."

The figures prove the dependence of the "government" for its extra commitments on the revenue from Wimbledon, and it may be presumed that the support of the "big game" and the extensive touring programme, which has been the feature of recent years, must also stand or fall in accordance with supplies from the same source. Within a few pounds, the revenue from the various fees from other home tournaments has remained at a constant amount.

This confronts the inquirer with the preliminary puzzle that while the great British year at Wimbledon, when F. J. Perry and Miss D. E. Round won the singles titles, showed a very marked decrease, the lesser tournaments gave a normal return. The comparison is not exact because in the case of Wimbledon the account taken includes profits as well as fees, and in the other cases fees only. Where shares are also concerned, namely, for the Davis Cup, Hard Court Championships, and various international matches, the Davis Cup gave a practically equal profit to 1933 (£2,500 odd), the Hard Court Championships £100 less, and the loss on the general international tour and match account was, in round figures, £500 up at £2,900 against £2,400.

Apart from the obvious conclusion that the L.T.A. must consider cutting some of its expenditure on tours and the like, there remains the uncomfortable certainty provided by the accounts that Wimbledon is much more speculative an adventure than had been presumed. Whatever declarations there may have been to the contrary, the recent agreement for fifty-fifty terms between the L.T.A. and the All-England Club was looked on generally as a partnership in a progressive business and not in an entertainment project subject to considerable fluctuations in public support. And a fall in one year from a net profit income of £13,800 to £9,000 is considerable.

No tears need be shed about the L.T.A. as such, it is well able to take care of itself and has a substantial and soundly invested capital reserve, but Wimbledon has become a species of national institution, internationally respected; if it were to wane while the popularity of the game of lawn tennis itself is increasing, the matter would be of national importance.

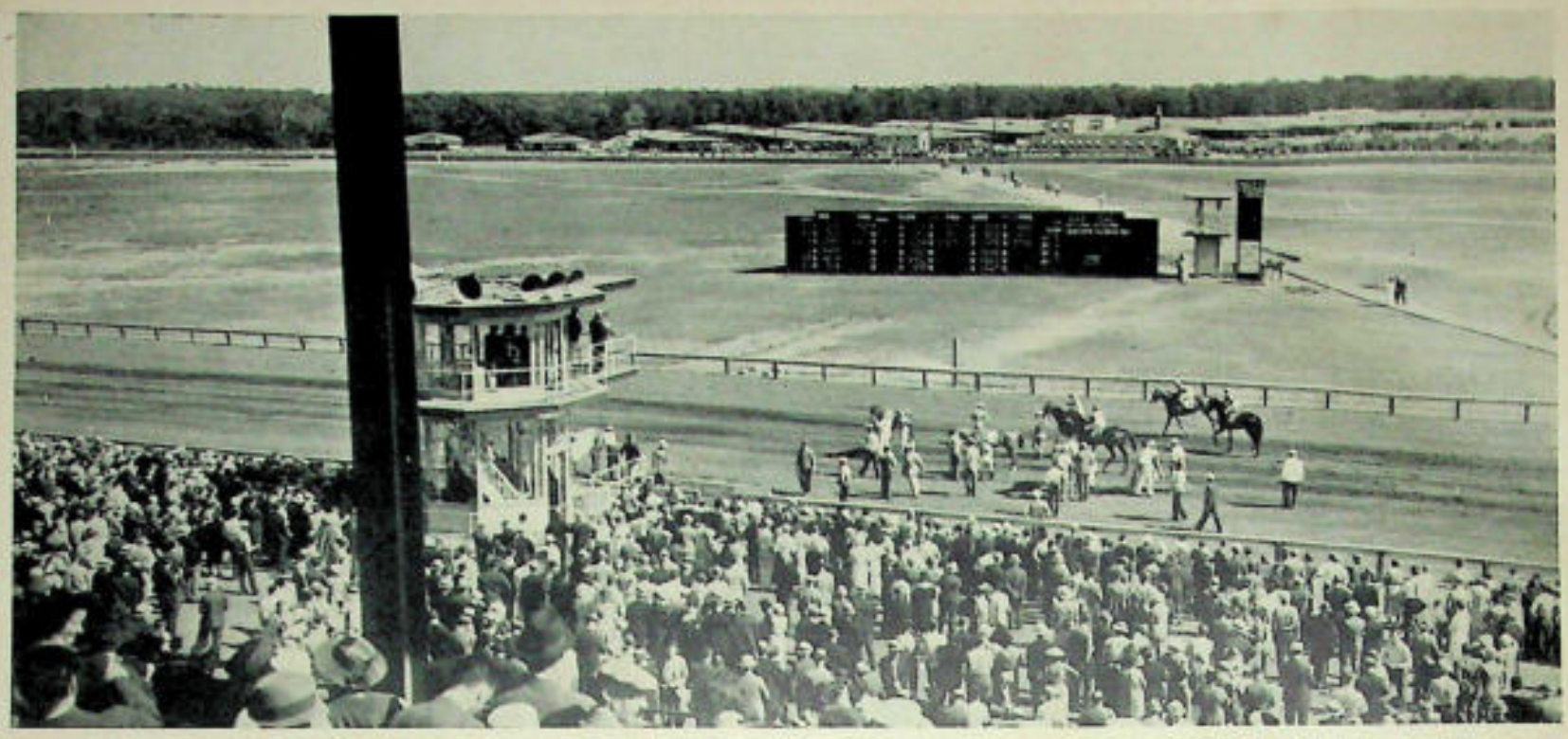
Shrewd observers among the spectators at Wimbledon in 1934 sensed a decline. How far 1935 is or is not to be a repetition of 1934 on the financial side presumably will remain an unknown quantity until the L.T.A. accounts are available at the end of next year. It must, however, have been indicated beforehand by the intermediate nature and extent of official commitments compared with previous years. For example, at the recent meeting between the professional coaches on the L.T.A. register and the L.T.A. coaching and professional committee, a professional asked why the Public Schools coaching scheme was to be abandoned. He was informed that the finances available at present would not permit a continuance of such a scheme, the expenditure on which has averaged about £1,000 yearly. This statement was confirmed at the L.T.A. annual general meeting.

It follows that the state of Wimbledon finance must have repercussions which may strike at the source of its supply. It depends on human material, the amateur player. If the production of the best type of amateur player is to be starved, Wimbledon may sooner than is supposed have to "face the facts." The management might even have to decide whether to countenance a decline or to persuade the International Federation to permit a change to open championships. However unpalatable it may be, that is the logical sequence if commercialism is to have any effect on the game.

It would seem that Wimbledon is losing players who "draw" to the ranks of the "Exhibition" professionals at a rather more rapid rate than they can be produced. The L.T.A.'s company of tourist players is small, and few of them are revenue earners. The tours are run at a loss. The suggestion, referred to above, that the Public Schools and that very deserving class, the instructional professionals, are possibly to suffer for the object of sending players abroad to get world experience and to attract foreign competitors to Wimbledon, has to be weighed against the policy of providing material from the younger generation to fill gaps as time goes on.

I am indeed doubtful whether the ranking players of the tourists are satisfied and happy. It is certain that most of them neither want nor are in the personal position to make a business of playing lawn tennis as an amateur. Nor does the L.T.A. wish to put them in that position. By process of circumstances it has been forced on all concerned.

If, as it would appear, the public is not giving Wimbledon its full support, this will not be gained until the underlying cause of the abstention is discovered and remedied. Meanwhile, the progress of the game domestically as a pastime is undeniable, whatever may be its tendency to decline as a spectacle for gate-money.



A SUMMER-TIME VIEW OF NARRAGANSETT PARK FROM THE GRAND STAND, SHOWING THE LOUDSPEAKERS ON TOP OF THE JUDGES' STAND WHICH URGE THE BETTING

Beyond the horses, which have just finished a daily third race, is the electrically operated wager board which shows prevailing odds on every entry for win, place, and show and indicates the total pool wagered for each finish position. Most of the betting is done the last five minutes before the race. There is usually a rush to bet on any extremely long-shot horse at the last minute

GAMBLING AS A NATIONAL MENACE

What is Happening in the United States and its Probable Effect on Horse Racing

By DANIEL ROCHFORD

Mr. Rochford in this article graphically illustrates the spread of the gambling strain among the poorer classes in the United States. Its ultimate effect, he predicts, will be the introduction of anti-betting legislation which will be aimed not at the system which admits of such practices, but at horse racing generally, and all who have the interests of the breeding of the thoroughbred at heart

WITH the closing of the Narragansett race track at Providence, Rhode Island, on Saturday, November 16th, the greatest gambling orgy in the history of New England came to an end. In the legalised pari-mutuel wagers on horse and dog races from May to November, 1935, the people of the three states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hamp-shire, in the United States, will have risked fifty million dollars. That astounding total is equivalent to ten dollars wagered by every man, woman, and child in the three states.

In British terms, it would mean that the people of Northern Ireland would have bet two and one-half million pounds since last May; that the Irish Free State would have wagered six million pounds; Scotland ten million; England and Wales, eighty million. In six months the people of the British Isles would have wagered one hundred million pounds on horse and dog racing. And this total is entirely apart from the hundred other gambling extravagances of the American public such as tickets on sweepstakes, lotteries, the so-called "nigger-pools," gambling games like "beano," and, of course, the securities market.

Such has been the gambling frenzy and so great the public excitement about it that already the discontent voiced among the churches, the retail stores, and the many professional "virtue" societies of New England is alarming all sporting men who have invested their fortunes in new and pretentious racing grounds, stables, and stadiums. With the exception of the dog tracks, one of which realised a net profit of a million and one hundred thousand dollars on a gross investment of half a million in its first season, non-interruption of legalised gambling is required for two or three more years to recoup the capital investment.

Peculiarly enough, it is not the rich man who has been doing the betting. It is the salaried clerk, the shop-girl and the barber. I was active in the management of this year's annual Eastern Horse Club brush and flat race meeting at The Country Club, Brookline, on the estate of Mr. John R. Macombef, in Framingham, Massachusetts, last June. No race meeting attracts a wealthier following. We had pari-mutuel betting, and miserable, cold, rainy June weather kept the usual crowds of middle-class spectators away. During our four days our 19,000 attendance wagered $64,259, or $3.88 per person. Yet our people knew horses, had money, and are generally considered sporting. By contrast the 19,000 people at Narragansett on Saturday, November 2nd, a cold, wet, foggy afternoon, wagered $530,677, or an average of $27.87 a head. The October betting at Agawam, near Springfield, Massachusetts, averaged above $20 per person present, and at the Revere dog track, October nightly bets averaged around $15 per person present.

We, at our race meeting, made no effort to excite the cupidity of the crowd, but the professional racing is organised to whet the betting instinct. Loud-speakers almost drive you to the mutuel windows, right up to the break at the starting flag. The large electrically operated signboard in the infield across from the grand stand flashes its appealing odds and totals. There are betting windows everywhere. The spectacle is conducted like a piece of music right to its climax. $50,000 to $80,000 may be bet on a single race. Yet almost 90 per cent. of all American pari-mutuel race betting is done in the last five minutes before the barrier drops. That gives you an idea of the big maw required by the betting machinery in order to be able to absorb all that betting in one last great gulp.

The clerk or salesman fingers his week's pay in his pocket, weighs the enticing long-shot odds on the tote board against the week's butcher bill, fights the impulse gallantly for a few moments, and then wilts into a frantic surrender and gallops to the ticket window. He cannot win. But he does not believe it. He remembers the almost penniless man who bought a $2 "daily double" ticket (pick the winners of the first and third races) in Florida last winter and won $7,000. He remembers the lady who visited Agawam last October, her first race-day, made her first wager, and won $2,141 for her $2, or the Havre de Grace daily double pay-off of $1,441 on September 20th. Single race long shots have paid as much as one hundred dollars for a $2 ticket—the bait is tantalising.

* * *

And what is the result?

In our eastern industrial centres, the retail merchants are not being paid. Not only are wages and salaries poured into the pari-mutuel hoppers, but even government dole and relief work checks are diverted to such gambling. Since, in America, the advertising of the big department stores is the life-blood of our daily newspapers, the Press will not resist public revulsion against horse racing when it comes. And it will come, informed observers agree, within three more years. Whereas in 1935 nineteen American states permit legalised betting on the races, by 1939 the number may well have shrunk to the four or five principal horse racing states and Florida, which realises that gambling will always be a winter tourist attraction. The department stores will undoubtedly aid in the campaign. And it will be a campaign, not against gambling, despite the present "anti-gambling league" agitation, but *against horse racing and dog racing as such.*

Any student of popular psychology in America can amuse and perplex himself by reviewing the cycles of toleration and intolerance in the past few generations. Prohibition was legally accomplished by the war-time popular hysteria and feeling that grain was needed for food for the armies, not for drinks. Legalised betting has been won by exploiting the tax revenue potentials and, because gambling offered tax money and seemed to promise to spare homes and businesses some of their heavy tax burden, it was no longer felt that gambling was a sin.

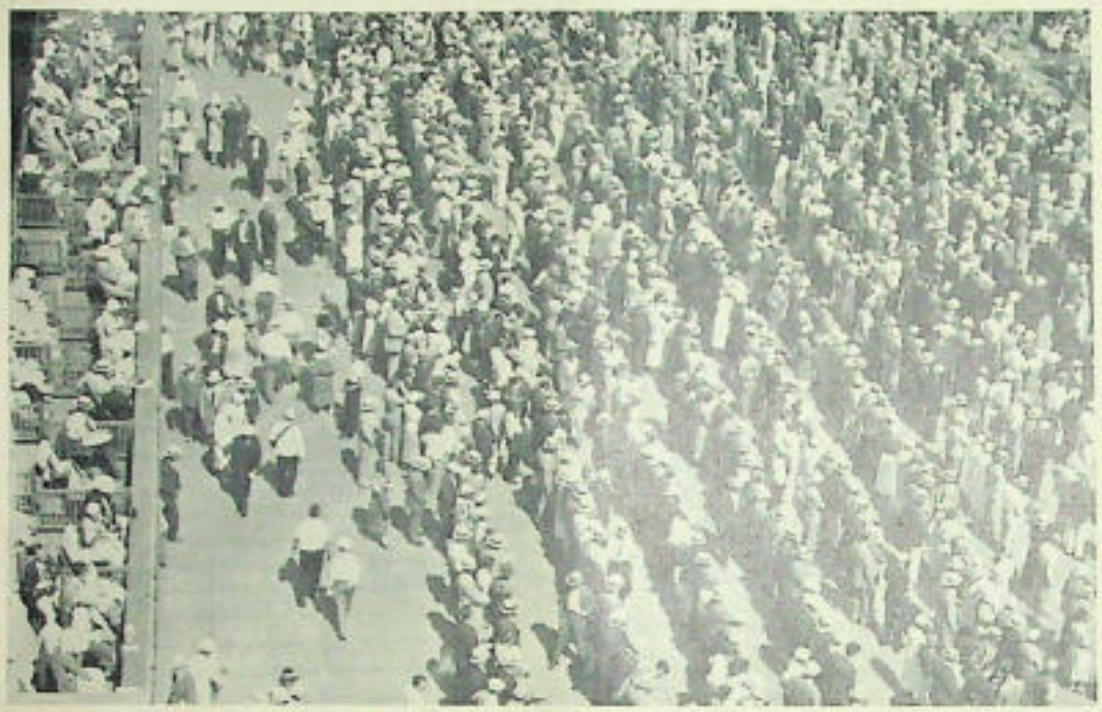
As long as a man thinks he can beat the system, he will gamble irrespective of rights or wrongs. But once let him realise that he is a "Sap"; that the various political racing commissions with their hordes of political appointees at fat salaries and fees, are eating up a large share of the expected tax revenues; that even an occasional long-shot success will leave him on the wrong side in his betting, and he will decide gambling is wrong, and vote it down.

This "You are a Sap" campaign is gaining ground in American newspapers already. I have before me an analysis of the actual performances of fifteen leading newspaper horse race selectors for 1935 up to October 1st for our three New England tracks. If you had bet $2 per race, the top selector's choices would have left you $36.70 down; the worst selector $433.40 down. The 1934 record of the selectors for all major U.S.A. tracks covering 6,380 races, if played at $2 per race, would have left you with a deficit at best of $655.05, and according to the poorest selector of $1,566. Favourites in America last year won 37 per cent. of their races. Yet with the pari-mutuel system deducting 10 and 15 cents from every dollar wagered,

the favourite-player cannot hope to get his bait back. This article is plastered on a full newspaper page with warning headlines. Scarcely a week passes in Boston without an editorial or article in some big paper against some phase of gambling. The sports writers point out the terrific profits of the track owners and the net losses to the public at the close of almost every racing meeting.

Our racing, by and large, has been honest. There are regular arguments about the open versus the closed claiming rule at the horse tracks. The dog tracks for the most part require registration of their animals which protects against shifting names. Massachusetts realises now that she erred seriously in allowing the dog tracks to retain 11½ per cent. of the gross wagers, paying the State 3½ per cent., while the horse tracks, with much costlier investments, purses and maintenance, can keep but 6½ per cent.

The tracks obviously cannot court closure or public mistrust by crooked racing. But usually the last few days at some tracks find official super-



A SECTION OF A TYPICAL AMERICAN RACE CROWD
"There are many big money gamblers, but the bulk of the betting is done by the little fellow and his wife, for the ladies have gone full out for the pari-mutuels"

vision lightened and a flock of unknowns often win. The wagers during the autumn meeting at Suffolk Downs exceeded the total for all United States running horse purses for the whole year. The tracks cannot afford to be crooked. They must keep the pari-mutuels busy.

Mushroom growths of racing tracks have sprung up in America during the past year due to the wave of favourable legislation among the states. The first track we had in New England, that at Rockingham, New Hampshire, a year ago, made so much money that it was popularly believed to have been paid for that first season. Narragansett, Agawam, and Suffolk Downs, built since, have been financed with the hope of getting the complete investment back within four years.

If Americans could take gambling rationally, and legalised betting could be reasonably certain for a dozen or more years, there would not need to be the frenzied, high-pressured gambling-urging now noted at some tracks. Even the track stockholders admit they are probably killing the goose that lays their golden eggs. I know that the track press agents are doing everything possible to soft pedal the huge daily wagered totals. Obviously, racing on to-day's nation-wide scale could never be attempted except for legalised gambling.

Theoretically the gambling craze has "helped the horse." Saratoga prices were better this autumn than in many years. Stock farms have done much better. With two dozen major U.S.A. race tracks, 60 intermediate tracks, and another half-hundred of half-mile tracks, *Horses in Training*, 1935, listed only 8,000 racing thoroughbreds. A first-class race meeting requires about 500 horses in training.

With half-a-dozen top horses, 20 in the upper group, and only about 300 able to turn in a fast mile, almost any horse has been able to campaign this year and somewhere find himself a race. Many meetings have suffered for lack of horses. We race so many two-year-olds, and they so seldom can stand the punishment, that our roll of cripples cuts hundreds of horses off the list. Next year's crop of foals promises to set a new high level. And about the time they are ready for their initial race, they may have to look for tracks to run at. That is where a repeal of betting laws is going to "hurt the horse." It is going to hurt the owners of the large middle and lower group of horses who never will be stake horses, but who to-day could enjoy a profitable racing career.

Nobody worries much about what repeal of legal gambling would do to the dogs. Before pari-mutuels came in, we had occasional whippet racing here in Massachusetts. Perhaps that is harder on the dogs than our present greyhound racing. So far in Massachusetts dog racing we have had neither hurdle races nor races with monkeys on the backs of the dogs. I enjoy the former, dislike the latter. The breeding of racing dogs is a worthy occupation. But its decline can be considered without emotion, whereas many of us do feel a heart interest in thoroughbred horses.

* * *

Massachusetts voted legal betting down a generation ago under the then Governor Douglas, just for such abuses as now seem cropping in. Racketeering in illegal forms of gambling is widespread, even veterans' societies have long relied on officially-ignored illegal gambling stunts to replenish their treasuries. Of recent years hundreds of coin slot machines have appeared in private clubs and elsewhere, some owned by so-called "big shots" in the racket world. So great is New England ignorance about racing horses, that touts have harvested handsomely for their race tips all the season. Extra vigilance against doping and race-rigging has had to be exercised.

While other sections have not reported such an orgy of wagering as New England, it seems to be a sign of the present distressed times in America that individuals will plunge their last few dollars trying for sudden, free wealth. There are many big money gamblers, but the bulk of the betting is being done by the little fellow and his wife. For the ladies have gone full out for the pari-mutuels. They usually bet according to the set of the horse's ears or the like of the look in his eye. And they are as apt to win as their husbands, who follow the form sheets.

As reported by the American Legislators' Association, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Maryland have had legal pari-mutuel betting for some years. Nevada legalised it in 1929. Eleven states legalised it in 1933, namely, California, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, and West Virginia.

In that same year, 1933, twelve states considered but failed to pass betting legislation, namely, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Indiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Wisconsin.

We in Massachusetts had dishonest opposition to our racing Bill. There are political racketeers even to-day who threaten every now and again to introduce a Bill into our General Court to repeal our racing law, hoping that the race track people will bribe them not to do it. But in 1934 Massachusetts passed its legalised pari-mutuel racing Bill, as did Rhode Island. And this year Arkansas, Delaware, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, also passed similar laws. Massachusetts collects 3½ per cent. of the totals wagered as tax. New Hampshire and Rhode Island take the same. California takes 4 per cent., Florida 3 per cent., Maryland 1 per cent. (daily race tax in addition of $6,000). Other states vary, but their take is comparable.

During 1934 the eleven states taxing the gambling on a commission or combination fee and percentage basis collected $6,186,000, or 3.7 per cent. of the $168,127,000 wagered. The seven states collecting a pari-mutuel tax reported $2,920,000, or 3.1 per cent. of the $95,616,000 collected.

This year's legal betting figures for the nation will not be available until next winter. But some idea of the unusual amount of gambling in these three New England states may be gained by comparing our 50,000,000 total with the $263,743,000 for eighteen states, most of them larger and more populous than our three. We averaged nearly $17,000,000 per state against $14,631,833 for the rest of the states with legal gambling.

In its 82 nights of racing the Revere Dog Track near Boston handled $6,466,554 in wagers. Suffolk Downs at its 22-day midsummer meeting handled $8,013,786, and at its autumn meeting totalled $4,852,256, or a season total of $12,866,042. Narragansett, in its late autumn meeting, has been handling from a quarter to a half million dollars daily. Its spring meeting totalled $6,119,378. Rockingham's spring meeting totalled $8,[illegible]48,408. Four midsummer harness race meetings yielded but $107,175. The general public does not attend them in any numbers. The Taunton dog track's spring meeting totalled $2,011,752. Dighton's first dog meeting grossed $1,099,000. On a single Saturday last summer 90,000 persons bet $956,000 at Suffolk Downs and three dog tracks.

Whether next summer will see a continuation of such strenuous betting as has marked the year 1935, can only be a guess. I would guess in the affirmative, because I see no new domestic factors in the American scene which can change the present "hopeful despair" into anything more economically reassuring. When people are pressed by poverty, unemployment is general, and the usual avenues of private profit seem closed, we gamble even with our bread-and-butter money. And that is the whole explanation of what is happening in America, and why a few years hence it will be legally damned as sinful.

ACTION AT AQUEDUCT, ONE OF THE NEW YORK TRACKS
The American handicapper has his work cut out, so what chance has the backer?

the favourite-player cannot hope to get his bait back. This article is plastered on a full newspaper page with warning headlines. Scarcely a week passes in Boston without an editorial or article in some big paper against some phase of gambling. The sports writers point out the terrific profits of the track owners and the net losses to the public at the close of almost every racing meeting.

Our racing, by and large, has been honest. There are regular arguments about the open versus the closed claiming rule at the horse tracks. The dog tracks for the most part require registration of their animals which protects against shifting names. Massachusetts realises now that she erred seriously in allowing the dog tracks to retain 11½ per cent. of the gross wagers, paying the State 3½ per cent., while the horse tracks, with much costlier investments, purses and maintenance, can keep but 6½ per cent.

The tracks obviously cannot court closure or public mistrust by crooked racing. But usually the last few days at some tracks find official super-

A SECTION OF A TYPICAL AMERICAN RACE CROWD

"There are many big money gamblers, but the bulk of the betting is done by the little fellow and his wife, for the ladies have gone full out for the pari-mutuels"

vision lightened and a flock of unknowns often win. The wagers during the autumn meeting at Suffolk Downs exceeded the total for all United States running horse purses for the whole year. The tracks cannot afford to be crooked. They must keep the pari-mutuels busy.

Mushroom growths of racing tracks have sprung up in America during the past year due to the wave of favourable legislation among the states. The first track we had in New England, that at Rockingham, New Hampshire, a year ago, made so much money that it was popularly believed to have been paid for that first season. Narragansett, Agawam, and Suffolk Downs, built since, have been financed with the hope of getting the complete investment back within four years.

If Americans could take gambling rationally, and legalised betting could be reasonably certain for a dozen or more years, there would not need to be the frenzied, high-pressured gambling-urging now noted at some tracks. Even the track stockholders admit they are probably killing the goose that lays their golden eggs. I know that the track press agents are doing everything possible to soft pedal the huge daily wagered totals. Obviously, racing on to-day's nation-wide scale could never be attempted except for legalised gambling.

Theoretically the gambling craze has "helped the horse." Saratoga prices were better this autumn than in many years. Stock farms have done much better. With two dozen major U.S.A. race tracks, 60 intermediate tracks, and another half-hundred of half-mile tracks, *Horses in Training*, 1935, listed only 8,000 racing thoroughbreds. A first-class race meeting requires about 500 horses in training.

With half-a-dozen top horses, 20 in the upper group, and only about 500 able to turn in a fast mile, almost any horse has been able to campaign this year and somewhere find himself a race. Many meetings have suffered for lack of horses. We race so many two-year-olds, and they so seldom can stand the punishment, that our roll of cripples cuts hundreds of horses off the list. Next year's crop of foals promises to set a new high level. And about the time they are ready for their initial race, they may have to look for tracks to run at. That is where a repeal of betting laws is going to "hurt the horse." It is going to hurt the owners of the large middle and lower group of horses who never will be stake horses, but who to-day could enjoy a profitable racing career.

Nobody worries much about what repeal of legal gambling would do to the dogs. Before pari-mutuels came in, we had occasional whippet racing here in Massachusetts. Perhaps that is harder on the dogs than our present greyhound racing. So far in Massachusetts dog racing we have had neither hurdle races nor races with monkeys on the backs of the dogs. I enjoy the former, dislike the latter. The breeding of racing dogs is a worthy occupation. But its decline can be considered without emotion, whereas many of us do feel a heart interest in thoroughbred horses.

* * *

Massachusetts voted legal betting down a generation ago under the then Governor Douglas, just for such abuses as now seem cropping in. Racketeering in illegal forms of gambling is widespread, even veterans' societies have long relied on officially-ignored illegal gambling stunts to replenish their treasuries. Of recent years hundreds of coin slot machines have appeared in private clubs and elsewhere, some owned by so-called "big shots" in the racket world. So great is New England ignorance about racing horses, that touts have harvested handsomely for their race tips all the season. Extra vigilance against doping and race-rigging has had to be exercised.

While other sections have not reported such an orgy of wagering as New England, it seems to be a sign of the present distressed times in America that individuals will plunge their last few dollars trying for sudden, free wealth. There are many big money gamblers, but the bulk of the betting is being done by the little fellow and his wife. For the ladies have gone full out for the pari-mutuels. They usually bet according to the set of the horse's ears or the like of the look in his eye. And they are as apt to win as their husbands, who follow the form sheets.

As reported by the American Legislators' Association, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Maryland have had legal pari-mutuel betting for some years. Nevada legalised it in 1929. Eleven states legalised it in 1933, namely, California, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Washington, and West Virginia.

In that same year, 1933, twelve states considered but failed to pass betting legislation, namely, Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Indiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Wisconsin.

We in Massachusetts had dishonest opposition to our racing Bill. There are political racketeers even to-day who threaten every now and again to introduce a Bill into our General Court to repeal our racing law, hoping that the race track people will bribe them not to do it. But in 1934 Massachusetts passed its legalised pari-mutuel racing Bill, as did Rhode Island. And this year Arkansas, Delaware, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, also passed similar laws. Massachusetts collects 3½ per cent. of the totals wagered as tax. New Hampshire and Rhode Island take the same. California takes 4 per cent., Florida 3 per cent., Maryland 1 per cent. (daily race tax in addition of $6,000). Other states vary, but their take is comparable.

During 1934 the eleven states taxing the gambling on a commission or combination fee and percentage basis collected $6,186,000, or 3.7 per cent. of the $168,127,000 wagered. The seven states collecting a pari-mutuel tax reported $2,920,000, or 3.1 per cent. of the $95,616,000 collected.

This year's legal betting figures for the nation will not be available until next winter. But some idea of the unusual amount of gambling in these three New England states may be gained by comparing our 50,000,000 total with the $263,743,000 for eighteen states, most of them larger and more populous than our three. We averaged nearly $17,000,000 per state against $14,631,833 for the rest of the states with legal gambling.

In its 82 nights of racing the Revere Dog Track near Boston handled $6,466,554 in wagers. Suffolk Downs at its 22-day midsummer meeting handled $8,013,786, and at its autumn meeting totalled $4,852,256, or a season total of $12,866,042. Narragansett, in its late autumn meeting, has been handling from a quarter to a half million dollars daily. Its spring meeting totalled $6,119,378. Rockingham's spring meeting totalled $8,448,408. Four midsummer harness race meetings yielded but $107,175. The general public does not attend them in any numbers. The Taunton dog track's spring meeting totalled $2,011,752. Dighton's first dog meeting grossed $1,099,000. On a single Saturday last summer 90,000 persons bet $956,000 at Suffolk Downs and three dog tracks.

Whether next summer will see a continuation of such strenuous betting as has marked the year 1935, can only be a guess. I would guess in the affirmative, because I see no new domestic factors in the American scene which can change the present "hopeful despair" into anything more economically reassuring. When people are pressed by poverty, unemployment is general, and the usual avenues of private profit seem closed, we gamble even with our bread-and-butter money. And that is the whole explanation of what is happening in America, and why a few years hence it will be legally damned as sinful.

ACTION AT AQUEDUCT, ONE OF THE NEW YORK TRACKS

The American handicapper has his work cut out, so what chance has the backer?

LADY CURRE'S HOUNDS

This famous pack of Welsh hounds was originally bred by the late Sir Edward Curre. They are noted for their independence, perseverance, and cry. Lady Curre is carrying on the late Sir Edward Curre's methods of breeding hounds

WELSH HOUNDS ABROAD

A Vindication of Their Low-Scenting Qualities

By SIR ROBERT GREEN-PRICE, BART.

(Formerly Master of the Teme Valley Hounds)

A FEW weeks ago Mr. A. H. Higginson, Master of the Cattistock, in writing of his hunting experiences in England and America, when referring to the American foxhound mentioned that "his independence would make a Welsh hound jealous." This reminded me of a previous article by Lord Dorchester, in which he also referred to Welsh hounds, saying: "I believe that the Welshman has earned an entirely unjustified reputation just because he is a babbler." Perhaps my experience of "hounds for countries" may add further interest to this rather vexed question.

Having enjoyed a few days' hunting near Philadelphia with the Radnor Hunt (cross-bred English and native), Mr. Plunkett Stewart's Belvoir-bred, and his native-bred pack (at that time not mixed), the Brandywine (English drafts) and the White Marsh Valley (English drag hunt), I was asked which I considered the best for that country, and replied that as far as it was possible to judge from such a limited experience, a cross-bred pack seemed to afford the best all-round sport.

I am not concerned with the comparative pace a pack travels, as that is dependent on scenting conditions, and a hound cannot travel faster than his nose, and show good sport generally.

The Pensylvania country, where the above packs hunt, is certainly easier for hounds than horses, being practically all open timber, which does not hold up hounds as many of our thick thorn fences do, but which horses cannot take at the same pace.

It may be, therefore, that hounds would be more likely to beat horses on a good scenting day than in England.

Mr. Plunkett Stewart's Belvoir-bred bitches were then as smart-looking a pack as you would see anywhere, but on the cold scenting day I saw them out could do very little. Afterwards in kennel, Mr. Stewart said: "Now come and look at some native hounds, which I have been induced to acquire by our farmers—who think they are the only ones for the country."

They certainly were a most ungainly-looking lot, and so shy that they could only with force be got off their benches. They were a difficult lot to handle in kennel, but when it came to hunting there was undoubted value in their persistence, cry, and ability to hunt a fox on a bad scenting day which was not to be sneezed at.

The best hound work I saw during this hunting tour was with the Radnor pack, which, at that time, were cross-bred English and native hounds. They had plenty of tongue, drove on at a good pace without being flashy, and were quite good to look at and amenable to discipline, without caring to be interfered with. In these last respects very like the Welsh hound. These packs get very little blood, killing, as I was told, only two or three brace of foxes in the season. I asked the professional English huntsman of the Radnor Hunt what he thought about this lack of blooding, and his reply was: "At first I thought it would be impossible to make a good pack of hounds with so little blood, but have had to change this opinion." He added: "As you have seen, these hounds do not hunt so badly with very little blood."

One of the days I was out they had a six-mile point to ground.

These conclusions, if sound, are, I think, pertinent to the Welsh hound, which it is not wise to condemn

A FASHIONABLE TYPE OF ENGLISH FOXHOUND

Cleveland Ranger, champion hound of the Great Yorkshire Show, held at Middlesbrough

until seen at work in his own country and amongst his own kind. It is, I think, an established fact that he is lower-scented than the English hound, and very persistent. The reason, probably, why he is so often accused of babbling when running with English hounds is that the Welshman is alone owning the line on a poor scenting day, and letting the huntsman know it.

I was staying with the late Sir Edward Curre at Itton when a representative of the Meadow Brook Hunt came and purchased his hound, Factor—probably the ancestor of present-day so-called Welsh hounds at Meadow Brook.

Now Factor was not more than half-Welsh and was not eligible for our Welsh Hound Stud Book. It cannot, therefore, be admitted without further proof that babbling in this pack is a defect due to Welsh blood.

When a Welsh hound reaches the stage of not running up with the pack, in the same way as the English hound, and gets behind, he says more about it with the result that on a moderate scenting day he will fetch other hounds back to him and the stranger asks: "What is that babbling brute?" He is probably kept longer in the pack than he would otherwise be for the reason that he will turn a bad scenting day into a fairly good one, when the pack are not travelling too fast for him. Also he is probably a great fox finder, and the pack, knowing this, will fly to him in covert. Unfortunately he is liable to spoil things on the better scenting day.

To draft or not to draft—that is the decision which the huntsman has to make; and having a soft place in his heart for an old favourite that still does him many good turns, as well as some bad ones he hesitates and delays, and so this good line hunter has to undergo the ignominy of being dubbed "babbler" by one who has not seen him in all his glory.

In March, 1934, I sent out to the Peshawar Vale Hunt, in India, three unentered foxhound puppies, amongst them one named Blandy, entered in the Welsh Stud Book and a half-bred one named Chaucer.

It will, perhaps, interest your readers if I quote in full from a letter received this year from Colonel Wakely, the Master-huntsman:

"Blandy and Chaucer have covered themselves with glory; Blandy has been responsible for many fine hunts, and is large responsible for the excellent season we are having here.

"Blandy scores in that he is very quick away on a jack, very fast and very sure of himself. I saw him the other day jump a very big fence in his stride, and, on landing, turned at right-angles like a polo pony, and away faster than ever. If he does by chance over-run the line he will cast himself round in approved fashion, and if he does not hit it off will stop and look round to see if any of the others have it. If they have he rushes to them and immediately takes the lead again. He is not a jealous hound and will not ruin a hunt by galloping on with nothing—like so many fast hounds do."

Blandy has increased the speed of the pack a lot, the reason being that he is very quick away when the jack leaves covert, and the others are not going to be left behind.

The time must come when this fine young Welsh hound cannot take his place with the pack, but muteness is not in his composition, and by an onlooker, not knowing his history, he will probably be dubbed "a babbling brute."

FOXHUNTING FOR THE POOR MAN

Following Hounds on Foot

HUNTING, they say, is a sport for the man with time and money to spare. But "they" are wrong. I live and work in London; very often I work on Saturday mornings, as well as on the whole of the five preceding days; I cannot afford a horse, except very occasionally. Yet it is rarely a week-end passes that I have not spent several hours after Brer Fox. Of course, my "day's hunting" is a day on foot; but I am sure the foot follower enjoys himself as much, and often sees as much, as the mounted members of the field.

But if you are to follow on foot with London, or any big town, as your starting-off place you must know something about hunting, a lot about your particular hunting country and you must have a car. The first two essentials can only be acquired gradually, by observation and experience; for the would-be foxhunter, mounted or pedestrian, there is no better school than beagling, and I count myself very fortunate in having whipped-in to a pack of beagles. As for the car, that is easiest obtained by means of an overdraft!

The Saturdays when I have a whole holiday are simple. For in any of the countries round London if you see the first covert drawn you should be able with average luck and good sense to keep in touch with the hounds on nine days out of ten. The days when I have to work first are a very different matter; and in some ways they are really more enjoyable. The night before, I look at the map, decide which coverts they will probably draw first, where they are likely to run to, and whereabouts they should be at about half-past one. Then the next morning I leave the office at as near twelve as I can manage, and motor as fast as the traffic and decency will let me until I am somewhere in the right neighbourhood. Then I leave the main

road and start the series of "casts" I have planned; this is always great fun and should make one a very useful scout in wartime!

There are all sorts of signs to be watched for, besides the hunt itself: the movement of cattle, mud on the road, an empty car by a gate, and so on. Above all, never neglect the chance of casual information; on a hunting day practically everyone knows or has seen something of events—and that something may save an hour's searching. Sometimes fortune is kind and one picks up hounds almost immediately; sometimes she is most unkind, and a few minutes in the late afternoon is the sum total of one's hunting for the week. But usually things are somewhere betwixt and between. Anyhow, it is all great fun; and the sound of the horn, the sight of a red coat, and the cry of the hounds are the finest possible tonic after a week's hard work—and equally the most stimulating preparation for another.

But if you are going to hunt in this way, don't forget your obligations. A hunt secretary once said to me, "a foot-follower is either a nuisance or a great help." If you have a car as well as your two legs you are much more likely to qualify for the former description. So, keep your car out of the way; use it as a "hack" when you have to cover long distances, but always keep well behind the field. Above all, never try and cut off corners when hounds are running; you will only head the fox and, quite rightly, no one will ever want to see you again.

On the other hand, do as much as you can to help; open gates for the field, give the hunt staff any information you can—you can see a lot on foot that is missed by "coffee-housing" people on horses—and be ready to do odd jobs like holding the huntsman's horse when the fox has gone to ground. Then, you will feel you really have a right to be out; people will be friendly to you and, best of all, the huntsman will probably tell you where he is going to draw.

One final word: if you cannot get out at all on a horse and so pay a cap, then give some sort of subscription to the hunt—even if it is only ten shillings. Every hunt needs money, and no one should expect to have their fun for nothing.

C. S.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

A Remarkable Hunt With the Cottesmore

FROM their fixture at Ashwell on Tuesday, the 10th, these hounds had a remarkable hunt, and had scent been better and so enabled hounds to press their fox it would have been an historic one.

A fine day with a rather cold north-east wind saw an extremely large field assemble at this popular meet. We began by drawing Ashwell Spinney blank. From there we jogged on to Whissendine, so carefully looked after by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Muntz.

Finding at once our fox broke on the Whissendine side, but was headed back after crossing three fields, and leaving the covert on the other side, hounds ran towards Laxton. Bearing left-handed they crossed the Melton—Oakham Road and ran almost up to Wheathill. Before reaching this we kept right-handed, passing Little Dalby Church on our left and the Lake Spinney on our right.

On past Burrough Hill Wood, which we kept on our left, we were in the Quorn country. Bearing right here, crossing the Green Lane, with Adams Gorse on our left, the chase swept on almost to Great Dalby, where we turned sharp left-handed and ran on, with Thorpe Satchville on our right and Adams Gorse on our left, up to John o' Gaunt Station. Leaving this on our right, we ran on past Tilton Station up into Loddington Redditch (via Robin-à-Tiptoe).

Two hours and 20 minutes was the time to here. Pushing a very tired fox out of this hounds ran towards Skeffington Wood, short of which their fox turned left-handed, and ascending the hill crossed the Uppingham—Leicester turnpike into Fernie country, where hounds were stopped after a grand fox hunt of 2 hours and 50 minutes, with a point of over nine miles and seventeen or eighteen miles as hounds ran.

The country run over was most delightful; not a strand of wire was encountered, and the jumping brigade got all the leaping they wanted, and, in some cases, more than enough.

To the delight of everyone, Mr. Hilton-Green was out, and although not able to hunt hounds for a day or two yet, rode the whole hunt. I am glad to hear that he was not a whit the worse the next day, though it was rather a strenuous undertaking for the first day out, after his recent bad fall.

S. A. W.

THE GRAFTON HOUNDS WORK BRILLIANTLY

ON Friday, December 6th, the Grafton met at Greens Norton. There had been such a sharp frost overnight, and the roads were so slippery, that only a medium-sized field were at the meet. The joint-Masters of the Warwickshire, Mr. Lakin and Mr. Samuel, and their huntsman, Gillson, were taking a 'busman's holiday.

Lord Hillingdon waited till 11.30, and a move was then made to Kingthorn Wood. A fox was found immediately, and hounds got a very good start and were running nicely beside the railway below Braddon, when, unfortunately, the fox took refuge in the big rabbit buries on the railway embankment.

Mr. Sturdy's Osiers were drawn next, and a very big fox was away over the road and past Tites Copse, through Braddon Village. He crossed the railway and the brook below Braddon and the Towcester Road at Foscote. Hounds could only hunt slowly over the ploughs, but Pope held them on for Bucknells. They stuck to their fox in the most persevering way and pushed him straight through this very large woodland without a check. They now hunted on slowly past White's Gorse and down to Wappenham. There was a holloa on the Lois Weedon Road, and our huntsman heard that his fox was five minutes ahead and had skirted Weedon Bushes.

Pope wisely did not lift them, and the bitches hunted their fox right through the covert and crossed the Lois Weedon Road by Mr. Seckington's farm. They now ran on at a much better pace over the Greens Park Bottom as far as the Woodend Road.

Here the fox was headed by a man in the road, which undoubtedly saved him, as he did a sharp right-handed jink in order to remake his point; and he succeeded in getting to ground just in front of hounds in a rabbit-hole close to our starting-point. The time was 80 minutes.

The order was given for Plumpton Wood and, as usual, there were several foxes afoot in this stronghold. The selected one crossed the railway and ran in a left-handed circle nearly to Moreton Pinkney before turning back into the covert. Meanwhile a few couple of hounds hunted another fox on to Grumblers Holt before being stopped.

Hounds gave the hunted fox no rest in covert, and he was soon holloaed away, crossing the railway, over Highfield Farm with Adstone on the right to the Canons—Ashby Road. Here there was delay, but Pope soon put them right, and they ran on at a better pace over Mr. Messenger's farm and across Tunningham Bottom. They left Maidford on the right and with Burntfold close on their left they did not check till reaching Farthingstone. After a short delay they hunted on for Stowe, where the fox tried the main earths below Stowe Lodge. Being unsuccessful, he turned back to Litchborough Spinnies. Unfortunately there were a brace of fresh foxes in the Spinnies and hounds, having changed, were stopped near Radmore after a very pretty hound hunt of 90 minutes with a point of six miles.

There was never a first-class scent all day, but Pope succeeded in getting a really good start after each fox, which undoubtedly made the day. The bitches hunted beautifully, and in the course of the day covered about 22 miles of country.

THE BERKELEY'S GREAT MARSH HUNT

IN the Vale of the Severn, scent invariably serves well in a period of east wind, and there is nearly always sport above the average on those days when the Berkeley meet at Oldbury. The wind came from the east, when these hounds met at Oldbury on Thursday, the 12th inst. Colonel Turner alone of the joint-Masters was out, and his field was not of unruly proportions by any means. They were out for a ride, however, and their optimism and best expectations were justified by the hunt of the season.

Will Morris had unkennelled the lady pack, and an hour had elapsed in likely Severn-side haunts without a whimper or any sign of a fox. No covert had been drawn (coverts are very scarce in the Vale of Oldbury), when one of the many sporting farmers came up with the right kind of information. "There's a great big dog fox lying in the field by the turkey house," he yelled out. That was sufficient! In five minutes the fun had started. The fires were lit, as it were!

The fences are fair at Sheperdine. It was at Sheperdine we found him, and that first 20 minutes to the Oldbury tributary was in itself first-rate, but there was so much more to come.

LORD SEFTON, FIELD MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE, WITH MR. HILTON-GREEN, THE MASTER (LEFT), AT THE ASHWELL MEET LAST WEEK

Lord Sefton celebrates his 37th birthday to-morrow. Everyone was glad to welcome Mr. Hilton-Green's return to the saddle after his accident. A large field turned out for a fine day's hunting

This bold fox would have crossed the Oldbury River, but workmen there, doing repairs to the bank, turned him. He ran his foil, was headed here and headed there. The turns and twists of a much-viewed fox generally brings more complications than kills. The fox ran the village gardens at Oldbury, and there was a period of hunting that concerned the huntsman more than the field. The latter took it for granted the fox was going to be killed and became just casual lookers-on and listeners.

But the big dog fox was full of running, and he emerged from the network of houses and holloas to make good his escape; and his original resolution to cross the tributary was carried into effect.

Hounds were put to disadvantage, and they had some huntsman's help by Cowhill, which enabled them to gather in some slack, and get on better terms at Littleton Wharf.

They were both fleet of foot and loud of tongue as they went past Littleton Village, and then we were racing our horses by Redhill, to keep their company. They shot over the Aust Road, and on a good scenting day, in a firm, good-scenting marsh, they made such use of their opportunities that leading horsemen could only mark their course by putting the faculties of sight and sound to the best use.

The Bilsham and Northwick Marsh is not a cut down country. Fences come fast and some of them are tall and ungainly, and the rhines are really formidable. Their banks were firm, though, on this occasion, and very few of the field fell in them.

Had there been any serious strands of wire about,

I really believe hounds would have left us behind. They had a clear lead as it was, as they left Wards Withybed on the left, and arrived at the Greenditch Road. This they crossed and carried a good head to Awkley.

There was a slight check on the Pilning Road—the first for four miles—and those straight. It gave us an opportunity of taking stock of the first flight. Many of these were of the single horse brigade. They were already many miles from where their cars, trailers and motor boxes were parked. They were compelled by the dictates of distance to abandon the hunt.

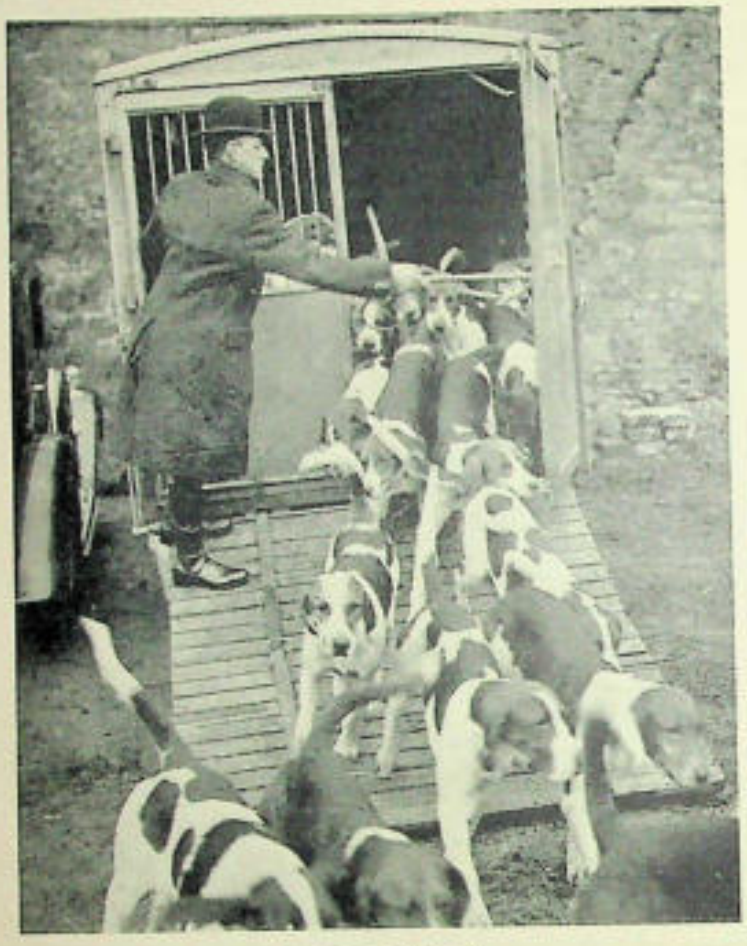
Admiral Martyn was down from the Cotswold country. He finished with many others at this point. We wish they could have seen the way hounds ran on by Sandy Bank and across the Almondsbury Marsh. The heat of the chase had cooled a bit after Morris had made his forward cast, to hit the line beyond the Pilning Road.

Hunting became pretty, and the perseverance of the pack was a tribute to their fitness. It was a select company indeed with the Master and Morris, and it looked as if hounds would cross the London—South Wales Railway, which splits in two the best marsh in the whole long vale of the Severn.

Before reaching the railway, however, they turned to the right and came back through the strip of Long Covert, the lone covert in the broad grassy area that runs down from Knole Park to the shore of the Channel. It looked for a moment or so as if the tired fox might have lingered here; however, the hunt lacked the spectacular, the classic finish which we hoped to witness.

With such a finish—the killing of a fox, to crown a three-hours' hunt and a point of eight-and-a-half miles, all in the marsh, and we might have exclaimed "No hunt has ever surpassed it, and few equalled it, in our long association with this pack"! Nevertheless, it was a unique performance and, had there been time, the point might have been extended.

MORTON.



EAGER TO BE AT IT

The Dartmoor hounds leaving the run at Tor Royal, near Princetown

BEST HEYTHROP DAY SO FAR

THE Heythrop had the best day of the season so far when they met at Adderbury House on Friday, December 13th.

Lord Dillon entertained the field with the most lavish hospitality, which was much appreciated by all. There had been quite a sharp frost overnight, but not sharp enough to affect the going; but the ground had dried up considerably and conditions underfoot were ideal. It was, however, a raw, cold morning, with a north-east wind, yet, contrary to expectations, scent proved to be quite good.

Moving off from the meet, hounds trotted through Adderbury Village and turned down the Aynho Road, drawing a spinney on the roadside just short of Nellbridge, blank. The Station Spinney below Adderbury House was also drawn blank; but just as hounds were being put into the osier bed, a big, dark red dog-fox was away in a flash.

Hounds soon settled to his line and hunted him up to the spinney which had been drawn first. This good fox, however, turned right-handed away from the Aynho Road and crossed the railway between King's Sutton and Adderbury stations, with Nellbridge on the left, and on by Nellbridge Farm towards Wilson's Gorse.

Here the field were very lucky in finding two bridges, one over the Sor Brook, and the other over the Swere Brook, both of these brooks being quite unjumpable just here, where they flow into the River Cherwell. Hounds then ran on nicely towards Hazelhedge Farm, but just short of this they turned right-handed and ran, with the Swere Brook just on their right, up to the Deddington—Adderbury main road.

Here some helpful followers in motor-cars quickly opened the gates each side of the main road, and hounds went alongside the brook to just below Lovell's Gorse. Here a check occurred, but our hunted fox was viewed going up the slope beyond the gorse, which he did not enter. At the same moment another fresh fox went away from Lovell's Gorse, which is, incidentally, a perfect fox covert, but the huntsman soon had hounds on the line of their hunted fox, and then ran on by Coombe Hill Farm over some lovely fences towards Milton.

Short of this village hounds swung left-handed, and crossing the Barford St. John—Bloxham Road ran on to some allotment gardens beside the Bloxham—Chipping Norton Road quite close to Bloxham Station. Here the fox was viewed by the first whipper-in and he turned back left-handed with hounds close behind him, to Rignell. In this covert hounds almost certainly changed foxes, but were soon away with their fresh fox towards South Newington. Leaving this village on the right and Buttermilk Farm on the left, hounds ran up to Falklands Bushes. Here also hounds probably changed foxes, but after some time in and around the covert, they forced one away over the top to French's Hollow and on to Cowhill, when they turned sharp back to French's Hollow and could make no more of him.

So ended an excellent hunt of two hours with a six-and-a-half mile point.

C. F.

EXCELLENT FIFTY MINUTES WITH THE BICESTER

FOLLOWERS of these hounds have recently been able to congratulate themselves on enjoying some good sport, and perhaps some account of their day following on their meet at Cropredy on Wednesday the 11th, will be of interest to a large circle of those who have hunted not only with the Bicester, but also with the adjoining pack, the Warwickshire, as practically the whole day was passed in that country.

Disappointment was widespread on Saturday the 7th, as owing to a dense fog hounds were unable to hunt, and there would have been the customary large following. The appointment was postponed till the following Wednesday, and the small field that met General Courage, one of the joint-Masters, was amply rewarded.

Those who do not know the country that lies adjacent to the Warwickshire Hunt, must picture a narrow strip, bordered on the one side by those obstacles to hunting, a railway, a canal and a river, and on the other side, across the Banbury-Southam Road, by the Warwickshire country, consisting of vales that are a test for the rider, and sufficient gradients to lay bare any weakness in the blood or stamina of a horse.

The first thing apparent was the extraordinary enthusiasm of the countryside, as Mr. Kinnell was there, with keys to ensure that the railway did not hold up the hunt; a very thoughtful action. Then there was Mr. Horace Cave, mounted on a young horse just caught up that morning, so that he might show us over his land, and both were very disappointed that their fox was headed so continually that we could not get a good hunt. After this, we moved to a piece of kale adjoining the boundary road and there we were met by Mr. Robeson all smiles, who called out "It is all right, there is a good fox in the kale, and my shepherd has kept the place quiet on purpose for the hounds." So long as those feelings exist the future of hunting is assured.

Foxes seem to like kale fields as much as any covert, and, after a little delay, one popped across the boundary road down wind and the hounds secured that sufficient start of the field so necessary to ensure a hunt. The pace was a merry one, hounds crossing the brook nearly to Hanwell Covert, and swinging right-handed past Angel's Piece. Recrossing the brook past Kilby Gorse to Mollington Village, where they turned back into the Bicester country past Great Bourton, hounds were denied their victory when he was marked to ground under the railway near Cropredy, after a nice little hunt of 40 minutes.

We then trotted off to Clattercote Pool, from which covert a fox was soon away; in fact, whilst hounds were drawing the fence along the pool which leads to the covert, the welcome view hallos of one of the whippers-in was heard. This fox, like the previous one, made off down wind, and took us almost immediately again into our neighbour's country, through Mollington Wood, where there was a slight delay. But Johnson, the huntsman, on a real good little horse and in the best of form, soon had the bitch pack on the line of their fox, and over the valley we rode, through Warmington Hangings to Page's Gorse; then with a great cry, hounds ran through White's Bushes and Bushhill to Upton, swinging left-handed to Ragnell Gorse, where the fox was lost. This was an excellent hunt of 50 minutes with a point of five-and-a-half miles, and about eight miles as hounds ran.

We were now too far away from our country to

WITH THE BELVOIR

Lady Daresbury talking to her son the Hon. Edward Greenall, who is joint-Master of the Belvoir with Colonel F. G. D. Colman

THE BERKS AND BUCKS STAGHOUNDS MOVING OFF AFTER A MEET AT THE OLD PLOUGH INN, NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE
Miss Isobel MacDonald will be the future owner of this old inn

think of drawing again, and there was nothing but to get back home, and tell the second horsemen, when they could be found, to go home as they were not required.

It was a pleasure to see Major and Mrs. Liddell out from the Warwickshire, and also that grand sportswoman and supporter of the Bicester Hunt, Mrs. Keith Falconer, who had come a long way, and as usual went home with the hounds, amidst many cheery "good-nights," which always mean that all have enjoyed themselves. Q.

SUPERLATIVE CROOME SPORT

THURSDAY, the 12th, was a great day! The meet was at the Boot Inn at Flyford Flavell, with only a select few out, but those who did come were amply rewarded by one of the best hunts—if not *the* best hunt—of the present season. This, however, did not take place until the afternoon; the morning was employed in an enjoyable gallop into Worcestershire territory from that "Pinch-me-Near Forest" of Croome country known as Grafton Wood.

It was the turn of the mixed pack—the Welsh-blooded ones—who upon entering Grafton, immediately embarked on a glorious "eisteddfod," ringing the echoes with their music. Five minutes of this, and Charles James, finding things growing too warm for his liking, made an effort to leave at the bottom end, pointing for Naunton Bushes and the cream of the country.

But some misguided enthusiast near the road holloa'd straight in his face, and he doubled back on his tracks into the wood again. Another ten minutes, however, and the merciless chorus drumming in his ears became too persistent to be ignored, and he slipped away at the top with the pack in full cry behind him; the sound of the horn's "gone away—away—away!" was wafted to us down the covert, and—"The Hunt is up!"

Through Little Kite's and down to the road by Kington, and they were heading for Little London, but presently they wheeled sharply to the left, over Hill Farm, and came to the village of Dormston. Another left-handed turn, and they were making for Grafton again, but a flock of sheep in the field outside caused them to check, and after re-entering the covert, numerous fresh foxes complicated matters and soon after 12.30 Pavitt called them out, at the end of 70 minutes' continuous hunting.

Naunton Bushes and various rough fields in the vicinity were drawn blank, and it was growing late in the afternoon when we arrived at Shutwell. Scarcely were hounds in covert before a holloa on the down-wind side proclaimed a fox away pointing for the Bow Brook. Hounds came pouring out after him, heads down and sterns up, over the road and across Mr. Tarran's farm, where scent was catchy and there were several checks. For some reason their fox had swung round short of the brook, and the pack turned for Shutwell again, threading Happy Land and just touching Shutwell Bushes as they drove on straight into the wind. Now that they were running up-wind their pace increased and with a glorious crash of music they went racing on straight for Naunton Bushes and a grand line of country.

Over a succession of grass fields and across the road to Frog Hall Farm and they reached the Piddle Brook. The fox had crossed this, but, on gaining the far bank, had turned right-handed and run down-stream for some distance, which was very fortunate for the field, who were able to ride parallel with hounds on the near bank until they came to a crossing-place below. A few moments later and they found themselves at Naunton Bushes, from which hounds veered to the right and crossed the Naunton Road, as if for Bishampton, but after running a few fields in this direction, the fox had altered his course, pointing for Abberton. Hounds carried the line up the brookside (a different brook again, flowing into the Whitsun Brook near Bishampton) to Abberton Mill and the rushes, then turning right-handed and up-wind again, they were making a bee-line for Old Yew Hill.

This curiously-named covert, pronounced locally as "Old Yewell" is a vast wooded slope, the home of innumerable foxes, on to whom our own Master Charles James was doubtless hoping to shift the responsibility of his clamorous pursuers. He crossed the road and now had only a field or two to go, but Ernest, the first whip, made a valiant attempt to head him off before he gained his point. The fox, however, reached the covert first, after almost a neck-and-neck race, and a few seconds later hounds brought his line up to the covert-side, and plunged into the undergrowth, hunting him still as true as an arrow, despite the fresh foxes which kept popping up from all points of the compass. From the find until Old Yew Hill was reached the time was 55 minutes. Now another 35 minutes followed in covert, during which, again and again, hounds seemed on the point of catching their well-beaten fox, but it had been late when they found, and at dusk the "Good-night" horn sounded—and a stout-hearted fox lives to be hunted another day.

"The stars grew bright in the winter sky,
The wind came keen with a tang of frost,
The brook was troubled for new things lost,
The copse was happy for old things found,
The fox came home and he went to ground."
(*Reynard the Fox*).

We have hunted him before, over almost precisely the same line from Shutwell on two previous occasions, once in March last season and again this season two or three weeks ago.

Measuring it out on the map, after reaching home, I found that the point was exactly six miles.

D. M. M.

A FIRST-CLASS EIGHTY MINUTES WITH THE BEDALE

ON Monday, December 9th, the meet was at Aysgarth School, where Mr. and Mrs. Joy were most hospitable, and the field was augmented by all the boys in their running kit.

A fox was soon found in Lindale bog and hounds were away at once, running very fast by Stone Hag. They bore right-handed here, and going through the top end by Ruswick Gill, crossed the railway east of Finghall Station, and over the Newton Beck up to Wild Wood.

Just hunting along the edge of it, hounds ran on straight for Hunton Village, but bending left-handed, ran by Scroggs Farm into Dickie Wood, beyond which either the fox was headed by motor cars on the Constable Burton and Hunton Road or hounds must have killed him.

Up to this time hounds had raced, having come a three-and-a-half mile point in 20 minutes.

In drawing the Constable Burton covers, hounds found two or three foxes in the Wham. Getting away with one, they raced through Givendale, and going west, made a big right-handed bend by Park Grange and Harmby Moor House. Crossing the Garriston and Bellerby Road they ran for Half-penny House, turning right-handed and entering Bardon Gill.

Here there was some delay; but getting away on the east side, hounds crossed the road beyond Bardon Village, and entered the West Wood at Hauxwell. Leaving this covert at the South end over Garriston Beck, they ran on through Burton Park to Studdah.

They were soon away from this small wood and, turning right-handed, left Givendale on the right, running as if for Leyburn, to mark their fox to ground just north of the Quarries, at High Side.

This was a first-class hunt of one hour and 20 minutes. The first 40 minutes was very fast, and the last 40 at a fair pace. Hounds had covered over eleven miles in a large circle. W. H. L. A.

GREAT HOUND HUNT WITH THE EAST ESSEX

ON Tuesday, December 10th, the East Essex met at Spaynes Hall, in a biting east wind, and the hospitality kindly provided by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Anderton was much appreciated by a large field. The first draw was Wren's Park, which was unexpectedly blank. Walker's Leys was the next draw and, immediately hounds were thrown into covert, a fox was holloa'd away on the north side to give one of the best hound hunts this pack have enjoyed for many a day.

Pointing for Nether Hall, this good fox ran up wind for about a mile, but finding the pace too hot he turned right handed over the Belchamp Brook to Goldingham. Here he turned right-handed again, leaving Parsonage Wood and Batlers on his left. His next point was Maplestead Groves, but being headed on the main road he tried the earth at the osiers. There hounds were close at him and, pushing on over the grass through Dyne's Hall nearly to Pearls Hill, he turned left, and hounds were at fault for a moment.

Not to be denied they quickly recovered the line and went down to the railway, where the field was in difficulties. Hounds hunted on unaided along the line for about a mile to the outskirts of Halstead, then turning right as if for the Brookes, but before reaching this stronghold, this good fox was rolled over on the lawn of Sloe House, the

home of Mrs. Deacon, whose late husband was Master before the war.

So ended what must be described as a triumph for huntsman and hounds. The farthest point was six miles, and fifteen miles as hounds ran, in one hour and 30 minutes. RODING.

THE IRFON AND TOWY RUN INTO THE CLOUDS

THIS small farmers' pack had a good bye-day on Saturday, December 7th.

Snow had held up hunting for some days, so that, when the welcome thaw came, a bye-day was fixed for Saturday at Brynffoi, a farm over 1,000ft. above sea level on the Brecon shire—Carmarthenshire border.

Owing to thick fog we had to wait until eleven o'clock (our meets being usually at ten), and then drew the wild dingle below the house, where hounds immediately picked up the drag of their fox, and in less than a mile they unkennelled him. They disappeared into the fog, but the wonderful music of Welsh hounds enabled the field to keep in touch, and they were next seen in the Forestry Commission's new plantations in Cwmerychan, where the fox had doubled and caused a short check.

From there the field kept with hounds down to Clynnoch Woods where, in spite of fresh foxes, the pack stuck to their hunted fox, and drove him three times through this nearly perpendicular stronghold. They then returned through the new plantations, recrossing a very deep dingle, to the place where they had found. The field had to gallop their hardest to the hamlet of Llandulais.

Hounds ran very fast down the right bank of the river Dulais, and turned up to the Llwynfynwent Woods. The next mile was slower hunting, through small fields full of sheep and cattle, and for this we were devoutly thankful, for the pace was beginning to tell.

A short check at the Dulais Bridge below Cefngorwydd was also welcome for the horses. Here the huntsman had to help hounds for the first time; but quickly picking up the line, they carried on down the river, through a very awkward and badly-wired country.

The fox then turned up to the right through ploughed fields, and was viewed going through the yard of Cefn Farm, causing a short check. But thanks to the wonderful work of Rory, the champion Welsh bitch hound of 1928, the line was soon picked up again in the fields beyond the fold-yard.

Hounds then ran very fast up to the open mountain of Eppynt, which was wrapped in mist and still thick with snow. As we could not see 30yds. ahead, it was hopeless to try to follow, and we retraced our way to the lower ground, keeping on the edge of Eppynt for Llangammarch Wells. Hounds ran on unattended, crossing several deep dingles and cwms to the well-known fox coverts of Troedrhiweward on the outskirts of Llangammarch Wells.

Here they turned, being next seen coming back high on Eppynt, the mist fortunately clearing a little at that time. Luckily for us, they turned down and sank the valley once more to the River Dulais, where two couples put up a fresh fox and were quickly stopped and taken on to the main body. They then hunted steadily through the small fields back to Llwynfynwent Woods, and thence very fast and straight, keeping above Llandulais and bearing right.

By this time horses were nearly beaten, but the four remaining followers, including the hunt staff and a lady, were just able to keep in touch with hounds.

We were told the fox was dead beat, but he just managed to reach a rabbit hole within a few hundred yards of where he was found, and hounds had him out in a few minutes. He proved to be an enormous dog fox, and had given us a really good run of four-and-a-half hours, with points of six and eight miles, and about 25 miles or more as hounds ran. BRECON.

THE GOATHLAND RACE OVER MOORLAND

ON Tuesday, December 10th, the Goathland Foxhounds met at South Lodge, Mulgrave, and had a capital day's sport.

Hounds found at once in South Mulgrave and went away close behind their fox to Skelder Wood. Hounds hunted well straight through the wood and out on to Hutton Moor; swinging right-handed they ran along the moor nearly to Dun Bogs before swinging right-handed across a very nice piece of enclosed country to Mulgrave Woods. Here hounds were at fault and they hit off the line left-handed up the beck.

A timely holloa from Mr. T. Agar enabled hounds to be lifted out of covert to the south side, where it was learnt that he had turned back. Hounds hunted on well down through Mulgrave and marked him to ground by the Footman's Leap. This was a good hunt of 1 hour 10 minutes.

The best hunt of the day started from Birk Beck. The fox had gone several minutes, and it was some time before hounds settled to the line. They hunted well across to Briscoe Slacks and turned right-handed as if he was going back to Alder Park. However, he thought better of it, and they raced over the moor to Ugthorpe Lodge and on to Traveller's Rest, before crossing the main Guisborough Road and on over Lealholm Moor to Redmire Farm, where hounds were on good terms with their fox.

He was unfortunately headed here and faulty information caused delay. Hounds eventually hit off the line in the direction of Wonderful Hole, but as darkness was rapidly falling, they had to be stopped after a very good hunt of 2 hours 5 minutes, with a six-mile point and ten as hounds ran.

G. A. G.

THE DEATH OF A GREAT SPORTSMAN

FOLLOWERS of the Cottesmore Hounds have sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Henry Finch, the "Father" of the Cottesmore Hunt, at the great age of 93. A most remarkable man, he rode to hounds almost to the day of his death and was hunting on his birthday this year, at the end of October.

A sportsman of the old school, he rode out to every meet and home again. An old Harrovian, he was in his younger days a fine cricketer and a first-class athlete. He was a regular attendant at Lord's at all the chief matches, but his chief loves were horses, hounds and the pursuit of the fox.

He had expressed a wish that his death should not interfere with hunting in any way; but, as so many of his friends wished to pay a last tribute of respect to their dear old friend by attending his funeral, hounds did not hunt on that day.

THE JOINT-MASTERS OF THE "H.H."—MR. AND MRS. GEORGE EVANS

From portraits by Mr. Kelvrah Collings

Mr. George Evans has been associated with this pack, as Master and joint-Master, since 1926. Mrs. Evans joined him in the Mastership this year. The H.H. dates from about 1745, when Mr. Evelyn kept hounds at Armsworth

NOTES AND NEWS

Mrs. Milvain, well known with the North Cotswold Hounds, was injured in a fall when hunting with the pack recently.

Miss Mary Mills, joint-Master of the Old Berkshire Hounds, is much better. She has left Faringdon Hospital and is now hunting again.

About 400 people attended the V.W.H. (Cirencester) Wire Ball, which was held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester. Music was provided by the Pump Room Orchestra, Bath.

Lord Middleton presided at a council meeting of the Hunters' Improvement Society, and stated that the Thoroughbred and Hunter Show would be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, on March 17th, 18th and 19th, 1936. The schedule of classes and the number of premiums to be allocated to each county will be issued shortly, and it will be practically identical with the last show. In order to encourage the purchase of younger stallions, the council will continue to offer special premiums of £200 (inclusive) for the 1936 season, to stallions ten years old or under on the 1st January, 1936. These special premiums will be awarded to the champion stallion and reserve champion stallion, irrespective of their age, but will otherwise be confined to the younger stallions. The exact number of these special premiums will be dependent upon the quantity and quality of the entry of young horses received for the show, but unless the judges decide to withhold award through lack of merit there will be not less than ten special premiums awarded.

Mr. F. H. Unwin (president) occupied the chair at a council meeting of the National Pony Society, and intimated that the next pony show would be held at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Friday and Saturday, March 20th and 21st, 1936. The schedule of classes was passed for issue, comprising 53 classes, and would include sections for all types and ages of polo ponies, Shetland and Welsh ponies, children's riding and equitation classes, Arab classes and two new classes for mountain and moorland ponies (to be ridden). The following ladies and gentlemen had kindly accepted invitations to act as judges at the show, viz.:—Polo-breeding classes, Colonel J. F. Barclay and Lieutenant-Colonel W. Robinson; polo-riding classes, Captain H. G. Morrison and Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. Ritson; referee of riding classes, Captain R. L. Finlay; Welsh pony classes, Captain T. A. Howson; Shetland pony classes, Mr. R. W. R. Mackenzie; Dales, Fell and Highland class (ridden), Earl of Lonsdale; Dartmoor, Exmoor and New Forset class (ridden), Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Loch; hacks (polo bred) and children's riding classes, Mrs. Brian W. Robinson and Mrs. Leslie Weaver; equitation tests, competitions and jumping, Brigadier W. H. Anderson, Captain Alec Campbell and Major A. Sowler.

INTEMPERANCE

"Of all 'bominable vices under the sun, that of hintemperance is the most degradin' and disgustin.'"
—JOHN JORROCKS.

GINS IN THE OPEN

A correspondent has forwarded to us a cutting from the *Welsh Gazette*, of November 28th, which reports the proceedings at the Aberayron Petty Sessions, following a prosecution at the incidence of an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A., of two persons who had set steel traps in the open. In one case, out of 55 traps only two were set in rabbit holes, and in the other, out of 87, six traps were set in holes and the remaining 81 in the open. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, decided that the defendants were ignorant of the law and merely imposed the payment of costs. To say the least of it, this would appear to be a lenient way of dealing with a flagrant violation of a law which ought to be better known in rabbit-trapping districts than anywhere else.

A FOREST SCENE IN TRINIDAD

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY IN TROPICAL FORESTS

In the Trinidad Haunts of the Jacamar

By R. E. JOHNSON

BIRD photography in the tropical forests of South America is often a very disappointing business; the light is so poor that long exposures are necessary even with the modern high-speed film; the birds when nesting are usually far more timid than English birds, sometimes deserting when a nest is merely touched; and much torture must be borne when in the "hide" from mosquitoes and sand-flies.

Very little is known of the habits and nesting of these forest birds. Expeditions have been mainly for the purpose of collecting, and little time has been available for observation. So the bird photographer must be a good observer, but many of his discoveries will be valuable and will be some compensation for his scanty collection of pictures.

One of the loveliest birds in the tropical American forest is the jacamar. The colour is so brilliant, and the bill so long and straight, that it is rather like a huge humming bird. Here, in Trinidad, the only species of jacamar is *Galbula ruficauda*. It is about 10in. long overall, with a very long tail and beak, and is a brilliant golden-green above and red-brown below, with a white throat.

In October I observed a pair of jacamars near a dry stream-bed, which is so dark a place that it is called "the bamboo hole." During the following six months I continually saw this pair of birds hawking for insects from various branches, or sitting motionless for long periods, but always within a few hundred yards of a small portion of the stream-bed. All other jacamars I discovered in this region kept within similar small limits throughout the year.

In April they commenced to drill a tunnel about an inch-and-a-half in diameter into the sandy bank of the stream. In a little over two weeks they completed the tunnel, 18in. deep, with a roundish chamber at the end about 10in. across and segmental in section. It seemed hardly possible for these birds, with their long beaks and tails, to fit into that small, low chamber. Three white and roundish eggs were laid.

When the young were hatched we gradually erected a "hide" about 6ft. from the nest-hole. I entered the "hide," expecting a long wait before the birds returned, for I had just previously spent many weary hours trying to photograph motmots at their nest-hole with no success. Within a quarter of an hour, however, both jacamars were perching on bamboo twigs above the "hide" with large insects in their long bills, which they continued to nip on the twigs, occasionally giving rather sad calls of "pee-pee-pee."

The female flew down, and perched on a short root which luckily came from the bank by the nest hole and made a halting-place before the hole was entered. It was very much like watching a kingfisher. After she shot into the hole the male was immediately perched on the root crying impatiently, a clear and ringing call, quite unlike the mournful cry. She spent a few minutes inside the hole, much to his annoyance, for he dashed at her when she emerged.

The male fed the young about every five minutes, and the female every quarter of an hour. The male hawked for insects from the root at the entrance to the nest. When the sunlight reached the root he became a glorious sight, his green back turning to a blazing gold.

Unfortunately the sunlight was not on this position for long during the day, and our time for photographing was short. The birds were quite confiding, but their movements were very rapid.

Another pair of jacamars along the same dry stream-bed reared a successful brood in April. Six weeks later they excavated another hole in a clay bank a few yards from the first nest; and here they laid two eggs. They were disturbed two weeks afterwards, but five weeks later again one of the birds was sitting on two other eggs. Within the next three weeks, however, the rains came, and the previously dry stream-bed became a torrent and flooded the chamber. Two other pairs of jacamars within a half-mile brought off two broods before the rains started, but dug fresh holes in each case.

Newton says of the jacamar in his *Dictionary of Birds*: "Of their nidification almost nothing has been recorded. . . ."

HIS BACK A BLAZE OF GOLD

The male jacamar (above) is actually observing the movements of a humming bird hovering a few feet away. On the right is the female, with food for the young

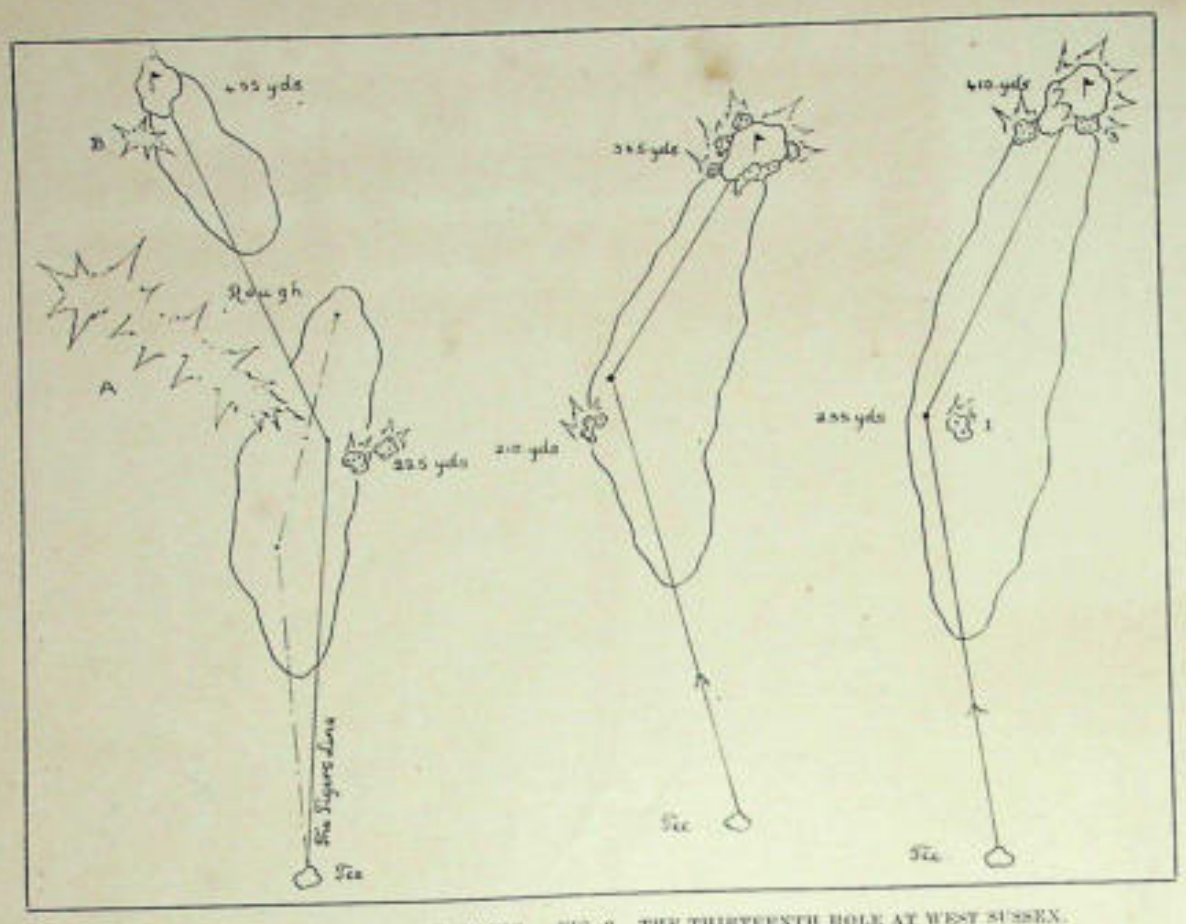


FIG. 1. THE SIXTH HOLE AT HAYLING. FIG. 2. THE THIRTEENTH HOLE AT WEST SUSSEX.
FIG. 3. THE SEVENTH HOLE AT BLACKMOOR

In Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 the driver must court danger by hugging the left and right sides of the respective bunkers. An alternative route is shown by the dotted line in Fig. 1. Owing to the tilt of the green the inviting expanse of fairway on the right of the bunker in Fig. 3 is a lure to be avoided

MODERN GOLF COURSE DESIGN—II.

Tee Shots and Fairways

By E. R. TIPPLE

THE drive is supposed to be the easiest stroke of all. Certainly in the majority of cases it is, because, quite apart from the fact that the player is allowed to choose his own stance and select his own tee, a wide expanse of fairway lies in front of him so that he knows he has an ample margin for error. But such drives are very uninteresting; they are dull because they do not excite interest nor enthusiasm. In such instances the battle between the player on the one hand and the architect and Colonel Bogey on the other does not really begin until the second shot. The initial move in the game has lacked character and has been purposeless except to get the player off the tee.

Some years ago a method commonly employed to test the driver was to place a large bunker ahead or a long cross-bunker which had to be carried before the fairway could be reached. Frequently this feat was beyond the powers of the humble golfers, and they had perforce to hack about in sand at the very beginning of a hole. However, if the carry was achieved the individual obtained a wonderful thrill which would more than recompense him for any trouble that came later on. This method in short was rather merciless. Its doctrine was the good shot rewarded, the bad shot penalised by the bunker and a recovery essential. The majority of players suffered whilst the experts escaped unless they were very foolish.

The modern architect employs rather a different method, one far more delicate, the correction of the mistake being effected indirectly. A hole is designed to be played in certain definite ways by those belonging to each class of player, graded according to skill, and any departure from this course puts the individual at a disadvantage for the subsequent stroke.

A great tee shot has been described by one whose name scratch men respect as "one where trouble of some kind lives with the shot just a few yards away, *either* on the left *or* on the right of the fairway, as the case may be, from the moment the ball leaves the club until such time as it comes to rest." The two first sketches depicting the 6th hole at Hayling and the 13th at West Sussex illustrate this principle.

"In other words," he continues, "no tee shot can be described as good if the proper place to be is the centre of the fairway, and this for two reasons: first, because at that spot there is the widest margin for error on both the right and the left, and, secondly, because if the centre of the fairway is the proper place to be, the orientation of the green must of necessity be faulty in that it is set square to the fairway, which means that, to all intents and purposes, it can be approached equally well from any part of the fairway." In fig. 1 the trouble for the "Tiger" is on the right, and his drive must slip by the bunkers at 225yds. from the tee if visibility for the second is to be obtained as the high sand hills (A) and hillocks (B) completely mark the green from any other part of the fairway. The other route shown is the one used by the handicap golfer who, knowing he cannot get up in two, plays to be on in three and use his stroke allowance.

For the hole depicted in fig. 2, the drive must hug the left side if the player desires to have the whole length of the green before him. From any other angle the target is small and narrow, consequently the chance of success is remote. In both these excellent examples of strategic design there is the psychological aspect which plays an important part—it is extremely disturbing for the expert to know that the centre of the fairway is of no use to him, that, in order to be well placed for his second shot, he has to take a very definite risk of getting into trouble *just off his most favourable line to the hole*. There, indeed, is the element of sailing near the wind. It is severe, no doubt, because the almost good one is penalised, yet because of this direct challenge the expert is interested without adding to the burden of his humble brethren—this should be noted particularly.

If a tee shot cannot be placed in this fashion the architect has alternatives, for example, central hazarding—see the third diagram, Blackmoor No. 7, one of the greatest of its length anywhere. However, for this method to be successful the green must be tilted—such as the fourth at Woking—or cleverly modelled as in the case of this hole, but that is a subject which will be dealt with in a subsequent article. All that need be said here is that this is a plateau green with a diagonal ridge dividing the two levels, and that it is the angle of the ridge, taken in conjunction with the position of bunker 3, that causes the expert to place his tee shot in the narrow strip of fairway on the left. The fairway on the safe and useless line on the right of bunker 1 is twice as wide and tempts the thoughtless golfer, the one who does not plan his attack shot by shot, to hit his drive anywhere down the middle.

The placing of a bunker in the middle of the fairway is regarded by many as being extremely unfair. It is argued that it will catch good shots, strokes hit perfectly. But in reality they are not good at all, because the very presence of the bunker is to indicate to the player the forbidden line. The 16th hole at St. Andrews is yet another fine example of this method. The Principal's Nose governs the tee shots, and no one in their right senses can call it unfair, yet many long shots have been trapped in it simply because the strikers failed to obtain the right direction as well as mere length.

Yet another alternative lies before the architect who seeks to make interesting tee shots, and this is illustrated in figs. 4 and 5, the 7th at Liphook and the 3rd at Hayling. As can be seen, separate fairways are provided for the long handicap man. In the first example the "Tiger" is faced with a very dangerous line, the least slice sending him out of bounds if the rough at A is to be avoided. The drive is up hill and only the first bunker, 180yds. away, and the first 70yds. of fairway is visible from the tee. Thus the interest, character and difficulty of the stroke is increased. The tiger is left guessing as to exactly where the out-of-bounds line runs on the top of the hill, and this is exactly what the artful architect planned. In the last illustration the expert's long carry over sand-hills, which end 200yds. from the tee, is shown, and bravery is needed to attempt this. The ordinary player meanwhile has his line of attack, a less severe one naturally, and he has to use his wits, too.

For the really interesting tee shot let it be realised that it is imperative to guard the interests of all players. The expert should be faced with his particular problem, the moderate player with his, and the rabbit with his—each being different and suitable for their particular skill so that no hardship is inflicted on any one class. Moreover, the handicap man should bear in mind that he is supposed to reach two-shot holes in three shots, and this should be his aim.

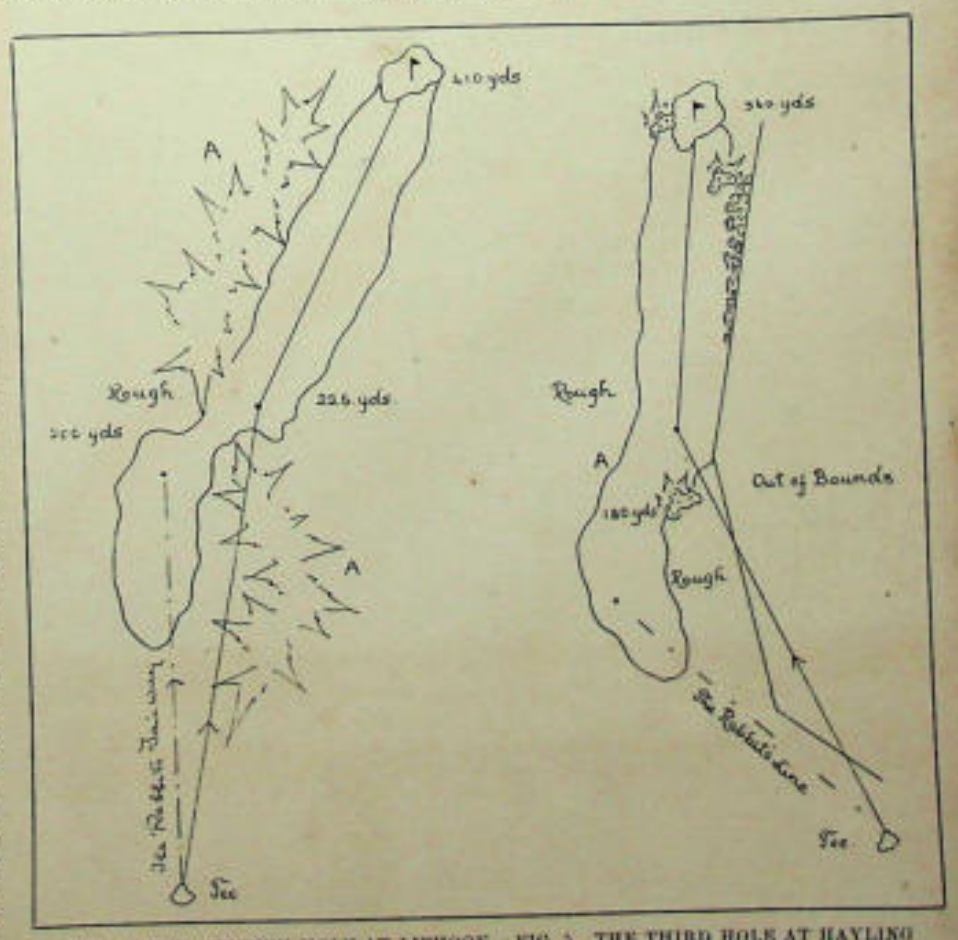


FIG. 4. THE SEVENTH HOLE AT LIPHOOK. FIG. 5. THE THIRD HOLE AT HAYLING

Two types of hole where separate fairways are provided for the long driver and the handicap man

"WHAT MAD PURSUIT . . ."

A BULL RHINOCEROS CHASING HIS COW IN A BENGAL JUNGLE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT

This is certainly a very remarkable photograph taken by Mr. Bengt Bery in the Bengal Rhino Sanctuary, showing as it does a pair of Indian rhinos by daylight. There are probably not more than a few hundred of these great beasts left at the present time, and to have photographed this domestic interlude by day was a triumphant reward for the many hours of preparation, observation and disappointment which is the usual lot of the big game photographer. The Bengal Rhino Reserve is now let by the Bengal Government for limited shooting, though of course the rhinos are protected, and the income therefrom goes towards the cost of protecting one of the rarest and certainly one of the most interesting animals in the world

(This photograph has never previously been exhibited or reproduced in the United Kingdom, and is the copyright of Mr. Bengt Bery, of Hallsberg, Sweden)

FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER
An illustration to "All Dogs," by C. Francis Wardle (Herbert Jenkins; 25/-)

FLAT-COAT THROUGHOUT

A Breed That Deserves Greater Recognition

By R. E. BIRCH

I HAVE kept a kennel of purely working Flat-coats for the last 25 years and, although I have many other pursuits and have kept all kinds of other breeds of retrievers and other dogs, nothing has given me greater pleasure than breeding, training and shooting over this charming breed.

I breed and always train my own dogs, and I find that the Flat-coat can be, and always is as far as I am concerned, trained entirely by kindness, with very few exceptions—a good check cord and the tone of the master's voice is all that is necessary.

For some reason or other, which I have never been able to fathom, the Flat-coat as a shooting and field trial dog has gone very much out of fashion during the last ten or fifteen years, although, I think, most people who own them and shoot over them regularly would not change them for any other breed, and certainly no other breed can excel them as game finders, though they may not be so flashy or gallop as fast as some Labradors.

There have been several outstanding Flat-coats of late years which have held their own against all breeds at trials, notably Mr. Reginald Cooke's Grouse, and Toby of Riverside, both field trial champions; my Dual Field Trial Champion Elwy Mary; and Mr. Muir Wilson's Field Trial Champion Windle Popular; and if more Flat-coat owners would run their dogs in field trials I feel sure the breed would more than hold its own, but I hear on all sides that it is no use running a Flat-coat in an Open Stake—they are not always popular with modern judges, some of whom will only look at Labradors. Personally, I do not think this is correct as I have always received the fairest treatment from judges, but the impression is there and it is hard to eradicate. At the North-Western Trials, which were held recently, there were two 16-dog stakes and only three Flat-coats were entered, two of them being puppies. One got a second prize, another third prize, and the other a certificate of merit, and the best runner at the meeting was got by one of the puppies, which shows that the breed is very much alive.

The Flat-coat's memory of, and faithfulness to, the person who has trained and first introduced them to sport is most remarkable. To give only two instances within my own knowledge. Four years ago I gave a ghillie in Sutherlandshire a young dog I had just broken, and I have been up there each year since salmon fishing in April. The ghillie's house is some miles away from the lodge so I never see the dog; but every year the same thing happens, viz., when the ghillie is walking the moor, even if he is half-a-mile away, provided the wind is in the right direction, this dog throws up his nose and makes tracks for me, and nothing can stop him; and if my car is handy he gets inside and has to be dragged out. Another instance happened this year at some Field Trials. I gave a young bitch to a friend last year, and she was taken over by a professional handler of whom she was undoubtedly very fond. I never saw her at the meet, but I happened to be in the line at the beginning of the stake with my dog, and so was she, and although I had never been near her, the first bird she was sent to retrieve she brought straight to me and refused to take it to her handler.

As far as water is concerned I have never had any difficulty in getting my Flat-coats into water; in fact, when exercising either puppies or old dogs in cold weather near water my difficulty is generally how to keep them out of it.

Some years ago I sold a puppy to a friend in Scotland, which I thought was the weakling of the litter as it was so small, and christened it Tiny. I saw my friend not long ago and he said that Tiny was the cleverest dog in Scotland. He told me he uses her chiefly for duck shooting on small lochs, and Tiny is sent to the far end, whilst he takes his place at the other end of the loch. She then swims the loch backwards and forwards towards him, driving any duck over him, and having done this, hardly ever fails to pick up all he has shot. I need hardly say that I had a letter from this friend the other day wanting another like her.

I have never gone in for showing Flat-coats much, but I have judged at a good many shows, and have always taken the trouble to ask the different owners showing whether they ever used their dogs for shooting purposes, and, I think, I can honestly say that at least 90 per cent. of the show dogs have never heard a gun fired, which is a thing I can never understand. Why keep a gundog and never use it for the purpose it is meant? I know this remark refers as well to other gundog breeds, but it seems to me more marked in the Flat-coats. Personally, I should like to see the showing of gundogs abolished altogether. Let them show their worth in the field and in the field only, and, I think, we would find that a badly made dog would very seldom win. How many dogs one sees at a show now would one pick out as suitable for a real hard day's shooting? Very few, I think.

I think what did Flat-coats more harm than anything else was a fashion which started about the time of the war to breed them with very narrow heads. Whether a broad head means more brains or not is rather a debatable question, but the fact remains that the snipy headed Flat-coats that were then bred and took all the prizes at shows did not show half as much sense as the modern dog with a good broad head and a good muzzle, and were also far more excitable and unbalanced and gave the breed a bad reputation as workers.

One of the best Flat-coats of the present time is Mr. Reginald Cooke's Quick of Riverside, a really reliable gundog and one of the best I have ever seen on a runner. Owing to the recent bad health of his owner, this dog has only run three times in trials, and has won on two occasions, and is this year qualified to run in the championship. He is also the sire of some very good puppies, two of which have already made their mark in the field trial world.

The Flat-coat Association has been fortunate in obtaining last year the services of Mrs. Oliver, of Bedale, as hon. secretary, and in her very energetic hands we all feel that there will be a new, or rather a revived, era in which the Flat-coat will regain its old popularity as a shooting dog. In January the association hope to hold a meeting at Bedale confined to dogs which are either owned or have been exclusively trained by keepers, whose expenses will be paid, and it is hoped in this way to encourage keepers to keep the breed.

I have remarked one notable fact about Flat-coat owners who run dogs at field trials, and that is that they shoot over them regularly in the ordinary way and do not keep them as so many owners of other breeds do—merely tuned up for field trial work.

Many people who have retrievers to sell object to sending them on trial on the ground that they may be spoilt. Personally, I have sent dozens of Flat-coats away on trial, and have only made one stipulation—that the prospective buyer shall have the dog with him regularly for at least a week before he shoots over him. As a result, I have only had one dog returned, and that was on account of her looks and not for any fault in her work, and I sold her again directly afterwards.

I shoot probably more than most people, my cartridge bill generally running to about 8,000 in a season, and thoroughly enjoy it; but half my enjoyment would be gone if I had not a good Flat-coat with me that I can thoroughly trust, which I always have.

I am glad to say that in North Wales, where I live and shoot chiefly, one sees as many Flat-coats out shooting and amongst professional pickers-up as any other breed, and at the private trials which I hold here every year at the end of the season, chiefly for keepers and amateurs who never attend official trials, Flat-coats generally predominate.

AT A MEETING OF THE FLAT-COAT RETRIEVER CLUB

Raphael Tuck's Christmas Cards.—In our issue of November 30th, we reproduced an old-fashioned hunting scene by Mr. Gilbert Wright, and by a regrettable error we stated that it was the Christmas card designed by Raphael Tuck for the Duke and Duchess of Kent. In fact, the Duke of Kent's Christmas card, "A breath of Spring," was designed by Mr. S. S. Longley, and the Christmas card reproduced was the Duke and Duchess of York's.

MR. H. REGINALD COOKE'S TRACE OF RIVERSIDE

WINTER ON THE RIVERS

Are Floods Welcome or Unwelcome?

By WEST COUNTRY

FEW of the people who go salmon fishing every year in spring, summer or autumn see much of the rivers when the back-end has given way to the annual close time, and the curtain has come down upon another angling season. Yet for the individual who has the time and opportunity there is much to interest, especially in the head waters when the salmon are about their matrimonial affairs, upon which the future of the river so vitally depends.

When the heavy autumn floods come roaring down from the hills there is a general *sauve qui peut* amongst the salmon hosts. Fish which have lain for months in one pool, allowing spate after spate to pass without causing any desire to push up-stream, suddenly seem galvanised into activity.

At every weir and natural obstacle one will see them leaping like bronze arrows from the white water, gaining the higher level and disappearing into the pool above; or, if unsuccessful, falling back, sometimes apparently stunned by the force of the impact. Nothing seems to daunt the *voyageurs*, may of which are on the last journey they will ever make, for the mortality, amongst the males in particular, is heavy.

Where the river shallows into stickles only a few inches in depth they will continue, backs out of water, the splashing and noise of their fins moving the gravel being audible for a considerable distance. This is the chance for the poacher, both two- and four-legged.

The time of spawning varies considerably with the district and the particular river, but it is probable that in English rivers 90 per cent. of the ova is deposited in November, except in a very few of the really late streams into which salmon do not come until well on into the autumn. In the Devonshire Plym, and the Fowey and Camel in Cornwall, spawning may be actively in progress in January. During the winter of 1933–34 the fish did not appear in the Plym until nearly the end of January, owing to the lowness of the water, and several males taken out for scientific purposes were still full of milt on February 5th.

The Plym is an interesting example of a very late river in close proximity with a very early one. It flows into Plymouth Sound cheek by jowl with the Tamar. In the latter spring salmon now appear in January, whereas in the Plym the main run is never before late November or December, even in a normal year when there are plenty of autumn floods to let the fish up.

In Scotland the general rule seems to be that the more northerly the river the earlier the spawning. In the streams of Caithness and Sutherland, November is the month. In the Don, the Esks and the Forth most fish are on the redds in December, while in Ythan and the Solway rivers, most of the ova is shed in January.

If one examines the spawning beds in summer, when many of them will be high and dry, it will be seen that the fish choose for preference gravel of good size, as big as oranges and larger. The redds are also sited with instinctive protection against winter floods, and the wastage from this cause is far less than one would think possible when the shifting nature of the home is considered.

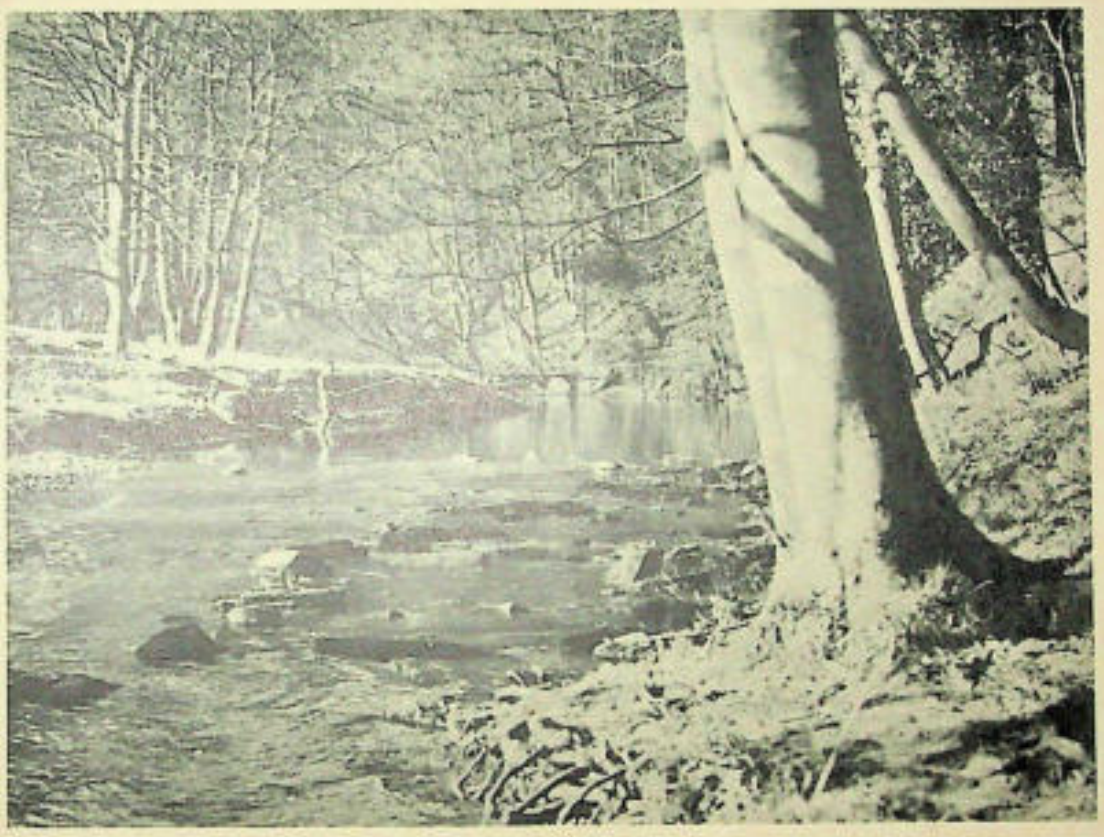
The salmon seem to feel the urge to push on as far as possible up river even when they have actually started spawning. This operation normally takes from a week to ten days, but when a flood ntervenes the half-finished job may be suspended and another trek started up-stream.

Continued floods at spawning time are, indeed, most unfortunate. Under the influence of the high water the salmon will penetrate into the tiniest of tributary rills only a few feet in width, where directly the level drops their backs are exposed, and they become the easiest possible prey to all and sundry. Moreover, even if the fertilised ova is safely deposited, it may be wasted if a spell of dry frosty weather sets in which shrinks the water sufficiently to leave the redds high and dry, as does sometimes happen.

As soon as spawning is over the fish drop back to the first considerable pool. Here they lie, motionless, save for the movement of gills and fins. Floods now are the cause of heavy mortality, for the weakened fish may be swept away out of control and drowned.

In the New Year the down-stream journey begins. At any weir the kelts may be seen as the spate runs down. Tail first, they edge towards the sill, tails and fins working to retain equilibrium, until finally they drop over into the white water below, maybe in the very spot from which they jumped the barrier on the up-stream path several months ago.

This tail-first method seems to be the usual way of travelling in rapid water. These fish are still weak, and so are probably frightened of losing control of their movements. In the lower reaches, and probably anywhere that the current is easy, the kelts swim downstream in a normal manner.



WINTER SUNSHINE
A grayling fisher on the Northumberland Blyth

FOUR HOURS WITH A SALMON

A Much-entangled Fish

THE Wye, on Sunday, October 6th, was just fishable for spinning with spoon after a heavy rise. I was fishing just below the Monnington Falls, on the right-hand side of the island (incidentally, the only safe side for canoes in *any* water—see recent correspondence in the *Field*), and at the first cast at a quarter to three in the afternoon got into the fish. It at once ran across and up the river, taking out about 60yds. of line and making two quick and spectacular jumps right out of the water. I judged it to be about 25lb. from its appearance. Then the fight began.

I was fixed with a high and slippery bank behind me, and within a few yards down a row of willow trees more in the water than out, and others the same above. I spent over an hour pumping the fish dozens of times yard by yard up the heavy stream anything from 50yds. to 100yds., according to the distance of each run.

I soon realised that it must be foul-hooked, so I got my wife to fetch Mr. E. G. Morgan, my landlord, from his house at Byecross, half a mile above. Another half-hour of pumping and running out and he arrived. Then followed a further hour of the same, Mr. Morgan splashing it out from the trees on several occasions. I finally got the fish up somewhere near the bank at my feet, and saw the lead for the first time for a few seconds, but, of course, could not lift it broadside on to gaff.

It then went down into a deep hole and stuck fast. We thought the line was probably round a stump. As events proved, the outside hook of the triangle had caught in the stump as we found it broken off short afterwards. At this point Mr. Morgan got a long stick and poked it out to some purpose. I had 80yds. of J. gut, 14lb. breaking strain, on my Altex reel (salmon size), and 120yds. of backing. The fish went down river under the right bank, taking all this but a few yards and getting the line hopelessly mixed up among the trees. As far as any more pumping was concerned, it was impossible but fortunately it again went to earth. Mr. Morgan scrambled down among the trees below and finally located the line with the aid of the gaff in two places, the second one some 30yds. or 40yds. above the fish. I left my rod as safely as I could, and scrambled down after him. He gave me the line to hold, and I was very glad of the rest, sitting astride of a willow branch with my legs in the water while he went up to his house for his rod.

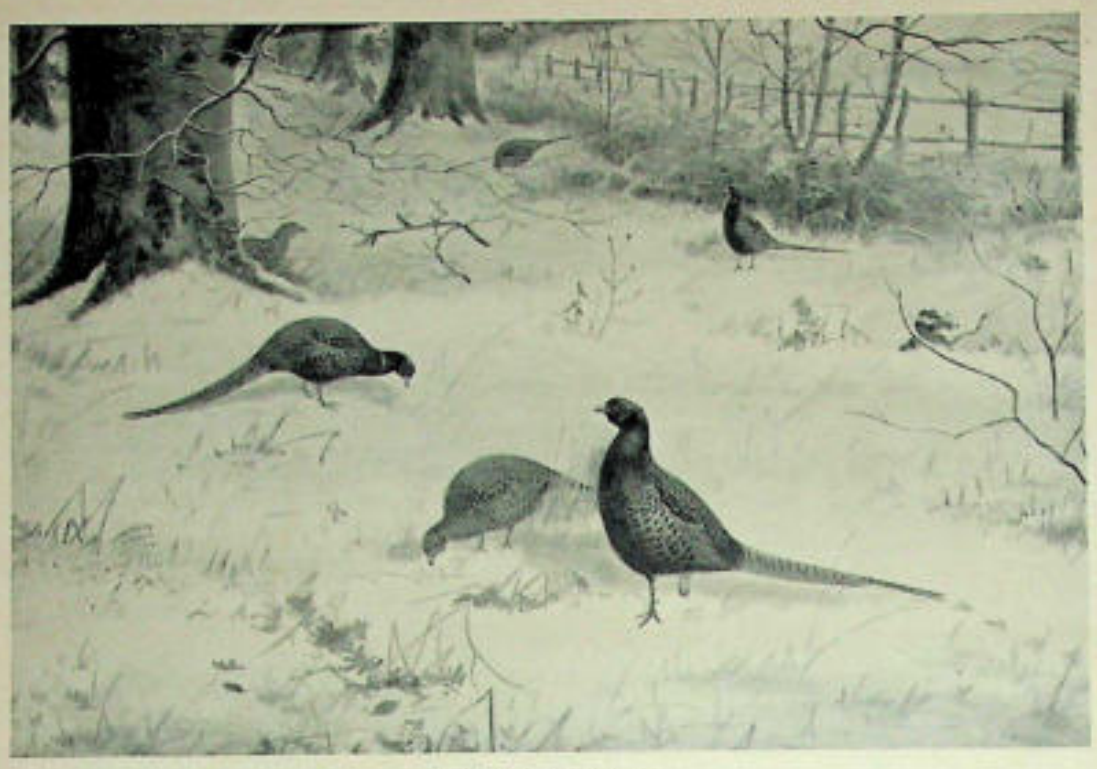
At last I was able to fill and light a much-wanted pipe.

After less than half-an-hour he arrived back with his rod, a long boat hook, a saw, a torch and his daughter. He fished for the line with the boat hook below the last willow and found it, and I paid out from above so as not to disturb the fish, incidentally pulling my rod and reel into the water. He then cut the line and tied it on to his own line and Murdoch rod.

When I got out of the trees and up the bank, Mr. Morgan wanted me to continue playing the fish, but I refused, for two reasons, first, because I did not know his reel, and was afraid of getting jammed and losing the fish; and secondly, because I was pretty well exhausted, as, in addition to having my left arm more or less useless from neuritis for some weeks, I had been shooting up to 5 o'clock the day before in Surrey, and afterwards drove my car down to Byecross some 150 miles.

The fish was still on and quite as lively as ever, taking out frequently 100yds. or more of heavy line. Even after getting the rod round another, and last, tree, and getting the fish round the bend below on a clear bank, it was a quarter to seven before Miss Morgan gaffed it, I with a torch and both of us up to our knees in the water in the dark. It proved to be an ugly, rather red, fish—a cock fish, 16lb. weight, but 37in. long, so we judge it would have been well over 20lb. when it first came into the river. I think you will agree a good fight and fine team work. There is no doubt that without Mr. Morgan's advice and help and long experience, and that of his daughter, we should have lost the fish.

E. S. New.



UNDER THE BEECHES

A winter study of Pheasants by Philip Rickman, reproduced by courtesy of the artist and the proprietors of the Greatorex Galleries, 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. 1, where his exhibition of Game Bird and Wildfowl pictures is now being held

YEW POISONING OF PHEASANTS

A Serious Cause of Mortality

By DR. TOM HARE

SOME forty years have passed since Dr. Tegetmeier published in the *Field* his observations that the leaves and seeds of Yew (*Taxus baccata*) when eaten by pheasants cause death by poisoning. Every year some of these fatalities are sent to the laboratory, and to the pathologist experienced in avian disease the changes produced in the internal organs of the poisoned pheasant are characteristic. In addition to the presence of the leaves or seeds of yew within the digestive organs, the post-mortem examination reveals an acute inflammation of the upper part of the small bowel (the duodenum and jejunum) with complete destruction of its lining membrane, together with an acute destruction (necrosis) of the liver accompanied by focal haemorrhages. Invariably, in my experience, the poisoned birds have been plump, good conditioned adults, showing no evidence of having suffered from any disease at the time of eating the yew.

There has been relatively little attention to this subject in the sporting press possibly because, as the owner of a shoot once suggested to me, the remedy is so simple, viz., remove the yew, or keep the pheasants from the yew. This logical conclusion has been applied with success for the prevention of yew-poisoning of cattle, horses and other farm animals. While avoiding any detailed discussion of technicalities and pathology, I propose to set down a few gleanings from my records in the hope of encouraging sportsmen to subscribe their own observations and thus to enlarge our knowledge of a very interesting example of bird behaviour.

With one exception, which took place towards the end of September, all my cases of yew poisoning have occurred during October and November. I do not recall finding yew in the digestive organs of pheasants at any other time of the year. It is improbable that yew is poisonous for pheasants only in the autumn, since from observations of the disease in farm animals it is evident that yew retains its poisonous properties throughout the year. The reason for this seasonal incidence of the disease in the pheasants of Great Britain is not evident; it would appear that pheasants only eat yew when its fruit or berry is ripe.

From this last statement the inference should not be drawn that the pheasant is attracted by the scarlet berry to eat the yew. Sometimes only the leaves, and no remains of the seed, or of its fleshy covering (the arillus or "berry"), are found in the poisoned bird. In picking the leaves from the tree the pheasant usually breaks off about one-half to two-thirds of the leaf; only very rarely have I found an entire leaf in the digestive organs. Furthermore, it picks green living leaf, not the discoloured or dry leaves, which sometimes are eaten by farm animals.

Incidentally, one owner wrote: "I am sending you four pheasants which we have picked up near to an old yew tree, which so far as I can see has no berries on it. There are many yew trees in the woods, but we have only found dead birds near to this one." Possibly a detailed examination of this yew tree was not made, because in the gizzard of one of the four pheasants we found seven whole seeds and the macerated remains of other seeds of the yew. On the other hand, the berries may have fallen to the ground whence this one pheasant had picked the seeds, but I have formed the impression that pheasants only pick leaves and berries from the tree. This is a further point requiring the confirmation of observers.

It is generally accepted that the fleshy scarlet-coloured arillus is not poisonous. Having observed in my garden the dexterity with which blackbirds and thrushes sometimes peel off and eat the arillus and reject the seed, I have sampled the arillus myself. To me it has a resinous and astringent taste, but is not inedible. The pheasant, unlike some species of birds, has not learned to eat the flesh and avoid the seed of the yew berry; as in the cases reported in the *Lancet* some years ago of yew poisoning in children the danger of the berry lies in its seed, not in its scarlet-coloured flesh.

"Three birds were found yesterday afternoon only a few yards apart on the lawn near a yew hedge. The rearing field is next door to the formal gardens surrounding the house." By this extract from another owner's letter we are reminded to inquire at what period in the day is yew eaten by the pheasant? Very rarely have I found yew leaves or berries evenly dispersed among the normal food within the bird's digestive organs. Almost invariably the state of the digestive organs suggests that the pheasant has eaten the yew on an "empty stomach." Moreover, approximately 75 per cent. of my cases had eaten 20 or more leaves, or 20 or more berries each, which suggests that the birds were feeding deliberately and not merely picking the yew through idleness or boredom. In one pheasant's gizzard I found 55 entire yew seeds besides the macerated remains of several more. Thus it would appear that the pheasant is induced by hunger to eat yew.

If hunger as the stimulus is the sole factor it would not be unreasonable to expect numerous fatalities in October and November on the estates containing yew trees. But I think it must be unusual for more than half a dozen pheasants to be poisoned by yew on the one estate. Possibly the following extracts from a letter may throw some light on the problem: "Every year when my keeper draws the pheasants up to a certain part of the shrubbery we lose two or three, which are found dead, and we cannot find the cause." On receipt of our report this owner stated that "there are a few yew trees scattered about the shrubbery." These extracts suggest that the pheasant is not attracted to the yew as its source of food, but as a shelter whence it can wait for and observe the scattering of food by the keeper. More than half of my records show that the poisoned birds made a good meal of corn (wheat, maize, etc.) after they had eaten yew.

The time elapsing between the eating of yew and the death of the pheasant does not appear to have been recorded. This period would probably be shorter for the bird eating yew on an "empty stomach." But we know that after eating the yew there is time for the pheasant to fill its crop with corn scattered by the keeper. Moreover, we know there is time for the pheasant after filling its crop with corn to fly into a tree, since there is evidence at the majority of post-mortem examinations that the bird has fallen in a semi-comatose state actually to die on the ground from internal haemorrhage due to rupture of its liver. Thus the time taken to poison the pheasant occupies no more than the few hours between the assembly of the birds preparatory to the keeper's afternoon feeding and their going to roost on the completion of their feed, *i.e.*, presumably before sunset.

Here a word of caution should be entered that the finding of an empty crop at post-mortem examination does not necessarily mean that the pheasant has not eaten food after eating the yew; not infrequently the poisoned pheasant vomits, and in such cases part of the contents of its crop is aspirated into its windpipe and bronchi.

Apparently the smallest lethal dose of yew for the pheasant has not been measured. In one case I found only one seed, three leaves and the macerated remains of a few leaves; in a second bird, the gizzard contained only six partly macerated seeds. Evidently both leaf and seed are extremely toxic to the pheasant.

In conclusion, may I repeat that I have collected these few notes in the hope that field observers will amplify and correct the notions of the laboratory worker upon a most interesting behaviour of the pheasant. Is there any difference in behaviour between the wild-bred and the hand-reared pheasant with regard to eating yew?

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.

LABRADORS *versus* SPANIELS

SIR,—I regret that it is quite impossible for me to accept Captain Holford's challenge for a variety of reasons, one of which is that, in my view, such a test would prove exactly nothing. I have at present only one Labrador; and even supposing on one day one Springer was judged a better dog than one Labrador, it would not in the least alter my opinion that the average Labrador is a better all-round dog than the average spaniel, chiefly because of its superior brains. In decrying the spaniel I was careful to make it quite clear that my remarks did not apply to dogs owned and worked by experts, but those in the ownership of the average one-dog man.

Yours faithfully,

Horrabridge, Devon. KENNETH DAWSON.

SIR,—In justice to the memories of my little departed friends, I cannot allow the article by Major Kenneth Dawson, in a recent *Field*, to pass unnoticed.

The writer, speaking of spaniels, says: "If this fact were better realised we should see fewer men plagued with the almost inevitable spaniel, wild, headstrong and disobedient brutes for the most part," and again, "But no amount of driving ever seems to make this penetrate into the spaniel's thick cranium."

Such expressions are to me most unfair and unjustifiable about the best little pals a shooting man could have, both out of doors and at home.

I protest that a spaniel is capable of great intelligence. I have had three out during training, and by whistle (in every case *mouth*) "dropped" all three dogs, and then by different whistles called each one individually and separately to my side, and always varying the order of coming to heel.

I had a Springer that I trained never to move to a hare or a rabbit when we were pheasant or partridge shooting, and I have known him go perhaps a few yards before me (for the reason I shall explain) when shooting in roots and then stop dead with one paw raised and look at me with a beckoning expression. When I worked up to him I said: "Oh! all right; push her out," when he would push out a hare, but never run a yard when he had done his job. Again, when partridge shooting, I have seen a hare bolt straight out of a nearby hedge, almost brushing my boots and his nose without him moving except to see which way it went (and happens, its end!). He would lie down beside me at a stand and not move till he heard a keeper's warning whistle, then his tail began to wag and did not cease till the drive was over and, if the ground was suitable, he had worn a smooth patch. Then came his turn, and he would find birds not only in the open but also in the thickest hedgerows and undergrowth and bring them tenderly to my hand; incidentally my spaniels would retrieve from bramble and prickly growth where a Labrador would refuse to enter.

I could write much more of the unfailing sportsmanship and the willing, intelligent obedience of my little friends.

Yours faithfully,

Twyford, Hants. S. B. P.

SIR,—Major Kenneth Dawson does no service to the cause of the Labrador by overstating his case. When he says that as a retriever, doing a retriever's work, the Labrador needs no praise from him or anyone else, few will disagree with him. But to say that on the average rough shoot it is a vastly better dog than any species of spaniel, or that it has better brains, is ridiculous.

The criticism implied in Major Dawson's reference to men "plagued with the almost inevitable spaniel, wild, headstrong and disobedient brutes for the most part," should be directed towards the men rather than towards the spaniels. A man usually has the dog that he deserves, and if he cannot control a spaniel, it is unlikely that he could control a Labrador which was worth its food.

It was once said by some unkind person that retrievers could be divided into three categories, viz.: (1) those that can find what their owners cannot; (2) those that can find what their owners can; and (3) those that cannot find even that; and it would be as fair for a spaniel-lover to say that the majority of the Labradors he meets come into the last-mentioned category, as it is for Major Dawson to assert that spaniels are "for the most part wild, headstrong and disobedient brutes."

Yours faithfully,

Shobnall Grange, Burton-on-Trent. MAURICE MORETON.

SIR,—I have read Major Dawson's comparison of Labradors and spaniels as general utility gundogs. Although I am a spaniel-man, I have known so many good Labradors that I am a confirmed admirer of the breed, therefore I think Major Dawson does it an ill-service by seeking to bolster up its well-deserved reputation by comparing it for all-round work with the spaniel. To each his own opinion, but it is not well to generalise from it.

However, since the comparison has been made, I would ask Major Dawson to substantiate his words by deeds. I challenge him to meet a single, a brace, or a team of spaniels with a single, a brace or a team of Labradors on any rough shooting ground, under a judge (there are several such), who has been used to judge both retrievers and spaniels. Each dog to perform all the tasks commonly allotted to a spaniel, viz., hunt and beat ground to order, range suitably, down-charge and retrieve tenderly to hand. I should put down spaniels from my own kennel. He can nominate any Labradors he chooses from anywhere.

If he replies that my spaniels are trained for Field Trials, although that would be begging the question, I can assure him that my dogs are constantly used for shooting and not exclusively for trials.

Yours faithfully,

Wiltshire. RES NON VERBA.

BRIGHTENING CRICKET

SIR,—In the past everything was done for the batsman. Wickets were prepared to billiard-table smoothness and he was protected with pads and gloves. Lately the size of the wicket has been increased, and the new l.b.w. rule for the bowler is not much improvement. As an old bowler, I would like to suggest: "that for every maiden over bowled to a batsman he is minus 6." Maiden overs are recorded, so why not give the bowler some credit? To ask a man to hit one ball out of six is not excessive. At baseball you have to hit one out of three, I think. Watching maidens over after over is very slow at present, as it does not count, but if the bowler was getting six runs knocked off the other side's score, it would be interesting to watch. I would like to hear what other people have to say, particularly bowlers.

Yours faithfully,

Sligo. HERBERT QUINTON.

AN OCEAN-RACING CONTROVERSY

SIR,—In justice to the R.O.R.C. Rule, I feel that some of the remarks made by Mr. Crankshaw in his letter require modification.

Mr. Crankshaw writes: "As yachts for sea-going, neither of them (Dorade and Stormy Weather) can compare with the ex 15 metre Kismet III or the Nicholson-designed Patience. Patience is worth half-a-dozen Dorades. Then why do the yawls win? They win because the R.O.R.C. formula is futile."

I for one, would rather be caught in a gale of wind in Stormy Weather than in any ex 15 metre, and I feel sure that most experienced seamen would consider Stormy Weather more suitable for offshore work than Kismet.

Owners of ex 15 metres who enter their ships for the Fastnet are to be admired; they show the sporting spirit of which this country has always been proud, but they know before they start that they have little or no chance of winning.

Admittedly the yawl rig is favoured by the R.O.R.C. Rule, but would Stormy Weather and Dorade not have won even if they had been badly penalised by their rating? Their margin has been very great indeed, and their success should, I think, be attributed to the excellence of design both of hull and gear, and to the skill and training of the crew.

We in this country must not look to changes in the rule, in order to win our races—we must face the facts. We are competing against ships, fitted with a perfect selection of sails, superb rigging, and manned by young men who have reached a state of high efficiency after a racing passage across the Atlantic.

I am confident that we have the men and the designers with which to beat the Americans at this ocean racing game, but we will succeed "not without dust and heat."

Perhaps Mr. Crankshaw does not fully realise the capabilities of small ships like Stormy Weather. Sailing in American waters I had the pleasure of crewing on Stormy Weather when she covered 165 sea miles in 12 hours, yet the same ship carried full mainsail and genoa throughout the Bermuda race, during which the wind reached force 7, Beaufort scale, and large schooners in the same race were double reefed and even down to trysails.

In the first part of Mr. Crankshaw's letter he remarks on the various advantages of the yawl rig, such as ease of sail reduction and use of extra light weather sails (mizzen staysail), and on these points most people will be in agreement. The yawl (which after all is really a snug cutter) is undoubtedly an excellent rig and one could make a good case for simply encouraging the yawl *qua* yawl.

As to the question of overhangs, I would draw Mr. Crankshaw's attention to the experiences of Bluenose on her homeward passage in September.

Yours faithfully,

The Junior Club, Glasgow. IAIN RUTHERFORD.

CLEANING GUNS

SIR,—I am interested in "J. W. B.'s" article in your issue of November 30th on the "Cleaning and Care of Guns." Will you allow me to give my idea of the proper way to clean a gun?

As soon as possible after using my gun I take a small piece of tissue paper—Messrs. Schweppes wrap their syphons in what, to me, seems ideal for the purpose—and push a piece about 5 or 6 inches square pressed into a loose ball, into the cartridge chamber of each barrel, using my cleaning rod, without any screw attachment, to push this tissue paper through the barrels in one movement. This may, of course, be repeated if thought necessary. You will, I think, be surprised to find what a quantity of spent powder and grease comes away on the paper. I then wrap some tow or flannel round the end of my cleaning rod on the fitting supplied, dropping on to it three or four drops of good paraffin or petrol, working the rod backwards and forwards a few times. The inside of my barrels is now clean. I now drop a few drops of Rangoon oil on a fresh piece of tow or flannel and work this backwards and forwards two or three times, taking care, as "J. W. B." says, that the rod projects well beyond the muzzle. To finish off the interior I always put my cleaning rod down the barrels the reverse way, that is handle first, and with one movement pull the rod through, this time with an oily mop attached.

I treat the outside of the barrels first with a little good paraffin or petrol, having of course first wiped off all moisture with a dry rag, using a wooden skewer wrapped round with a small piece of flannel to get right into the channels between the barrels and the mid-rib. Finally, rub thoroughly with an oily rag, leaving a slight coating of oil on any movable working parts. I do not like a tooth brush, as odd bristles are apt to come out and stick in important parts such as one's ejector mechanism. I treat the metal parts of my stock and fore-end in a similar manner—petrol or paraffin, two or three drops on a smooth rag, and then finish off with Rangoon oil.

Yours faithfully,

Upton House, Stamford, Lincs. J. H. QUIRK.

MILKWEED BUTTERFLY AND MEADOW-PIPIT

SIR,—Mr. Scott-Brown's report of the discovery of a female "milkweed" captured by a meadow-pipit at Penally, Pembrokeshire, is as unique for this country as it is otherwise important, and if any other readers know of specimens seen or taken in the British Isles in this or any other year, and not recorded in this or any other journal, I shall be extremely grateful if they will let me know. I have prepared a paper for *The Entomologist*, giving what I believe to be a complete list of all specimens recorded as seen or taken in our islands from 1876 to date, and I shall welcome the following particulars: Date in full; place; name of observer; whether the butterfly was captured or merely seen, and what flowers it was visiting, if any; any other feature that appears to be of interest. I need scarcely add that proper identification of specimens is imperative.

The prevalent theory, that this butterfly crosses the Atlantic from America on its own wings, is an exceedingly questionable one, and every record that comes to light makes it more so. Mr. Scott-Brown's specimen is only the tenth reported from Wales and the fourth from Pembrokeshire.

Yours faithfully,

Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall. C. NICHOLSON.

"IN SOME YEARS USED FOR FARMING PURPOSES, IN OTHERS PRESENTING THE APPEARANCE OF A BEAUTIFUL LAKE"
(See Letter "Changes in a Landscape")

A NOVEMBER CUCKOO

SIR,—With reference to the report in a recent issue of a young cuckoo seen on November 7th, it would be interesting to know the age of this bird, and thus deduce the approximate date of laying the egg. Was it a case of a late hatching or had the bird been hatched out in the normal period and then prevented in some way, such as an injury, from leaving this country at the usual time?

Yours faithfully,
W. R. THOMPSON (Lieutenant-Colonel).
Woodstock, Dorchester Road, Weymouth.

[Mr. N. B. Kinnear, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington (where the bird was sent for preservation) kindly supplies the following information: "I am afraid it is impossible to give the age of the young cuckoo. On comparing it with others in the collection, it appears to be the same age as one killed near Dundee, August 25th; another at Basingstoke, August 8th; a third at Perthshire, September 4th; and a fourth at Abington, Hants, in July. All these birds must have been hatched on different dates, but the July and September birds appear to be of the same age, and so one would imagine the latter was hatched at a later date. The Argyllshire bird would appear to have been hatched later than the Perthshire (September 4th), and so I am inclined to suggest that it was a late hatched bird. That it is quite a young bird is shown by all the feathers on the upper parts still having white fringes."—ED.]

CHANGES IN A LANDSCAPE

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the enclosed photographs, taken near Ressla, a small town in the Harz Mountains. They were taken in different years, but represent the same place—a considerable area of land which in some years is used for farming purposes, growing good crops of corn and providing pasturage for cattle, in other years presenting the appearance of a beautiful lake. This phenomenon is due, I presume, to some subterranean water supply welling up in certain years, but the German peasantry are unable to explain the cause.

Yours faithfully,
H. S.
London.

AN UNUSUAL COLUMBARIUM

SIR,—We think this is the most unusual columbarium we have ever seen, so we send you a photograph of it. There is apparently no entrance to the interior, excepting the windows on the four sides near the top for pigeons or doves to pass in and out. Besides being a pigeon-house, the tower does duty also as a gate-post at the entrance to the carriage drive to an old Tudor manor-house near the foot of Cleeve Hill in Gloucestershire. At the other side of the gateway there is the base of another such tower built to a height of about 6ft.

Yours faithfully,
E. M. BOOTY.
Torquay.

RABBIT BITE

SIR,—In your issue of November 16th appears an account of a keeper who apparently stands in such fear of a rabbit that he has ceased to use humane snares for fear of catching one alive.

I am a woman, and for three years worked on a large rabbit fur farm, where, of course, we frequently had to handle rabbits which were sometimes extremely fierce, attacking with both teeth and claws. Both I and another woman who worked with me, received several severe bites, but we should have been very ashamed to own to any fear of such a thing as a rabbit, even had we felt it.

Let us hope that any man who stands in fear of a rabbit bite is never called upon to deal with, say, a rabid mouse or a savage bramble.

Yours faithfully,
VERY BRAVE WOMAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID OF RABBITS.
Suffolk.

THE "ELECTRIC BRAE"

SIR,—Mrs. Paul referred, in a recent letter, to the well-known "Electric Brae" on the Turnberry–Ayr road. The solution of the problem of why cars run up the hill can be easily discovered by looking at the hill "broadside on" from a distance of about a mile. It is then evident that it is an optical illusion for, viewed from this aspect, the true slope of the hill is seen to be exactly the reverse of what it appears to be when viewed from the road itself. Mrs. Paul refers to the fact that according to expert engineers the cause of the phenomenon is a magnetic lodestone at the top of the hill and that in wet weather water flows up the hill. I am afraid that I have yet to see a magnetic lodestone which is capable of attracting water.

There is, in fact, no doubt that the phenomenon is an optical illusion partly due to the way the hedges are cut at that particular part of the road.

Yours faithfully,
G. E. O. WALKER.
Newark Castle, Ayr.

PIGEONS "JUGGING" LIKE PARTRIDGES

SIR,—I do not know if you will think the following incident worth recording; it is quite outside my experience. I have a pigeon-house, which at the moment should be tenanted by 20 tumblers. I decided to substitute tiles for the slates on its roof.

NO ENTRANCE, EXCEPT FOR PIGEONS
(See Letter "An Unusual Columbarium")

The pigeons, evidently much disgusted with the alteration in progress, left the pigeon-house and, refusing to go back even at night, took up roosting positions upon the roof of my house. Nothing remarkable about that; but to-night I found the whole 20 on the lawn, close to the house, "jugging" like partridges on the grass.

As I approached them they all rose into the air and performed the usual tumbler-flight, going up pretty high, for some minutes, during which I wandered to a distant part of the garden, still watching them. Suddenly, when vertically over their "jugging-place," they descended vertically, letting themselves down with much wing-flapping to break their descent and again "jugged" on the same spot from which I had disturbed them. And there they are now, as I write, at 7 p.m., visible only by the beam of an electric torch. There are any number of roofs of houses and farmbuildings within 50yds. of them; and that even lost or disturbed pigeons should "jug" on a lawn sooner than roost on gables or window-ledges seems to me hardly less surprising than if one were to find a covey of partridges arranged along a telegraph-wire for the night.

Yours faithfully,
A. IRVING MUNTZ.
Ecchinswell House, near Newbury.

This old whisky with a century of Tradition behind it has again been packed in specially decorated cases

FOR CHRISTMAS

containing 2, 3, 6 and 12 bottles. Your wine merchant or licensed dealer has them all ready for despatch. No extra charge for case.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Older and better than ever

FLIGHTING WEATHER

SIR,—I agree with "R. E.'s" preference for a wild, windy evening with an overcast leaden sky. But I would suggest that a full moon and a "mackerel" sky gives conditions of visibility second to none. The chief factor is one of background: against a starlight, cloudless sky, whether there is a moon or not, duck will be next to impossible to see. With a background of cloud duck will be visible so long as there is any light in the sky at all, whether it be from the last rays of day or from the rising moon.

Yours faithfully,

Brandon, Suffolk. W. A. CADMAN.

A YOUNG ANGLER'S ACHIEVEMENT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Miss Rosemary Maples, aged eleven-and-a-half years, of Murreys Court, Ashtead, Surrey, who when staying with her parents at Shean Lodge, Ballyeroy, Co. Mayo, Irish Free State, killed a 11½lb. salmon on the Owenduff

11½ YEARS—11½ POUNDS
(See Letter "A Young Angler's Achievement")

River on September 16th. She hooked and played the fish for 20 minutes without the slightest assistance from anyone on a light 9ft. 6in. Greenheart trout rod, light trout tackle and a small Thunder and Lightning fly. A ghillie gaffed the fish for her, but that was the only assistance given.

The Caledonian Club, St. James's Square, London, S.W. 1. Yours faithfully, A. H. LEGGETT (Brigadier-General).

HOOPOE IN SCOTLAND

SIR,—I believe the hoopoe is so rarely seen in the British Isles—and especially so far north as Ross-shire—that you may be interested to know of one seen there last year, even though the report is belated.

My wife and I were motoring on the little-used road beside the south-west shore of Loch Duich about 7.30 p.m. on September 16th, 1934, and saw the hoopoe standing on the road straight in front of the car. It remained there till we had pulled up, being then within about 15yds. of it, and then flew up and lit in a tree by the roadside. We walked from the car right up to the tree and watched it for some minutes, apparently without causing it any concern, though we had been in full view the whole time.

I have often regretted that I did not report the incident to you at the time, but I am encouraged to do so now, having come across the following notice of the hoopoe in Mr. J. A. Harvie-Brown's *Fauna of the North-West Highlands and Skye*:

"We have the record of a hoopoe from Mr. Edward S. Marshall, whose companion shot it on the shore of Loch Duich, when they were shore shooting in September, 1877. (*Annals Sco. Nat. Hist.* Vol. iii. p. 113.)"

The reference quoted was published in 1904, and is one of the only two notices of a hoopoe in that volume; the other being at Sconser, Skye, in 1880. No doubt you know of more recent observations in the North of Scotland, but it adds interest to our experience that one of the only two recorded by Mr. Harvie-Brown should have occurred 57 years earlier in the same place. Yours faithfully,

23, Norfolk Crescent, W. 2. D. A. STIRLING.

[The hoopoe has, we believe, now been recorded from most parts of Scotland, including the Orkneys, Shetlands and Fair Isle.—ED.]

A REMARKABLE JUMP

SIR,—I enclose a short account of a rather remarkable jump made by a mare belonging to the Depot Battalion, Royal Corps of Signals, at Catterick Camp.

The photograph shows the mare Parasol standing outside the school doors which are 6ft. 7in. high. It will be noticed that the clearance above the doors is only 3ft. 2in., and that the landing is none of the best. It is rather astonishing that she neither rapped anything in diving through this small aperture nor suffered any hurt on landing.

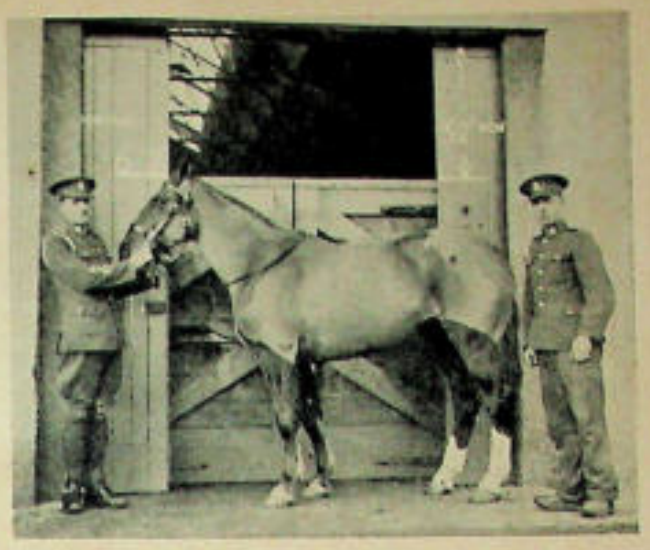
This mare, a chesnut, by Sun Ray, came to the Mounted Wing from the Remount Depot, Melton Mowbray, in 1931. She was unbroken and was allotted to C.S.M. Young for training.

She was always a difficult mare to do anything with as she had an exceptionally light mouth and would not face the mildest of bits. Even at the end of two years' training she would not rein back or passage to either hand, and she was eventually cast as unsuitable. She was, however, a brilliant natural jumper, although she would never jump at any pace faster than a trot or a very slow canter.

After she had been in the Wing for about six weeks, the sergeant-major was loose-jumping her in the school over a 5-foot bush fence. She had jumped it twice, and while her groom, Driver Wilkinson, was leading her round the end of the school she broke away from him, took two strides and jumped through the space above the doors. Major Parkes was in the gallery at the time and saw the whole performance. There is a tarmac road outside the school, and C.S.M. Young went to the doors expecting to find her on the ground. She had landed perfectly, however, and before he could open the doors she was in her own stall in the stable about 100yds. away.

Yours faithfully,

Headquarters, Signal Training Centre, Catterick Camp, Yorks. F. A. HEYMANS.



PARASOL AT THE SCENE OF HER EXPLOIT
(See Letter "A Remarkable Jump")

PRESENT STATUS OF BLACKGAME

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Dugald MacIntyre's letter in your issue of November 9th, in which he asks where blackgame are not on the decrease, I think in parts of the south of Scotland—such as the southern slopes of the Lammermoors and the Yarrow Valley—they are in quite a thriving condition and, if anything, more numerous than they were a few years ago. It is quite a common sight to see at least 50 blackcock on a suitable stubble field at the moor side.

Yours faithfully,

Melrose. F. R. N. CURLE.

STIRRUP CUPS

SIR,—A unique Elizabethan stirrup cup once in the possession of Lord Byron appeared in a sale of old English silver at Christie's on December 11th. It is of leather and in the shape of a boot of a much earlier period, the toe being upturned in a great curve; from the silver mounted toe hangs a grotesque figure supporting a small bell of the spherical and loose ball type. Thus there must have been a gentle tinkling as the cup was drained. The silver rim round the mouth is handsomely chased and scalloped, and a silver gilt spur is added. On the everted lip is the inscription: *Ut•quid• current•calear•G•G•*1599. Who G. G. was it is impossible to say, for there is no heraldic clue. This amusing joke (a perfect specimen of leather-craft) shows that the Restoration cavaliers and Georgian beaux who quaffed toasts from the slippers of the belles of their day had precedent for their practice.

No other example is known, although leather drinking vessels were common enough at a much later date. They included the bag or purse type, reminiscent of the goat skin receptacles (hence "a skinful" of the topers), costels, blackjacks and the larger bombards (the magnums of that date), leather silver mounted decanters, jugs and tankards. A curiosity in this way, shown by Mr. Francis Berry at the Vintners' Hall Exhibition of drinking vessels in 1933, was a large bootlegger's bottle, with flat sides (intended to be concealed in the huge seaman's thigh boots), bearing scratched on it the date 1647. Yours faithfully,

London, N.W. G. CADOGAN ROTHERY.

SOLD FOR £30 AT CHRISTIE'S
(See Letter "Stirrup Cups")

BIRD FOR IDENTIFICATION

SIR,—Early in September a small bird ran about the practice putting-green in front of the Nairn Golf Club. Colour, grey, such as a flycatcher; size larger than a wagtail but only a stump of a tail, not unlike a young wheatear; short beak; a conspicuous green feather in each wing and a crest on the back of the head like a peewit. It ran about like a wagtail after flies and remained mostly on the ground, but I did once see it on a low railing. I had the glasses on it at not more than 20yds.

It seemed quite tame, and was there each morning for four or five days. It may be of some interest if it is a foreigner. Yours faithfully,

Ardlinnhe, Nairn, Scotland. J. LEITH BUCHANAN.

[Can any reader help?—ED.]

For FACE & HANDS

Nature has provided the foundation of a lovely complexion and soft skin but constant vigilance is necessary if these essential features of beautiful womanhood are to be preserved. Nothing ruins the skin quicker than frost and wintry winds—chapped hands or reddened face may mar your whole appearance. This unpleasant prospect can easily be averted by applying a little Larola to face and hands each night and morning, and when going outdoors. This famous cream has been the trustworthy guardian of the complexion for several generations. Start using it to-day.

Larola Soap in Boxes of 3 tablets 2/-. Single tablets, 8d. Larola Rose Bloom (Rouge), the natural tint. Sifter Boxes, with puff, 1/- and 2/6. Larola Face Powder in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6 each.

BEETHAM'S Larola 1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Write for a free copy of the interesting Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"

IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN C. H. BAILEY
(See Letter "A Fisherman's Seat")

A FISHERMAN'S SEAT

SIR,—I send you herewith a picture of a fisherman's seat erected on the banks of the Usk on the Monkswood Estate, by seven fishermen friends of the late Captain C. H. Bailey, who was killed in the railway disaster at Marcheprime, near Bordeaux, France, on April 14th, 1935. His body was brought by sea from Bordeaux, cremated, and his ashes sprinkled in the pool over which the seat looks.

Captain C. H. Bailey was known all over the countryside as a real sportsman, witty, wise and altogether delightful. At the time of his death he was returning to England from Spain, where he had been on a fishing holiday. The quotation on the back of the seat is "An angler that proves good company," extracted from *The Compleat Angler*.

Yours faithfully,
Christ Church Vicarage, R. S. SWANN-MASON.
Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Politeness on the Road.—Travelling about the country, I have seen numerous notices, but I believe that the most pithy and polite I have yet happened upon belongs to the Hambledon Hunt, and has been erected outside their kennels at Corhampton, Hampshire. Doubtless motorists and others are not slow to take the hint!—ERNEST OAKLEY, Southampton.

Periscope on a Golf Course. I was very interested to read the letter on the above subject in your issue of November 30th. I know of another on the thirteenth tee at the Victoria Golf Club, Oak Bay, Vancouver Island, one of the most beautifully situated golf courses one could wish to see.—Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. SHARLAND, Westwell, Tenterden, Kent.

The Largest "Bag" of Rabbits.—I should be much obliged if any of your readers could inform me what is the largest number of rabbits ever shot, in one day, in Scotland? The largest number of which I am aware is 2,193.—HUGH S. GLADSTONE, Capenoch, Penpont, Dumfries.

OUTSIDE THE HAMBLEDON KENNELS
(See Letter "Politeness on the Road")

What is a "Digby"?—Can any of your readers tell me what is the source of this name as applied to a vehicle, and what kind of carriage it is?—B. M., London.

Black-headed Gull in Breeding Plumage During Winter.—On December 9th I saw a black-headed gull in full breeding plumage at Brighton. It was with a large flock of others all in the usual winter attire. To see this gull in winter with the characteristic hood struck me as very unusual and worth recording.—J. GORDON DALGLIESH, Hove.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, are in urgent need of £30 to help a lady who is anxious to join her two sons in Australia. Her husband (a teacher of languages) deserted her some years ago and left her to bring up their four children. She ran a Guest House and kept the home going, but her health broke down under the strain, and now, at the age of 66, she is beyond work and without a home. Her two sons would like her to join them in Australia, but they cannot contribute towards her fare. It is her dearest wish to end her days with her sons, and the Friends of the Poor will be very grateful for donations towards the £30, which will be acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

Insist on Sandeman sherry

Sandeman sherries are always excellent—perfectly matured and produced with all the skill and knowledge of nearly one-and-a-half centuries of experience. The name SANDEMAN on every bottle guarantees the superb quality and honest value within.

SHERRIES

BROWN BANG
(Fine Old Dessert)
per doz. 108/-

APITIV
(Extra Dry Pale)
per doz. 72/-

Geo. G. Sandeman Sons & Co. Ltd., 20 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4

SANDEMAN
SHERRY

IN THE CITY

CHRISTMAS, 1955

THE ladies had left the room. The country squire was discussing the family's financial affairs with his brother—a partner in one of the largest firms of stockbrokers. "I suppose there's no undue risk in having such a large proportion of our capital invested in ordinary shares?"

The broker looked at his brother before answering and smiled. "This time last year you asked me several questions, I remember, about the family fortunes, and dozed off in the middle of my most intelligent replies, but I suppose in any case the dinner you've just given me was worth at least as much as my opinion. You see the shares in every case are those of the strongest companies engaged in those industries which are usually regarded the most suitable for more or less permanent investment purposes—beer, tobacco, television and wireless, aviation concerns, coal mines, etc., etc. So long as one confines one's attention to such shares I do not think that much damage will be done, provided that one is wide awake enough to notice gradual trends of prosperity shifting from one industry to another, and provided that one does not pig-headedly refuse ever to change one's mind—even if it is only necessary to do so, once in every two or three years. I know some people with long memories who even now will never buy a coal-mining share, and still think of such companies as they used to be regarded when Great Britain relied on imported petrol for her supplies of motor spirit. It is, of course, common knowledge now that the vast coal combines of to-day wouldn't really mind much if they never sold another lump of coal as such—in fact, many of them prefer not to do so."

"More port?"

"It is rather entertaining," continued the broker obligingly, pushing his glass a little nearer to his brother, "to recall the past history of certain industries. The beer and tobacco trades have been the investors' mainstay, of course, ever since we were children, but I expect you remember the boom in aircraft shares of the early 'thirties?" He did not pause for reply. "I remember so well the disappointment and really substantial losses suffered by the holders of many such shares during the late 'thirties—the period when first one company and then the other got his nose or propeller or something in front of the others, and how just a very few concerns seemed to go from strength to strength the whole time and to turn every new development to their advantage. It wasn't until the population began to regard aviation as a normal form of transport, and until the manufacturing side of the industry joined hands with the motor companies and the transport side with the railways, that the industry as a whole began to be regarded as suitable for investment.

"I remember, too, when television was regarded almost as a joke, and when wireless manufacturers used to spend vast sums on setting up plant which was obsolete by the time it was delivered. They tell me now that the strongest companies in this industry have put so much to obsolescence reserves that they can afford to remodel the whole wireless side of their business one year and the television side the next."

"I suppose," said the Squire, who appeared more interested than usual, "that most industries have their bad periods from time to time, and that you clever speculators make a lot of money from buying shares in those industries at such times?"

"Me? Never speculated in my life!"

"Oh! Sorry."

"You needn't be, because it isn't true any way: but most of us, I think, speculate very seldom and to nothing like the extent that most people seem to imagine, and I've yet to meet the soothsayer who made a fortune out of speculation *and* kept it. But to go back to what you were saying; we do sometimes suspect that such and such an industry is in for a bad time or a good time, as the case may be, but it is very easy to form wrong conclusions, and dreadfully difficult to realise that things will not always remain exactly as they are at present. I remember, for instance, that time was when it was considered foolish to suggest that rubber companies would ever regain their prosperity or that companies engaged in the building trades would ever suffer from overproduction of their products.

"But we mustn't sit in here all night. Come on."

LLOYD'S PACKING WAREHOUSES

The writer is indebted to those closely connected with the company for pointing out to him an inaccuracy in describing the business of the above concern. The company does not carry on the business of shippers, as was stated in this column on December 7th, and the correct description of its business is as follows:—Packers of textiles, yarn and machinery, timber importers, waterproof wrapping manufacturers, paper importers, woodworkers, warehousemen, shipping and forwarding agents.

PACTOLUS.

New Books

CLIMBING IN CENTRAL CHINA

A Text Book of Golf—Some Modern Masters

HERE is a stirring narrative of the successful American expedition to ascend Minya Konka in 1932. This great peak has now become the second highest summit in the world to be climbed completely. It is nowhere near the Himalayan mountain system, but is situated in the hinterland of China, west of the Yangtse, almost a thousand miles east of Mount Everest, in a range of mountains extending north and south of the town of Tatsienlu. It dominates all the surrounding peaks to such an extent that before the coming of this expedition travellers had claimed that it was the highest mountain in the world, and one of the striking photographs in the book makes such a mistake seem natural.

Although the district is a hundred and fifty miles from the Tibetan border of China, the inhabitants of the mountains are Tibetans. In order to get there the party had to travel fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtse by steamer and take an eight day walk to Tatsienlu in the province of Sikong. Sikong, the authors declare, is one of the least known of all inhabited areas on the earth's surface. Of western China they claim that it has the richest flora of any temperate climate in the world and that there are six or seven times as many plants in this region as there are in the whole of Europe.

There had been no previous attempt to climb Minya Konka, and this expedition achieved a remarkable feat in so successfully reconnoitring the approaches that they were able to reach the top of the mountain in the same season. Moreover, to anyone familiar with Himalayan mountaineering it is astonishing that this party should have made a successful ascent at so late a date as October 28th. The climbing was difficult in places, and it is not surprising that at such a time of year two of the four high climbers had narrow escapes from being completely crippled by frostbite.

On the final climb there were "places where one must walk with the nicety of a ballet-dancer while fighting for breath and keeping one's balance against a lashing gale," so that it took nine-and-a-half hours to reach the top from the highest camp at 22,000ft.

During the descent the climber who was frost-bitten in the feet thus describes his situation: "To my dismay my feet and legs refused to function. It was a rather dismal feeling to know that I was helpless here alone at 17,000ft. on a remote Tibetan peak a week's travel across the mountains to the first outpost of civilisation, over two weeks from the nearest doctor and probably 2,000 miles through war-torn China to the nearest railhead." For the story of his escape from this predicament and for some interesting information on travel, natural history, mountaineering and topography, the reader can be recommended to consult this book. C. F. M.

Men Against the Clouds. By Messrs. Burdsall and Emmons. (John Lane: 12/6.)

ON THE GREEN

IT is frequently said that golf is "an old man's game." Even if that statement is true—which is extremely doubtful—there are not many old men, or women for that matter, capable of returning low scores or playing to a low handicap. Indeed, it is seldom that one who takes up the game after the age of say 40 achieves even a moderate standard of prowess. But P. A. Vaile, an American golf writer well-known in this country as well as in his own, in a small book of 95 pages, tells how a man, after four years of retirement from business on account of ill-health, took up golf at the age of 66 and by the time he was 70 achieved outstanding skill for the short game. He sets out in simple detail the methods employed by Mark G. Harris, who first astounded the golfers of Chicago and afterwards many of the leading American amateurs and professionals. Harris shows the way in which putting may be made simple, easy and effective and the title of the book—*Putting Made Easy*—is completely justified. Explanation of stymies, chip shots of various kinds including those out of bunkers is included and the style is refreshingly different from that usually found in such technical treatises.

Harris agrees with Bobby Jones in maintaining that "the putting stroke is just a full stroke in miniature . . . it is a swing." Regarding the stance he believes in taking up a position "opposite the ball with his left foot at a right angle to the intended line of run . . . the importance of the right angle cannot be stressed sufficiently as it prevents one from pulling the putter head in off the line." The grip of the putter is "mainly a finger one" and "the putter should be so soled or placed on the green when addressing the ball, that every part of the sole will be in contact with the green and with equal pressure on every part."

Regarding the golfer's mental attitude this American veteran says that "there should be but one thought in one's mind and that should be 'I'm going to sink this putt,' and not 'I wonder if I'll miss it.'" Every player has heard of the old slogan, "Never up, never in." Mark Harris thinks "No groove, no game" is more helpful. The true foundation of golf is a grooved stroke and "grooving one's stroke means to perfect it to such an extent that one can make the stroke in almost exactly the same manner repeatedly."

In modern golf putting is more important than perhaps it has ever been, yet the general standard of play on the greens to-day is poor. Even the best golfers use many different methods the majority of which appear intricate and artificial. Mark Harris advocates a doctrine which is simple, the rules being natural and easy to remember. Perhaps that is why he achieved so much despite taking up the game so late in life. Certainly it is one sound reason why all enthusiasts should study the details of his experience. E. R. T.

Putting Made Easy: The Mark G. Harris Method. By P. A. Vaile. (Reilly & Lee; obtainable at or through Stobart & Son, London; Price 5/-.)

A GENTLEMAN AND HIS HOUNDS

IT is a fine serviceable toast," said Misserrimus Doleful to Mr. Jorrocks before the eventful Handley Cross Hunt dinner. "I've known a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—a gentleman and his hounds—serve chairman, vice-chairman and company throughout the live-long evening without the slightest assistance of any sort."

Usually when one has to read a vast quantity of hunting literature one is inclined to regard the task as irksome at times, especially when one knows many of the facts off by heart. But here is a book that is different, and one that has all sorts of information in it. The author tackles some of the hard facts of hunting, especially the old, old question of £ s. d., in a very painstaking manner, and although he has a sigh or two for the old days—in fact, who of those who recall them has not?—he has not a pessimistic outlook. He takes us from the Border to the West, from Lincolnshire into Wales, through the Shires and into Scotland and Ireland and explains each country, its Masters past and present, huntsmen and the state of the kennel that one feels quite at home in all of them. He writes much also on hound breeding and has a good word to say for the American sportsmen who have taken hounds in this country. At times one must admit the style of a colloquial weekly journalist is not altogether suitable to considered judgments, and there are one or two passages which should have been omitted.

There are, too, severa slips which might be corrected in other editions: for example, other amateurs beside Sir George Thursby have ridden in the Derby, one being little Bartley, the bootmaker; and the original of James Pigg was Josh Kirk, not Hogg, as the author points out. Kirk hunted a pack in Northumberland for Mr. Richardson, whose son was afterwards "Shotley" of the *Field* for so many years. W. F.

A Gentleman and His Hounds. By Sabretache. (Eyre & Spottiswoode: 25/-.)

THE QUESTING BEAST

MR. R. C. THURNWALD carried out ten months' field work in Tanganyika and Kenya, and his results are presented in *Black and White in East Africa*. His research was directed toward solving the problems arising from the impact of Western civilisation, and all that that means, on the primitive African. The work was made possible by the generosity of the Carnegie Institute and sponsored by the International Institute of African Languages and Culture.

There is abundant evidence that painstaking efforts have been made to collect and tabulate information concerning native habits and customs, but it would appear that some of the statements which are quoted required more careful verification. This, indeed, seems to have been recognised by the author for he states in a footnote: "I am unable to discern how much . . . the informant pupil adjusted his report about his tribal traditions to his teacher's ideals."

Without criticising the English of the book it is easy to point out misstatements which, in some instances, may be due to misprints. Readers of the *Field* will be surprised, for instance, to learn that there are two varieties of tsetse fly, one of which is called "*Glossila Massitans.*"

K. F. T. C.

Black and White in East Africa. By Richard C. Thurnwald (George Routledge & Sons; 21/-).

BAILY'S HUNTING DIRECTORY

To all followers of hounds, *Baily's Hunting Directory* will be found a veritable mine of information, for it contains the fullest and latest data on its subject.

The new volume contains brief histories and latest data of 563 hunts, comprising 222 foxhounds, 58 harrier, 10 staghound, 75 foot harrier and beagle, 3 basset, 19 otter, and 13 draghound packs located in these islands, with 164 prominent packs in the oversea colonial and foreign section, including 19 Indian and 119 American hunts. Masters, secretaries, hunt servants; couples of hounds, kennels; best centres and railway stations; descriptions of country, area and characteristics; type of horse required; subscriptions; former Masters; illustrations of hunt buttons and particulars of distinctive dress of each hunt are given.

The more general information includes a review of the past hunting season, reports of Hunt Associations' annual meetings, huntsmen's records, awards at principal hound shows and hunt puppy shows, tattoo marks on hounds, prevalence or otherwise of distemper, presentations, obituary, towns with hunts accessible therefrom, and all this information is easy of reference. Three hunt maps show the home foxhound countries and locate the various packs, while the hunting diary affords a ready means of noting engagements and chronicling the day's sport.

There are two editions of the *Directory*. The red cloth edition is sold at 10/6, by post 11/-. The full red leather edition costs 15/-, by post 15/6. Foreign 11/6 and 16/-. Messrs. Vinton & Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E.C. 4, are the publishers.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN

* (1) HUNGARIAN LIVE GAME FOR RESTOCKING ?

(Prices for Partridges 9/6 a brace live delivery in December)

* (2) SALMON BEATS ON 18 OF THE BEST AVAILABLE RIVERS OF NORWAY ?

* (3) RODS ON A FIRST-CLASS RIVER IN ICELAND ?

* (4) A TIGER SHOOT IN INDIA THIS WINTER ?

* (5) PIG STICKING IN IRAQ *THIS WINTER* ?

If interested you are invited to write to—

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 9797

Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

THE SPRING HANDICAPS

Mr. George Lambton's Strong Lincoln Entry

ON the whole the entries for the spring handicaps which closed last week are excellent both in point of numbers and quality. Major G. Johnson, who succeeds Mr. G. L. Penrhyn-Hornby as handicapper for the races on the Carholme, has no fewer than 80 horses to deal with in the Lincolnshire Handicap. At first glance one is impressed with the strength of the entry from the Hon. George Lambton's stable. It will be recalled that this trainer won the Lincoln three seasons back with Dorigen, who put up one of the best weight-carrying performances in the history of the race.

Mr. Lambton is tolerably certain to produce a well-fancied competitor for the first big handicap of the coming season. He is able to choose from Boethius, Precious Pearl, Pepino, Pricket, Negundo, and the French-bred Astyanax, who was seen only once in this country last season.

It would not be surprising if Boethius were to be the ultimate choice of this stable, for he is one of the best milers in training and the Lincoln course ought to suit him to a nicety. It will be recalled that he finished his career last season with a handsome victory in the Grosvenor Cup at Liverpool, a race he had carried off twelve months previously when trained by the late Mr. Dobson Peacock. The son of Dark Legend is not a colt requiring an excessive amount of work, and in all probability he will come to hand as quickly as any of the Lincolnshire horses.

One entry that will be the object of general attention is Law Court, who, greatly fancied for the Cambridgeshire, was beaten into fifth place. His performance in that race was a genuine disappointment to all associated with Mr. Walter Nightingall's stable. Excuses were made for the gelding, but we think it will be prudent to accept his running at its face value. Our view of the Cambridgeshire was that Law Court had every chance of winning two furlongs from the end, where he held a favourable position, and it seemed to us that he failed because the final furlong was beyond him.

Over the easier course for the Lincoln he will probably be seen to greater advantage. There is no reason to suppose that there will be any difficulty in training the gelding for so early an engagement. Last season he came out in the first fortnight and fairly spread-eagled the opposition in his race at Newbury. Other notable entrants for the Lincolnshire include the Cambridgeshire winner Commander III, who was heavily backed for the race last season only signally to fail to do himself justice.

Then we have the Royal Hunt Cup winner, Priok, and the Wokingham Stakes winner Theio. Class is well represented by Sea Bequest, who after finishing sixth in the Derby carried off the Waterford Stakes at Ascot. Not a single three-year-old has been nominated for the Lincolnshire, which is perhaps not surprising in view of the barren record of performers of that age for many seasons past.

A satisfactory entry of 35 has been secured by the Liverpool Spring Cup, in which the name Sea Bequest appears again. Perhaps the most interesting of all the entrants here is the Aga Khan's Hairan. Rather a disappointment during the past season, we shall be curious to observe how this son of Fairway will shape in the handicaps of 1936.

Another notable three-year-old from the same stable has been nominated for the City and Suburban at Epsom, which has an entry of 45. We refer to that brilliant colt Theft, who ran exceedingly well in the Derby, especially over the distance in which the City and Suburban is run. It would not be surprising to find him making history in handicaps up to a mile and a quarter. Law Court has been entered for the City and Suburban, which suggests that his trainer believes the gelding to be capable of staying ten furlongs on a relatively easy course. Last year's winner, Montrose, remains in training at Beckhampton, and in all likelihood will have to be reckoned with again in the popular Epsom handicap.

It is noticeable that William of Valence is among the City and Suburban entries. It was only by the shortest of heads that this son of Vatout was beaten in the Grand Prix de Paris. Just before that race he had been purchased by Mr. Arthur Sainsbury, and it is probable that a goodly portion of the amount given for him was recovered by the means of place betting on the big French race, his return on the totalisator for a place working out at 13 to 1. Trained by Mr. H. S. Persse, William of Valence has yet to make his mark in this country.

Despite the fact that the terms of subscription for the Ascot Gold Cup are higher than they have ever been before—it now costs £50 to enter and £100 to run for the premier trophy of the Turf—one is glad to see that the entries number 37. Of these eight were made in Paris, which shows that French owners are as keen as ever to win the Cup honours at Ascot. Perhaps the most interesting of all the entries here is Mr. William Woodward's colt Omaha, who has proved himself the best three-year-old in the United States.

Until recently it was doubtful whether his owner would be able to carry out his intention of sending him to this country, but the fact that he has been entered for the Gold Cup, the Coronation Cup and a number of other races, is an indication that Omaha will cross the Atlantic. This colt is a son of Gallant Fox, himself in his time one of the best horses in America. Omaha's career during the past season ended prematurely in August, when the colt became subject to intermittent lameness. Apparently he is quite sound again, and on his arrival here he will go into the stable of Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who has already trained a number of important winners for Mr. Woodward.

For the most part the entries for the Gold Cup are in accordance with general expectations. The Aga Khan has contented himself with entering two of his three-year-olds, Sind and Babor Shah. The last named, a son of Blandford, was the winner of the Rous Memorial Stakes at Goodwood. Sind, a bay colt by Solario out of Mirawala, was unplaced in his two outings last season. The only other three-year-old in the entry is Mr. A. Gordon Smith's Fearless Fox, a Foxlaw colt trained by Mr. Jack Jarvis.

The only English filly in the entry is the Oaks winner Quashed, who stays so well that she may be a stronger candidate for this race than either of her stable companions, Bobsleigh and Plassy. Thanks to the larger sweepstake and the additional money given by the Race Fund, the Gold Cup will be of considerably higher value than ever before. It should be worth at least £6,500 to its winner, and in addition there will be £1,000 for the placed horses. A worthy endowment for the greatest test of stamina of the whole racing season.

DON'T BE VAGUE—

ASK FOR Haig

AT THE CLUB

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

The Country House

DECEMBER SHRUBS

Evergreens Which Bring Colour to the Mid-Winter Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

APART from the shrubs that are in flower in December there are various evergreen shrubs that add considerably to the colour in the mid-winter garden. In the first rank is that beautiful golden variegated shrub, *Eleagnus pungens aureo-variegata*. Its foliage is the brightest gold, and even on dull days the big, handsome leaves (quite 4in. long and 2in. broad) give the impression that they are reflecting sunshine. On poor soil the colouring is particularly fine. The insignificant flowers, produced in the leaf axils in November, are very sweetly scented. This shrub is a native of Japan, and quite hardy in most parts of the south. Ultimately it attains about 15ft.

Two smaller colourful evergreens and specially valuable in small gardens are *Leptospermum scoparium var Nickolsii* and *Cassinia fulvida*. The former is one of the commonest shrubs in New Zealand and grows on almost any soil except chalk, but in this country is hardy only in the extreme south. It is very quick growing, and its dainty sprays of reddish purple leaves make quite a glow in the winter garden. Ultimately it attains about 15ft., but it is so feathery and dainty that it takes little space. The diminutive rose-pink flowers are produced in early summer. *Cassinia fulvida* is heath-like in appearance, and in winter the yellow gold of the young shoots look very cheery. This shrub, which attains about 6ft., is far from fastidious and flourishes on most soils, including chalk.

Then there are the more decorative ivies. Amongst these the outstanding treasure is the variegated Persian ivy, *Hedera colchica dentata variegata*. It is noted for its rapid growth, and once established quickly smothers a wall with its heart-shaped leaves, which are sometimes nearly 10in. long and quite 5in. across. It is generally acknowledged to be the handsomest of all ivies, and is as handsome both in bush and climber form. The variegated Canary Island ivy, *Hedera Canariensis variegata*, is also very striking, with its big leaves edged silver and white.

Amongst humbler evergreens, few are so valuable for picking in mid-winter as *Euonymus radicans variegata*. *E. v. coloratu* is the best form, with leaves of the richest claret, and Silver Glen, with pink-edged silver leaves runs it close. These semi-trailing shrubs, which look so well growing over low walls, provide abundant foliage for picking, and their leaves associate well with flowers such as snowdrops and crocuses in bowls of mixed flowers.

Certain December flowering shrubs are to be found in every garden, notably *Jasminum nudiflorum* and Rosemary. A tiny shrub I wonder is not more commonly grown in sheltered gardens is *Vinca difformis*. The common periwinkle is very untidy in growth, but *Vinca difformis* is upright, and in sheltered parts of the south produces its big, beautiful, lavender-blue flowers from November onwards. Blue flowers are so rare at this time of year that this shrub (a native of Spain and North Africa), which only attains about 18in., deserves a place in all gardens in warm parts.

Jasminum nudiflorum is so easily grown that it is as a rule either neglected, in which case it becomes a mass of dead wood producing few flowers, or else so mercilessly nailed up and ruthlessly pruned, that it looks a pitiable sight. Properly grown, this lovely shrub with its graceful arching stems quite 10ft. high, is beautiful in flower, for it is starred profusely with its golden flowers all through the winter. Tightly nailing this shrub is fatal to its growth and beauty. It should be just lightly fastened so that it is supported against a wall and allowed to grow naturally. In one garden I know there is an old grey-stone archway, which is covered with this jasmine and in winter the whole arch looks like a cloud of golden stars. But the old-fashioned gardener is careful. He does not apply the shears but takes the trouble to cut back each lateral after the flowers are over and in spring gives the plants a good mulch.

Rosemary is also often very badly treated. Grown in the open and clipped, it is as distressing a spectacle as a clipped sweet briar hedge. The beauty of rosemary is due to its graceful, long branches, clustered with its exquisite flowers, and even in the south it does best against a warm wall.

Rosemary is not easy to prune. It needs care to prevent it growing leggy, with tufts of leaves at the ends of long leafless branches. The more sheltered it is, the less likely are there to be these patches of leafless growths. Severe pruning does more harm than good, but branches that show poor foliage should be cut back to vigorous shoots.

FIELD TRIALS

AT MARGAM PARK

THE Welsh Springer Spaniel Club held their thirteenth annual meeting at Margam Park on December 5th and 6th, by kind permission of Captain A. Talbot Fletcher. The judges were Colonel N. F. Tilney and Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley. As usual, game was plentiful, the shooting good and the weather perfect the first day; but very heavy rain fell on the second day, which may have caused poor scenting qualities. At any rate, the work was not of an exceptional standard. The stakes limited to Welsh Springers produced very few entries. Cockers were good, and some most promising youngsters turned out. The Novices A.V. was also a good stake. There was no outstanding dog. There was quite a large gathering each day. The awards were:

PUPPY STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. James's d. Rex of Canonmoor; 2nd, Mr. C. F. Chard's d. Llanwern Advert.

NOVICES' STAKE.—1st, Mr. C. F. Chard's Llanwen Advert; 2nd, Mr. R. James's Rex of Canonmoor; 3rd, Mr. G. W. Herne's d. Holiday Guide.

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. R. James's d. Shot of Canonmoor.

OPEN STAKE (Cockers).—1st, Major-General H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Barney's Double of Ware; 2nd, the Hon. R. W. Bingham's d. Simon of Corran; 3rd, Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Rockstead Punch. Reserve to Mr. C. H. Toye's d. Yoredale Yoricks; and certificate of merit, Dr. J. R. Hughes's b. Shorefield Smut.

OPEN STAKE (Any Variety Spaniel).—1st, Mr. S. C. Jones's d. Daud; Captain O. P. Traherne's b. F.T. Ch. Bryngarw Firefly; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Dainty. Certificates of merit: Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Lalee; Captain N. W. Tredinnick's d. Newbury Soda; the Rev. E. J. Nelson's d. Blendworth Martin.

NOVICES' STAKE (Any Variety Spaniel).—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's d. Bryngarw Rob; 2nd, Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's Lalee; 3rd, Mrs. J. G. Calvert's d. Bobble. Reserve to Major-General H.H. the Maharajah Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Race on of Ware; and certificates of merit: Captain O. P. Traherne's b. Bryngarw Rip; Dr. J. R. Hughes's d. Shorefield Smokeless; Mr. H. C. Cumberbatch's d. Hamptworth Turquoise, and the Rev. E. J. Nelson's d. Blendworth Roach.

BRACE STAKE.—1st, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin and Rose.

AT DUNSTER

THE seventeenth field trial meeting of the Western Counties and South Wales Spaniel Club was held at Dunster Castle, by kind permission of the president, Mr. G. F. Luttrell. As usual here, the organisation was perfect. The judges were Messrs. H. S. Lloyd and G. H. Turner, with Mr. S. Banfield White as referee. All the work was done in thick bracken and mostly on rabbits, but drive and determination were needed to push them out to the guns. The only team competing was the Rev. E. J. Nelson's, but rarely do we get the pleasure of seeing a team go so well. The awards were:—

OPEN STAKE (for Cockers).—1st, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's d. F.T. Ch. Poddle Crunch; 2nd, Mr. J. Goddard's d. Galloper of the Links; 3rd, Mrs. Berdoe Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands. Reserve, Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b. Poddle Crinkle, and certificates of merit, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Dusk of Malwa; Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave's b. Poddle Cricket.

OPEN STAKE (for Spaniels, except Cockers).—1st, Mr. W. D. Edwards's d. F.T. Ch. Pierpoint Splint; 2nd, Captain O. P. Traherne's b. F.T. Ch. Bryngarw Firefly; 3rd, Mr. A. Cumberbatch's Lalee. Reserve, Captain F. Holford's b. Whelford Nancy, and certificates of merit, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's d. Blendworth Jest; Captain J. W. Roche's d. Yakob.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mr. A. Cumberbatch's Lalee; 2nd, Mr. Cumberbatch's Turquoise; 3rd, Captain O. P. Traherne's d. Bryngarw Rurkit. Reserve, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Jest, and certificate of merit, Mr. E. G. Jay's Pamela of Pan.

MEMBERS' STAKE.—1st, Captain O. P. Traherne's Bryngarw Dainty; 2nd, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's d. Blendworth Martin; 3rd, Captain F. Holford's Whelford Nancy. Reserve, Mr. A. Cumberbatch's Lalee.

BRACE STAKE.—1st, Mr. Selwyn C. Jones's Dan and Spy O'Vara; 2nd, the Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin and Roach.

TEAM STAKE.—The Rev. E. J. Nelson's Blendworth Martin, Roach and Jest.

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

THE Labrador Retriever Club held their 39th field trials at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants, by kind permission of Lorna Countess Howe. The judges were Lord Henniker, Mr. T. Gaunt and Mr. J. Woodger. The awards were as follows:

NON-WINNER AND PUPPY STAKE.—1st, Mr. G. Hallet's d. Larchwood Nigger; 2nd, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's b. Hinwood Quiz; 3rd, Mr. C. R. Kennard's d. Pettistree Dan; 4th, Miss Despencer-Robertson's b. Painted Lady of Wilbury. Reserve, Miss D. Follett's b. Sabina; and certificates of merit, Mr. J. R. Hulme's d. Withington Nith, Mrs. Jervoise's d. Herriard Raffles, Mrs. Radclyffe's b. Zelstone Jill, Colonel A. L. Allan's b. Jill of Swallowcliffe, Mr. J. A. Rank's d. Withington Victor, Mr. W. Alington's d. Bun, Mr. S. A. Jackson's d. Swanthorpe Major, the Lady Ursula Abbey's d. Chiltington Vim, Captain J. F. Hodge's b. Tryst of Teign, and the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood's b. Hinwood Betty.

AT BUCKENHAM TOFTS

THE 33rd open field trial meeting of the Spaniel Club was held at Buckenham Tofts, Mundford, Norfolk, on December 11th, by kind invitation of Mr. E. Steane Price. The judges were Lieutenant-Colonel J. Downes-Powell and Mr. J. L. Marriott, and the awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. C. McNeill's b. Donna Susie; 2nd, Mr. S. C. Jones's Slick O'Vara; 3rd, Sir J. R. Wilson's d. Dioined of Yardley. Reserve, Mr. M. Moreton's b. F.T. Ch. Sobenhal Donna. Certificates of merit: Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara, Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Horsley's b. Mist of the Cairnes, Mr. K. J. Malcolm's d. Jock of Glenmorag and Dr. B. G. Goodwin's d. Hillhampton Spark.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. W. R. Calvert's d. Bobble; 2nd, Mr. O. Ellis's d. Nurscombe Don; 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Horsley's b. Holefield Sally. Reserve, Major H. Beaumont's b. Brush of Streads. Certificates of merit: Mr. C. McNeill's b. Don's Daughter, Mr. K. J. Malcolm's Jock of Glenmorag, Captain W. Selby Lowndes's d. Higham Ticket, Major H. Beaumont's b. Bimbo of Streads and Sir J. R. Wilson's Jester of Invertrossachs.

OPEN STAKE (FOR COCKERS).—1st, the Hon. R. W. Bingham's d. Simon of Corran; 2nd, Mrs. V. Berdoe-Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands; equal 3rd, Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's b. F.T. Ch. Sue of Silverlands and Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's b. Poddle Cricket. Reserve, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Barney's Double of Ware. Certificates of merit: Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's d. F.T. Ch. Poddle Crunch and Mr. T. Goddard's Galloper of the Links.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson's Spider of Silverlands; 2nd, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's b. Racoon of Ware; 3rd, Lieutenant-General H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Dusk of Malwa. Reserve, Mr. T. Goddard's Nip of the Links. Certificates of merit: Mr. R. MacDonald's d. Rockstead Punch, Mr. H. C. Cowles's d. Burnt Sugar, Miss J. Wykeham-Musgrave's d. Poddle Crock, Mr. C. McNeill's b. Miss Con, Mr. J. H. Gibson's d. Heathmynd Robert, Mr. L. Guinness's d. Roscombe and Mr. T. Goddard's Blitza of the Links.

AT BARLAY

ON December 10th and 11th the Gamekeepers' National Association held their fourteenth field trials for spaniels at Barlay, Balmaclellan, Castle-Douglas, by kind permission of Major H. S. Streatfeild. The judges were Dr. W. J. Dawson and Mr. R. Davidson. The awards were as follows:

OPEN STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. C. Dalton's b. Delightful Pal; 2nd, Mr. G. Clark's d. Berson of Blair; 3rd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Prints of Fintry. Reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. E. A. Walker's d. Dene of Balcary. Certificates of merit, Captain R. Joynson's d. Joburg of Chrishall, Mr. A. L. Trotter's d. Dalshangan Golddigger, Captain R. Joynson's d. Altskeith Fraser, Mr. G. Clark's d. Rex of Blair and Mr. G. Henriques's b. Chunal Peggy.

COCKER STAKE.—1st, Mr. E. A. Walker's b. Braeside Freckles; 2nd, Mr. J. Scott's b. Jigs Bairn; 3rd, Mr. A. L. Trotter's b. Dalshangan Silver. Reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. C. A. Phillips's b. Rivington Flash. Certificates of merit, Mrs. Scott Moore's b. Blare, Mr. R. E. Davenhill's b. Pennett Petal, Miss D. Hardy's b. Carramore Avril and Mr. N. M. Clarke's b. F.T. Ch. Beat.

GAMEKEEPERS' STAKE.—1st, Mr. J. Scott's Jigs Bairn; 2nd, Mr. T. Ellis's b. Sedar Girl; 3rd, Mr. J. Scott's b. Caught Again. Reserve and certificate of merit, Mr. T. Laird's b. Criffel Daisy. Certificate of merit, Mr. G. Blacklock's d. Cock a Bendy.

NOVICE STAKE.—1st, Captain E. W. Brook's d. Kinmount Paddy; 2nd, Mr. F. A. Rottenburg's d. Bonzo of Fintry; 3rd, Mr. E. A. Walker's Dene of Balcary; 4th, Mrs. Scott Moore's b. Golden Hill. Reserve and certificate of merit Mr. A. Byrne's d. Tedwyns Trews. Certificates of merit Captain R. Joynson's Altskeith Fraser, Mr. J. Girdwood d. Crossburn Sandy, Mr. G. Clark's d. Grock of Blair and Captain R. Joynson's Joburg of Chrishall.

BRACE STAKE.—1st, Mrs. Scott Moore's Golden Hill and Blare.

Labrador Retriever Club.—The Labrador Retriever Club will be holding their first dog show at Cruft's Show, for members only, and if anyone wishes to become a member to compete in this show, they must make application, giving name and address of proposer and seconder, before January 1st, 1936. Many special prizes and cups are being offered by members.

★ *At all the most famous hunts in the country you will find faultless leatherwork—dressed by Properts.*

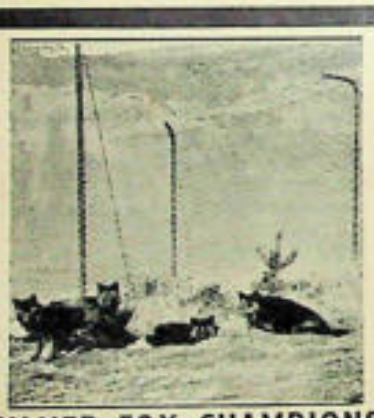
POLISHED HORSEMEN for 70 years have used

PROPERT'S

Saddle Soap

★ *Ask your Dealer; or in case of difficulty write to the sole manufacturers:*

B. BEDDOW & SONS LTD. *148 Battersea Pk. Rd. London, S.W.*



SILVER FOX CHAMPIONS

At the last Silver Fox Show in London, the SIDLAW team won MORE AWARDS and MORE CHAMPIONSHIPS THAN ANY OTHER FARM IN THE COUNTRY.

Results were as follows:
Grand Show Champion and Reserve; Champion Dog and Reserve; Champion Vixen; Two Colour Section Championships, 3 Reserves; Reserve for Novice Cup, 7 firsts, 6 seconds, 3 thirds, and 3 other awards, 30 awards in all.

Prices remain the same as before.
Write for full particulars and copy of booklet "Fur Farming."

SIDLAW FUR FARM
BALBEGGIE, PERTHSHIRE
J. M. D. Mackenzie (Indian Forest Service, retired), Sidlaw Fur Farm, Balbeggie, PERTHSHIRE. 'Phone: Kinnoull 18. 'Grams: "Furs, Balbeggie." Station: Perth. Trains met.

RECORDS OF BIG GAME

New edition (10th). 42/- nett.

ROWLAND WARD, Ltd.
166, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Your Cistern in the Roof supplied by

BAILEY'S "CALIBAN" RAM.

Worked by falls of water as low as 3 feet given by running brooks. No running costs or attention!

SIR W. H. BAILEY & CO. LTD. Albion Works, Salford 5 Lancs.

CARR'S

TABLE WATER BISCUITS

Perfect with Cheese.. Perfect with Butter... ..with a glass of Wine or alone

MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND

THE STANDARD PEERAGE FOR 1936
A Book of Outstanding Interest.
Includes latest corrections and Jubilee Honours.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles) **BARONETAGE** (with Index)

KNIGHTAGE and COMPANIONAGE. (with Index) (including C.B.E.)

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME (3,000pp.)
Edited by C. F. J. HANKINSON.
Consulting Editor:—Arthur G. M. Heslrige.

Clear, Accurate, and Easy of Reference. Alphabetically arranged. Illustrated with Armorial Bearings.

Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, **84/-** net, or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, **42/-** net; and Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, **52/6** net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), **126/-** net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,
6, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

ROBIN HOOD BOILERS

FOR CENTRAL HEATING WITH BEESTON RADIATORS

ROBIN HOOD ROYAL BOILERS are suitable for fixing in scullery or kitchen and will give warmth in every room when used in conjunction with BEESTON Radiators

Through all Heating Engineers
PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET

THE BEESTON BOILER Co., Ltd.
BEESTON, Notts.

MAKERS of BEESTON DOMESTIC BOILERS

Early this year a friend of mine explained just why . . .

his money was invested in **FIRST PROVINCIAL** FIXED TRUST Certificates.

He convinced me of the soundness of the investment by shewing me how the spread of the underlying securities assured the continuity of substantial dividends. I had my choice. I could invest my money to shew me a return of 4¼% in Unit "A" series comprising 26 cumulative preference shares—the soundness of which are unimpeachable—or I could choose Unit "B" series yielding 5¼% in 32 government and ordinary commercial securities.

The "spreading" principle is similar in both cases.

Now I, too, enjoy the feeling of security which these investments give.

The Midland Bank Executor & Trustee Co. Ltd. act as Trustees for the Certificate Holders, and collect and distribute dividends earned by both Units.

Consult your bank manager or stockbroker, or write for booklet giving full information to

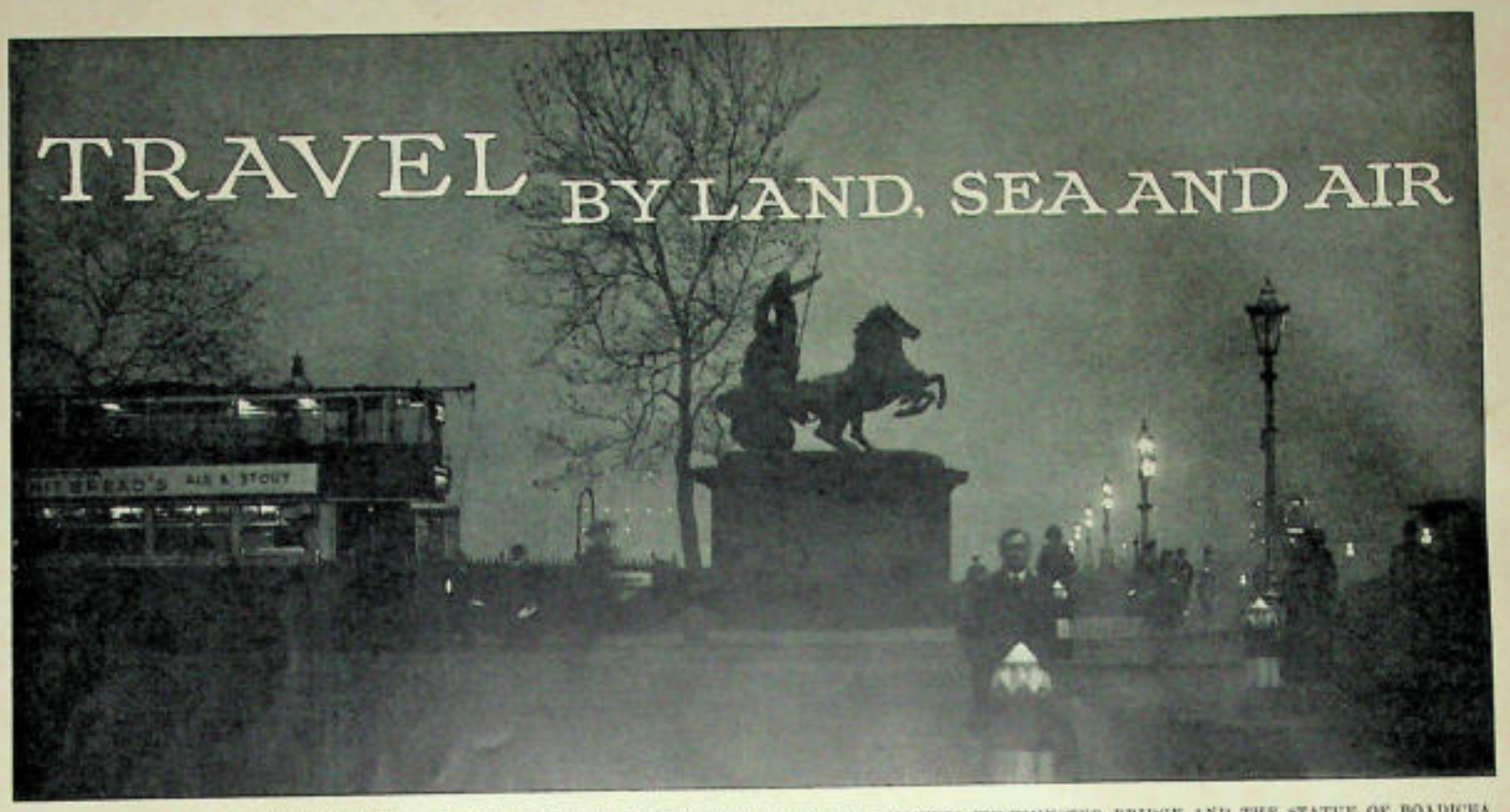
FIRST PROVINCIAL FIXED TRUST LTD
21, Spring Gardens
MANCHESTER 2.
Telephone: DEAnsgate 3056
THE SYMBOL OF SECURITY

dunburnerz

VALUE COUNTS MORE THAN COST
WORKSHOP as illustrated £5 : 15 : 0

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE "F" showing Bungalows, Club Houses, Pavilions, etc., also Garages, Greenhouses, Sheds, Chalets, and Portable Buildings of all kinds.

BROWNE & LILLY Ltd.
THAMES SIDE, READING
'Phone: Reading 4489. 'Grams: "Portable, Reading."



MIDDAY ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A RECENT FOG SHOWING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND THE STATUE OF BOADICEA

DIFFICULTIES OF NIGHT DRIVING

Fog and Dazzle the Motorist's Chief Problems

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

THERE are two major problems of night driving which confront the winter motorist, and I doubt if either can ever be completely solved. In the order of their importance they are fog and headlight glare. It seems probable that as far as fog is concerned there never can be a complete solution, because we have to deal with a problem of natural science which can at best only be partially overcome. There may come a new discovery in optical science which will provide the solution we have been looking for, but it seems a long way off at the moment. I sometimes wonder whether discoveries in the uses of infra-red rays may not prove helpful in solving the problem, for these rays have a power of penetrating fog and mist. When applied to photography they have given results in fog penetration which are sufficiently remarkable to give hope that there may come along similar lines of investigation a discovery that will enable them to be applied visually. If this can be done then we are well on the way to overcoming one of the motorist's worst enemies. However, at the moment, this is rather in the realm of speculation.

I am very frequently asked whether I have any special ideas on the subject of fog driving, but I am rather afraid there are none, for fog inevitably defeats one more or less. The only thing to be done is to go carefully, with every sense on the alert for what may be ahead. I can only say that all through the winter I motor practically every day between my home and London, and even on the worst of foggy nights I have always managed to get there, although on many occasions it has taken me three or four hours to cover the 25 miles between the office and my house. Lamps which really penetrate fog and give a safe driving light in those of moderate density are always being sought after, but, unfortunately, no light will actually *penetrate* fog, for here again we are faced with the natural law that moisture held in suspension in the air—that is what fog really is—reflects and refracts light rays. Amber-coloured lenses can be fitted to the headlights, and because there is less light passed through them than through clear glass they give the idea that they have better penetration, but that is not really so. The real effect is that there being less light to reflect there is less back glare, and, therefore, visibility is a little better. The same line of reasoning with some little modification applies to "fog lamps."

There are several types of fog lamp which are of great assistance, but their good qualities are not derived from better penetration of the fog screen. The best kind of lamp in my experience is one like the Lucas "Pass-light," which, incidentally, was described in the *Field* on November 23rd. This is carried as low down in front of the car as is practically possible, and the bulb is so shielded that the beam is flat-topped, with no upward glare, and it is this last quality which gives it the apparent power of penetration which is so useful. It is not that the light actually goes farther through the fog, but as the line of vision is *above* the upper line of light there is no reflection coming straight back into the eyes. Thrown on to the near-side edge of the road, such a light enables one to keep direction, while, above the light, there is as much visibility ahead as the denseness of the fog permits. Actually the limit of visibility is greater without lights at all than with, but the trouble when driving is that you cannot keep direction by the edge of the road and see ahead as well, and that is where the flat-topped beam is of such enormous assistance.

There are other fog-lamps which are excellent, each in its own way but all of them make use of the parallel or flat-topped beam and do not achieve their results by actual penetrative power. Not that this matters particularly, for what is needed is the result, and the actual scientific reason is beside the point, excepting as a matter of passing interest. Any advice about fog-driving simply amounts to this: fit a really good fog-lamp, see that it is mounted as low down as is practically possible—and then drive carefully. Above all, do not allow yourself to be deluded by a sudden thinning of the fog into putting on speed. You are almost certain to run into the dense stuff again within the next hundred yards or so, and there is nothing more disconcerting or dangerous.

Now, as to glaring headlights. Unfortunately, powerful headlights are a necessity, but you cannot have light without causing glare. I have had dozens of devices and inventions submitted to me with the purpose of cutting down dazzle, and not one of them has been able to achieve its purpose without reducing the driving light below the safety level. The conclusion I have come to is that the "dim-and-dip" type of control is the best which has so far been produced. Certainly it is not ideal, but it is the best compromise we have been able to arrive at as yet.

Experience on the road has convinced me that the problem of dazzle when motoring on dark, wet winter

REAL HORSE POWER

After travelling through the night, competitors in the Jubilee run of the London to Gloucester motor trial traversed all the well known test hills and tracks in the Stroud district. Above, a car is being helped up Juniper Hill, the worst in the district, by a couple of horses

Why not ask a Vauxhall Owner . . .

THE VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX is the car that has changed Riding into Gliding with Independent Springing. A lively six-cylinder engine, roomy luxurious coachwork, Synchro-Mesh, No-Draught Ventilation and an easy jacking system—are other reasons why it is the most popular Light Six to-day. Standard Saloon (12 h.p.) £205. De Luxe Saloon (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) £225. Coupe (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) £245.

THE VAUXHALL BIG SIX is a big, luxurious car in the true Vauxhall tradition with a choice of a 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine. It has Body-Conformity seating—the most comfortable driver's seat ever yet devised—entirely automatic chassis lubrication, Synchro-Mesh and No-Draught Ventilation. Saloon, as illustrated, £325. Wide range of special coach-work models.

Vauxhall

Wide range of models on view at 174/182, Great Portland Street, London, W.1

The Vauxhall Big Six Saloon
£325

. . . before deciding on your next car? Certain as we are of the new Vauxhalls, we feel that the practical, unbiassed experience of Vauxhall owners must be more convincing than anything we say. Amongst the many thousands of Vauxhall owners you undoubtedly number some friends. Why not ask for their frank opinions?

And then, before you decide finally, take a run in a Vauxhall—you will learn more on the road than in a showroom or catalogue. To make sure your choice is sound try all other cars around the price you wish to pay. Judge Vauxhall side by side, point by point, with the others. Compare acceleration, riding comfort, safety features and the other things that make for satisfying motoring.

Your nearest Vauxhall dealer will gladly place a car at your disposal or, if you would like us to make all arrangements, write to:—

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON.

May we send you copies of the latest Vauxhall catalogues?

nights, is almost as much a matter of road surface as of light. If you meet a car on a stretch of road which has been surfaced with a light-coloured material, and its driver uses his dimming mechanism, there is next to no glare, but another car on a black, shiny surfaced road such as is all too familiar, though its lights are dimmed will cause enough reflected glare from the road itself to cause serious inconvenience. This is a problem which might well engage the attention of the Ministry of Transport when next it is considering the dazzle question for it is of little help to try to cut down light below the safety margin if it is the road, rather than the light, which is at the root of the trouble.

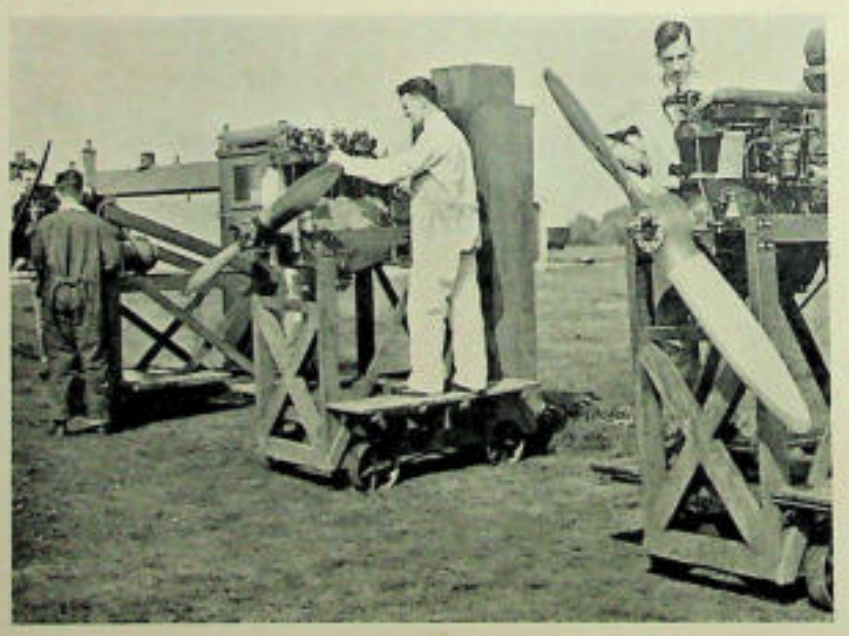
A DISTINCTIVE SPORTS CAR

THE new Brough Superior, a product of George Brough, of Nottingham, has been manufactured with the same thoroughness as the famous motor cycles of the same name. Capable of well over 90 m.p.h., this car holds the road remarkably well, and it is possible to leave go of the wheel at 70–80 m.p.h. and watch the car keep a perfectly straight course for several seconds; and even braking does not alter this condition.

The power unit is a straight eight Hudson side valve, rated at 28.8 h.p. and transmission is through a three-speed box with remote control central gear lever. Petrol consumption works out at about 16 m.p.g. when driven really hard.

This car's maximum speed is over 90 m.p.h., and zero to 60 can be reached in 10sec. to 12sec., while 7sec. is sufficient for the car to accelerate from 10 to 30 m.p.h. in top gear.

Although the car was designed as a sports car, it is a quiet one and makes a very dignified town carriage. The seating is for four, with wells for the rear passengers' feet and ample leg room. Plenty of luggage space has also been allowed for behind the rear passengers' seat.



THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF ENGINE INSTRUCTION

"What Air Service Training, Ltd., seeks to create is not just men who can fly, but men who are firmly grounded in airmanship and all that that embracing term implies"

Braking is exceptionally good, and a figure of under 30ft. from 30 m.p.h. is easily obtainable.

Various points have been considered with a view to making this car most suitable for the owner-driver, and these include hydraulic jacks operated from the driver's seat, entirely automatic chassis lubrication, quick action filler caps, and a really sensible hood, quick acting, and easy to open or close in a matter of seconds, converting the car from a tourer to a completely water-tight saloon.

Messrs. Kevill-Davies & March, 28, Berkeley Street, W. 1, are the London agents. M. H.

THEORETICAL ENGINE INSTRUCTION AT HAMBLE

Young men who desire a flying career are trained straight from Public Schools instead of going to the University, and at the age of 21 are turned out as fully-qualified commercial pilots

MANNING THE AIRWAYS

A Problem That Must Be Faced

By LORD SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

(Aviation Editor of the "Field")

THERE are already clear indications that, unless some steps are taken now, the expansion of our airways may be seriously hampered by lack of suitable man-power. Indeed, it is evident that there is increasing difficulty in securing the right kind of pilot for the numerous extensions and new lines that have been brought into service during the past twelve months.

Thus, at a comparatively early stage in its career, commercial air transport finds itself faced with one of the most difficult problems that any technical industry has to solve. It is, under modern manufacturing conditions, a comparatively simple matter to increase equipment; but to provide the necessary skilled men to handle that equipment is by no means easy. It demands considerable looking ahead, and the provision of training facilities specially designed to meet conditions that are likely to come into being within the next few years. The position is complicated by the fact that such training schemes have frequently to be started at a time when the industry concerned cannot absorb many new recruits.

In regard to commercial flying, two factors are principally operative. One is the almost unexpectedly rapid expansion of air lines in the past two years; the other is the decision to enlarge the Royal Air Force, which may well have the effect of reducing the numbers of short-service officers who, on the expiration of their time, have hitherto been available to qualify for commercial flying.

The latter consideration, however, is perhaps not so vitally important as it might at first appear, for the young pilot whose training has been entirely with the R.A.F. requires a considerable amount of additional tuition and experience before he can be transplanted successfully to airways flying. Indeed, one of the factors that may well contribute to possible shortage is the increasingly high standard demanded of the commercial pilot.

To-day, it is demanded of the would-be pilot on our overseas airways that he shall have had at least 1,000 hours' flying and that, among other things, he shall be a certificated wireless operator and navigator. Moreover, he must have high personal qualities, chief among them the capacity to judge flying conditions and the ability to make decisions which will ensure the safety of his aircraft and passengers at all times; on the British airways, very great stress is rightly laid on this characteristic.

It is stimulating to find that this immensely important question of providing not merely man-power, but absolutely the right kind of man-power, is being recognised by those who are most closely concerned. Imperial Airways, for example, have now in operation a finishing school of their own, at which instruction is given not merely to freshly selected candidates for the airways but to officers already serving.

The ultimate aim of this school is to ensure that every captain and first officer of a machine on the trunk airways is fully master not only of the piloting side of his job, but of the vital auxiliaries. Thus, courses are being given in navigation, wireless and engineering; and, as the scheme matures, every pilot will be expected to possess the Air Ministry licences in these several categories.

It is to be noted, however, that this plan, admirable though it is, does not get down to the root of the problem. It applies only to those who are already pilots—and pilots of sufficient standard to have been provisionally selected for service with Imperial Airways.

How, then, are the foundations to be laid? What is to be the best way of ensuring a constant supply of young, well-trained men, such as the Merchant Navy obtains from the training ships.

Happily, here too there is a nucleus round which, when needed, a more extensive organisation could be built. The work which goes on at Air Service Training at Hamble, is now well known; its aim is to turn out pilots whose qualifications are good enough for them to take their place at once in commercial service. What it seeks to create is not just men who can fly, but men who are firmly grounded in airmanship and all that that embracing term implies.

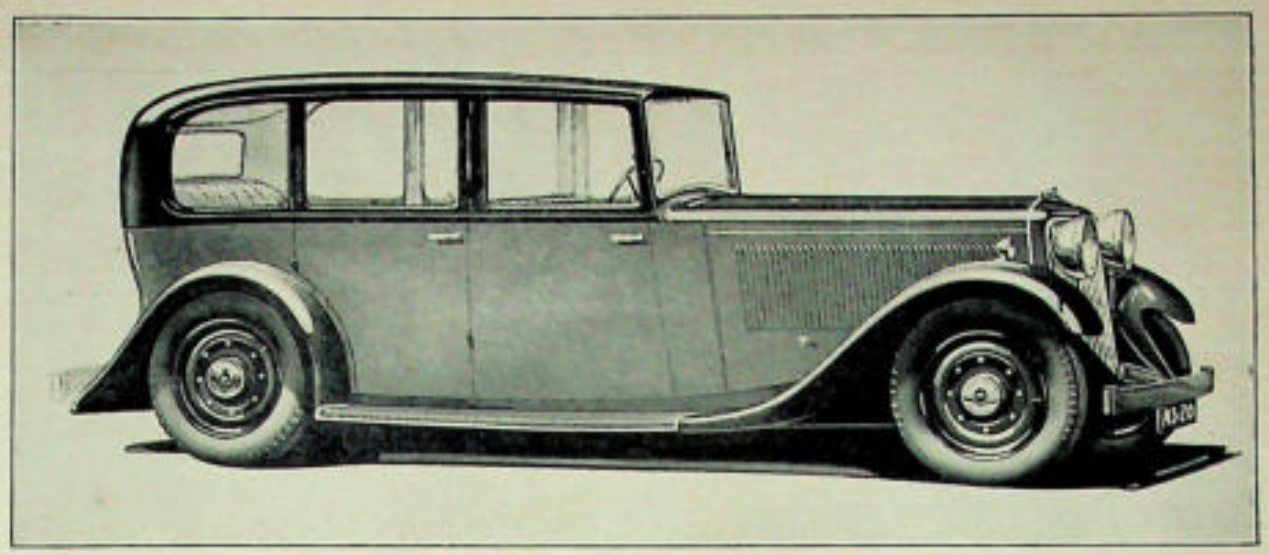
Another interesting scheme, which was referred to some time ago in these articles, is that in operation at the training ship Worcester, where air cadets are accepted in the same way, and at the same ages, as sea cadets.

Thus, there is in existence a framework scheme for turning out the commercial pilots of to-morrow. The young boy can enter for training at an age when he would normally be going to a public school and progress by stages to the most advanced forms of flying.

Nevertheless, it is important for the future that such facilities as these should be more widely known, especially to parents. Nothing will tend more to promote a steady flow of new recruits of the right type to commercial flying than the recognition that flying is an established career, to which proper avenues of approach exist as they do to, say, medicine, the law, the mercantile marine and engineering.

The importance of this will become greater as the years advance. Step by step, commercial flying is building up its own tradition and its own high standards of qualification as regards both technical and personal fitness. It must, therefore, become more and more reliant on recognised training centres, and less willing to accept entries from other sources. The lesson to be driven home is that the air needs of to-morrow must be met by planning to-day, and that facilities must be widened so that they can attract the right types in the greatest numbers.

Here is comfort and luxury such as only a quality car can give



The Twenty H.P. Enclosed Limousine, a car of unusual dignity, **£745.**

THE FINEST RANGE OF QUALITY CARS

Twelve - *from* **£275**
Twelve-Plus *from* **£295**
Seventeen *from* **£385**
Twenty - *from* **£550**
and the **Siddeley Special**
(Prices ex Works)

Please write for Catalogue "R. 193"

COMPARE the coachwork of an Armstrong Siddeley, so unmistakably the work of craftsmen carriage builders. Its superb finish, its spaciousness and its attractive lines give it an air of great distinction. There is a very full range of exclusive body styles each built to meet the individual taste of its owner.

ARMSTRONG

SIDDELEY

with the only proved self changing gear

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LIMITED, COVENTRY
LONDON: 10 OLD BOND STREET, W.1 MANCHESTER: 35 KING STREET WEST
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CENTRES

BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

AS193D

The discriminating motorist who appreciates fine engine performance *invariably* uses

LODGE

THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

From 5/-

Made completely in England by LODGE PLUGS LTD.—RUGBY

THE BEST CASE FOR CHRISTMAS

4 bottles Famous "GROUSE" Whisky
4 bottles "PINTAIL" Sherry
4 bottles "QUINTA SANTA MARTHA" high class old Tawny Port

FOR **£5** carriage paid in Britain

6 BOTTLE CASE (2 of each quality) **£2.10** carr. paid. 3 BOTTLE CASE (as above) **25/-** postage paid

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND. ESTD. 1800

WHERE TO FISH

A Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of the World

Edited by H. D. TURING

5/-

Postage 6d.

1935 Edition

438 pp. of text. 8 colour plates of flies. Map of reference to rivers in Great Britain. Record fish. Rates of charges. Air Routes. Foreign section largely rewritten and extended.

"There is nothing, there never has been anything, like this encyclopaedic reference book to angling waters."—YORKSHIRE POST.

"Unique in scope and usefulness, and no angler who travels in search of fishing should deny himself a copy."—SHOOTING TIMES.

FROM ALL GOOD BOOKSELLERS OR FROM

THE "FIELD." BREAM'S BUILDINGS. E.C.4

LE TOUQUET AT CHRISTMAS

The Winter Attractions of a Well-known Summer Resort

By CLIVE HOLLAND

THE GREAT LIGHTHOUSE AT LE TOUQUET

LE TOUQUET and Paris-Plage, for the two are one and the same thing in the minds of many people, are chiefly associated as fashionable and delightful summer resorts.

Recently, however, Le Touquet has become known as a pleasant place in which to spend Christmas and the New Year, in hotels which are, for the most part, admirably modern and up to date, and well organised as to the social life and entertainments provided, added to which there is the attraction of the Casino, where one can win or lose money under pleasant conditions, and see the world and his wife doing the same thing.

Le Touquet, which is built in the forest on the left bank of the River Canche, has been known as such for centuries; Paris-Plage, its near neighbour on the English Channel, received its name in comparatively recent times when the Parisians chose the site for their essay in seaside resort building.

Only a few years ago Paris-Plage, which lies to the south of the tall lighthouses well known to all visitors to Le Touquet, consisted of a mere huddle of quaint old wooden houses in the occupation of fisherfolk. To-day these have almost entirely disappeared, giving place to modern hotels and villas, wide and smart-looking streets, and shops, some of which are branches of well-known Paris houses. Along its extensive sands a vast bathing establishment and "Lido" has sprung up, with hundreds of gaily-painted *cabines* for the use of the crowds of bathers who frequent the place in summer.

But it is with Le Touquet we have chiefly to deal, for this favourite resort is gradually assuming an "all-the-year-round" character, while its neighbour in winter is but a dreary semblance of its summer self.

In its setting of pines Le Touquet is indeed a charming and favoured spot at all seasons. Once there was an ancient manorial château, on the site of which now stands the Casino. In the latter are spacious rooms—the Club Privé—in which baccarat is played; and there are other public gaming rooms which are thronged every evening by crowds of people intent on the spinning of a ball. The Casino has a bijou theatre in which plays and operatic performances take place, given by some of the best of the Parisian companies. Here also at frequent intervals concerts, dances and fancy dress balls are held. The Casino is one of the handsomest in France, and possesses a fine open-air colonnade and a first-class restaurant with a separate entrance. There is also a Summer Casino near the Plage, and skirting the latter is a fine, wide promenade. The importance of Le Touquet is manifested by its large and handsome Hôtel de Ville.

Not the least of Le Touquet's attractions are the facilities offered for various sports and pastimes out of doors. There is a magnificent and very picturesque eighteen-hole golf course, stretching across the woods, where everything possible has been done to achieve what no less an authority than Harry Vardon has described as regards its sporting character, the interest of its natural hazards, and perfection of its putting greens, as one of the finest, if not the finest, courses on the Continent. The Golf Hotel, close to the links, provides first-class accommodation, and everything that the golfer looks for. There is another eighteen-hole course, and an excellent nine-hole course which is over 2,600yds. in length. The Casino has also a "baby" golf course in the gardens.

ABOVE: THE DIGUE PROMENADE, WITH THE CLOCK TOWER IN FOREGROUND

BELOW: A VIEW OF THE EIGHTEEN-HOLE GOLF COURSE

Tennis players have been well looked after, and the excellence of the hard courts, four near the golf links, and no less than seventeen at the Club near the Casino, is vouched for by the fact that championships and international tournaments take place upon them.

Those who play neither golf nor tennis but are fond of riding can hire excellent horses, and will find plenty of fine rides along the many beautiful paths and roads of the forest. Motorists, too, will find many excursions along roads that are good, to places of scenic and historic interest.

Australian and New Zealand Mails.—From the London office of the Melbourne *Argus* we have received a useful booklet, suitable for the pocket, containing much information regarding dates of despatch of both ordinary and air mails to and from Australia and New Zealand during 1936. Lists of steamer sailings, postal information, a track chart of the world and other useful information is included. Copies may be obtained free from the London office of *The Argus*, 80, Fleet Street, E.C. 4, enclosing a penny stamp to cover postage.

THE FIELD

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "LAND AND WATER"

VOL. CLXVI. NO. 4331. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1935 REGISTERED. PRICE 1s. POSTAGE {INLAND 1½D., CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND 1½D., FOREIGN 3D.}

THE HONOURABLE GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON

This picture of Miss Meysey-Thompson was taken at a recent meet of the Pytchley at East Farndon. She is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Knaresborough, himself a good man across Leicestershire in his day and an enthusiastic member of the Coaching Club

AUTOMATIC
THERMOSTAT
CONTROL

Another
Proved Feature
of the

ROVER

EVS

CONTENTS

CHOOSING A GUN AND CHOOSING A CARTRIDGE	1509
LOOKING BACK: SOME SPORTING SUCCESSES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS OF 1935	1510
LIKELY GRAND NATIONAL HORSES	1512
A NATIONAL HOLIDAY PAGEANT: HOW MANY SUBSCRIBERS ATTENDED BOXING DAY MEETS?	1513
BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS	1514
CURLY RETRIEVERS	1516
"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT"—*a photograph*	1517
MODERN GOLF COURSE DESIGN	1518
AN EGYPTIAN GAME RESERVE	1520
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	1521
A WEEK-END BY AEROPLANE AND THE FISHING IT BROUGHT	1524
FIELD TRIALS	1525
WITH PUNT AND PAINTBRUSH (*in colour*)	1527
SLAVONIAN GREBES ON A SCOTTISH LOCH	1528
MAXIMS IN METRE	1529
UNCOMMON VEGETABLES	1530
SHEEP SHEARING IN AUSTRALIA	1532
FARMING NOTES	1532
THE INACCESSIBILITY OF CAR ENGINES	1533
NEW FREEDOM FOR THE OWNER-PILOT	1534
A TOUR OF THE ISLANDS OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND	1535
CARDS AND CHESS	1537
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	1538
BILLIARDS	1538
RIVER REPORTS	1500
HUNTING APPOINTMENTS	1502
SPORTING CALENDAR	*Third page cover*

Registered as a Newspaper and for Canadian Magazine Post.

FIELD
THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—ERIC PARKER

Telegrams: "Field Newspaper, London." *THE FIELD HOUSE,*
Telephone: No. 3681 Holborn. *BREAM'S BUILDINGS,*
CHANCERY LANE.

A PEDIGREE STOCK EMBARGO

THIS country has every reason to be proud of the strains of pedigree cattle, sheep and pigs which have been perfected through generations of endeavour. We owe much to the Cruickshanks, the Booths and the Squires of Kirklevington who built the foundations of our breeds, and to their successors, the present pedigree breeders, who have maintained high standards and moulded our breeds to suit the changing requirements of public taste. Throughout the world the supremacy of British breeds is recognised. Yet there is one Dominion of the Crown which refuses direct entry to pedigree stock shipped from our ports.

New Zealand's attitude is really indefensible. It used to be argued in the Dominion that there was a risk of foot and mouth disease being transmitted to New Zealand if livestock were imported from Great Britain. Whenever there was an outbreak in this country the newspapers of the Dominion had headlines announcing "Dread Scourge in England—Miles of Funeral Pyres." Happily, the co-operation of scientists, farmers and the police has reduced the incidence of foot and mouth disease in this country to negligible proportions.

Furthermore, there is now the Government quarantine station at the London Docks, where pedigree animals destined for the Dominions and Colonies are sent for a period of isolation under veterinary supervision before shipment. From the opening of the quarantine station in 1928 until last month 3,500 animals have passed through, mostly cattle and sheep. Not a single case of foot and mouth disease has occurred among these animals after arrival overseas. For at least 50 years before the embargo was imposed by New Zealand British breeders were exporting to that country stock of all kinds. The long voyage to New Zealand alone is more than sufficient to make evident the presence of foot and mouth disease. There is a new Government in New Zealand, and it is to be hoped that the Dominion authorities will now face facts. The present attitude does no credit to their intelligence or the sense of fair play between the Dominion and this country.

New Zealand hopes to develop her trade with Britain. Last year she exported to this country agricultural produce valued at £24,000,000. In addition to her trade in dairy produce and lamb New Zealand means to develop a market here for beef and pig meat. Persistence in the present embargo policy will not advance her claims. Moreover, quality counts for much in the British market, and if New Zealand's beef and pig meat is to replace supplies from Argentine and Denmark the Dominion needs to make use of the best blood that is available. On all counts New Zealand will be well advised to remove the embargo on the entry of pedigree stock from Britain.

Are we turning to full advantage at home the heritage of pure-bred stock? At the Smithfield Club's show and other Christmas shows some of the finest beef stock in the world is exhibited, but in some parts of the country the markets do not see many animals that do credit to our national breeds. Depression in the beef industry and the increase in dairying have not helped matters. But in the development of a beef policy, now long overdue, due regard must be had to the quality of home-killed beef. Some districts in this country need, as New Zealand does, the improving influence of pedigree blood.

RABBITS

RABBITS have bred extraordinarily freely during the past two years, and their depredations have caused concern. In these exceptionally dry years rabbits established themselves in places that they would never normally choose for burrows. Many low-lying spots and even the banks of streams, then dry, provided new pastures. Now, after two wet months, Nature is exerting her authority again. A great number of rabbits have been drowned in low-lying ground, and more are noticed lying dead from disease than for some time past. The wet weather has also stopped breeding, which in the dry years seemed to go on almost without a break throughout the seasons. Nature's intervention, if effectively backed by rabbit catching this winter, should reduce the rabbit population to more normal numbers.

TAXES IN KIND

To breathe the words "income tax" at Christmas time is perhaps unpardonable, but there is an excuse for doing so in quoting a paragraph from *The Income Tax Payer*. The writer says that if a few British income tax payers adopted the plan of a Frenchman who could not find cash for his taxes, there might be a certain amount of congestion in our collectors' offices. This worthy fellow, a brick manufacturer, escorted by 40 workmen, each carrying a hod of his bricks, went to the tax collector's office and dumped his "produce" outside. He demanded a receipt for 135 francs, which, he said, was the value of the bricks. Because the collector chose to treat the offer as a joke, he registered all his workmen as unemployed, refused to remove the bricks, and declared that he would retire from business.

MISSING REELS

Films, we know, dash in where angels, or even editors, fear to tread, and it is impossible to keep pace with the increasing volume of nature films, many of which are remarkable for extremely good photography. But we might be allowed some comment on a film called *Beyond Shanghai*, in which there are some remarkable tiger photographs. The zoology of the American commentator, however, is somewhat like that of the Swiss Family Robinson. In the neighbourhood of Angkor-Wat were two 30ft. pythons, some pandas rather out of their habitat, several "man-killing" apes (which appeared to be ourangs over from Borneo for the occasion) and, most surprising of all, the "Aye Aye," or "Missing Link." But this animal had lost its peculiar digits on its way from Madagascar and had come to resemble an African galago in habits and appearance. One Cambodian lady was carried off by an ape (which was armed with a blowpipe and darts), and another was realistically mauled by a large tiger, both apparently with quite trivial injuries.

THE "TAIL-WAGGERS'" FRIEND

By far the majority of house-dogs to-day carry a silver badge which testifies that they have the privilege of belonging to the Tail-Waggers' Club. No club can boast such a huge membership—it is over 630,000—and no movement has caught on so quickly as that founded by Captain H. E. Hobbs in 1928 to help dog-owners to care for their pets and incidentally to raise £20,000 for the Royal Veterinary College, through which a Professorship of Canine Medicine and Surgery was established. Many a Tail-Wagger owner will, therefore, have grieved on learning last week of the death of Captain Hobbs who, as befitted one for many years an executive member of Messrs. Spratt's, performed such work of national value for our canine friends.

AN ENTENTE CORDIALE

There is no better friend to the cause of Big-Game Preservation than Baron Cartier de Marchienne, the present Belgian Ambassador to this country. In a recent letter to the *Times* he pointed out the great strides that had been made by the Belgian Government in developing the preservation of birds, beasts and fishes in the Congo, and appealed for the co-operation of the Colonial authorities in Uganda to help in this work "with perhaps the ultimate goal of organising a great ichthyological sanctuary in Lake Edward." We hope that the Colonial Office will make a generous response to this suggestion, which deserves full consideration, and we only regret that the suggestion did not come from the British Ambassador in Brussels to the Belgian Government, for there is no doubt that in questions of preservation our efforts lag behind those of Belgium. Nevertheless, performance, not credit for performance, is what matters, and we must remember that an entente cordiale can protect more than the lives of men.

A MUSEUM OF ROWING

"Peterborough" in his interesting notes in the *Daily Telegraph* alludes to the great collection of rowing trophies and prints made during his life by the late Mr. Guy Nickalls, which is described as a museum of rowing. Mr. Nickalls was not only famed as an oarsman, but was also an active literary worker on its practical and its historical side. In collaboration with Sir Theodore Cook he undertook the monumental task of tracing back the winners of Doggett's Coat and Badge from the inception of that ancient sculling event in 1715. The result of these labours appeared in the *Field* of August 3rd, 1895, and in the book *Thomas Doggett Deceased*. With few exceptions, the successful watermen were given as far back as 1716. It is stated that Mr. Nickalls's home at Farnham Royal is now in the market, but there is no danger of his historical collection being dispersed. We hear that an autobiography of the great oarsmen is to appear in the spring.

ROWLAND WARD'S RECORDS

Journalism, we are told, is the art of repeating oneself gracefully; another authority has it that its successful practice lies in a knowledge of how to find one's way about reference books. On either of these scores the *Field* can welcome very warmly the tenth edition of Rowland Ward's famous book, to-day, as ever, the one absolutely indispensable volume for the big-game hunter, and one that we may hope to find editors examining through endless repetitions.

WITHOUT COMMENT

From an interview with a lady who has returned from Africa as reported in a Sunday newspaper:

"Take it from me, the only wild animals are in the Zoo. In their natural state they are scared stiff of man.

"I have seen natives pull a lion by the tail as mischievous boys might do with a cat.

"Only once, when a rhinoceros got under our canoe, did I even feel near danger, but the splash of a paddle sent him floundering off."

A LOSS TO RHODESIA

We have now received details of the death of H. L. Hall, of Fort Jameson, whose death as the result of a lion mauling was recently reported. A correspondent describes the tragedy tersely as follows: "Freddy Hall was out trying to catch a giraffe for the Game Park at Livingstone, and came on a lion, and hit it first shot: it charged, and Hall waited for it to come so that he could make sure—his second barrel misfired, and the animal got him down. After a brief struggle the lion fell dead on top of Freddy, who was badly mauled. Then four days into Fort Jameson in a machila, and though a doctor flew over to operate it was impossible to save his life. Freddy Hall was a man whose personal charm and straightforwardness were at once strikingly evident. He did all in his power to assist in devising ways and means of giving the splendid fauna of Northern Rhodesia a fair deal, at the same time respecting to the utmost the interests of the native inhabitants. Northern Rhodesia has lost the one man most fitted to control the destiny of the great elephant herds of the Luangwa Valley, and his friends one who was broad-minded and tolerant, though, when necessary, outspoken, and at the same time scrupulously honest in his convictions."

MISSIONARIES OF CRICKET PEACE

The eagerness with which Australia welcomed the visit of the M.C.C. team which is now in New Zealand will be appreciated in this country as an indication of restored goodwill between English and Australian cricket. The M.C.C., it seems, could not have made a more diplomatic move than to send this team, which is not representative enough to be taken too seriously but strong enough to earn popularity and respect. Although Australia has sent a representative side to South Africa, there was enough talent left to provide strong opposition to the English team, which went down rather badly to New South Wales. On the other hand, the side achieved the distinction of putting up the highest score ever made by an M.C.C. team against Queensland. Meanwhile, it is good to note that some of our more promising young players like J. H. Human and Hardstaff, in batting, and A. D. Baxter and Sims, in bowling, have been doing particularly well.

ANTIRRHINUM RUST

Now that the summer flowers are dead and done with, and the bonfires in the kitchen gardens have consumed leaf and root, what is to be the record of the year as regards the pest that visited us in 1934—the rust that killed off the antirrhinums? Most of us, presumably, dug up and burned every plant we had, and sowed fresh seed last spring. But did the rust recur in any part or parts of the country? It would be interesting to be given facts and figures.

ROOKS AND ROOKERIES

Are there any birds which set more engaging riddles than rooks? As all countrymen know, they are early nesters and come back to rebuild their nests every year in March. But before that date they make periodical visits to the rookeries, apparently to inspect the remains of last year's nests or to decide other questions obscure in their purpose to the onlooker. What is the earliest date at which rooks have been known to return for any length of time for these visits of inspection? The birds of a Surrey rookery were observed to return to their trees on the morning of December 16th, which was bright and sunny. This is certainly an early date, but the curious fact was that they were still in the tops of trees, as noisy as ever, on the following morning, which was thick with fog. Have the birds of any other rookery been observed to return to their trees on an earlier visit?

SOUTH AFRICA v. AUSTRALIA

The tree, whose birth in gentle English airs
  Gave shape to something that was England's soul,
Has grown tremendous, and the branch it bears
  Is fitly grained for a titanic bole.

Where men contended in the sleepy sun
  On meads new-scythed, with unfastidious mirth,
A match is made, transcending Hambledon,
  Whose echo circles our impatient earth.

And yet in this, the strife that marks their play,
  Below the bark it changes not, nor yields.
The willow's note is ringing far away,
  But something lives from those forgotten fields.

C. D. MARTINEAU.

Gun and loader at a covert shoot in Hampshire

CHOOSING A GUN AND CHOOSING A CARTRIDGE

Suiting the Cartridge to the Weapon and the Firer

DURING every year large quantities of shot gun cartridges, both British and Continental, pass through the hands of the *Field* for test, practically no two being alike. One cannot help but feel how very difficult it must be for the experienced shot, let alone the tyro, to decide upon the one most likely to meet his particular requirements. Yet it is curious that whereas a large number of shooting men will go to endless trouble to get a keeper, a dog, a grouse moor or a gun that is to their liking and which suits their peculiarities, they will often take the first cartridge of decent make that comes along.

Although there are good, bad and indifferent cartridges on the market, loading has become so skilled an occupation and materials on the whole so dependable that supplies obtained from any well-known gunmaker can be relied upon to be effective under normal conditions. The days when a fixed load of 3 drams of powder, or its equivalent, and 1¼oz. of shot was considered ideal have, fortunately, gone for ever. Guns often vary so much in size of bore, length of barrels, degree of choke, and last but by no means least, weight, that it behoves everyone to obtain a load not only suitable for his particular gun, but one that will kill and not wound without punishing the firer. To anyone in doubt we suggest that one's guns should be taken to some reputable gunmaker, who will decide the most suitable load. Better still, the sportsman can obtain a small supply of cartridges containing various loads and sizes of shot and fire them at a target at home at varying distances. The results obtained will certainly be most interesting and instructive, and maybe a revelation.

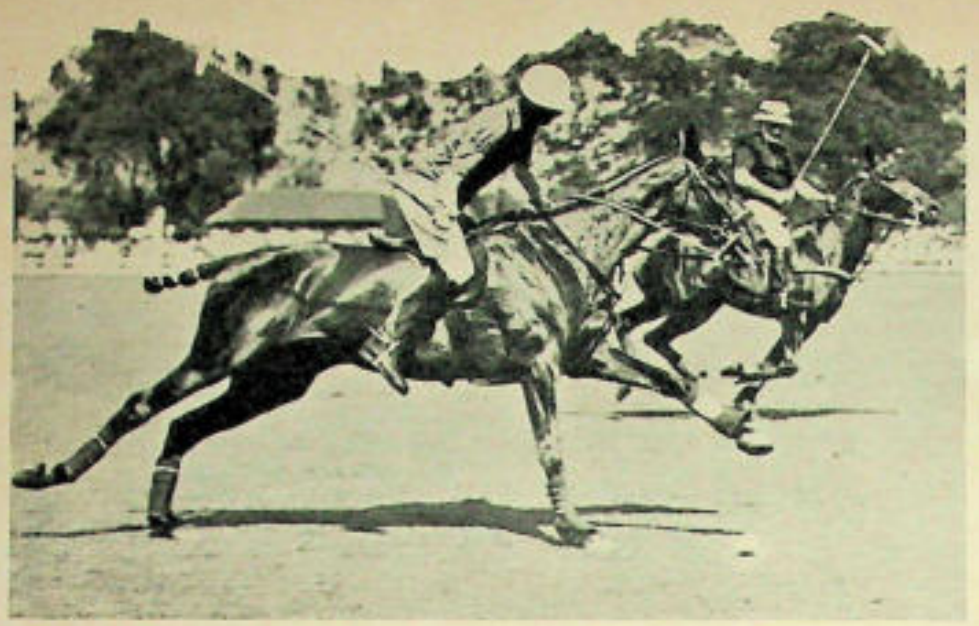
A case recently came under our notice in which a sportsman complained that he either missed his game or cut it to pieces. The fact that he was shooting most of his birds approximately at from 20yds. to 30yds. with a gun having both barrels bored full choke and employing a full charge of No. 7 shot appears to have escaped his notice. Firing at a plate revealed the fact that even at 40yds. the pattern was far too dense, whereas at from 20yds. to 30yds. practically the whole charge was confined in a space of approximately 20in. diameter, convincing proof that any bird in the direct line of fire would be cut to pieces, or that if 12in. out of the line it would be missed. After having the right barrel rebored to an "improved cylinder" and the charge of shot reduced he had the satisfaction of not only making a bigger bag, but also of being able to eat it. We may perhaps refer to the inconsistency of one sportsman who stated that he intended increasing the load of shot in his gun, a cheap 12-bore 2½in. chambered foreign hammerless weapon, to 1¼oz. On being advised as to the risk he waxed wrathful and blamed the proof authorities for not seeing that guns were proved to withstand any charge of powder and shot the owner wished to employ. No doubt such guns could be built if weight were no object. Yet one wonders if the same gentleman would have a saloon body built on a lorry chassis to enable him to increase his load of passengers beyond the acknowledged number.

A very wise axiom is never to purchase ammunition containing heavier charges than that for which the gun has been made and proved. On every sporting gun made since November 1925 the length of the chamber and the maximum charge of shot will be found stamped upon the barrels by the proof authorities, and notwithstanding assurances to the contrary contained in advertisements, one should never employ a heavier load without the advice of one's gunmaker. A strict adherence to this rule would do much to prevent damage to guns and chance of accident. No doubt a much greater danger is run by the foolish practice advocated by some sportsmen, usually wildfowlers, of firing 2¾in. cartridges in guns with 2½in. chambers. One hears and occasionally reads of excellent results so obtained, but no mention is made of the great increase in pressure the gun is called upon to withstand. When a burst occurs under such circumstances the gun is returned to the gunmaker with a demand for a new pair of barrels free of cost, and should he call for some of the cartridges used he invariably is sent, perhaps thoughtlessly, a few of the correct length of the chamber.

A number of shooting men of late have been attracted by alluring advertisements pointing out the many advantages derived from the use of foreign 2-in. zinc cartridges in guns having 2½in. and 2¾in. chambers. There is, of course, nothing to be said against employing such ammunition. We, however, would confirm the advice of the makers and impress upon owners of 12-bore 2-in. chamber guns not to fire them unless their gun has been specially proved to withstand the extra pressure developed. To do so is to say the least of it running an unnecessary risk, and is both unfair to oneself and one's gunmaker.

The truth is that it is not enough in choosing cartridges, as in other things in life, to rest content with being at sixes and sevens. A few very simple tests at comparatively small cost, made probably in consultation with an expert, may make all the difference, and once confidence is gained one should not bow down on impulse to any of the Dagons of Saltpetre. Still, trial and error, even if unduly repeated, are better than concluding that a particular gun, made probably to individual specifications down to the smallest detail, and with probably more individual characteristics than any other piece of marketable mechanism, will shoot equally well with any load or size of shot.

Guns are handed down from generation to generation and it is no unusual occurrence for gunmakers to receive one in a truly terrible state of repair with a request to make it as new, the owner stating it was his father's and is good enough for his son to start with! Could anything be more foolish? One wonders what a motor manufacturer would think on receiving a similar request. Some time ago the writer when a member of a big shooting party noticed that one of the members, who had arrived in a new £1,100 car, was using an apparently worn-out gun. On being asked why he did not go in for a new one he remarked: "Oh, it has done me for over 30 years and will last me my time."



KASHMIR V. THE OPTIMISTS AT HURLINGHAM

Major Phipps-Hornby and the Maharajah of Kashmir playing in the Champion Cup final

LOOKING BACK

Some Sporting Successes and Disappointments of 1935

Reviews of the season sometimes make dull reading, and in any case the "Field" has already summed up the year's results in various branches of sport. But there are other events of this Jubilee Year which cannot be passed by without mention, and it is with a view of summarising them that we give an account of some of our international successes and disappointments in the year which is closing.

OURS FOR THE THIRD YEAR RUNNING

The Davis Cup Team: F. J. Perry, H. W. Austin, G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey, with their captain, Mr. Roper Barrett, and the Cup after their great victory over the United States

IN yachting much of the pleasure of retrospect lies in comparing the forecasts of what was expected to happen with the actualities of what really did happen. On the threshold of the 1935 sailing season it was safe enough to forecast a record year in many ways: the evidence of new ships building in every yard of repute was, however, more than sufficient to justify such prophecy. And, as the fitting-out weeks merged steadily into the tuning-up period and that again into the long summer days of steady racing and cruising, it was quite apparent to every eye that the prophecy was being more than amply fulfilled.

To forecast the actual racing or cruising results of a season—with any chance of success—is, however, beyond the powers of even the bravest heart or pen. And had anyone been rash enough to have attempted it in the early spring of this year inevitably there must have been much that he would have missed. He might, perhaps, have made a good guess at an end-of-season order for the J class. He could not have gone very far wrong in bunching Endeavour, Yankee and Velsheda together at or near the top of the list. It is very much to be doubted, however, if he would have fitted Astra in at her hard-won station. Astra, I think, has in many ways been the really successful ship of the year. With 35 starts she accomplished eight firsts, seven seconds and three thirds. Not that this string of prize-flags outshines Endeavour's twelve firsts, ten seconds and six thirds out of the same number of starts—but the size and age of the two ships must be taken into account in any analysis of performance.

The season's interest was, no doubt, centred on the continued duel between Mr. Sopwith's Endeavour and Mr. Lambert's Yankee, and if the races in which these two participated are examined on an arithmetical basis only—Endeavour beat Yankee twenty times and Yankee beat Endeavour ten times—there would seem to be little mathematical doubt as to which is the faster ship. Nevertheless, it must be appreciated that there was never a really hard-fought duel between these two giants—a thrashing race fought out with plenty of wind. The one chance of seeing such a Homeric combat occurred on the last day of the racing season at Dartmouth—and Yankee's mast went by the board.

The success or otherwise of a season's racing in a strong class does not, however, always lie entirely in the number of starts and the distribution of the winning flags. One should measure a season's work by the standard of its effect upon the future of racing in our home waters. Measured thus, 1935

THE CALCUTTA CUP GOES NORTH

Scotland finished at the bottom of the international table last season, but their victory over England at Murrayfield amply compensated them for this. In the picture W. R. Logan, Scotland's scrum half, is passing out to R. W. Shaw, captain and stand-off half

presents a strange problem. We have an ex-America's Cup challenger very rightly walking away from her sisters—and we have a small ship, Astra, coming into her own. We have also the tragedy of a Britannia apparently outclassed and without a flag to her credit in her 20 starts. The bearing which Astra's effort may have on the future is significant: she is a ship with a 75ft. waterline length racing on allowance with the J class—and Mr. Fairey, who has long advocated a smaller size of big class racing cutter, later in the season challenged for the America's Cup in a K-class sloop with a 76ft. waterline.

The effect of Britannia's 1935 performance on the future may not, however, be nearly so happy. It has already been said that she will not race again—and one wonders exactly how long big-class racing will persist without the black cutter in the fleet. That the season's weather was against her is common knowledge: a season of light airs and catspaws was not likely to help her to show her paces.

Taking it by and large, in fact, I do not think that 1935 in the big class will have done much to further big-class racing in this country unless by its emphasis on the fact that a smaller type of ship can race and race very successfully with her bigger sisters. But if, out of that and Mr. Fairey's championing of a K-class for the Cup, there should sometime arise a smaller class of big cutter, then the year will have left its mark on yachting history—but even that cannot make up for the eclipse of the King's black cutter.

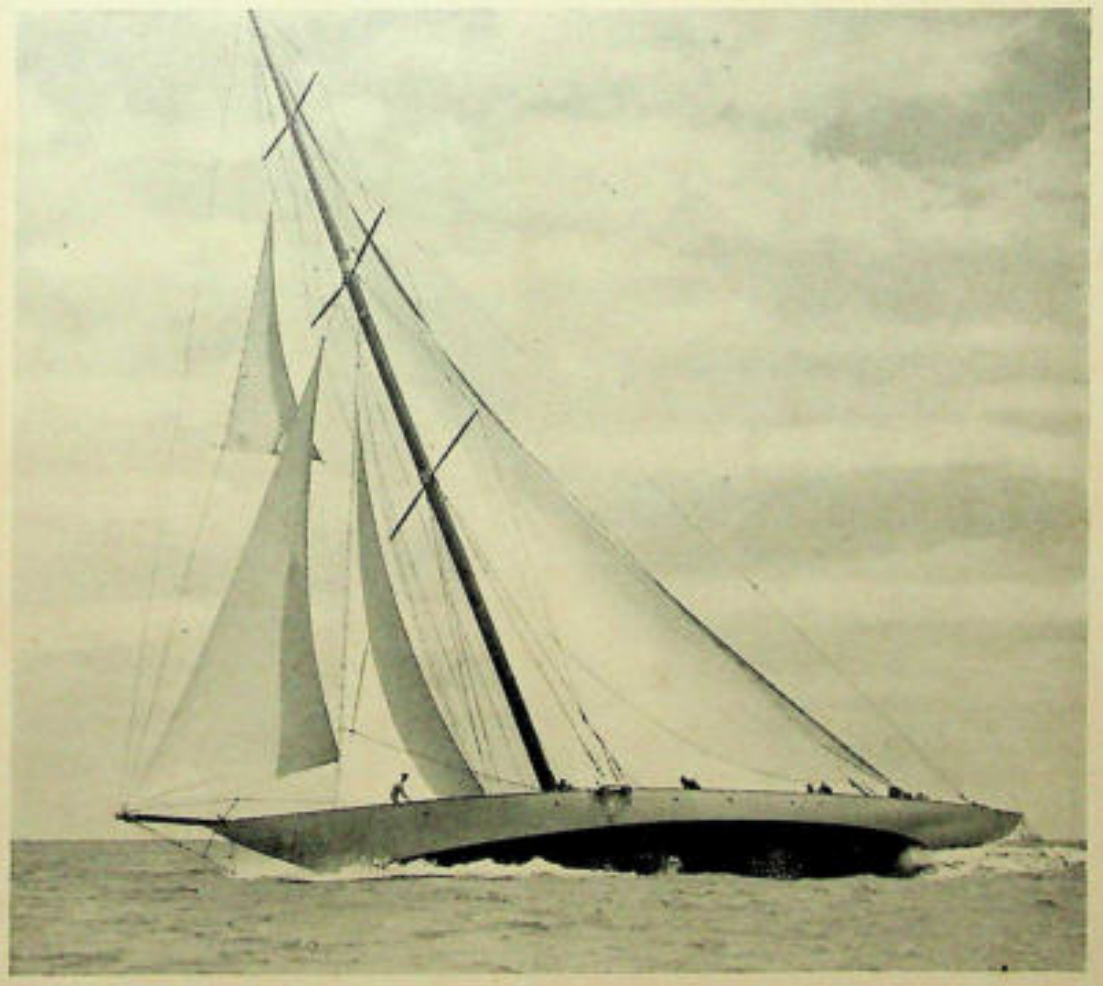
A NEW WORLD BEATER?

R. H. Thomas, J. E. Lovelock and S. C. Wooderson, in the Powderhall Mile Handicap. Wooderson, on level terms with Lovelock, repeated his Championship victory over the New Zealander

A GOOD ordinary season in polo, with plenty of exciting games and no outstanding team appears to be a fair summary of last summer's play in London. The early part was ruined by rain. It was not until the Saturday of Ascot week that the sun really shone, but from then till the end weather conditions were ideal for polo.

The three open cups were won by different sides, which is most unusual, and each of those sides had an American or Indian nobleman included in them. The team which naturally created the most interest amongst the public was Kashmir. They started off badly, reconstituted their team, gave a good display at Aldershot against the Army, and followed this up by winning the Champion Cup at Hurlingham on June 29th. A remarkable performance. Their play afterwards once more relapsed into mediocrity. They were never in the same class as the Jaipur team of three seasons ago. Perhaps the best game of the year was the final of the Ranelagh Open Cup when the Optimists defeated Someries House by eight goals to seven after seven-and-a-half chukkas. Had Captain Cooke (the Someries House No. 1) not had the misfortune of having his bridle hand very badly injured half-way through the contest, the result might well have been reversed. On the same afternoon (July 6th) another memorable struggle took place at Hurlingham to decide the winners of the 50th anniversary of the Inter-Regimental Tournament. It resulted in a notable triumph for the Horse Gunners, who defeated the 15th/19th Hussars by five goals to four after seven chukkas play. The Greys and The Bays were the popular favourites for this tournament, but both were fairly and squarely defeated. It is every soldier's ambition to win the Inter-Regimental (nothing else in their polo world really counts), and the competition next year will be keener than ever. There were many closely contested matches amongst the lower handicapped sides, but the young civilian players are few.

The new stands at Hurlingham are worthy of the premier polo club of the world. They, and others yet to be built, will be filled to their utmost capacity next June. Our team which will turn out against the Americans has already been selected. It has not been a very difficult task for the Selection Committee, and not to be compared with what the American selectors will be faced. There are far more players over there whose claims for inclusion will have to be considered. The pony question is the absorbing one. If the Selection Committee can mount the team they have chosen on the twelve best ponies in England, we shall win.



ASTRA, THE REALLY SUCCESSFUL BIG YACHT OF THE YEAR

In spite of the Yankee and Endeavour duels, Mr. Hugh Paul's yacht, although not equalling Endeavour's string of prize flags was, for her size and age, the outstanding performer of the year

ENGLISH cricket passed through another season of controversy—but at least it was peaceable controversy, centring round the domestic business of selecting Test teams to meet South Africa and the experimental leg-before-wicket rule revision. The Test Selectors came in for the due share of kicks that always falls to the lot of those who fail to pick the winners. Such things as the omission of R. W. V. Robins for the Lord's Test match may have seemed inexplicable; but when all was said and done, the fact remains that South Africa were a little too good for us—a very little, but enough to win one match and draw the rest. All honour to a fine band of cricketers who made friends wherever they went.

But where stood English cricket, with defeats by Australia and the West Indies preceding this by South Africa? The answer may have disturbed those who think only in terms of Test matches, for England undoubtedly showed weakness for which no certifiable remedies are in sight. But to the general body of cricketers the game was as good to play and to watch as ever. Yorkshire were themselves again, winning the Championship in the way of Champions, and the County Championship was at least enlivened by the more frequent fall of wickets, due to the new l.b.w. law. It has yet to be seen whether this is sufficient compensation for the abnormal shortening of matches and the farcical plight of batsmen on wet wickets.

RUGBY football last season was of that changeful brand that leaves conflicting memories. There were plenty of thrills, and if they were not perhaps the most satisfying of thrills, being associated more with sheer speed of play than with a high standard of skill, they at least produced some unexpected results and gave us some new champion teams. It was a really fiery Irish side that won the International Championship outright for the first time for 36 years. They were quite the best of four rather moderate national sides, and only their impetuosity in giving away penalties enabled England to kick their way to a fortuitous victory at Twickenham.

The Calcutta Cup made another journey from England to Scotland, and we may be sure that Scotland's victory in this match was more than compensation for finishing at the bottom of the championship table. As welcome as Ireland's triumph, after all those years, was that of Lancashire in the County Championship, which they last won in 1891—which is going back to the days before the formation of the Northern Union took such heavy toll of amateur Rugby in the North.

The Services Rugby teams have seldom been so evenly matched, and all three matches were decided by narrow margins. It was not great Rugby but typically hard Services' stuff. When the Army seemed certain of another championship, having beaten the Navy, who had already beaten the Air Force, the Air Force came along with the better tactics for a wet day and made the competition a tie, which last occurred in 1924.

Among the great memories of the Rugby season

(Continued on column 3, next page)

LIKELY GRAND NATIONAL HORSES

Will Golden Miller Make Amends at Aintree?

FOR most of the spring handicaps on the flat nominations have already been made, but entries for the Grand National do not close until the new year. The probability is that the entries for the big jumping event will not fall below last year's total of 60. Every sound horse who is qualified by the conditions of the race is likely to be given his chance of competing for the highest honours of steeplechasing, especially in a season in which the quality of the field does not look like being of surpassing excellence.

It is doubtful whether the supply of jumpers of genuine Aintree character has ever been weaker in the long history of the race. This makes the National more open than ever, and there is no fear that it will fall below its traditional interest. Public attention will be focused to a large extent on two former winners—Golden Miller and Reynoldstown.

Miss Paget's great chaser is now in the hands of Mr. Owen Anthony, in Berkshire, and we are all wondering how he will shape when he comes to tackle the Aintree fences again. According to present plans Gerald Wilson is to ride him again. Last spring Golden Miller completely failed to do himself justice over the Liverpool country, and the legitimate excuse can be urged for him that he had not got over his terrific race with Thomond II at Cheltenham a fortnight previously.

Few had expected that he would have to take on Thomond II in the Gold Cup, and Mr. Whitney's decision that his horse should run utterly changed the aspect of that race. Alas! Thomond II has gone so far amiss that Mr. Whitney, on the advice of his trainer, came to the determination some time ago that the horse shall not run again. Twice third in the Grand National and three times winner of the Becher Chase, he will be greatly missed at Aintree and on other courses.

Golden Miller ran on the flat at Sandown early in the month. He looked well and moved well, and there seems no reason why he should not be invincible again when he is run over the park courses this winter, as he is still rising nine years old, an age at which many a Grand National has been won. The real test will come when he goes to Liverpool. He did not actually fall in either of his races there last spring. Against his name, both in the Grand National and the Champion Chase, appears the unusual line of "rider unseated" in the *Racing Calendar*.

When Wilson returned to the paddock, crest-fallen and sorrowful, after the big race he told us without any hesitation that Golden Miller was moving feelingly up to the time of his disaster. He was never going quite with his accustomed freedom, and when he came to that fence after Valentine's he tried to refuse, shot his jockey up from the saddle, and when he hit the fence Wilson went over his shoulder.

All this was verified later by the slow motion pictures of the incident. On the following day, when the horse was perhaps unwisely saddled for the Champion Chase, he got no farther than the first fence. Wilson said he hit the top so hard that he was sent flying out of the saddle, though, as in the Grand National, Golden Miller was too clever to give himself a fall. This makes it clear that the winner of 1934 has a reputation to redeem at Aintree. It is not to be expected that his failure last year will cause him to be allotted less than the maximum weight again.

Not far behind him in the handicap will come Reynoldstown, who bore 11st. 4lb. to victory, and will probably be called on to carry an additional 10lb. or 12lb. One is glad to know that last year's winner, who is of the same age as Golden Miller, is in good trim and arrangements are made to run him in the Mapperley Steeplechase at Leicester on January 6th.

Mr. Frank Furlong, who rode him so well at Aintree, has retired from race riding and taken out a trainer's licence, his first winner having been Briscoe, at Gatwick recently. Reynoldstown's jockey in the Grand National this time will be Mr. F. T. Walwyn, who, having recovered from the effects of his bad fall last season, is riding splendidly this winter.

The prospects of a second success for Major Furlong's fine chaser at Liverpool are being freely discussed, and though it may be against him that the same horse seldom wins the Grand National more than once he is sure to be a well supported competitor again. Blue Prince had his first race this season at Nottingham this month, and though backward in condition jumped in his accustomed style. The possibility that Lady Lindsay's gelding will improve on his splendid performance in the National last spring, when he finished three lengths behind Reynoldstown, must be kept in mind. Naturally he will be moved up in the handicap, but at eight years old he should be at the top of his powers.

American owners will again be strongly represented in the Grand National entry. Mr. G. H. Bostwick's Castle Irwell has drawn attention to his chance by his smooth victory in the Grand Sefton Chase. There is no doubt that if the Grand National were a three and a half mile race he would have a chance second to none, but he has yet to show his capacity to stay the additional mile. Last season nothing was going better than Castle Irwell until after they jumped the water. Then he began to lose ground and was probably tired when he came down at the Canal fence.

It is said that two of Mr. Bostwick's ambitions have been to win the American Open Polo Championship and to win the Grand National. The first he was able to gratify last September at Meadowbrook. The second he may yet accomplish by means of Castle Irwell, who jumps the Liverpool fences as though to the manner born.

Mr. Bostwick is expected to resume riding in this country soon and is assured of a cordial welcome again from all interested in National Hunt sport. Winter racing is indebted to the active support given to it by Mr. Bostwick, Mr. J. H. Whitney, Mr. Ambrose Clark and other American owners,

CASTLE IRWELL

Two of Mr. Bostwick's ambitions have been to win the American Open Polo Championships and to win the Grand National. The first he was able to gratify. . . . The second he may yet accomplish by means of Castle Irwell, who jumps the Liverpool fences as though to the manner born

to whom the lure of the Grand National is as impelling as ever. An interesting newcomer is the American bred Bagatelle, who arrived in this country early in the present month and is now in the stables of R. C. Hobbs at Lambourn. The property of Mr. Alvin Untermyr, he is by that noted horse Fair Play out of Catalpa. We cannot find that Bagatelle accomplished anything remarkable in American racing during the past year, though in the summer he won the Augustus F. Goodwin Memorial over a three-mile course, showing good staying powers.

Evidently he is a horse of the Aintree type, and it will be of interest to observe whether he will prove a greater success here than Trouble Maker, who ran in the Grand National of 1933 and is still doing well in Hunt racing in his own country. The best chaser from the United States was Billy Barton, the only horse to complete the Grand National course in a field of 42 in 1928 with the exception of the winner Tipperary Tim.

Among horses which have never previously run in the Grand National Belted Hero is entitled to careful consideration. At the autumn meeting at Liverpool Lord Penrhyn's seven year old gelding was the winner of the Becher Chase, and though his jumping was not exactly faultless it was a promising performance on the part of a horse who was running in almost insignificant races in Ireland less than a year previously. Belted Hero, who won handsomely over the Sandown fences in the present month, is assuredly one of the recruits to English chasing with whom the old stagers will have to reckon when the big race is competed for.

LOOKING BACK—(*Continued from previous page*)

was the smashing Cambridge victory over Oxford with a score that nearly reached record. Here we saw back play of the best 'Varsity standard, with C. W. Jones and W. Wooller, the Welsh international players, in glorious form for Cambridge. Wooller's dropped goal remains a memory of its own—one of the longest and finest drop kicks seen in the match for years. This season's "no-score" match proved far less spectacular.

THE 1935 lawn tennis season has been encouraging, and the game has become more consolidated. There is increased interest at the public schools, and the standard of county and club play is becoming higher.

The two outstanding performances of the year were the successes of F. J. Perry and Mrs. F. S. Moody at Wimbledon. Perry won the singles title for the second year in succession in a manner which marked him as an indisputable champion with the right to consider himself the world's best amateur.

Optimism combined with great courage must have inspired Mrs. Moody in her adventure to come back to championship. Defeat and escape in preparatory tournaments did not deter her. At Wimbledon she grew better with each round, and when in the final against Miss H. Jacobs she was 2/5 down at set all, her nerve was unbroken and she went out with five games on end.

The Davis Cup was won by Great Britain for the third year running. The challenge round against U.S.A. was memorable for the defeat of W. Allison and J. van Ryn by our new pair, G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey, a result which belied the gloomy forecasts of the majority of the critics. It may be said of the matches throughout the competition that they proved that the standard of play was rising not only in this country but throughout the world. Apropos of this, the English team failed once more to regain the Wightman Cup despite the absence of Mrs. Moody from the American side. The former disparity between the comparative ability of the men and women of U.S.A., considered as a whole, would appear at last to be levelling up.

In view of the immense area and number of players concerned it has always been remarkable that there should have been such a big gap between the one or two best American women and the remainder. The distances between East and West have had something to do with it, creating a difficulty in the interchange of competitive practice on varying surfaces which we do not experience in this country, where the ranking of our best women has for a long while now been singularly close.

ATHLETICS in 1935 may be regarded as eminently satisfactory, for in the International matches we beat France and lost by only narrow margins to Finland and Germany. Our defeats were due to the fact that we have not yet made up lost ground in the field events, but with the summer school now in fine working order even these defects will be remedied in the near future.

Meantime, Great Britain has never had a stronger athletic hand than we hold for the Olympic Games at Berlin next year.

In A. W. Sweeney, C. B. Holmes and A. Pennington we have three sound even-time 100yds. sprinters, who are just as good at a furlong. At 440yds. G. L. Rampling, who holds the British record of 48sec., shows every promise of being in the world's top class next season. A. G. K. Brown, who has beaten "evens" for the 100yds., has shown 48.1sec. at 440yds. and yet has been beaten by A. W. Roberts. F. S. Whittingham and A. Pennington are almost as good and never have we had such a wonderful array of quarter-milers.

J. C. Stothard is the outstanding personality at the middle distances. He has returned 1min. 53.3sec. for the half mile, and 4min. 15.8sec. for the mile, and has not been beaten at either distance.

Next year should see him in world-beating form. Meanwhile the schoolboy, R. Scott, has beaten 1min. 54sec. for 880yds. and, at one mile, R. Graham has equalled the British record of 4min. 12sec.; while S. C. Wooderson, in beating J. E. Lovelock, returned 4min. 12.7sec. We have certainly found a great 3-miler in A. V. Reeve, and the Cambridge Freshman, M. W. F. Hudson, shows great promise; for the 10,000 metres we have a wonderful runner in the veteran, George Bailey.

Our high hurdles prospects are bright, for D. O. Finlay, four times English champion, continues to improve and, returning 14.4sec. against Germany, has shown himself to be the best hurdler in Europe. Our low hurdles prospects will not be so good, unless J. Simpson stages a comeback.

Despite S. R. West's championship win of 6ft. 3in., the seventeen-year-old A. Gold looks our best high jump prospect; while the Irishman, E. H. Boyce, who has beaten 24ft., is our best long jumper, although K. S. Duncan will go nearer 25ft. if he can correct his style. Our hop-step and jumpers are a negligible quantity. F. R. Webster, who beat 12ft. 7¼in. in South Africa, is likely to improve a foot by next Spring, and should be the outstanding European pole vaulter in 1936.

"LEVEL FAR AS EYE CAN SEE LIKE SMOOTH GREEN-TINTED GLASS, A BATTLE-GROUND FOR BRAVERY, IS SPREAD THE ENGLISH GRASS."—W. H. OGILVIE
Over the grass towards Clipstone on the Pytchley's East Farndon day

A NATIONAL HOLIDAY PAGEANT

How Many Subscribers Attended Boxing Day Meets?

IT cannot be denied, even by the most hard-bitten, hard-riding hunting man that there is latent in foxhunters of all types a certain degree of selfishness. There are, of course, cynical people who say there is only one type of foxhunter, and that hunting forms all its followers of the same mould.

Such a generalisation is quite obviously untrue, since anyone acquainted with the hunting field knows that the types of people met out hunting differ enormously—from the man with one horse, who rides on to the meet and home again at night; to the plutocrat with five horses, a Vincent horse-box, a Rolls-Royce for his wife and himself, and a Bentley for his daughter. Between these two extremes comes the old gentleman who gets along, thanks to a good road knowledge, and the novice, who seldom gets very far, thanks to a scanty road knowledge and lack of the art of "riding straight," or being a "hard man (or woman) to hounds," like so many of his companions in the hunting field. All these types have one characteristic in common—they are all "hunting-selfish."

Selfishness in the hunting field may be divided into two categories. A selfishness which arises from keenness and the competitive spirit, and a moneyed selfishness. There is the man who, having paid his subscription, takes everything else for granted, and regards his receipt from the Hunt secretary as a passport, entitling him to a free and uninterrupted passage wheresoever he may wish.

It is only necessary to stand by the covertside and watch the field as the fox is "holloaed away," to realise the presence of the first form of selfishness. Such a jostling, and a pushing, and a barging! Everyone wishes to get away first; everyone is filled with the desire to "slip" their companions, if it can possibly be done. There is no question of sharing the sport together. Each one is out for his own ends, and cares not a d—n whether he pushes General Bloodgood's trusty chesnut into a ditch, or scrapes old Colonel Pindy's gouty foot on the gatepost. As long as he is clear himself, what matter if the General misses the hunt: what matter if the Colonel reels in the saddle and turns his horse's head towards home?

Many a foxhunter has been heard to confess openly that he always looks the other way if someone falls, "in case I should have to stop, and miss the hunt." That such an attitude is anything but a selfish one, no one can possibly deny; but it is a selfishness that is, to a certain extent, expected and can be forgiven, since it arises from the desire to do the thing better than anyone else, to beat an opponent with the same weapons; its end, when supremely successful, is "That acme of rapture, alone with the hounds."

There are to-day, unfortunately, many too many people hunting who are selfish to the degree that, having paid their subscription they want a good return for their money. Such people fail to realise that the conditions under which hunting continues are not to be bought solely with cash. Good will is not a commodity which is to be placed in the market and hawked to the highest bidder. Those people who hunt and consider that, in return for their cheque, they may ride wherever they like, break as much as they will, and leave open as many gates as they can, do more damage to the Hunt than can ever be estimated in terms of £ s. d. They lose the good will of the farmers and, as anyone who has hunted knows, it is on that good will that hunting depends. Once that is lost the future of hunting is no longer assured.

Unpopular as this section of the hunting field is with the farmers, it is almost as unpopular with the remaining members of the Hunt, who tolerate it only because they realise that the subscriptions of this section are of considerable benefit to the upkeep of the establishment. If they were withdrawn they might find themselves footing a bigger bill than would be comfortable. Despite this again somewhat selfish attitude, however, they are first amongst those who run down "these people who've got money to spend, and spent it hunting. They don't understand the most elementary principles of the sport and do more harm to the Hunt than ever they do good. Why, only yesterday I saw Mr. X open a gate on to the road, let out a flock of sheep, and gallop on, making no effort to round them up again. All this with the farmer looking on, too. Just because they pay a large subscription they seem to think they can do anything they like."

So they go on; perpetually crabbing one section of their community for its moneyed selfishness. If anyone was to suggest that they had anything in common with it, they would hold up their hands in horror at the idea. Their superiority would be unjustified.

On one point both sections of the hunting field unite. That one point is, the meet of their pack on Boxing Day. Both are bored, or even disgusted, at the thought of Boxing Day. "A hopeless day!" cry one lot. "There'll be an enormous crowd of footpeople out. Foxes will be headed right and left. Scent is certain to be non-existent. It's a rotten meet, and I hardly think it's worth going out!" The second lot say much the same; but in addition they feel that they are in some way being let down. Appalling suspicion! They are not getting their money's worth! In both cases, it is selfishness which gives rise to these yearly cries of "Boxing Day! Not worth going out!"

To say that it is not worth going out on Boxing Day is, primarily, a foolish remark, since many of the best hunts have taken place on that date. In the second place it *is* worth going out, provided that a right interpretation is placed on the word "worth." Admittedly, good sport, or what the ordinary foxhunter calls good sport, is the exception rather than the rule after a Boxing Day meet. It should, however, be always borne in mind that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and that whereas sport for the mounted followers of the Hunt may be poor, sport, for those many people on foot, may be excellent.

What matter if they stand everywhere they ought not to? They are enjoying themselves; they are seeing foxes, and watching hounds and huntsman at work. In addition, they have come to see the whole establishment in action. The meet, to them, is a vast pageant. The more horses and riders (or alternatively riderless horses) they can see the happier they are. Horses, hounds, huntsman, whippers-in and field are, on Boxing Day, performing the office of a theatrical company. Playing an old story to an appreciative audience. It would be a sorry thing if everyone were to abide by the spirit of "Boxing Day! Not worth hunting!" and the crowd that had collected to see the show were regaled with nothing better than the Hunt staff, the Master, hounds, two men and a boy.

Regular foxhunters should remember that whereas they are hunting two days of the week, and very often more, the crowd that collects at a Boxing Day meet have but one day in the year on which they may follow the hounds. Throughout the rest of the season the majority of farmers and farm labourers see only an occasional glimpse of the Hunt, as it sweeps across their land; whilst the local townsfolk

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT ON THE MAIN ROAD
Another of the Pytchley series of pictures in this issue which shows hounds driving on across the road near Clipstone

know only of their local pack's performances from such gossip as t..ey may pick up in public places, and from any accounts they may chance to see in the daily papers. The "regular" should remember then, that on Boxing Day he is the host, and he should be prepared to make the sacrifice of sinking his private feelings for the general good of the public.

If he will do this, and will attend the meet in the right spirit, there is a great deal of amusement to be had. To survey the scene at a Boxing Day meet is to see all the cards in a vast game of Happy Families. Everyone and everybody is there. Mr. Potts, the painter; Mrs. Potts and all the little Potts; Bones, the butcher, with his family skeleton; Chips, the carpenter; and Bun, the baker. In short, every grade and class of English life. They are all obviously enjoying it, and to listen to their conversation is an entertainment in itself.

What right has anyone to claim that these people make a nuisance of themselves? Any trouble they may cause arises only from keenness and a lack of what is sometimes called "hunting etiquette." The trouble caused by children during their holidays is far and away worse, and yet they are tolerated with "the little things are so keen and it *is* their holidays." The crowd at a Boxing Day meet is just as keen, if not keener, and it is their *only* hunting holiday. As such it should be made enjoyable for them, and as foxhunting is a peculiarly British sport, it should be open to any of the British public. This is doubly desirable on the one and only day given to that public to enjoy it.

If anyone, therefore, approaches Boxing Day with the grousing attitude that it is "not worth going out," let him remember that it is more worth while hunting this day than any other, for Boxing Day provides the opportunity of giving others a taste of what you yourself delight in throughout the season. P. W.

BEST DAYS WITH HOUNDS

Classic Line for the Cottesmore

FROM their fixture at Beaumont Chase on Saturday, 14th, these hounds had a real red-letter day's sport. Mr. Hilton Green was carrying the horn again for the first time since his accident on the last day of cubbing. Before going further, I would like to pay tribute to the excellent sport Will Garrett has shown all the time our Master has been laid up, and the excellent work of the staff all through.

It was a cold, bleak morning, and it looked odds on our being snowed on before the day was half over. Luckily we were spared the snow, and, in addition, there was a real good scent.

From Wardley Wood, perhaps the nicest covert in England, owned and carefully looked after by Jimmy Finch, we ran out towards Uppingham, short of which we turned left, and crossing the Uppingham—Alexton Road, left Mr. Finch's house on our right. We then ran past Ayston Spinney, Ridlington, on our right, and Quakers Spinney, where we bore right-handed, and finally lost our fox near Leigh Lodge after a nice hunt of 40 minutes.

Our next draw, Prior's Coppice, owned jointly by Lord Ancaster and the Misses Wilson, provided a fox which gave us a most remarkable run, the pace being a cracker for 50 minutes.

We crossed a country unsurpassed in Leicestershire. Our fox broke covert on the top side of Brooke End, and Mr. Hilton Green had the bitches out in a trice. They immediately settled down to run very hard, and heading right raced past Jubilee Lodge and across Messrs. Evans farm at Ridlington, and then through Quakers and the wild gorse at the Rifle Butts, and on through the Gorse beyond (now cut down).

Ascending the hill, we slithered down, and a handy gate lets us into the Belton bridle path. Another gate, luckily just on the opposite side, allows us to keep on terms with the pack, who are literally racing in front of us for the wild gorse at College Farm. Here the enclosures are small and the fences come very quickly, and none too nice when you meet them, especially as horses are showing very visible signs of distress; before reaching College Farm the chase sweeps on into Launde Park Wood (31 minutes of the best to here without a check).

The bitches must have been very close to their fox, as they never dwelt a second in covert, going straight through it, and running on almost to Launde Big Wood. Leaving this on our right we climb the hill and run down across the Loddington—Oxey Farm Road straight into Loddington Redditch. Fifty minutes to here without a check, and I do not think hounds were touched all the way.

Up and down the covert for ten minutes, the bitches rattled a very tired fox, and we thought any minute they must get their reward. But out at the bottom of the covert slips bold Reynard, crosses the brook and is marked to ground half-a-mile further on in an inaccessible drain just under Keythorpe Grange, after one hour and ten minutes. So ended a glorious gallop and a terribly severe one on horses.

I may say we all had had enough, but, second horses having come up, Mr. Green decided that as scent was so good he would go on and draw Owston, which was reached at 3.20. The small band of followers were rewarded with another brilliant gallop.

A fox broke at once on the Knossington side with hounds close on his brush and, bearing left-handed, hounds at once started to run their hardest. It takes us all our time to keep with them as we cross the Whadboro—Owston Village Road, and run straight down past Mr. Hollingshead's farm to ground in the bottom just on the left of Tilton Quarries.

This was a brilliant gallop of 21 minutes, to end a great day's sport entirely and a fitting welcome back to our Master. S. A. W.

GRAFTON HOUNDS AND HUNTSMAN UNLUCKY

WHEN the Grafton met at Cornhill, on Monday, December 16th, hounds did not move off till twelve o'clock, owing to the frozen snow on the roads. There had been heavy snow and hailstorms all the morning, but as we moved off an exceptionally severe storm drenched everyone to the skin before reaching the first draw, Pattishall Osiers.

A fox was above ground, but quickly took refuge in the artificial drain; after a long delay he was bolted by Colonel Pennant's terrier, with the help of a spade. He went away past Colonel Hobson's house, and through the stableyard, before crossing the road. Hounds could never run at any pace, but by the perseverance of their huntsman, they were able to carry on past Eastcote nearly to Tiffield. Here he was viewed very tired, by some railwaymen, but was a long way ahead and was given up.

The weather had much improved, and it had turned into a fine, clear afternoon by the time Tiffield Allotments were drawn blank. A move was made to Ascote Thorns. To-day the covert was drawn from the Watling Street side. The fox which was almost certainly the same that had provided a nice hunt on October 28th, was forced to leave on the Poscote side. Hounds were out quickly and ran at a really nice pace on a much improved scent.

A large proportion of the field concluded that Grubs Copse was his objective, and started in that direction. They were wrong. He quickly bore left-handed and ran past Littleworth, skirting Bairstow's Gardens before crossing the Towcester Road. The fox ran the bank of the Tove before crossing it below Mr. Arthur Guinness's house (we hope he will soon be fit enough to hunt again after his operation).

An optimistic 9th Lancer took on the river, and after a good ducking landed the right side. Hounds continued at a nice pace past the Delf, where the big earths were securely stopped, up to Handley Barn; here a sheepdog has coursed our fox. The line was hit off again before entering Bucknalls, and for the second time in ten days hounds pushed their fox through the entire length of this big covert. They ran on through Priesthaye Wood, then towards Wappenham, before turning back right-handed through White's Gorse into Bucknalls again.

They hunted on as far as the hard road at the Silverstone end, where the fox was headed and the order for home was given. The time was 60 minutes, with a point of six miles. For the first 20 minutes, up to Bucknalls, it was the fastest hunt of the season. It was most unlucky for huntsman and hounds that two successive good hunts should have finished in these huge woodlands, where it is nearly impossible to kill a hunted fox. X.

TWO WONDERFUL WHADDON CHASE DAYS

ON the 12th Mentmore was the fixture. After Lord Rosebery had entertained everyone, a move was made to the gardens in search of a fox which had taken up his abode there; they were blank and so was the Big Wood. From the fox covert hounds killed a fox after a short circle round the park. As they left the covert another fox was viewed entering, probably the one from the gardens, and so Sir Peter Farquhar decided to return to the covert.

On the way the fox was seen stealing over the park in the direction of Prioleau, so fox, hounds and field had a flying start. Leaving Prioleau at once, hounds ran very fast past Betlow to the Wingrave road, where the fox turned sharply and ran the road fence in the direction of Wingrave before crossing, which he did between Bourscroft and Thistlebrook.

All across Mr. Fleet's big meadows hounds raced and, crossing the brook, fortunately for the followers, close to the bridge, they swung left-handed over the field in which lies Hulcot Covert.

However, this, the thirteenth fox which was to be killed from Mentmore this season, had no thought of refuge, and now pushed on a little right-handed to negotiate the railway and then the canal towards Broughton. Hounds were never at fault and, under Broughton, turned with their fox to run on to Weston Mead.

Here undoubtedly the fox had been headed in his attempt to cross the Tring turnpike and hounds threw up.

After several casts it was left for a first-season hound to unravel what almost appeared to be a mystery, and so make a great hunt.

Slowly at first the pack, with their fox now at least fifteen minutes ahead of them, puzzled a twisting, unusual line up to Buckland, and thence on through gardens, sewage fields, etc., to Aston Clinton. Here it looked any odds that the hills were his point but, turning at Aston Clinton, our pilot retraced his steps, leaving Buckland further away on the right to Weston Mead.

From here to College Farm hounds were getting on better terms with their fox and the pace improved as they hunted beautifully into Broughton. The fox had crossed the road by Mr. Grace's house, now only some five minutes ahead; and, in spite of flooded fields, hounds run on parallel with the canal to Aylesbury, where the fox was marked under a shed. Hounds bolted him themselves and killed outside the gardens of the town.

In 2hrs. 15min. hounds had covered sixteen miles of country and made a seven-mile point. From Mentmore to Weston Mead hounds had run fast, and from there to Aylesbury no finer exhibition could be seen of a pack and their huntsman persevering, and finally working up to a quarry which appeared to have an overwhelming lead.

On the 14th a very large field assembled at Solden Windmill, where the absence of the windmill is the most conspicuous part of the meet.

From Lady Myers's gorse hounds got on to the line of a fox that had been gone some little time. There was evidently a holding scent, and they run on, to check outside Mrs. Villiers's gorse. Unwilling to disturb this covert, Sir Peter Farquhar held hounds over the brook on to the Borough Farm, and having failed to hit off the line, did not persevere.

Mr. Maydon's minute spinney was next called upon, and, as usual, responded; this time to the tune of a brace. The selected one set his mask for Lady Myers's gorse, and hounds streamed up the hill at a great pace. At the gorse they turned a little right-handed, driving their fox through some small and trappy fields and allotments to Drayton Parslow, where they checked on Manor Farm.

A holloa put things right, the fox having been viewed crossing the village street, and, having failed to find security in Mr. North's earths, he led on to the Stewkley—Mursley Road. Crossing this, he kept Stewkley on his left, and ran parallel with the High Haven's Lane, with the covert on his right, as if for Hoggeston.

Turning sharp right-handed, hounds were in the same field as their fox, and ran round Wendover Gorse into High Havens. Fortunately there was no delay, and going away at the bottom end, hounds hunted on to Littlecote. With this on their right, they sank the hill to the brook. Turning in Mr. Dickens's big field, the fox bore left-handed up the hill for Cublington.

Underneath the village hounds checked; perhaps the fox had been headed. Casting themselves, they hit off the line and carried it across the brook to Creslow. Some few of the field negotiated the brook, more beat it for the bridge at the Hook Covert. Meanwhile hounds were running fast across the Great Ground, to the open earths.

Fortunately the earthstopper, who is also Mr. King's shepherd, had viewed a very tired fox, and turned him from his sanctuary. Luck, however, was with this game fox, and struggling on just in front of hounds, he found safety in the large badger earths at Hartwell Hill.

So ended a first-class hunt on a good line and at a good pace, with a six-mile point. G. B. T.

COTSWOLD'S RACING GALLOP

THE small hamlet of Hampnett, nestling round a village green in the heart of the Cotswolds, makes an ideal setting for a meet of hounds. Wednesday, December 4th, however, was the first time since Mr. Lord's Mastership in 1918 that the Cotswold Hunt have used it for this purpose.

Usually Puesdown Inn, on the main road, is their fixture for this most popular part of the country, and its revival brought luck this day. The morning was bitterly cold—wind north-west—so the field grouped round the shelter of the old Manor Farm buildings while Mr. Arkell, its sporting tenant, dispensed hospitality to the Master, Major Jackson.

A start was soon made to Prison Copse and gorse, but nothing much was done till hounds were put into Hazelton Brake about midday. This ideal small covert, owned by Mr. James Wood, lies like an oyster in a sea of green, and to-day the fox jewel lay within. Viewing the fox well out at the top end the first whip gave a resounding "Gone away," ensuring that nobody would be left behind, and by the time we reached Castle Barn we knew we were in for a cracker.

Over the pastures, sterns down, each one striving for the lead, hounds raced at a pace hard to live with, past the Mines to Hangman's Stone. Safely over the London Road it looked like Stowell Woods, and hounds had their first slight check on the cricket ground before reaching the Park, which gave horses a welcome breather. Soon put right again, they swung left over the Fosse Way into Heythrop country.

Now the fun began in earnest, with no time to pick and choose; horses jumped what they met with a right good will. Past the Vicarage at Cathleach we gallop, just keeping the still racing fox in view as they speed on for Eastington and Adsfield. Crossing the lane here, hounds ran into two large flocks of sheep, the first real check in the last five miles.

Some cunning on part of the fox here, now getting the worst of it, baffled all efforts of the huntsman, who, in spite of a wide forward cast, never really got on terms again, and this most enjoyable hunt ended just short of Lodge Park with a six-mile point, nearly all grass, on the top of the ground, and not a covert touched the whole way.

This memorable day ended in another five-mile point from Stowell Grove to Notgrove, where hounds had to be stopped in the dark.

O. C. M. B.

SEVENTY MINUTES WITH THE BURTON

HOUNDS met at Nettleham Hall on Saturday last. Coming back from the Hunt Ball in the early hours of the morning, one was rather alarmed for the prospects of next day, for snow was falling; but happily Saturday dawned without sign of snow or frost. Risebolme coverts were drawn first, but our fox got to ground in the badger earths before he could be got away.

On the way to Hackthorn Gorse for the next draw, an outlier was disturbed on Mr. Hall's farm, leaving the Brickyard covert on his right, he ran over the Hackthorn—Cold Hanworth Road by Hackthorn Grange to Spridlington Village. He turned away from the village and ran to within one field of Spridlington Thorns, where he swung left-handed and crossed the Spridlington—Faldingworth Road, and made for Doglands Wood.

He was headed, however, and turned sharp right-handed through Lord Brownlow's covert, and on past Newton Grange. He was killed very soon after this, just short of Cockthorn, after 70 minutes with a six-mile point.

This grand hunt put everyone right after a night out, and several stalwarts were asking for another ball to celebrate the "after the ball hunt."

We trotted back to Hackthorn Gorse, and a fox was soon away towards the Old Street. He swung left-handed along Welton Heath, through Mr. Kell's spinney, over Horncastle Lane to Grange de Lings. Turning sharp back from here, he crossed Horncastle Lane again, and hounds were stopped owing to the dark after a good 25 minutes without a check.

Most people had thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but our acting-Master had the best 24 hours. He appeared at the Hunt Ball on Friday night, from 9.30 till 3 a.m. He then proceeded to win a barrel of beer over five games of squash until 4.30, when he slept for an hour and rode hard all next day.

J. H.

THE GROVE GIVE A GALLOP

BEYOND a slight haze the weather was all that could be desired when the Grove Hounds met at Darlton, on Saturday, December 14th. The first draw was Babbington Springs, a covert which never fails to hold a good fox, and sure enough this day was no exception, as hounds had barely started to draw when there was a holloa from the whipper-in, and the pack was soon running hard over the big grasses towards Merryfields.

The pace did not slow down until the heavy plough was reached below Honeywell and, hunting on more slowly by Cartwright's Osiers, hounds still carried on a good line by Gibraltar and Woodcotes, and turning right-handed regained Babbington Springs after a very enjoyable hunt of one hour over a very nice line of country. Hounds were never able to make very much of this fox in covert, although they persevered for some time, and the ball was luckily set rolling again by a "holloa" from the west side of the covert, where a fresh fox had broken.

Hounds were very quickly out, and gave their quarry no advantage at the start, and like a flock of pigeons they set off on his line, obviously meaning business. At a great pace, they led the field over Darlton Dyke and the grass land towards Darlton Village. Leaving that village on the right they just as quickly crossed the main Lincoln Road, and set off across the ploughs, pointing for Drayton Dyke, which they crossed, and went on towards Lanehan, and turning to their left, still without hesitation, reached Drayton Osiery bed.

Here the field got on better terms with the flying pack, although they had never quite lost touch up to this point. Without dwelling, hounds raced on through the osiery bed over a beautiful line of country, taking an absolutely straight line between Upton and Askham to Gamston Wood, through which they rattled their fox, and he had to leave this stronghold on the east side. From here he crossed the London, North-Eastern Main Line, and later the Great North Road, hounds rolling him over on the bank of the River Idle close to Gamston Village, after a brilliant gallop of 45 minutes, making a point of six-and-a-half miles and, as hounds ran, at least nine miles. Hounds were never touched in the whole of this hunt, and this really good gallop was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Hounds then went on to draw Eaton Wood, a covert especially reserved for foxes by Mr. C. W. Kayser, one of the popular secretaries of the Hunt, and a brace of foxes were quickly on foot. Those who stayed on to see this last draw of the day were not disappointed. The fox that hounds selected was a twisty beggar, and took the pack over the Upton Road, through Gamston Wood and down to the Great North Road, but having lost his nerve, turned sharply back and regained Eaton Wood, and it was only with difficulty that he was again forced into the open.

This time he took a better line of country, and leaving Beverley Springs on the right went over Grove Moor, through the long strip, crossing Grove Park, pointing to Castle Hill, where hounds were stopped at dusk after an enjoyable hunt of 50 minutes. This concluded an excellent day's sport, and the best that has been seen so far this season with these hounds.

HAMLET.

[Owing to early Christmas press arrangements we have been unable to publish the usual number of runs.]

THE OLD SQUIRE'S DREAM

The youngsters were talking of war and sport,
Dancing and horses, and business schemes;
The Squire had finished his measure of port
And was well away in the land of dreams,
Where he met a huntsman, bearded and grey,
Who came to the meet in a reindeer sleigh.

And he dreamed of a Field of sporting chaps
Who rode through the lighted chandeliers,
And he saw they were wearing paper caps
And bonnets fastened over their ears,
Carrying crackers of rainbow hues
And reading mottoes that mock the Muse.

He saw the hounds on the tablecloth
Worrying apple and nut and prune,
And the Whip that rounded them up in wrath,
Swinging his thong to a Christmas tune,
As he drove them off to the holly whin
Where the bearded huntsman cheered them in.

Into the gorse he watched them go,
Shaking the bushes and shouldering through,
Loitering under the mistletoe
To kiss each other, as hounds *don't* do.
And he noticed that turkey-cocks in pride
Were rising like pheasants on every side.

BEFORE THE FOG CAME DOWN

The Tickham hounds arriving in brilliant sunshine for their meet at Snoad Street. Unfortunately sport was spoiled by fog an hour-and-a-half later

The murmur of voices round the board
Came to his ears like a questing pack;
When a jest was flung and the hearers roared.
"That," thought the Squire, "was *Tally-ho back!*"
And he saw in his dream the huntsman glide
Over a chair-back, out of a ride.

Then he suddenly woke to the hour of cheer
And he lifted his glass like a glancing star,
And he laughed: "I was dreaming the hounds were here;
Well, I wish them luck wherever they are;
With every follower, flesh or ghost!"
And the rooftree rang to his Christmas toast.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

A HUNTING RECORD

Mr. Phil Davies, during 45 seasons with the Carmarthenshire Hunt, has only missed three days, once through the death of his mother and twice through hunting accidents.

THIS WEEK'S WISDOM

TEMPERANCE.—"If we do but kill 'un, I'll make sich a hofferin' to Bacchus, as 'ill perfectly 'stonish 'im."—JOHN JORROCKS.

WATER DOG TO CURLY

An Historic English Gundog

By C. S. MONSON

I HAVE shot over Curly Retrievers for many years, and have abundant proof of their hardihood in face of ice and severe conditions on marsh and foreshore. In fact, I consider that the weather-resisting qualities of their close-curled coats are extraordinary. And this brings up a point which to my mind is extremely important. At the moment there is a tendency to allow a slightly open coat in an otherwise good dog, and this, I think, is a pity, as a tightly-curled coat is absolutely essential to this breed.

Some people seem to favour the broad-headed type of dog with the lighter eye; this is probably accounted for by the fact that these people's earliest recollections were perhaps of a keeper's cross-bred, short-headed dog. The correct head should not be too massive, but above all it must not be snipey; it should be wedge-shaped and clean lined. To quote the rules of the Curly Retriever Club: "He should be a strong, upstanding dog, showing activity, endurance and intelligence." This is an excellent description of the perfect curly. The eyes should be dark and intelligent, and the ears small and covered in close curls; the feet must be round and compact, with toes well arched. The dog should have a deep and powerful chest, and should be well ribbed up and free from any slackness in the loin. One more point needs mentioning, that is, the tail should be covered in close curls, tapering to a point, and carried straight; it must not be too long. A good curly is a handsome, attractive and most outstanding gundog, but the open-coated variety always appears common, and at once lowers the standard of this grand old breed.

There are two colours, black and liver; in old days it was said that the black were the hardier of the two varieties, and I certainly think that the astrakhan curl looks smarter in the black than in the liver. Some years ago I read an article on curlies in one of the leading dog journals which reproduced a photograph of a pure white curly; this albino was either very hard to breed, or was not popular, as we have not heard of any repetitions. I myself this year bred a very pale cream curly puppy, with a perfect coat, but unfortunately lost it at three months old through jaundice.

Curlies of late years have been unjustly criticised by some who say that they are wild, and hard-mouthed. Anyone who has handled these dogs will, I know, emphatically deny this. I find from personal experience that they can be trained to steadiness quite as readily as any other breed; in fact, the curly I am working now can be put out as a stop and relied upon to do the job; their delivery of game to hand is excellent, they are easily trained, and they have an exceptional propensity for memorising the fall of wounded birds. This is particularly useful in marsh work, where the intervening ditches make it difficult to get a dog to range sufficiently far. I am inclined to think that perhaps we are breeding too large a dog, but on the other hand, one must not sacrifice power in water and mud to the requirements of modern transport.

T. Fall

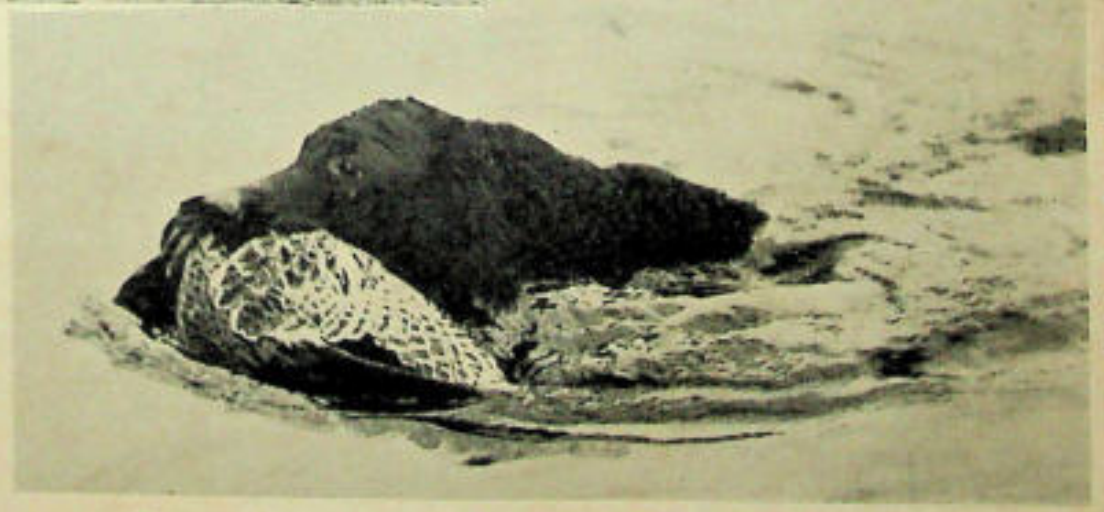
CALGARY GRIZZLY

Winner of challenge certificates at Cruft's and the Crystal Palace 1934, *and First in the All Aged Stakes at the Curly Retriever Trials at Hungerford* 1935

the chest. This probably accounts for the few white hairs which many good puppies are born with to-day.

In the *Sportsman's Cabinet*, published in 1803, we find an interesting description of the water dog. "These dogs are exceedingly singular in appearance, and most probably derived their origin from the Greenland dog, blended with some particular race of our own." Describing the appearance of the dog, the book says: "The hair on these dogs must be adhering to the body, be natural elastic curls, not loose, long, or shaggy, the former being considered indicative of constitutional strength, the latter of bodily weakness, or hereditary debility." The *Museum of Animated Nature*, another very old book, mentions the water dog. "The rough water dog is a most intelligent animal, is robustly made, and covered in deep curly hair; it exceeds the water spaniel in size and strength, but has the same aquatic habits and docility; it is much used as a retriever by the shooters of waterfowl."

The small Newfoundland was used in the founda-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. F. LANCE'S PYECOMBE SABLE RETRIEVING FROM WATER

Curlies are excellent companions and guards. They give unswerving loyalty and affection, and it is a fact that "once a curly owner, always a curly owner." The preference gamekeepers show towards this breed is proof of their sterling qualities. They come from good old stock, and they have a long list of tough ancestors behind them. Their origin is not definitely established, but I am of the opinion that they were bred from the old English water dog.

I once owned one of these dogs. It was given to me by a very old gardener we had, when I was a boy; he told me that it was an old English water dog, and that it was a very well-bred one. It was, in fact, bred and born in the fens, and it certainly turned out to be a wonderful retriever. It must have been one of the very last of that dying breed, so much favoured by the fowlers of the then undrained fens. This dog had a small white patch on

tion of this breed, also the English water spaniel; at a later date a cross with the poodle was established. This should have improved the breed in many ways, especially the retrieving qualities, as it is known that poodles are excellent retrievers, and have been used in France as such.

Dogs come and go on the tide of fashion, as do clothes, furniture and other things; but the pendulum invariably swings back, and I look to the curly's return to the forefront of the shooting world.

Several English-bred curlies have been exported (during the past two years) to the U.S.A., and are gaining popularity over there. It is interesting to note that the curly is said to be one of the original forbears of the Chesapeake Bay dog, the well-known gundog of America, the result of crossing the curly and the Newfoundland dog.

"TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT"

READY TO STRIKE

Many readers of the "Field" will compare this picture with Mr. F. W. Champion's well-known study, "A Hunting Tiger of the Siwaliks," which appeared in the "Field" some three years ago. Both are full-grown male tigers of the foothills of the Terai, and in both the cold weather ruff are clearly visible. But whereas Mr. Champion's tiger was caught by the trip wire with his head lower and as yet unconscious of the flash that was to follow, Mr. Bengt Bery's tiger has his head up, and a look of challenge in his shining eyes which make Blake's lines peculiarly appropriate

(This photograph has never previously been exhibited or reproduced in the United Kingdom, and is the copyright of Mr. Bengt Berg, of Hallsarp, Sweden)

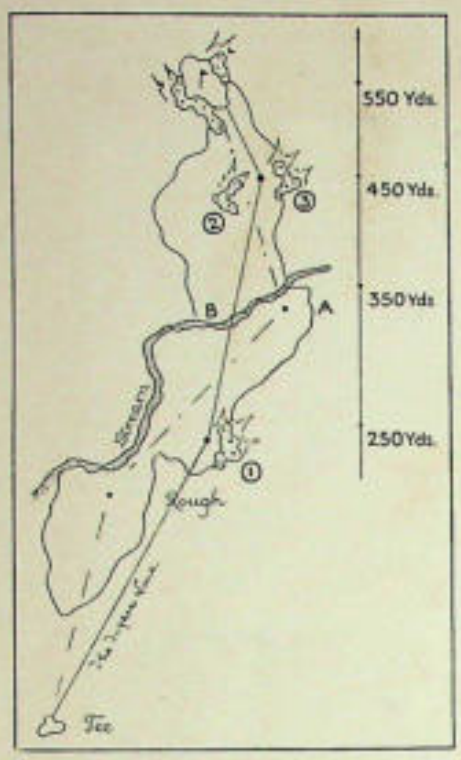


FIG. 1. *The Tiger must hug bunker* 1 *with his tee shot to be well placed for his third shot, or else bunkers* 2 *and* 3 *will provide trouble for his second. The less proficient player will take the course indicated by the broken line*

MODERN GOLF COURSE DESIGN

III—Artificial Hazards

By E. R. TIPPLE

HAPPILY we have reached a stage in the history of golf when the craze for a plethora of bunkers is all but dead. Those professional golf course architects—a few voices crying in the wilderness—are slowly educating players.

If the number of hazards on a course are increased it does not necessarily follow that that course will become more difficult. Indeed, quite the reverse would probably result, it would become simple, dull, and easy—from the expert's point of view. The good golfer likes to see plenty of bunkers, not because he is inartistic, but because they act as useful landmarks and assist him in his campaign against the scratch score. They act as buoys clearly defining the correct channel or path he has to take and save him exercising his mental powers—a relief and, perhaps, a blessing to some! On the other hand, most handicap players loathe bunkers and are more scared of them than they need be. Naturally a profusion of sand traps and other artificial hazards make their lot all the more difficult because their range of strokes is so limited and their carry so restricted. There can be no doubt that on the majority of courses in this country a large proportion of the bunkers could be filled in without causing any serious trouble. Not only would the humble golfers benefit, but the courses themselves would become more interesting to play as well as more difficult. Generally speaking, a course that possesses a great number of artificial hazards gives itself away.

Although a great many golfers believe that the proper function of a fairway bunker is to trap a bad shot, this is not correct. Unfortunately on several courses bunkers are still constructed for this purpose. But if a hole is properly designed, that is to say, provided the fairway be properly shaped and properly orientated to the tee and the green to the fairway, a bad shot punishes itself, so there is not the slightest point in putting down hazards. It needs to be remembered that the humble players make a vast number of indifferent strokes, and these poor attempts give them quite enough to think about and quite enough to accomplish without having an increased burden to carry. If their troubles were to be accentuated it would be adding insult to injury all for no good purpose.

On a correctly designed course the proper function of a fairway bunker—anyhow from the tee—is to govern the tee shot and in that sense *to punish the scratch golfer's good shot which is not quite good enough. To that end the trouble should lie just off his most favourable line to the hole.* Thus it follows that there is never any need in having a fairway bunker less than 200yds. from the tee because there is no point in worrying the long handicap man with bunkers for his initial stroke.

So far as other fairway hazards are concerned, their object is to provide an adventure for both the Tiger and the Rabbit for their second shots, but of an entirely different kind. A hole must be interesting for *every* class of player, each should have his own particular problem to solve, naturally that of the Rabbit being less exacting than that of the Tiger, but a problem all the same. All these points are shown in the first diagram at the top left-hand corner of this page. A three-shot hole on quite flat ground has been deliberately selected to illustrate the placing of bunkers for, if it be possible to lay out a really good hole on flat ground, how much more simple is it to do so on sloping ground where there are ridges and straths to assist the architect.

As I said last week, "a great tee shot is one where trouble lives with the shot, just a few yards away, *either* on the left *or* on the right, from the moment the ball is hit until such time as it comes to rest." A glance at the diagram will show that the tee shot on the Tiger's line possesses this character. It is very certain that, under normal conditions, the Tiger who wishes to be well placed for his third shot must hug the bunker marked (1) with his drive, otherwise the alignment of bunkers 2 and 3 will cause him much inconvenience when he comes to play his second. Naturally with the modern ball and following wind the Tiger will be able to reach the green in two shots, but to do so great accuracy will be needed as well as great length, and he will have to work hard right up to the end. Now what of the less

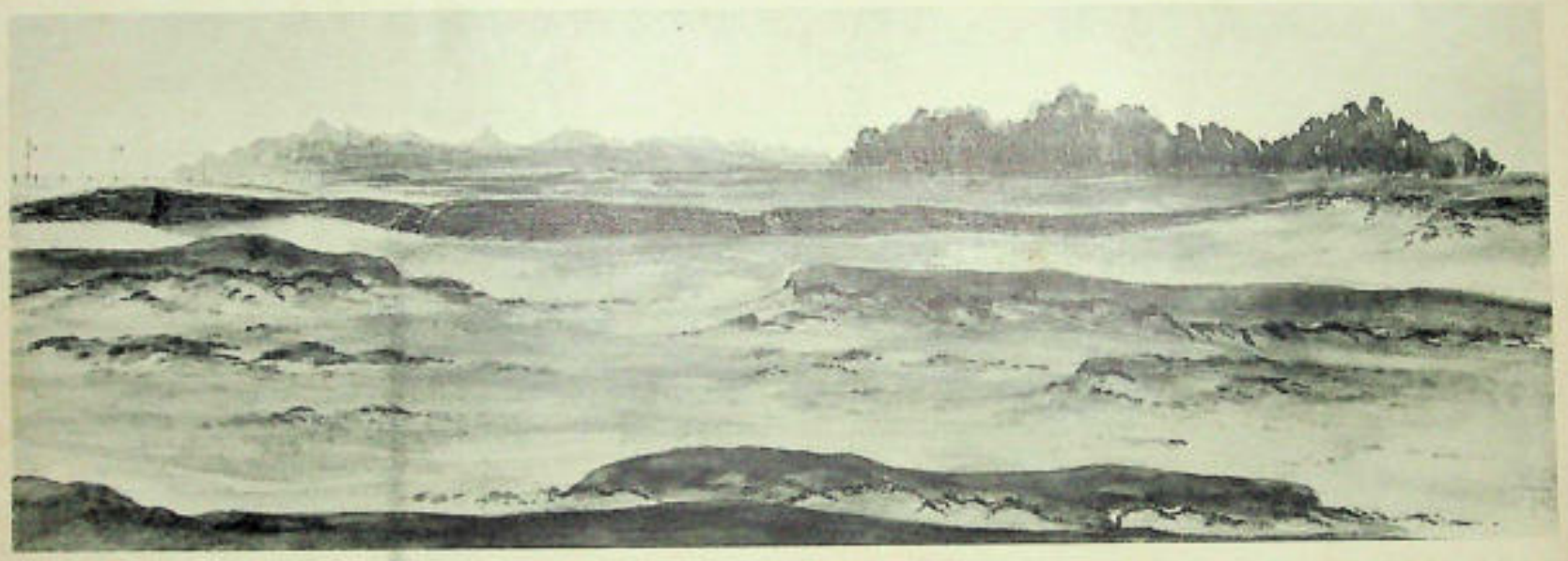


FIG. 2. THE LARGE BUNKER AT HARDELOT, PROBABLY THE MOST AMBITIOUS AND THE LARGEST ARTIFICIAL HAZARD ON ANY GOLF COURSE. IT COVERS AN AREA OF MORE THAN 2,000 SQUARE YARDS

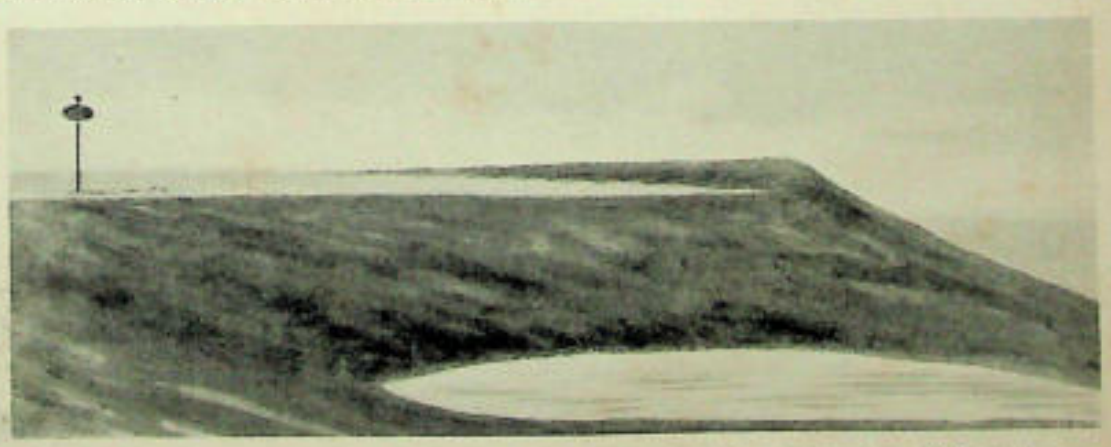


FIG. 3. IN THE "DARK AGE" OF GREEN AND BUNKER DESIGN: A PUTTING GREEN OF 1860

FIG. 4. ARTIFICIAL BUNKER AND HILL WORK OF 1935, GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF HAVING BEEN FASHIONED BY NATURE

By courtesy of Messrs. Sutton & Sons

FIG. 5. A BUNKER JUST CONSTRUCTED SHOWING THE OVERHANG OF THE LIP TO PREVENT BALLS RUNNING THROUGH

proficient player? On the broken line his tee shot is perfectly straightforward and simple. He has nothing to worry about unless he elects to play on the Tiger's line, and if he does that the subsequent evil is on his own head. His second shot should provide him with a big thrill because he will have to crawl up the narrow strip of fairway as far as he dare—say to point A—in order to get the opening of the green for the third stroke. As far as the distance is concerned, it is within his capacity to reach the green in three, but his third, of course, will be very much longer than the Tiger's, who has placed his second, if according to plan, at a point between bunkers 2 and 3 where he is able to get a short open run on to the green.

As Mr. Tom Simpson says: "To design a hole of this kind, or indeed of any kind, successfully, involves something much more than bunkers; it involves among other things the shaping of the fairway at various strategical points and the proper orientation of the green; it involves big, open spaces on the side of the course which is no sort of use to the player, to lure him, as it were, into a position which will subsequently cause him the utmost embarrassment. That is what we mean when we insist that a hole shall provide as much need for mental agility as for physical skill. For instance, how much more simple for the Tiger to play his second shot well away from bunker 2 where there is so much room rather than to the right where there is so little. But if he falls into this temptation what a difficult third shot awaits him. Similarly, the moderate player is quite capable of carrying the stream at B with his second shot, but what will it avail him if he takes that risk? Very little, for he will be very badly placed for his third. This is an adaptation of the saying 'Quelquefois il faut reculer pour mieux sauter.'"

For those who argue about the size of bunkers the one depicted in Figure 2 should prove of unusual interest. It probably is the most ambitious and largest artificial hazard on any golf course. It covers an area of more than 2,000 square yards and there are few in existence larger than 1,000 square yards. The design for this huge bunker, which is at Hardelot, was suggested by the large bunker at the fourth hole at Westward Ho! It will be noticed that the bunker is broken up with several islands. This is to prevent sand-blow, to give artistic effect and to prevent one player being able to play a brassie shot out of it and another having to take a niblick. This bunker stretches right across the fairway four hundred yards from the tee, the green being 125 yards farther on. When a bunker is so placed the player always receives a thrill because a decision has to be made regarding his second shot (or third if he be a very humble golfer), as to whether he shall crawl as near to it as he dare or whether he shall take a risk and attempt the carry. It should be noted that a bunker of this size is only possible when the character of the sub-soil is all pure sand.

A glance at Figures 3 and 4 will show what a wonderful improvement has been made in green and bunker design during the last thirty years. In the history of the game the only really bad period of design was between 1880–1900, commonly known as "the dark age." What a crude, obviously man-made appearance have the green and bunker in Figure 3. Even in the worst nightmare Dame Nature could not have made them, yet she would be flattered to be held responsible for Figure 4. The whole appearance is attractive, yet because of that it loses nothing from the playing point of view but, in fact, gains because the hazard at least is more difficult and no ball will run through it easily.

Indeed, in all bunker design it is the aim of the architect to create something which has the appearance of having been fashioned by Nature, in other words by the uncontrolled action of wind and rain.

"For a bunker to be attractive," says Mr. Simpson "the face must give the impression of coast erosion, or, to put this in another way, the face must have a broken lace edge. This is not only more artistic than a hard sharp line but also its presence precludes the possibility of being able to putt out of the bunker. In addition to this lace edge, the top of the bunker should overhang a trifle to prevent balls running through the bunker." All these points are depicted in Figures 5 and 6, both photographs taken on the day the construction work of the bunkers was finished. The face of each bunker was fashioned by first of all revetting it with heather turves and, when completed, tearing it about with a special tool to give the broken lace-edge effect.

By courtesy of Messrs. Sutton & Sons

FIG. 6. BUNKER TORN ABOUT WITH A SPECIAL TOOL TO GIVE BROKEN LACE EDGE EFFECT

The last two photographs show a stream that has been diverted at the 8th hole at Woking. Originally it ran across the entrance of the fairway; now, in addition to doing that it also runs for a considerable distance along the right-hand side of the fairway. Figure 7 shows the new cutting for the stream, and Figure 8 the same line of stream after being properly finished, one week later. These photographs illustrate not only the strategic use of a water hazard but provide a wonderful example of the principle of the lace edge and the beauty of modern landscape work. Indeed, all the modern examples shown on these two pages depict artificial hazards as works of art. As perfect golfing ground cannot be found anywhere, and as we must have artificial hazards, let us always insist on their being inoffensive to the eye. Even a golfer can enjoy beauty!

DIVERTING A STREAM TO MAKE A WATER HAZARD

FIG. 7. *Making the new cutting for the stream*

FIG. 8. *The line of the stream a week later*

IBEX IN THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT RESERVE

AN EGYPTIAN GAME RESERVE

Sheltering Migratory Ibex

By MAJOR L. HATTON

EGYPT, in common with all Governments in the African continent, signed a convention in 1934 by which each country undertakes to create reserves in which all game animals are to be preserved.

A most notable Egyptian sportsman, the late Prince Kamal el Din, nephew of His Majesty King Fuad I of Egypt, started at his own expense about 20 years ago a small reserve for ibex in mountainous country about 80 miles from Cairo. That success crowned his efforts can be seen from the accompanying photograph taken in the reserve which shows two male ibex with fair heads. They are obviously animals used to protection.

I have seen around the artificially created water hole filled by an engine-driven pump as many as 100 ibex of all ages and size. Such a sight which most sportsmen never have the opportunity of seeing is usual about the end of the summer season, when most sources of water in the surrounding country are dry. During the "rut" in September and October several large males make their annual appearance, and in the presence of the nannies and kids appear to lose their natural shyness while in the reserve.

It is a remarkable fact that while watching the ibex one autumn some years ago the late Prince Kamal recognised a fine male which had a splayed near fore; he himself asserted that it was the animal he had shot at, and wounded in the foot the previous winter in the mountains 200 miles to the south.

After the death of the Prince the Government took over the reserve, which has been enlarged and which forms a fairly good sanctuary for all herbivorous animals, birds and plant life. The enemies of the ibex in this part of the country are hyena and wildcat. It can be seen from my previous remarks that the above carnivorous animals would find easy prey during "kidding" time unless kept down with a firm hand.

All warders are armed with rifles and shotguns for use against such vermin, though, happily, their numbers are few. In very dry years their boldness is little short of amazing, and as other natural food migrates or decreases, their raids on young ibex have carried them to within a few yards of the warders' houses.

The "wadies," the local name for dry watercourses which are innumerable in the reserve, provide ample food after a good wet winter. By the term "wet winter" I mean a rainfall which may occur two or three times, and which falls in such quantities as to cause the wadies to flow with water for several hours on each occasion.

After such a winter the desert really blooms; all bushes in the wadies take on a new lease of activity, produce new growth, blossom and flourish before the hot summer winds dry up the more sensitive shoots.

It frequently happens that a system of wadies will remain dry for years; it has been known for tracks of desert to remain without a rainfall for 20 years, whereas other areas in the same latitude regularly receive two or three rainfalls during the winter months. To preserve animals under such conditions means that artificial methods must be employed to make the area selected as attractive as possible. It is for this reason that water is pumped up to an artificial rock pool and every care is taken to preserve what little vegetation exists under such exacting conditions.

Life in the reserve fluctuates a good deal in consequence, and animals such as ibex migrate hundreds of miles in search of vegetation, which is succulent as the result of rain, in preference to grazing on dried-up herbage. They appear, however, to return to the sanctuary as soon as conditions improve. We are able to definitely recognise old friends after months of absence. One in particular stands out, as she has a deformed horn, which is curved downwards and forwards towards one eye, thus providing an indelible feature of recognition. Others have various peculiarities which to the trained observer are obvious.

It is anticipated that the "head" of ibex the reserve is able comfortably to carry is yet far distant of achievement, but with increasing interest awakening in the necessity of preservation no doubt numbers will increase beyond expectation.

The Nubian ibex (*Capra nubiana typica*), to which I refer above, range from Morocco and Senegambia to the mountains on the west side of the Gulf of Suez, thence southward as far as the mountains of Eritrea. We have in the Sinai Province of Egypt a different race to those mentioned above—*Sinaitic C. n. Sinaitica*. In the form of its horns the latter approximates to the wild goat. This race is also preserved by the Egyptian Government, but the system employed is entirely different to that before mentioned.

Mountains in Southern Sinai, all of granite, reach an altitude of 8,000ft. above sea level; they are frequently snow-capped in winter and in consequence sources of water are numerous and vegetation luxuriant compared to the reserve near Cairo. In addition to the hyena and wildcat a race of leopard prey on the ibex. I have not seen a living specimen, but have seen several badly damaged skins. It must be a beautiful beast with a perfect white-ground fur covered with black spots. Evidence of its existence is ample; on bare sun-baked spurs high up on the sides of the mountains scratch marks were plainly visible.

FISHING

The best salmon rivers for 1936 are being taken now. Secure your beat at once.

IN NORWAY WE CAN OFFER

LAERDAL, AURLAND, EIRA, STJORDAL, FLAAM, and other good rivers. Records and details are available here.

IN ICELAND

Laxa in Leirarsveit. Wonderful baskets both of Salmon and Sea Trout made by Englishmen last season.

*

WILDFOWLING

On the famous Hortobagy and in the Danube Delta, which are the resting places of myriads of wildfowl during the Northern Spring migration. In suitable weather very heavy bags of wild geese and duck are made.

Accommodation is distinctly limited, so early bookings are essential.

Cost is in the region of £25 : 0 : 0 a week inclusive.

Make your requirements known to:

WORLD FIELD SPORT

20, ST. JAMES'S ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: Whitehall 9797

Telegrams and Cables: "FISHOOT, LONDON."

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.

NATIVE GUNS AND GAME

SIR,—When I passed through this district two years ago there were impala in herds of 100, hartebeest in herds of 15 and 20, roan herds of 15. To-day only a few stragglers are left, natives with smooth bore ball guns are numerous, and at a guess there are at least 200 hunting every day in this district alone.

On one path alone I have seen 40 loads of dried meat going to the Congo, and native traders from the Congo bartering their goods for dried meat. It is, indeed, a great misfortune for this country.

P.O. Solwezi, Northern Rhodesia. Yours faithfully, G. GRIMES.

[Captain Pitman's official report has made it abundantly clear what a menace native guns are to wild life in Northern Rhodesia, and recent information confirms how urgent is the need for official action in the matter.—ED.]

LABRADORS *versus* SPANIELS

SIR,—I am so glad to see in the *Field* of December 7th, an article by Colonel Carrell, "In Praise of the Springer Spaniel," after Major Dawson's extraordinary tirade against spaniels in general, in the previous week's issue. Comparisons are nearly always odious, so why compare Labradors and spaniels? You might just as well compare pointers and retrievers. Each breed has its own usefulness. As everyone knows, a Labrador is purely for retrieving, whereas a springer, besides being a super-retriever, has to be perfectly steady when questing, and shoving game out of thick places, and flushing duck from tall reeds, and so forth. Everyone knows that if a retriever was used for that purpose, he would be spoilt at once. Major Dawson evidently does not know what a well-broken spaniel is, or what an enormous number there are of them. He had better come to some spaniel field trials, and see the marvellously high standard that has been reached. He would probably see three stakes run off, with from twelve to sixteen dogs in each, and not one unsteady, pushing out rabbits to the guns and not one chasing. I wish one could say the same of some Labradors one sees brought out shooting. With reference to the dog he mentions, that he did not attempt to break till it was four-and-a-half years old, I could not quite gather whether he was handing a bouquet to himself or the dog. Is he quite sure this dog was not broken as a puppy before it came into his possession? I wonder!

Bath Club. Yours faithfully, CHARLES MCNEILL.

IN PRAISE OF SPRINGER SPANIELS

SIR,—With reference to Colonel Carrell's excellent article, "In Praise of the Springer Spaniel," in the December 7th issue of the *Field*, the incident he describes of the performance of a dog which not only failed on two easy runners but had his eye wiped on both by another dog, suggests to the practical shooting man that the dog in question was a flatcatcher of the worst type. This dog was also awarded second prize in a stake of eighteen competitors! I think Colonel Carrell errs on the side of generosity when he says he would not have given the dog more than a certificate of merit, which, if there is any meaning whatever in the wording of such an award, he certainly did not deserve, from the description of his performance. As one who has competed in a good many spaniel trials during the last few years, I venture to express the opinion that this is an example of judging which naturally causes field trial awards to be looked at askance by the practical shooting man. The time at the disposal of the judges at spaniel trials necessarily imposes limitations on the possibility of giving each dog a thorough and searching test of its capability, but when a dog is awarded second prize out of eighteen competitors in face of such a performance as is described, it reduces the trial to little more than a farce. The effect of such is to discourage the ordinary shooting man who is keen on spaniel work from supporting field trials, and to discount the value of the awards in these competitions.

I imagine the majority of field trial societies aim at encouraging the ordinary shooting man to support them; but I think a great deal more could be done in this direction than is the case at present. Colonel Carrell expresses the opinion that the sort of judging described in his article will no doubt right itself. It is to be hoped that in the interests of the field trial societies in particular, and spaniel enthusiasts in general, it will—observing that there is an obvious and highly desirable course for field trial societies to take to help it to do so.

Clungunford, Salop. Yours faithfully, A. M. WILLOUGHBY (Lieutenant-Commander).

GRANTS OF FREE WARREN

SIR,—In reference to the inquiry made in your issue of December 7th as to the oldest shooting charter in existence, under the reproduction of Sir Thomas Pilkington's Grant of Free Warren, there is a similar Grant of Free Warren within the Manor of Alwington (North Devon) to Richard Coffin and his heirs by King Henry III., dated 1254.

This grant, which is the property of Major Claude Pines Coffin of the Indian Army, who is the present owner of the Manor, is now deposited in the Public Library at Exeter for safe custody. It is quite as legible as that of Sir Thomas Pilkington but is without the fascinating border which makes Sir Thomas's so very interesting.

The Haie, Newnham-on-Severn, Gloucestershire. Yours faithfully, RUSSELL J. KERR.

SEX RATIO IN PARTRIDGES

SIR,—We should be most grateful if your correspondents could give us any information that might guide us in estimating the proportion of cock to hen birds existent from time to time in a partridge stock. The sexing of wild birds by broods or coveys is, of course, impracticable, while the numbers of partridges hand reared are relatively so few that sex ratio figures might be misleading. There must, however, be readers of your paper who have made a habit of sexing their bags throughout the season, and if this information could be disclosed to us from a number of different localities, especially if covering a period of years, it would be helpful.

I.C.I. Game Research Estate, Knebworth Park, Herts. Yours faithfully, H. G. ELEY.

ELEPHANTS IN UGANDA

SIR,—Having been out to Uganda after reading your articles I thought it might interest your readers to know what the shooting prospects are like from the ordinary visitor's point of view.

Elephants are very numerous nearly all over the country, but heavy ivory is most exceptional. It is doubtful if the heavy tuskers ever come out of the Northern Game Reserve except on very rare occasions, and in making this assertion I rely more on the experiences of others better qualified than on my own.

This year, one of the most noted white hunters in Kenya was out after elephant in Bunyoro with a friend of his. He did not shoot, as he saw nothing shootable by his standards, and his friend shot two 40-pounders in a month's hunting. A government official in the northern provinces, who is a very keen and active hunter, could only get this year two bulls, averaging about 35lb. That superlative elephant hunter, Captain R. Salmon, who accounts for roughly 400 elephants a year (on government control), and who probably has been up to every herd in the northern provinces, cannot quite average 80lb. for his two licence elephants; and his wife, who is a very fine shot and accompanies him on most of his trips, cannot quite average 60lb. for her licence elephants. The Game Warden himself, in a comprehensive article on the "Wild Life of Uganda" published in the *Travel Guide to Kenya and Uganda*, says, concerning heavy tuskers to be got round the Northern Game Reserve, "the bulls with the heaviest ivory are mainly non-breeding animals which recognise and appreciate their sanctuary, so that it is only on rare occasions they emerge."

I spent a month hunting elephant very hard, mostly in Bunyoro on the borders of the reserve and partly in the adjoining territory of Gulu. I must have seen at least 120 elephants and was lucky enough to shoot what I thought the heaviest, a 56-pounder; my second elephant was a 35-pounder. During that month I had the privilege of Captain Salmon's company for ten days, and he tried very hard to find me a big tusker, but without avail. Those ten days, however, were thoroughly enjoyable, for on two occasions I was afforded the unique experience of seeing Salmon follow up big herds of "shamba-raiders" and give them a good lesson, which sight alone was worth the visit to Uganda. The memory of those two encounters with trumpeting and squealing monsters all round in grass 12ft. high, any elephant coming too near, i.e., within 8yds., being knocked down flat by that incredible hunter, will always live with me.

The Game Department is obliged to keep down the elephant population in favour of the native population to the extent of shooting about 1,500 elephants a year, and yet only allows two elephants to be shot on a yearly (this will be changed to three in the near future) licence. Would it not be preferable to let the man who pays for a licence, and is willing to hunt in that dangerous Bunyoro country, to shoot ten elephants, with the right of keeping the tusks of three and handing the rest in to the government?

This would undoubtedly attract the visiting sportsman and would put Uganda on a par with the best of all game countries, which it is not to-day. As a matter of fact, for the lover of thrills, it would be the country *par excellence*.

The costs are lower than Kenya and about the same as the Sudan. The licences I found comparatively expensive, but the world depression does not seem to have affected the cost of licences in any British Colony or Protectorate.

Alexandria. Yours faithfully, THEODORE KARAM.

[As our correspondent pointed out after his visits to Uganda the best months for shooting in Bunyoro are October, November and December. In the last two years for which statistics are available 68 elephants of over 60lb. were shot, 35 of over 70lb., and 25 of greater weight by licence holders in Uganda. Our correspondent put forward M. Karam's suggestion regarding the licensing of visitors to shoot elephants as part of the control, and Captain Keith Caldwell, who as Game Warden initiated the control scheme in Uganda, pointed out in a letter on July 27th to what extent this was possible.—ED.]

MISFIRES IN RIFLES

SIR,—The recent fatal accident to Mr. Lumley Hall in Northern Rhodesia through his rifle "missing fire" calls for serious consideration of the rifles we use for big game, especially the light and handy single barrel.

I, too, was shooting in Northern Rhodesia in January last and had an unpleasant experience with my .350 magnum Mauser, due to my ignorance in loading this action. Having been brought up on the .303, which can be loaded from the breech after filling the magazine, I was not aware that the same method does not apply to the Mauser action, which must only be loaded from its magazine; this is filled in the ordinary way and the bolt pushed forward, which engages the top cartridge and carries it forward into the breech ready for action; if you put a single cartridge into the breech it may be pushed forward by the bolt, but not properly engaged in the chamber, and the striker will fail to discharge the cartridge.

In my case I had followed a wounded wart-hog and came up with it on an ant-hill; putting my Mauser up to finish it off it missed fire and, fortunately for me, the hog did not charge; the cartridge was thrown out untouched by the striker. A few days later the same thing happened with a puku; the first cartridge missed fire, the second one from the magazine got my buck all right, and discussing these experiences with my white hunter, John Austin, later in the day, he told me of similar occurrences, and warned me in loading Mauser action not to load single cartridges into the breech.

Another frequent cause of misfires in single barrel rifles is not pulling the bolt far enough back to engage the cartridge, and fatal accidents have resulted from this.

There is no doubt that a double barrel rifle is the safer weapon to use on dangerous game; but few of us who have used the light, handy, single barrel would care to give it up; let us, therefore, please learn how to load it properly before trusting our lives on its action.

Bradshaw Hall, Bolton. Yours faithfully, HENRY M. HARDCASTLE (Colonel).

HOW WILDFOWL SLEEP

SIR,—Miss Frances Pitt, in her article in the *Field* of December 7th, assumes that wildfowl, etc., in winter sleep with one leg drawn up under the body because they get cold feet, and do this to warm the foot. How is it then that wildfowl, waders, herons, etc., do exactly the same in a heat-wave, and in the tropics? Obviously, for long periods of rest, the fulcrum of the body-weight gives less fatigue balanced directly above one leg than midways between two.

47, Woodsorrel Road, Liverpool. Yours faithfully, ERIC HARDY.

LONG JOHN SILVER IN FEATHERS
(See Letter "A Wooden-Legged Water-Rail")

A WOODEN-LEGGED WATER-RAIL

SIR,—Three years ago I was walking along a dusty country road in South-east Kent, armed with a stick, a day's food, and a pair of binoculars. A pond skirted the road on my left, a stream ran into it a little farther on, and it was here I hoped to see and watch a pair of water-rails. But I never got there, for at my feet I saw one of these birds lying in the road. A car went past, sending a shower of dust over the body. I picked it up. The bird was covered in clotted blood and thick dust, a leg was terribly mutilated, a wing bent back, but it was alive—a little water from the pond proved that—and I couldn't bring myself to kill it to end its misery.

I took it straight home, resolved to save its life. The mutilated leg, hanging below the knee by one thread of tendon, was speedily clipped off, the stump disinfected and bound up, dust washed off, blood and broken feathers clipped out and a once more decent-looking bird, now more alive than dead, was laid to rest on a sunny bank. I did not think I could save its life. The poor thing just lay there, it would not eat, and only drank when I poured water on its beak. After two days I persuaded it to eat fresh greenstuff from the pond. For three weeks I tramped out to that pond after office hours and brought back a bottleful of fresh greenstuff! But it was worth the trouble.

The water-rail recovered sufficiently to try to stand up after a week. But it could not walk, and seemed to have no idea how to reach its food a foot away. Something had to be done, for it would die if placed back in the pond like this, and I did not intend that to happen.

Now this is no fairy tale! I made the water-rail a wooden leg! It was fixed below the knee. At first the bird (a male, as subsequently transpired) did his best to tear the wooden leg off—a good sign as to his fitness—but after twelve hours he could stand. After a bit of trouble I made him walk a few feet to get his food. Then I clipped the leg shorter and made him walk next day to his water and food. This went on for a week until I had the bird doing a dot-and-carry-one on a leg and a half all over the house. The wooden leg had been clipped down till it was all gone.

At the end of three weeks I took him back to the pond and let him go. That was three years ago. Since then I have seen him twice only, though I have watched for him on dozens of occasions. Once was last spring when he escorted a mate and family amongst the reeds, and this autumn when he hobbled into sight for a few moments. He seemed to be getting along alright, even if he did look a bit ungainly!

Anyhow, I feel very bucked that I have saved the life of one of the most uncommon bird residents in this part of East Kent. Yours faithfully,

17, Godwyne Road, Dover. FRANK ILLINGWORTH.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

SIR,—Readers of the *Field* may or may not be surprised to know that Bethlehem is now lighted by electricity, but few people know that the light standards are surmounted by stars which are illuminated at night! Thus visitors may be sure that they have arrived at *the* Bethlehem.

Yours faithfully,

Amery, Beckenham, Kent. E. A. HARRISON.

BADGERS IN THE HOUSE

SIR,—In reply to Captain Grosvenor's enquiry, we have a tame male badger dug out as a cub in the spring of 1934. Last autumn and winter he was frequently chased home by a wild one, and on one occasion it followed him into the house and upstairs. My wife had a narrow escape, not realising that the badger outside her bedroom door was not our tame one. She was on the point of picking him up when she went downstairs, and found ours in an exhausted state in a sitting room.

The wild badger was a large, old boar, and actually very different in appearance from ours. Normally ours is as tame as a dog, but when chased home he gets in such a state of panic that he is unsafe to handle. He now seldom ventures far from the house but spends a good deal of time sitting on his back in an armchair by the fire scratching his stomach. So far our efforts to provide him with a wife have not been successful.

Yours faithfully,

Cattistock, Dorchester. R. C. ATKINSON.

A 64LB. KELT FROM NORWAY

SIR,—The following is an extract from a letter dated November 16th from Herr Erik Moum of Moum, Beysino, Norway, one of the farmers and fishermen of the Moum beat on the Namsen River, which may be of interest to your readers:

"The other day they found in Fosland water a big dead fish drifting down the river. This is the biggest fish I have ever heard about, weighing 64lb. this time of year after spawning, length 1m. 45cm. In June this must have been of 75lb. or more. The fish has been sent to Trondhjem to some people of science."

You may remember we sent you particulars of a large fish caught in a lower beat of the Namsen on June 14th, 1924, on the Jorum beat of the Namsen, weighing 69¾lb. length 4ft. 4¾in., girth 2ft. 8¼in.; with a photograph of the fish which you published, and the present fish, seems to have beaten it in size! I am writing Erik Moum, who has acted as our boatman for some years, when fishing the Moum beat, to send me, if possible the report of "the people of science" in Trondhjem.

Yours faithfully,

Morpeth. CUTHBERT BAINBRIDGE.

[There is no doubt that, on occasion, enormous salmon are present in Norwegian rivers. There is a record of a rod-caught fish in the Tana of just over 74lb., and a fish trapped in the Drammens of just under 75lb.—ED.]

ANCIENT VENERY

SIR,—Can any student of the early books on hunting explain the following passage from Chapter 39 of Turbervile's *Booke of Hunting*, 1576:

"When the Prince or Lord which hunteth shall have heard all reportes, and that the relayes are well set and placed, and that the huntsmen and houndes have broken their fast or refreshed themselves, then he which seemed to have harbored the greatest and oldest Deare, and him which lyeth in the fayrest covert, upon whose report the Prince or Lorde would goe to hunt, shall take his bloud-houndes and go before to the blemishings with his companions, and with all the prickers or hunters on Horsebacke whiche hunte with the kennell, who shoulde have every one of them a good cudgell in his hand, which is called a Hunting coodgell or a Troncheon to turne the boughes and beare them from his face as he followeth the houndes in the woodes or thickes: and this coodgell shoulde not be beached or pilled untill suche season as the Harte have frayed his head: but when the Harte hath frayed, then may a Huntesman beare a coodgell beached or pilled lawfully."

"Pilled," of course, means peeled: but what is the meaning of "beached," and what is the significance of the restriction?

Yours faithfully,

Bury St. Edmund's. HENRY ANDREWS.

MODERNITY WITH A MEANING
(See Letter "The Star of Bethlehem")

HEIGHT OF LIONS

SIR,—Wishing to confirm my letter in the *Field* of December 7th, I visited the Zoo the other day and went to the Lion House. In the outer enclosures were three lions of mature age, the one in the centre enclosure distinctly the largest. I measured the height of the horizontal bar in the railings, almost exactly 39in. above the cement floor. The lion frequently passed or stood broadside against the railings, and his shoulder height appeared about 1in. below the cross bars. He probably stands 38in. Inside the Lion House were several males, the tallest, though probably not the heaviest, being a large and very leggy Indian specimen.

A 3ft. measurement being marked on the wall made any measurement unnecessary, and showed the Indian lion as standing about 39in. A subsequent conversation with the keeper confirmed this, as he said the Indian lion stood a trifle higher than the largest lion outside.

Yours faithfully,

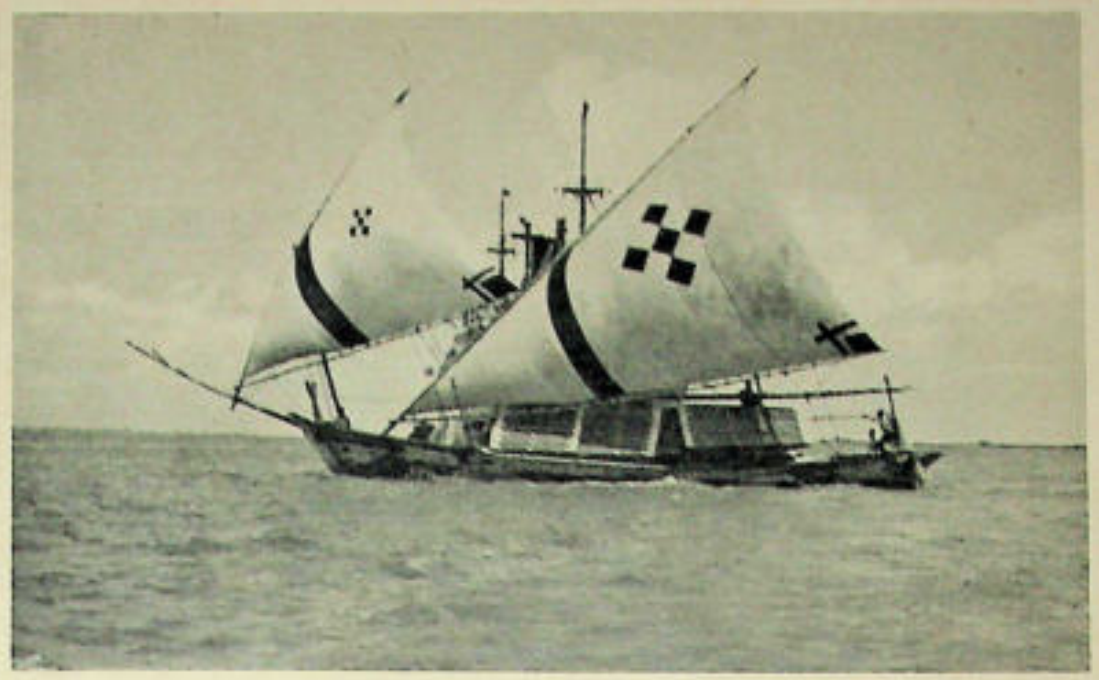
London, W. MANNLICHER.

JAVANESE SEAMANSHIP

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a most unusual type of sailing ship was taken off the coast of Java. Java is noted for the grace of its small sailing ships and the Javanese, like the Malays, are extremely good seamen. They frequently put off in small outriggers with large sails, which appear to make them top-heavy. Nevertheless, they skim the water with the grace of a swan. The craft illustrated is being used as a barge for transporting cargo to a ship laying off at sea, and I think you will agree that it is a particularly picturesque type.

Yours faithfully,

Fort Canning, Singapore. JULIUS F. FRIEND.



"A PAINTED SHIP UPON A PAINTED OCEAN"
(See Letter "Javanese Seamanship")

"BLIGHTED" HEATHER

SIR,—An inquiry as to the cause of "blighted" heather invites reply, but heather assumes a "foxy-red" appearance through several causes, the first of which is "the beetle." The beetle is underground just now, but if "foxy-red" heather is sent for scientific examination, the fact that the cause for its colour was the beetle will be found out and notified. I do not think scientists can tell "frosted," "water-logged," or heather killed by drought from each other. In none of these is "stripping" anywhere visible. The beetle is found on "foxy-red" as well as on sound heather, but only in the months of the year when it is above ground, that is between March and October. I have found it often on heather sprays over sphagnum moss, and it has a habit of falling from the dripping sprays at the least alarm.

Yours faithfully,

Invergordon. DUGALD MACINTYRE.

MOVEMENTS OF CROSSBILLS

SIR,—It may be of interest to add East Anglia to the already large list of localities recently visited by crossbills. Early in August, I first noticed an increase in their numbers, and by August 12th crossbills were very widespread wherever there were Scots pine trees old enough to bear cones. The species has been numerous ever since. The largest number I have seen at one time was eighteen, and this flock frequented the pine trees around Brandon Station for several days.

Yours faithfully,

Brandon, Suffolk. W. A. CADMAN (District Officer, Forestry Commission).

SPINNERS AND NYMPHS

SIR,—May I, as one who has for very many years fished our beautiful southern chalk streams, say that I entirely agree with Mr. Arthur Severn's remarks with regard to the review of Mr. Peart's book on the subject of the difference between a

A MEMORY OF WILLIAM DEW
(See Letter "The Last Wye Coracle?")

nymph and a spent fly as far as the dryness of the fly is concerned, and just as entirely disagree with the editorial comment on Mr. Severn's letter. Surely there is a vast difference between the imitation of the spent gnat used by chalk stream anglers which is fished dry and above the surface of the water and the nymph which is fished wet and below the surface.

Personally, I agree with Mr. Severn that the use of the latter approaches more nearly to bait fishing and is only justified, in my opinion, in the case of very big nymphing fish which persistently refuse to rise to the floating fly. And rarely even then. Would you insist that, from the angler's point of view, shrimps, etc., coming down during up-stream weed cutting or other disturbance were equally "floating food" compared with, say, spent gnat of the mayfly coming down at the same time?

Yours faithfully,

Carlecotes Hall, Dunford Bridge, Yorkshire. JOHN CHAPMAN.

[We cannot agree with our correspondent that spent fly in southern chalk streams is fished "dry and above the surface." On the contrary, it is normally fished as an imitation of the natural insect which falls with outspread wings on to the surface with its body semi-submerged (and often sinks rapidly). No doubt the origin of dry-fly fishing was the imitation of the dun stage, and there have always been rods who confined their fishing to the imitation of the dun; but it has long since been expanded to include the other stages of a hatching fly—nymph, spinner and spent.—ED.]

THE LAST WYE CORACLE?

SIR,—I was very interested in your photograph of a coracle used on the Wye and made by my old friend William Dew. When living in the Forest of Dean I had many a talk with him on old fishing days on the Wye.

I enclose a photograph taken of him with the same coracle of which you printed a picture.

Yours faithfully,

The Vicarage, Sandown, Isle of Wight. H. M. BIDDELL.

STOAT "FASCINATING" PREY

SIR,—Mr. Frohawk's letter in a recent issue reminds me of an incident I witnessed last summer.

Seeing a pair of nesting yellowhammers in distress by the side of the road, I approached the ditch to find what was disturbing them, and was surprised to see a stoat tearing up and down as though demented. In the bottom of the ditch was a small pool of water and the animal writhed and rolled madly in it, taking no notice of me standing on the bank. Several times it ran out on to the road at my feet, stared wildly round, and then returned to the pool of water. Wishing to put the poor beast out of its misery, and also to ensure the safety of the yellowhammers, I asked a man working nearby to kill it. It was then seen that over half a dozen ticks as large as ladybirds were sticking to the stoat's back, which accounted for its frenzied behaviour.

Is this a possible explanation of certain instances of stoats "mesmerising" or "fascinating" their prey by eccentric behaviour?

Yours faithfully,

Hillside, Hartford End, near Chelmsford. D. J. BROOKS (Miss).

"VAIN AS A PEACOCK"

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter and photograph of a pigeon admiring himself in a mirror, prompts me to write of a similar vanity possessed by peacocks.

These birds will stand or sit and look at themselves in a mirror for hours on end, and it is easy to train them to stay in any part of a garden or grounds by leading them from their aviary (if they roost in one) by walking ahead of them with a mirror and then propping up the mirror in the part of the grounds you want the birds to use. After a time it will be found unnecessary to use the mirror, as the birds will run as hard as they can to where they are accustomed to admiring themselves.

I started using a mirror for this purpose some years ago, and also found it very easy to bring the peacocks and peahens down from the roof of my father's house, or from trees and other places, and escort them home to their aviary if they felt disinclined to go about four o'clock, their usual time. Now it is regularly done when necessary by the man in charge of them, and at times this is very desirable, as during certain months they take a great liking to the roof of the house, where they make a most unholy noise at any hour of the day or night. Surely it was this peculiarity that gave rise to the expression "Vain as a peacock?"

Yours faithfully,

London, W. A. COLIN KINGHAM.

HATCH MANSFIELD

& CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King

5 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

* * *

Special Bottlings of

SANDEMAN

VINTAGE PORT

GUARANTEED BY SHIPPERS' LABELS AND BRANDED CORKS

VINTAGE 1917 *Bottled 1919* 120/-

VINTAGE 1920 *Bottled 1922* 90/-

VINTAGE 1927 *Bottled 1929* 60/-

Per dozen delivered

4/- extra per two dozen half bottles

A freshly decanted bottle or half bottle (together with the original cork) will be sent carriage paid at their respective prices on application.

ASK FOR CURRENT PRICE LIST.

CAUSED BY LIGHTNING
(See Letter "Fire Fighting in British Columbia")

FIRE FIGHTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a fire caused by lightning about an hour after it was first observed. It was taken looking East.

The mountain is about 2,500ft. above the surrounding level, and the photograph gives some idea of the difficulties of fighting fires in the mountains. In a heavy wind the fire "jumped" about two miles to the north, but was stopped after two days' and nights' hard work. If it had not been checked it would have run into the Banff and Yoho parks to the north, and done a lot of damage to the game and green timber.

This fire was answerable, to a large extent, for the smoke which spoiled the view in the parks till late fall.

Canal Flat, British Columbia. Yours faithfully, C. M. EDWARDS.

FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF THE HEAD
(See Letter "A Malformed Stag")

A MALFORMED STAG

SIR,—The stag, whose head is shown in these photographs, was first seen on the Forest of Dunalastair, Kinloch Rannoch, in the last week of September, and I shot it on the same ground at the end of October. At the time it was killed it was in good condition, and was in company with ten hinds. The weight was 14½st. clean.

I should like to know if the deformity was of this year's growth or if it had been noticed on other ground in previous years. It had not been seen at Dunalastair before. If anyone can give me information on this subject I should be most interested.

Yours faithfully,
W. M. H. POLLEN.
Dorset House,
Dorset Street, W. 1.

A HARE'S SWIM

SIR,—The following instance of what a hare will do when hard pressed may be of interest to some of your readers.

Hunting on the Sheppey Marshes on November 27th a hare took hounds down to the edge of the River Swale. Running out along a spit of land she took to the water and started to swim across to the main bank about 130yds. away. She must have been swimming for some six or seven minutes and covered more than half the distance to the main bank before two of the hounds, Gaily and Gladiator, caught her up and brought her back to the place from which she had taken to the water.

A brave hare and an unusual finish to a good hunt.

Master, Senior Officers' School Beagles, Sheerness. Yours faithfully, H. P. CURREY (Colonel).

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Late Migration.—The following dates may be of interest. I saw the last swift on October 16th, the last swallow on November 25th, and the last house martin on November 19th. Surely this is rather late?—T. FIRTH, Kent.

Docking Horses.—I feel that it would be of interest to your readers to know that a law has recently been passed in Norway forbidding the docking of horses' tails.—E. KEITH ROBERTSON (Secretary), Our Dumb Friends' League, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

Marked Hedge-sparrow.—A hedge-sparrow was found dead on the road at Great Shelford, Cambridge, on or about September 1st last, with a ring on its leg with only the following figures on it: "98.$\frac{\pi}{\pi}$." The Editor of *British Birds* knows nothing of this. Perhaps you can help.—C. F. TEBBUTT, St. Neots, Hunts.

Late Red Admirals.—With reference to Mr. Winter's letter. At Carlisle I daresay October 20th would be a late date for this butterfly to be abroad, but the last one seen here on the wing flew through our verandah on November 9th—a sunny morning; and the last one seen last year was flying strongly in the morning sunshine over rough land near here on November 25th.—C. NICHOLSON, Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall.

Black-necked Grebes.—The black-necked grebe in summer plumage is of such unusual occurrence in the South as to be worth recording. One is in the Booth Museum, Brighton, obtained by Borrer at Henfield, and a specimen came under my notice this year obtained between Lancing and Shoreham in August, 1934. One was seen on Frensham Little Pond, Surrey, in May, 1934, where it stayed from the 16th to the 18th.—J. GORDON DALGLIESH, Hove.

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, need 5/- weekly to help two elderly ladies who share a bungalow on the Dorset coast. The younger, a trained nurse, has devoted her life to her friend, who has been completely bedridden since 1909. Their income amounts to £85 per annum, and although the nurse strains every nerve to make both ends meet, the invalid lacks many extras which would make life bearable. Doctors' visits and medicines are a frequent necessity. A small allowance would provide them with a good fire and an extra dairy order, and the Friends of the Poor appeal for donations, which will be acknowledged by post.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "FIELD"

The copyright of all contributions shall belong to the proprietors of the "Field," together with the right of republication in any form they may think desirable. Apart from any express agreement that may be made, contributions are only received and considered on these conditions.

A WEEK-END BY AEROPLANE

And the Fishing It Brought

By M. WATSON

AT seven in the morning my servant called me. I looked anxiously out of the window. Yes, the weather was fine, not a trace of fog, a blue sky and no low clouds. By eight o'clock I had climbed into my aeroplane with my rods and other fishing gear in the back and a suitcase containing beyond the ordinary bare necessities of life, my summer fishing clothes.

In the Midlands there were some low clouds, and in order to avoid any trouble in the hills further north, I cut across from Catterick Aerodrome to the coast at West Hartlepool. The weather on the coast was good, a certain amount of cloud which gradually lessened as I got north. The towns flew past—Hartlepool, Sunderland, covered in smoke, Tynemouth, and so on until Berwick; at Berwick, the happiest of omens, I looked over the side and below me, in the mouth of the Tweed, the fishermen were hauling in their salmon nets. The temptation to go down and look closely was great, but discretion prevailed; the inhabitants of Berwick might not have looked upon such an episode with the same enthusiasm that I should have done.

By this time, weather troubles and fears were over, and I was certain of my week-end's fishing. I climbed up slowly to 6,000ft., and crossed the Firth of Forth opposite the Bass Rock. Three-and-a-half hours after leaving the south coast of England, I landed at the Royal Air Force aerodrome at Leuchars, where I had been given kind permission to leave my aeroplane.

My host was there to meet me, and with him his brother. We drove rapidly off to a quick lunch of cold sea trout, salad and fruit. Even a week end does not last very many hours when one is fishing; there was not going to be much time for eating and sleeping. On the journey to the house I was told the programme. We were to take a walk round with a gun in the afternoon and kill some of the hundreds of malicious rabbits that abounded on the estate, and at seven we were to arrive at a very famous loch, but a few miles away.

The other two days were to be spent fishing an excellent private loch, and half-a-day after an unlikely salmon on the Tay. The fishing prospects were not of the best; there was little water and the sun was shining from a cloudless sky. But enthusiasm makes light of such troubles, and like every good fisherman, I was full of good and ambitious thoughts of a loch covered with flies, a gentle ripple, and boiling with rises. After a journey like mine, it was bound to be so.

In the afternoon we shot the rabbits, and at seven o'clock, complete with rods and tackle, the three of us arrived at the loch.

It was here that we met the only disappointment in an otherwise perfect week end, and it had little to do with fish. To my mind, keeping in view that these are hard commercial days, fishing is fishing, and need not be an undertaking run for enormous profits. But this loch, an artist's and a fisherman's paradise, is also an enterprise to make as much money as possible from every visitor in the shortest space of time.

I am not a rich man; it is almost unnecessary to say that there are thousands of other fishermen in the same position. However, most of us are prepared and even willing to pay reasonably for our sport. Some of us are even prepared to pay unreasonably, because perhaps there is no such thing as an unreasonable price for the sight of an enormous swirl in the water by one's fly and the leap in the heart as one feels the hooks safely tighten into the fish. But when everything is so arranged that one has to spend money and more money for the chance of catching a fish, it is different.

The price of a boat, for it is impossible to fish from the bank, is high, but the sport, or the possibilities of sport, are good, so one cannot complain. When however one looks at the boat and notices the size and weight of the oars, one enquires about a boatman. The boats are constructed to withstand the worst Atlantic storm; they are solid, heavy, and brutes to row. The oars are the same size as, or larger than, a lifeboat's oars, and were absolutely impossible for any but the youngest and strongest of us. Yes, a boatman can be provided. His cost is considerable, and in addition there is a special allowance for his lunch and tea. On looking even closer at the boat, it is noticed that the rowlocks and therefore the oars are so placed that

ON A SUTHERLAND WATER: LOCH ASSYNT FROM WHICH THE INNER FLOWS

one man cannot possibly reach both oars at once. A further boatman is therefore required. He, too, asks his price and, of course, there is the lunch and tea allowance.

Well, we were young and strong, otherwise the expense might have been too much for even the three of us. The owners or syndicate know that the fisherman would even sell his shirt to get on to the water once he has arrived there. They make good use of that knowledge and no doubt often succeed in making him do so.

My holiday had been arranged at the last moment, my casts were not made up, my knowledge of the flies on the water small and the urge to start fishing great. I went into the shop on the waterside and ordered two casts already made up with the flies which were supposed to be killing well. Two 9-foot casts with three flies, the price 6/-. I returned one and made up two more on the way out.

We pulled our boat out, passed the beautiful island prison of a famous and historic woman, and then, with our three rods ready, shipped the oars and began to fish. I took the bow position. Five minutes after we started I got a good rise, but the fish came a bit short and was not touched. Gently I lifted the line off the water and cast a second time. There was no sign of a rise until I was again lifting the flies off the water, then the trout came, jumping clean out of the water to hook itself well and truly. The loose line in my hand was flicked out fortunately without getting fouled, and the fish went straight down underneath the boat via my two friends and round the stern. Absolute chaos reigned for a moment. Rods waving in the air, and I shouting at them to get out of the way; my rod was bent double, and I was nearly dead with excitement. The fish came back round the bows, fighting every inch of the way and so up to the surface. When it first caught sight of the boat, it sounded again, going straight down to an incredible depth. It struggled and jumped but to no avail, and seven minutes later came to the landing net, a beautiful golden male fish of 2lb. It was thus that the first one was caught; the last one came aboard at 11.30 that evening—fifteen beautiful trout weighing 13¼lb.

What an absolute paradise, the blue misty hills above, the calls of the duck, the water gurgling against the side of the boat and a loch full of glorious hard-fighting fish. We arrived back at the jetty, after a weary pull, at five minutes after midnight, to be met by a bailie who sneered at our catch, and told us, when we asked, of catches of 1,500 trout in a day, in a flat, disinterested voice.

Now, is that necessary? When I was once fortunate enough to have a day's fishing at Blagdon, I spoke, at the end of the day, to a gamekeeper who was also a fisherman, and though perhaps he may have been bored, looked at my catch with kindly eyes, and he had time to talk to me the way fishing people do talk.

After the day has gone, let us have the social side of fishing so that we can consolidate our enjoyment, and not go away with any kind of unhappy remembrances.

I have heard of a small cement pond somewhere in America, full of trout, where one can fish at so much for half an hour; I believe that the trout are even kept hungry for the purpose. We do not want that sort of thing in this country, but somewhere I have the feeling that some of our lochs and reservoirs are getting to be nothing but a large cement pond.

Before I returned to the flat sluggish rivers of southern England and to work, however, I had had a wonderful three days. True there was the unsuccessful attempt for a salmon, but on the return journey in the back of my aeroplane, with the rods and suitcase, were twelve brown trout weighing 19lb., spoils of an entire night's fishing away up on a dream loch in the sad but wonderful hills of Scotland.

FIELD TRIALS

RETRIEVERS AT IDSWORTH

Owing to the Christmas holidays, the following notes on the Non-winner and Puppy Stake of the Labrador Retriever Club, of which we gave the results on December 21st, reached us too late for inclusion in our issue of that date.

The Non-winner and Puppy Stake of the Labrador Retriever Club was run at Idsworth on December 10th and 11th. Lady Howe was most unfortunately unable to be present, and her absence was greatly regretted by all. She entertained the whole company with the wonderful hospitality which is associated with meetings at Idsworth. Mr. T. Gaunt took Lady Howe's place as one of the judges, and Mr. Woodger that of Mr. Littledale, the third judge being Lord Henniker. Game was very plentiful, and all arrangements made by the headkeeper, Walter Widger, were perfect.

The weather was very cold on both days, with a high wind, and scent was not too good at times. The work was, however, first rate, many of the dogs being close together until near the end of the second day, and only five of the runners failed to get into the list of awards.

Mr. Hallet's Larchwood Nigger won rather easily. A very nice dog under perfect control, well handled by his owner. He made no mistake of any kind, is very quick and a systematic hunter with perfect delivery.

2nd, Mrs. Hill-Wood's Hiwood Quiz was always near the top, and finished her work by getting a good runner on which another dog had failed. She did sound work throughout the stake.

3rd, Mr. Kennard's Pettistree Dan is a brilliant young dog, and might easily have been higher in the stake. He is a very fast and keen hunter, and has all the other attributes of a high-class retriever. The same remarks apply to the 4th, Miss Robertson's Painted Lady of Wilbury. She was a little unlucky in not getting a bird which was picked up by another dog.

Reserve, Miss Follett's Sabina was considerably the best of those who earned certificates. H.

AT SHADWELL

The Eastern Counties Spaniel Society held their seventeenth field trial meeting at Shadwell, near Thetford, on December 13th and 14th, by kind invitation. The judges were: Miss J. Wykeham Musgrave and Mr. Oswald Ellis. The awards were as under:

Open Stake.—1st, Sir J. R. Wilson's d. Diomed of Yardley; equal 2nd, Mr. C. McNeill's b. Donna Susie and Mr. S. C. Jones's b. F.T. Ch. Style O'Vara; 4th, Mr. S. C. Jones's d. Slick O'Vara. Reserve, Mr. F. M. Prime's b. Wakefares Belle. Certificates of merit: Mrs. V. Berdoe Wilkinson's F.T. Ch. Sue of Silverlands, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's b. Mist of the Cairnies, Mr. W. H. Parker's d. Cantah Grouse, Mrs. V. B. Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands, the Hon. R. W. Bingham's d. Simon of Corran and H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Barney's Double of Ware.

Novice Stake.—1st, Mr. F. M. Prime's b. Wakefares Belle; 2nd, Mrs. V. B. Wilkinson's d. Spider of Silverlands; 3rd, Mrs. C. Calvert's d. Bobble; 4th, Mr. J. Goddard's b. Blitzer of the Links. Reserve, H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraj of Patiala's d. Dusk of Malwa. Certificates of merit: Mr. C. McNeill's b. Miss Con, Mr. C. McNeill's b. Don's Daughter, Mr. H. C. Cowles's d. Burnt Sugar, Mr. F. M. Prime's d. Wakes Wager, Mr. W. H. Parker's d. Cantah Grouse.

Members' Stake.—1st, Mr. C. McNeill's b. Donna Susie; 2nd, Mr. F. M. Prime's b. Wakefares Belle; 3rd, Lieutenant-Colonel C. D. Horsley's b. Mist of the Cairnies; 4th, Mr. H. C. Cowles's d. Burnt Sugar. Reserve, Mr. W. H. Parker's d. Cantah Grouse. Certificates of merit: Captain J. H. Rhodes's d. Spunk O'Vara, Major C. J. Henry's d. Wing and Miss A. Mavrojani's b. Jesty.

The BLUE FUNNEL Sea Voyages

SPECIAL WINTER RETURN FARE
CANARY ISLANDS £20

SOUTH AFRICA £75

LEAVE LIVERPOOL	FROM CAPETOWN
JAN. 4th	FEB. 23rd
FEB. 1st	FEB. 23rd

INCLUSIVE WINTER TOURS TO CAIRO—LUXOR—ASSUAN
22 DAYS AT SEA 31 DAYS IN EGYPT
(CAIRO ONLY FROM £55)
FROM £93

ROUND VOYAGES
THE FAR EAST £135
AUSTRALIA £120

For further particulars apply to:
6, Billiter Sq., London
101, Leadenhall St., London
60, Buchanan St., Glasgow
80, Buchanan St., Glasgow
or India Buildings, Liverpool

ALFRED HOLT & Co. · INDIA BUILDINGS · LIVERPOOL

THE "WESTFIELD" SPORTING JACKET

Specially designed for SHOOTING, GOLF, FISHING, &c.

APPEALS by reason of the distinguished simplicity of its design and the delightful sense of Comfort and Freedom that waits on all Arm and Shoulder movements.

WORN with Knickers, it is equally suitable for Shooting, Golfing, Fishing, etc.—whilst there is nothing to mar its fitness for ordinary countryside wear—with trousers it makes an Ideal Travel Suit.

Illustrated List on application

WEST & SON, LTD.
ORIGINATORS OF "PLUS-FOURS"
FIELD HOUSE, 152, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telegrams: "PLUSFOURS, WESDO, LONDON." Cables: "PLUSFOURS, LONDON."

Compulsory inaction borne with perfect ease

When illness or infirmity necessitates long hours in one position there is ecstasy in the comfort of a "Float-on-Air" Cushion. No cramped, aching limbs or back—because by the "Float-on-Air" principle of construction the pressure is automatically and evenly distributed to give the greatest comfort. "Float-on-Air" Cushions are covered in all materials and a large variety of colours.

Prices—Cushions from 5s. 6d.

Moseley 'FLOAT-ON-AIR' Cushions

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS, LTD.
Ardwick - - - - - - Manchester
19/20, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1 - London
17, Ombersley Rd., Balsall Heath, Birmingham
126, Ingram Street, C.1 - - Glasgow

THOMAS & SONS

Late 32, BROOK STREET, W.1

have removed to

5, Carlos Place Grosvenor Square

OPPOSITE THE CONNAUGHT HOTEL

Their Knickerbocker Breeches are the ideal garments for the Country Gentleman and have many advantages over "Plus Fours" or Knickerbockers.

They are equally comfortable for walking or riding; can be worn with leggings or stockings; they do not collect the wet round the knees in shooting; and are altogether smarter in appearance.

They require skilful cutting and sometimes defeat the ordinary Tailor, but can be obtained with complete satisfaction from the original inventors,

THOMAS & SONS (TAILORS) LTD.
5, CARLOS PLACE, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON - - W.1

Telephone: MAYFAIR 2152.
Telegraphic Address: SPORTINGLY, LONDON.

Morris Angel & Son, Ltd.
HUNTING AND SPORTING TAILORS

Ready for Wear HUNTING, RIDING and SPORTING KITS
ALSO
LADIES' JODHPURS and BREECHES

A large selection of Lounge, Dress, Dinner Suits and Overcoats always in stock.

117 & 119 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Telegraphic Address: THEATRIDIO, LONDON.
'Phones: - - - - TEMPLE BAR 5181.
Tailoring Dept. - - - 6497.
Film Dept. - - - 8694.

WHEN THE TIDE IS UP THE BRENT GEESE FLY ALONG THE SHORE OFTEN HIDDEN BY THE BREAKING WAVES

One of the illustrations from Mr. Peter Scott's paintings in "Morning Flight"

WITH PUNT AND PAINTBRUSH

An Artist Wildfowler in East Anglia

THERE is no very near connection between the methods of the modern shooting man and Colonel Peter Hawker's, though perhaps he has changed less in the spirit than mere externals would prompt us to imagine. Yet between our modern fowler and the old colonel there is a very close connection indeed. One is struck not so much by the extent to which his punt and his gun have changed, but by the fact that they have changed so little. True, the famous cripple-stopper has been replaced by a breech-loading weapon; true, also, that rubber boots and Thermos flasks play their comforting part, but the parallel is still a very close one to-day. Indeed, the brotherhood of wildfowlers is much nearer to old Colonel Hawker than it is to young Lord Markover on his shooting stick, with his pair of Purdey guns, his loader, his Labrador dog and his attendant lovely lady.

The wildfowling world is not one that forces itself into the public eye; it is one that abhors publicity It is, too, a world in which, possibly, a longer apprenticeship and greater disappointments are demanded than in any other branch of sport. Possibly for this reason your wildfowler objects violently to any suggestion of being told his business. And this is the first of many reasons why Mr. Peter Scott's new book, *Morning Flight*, is sure of a welcome among his brother wildfowlers. He tells us of his own experiences, he gives us the impressions of an artist and the investigations of a nature lover, but he never tells us our business. And yet at the end of the book I knew a great deal more of wildfowling then ever I did at the beginning. His letterpress is always fresh, always original, and never merely a tale of slaughter. Though, as Mr. Scott emphasises in his book, these tales of slaughter do not come the way of most wildfowlers, who have to put up with disappointment and hardship for winter after winter waiting for those occasional gleams of fortune that make up for everything.

Mr. Scott writes easily and with charm and vigour. He is always charitable and he retains his sense of humour and proportion from the first word to the last. Of the fowlers of Wells he writes: "It has been said of Wells that what a man needs in the way of dogs is a greyhound to retrieve the birds and a bulldog for his personal protection! They are keen, perhaps a little over-keen, but there is reason for it. Many of them, born and bred within hearing of the wariest birds that fly, have come to consider there *is* no way of getting them that is not sporting, for if a goose is foolish enough to come within 50 yards of a man, 'that,' as our fowler would say, 'was the goose's look out.' So the wildfowlers of Wells are keen, and when the competition begins they are keener. Such are the customs at Wells, and if there are those who do not approve, let them keep away; but, for my part, I think it gives character to the place."

Of a day with a novice friend he says: "The wigeon came on like a great army, with all their heads down, guzzling away on the salting grass that was now just submerged. Behind them and farther out were scattered a few birds, less intent upon feeding, swimming about with their heads up. Just as the front line drew level the punt floated off. In three strokes I had swung her round to the right and aimed the gun straight down the line, which was a solid black mass of birds stretching away along the shore, at the edge of the 'crab grass' of the salting. The nearest were no more than 50yds. away. 'Now,' I said, 'just put up your head slowly and pull that string.' There was a pause, and then to my horror I saw the gun barrel swing out to the left, where a few of the outlying wigeon swam in the deeper water. Before I could stop him, my friend had fired. 'Why,' he said afterwards, 'I couldn't believe that that black mass was birds. I thought it was a mud bank!' After the shot we collected *fifteen* wigeon from where he had shot amongst the outliers. But it would have been a pity to have made a record shot on one's first day in a gunning punt."

But Mr. Scott's real love, as it should be the real love of every true wildfowler, is the wild goose the most worthy quarry in the world. They should, as he points out, be assimilated in small numbers, though few of us indeed get the chance of making a big bag of geese once in a life-time. And perhaps of all his chapters the one on catching geese with a goose net is the most interesting. Indeed, I could hardly contain my excitement as I read of the attempted capture of "H.R.H.," the albino barnacle, who walked in—and out—of the very jaws of the trap, as thrilling a story as any cautious approach behind the big gun.

So much for Mr. Scott's letterpress. As to his pictures, whether the reproductions are in colour or in black and white, there is not one that does not demand attention, and there are in the book sixteen coloured plates, and no less than 50 reproductions in black and white. Mr. Scott's pictures are always arresting, the more so as he has a sense of grouping such as is possessed by no other sporting artist of our time. Take, for example, his "Pink-footed Geese in Holkham Fresh Marsh," or his "Mallards Rising in a Squall," or, particularly, his "Mallards in Sunshine"; or again take the "Wigeon Rising from the Crab-grass," or the "Little Cathedral Marsh, Downpatrick" (so reminiscent of Blakeney), or the "Brent Geese," reproduced on this page. The grouping is absolutely from life, and yet never merely obvious. Sometimes one hotly disagrees with Mr. Scott, with the necks of at least one lot of his whoopers for instance. But even then one may occasionally have to eat one's words. I scoffed at his "Pink Feet in Huge Skeins" when I saw it at Ackermann's Gallery. That poached egg sunset? Never! Yet I lived to see that very sight within a few months, and to make apology for my criticism.

Here, then, is a book which one delights to honour. It is one of many hundreds that pass through my hands in a year. And one of the few, the very few, on which I would not mind spending three guineas.

R. M.

Morning Flight. By Peter Scott. (Country Life, Ltd.; 3 guineas.)

CLIMBING ON TO THE NEST
Note water-drops on breast

SLAVONIAN GREBES ON A SCOTTISH LOCH

A Very Rare Bird at Home

By BRUCE CAMPBELL

(Illustrated by Niall Rankin)

THERE is something exotic about the very name Slavonian grebe; although attempts have been made to name it more prosaically, one is rather glad that they seem to have failed, especially when one has had the privilege of making its acquaintance.

The excitement of a small boy on seeing a first is not easily forgotten. It was early in April and a pair were swimming at their ease offshore in an Argyll sea-loch. They were in full summer plumage: the orange eartufts or "horns," the fiery eyes below them, set in a glossy black head-dress, and the fine chestnut red of neck and breast stamped these birds at once as something unusual, even on a loch where the magnificent eider drakes were calling, and the mergansers displaying their many charms.

Slavonian grebes were often seen in spring in following years on the sea-loch; one was shot early in February in winter plumage, but with the first orange feathers appearing on the head. Mature birds seem to assume their nesting plumage in mid-March, for a pair seen on the last day of that month on an inland loch were in full regalia.

But though careful observers may see this grebe on most coasts, and at most seasons, its nesting range in Britain is very much more restricted. More than ten years were to elapse between my first sight of it and the hot summer's day when I penetrated to the secluded loch where it has established itself now for some 25 years. There is good evidence that it has nested elsewhere in Scotland, and odd pairs occasionally favour other lochs in the neighbourhood, but the one winding stretch of water between high hills remains the especial stronghold of this rarity, mildly gregarious after the fashion of its family.

There are a number of reed-beds, mostly at the east end of the loch, and these may hold one or two nests according to their size; perhaps there were six pairs in the colony altogether on this occasion.

There were three pairs in the vicinity of the reed-bed I visited; I saw that one was beset with domestic cares, for a movement in the reeds revealed the whereabouts of two bizarrely-striped young ones. These soon mounted on to their parents' backs and were borne slowly into the open water; I easily approached within fifteen yards of them and they showed little fear. The empty nest was close by—a typical grebe construction, and a path had been beaten within a few feet of it by other visitors, for the locality is rather an open secret these days.

While looking at it I noticed a certain "furtiveness" about the behaviour of a second pair, swimming to and fro close to the reeds, some forty yards away. I waded over and soon saw an open nest—the three white eggs, evidently almost fresh, lying quite uncovered and obvious from some distance. The birds remained in the offing while I took a snapshot of the nest.

It would be interesting to know what feature has attracted the grebes to nest, for such reed-beds are hardly an unusual feature of many Highland lochs. Grebes are fairly catholic feeders, but possibly there is some special element here peculiarly suited to the Slavonian. Whatever that may be, one carries away from the loch a certain general impression of uniqueness, but how much of that is due to the sight of the rich plumage of the rarities themselves and their confiding manner, it is difficult to say.

SLAVONIAN GREBE ON NEST: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON A SCOTTISH LOCH WHERE A COLONY OF THESE BIRDS HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED SOME 25 YEARS

WHEN THE TIDE IS UP THE BRENT GEESE FLY ALONG THE SHORE OFTEN HIDDEN BY THE BREAKING WAVES

One of the illustrations from Mr. Peter Scott's paintings in "Morning Flight"

WITH PUNT AND PAINTBRUSH

An Artist Wildfowler in East Anglia

THERE is no very near connection between the methods of the modern shooting man and Colonel Peter Hawker's, though perhaps he has changed less in the spirit than mere externals would prompt us to imagine. Yet between our modern fowler and the old colonel there is a very close connection indeed. One is struck not so much by the extent to which his punt and his gun have changed, but by the fact that they have changed so little. True, the famous cripple-stopper has been replaced by a breech-loading weapon; true, also, that rubber boots and Thermos flasks play their comforting part, but the parallel is still a very close one to-day. Indeed, the brotherhood of wildfowlers is much nearer to old Colonel Hawker than it is to young Lord Markover on his shooting stick, with his pair of Purdey guns, his loader, his Labrador dog and his attendant lovely lady.

The wildfowling world is not one that forces itself into the public eye; it is one that abhors publicity. It is, too, a world in which, possibly, a longer apprenticeship and greater disappointments are demanded than in any other branch of sport. Possibly for this reason your wildfowler objects violently to any suggestion of being told his business. And this is the first of many reasons why Mr. Peter Scott's new book, *Morning Flight*, is sure of a welcome among his brother wildfowlers. He tells us of his own experiences, he gives us the impressions of an artist and the investigations of a nature lover, but he never tells us our business. And yet at the end of the book I knew a great deal more of wildfowling than ever I did at the beginning. His letterpress is always fresh, always original, and never merely a tale of slaughter. Though, as Mr. Scott emphasises in his book, these tales of slaughter do not come the way of most wildfowlers, who have to put up with disappointment and hardship for winter after winter waiting for those occasional gleams of fortune that make up for everything.

Mr. Scott writes easily and with charm and vigour. He is always charitable and he retains his sense of humour and proportion from the first word to the last. Of the fowlers of Wells he writes: "It has been said of Wells that what a man needs in the way of dogs is a greyhound to retrieve the birds and a bulldog for his personal protection! They are keen, perhaps a little over-keen, but there is reason for it. Many of them, born and bred within hearing of the wariest birds that fly, have come to consider there *is* no way of getting them that is not sporting, for if a goose is foolish enough to come within 50 yards of a man, 'that,' as our fowler would say, 'was the goose's look out.' So the wildfowlers of Wells are keen, and when the competition begins they are keener. Such are the customs at Wells, and if there are those who do not approve, let them keep away; but, for my part, I think it gives character to the place."

Of a day with a novice friend he says: "The wigeon came on like a great army, with all their heads down, guzzling away on the salting grass that was now just submerged. Behind them and farther out were scattered a few birds, less intent upon feeding, swimming about with their heads up. Just as the front line drew level the punt floated off. In three strokes I had swung her round to the right and aimed the gun straight down the line, which was a solid black mass of birds stretching away along the shore, at the edge of the 'crab grass' of the salting. The nearest were no more than 50yds. away. 'Now,' I said, 'just put up your head slowly and pull that string.' There was a pause, and then to my horror I saw the gun barrel swing out to the left, where a few of the outlying wigeon swam in the deeper water. Before I could stop him, my friend had fired. 'Why,' he said afterwards, 'I couldn't believe that that black mass was birds. I thought it was a mud bank!' After the shot we collected *fifteen* wigeon from where he had shot amongst the outliers. But it would have been a pity to have made a record shot on one's first day in a gunning punt."

But Mr. Scott's real love, as it should be the real love of every true wildfowler, is the wild goose the most worthy quarry in the world. They should, as he points out, be assimilated in small numbers, though few of us indeed get the chance of making a big bag of geese once in a life-time. And perhaps of all his chapters the one on catching geese with a goose net is the most interesting. Indeed, I could hardly contain my excitement as I read of the attempted capture of "H.R.H.," the albino barnacle, who walked in—and out—of the very jaws of the trap, as thrilling a story as any cautious approach behind the big gun.

So much for Mr. Scott's letterpress. As to his pictures, whether the reproductions are in colour or in black and white, there is not one that does not demand attention, and there are in the book sixteen coloured plates, and no less than 50 reproductions in black and white. Mr. Scott's pictures are always arresting, the more so as he has a sense of grouping such as is possessed by no other sporting artist of our time. Take, for example, his "Pink-footed Geese in Holkham Fresh Marsh," or his "Mallards Rising in a Squall," or, particularly, his "Mallards in Sunshine"; or again take the "Wigeon Rising from the Crab-grass," or the "Little Cathedral Marsh, Downpatrick" (so reminiscent of Blakeney), or the "Brent Geese," reproduced on this page. The grouping is absolutely from life, and yet never merely obvious. Sometimes one hotly disagrees with Mr. Scott, with the necks of at least one lot of his whoopers for instance. But even then one may occasionally have to eat one's words. I scoffed at his "Pink Feet in Huge Skeins" when I saw it at Ackermann's Gallery. That poached egg sunset? Never! Yet I lived to see that very sight within a few months, and to make apology for my criticism.

Here, then, is a book which one delights to honour. It is one of many hundreds that pass through my hands in a year. And one of the few, the very few, on which I would not mind spending three guineas.

R. M.

Morning Flight. By Peter Scott. (Country Life, Ltd.; 3 guineas.)

CLIMBING ON TO THE NEST
Note water-drops on breast

SLAVONIAN GREBES ON A SCOTTISH LOCH

A Very Rare Bird at Home

By BRUCE CAMPBELL

(Illustrated by Niall Rankin)

THERE is something exotic about the very name Slavonian grebe; although attempts have been made to name it more prosaically, one is rather glad that they seem to have failed, especially when one has had the privilege of making its acquaintance.

The excitement of a small boy on seeing a first is not easily forgotten. It was early in April and a pair were swimming at their ease offshore in an Argyll sea-loch. They were in full summer plumage: the orange eartufts or "horns," the fiery eyes below them, set in a glossy black head-dress, and the fine chestnut red of neck and breast stamped these birds at once as something unusual, even on a loch where the magnificent eider drakes were calling, and the mergansers displaying their many charms.

Slavonian grebes were often seen in spring in following years on the sea-loch; one was shot early in February in winter plumage, but with the first orange feathers appearing on the head. Mature birds seem to assume their nesting plumage in mid-March, for a pair seen on the last day of that month on an inland loch were in full regalia.

But though careful observers may see this grebe on most coasts, and at most seasons, its nesting range in Britain is very much more restricted. More than ten years were to elapse between my first sight of it and the hot summer's day when I penetrated to the secluded loch where it has established itself now for some 25 years. There is good evidence that it has nested elsewhere in Scotland, and odd pairs occasionally favour other lochs in the neighbourhood, but the one winding stretch of water between high hills remains the especial stronghold of this rarity, mildly gregarious after the fashion of its family.

There are a number of reed-beds, mostly at the east end of the loch, and these may hold one or two nests according to their size; perhaps there were six pairs in the colony altogether on this occasion.

There were three pairs in the vicinity of the reed-bed I visited; I saw that one was beset with domestic cares, for a movement in the reeds revealed the whereabouts of two bizarrely-striped young ones. These soon mounted on to their parents' backs and were borne slowly into the open water; I easily approached within fifteen yards of them and they showed little fear. The empty nest was close by—a typical grebe construction, and a path had been beaten within a few feet of it by other visitors, for the locality is rather an open secret these days.

While looking at it I noticed a certain "furtiveness" about the behaviour of a second pair, swimming to and fro close to the reeds, some forty yards away. I waded over and soon saw an open nest—the three white eggs, evidently almost fresh, lying quite uncovered and obvious from some distance. The birds remained in the offing while I took a snapshot of the nest.

It would be interesting to know what feature has attracted the grebes to nest, for such reed-beds are hardly an unusual feature of many Highland lochs. Grebes are fairly catholic feeders, but possibly there is some special element here peculiarly suited to the Slavonian. Whatever that may be, one carries away from the loch a certain general impression of uniqueness, but how much of that is due to the sight of the rich plumage of the rarities themselves and their confiding manner, it is difficult to say.

SLAVONIAN GREBE ON NEST: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON A SCOTTISH LOCH WHERE A COLONY OF THESE BIRDS HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED SOME 25 YEARS

MAXIMS IN METRE

Some Additions to Dame Juliana

By PATRICK R. CHALMERS

HOW often we, when young, have had the simple rules of deportment and "safety first" when out shooting rubbed into us! We have been taught to remember them per rhyme:

"Never, never" (for instance) "let your
gun Pointed be at anyone."

This fashion for sporting academy metrically bestowed was the invention of the debatable Dame Juliana Berners who, addressing her "sonnys" and "lief chyldre" so, enabled gentlewomen of the fifteenth century to instruct their youthful aristocrats in the art and language of field sports, to be ignorant of which was to be without the most distinguishing features of a good breeding. Later, by 200 years or more, Mr. George Markland sedulously followed the Dame's scholarly example in rhymed expressions on dress, carriage and practice in the shooting field:

Firm footing an unshaken Level lends
But modish heels remain the *Woodcock's* friends;
No flapping sleeves our ready Arms controul
Short cuffs alone prove fatal to the Fowl.

Later still, Lord Houghton wrote his celebrated quatrain on a crime against God and the game laws. My lord has been plagiarised thus to suit the foxhunter:

When last I went hunting I met with disaster,
My horse kicked a hound and I jumped on the Master.
I headed the fox, tally-ho'd a tom-cat—
Now beat if you can such a morning as that!

Lord Houghton dealt with the shooting of a pheasant out of season. And apropos of that sin I find Lord Delawarr writing to the Duke of Richmond, in April, 1748, and saying of a similar crime and its correct punishment:

"The Earl of Lincoln sett out this day in order to hunt with you on Saturday; I beg you to keep him in some order, for killing a Heath hen, or Partridge, on the Heath, att this Time is destruction. And tho I do not look on his Lordship as a very excellent shot, yet I know by experience that a Gun is A very dangerous instrument, for I remember to have seen A Gun go off in the late Lord Sussex's (Totty Sussex we call'd him) hand; and he killd a Partridge, tho he was looking another way, and did not see the couvée. I must own your Grace was very alert, to sally forth immediately on the going off of the Snow, I hope now the wind is come to the West, you will have better weather, and better sport, and should that lead the Earl into a Bog, I hope you will not conceal it from me."

(One concludes that the unhappy "Heath hen," shot out of due season at Wimbledon, was a blackcock. Mr. Charles St. John, as we know, frequently shot blackgame at Wimbledon and as lately as 1828.)

Now the above fyttes and misfits have set me thinking of other shooting "don'ts"; "don'ts" not so obvious, perhaps, as a pointing of loaded guns at one's fellow guests or as the shooting of a pheasant on a September Sunday morning but, for all that, worth a recommendation, even a rhymed recommendation.

There are quite a lot of them; there is, to wit, the etiquette of the pin-feathers of a woodcock, etiquette which is too often greedily disregarded by the vulgarly ostentatious:

His, who shot the woodcock, are
Its pin-feathers; be it far
From you to grab trophies that
Ought to grace another's hat.

And, as the chill November days get shorter and ever shorter, do not linger too long over the luncheon port and conversation in the keeper's warm parlour. In fact:

Don't confound, though eating hearty,
Shooting lunch and luncheon party,
You were asked to *shoot*, that's A.B.
C. Get fed as soon as may be.

Another "don't," quite frequently disregarded, is don't run short of cartridges. Always have ample ammunition out. But, if you *have* to borrow, make a pretence, at least, at returning what you have taken.

When you're shooting partridges
Don't run out of cartridges;
If you do, don't further yet err—
Borrow, but be no man's debtor;
You, now bidden "help yourselves,"
Must repay those number twelves;
And equally apply the same
Rules when shooting other game.

Another "don't," not a very big one this time, and an almost personal matter (unless there are many random rabbits running, and you are shooting at them, which is unlikely enough, in preference to the pheasants which your host and his keeper want killed), is don't bother about a rabbit or a hare at a covert shoot. If you do you will surely get a really high bird, or birds, over you while you are unloaded.

When tall pheasants may occur
Do not waste your time on fur—
Mr. Bunting and his brat too
Out of place are at a battue.

And here is another shooting "don't" of an almost universal acceptance. I do not myself hold with it for I think, exceptionally, that a shooting guest has as good a right to bring a shooting dog with him to a shooting party (unless he is definitely asked not to do so) as he has to bring a shooting stick. That is to say, provided the dog is under a reasonable control and that its owner restricts its activities (unless an assistance is implored of him) to his own runners. But most men maintain that a guest's dog should, as its master, come to a shooting party by invitation only. And I think that Dame Juliana might possibly have expressed the popular opinion thus:

Ne'er to manor moor or bog
Bring an uninvited dog;
Not to canine education
Is a shooting invitation.

Lastly, here is (of the many that might be) one more Julianaism to fit a sixth "don't" and make the half-dozen. There is nothing so vexatious to a would-be host who plans a shooting party (especially if, as so often happens to him, he must plan it of a sudden) as to lack answers to his invites. Your dilatoriness leaves him short of Guns and short of temper. Answer then an invitation per return and, if your answer is a refusal, remember that it would almost certainly be a convenience at the other end did you despatch your reply per telegram or telephone. Dame Juliana, or Mr. Markland, would doubtless, were they here to do so, express this valuable thought thus:

If you're asked to shoot at short
Notice, your acceptance ought
To be with your anxious host
Always per return of post;
Your refusal, this I am
Sure, he'd like per telegram.

It must have been fun for Dame Juliana sitting, probably a bit bored, in her nunnery of Sopwith, while the Wars of the Roses raged without, when the original notion came to her to add some maxims in metre to her Boke. A glimmer of that enjoyment she left for Mr. Markland and for me who, at a respectful distance, have tried to play to her most reverend lead.

"When last I went hunting I met with disaster"

"Never, never let your gun . . ."

*"When tall pheasants may occur
Do not waste your time on fur . . ."*

The Country House

UNCOMMON VEGETABLES

The Epicure's Kitchen Garden

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE

MOST people send in their seed orders during the first week in January, and in most cases it is a "repeat order." I think it is dull not to try anyhow one new or uncommon vegetable each year. And those of us who live on sandy soils can rejoice in the fact that some of the most delicious vegetables—salsify, skirrets, and Chinese artichokes, for instance—do best on such soils.

I am mentioning first, however, a vegetable which I grew for the first time last year and had never even heard of until two years ago. This is the pea-bean, one of the best vegetables I have ever tasted. I sent the seed to one of the leading seedsmen in this country, and they told me that, so far as they were aware, it is not listed by any firm in this country, though known in parts of the Continent. Next year I shall hope to have a good deal of seed, and so far as it goes will gladly send it to any reader of the *Field* who has not got it and would care to have it.

A maid in our house brought us a basket of these beans two years ago and, pleased by our enthusiastic comments on its flavour, she gave me some seed in the autumn. In response to my inquiries, she told me that many years ago, when out with her father, he noticed these beans growing in a cottage garden and recognised them as a type he had not seen since his boyhood. His grandfather grew them. When we had a crop last year I gave the beans to various friends, ranging from a wealthy gourmet to a postman friend, and they all asked for seeds! One friend to whom I gave them described the flavour as between that of green peas and asparagus.

I shall be grateful if anyone can tell me anything of the history of this vegetable. So far as I can discover it is not mentioned in any gardening books of this century or the last. In habit of growth pea-beans resemble scarlet runners, but they are only half the height and with leaves half the size. The seeds are not half the size of scarlet runner seeds. They are amazingly prolific. Perhaps I ought to add that like most first-rate vegetables they need careful cooking. Like the mange-tout peas, they should be picked just before being cooked, strung and sliced, thrown into fast boiling water, and served really piping hot, with melted butter poured over them just before serving.

It is well-nigh incredible that skirrets have well-nigh disappeared from kitchen gardens. They are like white carrots in appearance, except that they grow in bunches and they are most palatable. Three hundred years ago, Parkinson in his *Paradisus* described them as the best of all root vegetables, and I think this description holds true to-day. I grew them one year, but foolishly did not save the seed, which is now very difficult to get. I find, however, there is one firm that supplies plants, and it is well worth getting a few and saving the seed. A few plants would provide quite enough seed for most gardens.

Skirret (*Sium sisarum*) is a native of China, and I think it is interesting to recall that Tiberius, who was Emperor when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, esteemed them so highly that he accepted them as tribute. In Scotland they used to call skirrets crummocks. Seed of this vegetable is sown in April in rows a foot apart, and the plants thinned to a foot apart. The roots are ready in autumn and cooked like carrots. In Stuart times they used to serve skirret pies, i.e., sliced and boiled skirrets, hard boiled eggs, cooked chestnuts, butter, and flavoured with lemon, nutmeg and cinnamon, the mixture covered with a good crust. Indeed, people who are keen on vegetables cooked in uncommon ways might do worse than consult the cookery books of Stuart times.

Salsify is first-rate only if well cooked. If lifted carelessly, the roots bleed and are tasteless. They are usually served on thin, hot, buttered toast, with a good cream sauce or a Béchamel sauce poured over them. Seed is sown in April in drills 15in. apart, and the plants thinned to a foot apart.

Chinese artichokes are very prolific, and the queer little roots weigh so light that a few ounces is quite enough for a good-sized bed of them. Incidentally, these tubers are sent as a rule in a box of damp moss. If kept dry they shrivel and become useless. The tubers are planted towards the end of March 3in. deep, a foot apart, and allowing 18in. between the rows. In October they are lifted and stored in sand. In appearance they are rather like miniature Jerusalem artichokes, and they must not be exposed to light for long or they lose their delicate colour. The best way of cooking them is, I think, to dip them whole into egg and breadcrumbs and fry them in butter.

The mange-tout pea is not often grown in this country, but it is uncommonly good. The flowers, unlike those of the common eating pea, are mauve. I think one reason they are not more commonly grown is that when cooked they do not look particularly appetising, but the taste is delicious. It is essential to pick them young or they will be tough and, like the pea-beans, they should be gathered just before being cooked. They are strung and sliced, the pods and peas being eaten together. They are best served with melted butter poured over them and strewn with finely chopped parsley, as the latter not only adds a piquancy to the flavour but hides their rather unattractive appearance. This applies also to pea-beans.

An Appeal to Sportsmen.—There is a most urgent need for increased funds if the Y.M.C.A. programme for helping unemployed young men is to be maintained. The activities of this association include the training of lads in the rudiments of agriculture, 715 having already been placed on farms, while there are some 150 Occupational Centres in operation. A special appeal is being made to all sportsmen by Mr. W. W. Wakefield, Chairman of the Y.M.C.A. Committee for Welfare Work among the Unemployed, to send a donation to assist these less fortunate lads. Communications should be addressed to him at the Y.M.C.A. Community Services Office, 4, Great Russell Street, London, W.C. 1.

3 weeks test...

If you would know real health confine yourself to GORDON'S GIN for three weeks. Take it with hot or cold water, soda water or tonic water—whichever you prefer (with a slice of lemon added) and, of course, in your Cocktails.

Do this for 3 weeks and at the end of that time you will be really surprised at the difference in your health and general outlook.

Your eyes will be clear—your vision and hearing keener and your brain will function quicker. Your complexion will be clean and fresh. You will feel braced and energetic.

For GORDON'S GIN *definitely* clears the whole system of impurities and aids the proper and quick digestion of food. If you carry out this test sincerely, you will be amazed at the great improvement in your general condition.

Gordon's for health!

Only the Purest Gin is Beneficial...

Gordon's Gin

contains the greatest percentage of those important properties which are considered by the Medical Profession to be most beneficial to the system

Lancet report on every bottle

NO COLOURING MATTER stands supreme!